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The True Witness



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The Progress of Thought and the Catholic Faith.

(Continued from Last Week.)

In the monumental work which he has bequeathed to posterity, the "Summa Theologiae," St. Thomas reasons wherever it is possible from actual experience and observation. He at least cannot be blamed if his experimental data were meagre. They were as good for his purpose, to all practical intent, as the most modern of modern investigations, and from them he reasoned in the light of the great metaphysical principles to conclusions that will weather all the stress and strain of time. Until the mind of man changes, and that is to say, until man ceases to be man, the "Summa Theologiae" will prove to be the norm of theological thought. Its principles are the perennial guiding principles of reason. It enshrines the truest philosophy and it embodies the most perfect scientific method.

In such a spirit, as I have said, the true theologian approaches the task of reconciliation. In such a spirit, too, the true man of science—and by far the majority of eminent scientific men have, as a fact, been, and are, men of this stamp—envisages the multifarious problems set him by nature. Not, indeed, that it lies in his province to concord his discoveries and the inferences correctly or incorrectly drawn from them with the teaching of the Church—for to science has not been accorded the guardianship of all truth—but rather because, interested as he naturally may be in revelation, he at least has no previous bias in favor of one apparent scientific truth rather than another, and, having none, he leaves revelation, which is not his subject, untouched in order that he can work out to their conclusions the actual problems which he finds before him.

It will be found as an almost invariable rule that the great men of science have not themselves been responsible for the difficulties of reconciliation that prompt, in the first instance, the desire of a dogmatic restatement. Some, no doubt, may be found who have added philosophizing to investigations and speculative to the exacter and more mathematical treatment of their subject. But, for the most part, the popularizers of scientific results, the small philosophers of new discoveries, are to blame for the apparent contradictions and difficulties that so make themselves felt. For in no case can any result of any exact science transcend the matter and material measurements with which all science deals. To be exact science must be experimental and observational; it must be formulated mathematically. And if the formulae of one department of science to be found as in several instances they have been found, to hold good in others, they are none the less formulas expressing the relations of mass, measurement or distance and time. Even in the science of chemistry, in which time is neglected and space only beginning to enter into the calculations, the proportional masses of bodies fixes the fundamental concept.

Consequently it is fairly obvious that it does not belong to exact science, so long as it remains exact, to probe into the real questions which are so familiar in theology. And if, leaving the spatial, temporal and material conditions which are its guarantee of experimental accuracy, science attempts to formulate for itself a system of realities, it has then and there ceased to be science and is philosophy. And, moreover, it has no cogent scientific proof whatever to offer for the validity of its new speculations. Such speculations, at any rate, could never rightly lay claim to a scientific continuity, though, in a sense, they might point to an obscurely scientific origin.

This is a point which is often forgotten or lost sight of. It is so easy, so alluring, so entirely human, to speculate; so extraordinarily difficult to practice the abnegation of methodical exactness. The separating science from philosophy is so thoughtlessly crossed and recrossed, that it is, always with greatest veneration and respect that we ought to look upon those geniuses of science who resolutely refused to leave the noble lowliness of pure investigation for the alluring, but sometimes perilous, heights of that sober fact imposes. On the other hand, such a well-guarded veneration should put us on our guard against those who, while professing to tread steadily in the paths of science, in reality beguile us with a pseudo-scientific philosophy.

For to these latter knowledge is not so much growing in detailed extent as changing in nature. Old established principles of thought are breaking down that new forms may take their place. Venerable arguments are being set aside as not fitted to the requirements of the modern mind. It may be that a more relative value is given to the new forms of thought, but, if it is in the same breath, all absolute

values are swept away; and the principles by which human reason is governed—and we must concede human reason as it actually is, not as it might or ought to be—by being catalogued as relative, are rendered absolutely worthless. But if they are wrong, these scientific-philosophers, leaving their microscopes and their balances, their test-tubes and their calculus, and filling up the gaps in their data by creations of their own fertile minds, logically enough evolved there, no doubt, if the principles they seek to establish be granted beforehand; if they turn from their measures and retorts to a theoretical construction of matter, which may represent fact as it does spatially picture it, but which undoubtedly leaves the only real point of the problem to be solved without even the ghost of a solution; if they are wrong in this, then the theologians have no need to adapt their teaching to new principles or theories, but only to explain and unfold the old dogmatic truths upon the old lines in the light of modern exact research, discovery and statement.

As an example of the explanation rather than adaptation which is urged, the treatment due to-day to almost any theological term would suffice. Consider, for example, the word person, and its meaning. Has exact science in any sense caused the conception expressed by this word to shift? It is not here a question of the etymological changes accompanying and denoting the growth of language. When we employ the word, even in this twentieth century, we know perfectly well that we do not mean a masked actor; and if any doubt exists as to what is the precise signification—the full extent and content—of the word, the old philosophical definition, fitting the root thought congenial to our minds, will easily banish it.

Has, then, modern science disengaged in its researches that we, who are persons, are anything else than "individual substances of a rational nature?" Doubtless we should be assailed with a storm of criticism for such an exact definition. Atomistic philosophy and upholders of the broader theory of evolution would come to the attack armed with hypothesis and theory. We should be told that there is no such thing as substance in the sense in which we employ the term; that an individual is the aggregate result of as many individuals as there are atoms in his composition; that the rational nature is the outcome of the irrational, and that, were our record of nature perfect we should find included in it an infinity of variations and degrees of rationality.

But it is certainly worthy of notice that not one such criticism—if we except, perhaps, the second—comes from a scientist speaking formally as a man of science. If you will, but of scientists speaking as philosophers, indulging in speculations, imagining realities and freed from all the tests of scientific exactness. And with these Catholic theologians are familiar, with the familiarity of long acquaintance gained by several thousand years of recrudescence here.

Is it necessary, then, to accommodate dogmatic teaching to the narrowness of pseudo-scientific philosophy? Would there be any real gain in translating our terms, supposing that such a proceeding were feasible, into their equivalents in these self-confessedly relative schools? If we wished to present the truths of dogma in an easier form to the world there would undoubtedly be such a gain, in the one supposition that these schools of philosophy had caught the public ear and at the same time were radically true or at least not radically false and incapable of correction. But since it is impossible to suppose that the scholastic doctrine, say, of matter and form, is in any real sense translatable into the chemical-philosophical theory of physical atoms, plus their shape and position in space, and minus a substantial reality in determining the resultant before attempting to make so radical a change in a terminology that has crystallized around the root theological ideas and been consecrated by an immemorial service, it would be pertinent first of all to examine as to which of the two theories claims with the better right our allegiance.

It might be easy—to continue the use of the term person as our example—to suppose that we were a matter of fact, no more than aggregates of uniformly similar atoms in a perpetual state of violent vibration, kept in order and thus relatively in place by some such principle as the soul. And this would doubtless hold good, when adjusted for all material beings. They would—we would—be as it were porous; and omitting any mention of the undoubted difficulty of one formal prin-

iple extending itself to separated individual atoms, the aggregate of particles, existing as such because of the soul, would take the place of what scholastics know as *materia prima*. But the modern philosophical atomists would have us consider the consistent atoms as already of themselves matter of a definite kind, necessitating our labelling them substances. In this event we should be as far from reconciliation as ever; for we should be obliged to look upon the human person as an accidental, rather than as a substantial, unity. It is quite obvious that whichever view of these two is to be translated into the terminology of the other must undergo an extraordinarily labored accommodation. No matter to what extent the molecular particles be theoretically attenuated, they can never cease to be of a definite material nature, possessing definite material qualities and constituting in their aggregation a definite mass. From the various activities of the resultant being certain structural, physical, chemical, biological and internal alterations can be inferred; and, it is conceivable, could be written down in the symbolism of atomic formulae with an almost surprising degree of mathematical exactness. It is likewise obvious that this view leaves altogether out of account the question of the possibility of spiritual natures, since it is un-specific terminology. More than this; it is unable to explain or refer to any of its own formulae the immaterial functions which are manifested and acknowledged in the case of man. The crudities of those who would refer to thought as a secretive product of organic tissues will never be taken seriously by the thoughtful, much though it might be desirable to include many, and indeed all, processes physical and psychical alike, in a single algebraic concept. The mind is confronted here with a consideration which does not have reference to degrees of organicity but to real diversity of principle; and, though we may well adopt everything that exact science has had to tell us in the past and be prepared to listen with respect to all that it may teach us in the future, we should do well to pause before admitting too readily the extraordinarily far-reaching conclusions that are not seldom built upon its exact, though meagre, data. It is well to remember that Cavendish, who first separated the constituents of water; Liebig, whose laboratory at Giessen was perhaps the most fertile of all in results; and Michael Faraday did not admit any possible existence of physical atoms. For the same reason, Sir Humphrey Davy used the word "preparation," and Dr. Wollaston "equivalent," in place of that which has now come into general use. Sir William Ramsay warns us that "we must beware of confusing this (the atomic) theory with the facts on which it is founded." Indeed, though in the preparation of mere text-books of chemistry or physics we should hardly be led to expect any very deep philosophical considerations set before the student, there are books in which some reference is made to the fact that a physical atom, in the strict sense of the words, is not in any way an attempt to account for the ultimate constitution of matter; and, if this is not the case with all text-books, it should not be forgotten that such works are written for the sole purpose of teaching the science of chemistry, or heat, or electricity.

When in the hands of the scientist philosopher, the laws of proportions, affinity, periodicity are exalted into an explanation of the essential nature of matter, the beauty of the whole fabric of the science of chemistry vanishes in an instant and shrinks into the distorted semblance of a philosophy like that of Democritus or Leucippus. The actual data will not support the theory when it goes from an imaginative structural account of matter to a description of its essential nature. Comparatively long as this discussion into a particular aspect of transmuted science has been, it is far too brief to do anything like full justice to the better claims of the really philosophical theory that wisely distinguishes between the actual and the potentially existent. But it does bring out to some extent the force of the contention that the old explanation of the essence of material beings has had and has nothing to fear from the advance of exact scientific learning. It puts the fact in its true light—that philosophy must ever strive with philosophy, that there is really no level meeting ground between an exact science and one that transcending all the conditions upon which that exactness is based, professes to account for nature and essences. The concept which we denote by the word person has in no sense been changed by the enlarging of the boundaries of science. That a revived philosophy should attempt to check it only puts the hands of the clock back some twenty-five hundred years in the history of reason. Is it, then, the case that those who urge a reconstruction of theological statements in the light of modern science really wish to have dogma explained and retranslated into the

terms of new or revived philosophical systems?

While speaking of the theological term chosen as one example out of many, I have naturally spoken of it as denoting a reasonable rather than a revealed concept. We must have the stable and common elements of thought that are conveyed by the elements of language before any revelation can, by combining them, make any real impression whatever upon our understanding; unless a revelation is so purely unique and personal as to be incommunicable.

And even where revelation has deepened and broadened our native ideas by unfolding the possibilities of the radical concept, as it has in the case of the word *person*, considering and its true significance, it has had those natural and necessary ideas as its primitive data, else it could not have conveyed supernatural truth to us at all, save, as I have said, as an unique, intuitive, incommunicable vision.

Hence, though for the purposes of an exact theological system as much of the full content and extent of every concept and corresponding term as is possible should be gained, to teach consistently and accurately the truth of Christ, the exact natural meaning of the words and the exact natural value of the concepts is all that is required. And with no less than this is such teaching possible. In this, rather than in any accommodation or adaptation of theology to either science or systems of philosophy, a clear statement and a simple explanation of the perennial and unchanging natures of things and of thoughts is to be desired.

To take refuge in the exaltation of mysticism would appear to be as fatal as to yield without a struggle to false philosophies; for the supernatural does not conflict with natural truth. To give credence to every wayward theory that is proposed with any faint shadow of a truthful consistency with observed facts is one of the worst traits, and a vicious trait, of the modern mind; a trait neither scientific nor philosophical. And if the taunt that vilifies science has at length been found to combat the pretensions of an antiquated philosophy or theology it is or shames in any way, those of us who hold that even humanly gained truth is inviolable and unchangeable may comfort ourselves with the reflection that as in the infancy of philosophy thought lips babbled their crude explanations of reality, so now, in the extreme decrepitude and decay of the philosophic temper, they again babble in the halting syllables of their childhood.

