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# The True Witness

Vol. LV., No. 2 MONTREAL, THURSDAY, JULY 20, 1905. PRICE FIVE CENTS

## IRELAND'S BURDEN.

By LORD DUNRAVEN.

"Ireland's Financial Burden" is the title of an article which Lord Dunraven has contributed to the July number of the "Nineteenth Century and After," in which he gives expression to some interesting comments, not only upon the financial relations question itself, but upon Irish government in general. In the earlier portion of the article, Lord Dunraven deals with the arguments put forward by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the recent debate in the House of Commons, and shows how utterly dishonest is the attempt made to deny the reality of Ireland's grievance. Proceeding, Lord Dunraven paints a vivid picture of the condition to which Ireland has been reduced by this system of over-taxation and by the dreadful drain of emigration. He then goes on to ask "Is Ireland overtaxed because she is poor, or poor because she is overtaxed?" "Both these theories," he says, "are true. Unquestionably the crushing weight of taxation smothering individual effort and stifles energy; unquestionably also the absence of industrial employment and the general poverty in Ireland account for the fact that the equal taxation of the same articles places upon her an unequal burden. Differential taxation is impracticable. Changes in our methods of raising revenue beneficial to the poorer classes in Great Britain, and consequently beneficial to Ireland as a whole, are not impracticable, but cannot be relied upon as a remedy for a disease requiring immediate treatment. There remains the principle underlying the Union—exceptional treatment under exceptional circumstances. If Great Britain is to act with common justice, if she is to honestly carry out the terms of the treaty entered into by the two independent Legislatures in the Act amalgamating them, she must follow one of two courses. Either she must carry out the promise of Lord Castlereagh that taxation should be with regard to the measure of the relative abilities of the two countries to pay, and must adopt differential treatment and the remission of taxation—a policy which appears to me impossible—or she must endeavor to increase the taxable capacity of Ireland by the wise application of public money to the development and the more fruitful utilization of the natural resources of the country. One obvious source of supply for this most necessary purpose is in

RETRENCHMENT IN THE EXPENSES  
of administration, and in the allocation to Irish purposes of the savings thus effected. That a great saving of expenditure can be effected is certain. The government in Ireland is carried through a number of departments which do not represent, and are not in the remotest degree under the control of those who are governed. Year by year the expenditure proceeds at an extravagant rate, despite the protests of the Irish people, and in such circumstances it is surely unfair to taunt them with the fact that the balance of revenue available for Imperial purposes is very small. To insist on burdening Ireland with a system of government the most expensive in the world, the most irresponsible and the least reflective of the wishes of the people of the country; to refuse to allow public opinion to be brought to bear upon departmental administration, to deny the people the right to make economics, and to devote the proceeds to the needs of the people and the development of the country, appears to me a policy fatuous and irrational, and incompatible with the democratic spirit of the form of government under which we live. "Ireland should be governed according to Irish ideas," said Lord Dudley, the Lord Lieutenant and head of the Executive, and speaking as a member of the Government. Lord Londonderry, a member of the Government and of the Cabinet, acting in that capacity, I do not exactly know, but, according to Mr. Moore, as the plenipotentiary for Ulster—

wisdom and justice of its views will surely prevail. Whatever may be the opinion of the Chief Secretary for Ireland as to the Irish Reform Association's programme, those who advocate some form of devolution are in complete agreement with him in believing that there is room for reform and improvement in the administration; but they have not been content to confine themselves to airy phrases which may mean nothing, but have handed themselves together to reduce their aspirations to practical shape. They, like Mr. Long, believe that law and order must be maintained in Ireland; they, like Mr. Long, have viewed with satisfaction and gratitude the development of Irish policy under the influence of Mr. Wyndham and Lord Dudley, and they, like Mr. Long, admit that the Unionist Government, if only by granting Ireland self-government in county affairs, and by passing the Land Act of 1903, has achieved more than any British Administration for many years past. The Irish Reform Association has no feeling of hostility towards the Unionist Party, but only one regret that they have taken their hands off the plough. They are proud of the foundations of a sounder Irish policy, which were securely laid a few years ago, and they look to the completion of the edifice by reforms that will set free large sums of money to be applied to the development of Ireland's resources, and that will ensure that Irish business will be adequately attended to.

In conclusion, Lord Dunraven enters a plea against the reduction of the Irish representation in Parliament. He says that in great Imperial questions, with which no Irish body with delegated powers would be competent to deal, Ireland is vitally concerned, and for that reason, looking at the matter solely from an Irish point of view, any arrangement depriving Ireland of representation at Westminster appears suicidal to him. In that representation, he says, lies Ireland's only safeguard.

## A HARVEST DAY IN IRELAND.

(By Seumas MacManus, in Donahoe's for July.)

On a harvest morn in Ireland—the sort of harvest morn I like to recall—the white sun looks down upon a land variegated with a thousand shades; the sky is blue and spotless, and choiring larks deep in the peaceful blue are trilling their melody over moor and meadow, and gray hill. The burns are sounding joyously from under their blackthroats and hazel arching as they daily seaward; the cheery "click-click" is heard from the meadows where the mowers sharpen their scythes, the sound of blithe voices comes up the hillside, and a merry laugh rings out upon the clear air, now from this field, and anon from that. Gladness hums in one's veins on this bright harvest morning. The call to breakfast from the white-slipped callin', standing on the fence by the gable of the far house comes welcome over the waving fields. The mowster drops his scythe, and the shorer his sickle, and others cast from them rike and fork, and, whistling up a lively air, or chanting a merry song, trip houseward. Breakfast over, the girls, with rake on shoulder, sally forth as well as the boys and men, to do their share of the day's work, and the mingled music of cheery converse and ringing laughter that henceforth fills the fields lends pleasant wings to the day. Under the friendly shade of hat or kerchief, the girls' bright eyes downcast upon their work dance merry accompaniment to the quick repartees they, with professional ease, cast back in response to mischievous chaffing of the boys bent above their work. The grass that the girls turn in windrows fills the fields with fragrance. The tall meadow falls to the swith of the mower whose long drawn song sings cadence to the fallen flowers; the busy hum of the bee is frequent, and the silky corn-crake (who loves to hear himself) lifts his irritating voice, now here, now there, as if the rascal were ubiquitous.

Seek employment in energy, not in dalliance. Our worth is measured solely by what we do.

## IRELAND'S REPRESENTATION.

T. P. O'Connor Calls Balfour's Scheme Audacity Inconceivable.

London, July 16.—Premier Balfour's redistribution scheme, if persevered in, promises to provoke the bitterest fight in the history of Ireland's long parliamentary quarrel with England. The scheme is avowedly framed to reduce Ireland's representation, while preserving in England's anomalies far worse than it is proposed to remove in Ireland. Ireland will lose twenty-two seats, all Nationalist. Indeed, the only ground for the Unionist demand for a redistribution is, if possible, to deprive the Nationalists of some of the parliamentary power they wield so ably.

T. P. O'Connor, asked to state his objections to the scheme, said: "My first objection to the scheme is that it is founded on no principle whatever, except to diminish Irish representation. A limit is arbitrarily fixed for counties so as not to interfere with English counties, and for boroughs so that about twenty-five English boroughs, noted as hotbeds of corruption and represented mainly by Unionists, just escape extinction. For this trick, the meanest and shabbiest ever attempted, to be perpetrated by England against Ireland, to be essayed by a moribund ministry and an utterly discredited leader like Balfour, makes its audacity almost inconceivable.

"The bitterest part of it all is that Ireland's decline in population, of which Balfour is taking advantage, is the direct result of the union and the British parliament's atrocious dealings with Ireland. Under the Act of Union the parliament of England guaranteed Ireland 103 members in the British parliament forever, and if Ireland had got representation according to her population in 1800 she would have had 228 members, while, when the reform bill of 1858 was introduced, she would, if the same basis had been taken, have had 261 members.

"When in the 1858 debates the Irish members demanded an increase of Irish representation, the British government refused on the plea that the Act of Union, guaranteeing Ireland 103, was really a treaty which could not be abrogated without the consent of both parties. Yet now, when owing to England's infamous rule, the opportunity presents itself of reducing Irish representation by adopting a population basis, it is jumped at by the British Government despite the emphatic protests of the other party to the treaty."

Chairman Redmond raised a point of order on Balfour's resolution which Speaker Lovibond has taken three days to consider; if he decides in the affirmative on Monday Balfour can only persevere with the scheme by having a special session in the autumn.

London, July 17.—On the Speaker, Mr. Lowther, agreeing to the contention of John Redmond, the Irish leader, that each clause of the redistribution of seats bill must be debated separately, Premier Balfour, in the House of Commons to-day, withdrew the bill, saying he would proceed with it at the next session of Parliament, adding:—"This course was taken, as His Majesty's Government is not prepared to concede so much time during the present session."

## THE NATIONAL ORGANIZATION

(Dublin Freeman's Journal.)

The report of the progress of the United Irish League for the last six months, which we elsewhere publish, is at once opportune and encouraging. It is not alone that a record has been established in the progress and prosperity of the organization, for a record may be established by a narrow margin. The growth and power of the organization, from whatever standpoint it may be regarded, are great beyond all comparison with any previous period since its establishment. The figures are tabulated in the report to make the results plain. It is hard to say whether the money test or the number test shows the

more gratifying and encouraging results. It might have been naturally anticipated that each succeeding year there would be less scope for the rapid expansion of the organization. But relatively and absolutely never was that expansion so rapid as in the six months from the 1st of January to the 23rd of June in the present year. By the money test we find that the affiliation fees for the period (£2250) show an increase of £461, or over 20 per cent, as compared with the same period the previous year. But the full meaning of that increase cannot be reckoned in pounds, shillings and pence. These figures show 152 new branches of the National Organization, representing approximately 15,200 new members. This wonderful development is wholly spontaneous. It represents a normal, not a forced, growth of the organization. It represents the people's enhanced appreciation of its value. The people have less and less need of any urging to join the League, as they realize more and more clearly its value. The report tells us that in this half year of phenomenal growth the staff of organizers is exactly half what it was during the corresponding half-year of 1904. Here, surely, are convincing and conclusive figures which cannot be blown away by declamation. In the teeth of such marvellous evidence of vital strength and progress, it is idle for any man to make the pretence, gratifying to the enemies of Ireland, that the United Irish League is weak and declining. These figures are, indeed, the best vindication of the National Directory and the National Party against the wild and whirling attacks to which they have been subjected. Every shilling subscribed, every member enrolled, affords cumulative testimony of the people's confidence in the Directory and the Party, whose policy is the same; for surely it is clear to all who will impartially consider the situation that the better the people are satisfied with the Party's policy the more likely they are to aid them with money and men in its support.