What, then, is the true attitude that churchmen should take up with regard to science? Ought they to neglect it altogether in all religious questions as offering neither possible support nor possible criticism? Ought their theology to be closed up in some secret part of our mind as having nothing whatever in common with our other knowledge—in something some people shut up by itself, away from and out of touch with the other influences and interest of their lives? Surely while remembering that the brilliant forward march of exact science has done nothing of itself to invalidate the claims of revelation or the truth of its teaching, we should surely not throw it over as of no possible use to theology. But whereas upon its findings conclusions have been raised that are in the highest degree trustworthy and dangerous, upon those same findings, correctly understood, ought to be arranged and consolidated the eternal and natural verities that are at the same time the bulwark and interpretation of God-given truth.

Few men can acquire even a moderately comprehensive view of their own subject from outside—seen, as it were, in its place in the totality of knowledge. Fewer still seem to attempt to adjust the growing mass of exact observations to the changeless forms in which we all must of necessity think. It would be a real service to science to relate it to the great comprehensive principles of the same philosophy.

It is necessary that theology should be taught in plain terms. But the plainest terms are, after all, those that are in themselves the truest; and they are not to be found in any pseudo-scientific philosophy.

F. AVELING,
London, England.

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Clergymen Need Just such a Tonic as Abbey's Salt. It gently regulates stomach, liver and bowels—helps appetite and digestion—strengthens and invigorates the whole system.

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Father Feehan, Bishop of Fall River.

Succeeds Late Bishop Stang.

Press despatches from Rome announce the appointment of Rev. Daniel F. Feehan, permanent rector of St. Bernard's Church at Pittsburg, Mass., to the bishopric of Fall River diocese, to succeed Bishop William Stang, who died recently. The names of many prominent members of the Catholic clergy have been mentioned in connection with the appointment, including those of Rev. Dr. James Shanahan, professor at the Catholic University at Washington; Msgr. Kennedy, of Philadelphia, and Rev. James Coyle, of Taunton. The Fall River diocese has a large French Catholic population. Father Feehan is a fluent French speaker.

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west at the end of last week to find out if there was any foundation for this astonishing article. The Most Reverend Archbishop of St. Boniface, in the course of a long interview on this and other matters, charged me to give an absolute denial to the story faked by the Regina Standard. His Grace did indeed visit Regina, and conversed with many persons there; but not one word was said about political organization; not one of the questions so boldly handled and so recklessly decided by the Standard was even so much as broached. Mgr. Langevin's time was completely taken up with parish matters and private consultations about the spiritual needs of his parishioners. Thus not one word of the Standard article, so far as it concerns the Archbishop of St. Boniface, is true. The running of Catholic candidates was not the cause of His Grace's visit to Regina. There was no meeting of the most energetic agents of the Church, and therefore, there was no decision by that imaginary meeting to place Roman Catholic candidates in nomination at the next provincial election, with a view to establishing a third party in the province which shall be devoted to the interests of the Church. The rest of the article is mainly a series of gratuitous inferences from supposed facts made out of whole cloth in the Standard office.

"To make this denial as clear as possible, I depart for once from the anonymity of the editorial chair, and, at His Grace's request, sign my own name to this absolute denial of a shameful fabrication, prompted, as the sequel to the Standard article shows, by political party considerations."

"LEWIS DRUMMOND, S.J."

No Catholic Party.

Refutation by the Rev. Editor Central Catholic.

Under the heading "Made Out of Whole Cloth—A Sensational Newspaper Fabrication," the Rev. Lewis J. Drummond, in the current issue of the Central Catholic, covers his own signature, denies the statement made recently by the Regina Standard that Archbishop Langevin, in his recent visit to Regina, conferred with "agents of the church" and reached a decision to organize a clerical party in Saskatchewan in readiness for the next provincial elections. After quoting the Standard article in full, Father Drummond says:

"This article was sent to me shortly after its publication, but I awaited His Grace's return from the

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TAPEDIA
day and Friday,
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TRAINS

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for Quebec and
commencing June
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30 P. M.

with
Railway arrive
re Union Depot
Monday in Summer
train de Luxe.

Style, com-
here.

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE

My dear mother, how do you do? I beg leave respectfully to ask whether you are a housekeeper or a housewife...

mountains will stand being wet. This will remove all dust or fly specks, and you will be surprised at the brightness of the result.

EVER SWEET.

Charles Reade, in closing one of his novels, delivers this beautiful saying: "Few things in this world keep their high flavor..."

WHAT WILL MAKE YOU GLAD?

When the years have slipped by and memory runs back over the path you have come, you will be glad you stopped to speak to every friend you met...

And you will be glad that you were happy when doing the small, everyday things of life, that you served the best you could in earth's lowly round.

You will be glad that men have said all along your way: "I know I can trust him, he is as true as steel."

You will be glad there have been some rainy days in your life. Clouds and storms are not the worst things in life.

You will be glad that you shut your ears tight against all the evil things men said about one another, and tried the best you could to stay her words, winged with poison.

You will be glad that you have met all the hard things which have come to you with a hearty handshake, never dodging one of them, but turning them all to the best possible account.

ROSE LEAF SACHETS.

Those who love roses will undoubtedly dry and spice their leaves in June that they may preserve them for the filling of sachets next winter.

The placing of many sachets among things worn gives to the personality an elusive, sweet scent which is as well delicate and refreshing.

RENOVATING SOILED PHOTOGRAPHS.

Many valuable photographs have been lost or destroyed because of careless handling, or the setting and breaking of the mount from the passage of time.

THE ORDINARY WOMAN.

The world never heard of her. She never was fifty miles from home.

A LITERARY MAN.

"May I introduce to you my friend?" asked a fashionable young man at a recent dance.

NO MACHINE MADE PRODIGES.

"Don't whip your children," said the theoretical educational expert to the angry mother of many penniless active olive branches.

THE POET'S CORNER.

FOREVER.

Those we love truly never die. Tho' year by year the sad memorial wreath,

THE YOUNG TO THE OLD.

You who are old, And have fought the fight, And have won or lost or left the field,

ROSE DOLORES.

The moan of Rose Dolores, she made her plaint to me;

Late Bishop Fitzgerald's "Non Placet."

A Previously Unrecorded Bit of History.

(Semaime Religieuse.)

There are very few surviving prelates who attended the Vatican Council of 1870. Bishop Fitzgerald, of Little Rock, who died recently, was one of the two bishops who voted against the promulgation of the doctrine of papal infallibility at the Vatican Council in 1870.

One of the best bon mots of church history arose from his vote at the Vatican Council. On a final vote on the question of infallibility of the two non placet votes came from Bishop Fitzgerald.

The Bishop used to tell how it felt to be in a minority of one in a general council. He once told that on a previous vote he had been sustained by an Italian Bishop, and on a vote by Rome made years afterwards he tried to meet and console with his Italian partner in defeat, but was told that the poor man was in an insane asylum.

Describing the much discussed incident Bishop Fitzgerald's "Non Placet," this week's Semaime Religieuse says:

"His death completes the necrology of the North American Bishops who were present at the Vatican Council with the exception of Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Williams of Boston. They were great men, many of them eminently so, and while not of commanding intellectual force, the Bishop of Little Rock was, as a conscientious churchman, and an upright, honorable man, the peer of the best among them."

"And now, as they are all gone but two, I violate no confidence nor will I invoke any unpleasant memories among the living, if I record for the first time the history of the one famous "Non Placet" vote for which Bishop Fitzgerald was so unjustly censured at the time.

"Never was there an assembly of great and eminent men where the liberty of discussion and debate was more encouraged than that of the Vatican Council. Particularly was this the case when the all-important question of the infallibility of the Pope was before the august assembly."

"It is true there were two American Bishops and four or five Germans who fought the infallibility itself on Scriptural and patristic authorities, but all the others conceded the logical and scriptural ac-

quality and necessity of the dogma, but sixty-eight of them contended that the time was not ripe for its proclamation. Of these were Archbishop Kendrick, of St. Louis, Mo.; Cardinal Schwarzhartzig, of St. Louis, Mo.; Bishop Dupanloup, of Orleans, Archbishop Connolly, of Halifax, N.S.; Bishop Riccio, of Ajaccio, and Bishop Fitzgerald of Little Rock.

"Three days before the debate on the infallibility was to close, those who were opposed to the opportuneness of the definition met by invitation in the large hall of the Palace of Prince Respighio, occupied during the council by Bishop Dupanloup. At the meeting it was resolved by the sixty-eight archbishops and bishops present that on the day when the vote was to be taken they would all be present, and vote "non placet," that is, "it is not pleasing to us."

Remember, the time, not the infallibility, which, with the exceptions already mentioned, they all believed.

"Well, on the morning of the vote on the supreme issue, not one of those who attended the meeting at the Respighio palace was in his accustomed place in the breach of St. Peter's, where the sessions of the council were held, except the Bishop of Little Rock, and the Bishop of Ajaccio. What happened?"

"This happened: The morning before the vote was taken an emergency call to the dissenting prelates was sent out. They met, in obedience to the summons, early in the day. Suspecting that the anti-Christian press of Europe would twist their opposition to the proclamation of the infallibility into a denial of the infallibility itself, a motion was carried to leave the Eternal City that night. Not until the dogma was proclaimed and messages flashed all over the world, announcing the definition, was it known that sixty-six prelates did not record their votes."

"And now we come to my large-hearted friend, Bishop Fitzgerald. The message sent him to attend the emergency meeting miscarried. The first intimation he had of the change of programme was the sixty-six empty stalls in the council hall after the ten minutes' grace had expired.

THE POET'S CORNER.

FOREVER.

Those we love truly never die. Tho' year by year the sad memorial wreath,

A ring and flowers, types of life and death, Are laid upon their graves.

For death the pure life saves, And life all pure is love; and love can reach;

From heaven to earth, and nobler lessons teach, Than those by mortals read.

Well blest is he who has a dear one dead;

A friend he has whose face will never change;

A dear communion that will not grow strange;

The anchor of love is death.

The blessed sweetness of a loving breath,

Will reach our cheek all fresh thro' weary years;

For he who died long since, ah, waste not tears,

She's thine unto the end.

Thank God for one dear friend, With face still radiant with the light of truth,

Whose love comes laden with the scent of youth,

Thro' twenty years of death.

John Boyle O'Reilly.

ROSE DOLORES.

The moan of Rose Dolores, she made her plaint to me;

"My hair is lifted by the wind that sweeps in from the sea;

I taste its salt upon my lips—O jailer set me free!"

"Content thee, Rose Dolores, content thee, child of care!

There's satin shoon upon thy feet and emeralds in thy hair,

And one there is who hangs for thy step upon the stair."

The moan of Rose Dolores: "O jailer set me free!"

These satin shoon and green-lit gems are terrible to me;

I hear a murmur on the wind, the murmur of the sea!"

"Bethink thee, Rose Dolores, bethink thee, ere too late!"

CALE YOUNG RICE, in the American Magazine.

THE YOUNG TO THE OLD.

You who are old, And have fought the fight, And have won or lost or left the field,

Weight us not down With fears of the world, as we run!

The wisdom that is too right, The yielding to which we cannot yield—

The shadow that follows the sun Follows forever—

And with all that desire must leave undone,

Though as a god it endeavor, Weight, weigh us not down!

But gird our hopes to believe That all that is done

Is done by dreaming and darning— Did we dream on!

That earth was not born Or Heaven built of bowing— Yield us the dawn!

You dreamt your hour—and dared, but we Would dream till all you despair of.

Would dare, till the world, Won to a new wayfaring, Be thence forever easier upward drawn!

—Cale Young Rice, in the American Magazine.

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A ring and flowers, types of life and death, Are laid upon their graves.

For death the pure life saves, And life all pure is love; and love can reach;

From heaven to earth, and nobler lessons teach, Than those by mortals read.

Well blest is he who has a dear one dead;

A friend he has whose face will never change;

A dear communion that will not grow strange;

The anchor of love is death.

The blessed sweetness of a loving breath,

Will reach our cheek all fresh thro' weary years;

For he who died long since, ah, waste not tears,

She's thine unto the end.

Thank God for one dear friend, With face still radiant with the light of truth,

Whose love comes laden with the scent of youth,

Thro' twenty years of death.

John Boyle O'Reilly.

ROSE DOLORES.

The moan of Rose Dolores, she made her plaint to me;

"My hair is lifted by the wind that sweeps in from the sea;

I taste its salt upon my lips—O jailer set me free!"

"Content thee, Rose Dolores, content thee, child of care!

There's satin shoon upon thy feet and emeralds in thy hair,

And one there is who hangs for thy step upon the stair."

The moan of Rose Dolores: "O jailer set me free!"

These satin shoon and green-lit gems are terrible to me;

I hear a murmur on the wind, the murmur of the sea!"

"Bethink thee, Rose Dolores, bethink thee, ere too late!"

CALE YOUNG RICE, in the American Magazine.

THE YOUNG TO THE OLD.

You who are old, And have fought the fight, And have won or lost or left the field,

Weight us not down With fears of the world, as we run!

The wisdom that is too right, The yielding to which we cannot yield—

The shadow that follows the sun Follows forever—

And with all that desire must leave undone,

Though as a god it endeavor, Weight, weigh us not down!

But gird our hopes to believe That all that is done

Is done by dreaming and darning— Did we dream on!

That earth was not born Or Heaven built of bowing— Yield us the dawn!

You dreamt your hour—and dared, but we Would dream till all you despair of.

Would dare, till the world, Won to a new wayfaring, Be thence forever easier upward drawn!

—Cale Young Rice, in the American Magazine.

THE POET'S CORNER.

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OUR BY.

GOOD-MORNING.

The world grew brighter When a well-dressed said to him,

"Good-morning, sonny!" ed along,

And was lost in the throng;

It was not much for the say,

But the world grew bright Tim that day.

The world grew brighter Tim,

As Tim sang out in a cheer "Good-morning, mother!" ed along

With a lighter step and song.

It was not much for Tim But the world grew bright Mother Gray.

A bright "Good-morning, sonny,"

Or a kind word spoken wrong;

Into some heart they are thrown

A ray of light that will glow,

Ever increasing from day Till the earth and its people passed away.

SPIDERS CAST OUT LIFE.

I took a large spider from under the basement of a

him on a chip of wood, a

him about on the quiet w

the pond. He immediately

cast a web for the spider,

as far as possible in the

the wind. It soon reached

and made fast to the spider

Then he turned himself abo

in hard sailor fashion, began

to draw out his web until

fully he drew it until his

came to move toward shore,

moved the faster he fa

Our Boys and Girls

BY AUNT BECKY

GOOD-MORNING.

The world grew brighter to aged Tim
When a well-dressed gentleman
said to him,
"Good-morning, sonny!" then passed
along,
And was lost in the busy city
throng;
It was not much for the man to
say,
But the world grew brighter to
Tim that day.

The world grew brighter for Mother
Gray,
As Tim sang out in a cheerful way,
"Good-morning, mother!" then passed
along,
With a lighter step and heart,
of song;
It was not much for Tim to say,
But the world grew brighter to
Mother Gray.

A bright "Good-morning," a cheery
song,
Or a kind word spoken can not go
wrong;
Into some heart they are sure to
throw
A ray of light that will thrive and
grow,
Ever increasing from day to day,
Till the earth and its people have
passed away.

SPIDERS CAST OUT LIFE LINES.

I took a large spider from his web
under the basement of a mill, put
him on a chip of wood, and set
him afloat on the quiet waters of
the pond. He immediately began to
cast a web for the shore. He threw
it as far as possible in the air with
the wind. It soon reached the shore
and made fast to the spires of grass.
Then he turned himself about and, in
true sailor fashion, began to haul
in hand over hand his cable. Care-
fully he drew it until his bark be-
gan to move toward shore. As it
moved the faster he the faster drew
upon it to keep his bawser taut,
and from touching the water. Soon
he reached the shore and quickly sped
his way homeward. I tried several
spiders and they all came to shore
in like manner.

SHE FILLED A GAP.

"Amy, Amy," called Mildred, the
10-year-old. Her sister, a high
school girl, appeared to answer.
"Oh, Amy, we need somebody to
help in the game—just one more. Do
come and play, or we can't go on."
The young girl laughed pleasantly
and made believe that she was 10,
with such success that the children
cried after her. "Wish you'd always
help us out."
"Daughter," called a gentle voice.
It was mother this time. "Will you
please take this sample and get a
half-yard more silk as soon as you
can? There was a mistake made
and the edges won't come together.
We must have another piece at
once."
Any took the sample and hurried
off to match it while the light was
good. She had planned something
different for that bit of time, but

HER WILFUL WAY.

By the Author of "Dolly's Golden Slippers," "Claimed at Last," etc.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

"Oh, Guy, what shall we do?" she
gasped in her misery.
But Guy's heart was heavy with
another misery and fear. He seemed
to see, as in a vision, a little mite
of a girl down in mid-ocean, tossed
hither and tither as in strong arms,
twined about with seaweed—a mite
with golden hair and speedwell eyes.
He seemed to see how the arm-like
wave had snatched her from her
rocky prison, and borne her down
to a more terrible captivity than
that of the make-believe dragon of
their afternoon play.
"Think of Ellie! she has nothing,
not even the rock can save her when
'tis washed with water," said he.
"Nor the dragon hurt her?"
"No, nor the dragon hurt her."
Then they both laughed a little,
sobbing laugh; for it was ludicrous to
think of their innocent play of only
one little afternoon before.

Who shall say how long was the
night to the children, or how short?
The hours would run their course
without let or hindrance, the rain
would pour down till the windows
of heaven were shut, the darkness
would hold them as in the hollow of
some giant hand. A great terror
came swooping down upon Olive.
"Oh, Guy, there is Leviathan com-
ing up out of the deep," cried the
poetic little maiden.
"No, Olive, no," said reassuring
Guy. "Leviathan doesn't live in our
sea, nor in anybody's seas now,"
so he tried to soothe her.
But the child persisted in saying
that it was making for the boat—
clutching at it; and Guy had much
to do to keep her in the boat, to keep
her from overturning it.

Soon after this the rain ceased, the
clouds cleared, and the stars came
out. The silver lamps, and while the
children almost held their breath,
waiting for what would follow, a
light broke in the east, above the
sea, and the lights of heaven were
put out as by invisible hands. Then

dear mother, in the rush of dress-
making in the house, must not
know that.

On the way home Agatha Ward
overtook Amy. "You are just the
one I wanted most to see," she ex-
claimed. "Grace Wells has had to
go away with her aunt, and that
leaves a gap in our class entertain-
ment. You can fill it better than
anybody if you only will. It will
not be hard for you to learn the
lines, if the time is short. Do tell
me you will."

"If it will help," said Amy slowly.
She had had other plans, but
they could give way, if those lines
must be learned. Agatha's thanks
repaid the little self-denial. "You
are always so ready to pick up
things that drop," Agatha said.
Do you remember that a prophet
once said he looked for a man
"stand in the gap," and could not
find one? What a pity. A gap-
filler, one who will come to help in
emergencies, when the edges cannot
be brought together, otherwise, one
who fills chinks, is a valuable mem-
ber of society. Amy was a gap-
filler. There is room for more like
her.

Don'ts for Working Girls.

A list of "don'ts" for the benefit
of the working girls of his parish
was made public by St. Rev. Mgr.
Teeling, pastor of St. Mary's Church,
Lynn, Mass., says the Boston Her-
ald. They are:

- Don't go to public dances, and
- Don't go to Saturday night dances.
- Don't miss your prayers in the
morning. Shorten your talk with
Celia or Jim by ten minutes with
night before and have this time to
spare in the morning.
- Don't read yellow journals going
to and coming from work.
- Don't read them at any time. Im-
prove your mind; don't help its dis-
casses.
- Don't be late for work, and
- Don't give less labor than is due
for what you receive. Hence,
- Don't gossip about Tillie and Mam-
mie and Jim, and some others, un-
till their characters are buried to a
crisp, and, moreover, your work is
still waiting.
- Don't give your employer a chance
to be a benefactor. Rather beg
your bread. Take a favor from any
man and you are on most teacher-
ous ground, thereafter.
- Don't permit the least bit of fami-
liarity from your employer, whether
he be married or unmarried. You are
there to work, not to start a honey-
moon or to fill the demands of a
sensualist.
- Don't live to eat but eat to live.
You cannot stand the indigestion of
eating nothing but candy and ice
cream and tea for lunch.
- Don't break into a conversation.
It's far better to be poor and polite
than rich and impolite.
- Don't be jealous. It will hurt you
not the one of whom you are jeal-
ous.

Don't be late for work, and
Don't give less labor than is due
for what you receive. Hence,
Don't gossip about Tillie and Mam-
mie and Jim, and some others, un-
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CHAPTER VI.—MISSED AT HOME—A DRIFTING SUN-HOOD—GRANT'S BOAT A WRECK.

At Elm Lodge the afternoon glid-
ed away very like other afternoons,
save that Marjory was busy going
here and there, preparing for her
boys. Tom, too, the boot boy, and
general running footman of the es-
tablishment, was in an unwonted
state of elation and excitement at
the prospect of the three young
masters' home-coming, and his own
adventurous journey to the station,
with a certain donkey and cart, to
meet them, and bring home their
luggage.

The two little ladies were to
drive with him in the said donkey-
cart. Miss Ellie always did on these
occasions. Oh, such a grooming of
old Jack went on in that noble ani-
mal's stable, and such a scrubbing
and polishing of his harness! and,
soon, the old stable clock pointed to
five, and it was time for Tom to be
off.

"Please, Mrs. Marjory, be the
young ladies a-comin'!" he inquired
nervously, at the back door, his equip-
age in the yard.

But Marjory had to tell him with-
out a shadow of misgiving.

"No, Tom, they're not come in
yet. Master Guy Rainsford has tak-
en them down to the shore, and
they're not come in—they must have
forgotten the time."

"Then please what am I to do?"
he inquired; "go on without 'em,
or wait for 'em, and lose the young
gentlemen's train?"

"Wait for them a few minutes,"
commanded Marjory; "you can do
that, and still be in time; the train
isn't due till six."

"Five fifty-five," said precise
Tom; "so there ain't much time to
wait, for Jack won't go no faster
than a trot."

"No, I should think not," return-
ed Marjory; "still, all the same,
you can wait a little time."

So Tom went back to the donkey,
and amused himself with whisking
off the flies from his ears; lifting
snow one hoof, now the other, to
see that his shoes were as they
should be, and no stone therein;
tightening and loosening the lar-
ners; and, in fact, tormenting the
poor creature with his fidgets, as
Marjory would have said, till he was
as impatient to be off as the boy
himself.

"Please, Mrs. Marjory, I'd best be
goin'," said he, presenting himself
once more at the back door, after
the lapse of a few minutes.

"Well, I see you're on thorns
to be off," returned she.
"Tis the donkey I'm thinkin' of—
he won't stand still," said Tom in-
nocently.

"Oh! ay, such a donkey, such a
driver—go along." Thus she dis-
missed him, and away went the char-
iot and charioteer.

A very Jehu equipage it was for
speed and noise as it tore along the
good mile and a half to the station.
Whow! the train came sweeping in
as Tom drew rein, just in time to
avoid a collision with a certain
barrier gate, which shut off the
platform from such mad-cap drivers.

There they were, Duke, Harold and
Basil, popping out, springing out,
and now they were tugging at Tom's
hand.

"Well, Tom, glad to see you," and
then they patted old Jack; Duke
marched off to see after the luggage,
Tom at his heels, the other two
standing by the donkey.

"Why, where's Miss Ellie and the
other little lady?" inquired Duke,
when a porter had landed their
trunks safe in the cart.

"They were down on the shore,
and hadn't come back, Master Duke,"
said Tom, giving Jack the word to
move forward.

"Ah! my lady is forgetting old
friends for new ones," remarked Bas-
il, and trilled, as they all marched
along:

"Old friends, old chums, old boots,
and clothes,
Must change for new ones, I sup-
pose;
But dear old tatter'd loves, I say,
It grieves me sore to cast away."

which the others said was his own
impromptu composition, and he did
not deny it. They were pleasur-
looking boys, though Duke was a
little high and mighty, carrying his
head stiffly, as became one with so
high-sounding a name. The mile and
a half along lanes and field-ways,
bordered with ripening blackberries
and tall honeysuckles, were soon
traversed by the cavalcade, and then
they stood in the yard, announcing
their arrival with an Indian war-
whoop which brought out Marjory
to the door. The young ladies had
not yet come home, the good nurse
told them, as they hugged and kissed
her, patting her on the back, boy
fashion, and telling her she was the
jolliest dame in Christendom, after
all.

"Not come home, well,
"Leave them alone, and they'll
come home,
And bring their tales behind them."

sang Basil, as if fain to pour out
his heart in song at this lumpy
home-coming.

"I've a mind to send Tom to look
for them," suggested Marjory.
Ah, if they had only known, if
Marjory had but known, sitting in
the nursery at her tea, her two
nurslings' places empty! As for
Tom, he came back no wiser than
he had gone; he saw no trace of
the little ladies anywhere on the
beach, and none of the children there
seemed to know that they had been
there; so Marjory next despatched
him to Mr. Rainsford's to make in-
quiries there.

That was when the boys were
making tour of the place among
their pots and belongings left in Guy
Rainsford's care. Nothing had been
seen or heard of them there, was
the blank announcement he brought,
followed shortly after by Mr. Rains-
ford himself.