But if the factious and fractious objection be taken that these figures show the people's appreciation of the National organization, but not of the Party which is identified with the organization, another test, even more direct and crucial, stands out in the report. No one, we fancy, can deny that subscriptions direct to the Irish Party Fund constitute an argument in favor of the policy it pursues. That test is still more conclusive. During the period under consideration there has been £9,101 14s 6d. subscribed to the Parliamentary Fund alone from Ireland, Great Britain, United States and Canada, Australia and Africa. Here there is an increase of £4,560 3s. 8d., more than doubling the subscriptions of each of the countries mentioned, but relatively and absolutely is greatest from Ireland. In the first six months of 1904 Ireland subscribed £2160 18s 7d to the Parliamentary Fund. In the same six months of 1905 her subscription rose to £6021 7s. 1d., thus almost trebling itself in the latter period.

Here, surely, is strange proof of the deceptiveness which we are told by Mr. William O'Brien exists in the Irish Party and organization. The people of Ireland and their friends beyond the sea have a curious method of testifying their profound dissatisfaction with the policy which Mr. O'Brien condems. Experience proves that dissension in the National ranks kills financial support. The conclusion is satisfactory that the dissension is slight and negligible when financial support is thus rapidly on the increase. The country may be congratulated on its unity and unprecedented earnestness. The crusade that has been preached against the policy of the Party has wholly failed of effect. The policy of the Party plod and absolute independence of English political complications receives the enthusiastic support of the people. The opposition is confined to Cork City, and in the light of recent events, we might almost say that it is confined to a single dominating personality. It has proved wholly impotent to weaken the power or retard the growth of the National Organization. Never in the country's history was the Irish people better equipped or organized, more united or more earnest.

## IRISH INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION

Important Exhibit of Irish Handicraft to be Held in New York.

From September 18 to October 7, 1905, there will be open in Madison Square Garden, New York City, an Irish Industrial Exposition. It will be conducted by a corporation, organized for that specific purpose, and chartered under the laws of the State of New York. The Honorary Treasurer and custodian of all funds subscribed, or to be subscribed, is the Hon. Victor J. Dowling, Justice of the Supreme Court.

The new Republic-Hibernian Institute, that monument to the genius, the loyalty, the devotion and patriotism of the Irish race, the cornerstone of which will be laid on the same day the exposition opens, is to be the direct beneficiary. Every dollar over and above the actual cost of management will be added to the Building Fund of the Ancient Order of Hibernians and devoted to the completion of that structure.

At no time has there been so much interest awakened in the well-being of the Irish nation, social, industrial and intellectual, as is manifested at the present time. This is due in a very large measure to the all-conquering desire of the Irish people to better their condition, and give the lie to the many calumnies that have been so assiduously circulated to their detriment. The "Gaelic Revival" has been the potent agency in bringing about this result. Ireland has long depended upon the generosity of her exiled children, or sympathizers, for aid in her many difficulties. The time has now come, however, when something more lasting, more effectual, than the generous responses to the perennial call for charity, must be done if we could preserve the Irish Nation. The exhaustion resulting from heavy emigration must be dealt with, and to do that, it is felt that the people must be taught the value of the old Irish virtues of self-reliance and self-sustainment.

This, then is the moving thought which the Irish Industrial Exposition and Amusement Company brings into existence. Irish organizations in this country, as well as in Ireland, have felt that emigration should be stopped, and to successfully accomplish this, requires the rebuilding of the productive resources of Ireland, thus affording remunerative employment for her people.

We are aware that there is a woful want of knowledge as to Ireland's capacity in this direction. Many people incline to the belief that the country is unsuited to manufacturing purposes, whereas, no country in Europe offers such fine opportunities to the enterprising capitalist and manufacturer.

But, despite her many drawbacks, Ireland is doing much to aid herself, and, it is felt, that if a fair opportunity be given to display the evidence of her handicraft, great good will result.

It is intended that every line of Irish industrial endeavor will be represented at the forthcoming exposition. The Irish Industrial Exposition will, so far as the efforts of its projectors can contribute to bring it about, be as varied and complete an exhibit of Irish handicraft as it is possible to secure; and the amusement end of the exposition will also be as varied and high-class as it will be possible to make it.

The world is filled with men and women who are crying out against life, protesting against their burdens, and filling the air with lamentations and upbraiding of Providence, whose limitations are not for the moment to be compared with those under which Helen Keller labors. Her little book is a protest against the cowardice and weak egotism which permits men to look at the universe from the point of view of their own passing experience, and to declaim against the possibility of infinite wisdom of Infinite Love because at the moment they are passing through some painful phase of life, and rebelling against their suffering without the slightest comprehension of its possible issue in their spiritual development.—The Outlook.

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

The pleasure of an open air evening entertainment recently was marred by the difficulty the writer experienced in seeing the stage on account of the immense hats worn by ladies in the audience.

FASHIONS.

The boating or yachting sweater is an innovation and is made to come well down over the hips and fitted to the waist.

There are more capes in the wrap list this year than in many a season past, a fact due possibly in part to the larger frock and blouse sleeves, and some of the models are quite picturesque and attractive.

One three-quarter cape of fine navy blue broadcloth is made much after the fashion of an Italian officer's military cape, with collar of blue velvet braided in gold, heavy cordeliere of gold and a lining of yellow.

A simple, dainty, deep round collar suitable for wear with white, figured or plain colored muslin frocks will be much worn.

Linen holds its own, especially in the long coat suits, which are practical and becoming. The plaited skirts are popular and pretty, but the circular skirt with rows of very narrow stitched bands around the bottom is growing in favor on account of its greater durability.

CONCERNING BLUE.

Pastel blue is a leader. Sky blue holds its own. Turquoise will not down. Wedgwood blue is beautiful. Periwinkle is daintily pretty. Cadet blue is very good style. Flumbago is a deep light blue. Gobel is never out of fashion. Delt is very much liked this summer.

Steel blue is a becoming shade to many.

China blue is one of the good strong blues. Saxon, Alice and Dresden express the new clear medium blue.

TIMELY HINTS.

To whiten ivory, rub the ivory with pumice powder and water to remove stains and dirt and polish with soap and whitening. Bleach by exposing to sunshine under a glass shade.

Before cleaning out a fireplace sprinkle a good handful of tea leaves among the ashes. This makes the ashes lift easier and prevents the dust from flying about the room.

Scorching can be removed from linen or calico by applying the following mixture: Place half an onion, bruised and moided, with a tablespoonful of vinegar, half a square inch of yellow soap and a teaspoonful of fuller's earth. Smear on the scorched surface and wash in four hours.

A little cream rubbed into black kid gloves will prevent the dye from coming off. It also gives them a nice gloss.

If tea is ground like coffee, or crushed immediately before hot water is poured on it, it will be nearly twice as strong.

When making jam, if a clean half dollar is placed in the bottom of the preserving pan the fruit will not require stirring, and it will keep beautifully whole. The coin keeps it stirred by continually moving while the water is boiling.

Often your prettiest cut glass vinegar cruet becomes ruined because the stopper suddenly becomes immovable and no power on earth short of breaking seems to move it. When it does stick pour a little oil around the top. Let it stand for ten or fifteen minutes and then try knocking gently with the back of a knife, giving it an upward motion. Continue this knocking all the way around the stopper. This is the best chance of loosening without running any risks of breaking. But if the stoppers of oil and vinegar cruets be exchanged every few days the trouble will be prevented.

Pieces of old velvet should be washed and used for polishing. They are an excellent substitute for chamois leather and may be washed as easily.

When a whitewashed ceiling has become blackened apply a layer of starch and water to it with a piece of soft flannel. Allow the starch to dry on and then brush lightly, using a brush. The blackness will disappear, leaving no mark whatever.

RECIPES.

Tomato Jelly Salad—To one-half can of tomatoes, add one bay leaf, four cloves, a blade of mace, one-half teaspoonful of paprika, and one-half teaspoonful of finely minced onion. Let simmer for ten minutes and rub through a sieve. Add one-third of a box of gelatine which has been soaked in cold water, one-half cupful of broken walnut meats, and two tablespoonfuls of tarragon vinegar. Pour into damp moulds and set in a cold place until firm. Turn out carefully and serve on crisp lettuce leaves.

Peach Snow—Wipe and remove skin from one peach. Force pulp through a sieve, and if there is much juice, drain. Beat the white of one egg until stiff, using a silver fork. Add peach pulp gradually, while continuing the beating. Sweeten with powdered sugar, pile on glass dish, and serve with steamed custard or cream.

Potato Border—Place a buttered egg cup on small saucer, build around it a wall of hot mashed potatoes, and garnish with potato forced through a pastry bag and tube. Remove cup, fill potato border with creamed fish or chicken, and garnish with parsley.

Poited Fish—From such cold fish as is on hand remove skin and bones, chop fine, then pound it to a paste. For each cupful of this paste allow one-quarter of a teaspoonful of made mustard, a dash of cayenne, one teaspoonful of salt and one tablespoonful of butter. Melt the butter and incorporate it with the seasonings; if quite dry add a little more butter. Pack solidly in small jars, and when cold cover the top of each with a quarter of an inch layer of melted butter. If put away in a cold place this will keep for several weeks.

Crystallized Orange and Lemon Peel—These peels may be cooked in the same kettle and still hold their

own flavor. Collect the peel by placing the pieces in mild salt and water until the desired quantity is secured, then make thin sticks, and placing in cold water, boil. As soon as the water tastes salty and bitter change and repeat with cold water again. When clear, make a thick syrup, and boil down until the syrup is entirely gone. Turn on plates and partly dry. When half dry roll in granulated sugar. This confection will, if placed in boxes, keep for some time.

A TOUCH OF DAININESS.

There is a dainty way and a careless way of doing everything, and most of us are apt to fall into the careless way because we think it takes time that we cannot spare, or that it is a little more expensive to be dainty.

Take the simple instance of tying up a bundle. Most women do it abominably, some few fairly well, and yet it requires but a moment's care to do it well: a careful pressing down of the ends to go under and with appropriate paper and string, surely it is an easy thing to accomplish.

Have the material ready. Don't trust to luck that there is paper the right kind and size crushed in among paper bags and strings that came about huddled from the store. Have a roll of white paper ready, where you can get it easily. Then have a ball of twine ready, not a loose bundle of knotted strings of all lengths but go to the extravagance of buying a five cent ball of string.

Does the country housewife, whose yard is full of green shrubbery, ever think of picking a few sprays to lay here and there on the table at meal time? The effect, especially if one obtains ferns, is very lovely and especially grateful on a hot day. Striped grass, which grows in nearly every old garden, is really a very pretty decoration.

One day, and oh, it was so hot, I was persuaded to stop to a noonday meal. There was no bustle in getting ready, no odor of steaming dishes, but when I entered the dining room, which was shaded by partially closing the outside blinds, the table looked so pretty and refreshing.

There was a large dish of blueberries, a plate heaped with muffins, which had been baked while the day was yet cool, a large pitcher of ice cold milk and some sponge cake, while in and out among the dishes lay delicate green ferns. It was an unexpected touch and gave an air of daintiness to the whole, that I shall never forget—Progressive Farmer.

WHEN WORK BECOMES AN INTOXICATION IT IS TIME TO HALT.