"I can't think where they are. I'm
going myself now to see after them,"
said he to Marjory, after he had
shaken hands with the three lads,
and they had volunteered to go with
him.

Away down the old familiar way
they went, thinking every minute
they would meet the three belated
ones; but no such good fortune be-
fell them; they stood by the sea,
now a grey mystery, and still they
had not seen them. Lap, lap, lap,
how fast the tide was coming in,
how cold came the wind from over
the sea, as Mr. Rainsford and the
boys paced along on its margin,
shouting their three names, and the
echoes among the rocky cliffs shout-
ing them again!

"Why, this is getting to be seri-
ous," said Mr. Rainsford.
A long stretch of way had they
traversed, not along the sands,
where the children had gone in the
afternoon, but high up over a rough
path on the cliffs. The sands were
covered with water, the waves
washing the platform, the dragon's
stronghold by the Mermaid's Cave,
above which the searchers halted,
and where, wee Ellie, the captive

waters, had so lately stood. The
waters were sweeping into the cave
itself with sullen roar, the make-
believe dragon stood half-submerged;
but where was its tiny victim?—had
she been rescued? or had the sea,
like another monster, stolen her?
"Where can the children be?" said
Mr. Rainsford, as they all stood on
the high shelving path, the waters
seething beneath, and sending up
spray from time to time to where
they stood as in defiance, where
And even as he put the question
something came in sight which seem-
ed to answer it.

"See, what is that?"
It was Duke spoke, his boyish
cheek turning pale in the already
waning light, though a lurid glow
was still in the west. That was
something heaving and tossing on
the restless waters beating around
the dragon's stronghold—a white
something, a child's sun-hood they
believed, looking a little lower, and
with the aid of Mr. Rainsford's stick,
the boy fished it up, a white beca-
bled sun-hood, which seemed to tell
its own tale. Mr. Rainsford knew
it well—the little white hood, with
its blue ribbon bow and strings; it
was Ellie's! But where, oh where
was the wee golden-haired child who
had so lately worn it?

"Heaven help us!" he said, and
his hand trembled as he took it.
"Whose is it?" asked Duke husk-
ily, divining the answer.

"It is little Ellie's—your sister's,"
A hush fell upon them all as they
looked into each other's eyes.

"What do you think?—what do
you fear?" questioned Duke, scarce
above a whisper. Basil was al-
ready sobbing, apart by himself.

"I fear they are washed out to
sea," and the waves, lapping and
dashing in, seemed to echo the
words, "Washed out to sea, washed
out to sea."

"What can be done?"
"Well, Duke, we mustn't stand here
or we shall share the same fate,"
said Mr. Rainsford—where they then
stood was below high-water mark—
thinking of his wife at home, their
only son even now mayhap in a
watery grave.

"We must go and get a boat to
put out in search of them," he ad-
ded, scanning the wide waste of sea,
and seeing nothing to give him
hope; and yet, hope he must.

Along their eerie path they retrac-
ed their steps, and soon they were
on the old familiar beach where
fishermen lounged and children play-
ed. Put out to sea in search of the
three children? there was not a
brave fellow there that would not
do it. A boat was soon manned,
Mr. Rainsford himself one of the
crew.

"Don't carry the news to Mrs.
Rainsford," said he to the three boys
who, with white faces, watched him
off. They pledged to join the ex-
pedition, but Mr. Rainsford told
them "No; go home and tell Mar-
jory what we fear, but don't say
anything about the finding of the
hood, and don't carry any word to
my wife—better suspense than miser-
able certainty, before we are sure."

And the boys answered, "All right
sir," with full hearts.

"Old Grant's boat be gone," spoke
an urchin of nine at their elbows, as
the three stood watching the boat
leap out on its sorrowful quest.

"Eh! what?" Duke grasped the
speaker's shoulder.

"Old Grant's boat be gone and
lost, and I see us go."
"When?" spoke the three boys in
a breath.

"This afternoon."
"Who in it?"
"I couldn't rightly see, but I think
twere Master Rainsford and one
little lady as sailed away, and left
t'other one on the rock, to be
drowned."

"Why didn't you tell this before?"
questioned Duke sternly—Duke could
be stern when he liked.

"Because I was afraid."
"Is this true?"
"Yes, where's the use o' tellin' lies
about drowned folk. I wish 'twere
n't true."

"And what became of the little
lady left behind?" asked Duke.
"I don't know."
"Did the boat come back?"
"I didn't see 'un."
"What did you see?"
"Nothin' cept what I've said."
The boys looked at one another.

Old Grant's boat was generally
moored high and dry in a little cove
of a shelter among the rocks at high
tide, as has been said; the boys
could not discover whether it was
there or gone till the tide turned,
and then their cheeks turned pale as
they thought of what the outgoing
tide might reveal. They scarcely
thought Guy Rainsford would be mad
enough to put out to sea in a boat,
docile, obedient, trustworthy little
fellow as he was, and yet Jimmy
Green affirmed it by saying, "I see
'em go out—Master Guy and one
of the little ladies."

"Well, I don't see any use of stay-
ing here any longer," said Duke.
"Nor yet in Mr. Rainsford and the
others going out to look for them,"
added Basil, "for I believe they are
drowned."

Now, we who know better can but
hope that there would be use in
their going out—that there was even
a Providence in their doing so, for
the rescue of the small castaways.
As for the fate of Ellie, our hearts
sink within us, with that white sun-
hood as a token before our eyes,
which Duke holds so tenderly, like
something belonging to the dead and
gone.

"Well, we'd better go home. Mar-
jory must be told," sighed he, draw-
ing a long breath, and turning from
the sea with a shudder. "But we
needn't tell her the worst; just say
we can't find them, and Mr. Rains-
ford is gone out in a boat to look
for them—and Mrs. Rainsford must
bear nothing."
So with this they turned home-
ward, carrying the relic of a sun-
hood. At the back gates they met
Tom.

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The Lord's Day.
The Lord's day is a day of rest,
but it is also a home-day for seal-
ing the sweet domestic ties between
the members of the family. It is a
special day of religion, devotion and
prayer. Remember—that word "re-
member" seems to ring in our ears
—remember that you keep holy the
Sabbath day.
The Sunday is a day of reflection.
Not long will the scrupulous rever-
ence for its sanctity prevail if loud
and large gatherings during the
greater part of the day are encourag-
ed, ostensibly for an elevating pur-
pose, but in truth, only for the pur-
pose of amusement.—Bishop McClos-
key, Louisville, Ky.

For All the Little Tafts.
Secretary Taft, hugest of states-
man of his time, took a yellow
car in Washington to go to the Cap-
itol.
He nearly filled the seat, but at
Thirteenth street and Pennsylvania
avenue a small boy got on and
timidly sat down beside the gigantic
Secretary.
The small boy wore what was ob-
viously a suit of clothes made over
for him from his father's clothes. He
was rather proud of it, too, for af-
ter riding a block or two he said to
the Secretary:
"My mamma made me this suit
out of one of papa's."
"Indeed," said the Secretary, "I
think it is a very pretty suit."
The small boy looked the big Sec-
retary over. "Say, mister," he
said, after the survey was complet-
ed, "how many of your little boys
has to wear your clothes?"—Sat-
urday Evening Post.

The True Witness AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE is published every Thursday by The True Witness P. & P. Co. 25 St. Antoine St., Montreal, P. Q. P. O. BOX 1182

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NOTICE: When a change of address is desired the subscriber should give both the OLD and the NEW address.

THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1907.

Episcopal Approbation. If the English Speaking Catholics of Montreal and of this Province consulted their best interests, they would soon make of the TRUE WITNESS one of the most prosperous and powerful Catholic papers in this country.

RURAL BUFFALO. Buffalo must be having an influx of ruralists or other unsophisticated inhabitants who see in her priests monstrosities that awaken their wonderment.

ORGANIZED LABOR. That rightly conceived and conducted organizations of labor have had the commendation of the Catholic Church has been amply shown at all times and in all places.

OBJECTIONS TO "GRAND LODGE." "Dr." Sproule and "Col." Hughes are becoming famous. Whether they consider the newspaper notoriety which is being lavished upon them as an asset or otherwise we are unable to say.

EDITORIAL NOTES. The question as to whether a clergyman, when he retires from his duties and takes up some business as a means of livelihood, should retain or give up his title of reverend is being earnestly discussed in some Protestant church bodies and in the Ontario press, and the consensus of opinion seems to be that when a man quits a calling that is honored by a peculiar title he should not seek to retain what he may not be able to secure respect for.

good citizen and a good party man. If you would hasten the era of equitable legislation, vote for the men who are disliked by party managers.

THREE CENT FARE SITUATION. The two cent railway rate situation in the western portions of the United States, where a vigorous war has been waged for lower tariffs, for some time, may be summarized as follows:

Illinois—Rate went into effect July 1. Railroad attorneys have been instructed to prepare a joint bill asking the courts for relief.

Nebraska—Rates went into effect March 7. Notice has been served by the Union Pacific and Rock Island upon the State Railroad Commission that an application is to be made for an injunction restraining the enforcement of the law.

IRISH NATIONAL POLICY. At the formal meeting of the National Directory of the United Irish League, in Dublin, on June 20th, a programme was adopted to meet the issues of the hour, of which the following resolutions give great scope for patriotic endeavor.

That, adopting in all its terms and in its fullest sense the resolution passed by the National Convention of May 21st on the motion of Mr. John E. Redmond, M.P., Chairman of the Irish Parliamentary Party, and President of the United Irish League, we now call upon the Irish people to inaugurate with virile movement to win that full National self-government which must be secured before the foundations of Ireland's prosperity in the future can be laid.

That we hereby empower and direct the Standing Committee to enter forthwith into consultation with the Divisional Executives and the leading Nationalists of the principal cities and county centres for the purpose of taking steps to have held a series of great public demonstrations in support of the demand for self-government. We advise and urge on the local League branches, members of Nationalist public bodies, and the recognized leaders of public opinion to proceed with the organization with speed, and we recommend that at every meeting the League's position should be made perfectly clear, and the fact that nothing short of national autonomy will satisfy our people and lead to lasting peace and contentment impressed on the minds of the English statesmen, who must devote themselves again to the task of finding an acceptable settlement.

Correspondence. To the Editor of True Witness: Sir—Notes have from time to time been given in the True Witness relative to a series of commemorative festivals to be held by the old pupils of the Jacques Cartier Normal School, in honor of the golden jubilee of their Alma Mater.

voice of temperance who always comes to mind when the subject is considered is our own Father Mathew. He rescued more drunkards and brought them to grace than all the spectacular reformers the world has ever produced.

At a banquet given in honor of Sir Wilfrid Laurier at the Canadian College in Rome, the health of the Premier was proposed by His Eminence Cardinal Vanutelli, who eulogized the eminent statesman, practical Catholic, exemplary citizen and particularly felicitated him upon his untiring without sacrificing a single principle to the highest place in the country the majority of whose people were non-Catholic.

Bishop McEvay, of the diocese of London, Ont., was the recipient of a handsome testimonial of the affection of the entire diocese, in the shape of a richly ornamented gold pectoral cross and chain, a ring and a sterling silver tray, in honor of the silver anniversary of his ordination.

Pope Honors Artist. The Pope has been on a short retreat, which ended this week. During the retreat he held no audiences. His last audience was with Mgr. Kennedy, rector of the American College.

Boston Honors Patrick Collins. It is reported that the monument to the memory of the late Patrick Collins will soon be finished and will then take its place among the finest works of the kind in that city of art and culture.

The "True Witness" can be had at the following Stands: J. Tucker, 41 McLeod street. Mrs. McNally, 345 St. Antoine st.

Agents Wanted. We want agents. We want to push our circulation. It will make you popular to work for a paper everywhere popular and well liked.

The Pupils of Loretto Convent Stood First. At the entrance examinations held in the city of Guelph, hundred and thirty-five pupils seated themselves for examination and were chiefly from the public schools of that city, the special schools presenting their usual quota.

It always pays to get out after the Catholic business. And it is profitable, for many reasons to our readers to patronize those who use the advertising columns of The True Witness.

July is the month of the Precious Blood. July 16 is the feast of the Sacred—Our Lady of Mount Carmel. July 26 is the feast of St. Anne, the mother of the Blessed Virgin Mary. July 31 is the feast of St. Ignatius Loyola.

We are pleased to note that the International Truth Society, Arbuscle Building, Brooklyn, N.Y., has issued a catalogue of books for the use of young Catholics not merely for little children, but also for boys and girls attending high school.

Long as she has lived, Miss Florence Nightingale is not the sole survivor of the nurses who gave succor in the ambulances and cholera hospitals of the Crimea.

A decision of considerable importance to members of fraternal insurance societies was handed down by the Supreme Court at White Plains, N.Y., recently.

The Court holds that the Knights had a right to declare such an occupation of the "extra-hazardous" kind, even after plaintiff had joined. The suit to recover was dismissed.

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"STERLING" The Trade Mark Found on all Products of this Company. The Guarantee of Quality. Canadian and American Illuminating and Lubricating Oils, Prepared Paints, White Lead, Colors, Painters' Supplies, Varnishes.

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Notes From. (By our Own Correspondent) A pilgrimage from the Ottawa coast numbering about fifteen hundred people, travelling in trains, arrived in this city of evening on their way to the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre.

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TWO STORES

Cor. St. Catherine and Guy Streets and Bennett's Theatre Bld'g. Phone Up 1197

Notes From the Ancient City.

(By our Own Correspondent.)

A pilgrimage from the Ottawa diocese numbering about fifteen hundred people, travelling in three trains, arrived in this city Tuesday evening on their way to the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre.

There has been lying at anchor in the stream here during the past week the Italian armored cruiser Varese, bearing as its commander Admiral Duke Dogli d'Abbruzzi, a cousin of King Emmanuel of Italy. This vessel is the flagship which represented Italy at the Jamestown naval manoeuvres, and arrived here from Boston, where she made a short stay after leaving that port. The Duke d'Abbruzzi, who bears an universal reputation as a traveller and explorer, has since the vessel's arrival been touring the Canadian west, and has spent some time in the Cobalt district. The Varese, which carries a crew of 600 men, will leave here on the 15th instant. The remarkably clean appearance and orderly conduct of the sailors aboard this representative of the hand of the Vatican has awakened widespread comment, which cannot fail to reflect credit upon their country and religion. As a mark of courtesy to our international callers, twenty-one guns were fired on Thursday last from the citadel in honor of Garibaldi's birthday.

The Quebec District Railway carried a record breaking crowd to the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre on Sunday, over ten thousand pilgrims having travelled thither on that day from all parts of the United States and Canada. Several miraculous cures are reported to have occurred, but the clergy do not make it a habit of publishing the details, names or circumstances. The de Salabery Guard of Quebec, a Catholic military organization, composed mostly of young French-Canadians, were in attendance, and their manoeuvres during grand mass furnished a most inspiring spectacle to the worshippers present.

A pilgrimage from St. Ann's parish, Montreal, was also among the number. They arrived by the Richelieu steamer Beaupre, and returned to Quebec about noon, spending the remainder of the afternoon sight seeing around the Ancient Capital.

The Royal Mail SS. Enniscorthy of Ireland, which arrived here Friday last, had on board a number of colonial statesmen returning from the London conference, including Hon. T. Bent, Premier of Australia, and Hon. Richard McBride, Prime Minister of British Columbia. Both gentlemen left immediately on arrival by the Oversea limited en route for their homes. Mr. Bent taking passage at Victoria.

Signor Marconi, the wireless wizard, accompanied by his wife, were also among the passengers. Mr. Marconi left the vessel at Rimouski, taking the Intercolonial for Sidney, where he will start on his tour of inspection of the company's plant.

Dominion Day the vessel was gallily decorated, the set of silk flags pre-

pared by the Irishmen of Montreal figuring conspicuously. During the afternoon a programme of games and sports helped to break the monotony of the voyage.

A group of thirty bright, sturdy Catholic children, sent out by the Canadian Emigration Society of London, England, were among the steamship passengers arriving at this port within the past few days. They were taken in charge by Mr. Cecil Arden, the manager of St. George's Home, Hintonburg, Ontario, in which institution they will reside until homes are secured for them in this land of promise.

The Church of the Good Shepherd this city was last week the scene of a very impressive ceremony, when in the presence of l'Abbe J. E. Laberge, Almoner of the institution, assisted by l'Abbe H. A. Scott, parish priest of St. Foye, and Rev. Father Jamison, of Van Buren, Maine, Sisters Dorothy Packwood, of this city, in religion Mother St. Aloysius; Theresa Bersick, of New York, in religion Mother of the Sacred Heart; together with a number of other young sisters in religion, of this province and Van Buren, Maine, pronounced their first vows of religion. Father Scott preached an eloquent sermon.

A large number of the faithful from St. John, New Brunswick, accompanied the third annual pilgrimage to Ste. Anne de Beaupre, under the auspices of the Sisters of Charity of the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Memramook, N.B., which visited the shrine on Thursday last.

Rev. Father Maloney, C.S.S.R., of St. Peter's Church, St. John, who was the bishop's representative with the pilgrims, is a guest at St. Patrick's presbytery, this city. The reverend gentleman was attached to St. Patrick's parish here for a number of years, and is renewing old acquaintances.

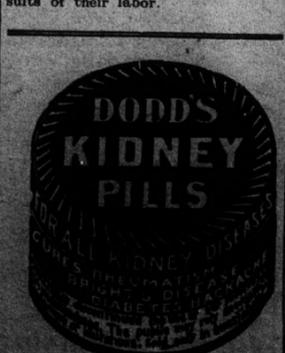
His Grace Archbishop Begin has made the following appointments: Abbe Alexandre Yoy, Beauport; Abbe Ulrich Martel, St. Ambrose; Abbe Edmond Pare, St. Famille, I.O.; Abbe Anne Lacroix, St. Germaine; Abbe E. Guay, St. Charles; Abbe Louis Bolduc, St. Georges; Abbe Philomen Cloutier, Jacques Cartier; Abbe George Cote, St. Roch, Quebec.

There was laid to rest last Sunday with the most impressive rites of the order, Mother Mary Joseph (nee Fabre), Superioress of the Cistercian convent at St. Remond, who died there suddenly the Thursday previous from a stroke of paralysis after but three hours illness. Deceased lady was born at Averon, France, and two years ago left her native land to become Superioress of the community at St. Remond, replacing Sister Mary Lutarge.

Rev. F. X. Delargy, C.S.S.R., one of the zealous workers of St. Patrick's Church, has left for the Redemptorist mission house at Saratoga, Springs, N.Y., where he will remain for the next fifteen days on his annual retreat.

The Pupils of Loretto Convent Stood First.

At the entrance examinations recently held in the city of Guelph one hundred and thirty-five pupils presented themselves for examination, and were chiefly from the public schools of that city, the separate schools presenting their usual number. There were four pupils from Loretto Convent, the Misses Loretto Reinhardt, Antoinette Kennedy, Gertrude Foley and Celestine Pigot. Loretto Reinhardt secured the highest number of marks, 598; Antoinette Kennedy stood fourth, securing 573 marks; Gertrude Foley, of Montreal, stood fifth, 573 marks; Celestine Pigot, 452 marks. It must be a source of pride and gratification to those who take an interest in the progress of Catholic education to learn of the excellent showing made by the pupils of Loretto Convent. When our Catholic institutions will be able not only to hold their own but to lead in the Governmental examinations as in this instance, it will furnish an unanswerable argument in favor of teaching the word



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

COLONIAL HOUSE, PHILLIPS SQUARE.

Specials for Wednesday & Thursday

Dress Goods Department.

All Remnants of Fancy Muslins, Challies and Dress Goods at Half Price. Great offer of Cream Embroidered Challies. Regular 60c, 75c. and \$1.00 per yard. All at 40c per yard. One lot of Printed Challies. Regular 50c, for 25c per yard.

DRESS MUSLINS

A large choice. Regular, 18c and 25c, for 10c per yard. Also, 30c line for 15c. And 40c for 20c per yard.

A Special Table of Dress Goods laid out at prices to effect Speedy Clearance.

BLACK DRESS GOODS

A Special Table of choice black Goods, less 20 per cent. Also, Remnants of Skirt Lengths, less 33 1-3 per cent. off.

Silks.

24 inch French dyed Washing Foulards, in a large range of handsome designs and colorings, Regular 85c and \$1. Special price, 55c. 44 inch Fancy Radium, in coin, spots and stripes, an exquisite summer fabric. Regular \$1.25 and \$1.50. Special price, 98c. 27 inch Shower-proof Satin Foulards, in the new combination colorings, and very handsome designs. Regular \$1.50 and \$1.65. Special, \$1.00. 27 to 36 inch Colored and Natural Shantung. Regular values, \$1.00, \$1.35 and \$1.65, less 25 per cent. Black Peau de Soie (yarn dyed), a few hundred yards of this magnificent wearing fabric left, fully worth 75c. Special price, 42c. Black French Taffeta, Lyons dye, rich rustling finish. Regular value, 75c. Special price, 60c. Black Merveilleux, heavy weight, fine weave. Regular value, 90c. Special price, 60c. Black Merveilleux, an exceptionally good wearing quality. Regular value \$1.25. Special price, 80c. Black Chiffon Taffeta, Lyons dye, a rich, rustling quality; grand for wear. Regular value, \$1.10. Special price, 85c.

Silk Remnants.

All the short ends of Silk, both plain and fancy weaves and blacks and colors, in lengths of from 2 to 10 yds. and values from 50c to \$2 per yard, at 50 per cent. off regular price.

Millinery.

We will show a range of Trimmed Hats at half price. Also a full line of Black and White Hats at 33 1-3 discount. A Table of White Lawn Waists at \$1.00 each. An extensive line of high class Lingerie Waists at 20 p.c. discount. Also a strong line of medium priced Waists from \$1.15 to \$4.50 at special prices.

Corsets.

Ask to see our Summer Net Corsets D. & A. Corsets from 50c at \$1.00 each. P. D. Corsets, from \$1.00 C. B. Corsets, from \$1.50 H. & G. Corsets from \$1.25 W. B. Corsets, from \$2.00 Ferris Waists, from 40c

Embroidery Department.

Special sale of White Linen Costumes, from \$10 up to \$20. White Linen Blouses, from \$2.25 to \$6.00. All-over Embroidery, from \$1.50 to \$12.00. White Mull Blouse Front, \$1.75 and \$2.00. Silk Table Centres, in all shades, from \$2.50 to \$5.00, 50 per cent. White Muslin Cushion Covers, all sizes and prices, from 14 in. to 24 in., 20 per cent.

Print Department.

Fine Scotch Plaid Ginghams, worth 30c yd., for 10c per yard. Striped Zephyrs, 15c, less 33 1-3. Fancy Check Cotton Voiles, 30c, less 33 1-3 per cent. Colored Linen, 75c, less 50 per cent. Remnants of Prints, Ginghams and Satens, less 33 1-3 per cent.

Trimmings.

Ends of Trimmings, 50 p.c. Special line Fancy Braids, 50 p.c. Fancy Beaded Gimp, 75 per cent.

Belts, Etc.

Wash Belts, 25c. Combs, Beauty Pins, Fancy Buckles, Fancy Hat Pins, 25c. Balance of Bathing Caps, 50c.

Lace Department.

All-over Guipure Lace, ivory, cream, and Paris, 20 per cent. Remnants Lace, 50 p.c. Black and Fancy French Veilings, 20 p.c.

Jewellery Department.

Fancy Rings, 50 per cent. Balance of Watches, 50 per cent. Fancy Chains, 33 1-3 per cent. Gold and Silver Bracelets, 10 per cent.

Ribbons. Ribbons.

Fancy Ribbons, 50 per cent. Stripes, Plaids, Fancy Printed, Spotted, Black and White, 4 1-2 in. to 6 in. wide, special line, light fancies, 20 per cent.

Muslin Department.

A very special line of Sheer White Fancy Muslin, regular 40c, for 20c per yard. The balance of a special line of finely Embroidered French Pique, worth 50c, for 20c per yard.

Mantle Department.

Ladies' Muslin Wrappers, 50 per cent. Ladies' White Linen and Muslin Costumes, 50 per cent. Ladies' White Linen Skirts, 50 per cent. Ladies' Cloth and Voile Dress Skirts, 33 1-3 per cent. Ladies' Cloth and Voile Spring Costumes, 50 per cent. Ladies' Cloth and Tweed Spring Jackets, 33 1-3 per cent. Ladies' and Children's Bathing Suits, 20 per cent. Children's Reefers, 50 per cent. White and Colored Silk Gowns, 50 per cent.

Quilts

White Quilts, 10 p.c., 20 p.c. Down Quilts, 20 per cent.

Flannels

Fine French Opera Flannels, 20 per cent. French Flannels, silk embroidered, 20 per cent. Remnants, 20 per cent. and 33 1-3 per cent.