"Why will an ambitious woman never see the breakdown ahead of her and stop before it comes?" a physician said the other day as he left a house where he had prescribed lessened cares and had been met by the old, old cry, "But the work has to be done!" Nine-tenths of the cases of nervous prostration would be avoided if preliminary signals, plain enough for a person of ordinary intelligence to understand, were heeded. "A certain nervous excitement which eggs its victim on to unusual zeal is one of the symptoms of nervous wear out. Work never seems so imperative, the house and all that is in it never shows so many discrepancies and a condition so generally demoralized as when a woman is on 'the edge of her nerve.' Yet not in one case out of a hundred can a woman be reasoned with when she is in such a condition. And the result is usually forced abandonment of all work, a neglected family and added expense to the family exchequer, to say nothing of the actual suffering of the victim of her own doing. And all the trouble might be helped if common sense laws were obeyed and a little self-control employed. Better a house run with loose reins for a week or two or three than a family at sixes and sevens for months."

When work becomes an intoxication it is time to call a halt.

PREVENT MATING DAMAGE.

Everybody knows how the casters of the bedstead, dressing bureau and other pieces of heavy furniture indent and finally wear out the matting under them. A correspondent of the Country Gentleman recommends making pads of heavy leather covered with calico or cretonne to place under the casters and prevent this damage. In buying matting, allow fully six inches to turn under on each breadth. The ends should be hemmed like a carpet; then they do not ravel out. It is a mistake to think matting needs no lining. It wears much longer and trends better if the floor is spread with newspapers and these overlaid with a good carpet lining.

GREATEST OF MODERN PESTS.

Idle Society Women Are so Characterized by Bishop O'Connor, of Newark, N.J.

Bishop O'Connor, of Newark, N.J., scored idle society women in the address he delivered at the forty-fifth commencement exercises of St. Elizabeth's Female College, at Madison, N.J.

The Bishop, after a general discussion of the use of modern education of women, said:

"If asked to give advice as to the most important step in your preparation for the ardent and exacting duties of life, I would say, first, that every woman, no matter what her wealth or her position in society, should at least for a time become self-supporting in some field of modern usefulness, should make her own living independently, at least for a time.

"If I were asked to suggest a field, I should point to teaching as the noblest profession and that in which she may be of most use to humanity, but in the broad fields of activity now fortunately open to women there are many ways in which she may become self-supporting, and at the same time fit herself more perfectly for the highest and noblest of all duties, the woman's true sphere—the home.

"Above all things, I would warn you against becoming that greatest of modern pests, the idle society woman, who devotes her time to the performance of what she calls social duties or following after social pleasures."—Ex.

MAKE THE MOST OF YOUR EYES.

Nothing is more charming than the straightforward gaze which indicates that a woman is in complete possession of herself, confident of her own powers and strength and does not feel the need of looking hither and thither for a way of escape. Once learn the trick of a steady gaze and no matter how plain the girl may be there is something about her which every one will declare is charming and fascinating. Soft and melting eyes, flashing eyes, brilliant eyes, soulful eyes, are not in it with the eyes of direct gaze, particularly if they are shaded by lids which are rather large and heavy.

TOO MANY DEVOTIONS.

A timely little note of warning is sounded by the Sacred Heart Review in a recent number. Every one, says the Review, should be careful not to confuse his mind by a multiplicity of devotions and prayers. We must bear in mind that most forms of devotion are optional, and all persons are not specially attracted to the same forms. One person may, like Faber, be most drawn to the devotion to the Precious Blood; another, like Blessed Margaret Mary, to the Sacred Heart. Some persons are very devout to St. Joseph; others to St. Anthony. What is necessary is to remember that the Creed contains what we should believe; the Commandments what we should do or avoid; while the Sacraments and prayers are the means of obtaining God's help. We are not to find fault with our neighbor if he does not visit just the shrine that we prefer, or make precisely the same novenas, or know about every indulgence, or invoke our dearest saint. Let us serve God with liberty of spirit and conscientiously all that is of obligation; and leave the rest to sweet charity and to God.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

AN ASSISTANT.

The small son of a clergyman who was noted for his tiresome sermons overheard two friends of his father saying how dry they were, and how hard it was to keep awake during them.

The following Sunday, while the minister was preaching, he was astounded to see his son throwing pebbles at the congregation from the gallery. The clergyman frowned angrily at him, when the boy piped out in a clear treble voice:

"It's all right, pop. You go on preaching; I'm keeping them awake."—Harper's Weekly.

AS MAGGIE EXPRESSED IT.

"I know 'at old lady 'at jist went by," whispered Maggie. "Do you, dear?" asked her mother. "Who is she?" "Why, she's the little lame boy 'at I told you 'bout 'at's in my class in school's grandmother."

Wife—We've been married twelve years, and not once have I missed baking you a cake for your birthday. Have I, dear? Hubby—No, my pet. I can look back upon those cakes as milestones in my life.

Fruit-atives OR "FRUIT LIVER TABLETS" made from fruit with tonic. Nature's remedy for constipation, biliousness, headaches, kidney and skin diseases.

LETTER BY EUGENIE.

Interesting Epistle Written on the Eve of Napoleon's Death.

In connection with the presence in Paris recently of the Empress Eugenie, a highly interesting letter, written by her to Mme. Cornu, foster sister of Napoleon III., is published for the first time. The document was communicated to the Eclair by a person whose name is not mentioned, but is in all probability M. Franceschini Poetri. Mme. Cornu, wife of the Emperor was in the hands of the English surgeons, in January, 1873, at Chislehurst, asked for news of the patient, whose painful malady had been diagnosed before the outbreak of the Franco-German war by Drs. Nelaton, Ricord, Fauvel, Corvisart and Germain See. The Empress replied:

"My dear Madame Cornu—I have just received your letter, and I lose not a moment in giving you news of our very, very dear patient. It would be impossible to tell you all that he has suffered. He has, I think, felt the largest part of moral and physical suffering that it has been the lot of any one man to bear. At last they have found, after examination, a stone as large as a chestnut. Sir Henry Thompson effected two operations to-day. The local phenomena are still serious. The general strength is good. We cherish, accordingly, a hope which can be founded reasonably on reassuring symptoms. In spite of all, however, my anxiety is extreme. I pass from complete calmness to utter despair. My poor boy is, thank God, at Woolwich, and that enables us to reassure ourselves. After the discovery of the stone, Sir Henry Thompson and Sir William Gull both remarked that they could not understand how my dear Emperor was able to remain five hours in the saddle at Sedan. Will there not at last arise a cry of justice in France, which he loved so well, and loves still, to silence the frightful calumnies which have caused him so much suffering. People, as well as individuals, may be surprised for a moment when events hurry along precipitously, but we to those for whom the hour of justice never comes. Sometimes, on seeing certain children tearing the wings of butterflies and tormenting poor things that cannot show signs of suffering, I have made the comparison, and have thought that people sometimes pluck out the heart and hurt it without knowing the evil that they do, with an eternal smile on their lips. My letter is rather incoherent, but you, my dear Mme. Cornu, will understand my state of mind at the present moment. Always yours affectionately, Eugenie."

On the day after this letter was written the Emperor died. In giving out the document for publication, the person, whose name is not mentioned, said: "Let whoever may be deceived by the sort of shyness which causes the Empress to conceal her emotion and to appear impassive read this letter, wherein she makes, amid the tortures of anxiety, a first appeal to the justice of history."—Paris Correspondent London Telegraph.

DONAHOE'S FOR JULY.

"The Decadence of the American Navy" is the subject of the opening article in Donahoe's Magazine for July. The writer, Mr. James Connolly, gives an admirable review of the development of the navy, and points out the contributory causes to unsatisfactory conditions existing at the present day.

Very timely papers are "Bygone Summer Days," by D. A. McCarthy; "A Harvest Day in Ireland," by Seumas MacManus, and "Songs of the Sea," by Mabel Clifford. Lawrence F. Kostka gives an interesting account of the life of St. Botolph, Boston's patron saint, and of the town and cathedral that bears his name.

"The Philosophy of the Circus," by John Talbot Smith, presents an alluring array of attractions in the modern circus, and will recall many pleasant memories of visits to the great canvas tents.

There is a very generous supply of short stories, including "Rural Route No. 4," by Eleanor R. Parker; "Not on the Program," by Lella Hardin Bugg; "The Legend of the Moccasin Flower," by the Rev. Edmund Bass; "The Red Man," by Angus Idaly; "The Manager's Misadventure," by E. M. Lynch; "The Stolen Statues," by Nora Tynan O'Mahony; "An Island Feud," by Nicholas P. Murphy. Susan L. Emery has a beautiful tribute in verse "To Joan of Arc," and the Rev. John H. Dooley, Lillard Charlotte Burden, and Lizzie Twigg also contribute poems.

There are forty-five pages of illustrations, all remarkably fine in subject and workmanship, and covering a variety of themes.

APPALLING SUGGESTION.

Bride—My dear, this hat has been crushed beyond redemption, and I must have a new one. Bridgroom—Very well, my darling. I'll step in somewhere on my way home and buy you one. (Bride faints with horror!)

OUR

Dear Girls and Boys: I am so disappointed in friends, and yet maybe I'm ing, for who likes to be a task in this hot weather hope you are all well happy vacations.

Your loving AUNT

Dear Aunt Becky: As I saw so many letters corner from all the boys I thought I would write to be thirteen years old the August. I go to school a I am in the fifth reader grammar, geography, arithmetic, history, geometry, ing, hygiene and catechism a beautiful school house, are about twenty pupils in school. We will soon have vacation. I passed the primation last year, and am for preliminary this year, in the country on a farm, three horses, Pop, Min, and we have a lovely cat and it is a very nice place in such have a nice grove at the our house. We have a ground for cabbage and to grow a hundred and fifty potatoes each year. As the first letter, I may fill up space in the corner. Hop my letter in print, I remain

Your loving niece, TERE

A LITTLE MISTAKE

I prayed for a baby sister, Oh, much as a year, I got But I didn't remember the For I s'posed God knew th And He sent the darlings! All pink, and dimpled, a And where do you s'pose her? Why, over across the street

And what do you s'pose th ed her? Why, Sarah Elizabeth Pr Just think of a soft little With a name as solemn a But soon as I could I kisse And whispered close in her "You're my own little baby And your name is Rosamond

NED AND WILL.

"This is a splendid peach Ned; just as sweet and ju going to plant the seed. C into the orchard with me." "Oh, what's the good?" "Papa says that if a peach well it will begin to bear—ju you know—only a very little—in about four years."

"Oh!" said Will again (t in great scorn), "four years think how long a year is, t years to wait!" "But the time goes by That's what papa says. You as well have something You'd better plant your seed "I shan't bother to, come He waited very impatiently Ned brought a spade to dig finally, after also bringin smoothed the earth over h stone.

"See me shy this at Rover Rover gave a little yell stone hit him; and that was last thought of the kernel it was wrapped up so much of and sweetness, ready to be out with a little care. Some years later Will follo into the orchard and to a spot, where the latter gave t exclamation of delight. "What is it?" asked Will. "My peach tree," said Ned been watching out for some b this year, and here they are. "And will the peaches be own?" "Why, of course; I planted t Don't you remember? You w when I did it. You had s too, that day, but you thr away."

ROBERT'S MIDNIGHT ERR

Robert Stanwood had com Uncle David's for a fortnight. It was his first sight of the city, and everything filled his admiration and awe. It was from his father's farm they had not a neighbor with a mile. His three cousins, Helma and Norton, gave t time to him, and every day was an excursion to some po

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys:

I am so disappointed in my little friends, and yet maybe I am exacting, for who likes to be bound to a task in this hot weather. I just hope you are all well and having happy vacations.

Your loving AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky:

As I saw so many letters in the corner from all the boys and girls, I thought I would write too. I will be thirteen years old the 22nd of August. I go to school all the time. I am in the fifth reader. I study grammar, geography, arithmetic, algebra, history, geometry, bookkeeping, hygiene and catechism. We have a beautiful school house, and there are about twenty pupils going to school. I passed the primary examination last year, and am standing for preliminary this year. We live in the country on a farm. We have three horses, Pup, Min, and Dandy; we have a lovely cat and six lambs. It is a very nice place in summer. We have a nice grove at the back of our house. We have an acre of ground for cabbage and turnips. We grow a hundred and fifty barrels of potatoes each year. As this is my first letter, I may fill up too much space in the corner. Hoping to see my letter in print, I remain,

Your loving niece, TERESA A.

A LITTLE MISTAKE.

I prayed for a baby sister, Oh, much as a year, I guess. But I didn't remember the number, For I s'posed God knew the address. And He sent the darlinest baby, All pink and dimpled, and sweet, And where do you s'pose they left her?

Why, over across the street. And what do you s'pose they's named her? Why, Sarah Elizabeth Pratt!

Just think of a soft little baby With a name as solemn as that. But soon as I could I kissed her, And whispered close in her ear, "You're my own little baby sister, And your name is Rosamond, dear."

NED AND WILL.

"This is a splendid peach," said Ned; "just as sweet and juicy! I'm going to plant the seed. Come out into the orchard with me."

"Oh, what's the good?" said Will. "Papa says that if a peach grows well it will begin to bear—just begin, you know—only a very little at first—in about four years."

"Oh!" said Will again (this time in great scorn), "four years! Why, think how long a year is, and four years to wait!"

"But the time goes by anyway. That's what papa says. You might as well have something growing. You'd better plant your seed."

"I shan't bother to, come on." He waited very impatiently while Ned brought a spade to dig; and finally, after also bringing water, smoothed the earth over his peach stone.

"See me shy this at Rover." Rover gave a little yell as the stone hit him; and that was Will's last thought of the kernel in which was wrapped up so much of beauty and sweetness, ready to be brought out with a little care.

Some years later Will followed Ned into the orchard and to a special spot, where the latter gave a little exclamation of delight.

"What is it?" asked Will. "My peach tree," said Ned; "I've been watching out for some blossoms this year, and here they are."

"And will the peaches be all your own?" "Why, of course; I planted the seed. Don't you remember? You were here when I did it. You had a stone, too, that day, but you threw it away."

ROBERT'S MIDNIGHT ERRAND.

Robert Stanwood had come to Uncle David's for a fortnight's visit. It was his first sight of the great city, and everything filled him with admiration and awe. It was so different from his father's farm, where they had not a neighbor within half a mile. His three cousins, Janet, Helena and Norton, gave up their time to him, and every day there was an excursion to some point of

interest. Robert's undisguised pleasure in all he saw, as well as his simple, uncited ways, amused his cousins, to whom everything was so familiar. Sometimes, too, they laughed at his innocent mistakes, and his sensitive spirit was hurt. They meant to be polite, and they were on most occasions; but Norton was a tease, and he enjoyed flinging out words that chafed his younger cousin sorely. The boy found out that Robert, owing to a great fright when he was little more than a baby, was really afraid of the dark, and that he would not for any bribe venture out alone after nightfall. This to Norton, who was more fearless than most boys of his age, was incomprehensible, and he made poor Robert the subject of a never-ending joke.

Robert was not quick-tempered and bore his cousin's jibes as serenely as possible; but occasionally they cut deep and he was tempted to retort with bitter words. Soon after Robert's arrival Aunt Julia was taken so ill that a nurse was required. Uncle David was away on a business trip, and the young people were left to themselves. Janet, being the eldest, had the oversight of the house; but as the servants were all trained, these cares did not interfere with her pleasuring in company with the others. So the time passed until Robert's visit was near a close.

The family had retired for the night in unusually good spirits. Aunt Julia was enough better to be able to sit up, and Uncle David had written that he would be with them the next day. It was not much past midnight when Robert was awakened by the sound of hurried steps and low voices in the hall. The commotion seemed to be in or near Norton's room, and twice he thought he heard something between a scream and a groan. What could it mean? He slipped out of bed, and hurrying on his clothes stepped out into the corridor. Helena met him.

"Oh, Rob!" she cried, "Norton's awfully sick! The nurse is afraid he'll die, and mother's most faintest away, and—oh, dear!"

"Have you sent for the doctor?" he asked, trembling with nervous fright.

"No; there isn't anybody to go. Miss Parson is doing all she can, but she says his sickness is so strange she doesn't know what to do. She'd go for the doctor, but I don't dare have her leave us alone with mother and Norton. They might both die while she was gone. Oh, dear! oh, dear!"

"Where's Annie and Bridget?" "They've gone to a ball, and haven't come home. Oh, if they were only here!" She wrung her hands helplessly.

"I'll go for the doctor," said Robert. "You?" Helena's eyes opened wide in wonder. "Why, it's fearfully black as soon as you get outside the electric light! You'd be scared to death!"

Robert flushed, and then grew a little pale. "Somebody must go," he said steadily, "and I will."

"Well, come in here and see what Miss Parsons says." Helena led the way into the room adjoining Norton's.

Mrs. Stanwood sat in an easy chair, wrapped in a large shawl, the picture of helplessness and despair. Janet hung over her, sobbing. At Helena's call Miss Parsons appeared.

"Oh, if you can go!" she said. "There isn't really any danger. The girls are too unstrung to do anything of I'd go myself. If you can go as far as the police station you can telephone from there—that's the nearest; and she hurriedly gave the boy directions while she buttoned his jacket.

"You don't think Norton will die, do you?" he asked, his eyes full of tears.

"I hope not, dear; but he seems very sick. Tell the doctor to come just as quickly as he possibly can."

"All right!" returned Robert, dashing down the stairs. The boy's heart beat fast as he stepped out into the night; but he was no coward, in spite of his fear. "There's nothing to be afraid of," he muttered to himself, with chattering teeth, and pushed heavily along.

The police station, being in a portion of the city where telephones were not numerous, was accustomed to night callers in need of a physician. Robert soon had the satisfaction of knowing that Doctor Bascomb would start for his uncle's

house at once. Then he turned homeward. On his way he had to pass an intoxicated man, who unintentionally ran into him; but he discovered that the poor unfortunate was harmless, for he uttered a courteous apology that made Robert ashamed of his fears.

Doctor Bascomb soon had the suffering boy comfortable. Robert heard the doctor tell Miss Parsons that it was evidently a case of poisoning, and that it was well he was called early.

The next day the matter was explained. Norton had eaten ice cream at the house of a boy friend, and all that had partaken of the cream had been made sick in a similar way. One of the boys, for whom a doctor had not been called till morning, came very near to death, and was saved only by the greatest exertions.

"O, Rob, Rob!" cried Janet, when she heard about the others. "How can we ever thank you enough for what you have done?"

As for the sick boy, his admiration for his young cousin was as wholehearted as was the contempt for himself in having made the brave little fellow the butt of his ridicule. And Robbie—his midnight errand to the police station had effectually cured him of his fear of the dark.

ROOM FOR ONE MORE.

"Oh, goody!" said Beth, clapping her hands, as she looked all about the big shady yard, "I was afraid maybe Fred would be in the swing, but he isn't even in the yard, and we can have it all to ourselves."

So she and Ruth, and Ruth's small sister Madge, and Baby Wallace, who lived next door, hurried across the smooth lawn, and seated themselves in the big red swing, which they began to sway gently back and forth.

"Isn't it fun!" Beth said when they had got the swing to going quite fast. "I'm glad Fred isn't around, because he'd want to swing, too, and you know this is only meant for four persons."

But she had hardly finished speaking when a cheerful whistle sounded at the other side of the house, and in another instant, Master Fred, with his cap on the back of his head, and his small trousers, came strolling toward them.

"I'm going to have a swing! I'm going to have a swing!" he announced, and began to hurry his steps.

"Oh, Fred, go away!" Beth said, crossingly. "Can't you see that there are four in the swing already?"

"But I want to swing, too!" Fred began, dolefully, all the sparkle gone from his eyes, and the corners of his mouth beginning to droop.

"Well, you can swing by and by, when we're through," Beth said. But Ruth spoke up quickly:

"Why, Beth, let him swing with us. There's room enough, because Madge and Wallace are so little. You can squeeze him in all right, and it's too bad to make him go away."

"Well," Beth said, slowly, "Come on, Fred." And poor Fred, who was screwing two small fists into his eyes, brightened up in an instant, and hopped into the swing.

"You're squeezed in pretty tight, aren't you, Fred?" Ruth asked a few minutes later, when they had got the swing going as fast as it would.

"You don't mind that, though, do you?" she added, smiling as she looked at Fred's happy face.

He shook his head with a great deal of energy. "I'd rather be squeezed in than be squeezed out," he said, with a glance at Beth out of the corner of his brown eye.

Both's cheeks grew rosy red, and then she laughed. "You're a rogue, Fred," she said. "But I'm sorry I was so mean, and I'm glad Ruth wouldn't let me squeeze you out."

JIMMIE O'HARA'S DOG.

Jimmie O'Hara and his teacher did not love each other. The teacher considered Jimmie a little wretch, and the boy did all he could to tease her. So one morning, when Jimmie presented himself at school tardy, dirty, and defiant-looking, the teacher's lips tightened and she mentally armed herself for the fray.

"I suppose," she said, "you worked so carefully at your toilet that you were unable to get here in time?"

The children giggled, but the usually ready Jimmie answered not a word. The teacher, although she had a bit of temper, had a warm heart as well. Half an hour after Jimmie had gone to his seat she noticed that his dirty shirt-waist over his hunched-up shoulders was shaken by sobs.

"Why, Jimmie!" she said, "What's



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the matter? Are you sick? Why don't you tell me?" "Gwan!" said Jimmie. "I ain't sick." She squirmed away from her friendly hand. "You let me alone! The dog-catcher got my dog, and that's what made me late."

His head went down again. The children murmured sympathizingly. "He was a dear little dog. His name was Ginger," said one small girl.

"He was terrible smart," said a boy. "Jimmie was always learning him tricks."

"It's too bad," said the teacher. "Didn't you have a license?" "Where'd I get two dollars for a license?" asked Jimmie. "I carried him all the time in the street, but he wanted to play in the park, and I let him down and they got him—and they dragged him and they hurted him." His voice trailed into a sob.

"When I get big I'm going to kill every dog-catcher I see."

The teacher after school went to the pound to make an effort in behalf of Jimmie and his dog Ginger. But all she got was a demand for five dollars for the license and expenses.