Blankets

A few broken lines in Wool Blankets, 20 per cent. Special line Union Blankets, \$3.00, less 10 per cent.

STATIONERY DEPARTMENT.

Stationery, 15 per cent. discount, including several bargain lines of notepaper.

125 Envelopes of fine English parchment.....25c

5 quires of Same.....25c

Books, 20 per cent. discount. Special, \$1.25 and \$1.50

Books for.....50c

Leather Goods, 25 per cent. discount. A special line of Dressing Cases at 50 per cent. discount, best of leather and fittings. Ladies' or gentlemen's.

Bag Special.—The finest line of beaded bags that we have ever bought, with suede lining and very small beads. Special discount, 20 per cent.

Ready-Made Clothing

CHILDREN'S WASH SUITS.

Russian and Buster Brown Wash Suits, new colors, with elastic bloomers pants; sizes 4 years to 8 years; prices \$1 to \$3.85, less 20 per cent.

Odd lines Colored Sailor Wash Suits, small sizes only, 3, 4 and 5 years; prices \$2.25 to \$3.50, for \$1.00 each.

English Navy Serge Sailor Suits, odd sizes, 4, 5 and 6 years; prices \$7.50 and \$8.50, less 50 per cent.

Men's Washable Vests, odd lines, less 50 per cent.

Men's 2-piece Home Spun and Oxford Suits, unlined, light colors, all sizes; prices \$12 to \$18; less 20 per cent.

Men's Washable Vests, all sizes, assorted, prices \$1.25 to \$3, less 20 p.c.

Ladies' Gloves

Two dome Lisle thread Gloves, in white, gray and drab, 35c and 45c, less 33 1-3 per cent.

Ladies' Shoes

Tan Kid Oxfords, regular \$3.50, for \$2.00.

Chocolate Kid Oxfords, regular \$5.00, for \$3.00.

Tan Calf Button Boots, \$5.00, less 20 per cent.

Patent Oxfords, tan soles, regular, \$3 and \$3.25, for \$2.50.

Tan Suede Oxfords, French heels, regular \$5, for \$3.50.

Patent Kid Laced Boots, French heels, regular \$5.50, for \$3.50.

Canvas Shoes, blue, pink, mauve and purple, regular \$2.50, for \$2.

Men's Shoes

Patent Boots, regular \$6, for \$4.50. Patent Boots, reg. \$5.50 for \$3.50.

Calf Boots, reg. \$3.50, for \$2.50. Kid Oxfords, reg. \$0.50 for \$4.50.

Patent Oxfords, reg. \$6 for \$4. Calf Oxfords, narrow toe, \$6 for \$4.50.

Cottons and Linens

Fine English Long Cloth, 10 per cent.

Lot Ends Linens and Cottons, 20 per cent.

Lot Blouse, Skirt and Dress Linens, 20 per cent!

Linen Department

Table Linens special, 20 per cent.

Table Cloths and Napkins, 20 per cent.

Bedroom Towels, 20 p.c. Kitchen, Glass and Roller Ends, 10 p.c.

Toy Department

One lot of Colored Balls at Regular 15c, 2 for 15c.

Regular 5c, 2 for 5c. Regular 10c, 2 for 10c.

Sporting Goods

One lot of Baseball Mitts and Gloves at 1-3 off.

One lot of Tennis Balls at 15c each.

Trunk Department

Japanese Bamboo Suit Cases and Club Bags, feather weight, of 20 per cent. Prices range from 75c up.

New Leader Box Top Sewing Machine, full set of steel attachments, warranted for five years. Regular price, \$22 for \$20.

With Drop Head, \$25, for \$22.

A genuine Willcox & Gibbs Sewing Machine, slightly used, for \$15.

Hardware Department

SECOND FLOOR.

Hose Nozzles, solid brass, straight stream or spray, best make, 50c.

Night Lamp, fitted with opal globes, mellow light; handsome, safe and most economical; will hang or stand, for extra doorways, stairways, in case of sickness or anywhere. Price, 50 cents.

Butter Curiers; great saving of time, cleanly, economical, wooden butter patts entirely superseded; directions for use attached to each.

Coat, Skirt, Trouser and Suit Hangers, in wire, wood, and nickel, for ladies and men.

Wool Dusters, fitted with long handles for walls, ceilings, waxed floors; easily washed when soiled. Price 75c and upwards.

Hand and Banister Hair Dusters, 25c.

Splashers, decorated, flowers, fruit and landscapes, 9c, 13c and 14c.

China Department

Special Tables, 25c, 50c, \$1.00, \$2.00, with Odds and Ends, such as Vases, Ornaments, Dishes, Jardinieres, Jugs, Cups and Saucers, etc., reduced from 50 per cent to 75 per cent.

Carpet Department

Balance of Japanese Cotton Rugs, at 50 per cent.

Balance of Fibre Rugs, at 50 per cent.

Balance of Chinese Matting Rugs, at 50 per cent.

Small Squares of Brussels, Axminster and Wilton, at 50 per cent.

Balance of Odds and Ends of Matting and Carpets, at 50 per cent.

10 pieces of Chinese Matting, at 25 per cent.

Men's Hat Department

Linen Hats, 35c, 50c, less 10 per cent.

1 lot Motor and Yachting Hats and Caps, regular \$1.00, for 50c.

1 lot of Navy Marine Caps, prices, 75c, \$1, \$1.50, less 50 per cent.

1 lot of Fine Straw Sailors for Children, regular \$1.50, for \$1.00.

Men's Furnishings

Men's White Shirts, open back and front, regular \$1.25, for \$1.00.

1 lot of Neat Belts, less 20 per cent.

30 dozen Men's Lion H. S. Handkerchiefs, regular \$3 doz., for \$2.25.

20 dozen French Braces, regular 50c for 40c.

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An Editor's Plea For Parish Schools.

Tells Why They Are Entitled to State Recognition.

The editor of The Evening Star, of Newark, N.J., addressing the graduates of St. Michael's School, on June 21, made a strong plea in behalf of consideration by the State authorities for parochial schools. Mr. Martin said:

For purely secular education the State of New Jersey makes generous appropriations. It compels each municipality to provide school accommodations and gives substantial monetary encouragement to all that meet the requirements. But so far our State has overlooked all parochial schools and has not contributed one penny towards their maintenance or support. When this question is suggested one immediately hears the old parrot cry about it being contrary to American policy, subversive of the Constitution and the entering wedge of an alliance between Church and State, to give public funds to "sectarian institutions."

The point might be well taken if the purpose were to endow sectarian institutions, as our non-Catholic friends are pleased to term our schools. If we asked for money to build Catholic schools we could understand and appreciate the force of the objections. But nothing of the kind is contemplated. We simply ask to our fellow-Jerseymen: "Our State is spending millions of money for educational purposes. According to the settled policy of the State, this money must be devoted solely to secular education. Now we are giving such an education to 55,000 children, and we ask if fairness and reason don't entitle us to State recognition and aid in pursuing this work. We don't ask you to appropriate half a million dollars nor yet half a dollar to be distributed among Catholic schools, even on the basis of attendance. What we do ask is that you should satisfy yourselves as to the character and quality of the purely secular education which we are giving to these 55,000 children. Investigate, examine and test by all the known methods. If you are satisfied that our schools are attaining the end aimed at by the State in the education of patriotism and in giving the sound secular education to these thousands of boys and girls, would it be right, would it be honest to withhold that share of the State funds which is so sorely needed? These funds are public moneys belonging to all the people of the State, but we do not ask that any proportion of them be given to us indiscriminately. What we suggest is that for success in imparting a secular education to these children there be State grants based solely on result."

Possibly some of our non-Catholic friends may think that in our schools there is too much time devoted to religion and to little to the matters relating to practical affairs, and to those making for robust American citizenship. If so, the Catholic schools would naturally fall in examinations rigidly conducted by the State Board of Education.

Just one word about the financial side of it that may appeal to a few of my non-Catholic friends. If our Catholic schools should fail to re-open next September, the municipalities of this State would have to face immediately an expense of not less than \$5,000,000 in providing room for Catholic children, and at least \$500,000 annually would be added to the present cost of the public school system of New Jersey. As a matter of fact, the municipal authorities of our large cities, and especially the financial experts in such places as Newark, Jersey City, Paterson, Hoboken, Passaic, the Oranges and Harrison, would be at their wits' end if called on this year to take care of all the children now attending the parochial schools. Let us hope, however, that it may not be necessary to force the issue to a settlement in that way. We want to live in amity with our neighbors. Through the fruits of such work as culminate here to-night we wish to demonstrate that the product of our Catholic schools is the ideal American citizen—loyal and patriotic to the core and devoted to that flag which symbolizes all that is best in human aspirations.

A lady writes: "I was enabled to remove the corns, root and branch, by the use of Holloway's Corn Cure." Others who have tried it have the same experience.

Progress of Temperance

With more than one-half of the geographical limits of this great country under laws prohibiting the sale of alcoholic beverages; with Tennessee passing through her legislature a bill that almost amounts to state prohibition; with the West Virginia legislature passing a measure to submit the prohibition of manufacture and sale of wine and spirits to a vote of the people; with Texas providing that express companies transporting wine and spirits shall take out a \$5000 license; with the Illinois legislature considering a county unit local option measure and Indiana a \$1000 license for the few saloons that the remonstrance law will leave in that state; with Kentucky almost a dry state and facing probably a legislative session that will submit a prohibitory amendment; and with an organization opposing us and sworn to our destruction that seems to lack nothing in the way of money nor brains, enthusiasm, or persistent untiring work—what, may we ask, is the wine and spirit trade doing to arrest the current of events or to alter in any way the radical conclusions which are being forced upon the people in every state, county and precinct?

If there is one thing that seems settled beyond question it is that the retail liquor trade of this country must either meet its way materially or be prohibited in all places save the business or tenderloin precincts of our larger cities. If the Anti-Saloon League can maintain its present organization it looks as if it will certainly destroy the legalized saloon in all of the Southern states, excepting perhaps in Missouri, and it is certainly making strong headway in Indiana, Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota and other Western and Northern States.—The Wine and Spirit Circular.

SUMMER COMPLAINTS.

At the first sign of illness during the hot weather give the little ones Baby's Own Tablets, or in a few hours the trouble may be beyond cure. Baby's Own Tablets is the best medicine in the world to prevent summer complaints if given occasionally to all children, and will as promptly cure these troubles if they come unexpectedly. But the prudent mother will not wait until trouble comes—she will keep her children well through an occasional dose of this medicine. The Tablets ought, therefore, to be kept in the house at all times. Mrs. Chas. Warren Nevis, Sasc., says: "My little boy was greatly troubled with his stomach and bowels, but a few doses of Baby's Own Tablets wrought a great change in him. I would not be without the Tablets in the house." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"Crusade of the Good Press"

Spanish Seminarians Spread Catholic Faith.

We talk a good deal about supporting the Catholic press in this country, but certainly they have a unique way of spreading Catholic truth over in Spain, as we glean from a Spanish exchange, says the Catholic Sun. In the Diocese of Merida there is a movement called "the Crusade of the Good Press." It is an organization composed of young seminarians organized into "decurias," or groups, of ten, each decuria having a director. There are twelve groups with twelve directors, and over all there is a director general. The duties of those future priests? Strange as the fact may seem, they are: (1) To solicit subscriptions for Catholic journals approved by episcopal authority; (2) to persuade Catholics to cease patronizing Liberal or Socialist journals; (3) to request Catholics to give up dangerous infidel or immoral periodicals, pamphlets or books; (4) to collect a fund and use it in circulating safe Catholic journals, pamphlets and publications. This work they are obliged to continue during their vacation and make reports to the general director, who reports to the Bishop of the diocese. This is a strenuous apostolate of the press, but it has several points in its favor. Full as Spain is of bleak Liberalism, red Socialism, and black anarchy, those young men get a grasp on conditions and do much

good in rescuing the wavering from perils. Last vacation the twelve decurias secured 173 subscriptions to Catholic papers, killed 206 subscriptions to the Radical press, captured 230 Radical books and immoral novels, and distributed 8000 copies of Catholic journals and 16,500 pamphlets bearing on the propaganda of the good press. This country is not Spain, of course, but much work of the kind might be done here. The Spanish Catholic press is not, we must confess, singularly interesting, being heavy, devotional and dull; but it is waking up, and will improve. Apparently the Bishops of Spain are convinced that the Catholic press can help.

Were 2,444 Cases.

Contagious Diseases in City Reached That Number During Past Half-Year.