She turned to leave, but the prospect of seeing that disconsolate boy and the memory of an equally disconsolate yellow dog proved too potent. She heaved a sigh and mentally pushed away the chafing-dish for which she had been longing. And although she had always detested a "woman with a dog," she carried Ginger home in her arms. Since then she has had no more trouble with her bad boy.—Catholic Fireside.

WHO IT WAS.

A well-known New York clergyman was telling his Bible class the story of the prodigal son at a recent session, and, wishing to emphasize the disagreeable attitude of the older brother on that occasion, he laid special stress on this phase of the parable. After describing the rejoicing of the household over the return of the wayward son, he spoke of one who, in the midst of the festivities, failed to share in the jubilant spirit of the occasion. "Can anybody in the class," he asked, "tell me who this was?" A small boy, who had been listening sympathetically to the story, put up his hand. "I know," he said, beamingly; "it was the fatted calf."

BABY'S OWN TABLETS.

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REASON OR INSTINCT.

One of our well known natural historians thinks that there is no difference between a man's reason and a beaver's reason, because, he says, when a man builds a dam he first looks the ground over and after due deliberation decides upon his plan, and a beaver, he avers, does the same. But the difference is obvious. Beavers, under the same conditions, build the same kind of dams and lodges, and all beavers do the same. Instinct is uniform in its workings; it runs in a groove. But reason varies endlessly and makes endless mistakes. Men build all kinds of dams and in all kinds of places, with all kinds of materials, and for all kinds of uses. They exercise individual judgment, they invent new ways and seek new ends, and, of course, often fail. . . . A lower animal's intelligence, I say, compared with man's, is blind. It does not grasp the subject perceived, as does ours. When instinct perceives an object, it reacts to it, or not, just as the object is, or is not, related to its needs of one kind or another. In many ways an animal is like a child. What comes first in the child is simple perception and memory and association of memories, and this makes up the main sum of an animal's intelligence. The child goes on developing till it reaches the power of reflection and of generalization—a stage of mentality that the animal never attains to.

All animal life is specialized, each animal is an expert in its own line of work—the work of its tribe. Beavers do the work of beavers; they cut down trees and build dams and all beavers do it alike and with the same degree of untaught skill. This is instinct, or unthinking nature.

Of a hot day a dog will often dig down to fresh earth to get cooler soil to lie on. Or he will go and lie in the creek. All dogs do these things. Now, if the dog were seen to carry stones and sods to dam up the creek to make a deeper pool to lie in, then he would in a measure be imitating the beavers, and this, in the dog, could fairly be called an act of reason, though it is not such in the beaver, for in him it is an instinctive act.

All animals of a given species are wise in their own way, but not in the way of another species. The robin could not build the robin's nest, nor the oriole build the robin's nest, nor the swallow's. The cunning of the fox is not the cunning of the 'coon. —John Burroughs, in the Cosmopolitan.

Chief Scout of Oyama's Army A Canadian.

It will be interesting to Canadians generally, and to Torontonians in particular, says a writer in the Globe, to learn that the chief scout in the Mikado's grand army in Manchuria is a Toronto man, no other, in fact, than Lieutenant Tom Casey Callaghan, whose widowed mother lives with another son "over the Don" near the corner of Withrow and Pape avenues. Tom Callaghan has had a career which would hardly be equalled for excitement by the hero of the most amazing yellow-back. As a lad in Riverdale he was well known as an expert baseball player. Being of an adventurous turn he went west as a very young man and started roughing it on a ranch, which, later on, he purchased, so that it is evident, there is a touch of shrewdness in Mr. Callaghan's composition. While on the plains he became an expert horseman, rifle shot and trapper of big game, which qualities served him well in his later vocation as a scout. When the Boer war broke out, Callaghan sought enlistment in the Canadian Mounted Rifles, but was refused because he was below the regular height. Nothing daunted he asked permission to qualify by giving an exhibition of horsemanship, and so excited the wonder and admiration of the recruiting sergeant that he was straightaway enrolled and went off to South Africa. After serving some time with the Mounted Rifles, he joined "Gat" Howard's Scouts, most of whom were Canadians, and on the death of that adventurous spirit formed a new corps known as Callaghan's Scouts, who became the eyes and ears of Lord Kitchener in his sweeping manoeuvres. Callaghan's favorite device for detecting the enemy was by reclining prone on his back on the ground. Lord Kitchener on one occasion, it is said, missed capturing a large body of Boers because he declined to believe in scouting of this nature. Callaghan did not get off scathless by any means in his South African experiences. On one occasion he was shot through the body and given up for dead; he was dressed for burial and was already lying beside a newly-dug grave intended for him when



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a chum named Drewry thought he detected signs of life and succeeded in reviving him with a cup of green tea. Callaghan received the distinguished service medal for carrying an important despatch seventy miles from General Hutton's army to that of General Smith-Dorrien. Two horses died under him in the performance of that feat.

The war over, Callaghan returned to Canada, and on the outbreak of hostilities between Japan and Russia asked Col. Evans of Winnipeg to use his influence in enabling him to enlist as a scout in the Intelligence Department of the Japanese army. The application was successful, and Callaghan rose rapidly in his difficult and dangerous work until he is now commander-in-chief of a regiment of two hundred scouts, the flower of the Japanese Intelligence Department. Callaghan's mother hears from her gallant son occasionally, but, as may well be imagined, under all the circumstances he does not maintain a flying correspondence.

Japanese Surgery and American Practice.

Sir Frederick Treves, the great English surgeon, sees in Japan the possible origin of a remarkable school of surgeons. The Japanese long ago acquired the virtue of cleanliness, for which western surgery waited until Dr. Holmes and Lord Lister severally discovered it; every Japanese is taught almost in babyhood to use his fingers; the entire nation has that strong control of the nerves which the west wears itself into nervous prostration to gain; and last, and most important of all, the Japanese revere ritual, that is to say, they are absolutely obedient to the orders of a superior, to the words of a prescription, to a formula of procedure.

All this is very well, but until the American, and for that matter, the European soldier has a similar reverence for ritual, the best doctors and soldiers will be wasted upon him. The white man boasts of column movements, thunderbolt charges and firm formations that are but the expression of the commander's will, and it is well, but how are the commands of the medical officer obeyed?

For instance, at the beginning of the Spanish war, the medical department issued an admirable, although brief, set of rules for the observance of the soldiers. One was that all drinking water must be boiled; how many officers and soldiers can swear that they obeyed that rule throughout the war? The Japanese obey it. Does anyone reply that water cannot be boiled without proper utensils and fuel? The Japanese provide both. Is it objected that all camps do not furnish drinking water? The Japanese find camping places thus provided. It is a point of honor with the American to be careless of danger. It is a point of honor with the Japanese to guard every one of the Mikado's soldiers, himself included, from death unprofitable to the Mikado, and he delays halting, drinking, eating, until he can safely indulge as conscientiously as he charges upon the enemy. When the American, the Briton, and the European learn the same lesson they can afford to attack him, but until then it is best to continue to sigh over unhappy Russia.

'The Green Peril'—Absinthe

Its production has recently been prohibited in Belgium. The 735 hectolitres annually consumed in France fifty years ago have now become 133,060. Half a century ago, the total amount of alcoholic drink consumed in France was about 609,000 hectolitres; now it is 2,000,000. Lunacy and crime have increased in proportion. Sixty years ago there were 10,000 lunatics, now there are 80,000. Within about thirty years, crime has increased almost tenfold. The havoc wrought in France by "absinthism" is fearful. Fearing an invasion of it, Belgium prohibits the Green Peril. The "clerical" government of Belgium, the most stable popular government in the world, passes not one useless parliamentary measure, nor omits any really useful one, while the enlightened secret society administration of France has been engaged for now five or six years in paralyzing the power of the nation and in making it a helix.—The Messenger's Chronicle.

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THURSDAY, JULY 20, 1905.

IRISH CATHOLIC REPRESENTATION AT OTTAWA.

The Toronto Globe foreshadows the retirement of Hon. Mr. Fitzpatrick, Hon. Senator Scott and Sir Richard Cartwright on the first of September, and announces that their places in the Government will be taken by three young Ontario politicians, one of whom, Mr. Leighton McCarthy, was not elected as a Liberal, and, in fact, voted against the Government upon the school clauses of the Autonomy Bills.

Our readers will remember that during the general election campaign The True Witness undertook to challenge The Globe upon a similar forecast to the present with regard to the Hon. Mr. Fitzpatrick and the venerable Secretary of State. The Globe was wrong then, though it never confessed the malice of its fabrication; and we venture to think that The Globe is just as reckless to-day and is instigated by the same malicious motives.

The time has come, in short, for the organs of Irish Catholic opinion in Canada to speak out plainly concerning the latter policy of the principal Liberal journal of Ontario. All will remember how The Globe acted a few months ago when it first became known that the school clauses of the Autonomy Bills had been drafted by the Minister of Justice. The Globe lost not an hour in starting a crusade against the Catholic school provision, and never let up in its assistance to the Toronto Mail and Empire, the Toronto World, the Ottawa Citizen, and the other fomenters of sectarian warfare until the result showed that far from injuring the Government or affecting the Government programme of autonomy for the Northwest, the newspaper agitation had but imperiled The Globe's own position by raising resentment against it in the minds of the Liberal members of Parliament, with one or two exceptions, and of a considerable section of the Liberal electorate in its own Province of Ontario. And it is revealing no secret at this juncture to say that before The Globe had done its worst responsible and capable Liberals had met in Ottawa and had mapped out a plan for the establishment of a new Liberal daily organ that would be truly Canadian in sentiment and faithful to the best traditions of Canadian Liberalism, which The Globe has long since forgotten.

Let us hope that this plan may still be carried on and that the fortunes of the Liberal party west of the Ottawa River will not continue to depend upon the whims of a clerical eccentricity or upon the interests and aims of mottled corporations.

The cause of Liberalism, in the popular sense, is at a low ebb in Ontario to-day, largely on account of the disintegrating influences introduced into the party organization by groups and persons formerly identified with P.P.A. and anti-Catholic associations. If it had not been for the Catholic vote the Government of Sir Wilfrid Laurier would have lost the prestige of the London and North Oxford elections; and certain it is that when crises arise again the Catholic vote will be found independent and united on the side of the Liberal party as long as the Liberal party remains true to its honest traditions.

The time will come very soon when the Liberal party in Ontario must be reorganized and revived. In direct answer to The Globe we make bold to declare that the Liberal party can never be revived in Ontario if the narrow and exclusive lines of representation in the Parliament and Government of Canada favored by The Globe coterie be persisted in. We are holding no brief for Mr. Fitzpatrick or Mr. Scott or any other individual Catholic in public life; but we do say that these two gentlemen well deserve the honor and respect of their country and party. And we say, moreover, that the heavy and important programme of Government legislation of the last two sessions at Ottawa could never have been so successfully carried through had Sir Wilfrid Laurier not beside him at his right hand a statesman and lawyer of Mr. Fitzpatrick's extraordinary capacity for Parliamentary work.

BALFOUR LACKED NERVE.

The proposal of Mr. Balfour to deprive Ireland of 22 seats by a redistribution or gerrymander bill to be rushed through the closing hours of the present session has been abandoned through fear of the Irish opposition. It was indeed, as Mr. T. P. O'Connor described it, the meanest and shabbiest trick ever conceived in the atrocious dealings of British Tory politicians with Ireland under the Union. The motives of Mr. Balfour in the course he had mapped out were plain enough. He has received notice to quit from the country, and his Government is admittedly incapable of carrying on the affairs of the Kingdom. This session of Parliament has been, in regard to important measures, the most uninteresting in the recent history of the English people. But in face of the slim legislative programme of Government measure, the work of the Commons is behind hand, and Mr. Balfour can only finish "in time for the grouse shooting" by the application of the guillotine to all other than Government bills. While the House has been sitting, bye-election after bye-election has gone straight against the Government, so that Mr. Balfour himself cannot possibly defend his protracted retention of office. But he knows that when he goes to the country his party will be defeated; and he also knows that the Irish members will be only too glad to help Mr. Campbell-Bannerman in ridding the country of a group of incapables, one-half of whom are dependents and hangars-on of the house of Cecil. At the same time the fact must be recalled that the late Lord Salisbury positively refused to give his consent to any proposal embracing the reduction in Ireland's representation, for the manifest reason that such an act would be a direct repudiation of the treaty of Union. And there are still some few left in the Balfour Government who sat in the Cabinet with Lord Salisbury, who would resign their positions rather than publicly consent to such an act of downright infamy.

Mr. Balfour was not bold enough, if he hoped to continue in office by the cutting off of 22 Irish votes. He should have been sure that the game would succeed; and as Mr. Redmond told him in the House recently, he should have been thorough about it when he proposed to tear up the

Treaty of Union. He should disfranchise Ireland altogether so that the world might behold him shorn of his hypocrisy and willing to destroy the one principle upon which his party has trafficked for a generation to gain a hold partisan advantage on the eve of a general election.

THE WITNESS DUPED.

We have received a letter for publication from Mr. Norman Murray, relating how he duped our friend the Daily Witness by writing a series of letters professing to be from the Catholic point of view, and signed "N. McNeil." We have no desire to enter into the differences that have arisen between The Witness and its correspondent. But we think the incident proves at least that the pretence of The Witness to hold its columns open to free discussion has received a rude jolt. A newspaper cannot set itself up as a temple where doctors may debate on creeds, and beliefs unless it can furnish its own judge, who shall say when the rules of debate are being violated, or ridiculed. We had occasion lately to reprove The Witness for allowing into its columns without comment or qualification the basest and most absurd slanders of the Catholic faith by a correspondent who pretended to have been a Catholic priest. The Witness holds but a Forum for the airing of ignorance when it invites the free discussion of religion in its columns and fails to identify the mountebank and slanderer who, pretending to speak the truth, publish only falsehoods and derive a malicious satisfaction in the performance of malevolent tricks and pranks.

THE IRISH PARTY AND WILLIAM O'BRIEN.

We have already called attention to the attitude which Mr. William O'Brien has assumed towards the Irish Parliamentary Party. He has in a word revolted against the party pledge, and has begun to make a following in parliament that will stand by and support him. We are glad to see that the Irish party refuses to become excited by Mr. O'Brien's movements. At the party meeting last week the discussion was conducted with perfect good temper. Mr. O'Brien had made the announcement before hand that a considerable number of the representatives of Irish constituencies now following Mr. Redmond were eager to rush to his standard. The meeting of the party was of exceptional importance as showing the dimensions of the alleged revolt against the party pledge. Four members voted against the resolution reaffirming the party pledge as essential to the existence of the party, and they were perfectly well known beforehand in the party itself. The members of the party, as a whole had eagerly desired for some time that the opportunity be afforded them of setting at rest the doubt that was raised as to their attitude by the assertions of Mr. O'Brien. The resolution set forth the fact in the most explicit and dignified terms, and it will no longer be open to anyone to say that outside the four members who voted in the minority there is the faintest shadow of sympathy in the ranks of the party with any counter policy to that expressed by the party. The evidence afforded by the voting of the spirit and solidarity of the party had caused no small chagrin to its enemies, and will be received with pride and satisfaction in Ireland.

HON. JOHN COSTIGAN.

The call of Hon. John Costigan to the Senate, which is anticipated this week by the press, will surprise none of the veteran Irishman's friends in the capital or in Montreal. It was well known at the general election when Mr. Costigan went down to the Maritime Provinces to fight for Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Government in his own and other constituencies that, had he been so minded, he could have spared himself all the labor and chances of the campaign. He could then have had the call of the Se-

ats, which was backed by the Irish Catholic Liberals all over the Dominion. But Mr. Costigan preferred to take the risks of the party struggle and thereby not only rendered valuable service to his leader but lengthened his own Parliamentary record, now unparalleled for its unbroken span in Canadian history. The grand old man of the Canadian Parliament has well earned the partial respite that he will find in the Senate, and The True Witness wishes him many happy years to enjoy his honors.

At Compiègne, about forty-five miles from Paris, in the North, preparations are being made for the carrying out of the solemnities in honor of sixteen Carmelite nuns, who were guillotined in July, 1794, and who are soon to be declared as martyrs at Rome.

The approaching marriage of Mrs. Bell, sister of Mr. James Gordon-Bennett, a widow lady long resident in Paris, with Count de Gabriac, is announced. The Count is the son of the late Marquis de Gabriac, a former Ambassador. He has three other brothers who are married, and one sister who is a nun.

Cardinal Richard, notwithstanding his age (he is now over 80) was well able to lay the foundation stone of the belfry of the Sacre-Coeur Basilica the other day. This, in the face of the present situation of the Church in France, is considered by many French Catholics to be a splendid demonstration of hope in the future on the part of the venerable Cardinal. Several writers point out in reference to the question of Church and State, that this very Basilica and its great belfry have cost, and are costing millions, and not one penny has come from the State. It is all gifts of private individuals.

The hearty acceptance with which Catholics all over Italy have welcomed the Pope's Encyclical is, as one would expect, frank and enthusiastic. The little knots of independent, individualists, or whatever else they call themselves, in the ranks of Christian Democrats, will find their occupation gone by the application of this Encyclical. It was requisite that their mischievous action should be checked, and the Pope most effectively put a stop to their passing themselves off as fellow-workers with the clergy. Dissension in the ranks of Catholics at the present time is particularly obnoxious to the Pope.

There was never a government in England which had so many resignations to its discredit as Mr. Balfour's Government. All the chief men in the Cabinet, Mr. Balfour alone excepted, have resigned. The Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Ritchie, Lord George Hamilton and Lord Balfour of Burleigh have resigned. Lord Milner has resigned; General Buller, the first Commander-in-Chief in South Africa, resigned; Lord Roberts, the second Commander-in-Chief, has resigned; and from the ranks of Mr. Brodrick in Parliament, it would seem that there is a triangular duel going on in India between Lord Curzon, Lord Kitchener and General Elges as to which of them is to resign.

The last of the Prepucien Fathers have been expelled from the large house of the Congregation in the district between the Bastille Column and Vincennes, France. The Prepuciens are well known as missionaries in savage lands. It was to their convent that the celebrated Father Damien Dersanator, called usually Father Damien, belonged—he who died a leper in the Sandwich Islands, and to whom a monument was erected by a committee of which the King of England was president when still Prince of Wales. The expelled Prepuciens are F. Bosquet, the Superior-General, who is 78 years old; F. Azard, who has lately returned an invalid from Oceania; P. Restan, and a few lay brothers. As they are prevented from carrying on their good work in France, where they were

founded during the great Revolution, the Prepucien propose to make their headquarters near the little town of Braine-le-Comte, between Mons and Brussels.

English exchanges bring to hand a full report of the consecration of the new Auxiliary Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle, Dr. Collins, by Dr. Bourne, the Archbishop of Westminster. It is many years since there was a similar ceremony in Newcastle, and its rarity as well as its solemnity drew a multitude from far and near. But there were circumstances that gave the occasion an added interest, and these lay in the personality of the prelate. There could not possibly have been a more popular appointment. The new Bishop was educated at Ushaw College. He was afterwards curate at Waterhouse, whence he went to take charge of the Mission at Wolsingham. Then he was transferred to St. Andrew's, Newcastle, and from there he went to St. Mary's Cathedral, where he has worked for ten years. The flock that has surrounded him has been large and loving; he has many friends whose attachment to him is close and affectionate, and the circumstances that the Cathedral was crowded was not surprising. It is a good thing thus to show a Bishop that he has the sympathy and support of his people.

The French Christian Brothers are involved in interminable litigation over their property in the Rue Oudinot, Paris. The Rouen Court has given a decision adjudicating the Rue Oudinot property to the city of Paris, but the Brothers are appealing now to the Court of Cassation against the ruling of the Rouen judges before whom the case was carried. Strictly speaking, the Rue Oudinot property belongs to the city, but then the city years ago practically made it over to the Brothers, as they were invited by the Metropolitan Municipal authorities to transfer their chief house and novitiate from Lyons to Paris. The Brothers came to Paris in 1819, and received a house for the city in St. Martin's district. They removed from this locality owing to a railway extension, and in 1842 the Brothers were given the place in the Rue Oudinot, with full right to reside under Royal sanction. In 1880 the city began litigation for the purpose of having the Sons of Saint Jean Baptiste de la Salle evicted from their home, and the litigation resumed while M. Combes was in office, has not yet finished. It is denied that the Brothers propose to transfer their "maison-mere" to Belgium. They still have thirty-four houses in Paris, and 400 in the Provinces, but some of these will have to be closed in September next in accordance with the last decrees issued by M. Combes before his fall from power.

ROOSEVELT PLEADS FOR CELTIC.

President Roosevelt attended the annual commencement exercises of Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., last Wednesday, and delivered an address. In his address the President said in part: "In this country of ours we are developing a new type of nationality, a type kin to each of the various old world races, from which it is part springs and yet separate from all. Each stock that comes here can furnish something of permanent value to the country as a whole, and from each stock we have the right to expect the furnishing of that element. Here in Holy Cross College, I want to say one word which ought to be spoken to ears willing to hear it. Here I want to make an appeal for scholarship and in all our universities along a certain line. During the last three years I have happened, by chance, to grow peculiarly interested in the great subject of Celtic literature, and I feel that it is not a creditable thing to the American republic, which has in its citizenship so large a Celtic element, that we should leave it to the German scholars and students to be our instructors in Celtic literature. I want to see in Holy Cross, in Harvard, in all the other universities where we can get the chairs endowed, chairs for the study of Celtic literature."