During the six months ended June 30 there were reported at the City Hall a total of 2444 cases of contagious diseases, viz.: Diphtheria, 195; scarlet fever, 174; typhoid, 305; German measles, 13; chickenpox, 60; whooping cough, 126; tuberculosis, 507; erysipelas, 61; scabies, 75; cerebro-spinal meningitis, 32; pemphigus, 1, and smallpox, 1. Of these totals the month of June represents 433, viz.: Diphtheria, 35; scarlet fever, 32; typhoid, 39; chickenpox, 14; whooping cough, 8; tuberculosis, 75; erysipelas, 9; scabies, 2; cerebro-spinal meningitis, 12; pemphigus, 1, and smallpox, 1.

Questions and Answers.

F. B.—Where are the words to be found and to what poem do they belong—"The purple Mediterranean Kissed the Land." A friend used them in speaking of a sojourn he had been making abroad. Ans.—The aforementioned words form the 30th line of "A Legend of Provence," Adelaide A. Proctor. Enquiries.—When did the first English soldier land in Ireland? Ans.—In the month of May, 1169.

Emigration from Ireland Continues.

A Parliamentary paper shows that emigration depleted the population of Ireland last year by 35,918 persons. The United States continues to be the Irish Mecca. It has received 76 per cent of the total emigration since 1857. It is pointed out in this paper that 4,110,000 persons have emigrated from Ireland to various countries and that this number equals 93 per cent of the present population of the country.

Truly a Struggling Mission In the Diocese of Northampton, Fakenham, Norfolk.

HELP! HELP! HELP! For the Love of the Sacred Heart and in Honor of St. Anthony of Padua, DO PLEASE send a mite for the erection of a more worthy Home for the Blessed Sacrament. True, the out-post at Fakenham is only a GARRET. But it is an out-post; it is the SOLE SIGN of the vitality of the Catholic Church in 35 x 20 miles of the County of Norfolk. Large donations are not sought (though they are not objected to). What is sought is the willing CO-OPERATION of all devout Clients of the Sacred Heart and St. Anthony in England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and the Colonies. Each Client is asked to send a small offering to get a few bricks in the new Church. May I not hope for some little measure of your kind co-operation? The Church is sadly needed, for at present I am obliged to SAY MASS and give Benediction in a Garret. My average weekly collection is only 3s 6d, and I have no endowment except HOPE.

What can I do alone? Very little. But with your co-operation and that of the other well-disposed readers of this paper, I can do all that needs to be done. In these days, when the faith of many is becoming weak, when the great apostasy of the sixteenth century is reaching the full extent of its development, and is about to treat Our Divine Lord Himself as it treated His Holy Church, the Catholic Faith is renewing its youth in England and bidding fair to obtain possession of the hearts of the English people again. I have a very up-hill struggle here on behalf of that Faith. I must succeed or else this vast district must be abandoned.

IT RESTS WITH YOU

to say whether I am to succeed or fail. All my hopes of success are in your co-operation. Will you not then extend a co-operating hand? Surely you will not refuse? You may not be able to help much, indeed. But you can help a little, and a multitude of "littles" means a great deal. Don't Turn a Deaf Ear to My Urgent Appeal.

"May God bless and prosper your endeavors in establishing a Mission at Fakenham." ARTHUR, Bishop of Northampton. Address—

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

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

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Synopsis of Canadian North-West HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY one numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:

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

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Her... Written Spec...

(By James Martin.)

"He loves me, he loves me not, he loves me, he loves me not." "Get along there, ye lassy, I've think I'm goin' to let there all day? Get along ye!"

The girl ceased her attempt at conversation and sat listening strong, rough voice as it was into her ears from the sedition. Her lips curled and a look of disdain crept into her fine eyes. "And to think that father was to marry that boor!" she said, "Oh, it's sickening!"

"Very well, I'll give ye a five minutes' rest, ye poor brat, know it's hot for I feel it mean I don't wear a hairy coat." After a minute's pause it came again, but this time in song:

"Oh, I love a lass who loves me, And I like my own glass, to see But her's is tall an' hangs o' wall, While mine is filled with dew."

Her's can but show her cheeks With a blush like the red, rose; While mine can impart with a pale art.

Then a ruddy face appeared top of the wall and two large eyes looked down at the girl. "Hello, Miranda, talkin' it this warm day? That's the way it's scorcher!"

The youth took off his wide-brimmed hat and fanned himself. The girl's lips met in a straight line. "Will ye come out on the street this evening, Miranda? It'll be a fine day for ye." The girl made no reply. Gray jumped to the ground and stood before her, looking wistfully into her face.

"I see, Miranda," he said at last. "One of yer queer moods is an' I suppose there's nothing I can do to chase it away."

He sighed and twirled his hat. The girl's gaze was fixed on a small boat, a distant yacht which was gracefully over the calm water of the lake.

"I wish ye'd say something," she said, "but ye continued the young fellow don't like to see ye with that off, queer sort of look in yer eye makes me feel kind of low-spirited. I know what brings it, it's that ye'd say 'Get away, don't bother me, Tom Gray. Yes, I would, for then ye'd be the yer old self before—'"

He stopped abruptly as the girl turned her eyes upon him. "Before what?" she asked, again her lips tightened in a line.

Well, Miranda, I may as say it; before that city fellow 'bangin' around—'" "The girl rose from the rustic bench, the angry blood tingling brow cheek.

"Don't mention him!" she said. "Ye're not fit to brush his hair. I'm tired listening to you and the thing yer after? It's the thing yer after? Day and night I'm sick of this life, of farm, of everything and 'ever and of you!"

She flung herself into the bushes and the young man stared at the open door for fully a minute. "Ah, well," he said, turning and walking slowly away. "It's no goin' after her an' askin' queer or botherin' her. She's got one for fits on an' nothin' 'll do."

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The farm and the lake lay bathed in the soft moonlight as the girl looked out with eyes that yearned for scenes other than the peaceful one that lay before her. Yet her father's words had sunk deep into her soul, and the affection existing between them had a mighty hold upon her.

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CHURCH NEWS OF THE WEEK

ST. PATRICK'S A.A.A. TOMBOLA. The St. Patrick's A.A.A. tombola, which was to have been held on July 5, has been postponed until Tuesday, the 16th inst.

ST. GABRIEL.

Grand Mass was celebrated on Sunday by Rev. Father Fahey. During the day meetings of the senior temperance society and St. Gabriel's Young Men were held, and from the amount of business transacted those societies show themselves to be in a most healthy and flourishing condition.

ST. ANN'S.

The St. Ann's pilgrimage for women and children, which took place last Saturday, returned to the city on Monday morning. There were about four hundred people in attendance. This was one of six gatherings of a like nature which met at the favored shrine on Sunday morning. Rev. Father Flynn expressed himself as not only thoroughly satisfied with the outcome of the good work, but also highly edified by the spirit of piety prevailing.

VERDUN.

A grand tombola and entertainment in aid of the new church is being held from July 11 to 23, at Verdun, in the school hall, cor Church and Wellington streets.

Tuesday evening, the 16th inst., is "Trick night"—that means a lot. Last year St. Gabriel's Young Men kept the audience in good humor by their fine rendering of comic songs, etc. This year, in the course of the evening, a concert that promises to be successful will be given, as some first class talent has been secured. For those who intend coming a pleasant evening is in store.

The tickets are only 10 cents. Father Elliott, who looks after the spiritual welfare of the English-speaking people, has charge of the arrangements for the evening. Don't forget, Tuesday, the 16th inst., in the evening.

OBITUARY.

MR. M. J. DOHERTY.

Michael Joseph Doherty died at the Hotel Dieu Friday morning, July 5th. He was the youngest son of the late Hon. Marcus Doherty and brother of Hon. C. J. Doherty.

For several years he had managed a flourishing real estate business, and was also connected with the Hill Electric Switch Company as secretary-treasurer and later as manager.

The funeral took place Monday morning from the chapel of the Hotel Dieu. The funeral mass was sung by Rev. Jas. O'Reilly, chaplain of the Hotel Dieu. Rev. Gerald McShane acted as deacon. Hon. Chas. J. Doherty and Judge Mulvena, of Sherbrooke, represented the family, and amongst those present were Hon. Dr. Guerin, Messrs. P. M. Wickham, James Rogers, Gerald Egan, Dr. E. J. C. Keenan, John Rafferty, D. M. Sexton, P. F. McCaffrey, Dr. Curran, P. McCrory, M. Guerin, J. Guerin, J. Whelan, H. Hutchings, P. C. Kannon, J. C. Walsh, H. Fitzgibbon, H. J. Trihey, John Graham, and others.

Teacher's Association.

At a general assembly of Catholic teachers held the 1st of July, at the Monument National, the election of officers for the year 1906-1907 took place, under the presidency of the Rev. Father Perrier, chaplain of the association.

The following is the result of the election: President—Miss A. Bibaud. Vice-President—Mrs. Wolf. Secretary—Miss F. Bibaud. Treasurer—Miss Elodie Viger.

The Councilors from the city and from the country were unanimously elected. They are: The Misses J. Samson, I. Lobelle, A. Morrison, A. Martin, M. Balancer, M. Rodier, A. Maure, A. Audette, L. Monette, H. Boite, M. Supramant.

Copies of the constitution, revised and modified, will be printed and sent to all members towards the end of the vacations.

ST. ANTHONY'S.

Last Sunday was certainly a gala day for the St. Anthony's parish, when Rev. Father Fitzgerald, one of the boys of the parish, and now an ordained priest of the Redemptorist Order, celebrated his first Mass in the parish church of his home.

The celebrant was attended by Rev. Jeremias Decarie, St. Cuno-gonde Church, as assistant priest; Rev. Father Broughall, C.S.C., of St. Joseph's University, Memramcook, N.B., as deacon, and Rev. Fr. Dufresne, C.S.S.R., of Ste. Anne de Beauce, as sub-deacon.

A very large congregation was in attendance, among whom were to be found many of the friends and relatives of the young priest.

Rev. Sister Mary Angela and Mary Majella, sisters of the young priest, and members of the Order of St. Joseph, from St. Paul, Minn., assisted at the ceremony.

The sermon of the occasion was preached by the Rev. Father T. F. Heffernan. In the evening, a reception was held at the residence of the young priest's mother, where many friendly greetings were exchanged, and the guests received in a manner well worthy of the occasion. At 7.30 p.m. the church was again crowded to hear Father Fitzgerald's first sermon. After the recitation of the prayers of the League of the Sacred Heart, the young priest ascended the pulpit and delivered a most instructive and eloquent sermon on the Sacred Heart. Then followed the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, after which Father Fitzgerald gave his blessing to the congregation.

Rev. John Fitzgerald joined the Redemptorist Order some eight years ago in company with several students from Montreal. He was ordained to the priesthood last Wednesday morning, July 3rd, at Rock Church, St. Louis, Mo., by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Glennon, Archbishop of St. Louis. Rev. Father Fitzgerald returned to St. Louis on Wednesday evening, where he spends a short vacation before he takes up his regular work in the ministry in connection with the Redemptorist Order.

Miss McDonnell's Academy

The closing exercises of the above named Academy took place on Saturday, the 22nd June. The Rev. Dr. Luke Callaghan and the Rev. Father Peter Heffernan were present. The following is a list of the prize winners:

GIRLS.

First Division—Rita Brophy, Hil-derynck, Irene Guay, Beatrice McKeogh, Christina Guay, Florence Ledwedge, Anita Turgeon, Cecelia Davis, Agnes Hogan, Annie Edwards, Aileen O'Brien, Winnie Murren, Maggie Colohan.

Second Division—Rhea Turgeon, Eliza Edmondson, Coula Mytilineos, Gertrude Hodgson, Mary Barry, Rita Murren.

Third Division—Lena Moran, Hazel Sears, Stella Callen, Lily Sutherland, Mary McMahon, Mary E. O'Keefe.

Fourth Division—Helen Katsomas, M. O'Keefe, L. Davis, Fannie Butts, Mary Edwards, Evadokia Agap'tos, Gladys Halley, Cherry Hodgson, Lydia Lehman, Mary Galob.

The prizes for music donated by the Rev. Dr. Luke Callaghan, were awarded to Lucina Derynck and Beatrice McKeogh.

BOYS.

First Class—Charlie Ferguson, John Mytilineos, Norman Guay, Leslie Robinson, Garfield Giffin, Joseph Berrigan, Louis Berrson.

Second Class—John Halley, John Barry, Wilfrid Hogan, John Pelletier, Edwin Costigan, Percy Shart-fenberg, Joseph Cairn, Leonard Giffin, John Buckley, Willie Chaffee, James Chaffee, Charlie Maddon, James Morrison.