A great number of English tributes have been paid by clergymen of various denominations to the late Monsignor Nugent. A memorial service was held at Pembroke Chapel, appropriate music having been arranged, including Mendelssohn's "Funeral March," Chopin's "Marche Funebre," and the "Dead March in Saul." Dr. C. F. Aked preached from the text, "He went about doing good," Acts x, 38. "Monsignor Nugent," said the preacher, "priest of the Roman Catholic Church, domestic prelate to the Pope, was nothing to them; but James Nugent, the man who loved the poor, the friend of little children, who pitied the fallen, and sought and saved the lost—James Nugent, who like his Master, went about doing good, was to them an ideal of heroic benevolence, an inspiration to effective service, a sanctifying memory for all grateful and loving souls. They remembered that morning with a proud, pathetic joy his visit to Pembroke Chapel, and his address from his pulpit in which he told some little incident of his work amongst the poor, and of his being accosted by a woman whom he did not know, with the words, 'May I speak to you, please?' The answer," said Dr. Aked, as he repeated it with a courtly flourish and beautiful smile, was, 'Certainly, madam; I am a servant of the public.' There," said Dr. Aked, "stood the secret of his mighty life revealed."

Tributes were paid to the great priest and philanthropist also at several other Protestant churches. At the Richmond Church, the Rev. J. H. Atkinson declared that of all the philanthropists Liverpool had known in modern times, Father Nugent was the greatest. "He was a Roman Catholic priest, but he was vastly more than that; he was a Catholic Christian, a Catholic in the best and truest sense of the term. He was of a Catholic spirit; he was Catholic in his sympathies and in his services. He knew no distinction of race or creed in his loving ministries. His ears were open to the cry of the poor and the needy, the outcast and the despaired, wherever he found them. His eyes saw some good in the worst, some possibility of a better life in the most depraved. His heart was open to everything lovely and of good report, and to every unlovely being even of bad report, for he had a heart of compassion for the wickedest and the worst." Similar tributes were paid at the Presbyterian Church in Devonshire Park, Birkenhead, and at the Synagogue, Prince's road, on Saturday, where the Rev. John S. Harris paid a very warm tribute, on behalf of his own people, to Monsignor Nugent. "No man in any walk of life has died in recent times who has been so deeply and sincerely regretted."

A FAMOUS COLLEGE.

The celebrated College Stanislas, Paris, was on fête the other day, the centenary of its foundation being observed. The establishment has been for half a century in the hands of the Marianists, who are to be distinguished from the Marists. Among its former pupils were the father of the present King of Spain, nearly all the Orleans princes, several academicians, including M. Rostand, the dramatist, and many politicians and publicists of note. M. Rostand sent up from Cambô a special ballot which he had written for the fête. Another famous place, the Ecole Polytechnique where state engineers, civil and military, are trained, is in almost the same district as the Stanislas. Old Polytechnicians who are Catholics have a Mass said every year at St. Etienne du Mont for their former comrades who have died within the twelve months. This touching custom was kept recently, and one remarkable feature of it is that the masses are said by priests who were originally engineers from the Ecole Polytechnique. As General Zurlinden, one of the "old boys," recently pointed out, this rigid mathematical school not only produced Auguste Comte (the Father of Positivism) and Emantin (one of the propagators of Saint Simon's Socialism), but famous ecclesiastics, such as Pere Gratry, the Oratorian; the Abbe de Broglie, Pere Clerc, the Jesuit, and also a Benedictine scholar of note. On the publication of the century book of the Ecole Polytechnique, in the year 1894, it was found that of former students of the school twenty-three had abandoned engineering and taken orders. Six of these were secular priests, and the remainder had joined various religious orders. The Abbe de Broglie, brother of the duke, who was murdered by a mad old woman some years back, began life as a naval engineer.

The solemnity of the feast of St. Paul was celebrated in all the Catholic churches last.

Four new bells have been ordered for St. Charles Church, St. Charles, and will soon be in the towers.

The monthly meeting of the branch of the Franciscan Order will be held next Sunday afternoon.

The pilgrimage of St. Anne Church of St. Anne de-France Saturday was a very successful one. Rev. Fathers Martin Gallois, Charles, and James Killoran, accompanied the pilgrims.

St. Gabriel's Juvenile Total Abstinence and Benefit Society regular monthly meeting of last. The treasurer's report shows a balance of \$150 in the bank to the credit of the Society. A special meeting will be held next Sunday to arrange for the Society's annual excursion.

THE ARCHBISHOP'S MOVEMENT. His Grace Archbishop Groulx spent a few days at the Trinitary at Oka, and on Tuesday visited to the asylum at Pointe.

ST. MARY'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY.

Next Saturday St. Mary's Young Men's Society will hold an excursion to Highgate Springs, which is to be a very successful affair.

BISHOP McDONALD VISITS EXTENSIVE DIOCESE.

His Lordship Bishop McDonald Harbor Grace, left last Tuesday for his extensive diocese. The first time His Lordship has visited his diocese since his illness in 1902.

CHRISTIAN BROTHERS VISIT CUBA.

Towards the end of August members of the Christian Brothers will leave for Cuba, where houses of the Order will be established. Rev. Brother Rogation, formerly of the De La Salle Institute, will be the only Englishman to go, the others being from France and Montreal.

MAY NOT PLAY AGAIN THIS SEASON.

Henry Hoobin, the star hooker of the champion Shamrocks, confined to his room at the Hotel, suffering from the effects of the accident at Saturday's game. His ankle is severely injured, and it is thought that he will not be able to play again this season.

COUNTY CHAPLAIN CONGRATULATED.

At the regular meeting of the Board of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, held on the 17th inst., resolutions were adopted to County Chaplain, Rev. W. O'Connell, congratulating him on his appointment to a seat on the Board of Catholic School Commissioners. His appointment is so eminently qualified.

ORDINATION AT LACHINE.

On last Sunday at Lachine, Lordship Bishop Racicot ordained Rev. M. Pilon to the priesthood. Bishop Racicot was assisted by Rev. M. Pilon, the young priest ordained is a son of the parish and his first Mass on Monday at the village church at Lachine. His parents and friends assisted.

ST. GABRIEL'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY TROLLEY DRIVE.

The trolley drive given by Gabriel's Young Men's Society Thursday evening proved a very enjoyable affair. About 600 persons attended, and half as many were left behind owing to the late hour. At Cartierville a couple of pleasant hours were passed in social enjoyment. St. Gabriel's Society in charge deserve great credit for their management of the affair and the Society is to be congratulated on the success of its first excursion.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY EXCURSION.

Last Thursday afternoon the excursion of St. Ann's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society held their annual excursion to Lake St. Pierre. About 600 persons were in attendance.

NUGENT.

English clergyman of the late memorial service... Monsignor Nugent, the friend of the friend...

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The solemnity of the feast of St. Peter and St. Paul was celebrated in all the Catholic churches on Sunday last.

Four new bells have been purchased for St. Charles Church, Point St. Charles, and will soon be placed in the towers.

The monthly meeting of the English-speaking members of the men's branch of the Franciscan Order will be held next Sunday afternoon.

The pilgrimage of St. Patrick's Church of St. Anne de Beaupre on Saturday was a very successful one.

St. Gabriel's Juvenile Total Abstinence and Benefit Society held its regular monthly meeting on Sunday last. The treasurer's report showed \$150 in the bank to the credit of the Society.

The Archbishop's movements. His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi spent a few days of the Trappist Monastery at Oka, and on Tuesday paid a visit to the asylum at Longue Pointe.

ST. MARY'S YOUNG MEN'S EXCURSION. Next Saturday St. Mary's Young Men's Society will hold an excursion to Highgate Springs, which promises to be a very successful affair.

BISHOP McDONALD VISITING HIS EXTENSIVE DIOCESE. His Lordship Bishop McDonald, of Harbor Grace, left last Thursday to visit his extensive diocese.

CHRISTIAN BROTHERS FOR CUBA. Towards the end of August twenty members of the Christian Brothers will leave for Cuba, where three houses of the Order will be opened.

MAY NOT PLAY AGAIN THIS SEASON. Henry Hoobin, the star home man of the champion Shamrocks, is still confined to his room at the Corpena Hotel, suffering from the effects of the accident at Saturday's match.

COUNTY CHAPLAIN CONGRATULATED. At the regular meeting of the County Board of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, held on the 14th inst., resolutions were adopted to their County Chaplain, Rev. W. O'Meara, congratulating him on his appointment to a seat on the Board of Catholic School Commissioners.

ORDINATION AT LACHINE. On last Sunday at Lachine His Lordship Bishop Racicot ordained Rev. M. Pilon to the priesthood.

ST. GABRIEL'S YOUNG MEN'S TROLLEY DRIVE. The trolley drive given by St. Gabriel's Young Men's Society last Thursday evening proved a very enjoyable affair.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY EXCURSION. Last Thursday afternoon the members of St. Ann's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society held their annual excursion to Lake St. Peter.

St. Ann's brass band and Casey's orchestra furnished the music, which was greatly enjoyed by all on board. The committee, composed of Ald. Gallary, Messrs. Shanahan, Ryan, Meade, Hogan, Rogers, Feeney, Marnell, had charge of the refreshment booth, and were kept busy the whole afternoon.

FATHER FITZHENRY, C.S.C., LEAVES FOR NEW BRUNSWICK.

The Rev. Father FitzHenry, for some time attached to St. Laurent College, has been named for the University of St. Joseph's College by his superiors.

The Rev. Father leaves a host of friends and admirers in Montreal, where his talent as a preacher was highly appreciated, especially among the parishioners of St. Patrick's.

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

A special meeting of the above society was held Tuesday evening to make arrangements for the society's annual excursion to Lake St. Peter on Thursday, August 3rd.

A concert will be given on the return trip under the direction of Prof. J. I. McCaffrey. Casey's original orchestra will furnish the music for the occasion.

The plans of staterooms is now on view at St. Patrick's Presbytery, 770, Dochester street. Tickets can be had from any of the members, at Milloy's book store, 2117 St. Catherine street, and at the boat on the day of the excursion.

A FORMER MONTREALER ORDAINED TO THE PRIESTHOOD.

On June 28th, Rev. John McGinn, C.S.S.R., was raised to the dignity of the priesthood at St. Louis, Mo. The young priest is a former Montrealer, having resided at Point St. Charles, a member of St. Ann's Young Men's Society and also of St. Ann's choir.

The rev. gentleman sang his first Mass at the Church of St. Veronica, Philadelphia, on Sunday, July 2nd, the feast of the Visitation, at which his parents and friends assisted.

Father McGinn left for New York City on a visit to his sister, who is a nun at the Ville Marie Convent there. Father McGinn will spend one year teaching at the Redemptorist College, outside of St. Louis, and will then be assigned to regular missionary work.

NO TRUTH IN REFERENCE TO TRANSFER OF BISHOP RACICOT.

A rumor has been current for the past few days that His Lordship Bishop Racicot, Auxiliary Bishop of Montreal, would be transferred to St. Hyacinthe to succeed the late Bishop Decelles.

As regards the successor of Bishop Decelles, shortly before that prelate's death a cablegram from Rome was received at St. Hyacinthe appointing Right Rev. Mgr. Bernard Coadjutor Bishop of that place, with the right of succession, consequently Mgr. Bernard is appointed Bishop of St. Hyacinthe.

PERSONAL.

Rev. Thos. Hefferman left on a two weeks' trip on Sunday evening.

Rev. Father Polan, of St. Patrick's is spending a holiday at Providence, R.I.

Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Ahern and family are spending their holidays at Gaspe.