Third Class—Freddie Ferguson, Lawrence Vinsberg, Lawrence Brophy, Freddie Doherty, Arthur Shart-berg, Charlie Hogan, Patrick O'Keefe, Labore Wiseman.

Qui Vive ?

(By Llaetaw.)

EPITAPH ON A WIFE.—"Here lies my poor wife, Without bed or blanket, But dead as a door nail, God be thanked."

FOR JULY 4TH.—"Here lie I, Killed by a sky-rocket in my eye."

ON A PARSON.—"Come let us rejoice, merry boys, at his fall, For by Jingo, had he lived, he'd have buried us all."

A SERMON OF SERMONS.—Nay, ladies and gentlemen, be not alarmed at the title, you never heard or read a shorter in your lives nor a truer. A bold assertion, you will say. To the proof then. Text is from Job: "Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward." I shall divide the discourse into, and consider it under, the following heads: 1st. Man's ingress into the world. 2nd. His progress through the world. 3rd, and lastly, His egress out of the world.

And first: Man's ingress into the world is naked and bare. Secondly, His progress through the world is trouble and care. Thirdly and lastly: His egress out of the world is nobody knows where. But to conclude, if we do well here, happen what will, we need not fear. I can tell you more, if I preach a whole year. This sermon was preached by the Lord knows who, the Lord knows where.

I had a letter from a priest (a friend of mine), who has lately gone from England to Germany for his vacation. He writes:

"To-day we had a constant mist hanging over us like a pall, and it was nearly as bad as an English fog. The people here are hospitable and kind. The priests are very obliging so far as I had to deal with them. The services are very impressive and well attended. In the parish church of Weisweiler there is a regular sung with organ accompaniment or a Missa Cantata every day, and the scholars are mostly present and help to sing and recite public prayers. Would I could speak so well of poor France. On my recent visit it was terrible to see the havoc the Free-thinkers have made, and they would do the same with every country if they had the chance. Glad to hear of the Catholic progress in Montreal."

I was reading the Gentleman's Magazine for 1829 the other day, and came across the following, and I wondered if a Protestant choir would assist Catholics nowadays:

"A R. C. chapel lately erected near St. Giles street Norwich, was opened with all the imposing ceremonies of the Romish Church. The chapel was crowded with persons of all denominations. The choristers from the Cathedral assisted on the occasion." Notice the peculiar phraseology; although a large church it is styled a "chapel," as was then the custom by English Protestants. "Romish" in lieu of Catholic.

It is rather amusing to read the following under the same date:

Mr. Stephenson's engine, the Rocket, also exhibited its tender was detached from it, and the engine shot along the row at the almost incredible rate of 32 miles in the hour. The velocity with which the engine darted past the spectators could be compared to nothing but the swallow darts thro' the air. What would George Stephenson say now? I think he would be speechless.

After the death of Charles I, the Court of King's Bench was called the Court of Public Bench; and some Republicans were so cautious of acknowledging monarchy anywhere, that they even in repeating the Lord's Prayer, instead of saying "Thy kingdom come," said "Thy commonwealth come."

Pat Murphy was arraigned for stealing a goose, but he having brought a neighbor to swear positively that he remembered that very goose ever since she was a gosling, got off. This neighbor, after this, being himself arraigned for stealing a gun, prevailed on Pat to swear he remembered the gun in his possession ever since it was a pistol.

M. de Chateaufort, when only nine years of age, a bishop thinking to puzzle him, said: "Tell me, my child, where God is, and I will give you an orange," to which the child replied: "Tell me, my Lord, where He is not."

Englishmen Admit Irish are Thrifty.

Another blow has been struck by their friends at those who declare that all the troubles of the Irish people are due to their own laziness. The Irish agricultural department, a British board, has just issued its annual report on the work of the thousands of Irishmen and women who travel to England every year to assist the English farmers with their harvest, and to earn money with which to pay the rent of their own little holdings in English lands.

The opinions of the English farmers on the industry, efficiency and thrift of their Irish helpers are given and make interesting reading. In every case the English farmers declare that their Irish laborers are

CANADIAN PACIFIC

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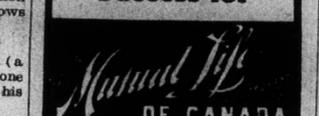
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1906—A Year of Success for



The report of this company for 1906 tells a story of growth and prosperity, unequalled in Canadian Life Insurance. These three items tell more—New Insurance Written, \$5,555,639. Cash in Insurance in force, \$2,712,453. Expenses, \$10,224,36 LESS than in 1905. They prove the wisdom—the sound judgment—the careful management of the company's officials. They show how the interests of the POLICY-HOLDERS are safeguarded. They give the reasons why The Mutual Life is the fastest growing company in Canada. Write for copy of 37th Annual Statement. Mailed free on request to any of the Company's Agents, or to HEAD OFFICE, WATERLOO, Ont.

far superior to the home bred article. The report estimates that the 20,000 laborers who went to England last year from the west of Ireland brought back \$1,375,000 and that at least half of it went to pay rent. Over 3900 of them were small farmers and 9000 were the sons and daughters of small farmers who during the rest of the year assist in cultivating their fathers' farms. Another example of Irish thrift is given in the report of the Irish building societies for 1905 which has just been issued. There were ninety-nine such societies, with a total membership of 13,595, and total receipts of \$2,501,930. The amount advanced on mortgages during the year was nearly \$1,000,000 and the undivided profit was \$500,000.

John Dillon's Anniversary.

John Dillon, member of the British parliament and one of the leaders of the Irish Nationalists, has just celebrated his 56th birthday. He was born in Ireland, June 25, 1851, and was educated at the Catholic University in Dublin, where he distinguished himself in mathematics, and became a fully qualified member of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland. His father before him was one of the leaders of the Young Ireland movement, which resulted in the rebellion of 1848. Ever since he was old enough to take an interest in politics and the welfare of his native country, Dillon the younger has been an ardent disciple of home rule. Mr. Dillon first entered parliament in 1880 as member for County Tipperary, and has held his present seat for East County Mayo since 1886.

Monstrous "Art"

(By Father Bernard Vaughan.) Do I think that living statuary should be abolished from our music halls? Yes! and I think that there ought never to have been an opportunity of abolishing it, for those in authority should never have allowed such exhibitions to be started.

But, being there, what is to be done? I think one of three things: Either the curtain should be rung down in front of it, or else the lights extinguished, or best of all the house should be cleared before the "turn" comes on. I do not so much object to living statuary in the dark, but with the lights up it is a downright disgrace, not merely to Christianity, but to civilization. Some people say it is artistic. But specially if they are interested in a house filled with low types of human beings, I must say that this living statuary business hits me pretty hard, because while I would do all in my power to push forward the

THE S. GARSLEY CO. LIMITED

THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1907. This Store Closes at 5.30 p.m. During July and August, 1 p.m. Saturday

Sale of Furniture.

Here are some bargains that are worth while. The need is for Camp Beds, Verandah, and Lawn Chairs, and on these articles the BIG STORE maintains its hold. Beginning with

- Camp Beds. 45 Camp Cot Beds, woven wire tops, folding head, rest and legs, strong maple frame, worth \$1.70. Reduced to \$1.50. A much better grade of Camp Beds, double woven wire, 30 in. wide, worth \$3.00. Reduced to \$2.50. 15 Dressers, fitted with 2 large drawers, back fitted with 14 x 24 in., beveled mirror, imperial oak finish, very pretty design and worth \$7.00. Reduced to \$6.60.

Verandah and Lawn Chairs.

We are closing out all our Verandah and Lawn Chairs, all well made and finished in natural, green, and red colors. Prices start at 80c go upwards to \$5.00 each.

Housefurnishing Sale.

Now is the time to buy Curtains cheap, either Lace or draperies. The Big Store has a magnificent stock and to keep up with the other departments this department is making genuine all round reductions.

80 Pairs Curtains

These are of Nottingham Lace, 50 inches wide by 3 yds long, plain or figured centre, side borders, double thread net. Regular \$1.50. Sale Price .88c

Chenille Draperies.

Assorted, for Portieres or table covers, draperies, curtain in old gold, grey, yellow. Regular sale \$3.00 for \$1.00 and 50c yard.

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INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

BONAVENTURE UNION DEPOT. Summer Train Service.

7.25 DAY EXPRESS for St. Hyacinthe, Drummondville, Levis, Quebec. Commencing the 11th June, this train will run to Cocoma, Riviere du Loup, River Quebec wharf for Murray Bay points and Little Metis, with through parlor cars.

11.19 "MARITIME EXPRESS" for St. Hyacinthe, Drummondville, Levis, Quebec, Riviere du Loup, Moncton, St. John, Halifax and the Sydney. Leaves at 11.50 noon daily except Saturday. Through sleeping car to Halifax and St. John, N.B.

On Saturday this train runs to St. Flav' only. SLEEPING CAR TO MATAPEdia Will leave Montreal every Tuesday and Friday, at 12 noon, commencing 1st May.

SPECIAL SEASIDE TRAINS. I With through sleepers. For Cocoma, Little Metis, Riviere du Loup, will leave Montreal at 7.45 p.m. on June 7, 14, 21 and 28. On 7th and 14th only, also give for Riviere Quebec Wharf (for Murray Bay points).

NIGHT EXPRESS for Quebec and intermediate stations, commencing June 16th. Daily, except Sunday, at 11.25 p.m. A sleeping car is attached to this train, which passes over an empty after 9 p.m. OCEAN LIMITED—7.30 P. M. Commencing June 30th

All trains of the Intercolonial Railway arrive and depart from the Bonaventure Union Depot. CITY TICKET OFFICE. 129 St. James Street, opp. Post Office. J. J. McDOONIFF, City Pass & Ticket Agent. H. A. PRICE, Assistant Gen. Pass. Agent. Ed.—Write for free copy, Tours to Summer Resorts, via "Ocean Limited" Train de Lacs.

The nude in art as relating to the new popular picture postcard is widely to be condemned. They are direct incentives to vice.



Vol. LVII., No. 2

Impa John The Sen Jan 1

From Irish papers just we take the eloquent speech by Mr. John E. Redmond, recent occasion of the national gathering at New land.

There, in the presence of gathering of intelligent Irish which any country might variously estimate to be between fifteen and twenty people, the famous memory to the memory of the immortal soldiers of '98 was unveiled.

Mr. John E. Redmond, I was most enthusiastically said: I have addressed gatherings of Irishmen parts of the world, and I dressed many great gatherings Westforden here on this and elsewhere, but I can not fully say that I never attended a meeting of Irishmen with pride and pleasure than I felt on this occasion (cheers). There is embarrassment I feel, and thought that in a great diction such as this speeches least important element of this demonstration, the thousands of men and the fact that the people country are here unanimously in honoring the memory of '98—(cheers)—that the great fact of the demonstration I feel that any words that others can use are poor as compared to the importance fact (applause). I look monument—an honor to the genius of the Westforden I signed it (here, hear)—the patriotism of the Westforden women who erected it—I let that monument, and what I me is this—"Go back to and tell them that that is what they do, no matter by the struggle will go on, the principles for which the men fought will never be surrendered (plause), and that Ireland for ever, beneath the waves of the day arrives when the p of the Irish Nationality will be led by her sons and her daughters (cheers). What is the mo this demonstration? One and nine years ago, here on ered soil on which we stand there was fought a great b human freedom. Untrained, unclined, un drilled, untrained people of this country faced overwhelming odds of the trained drilled soldiers of England, victory of the people, and the sequent defeat of the people a few hours, will contain time for the Irish people less of significance and full (here, hear). The victory people proved that unity and discipline can never gain anything unless they are united. Nationalists of the county a ed, and I say, for us the mo the battle of Ross is that

THERE IS NOTHING WE CAN DO BY UNITY AND DISCIPLINE.

and that dissension and the discipline always will end in disaster which overcame our on the night of the battle of (hear, hear). After all, the lesson to be learned from of Ross, and from this demon is not so much for us as for alien rulers. What is the mo this demonstration? Here descendants of the men who upon this soil 100 years ago we are, after all the years the passed, after all the efforts the been made to crush our co here we are at the end of it only honoring the memory of men of '98, but publicly ple our devotion to the same idea which they died, namely, the dom of our country (applause) moral is that the National of Ireland cannot be broken: grown strong in persecution; never been weakened by conc and to-day I say this great effort that over and above effort for amelioration of our over and above every question moving this grievance or tant the Irish heart, to-day is the timent of nationality and a d for national freedom (cheers) may differ as to the precise Not only may we differ ourselves as to the precise but even our own ideal may the lapse of years, to some extent modified. We may differ as methods. Young blood will ways be in favor of the more tress, the more violent n (hear, hear), while the old