Rev. Father Shea, curate at St. Anthony's Church, has returned from his vacation.

Rev. Brother Reticius, assistant Superior-General of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, left on Tuesday for Paris and Belgium.

claiming his appointment will arrive in a few days. On the refusal of Mgr. Bernard to accept the position, added the authorities at the Palace. Bishop Racicot will not be transferred to St. Hyacinthe, as the appointment will then go to some other priest of the Diocese of St. Hyacinthe.

RESOLUTION OF CONDOLENCE.

Resolved, That Division No. 1, A. O. B., of Labelle, in regular session assembled, wish to express its heartfelt sympathy with Bro. James L. Judge, owing to the great loss he has recently sustained in the death of his brother;

And it is further resolved, that a copy of this resolution be sent to our bereaved Brother, and to the True Witness for publication.

JAMES H. FARNAND, Secretary.

J. LEWIS O'NEILL, President.

OBITUARY.

PROF. FRANCIS DALY. There passed away on Tuesday, July 18th, Prof. Francis Daly, at his late residence, 40 Gain street. For the past few years Prof. Daly had been in poor health.

Mr. Francis D. Daly was educated under the supervision of his father, until he entered Clougoues Wood College, from which he graduated at the age of seventeen, winning the Carlyle bronze medal for History and Belles Lettres.

He was a member of an old Galway family, the Dalys of Castle Daly. His father was a member of an old Galway family, the Dalys of Castle Daly.

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CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB REPORT.

The ninth annual report of the above-named club is to hand and shows a marked advance along all lines. The weekly concerts have been well attended both by seamen and the public.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

Table with columns for Receipts and Disbursements. Receipts include Cash balance, Annual subscriptions, Rents from stores, Taxes paid by tenants, Concerts on steamers, Interest on deposits, and Proceeds from weekly concerts. Disbursements include Insurance premiums, Taxes Assets-Water, Interest to Greg-Nuns, Music of concerts, Wages, Sundries, Light, Printing and postage, Car tickets, Coal and wood, Outdoor relief, Books and papers, Transferred to building fund, Cartage, and Balance cash in bank.

The friends of the club are generous, but the management would like to impress on them the necessity of a continuance of their past bounty until such time as the institution becomes self-supporting.

Third Week of the Catholic Summer School.

These are busy days at Cliff Haven for those intellectually, athletically and socially inclined. The careful adjustment of the different hours of the day to the satisfaction of these various inclinations has brought about a unanimity of pleasures that makes Cliff Haven a most charming summering place.

For two hundred years this Indulgence was confined to that little chapel of the Portiuncula, which was each second of August the scene of a wondrous gathering of penitents.

Plenty of athletic entertainment was provided for the afternoons of the third week. The golf driving contest for men and women on Monday brought out about twenty of Cliff Haven's expert golfers.

Equally complete has been the programme for each evening. It has begun with the recitation of the Rosary at eight o'clock in the chapel, then has followed the regular evening lecture, and after that has come the pleasant closing to all activity—a cottage party.

Confession and Communion and a visit to the church so privileged are all that is necessary to the gaining of the Indulgence of the Portiuncula. One may not gain it oftener than once for himself, but he can gain it as many as a hundred times for the souls in Purgatory if he can go in and pray and come out so often.

There is no set form or duration of prayer. Five Our Fathers and Hail Marys, and Glorias in unison with the Sovereign Pontiff's prayers are recommended, but any form of prayer may be followed.

IN THE LACROSSE WORLD.

Last Saturday afternoon 7000 people saw the champion Shamrocks defeat the Nationals by a score of 9 goals to 5. It was an ideal day for lacrosse, with a refreshing breeze blowing which greatly helped the players.

Wednesday evening, which is always the open night at Cliff Haven, was marked by one of the pleasantest dances of the season given at the Champlain Club. From 8 to 9.30 the floor was occupied by the children, of whom as pretty and merry a lot as can be pictured are to be found at the Summer School.

There has been a material increase this week in the attendance. At present there is at Cliff Haven a community of about 800 persons engaged in the pursuit of instruction and pleasure; a gathering that includes representatives from practically all parts of Canada and the United States.

THE INDULGENCE OF THE PORTIUNCULA.

(From the New World.)

The second of August annually reminds the faithful and zealous soul of the great St. Francis, who was not only similar to our Lord and Redeemer for being born in a stable, practicing extreme poverty, and being favored with the sacred five wounds, but also by feeling deep compassion for the poor sinners.

Our Lord, seeing the glowing heart of His servant lamenting the offenses offered to His God and His all, was much pleased, hearing the suppliant prayers of his ardent intercession. At one time, when St. Francis was again fervently praying for the conversion of sinners, an angel urged him to go quickly into his beloved chapel, called Portiuncula.

He hastened there and saw the most wonderful spectacle. Our dear Lord appeared with the tabernacle, his face beaming with infinite kindness and his most glorious Mother Mary at his side, and both surrounded by a host of bright angels.

St. Francis prostrated himself in deep adoration and sweet ecstasy. But Jesus bade him rise and ask a favor for his poor sinners. And St. Francis said: "Merciful Lord, grant to all the sinners coming into this chapel and praying with a contrite heart a full forgiveness of all their sins and the punishment thereof."

When Jesus seemed to hesitate, saying: "This is something very great, what thou askest," St. Francis turned with touching simplicity to Mary, the refuge of sinners, to plead with Him for the poor sinners.

Thereupon Jesus granted the extraordinary Indulgence of Portiuncula. For two hundred years this Indulgence was confined to that little chapel of the Portiuncula, which was each second of August the scene of a wondrous gathering of penitents.

After this the Pope was moved to extend it to all the Franciscan churches of the world. Succeeding Popes have still further extended it to churches where members of the Third Order meet, and even to other churches where no Franciscan church is available.

The obligation of receiving Holy Communion, either on that day, August 2nd, or on the day before is required for all the churches outside of Assisi, however.

All human love must answer the test of consecration. As a minor religious poet somewhere sings— Just because this human love, though true and sweet, Yours and mine, Has been sent by Love more tender, more complete, More divine, That it leads our hearts to rest at last in heaven.

Far above you; Do I take you as a gift that God has given— In Him I love you.

NOTES OF THE GAME.

Kenny's great stop of a hot shot with his hand, and Hoobin's dashes were features of the game. Currie's trick of drawing the ball at centre succeeded nearly every time.

Johnny Brennan is doing great work on the home this season. "Spike" Hennessy is going at a fast clip. Young Martin, of the intermediates, played a great game on Saturday.

Big Jim Kavanagh gave some fine exhibitions of jumping and clearing when hard pressed. Henry Hoobin had just passed three men and was near the net when he twisted his ankle. The big home man will be out of the game for a few days.

Phil O'Reilly was the same as ever. In the right place at the right time. Johnny Howard was on the spot when many a National supporter thought it was a sure game. When Howard is near the nets the citadel is well guarded.

Young McIntyre played his first senior game and showed up well. Eddie Robinson was the only player injured during the game. The home man is getting into shape, and has his eye on the net.

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CONCERT.

Despite the intense heat that has reigned supreme for the last few days, quite a large gathering was present at yesterday evening's concert. The event was in the hands of Branch No. 383 of the C.M.B.A.

The president of the Branch being unavoidably absent, the chair was occupied for the evening by Mr. F. B. McNamee, President of the Club. Seamen Bolcom, Thos. Brady, P. Walsh, Thos. Leitchfield, Robert Quin, Thos. Scott and another, whose name your representative was unable to obtain, furnished the first part of the programme, affording great amusement to the audience, and reflecting no small amount of credit upon themselves.

Next came a song from Mr. W. F. Costigan, followed by Mons. Paterson, Mr. McGuire and Mr. Jas. Connolly. Mr. L. Balcom brought the evening's proceedings to a close with a song entitled "The Scolding Wife." Although the accompanying of the evening was efficiently looked after by Miss Lynch, yet it may not be out of place to mention the presence of an esteemed friend of many of our readers, in the person of Mr. J. I. McCaffrey, who rendered valuable assistance in the accompanying of special pieces sung by the outside talent.

As usual, might be seen the smiling countenance of Rev. Father Malone, always ready to welcome and encourage the patrons of a work so dear to his own heart. Next week the concert will be in the hands of St. Mary's Court, C.O.F., when doubtless a grand treat will be in store for those who shall be able to spare the time to avail themselves thereof.

All human love must answer the test of consecration. As a minor religious poet somewhere sings— Just because this human love, though true and sweet, Yours and mine, Has been sent by Love more tender, more complete, More divine, That it leads our hearts to rest at last in heaven.

Far above you; Do I take you as a gift that God has given— In Him I love you.

LAST OF THE "TRACTARIANS"

Passing of Henry Bedford, for Fifty Years Professor at All Hallows' College, Dublin.

The death of Henry Bedford, one of the last of the converts of the Tractarian movement and for fifty years engaged as a professor at All Hallows' College, Dublin, elicits a noble tribute to a remarkable man in the columns of the Dublin Freeman.

Mr. Bedford was born in the city of London in the year 1816, as he liked to put it, the year after the Battle of Waterloo. Long before he completed his school studies he intended to become a clergyman of the Church of England, to which his family belonged.

When Meagher returned to Ireland Daniel O'Connell was at the height of his power and fame. His first important speech was made when he was 23. This was delivered at Conciliation Hall in Dublin, February 16, 1846, and attracted the attention of O'Connell himself.

His account of his conversion was very simple. He had preached what was considered an advanced "Puseyite" sermon, and as such came to be much talked of. Upon which he was summoned by the Bishop of London to give his own account of the matter, with the result that he was ordered to give no further public expression to such views as long as he held the position he then did in the diocese.

The other day we ran across the following drama in outline in one of our exchanges. It is a drama that often has been enacted, not, alas, on the mimic stage, but on the real stage of life.

Act the first—A young man starting off from home; parents and sisters weeping to have him go. Wagon rising over the hill. Farewell kiss flung back. Ring the bell and let the curtain fall.

Act the second—The marriage altar. Music on the organ. Bright lights. Long white veil trailing through the aisle. Prayer and congratulations, and exclamations of "How well she looks!"

Act the third—A woman waiting for staggering steps. Old garments stuck in the broken window panes. Marks of hardship on her face. The biting of nails of bloodless fingers. Neglect, cruelty and despair. Ring the bell and let the curtain drop.

Act the fourth—Three graves in a dark place—grave of the child who died for lack of medicine, grave of the wife who died of a broken heart, grave of the man who died with dissipation.

curity of Holy Orders. But from the first, he used to say, he felt his life's work lay there. And there as it proved, he lived out his long life of active, effective work as Professor of Natural Science, treasurer and one of the College Directors.

When Holy Thompson, with other London litterateurs, had projected a series of Lives of Modern Saints suited to modern tastes and needs, he was entrusted with the life of St. Vincent de Paul, with special instructions to make it readable and practical. The work he produced, perhaps the best written, certainly the most interesting of the series, is still in general circulation. Through a great part of his life, having had private means left him by his family, he was a generous, usually anonymous, contributor to public and private charities, mainly in the country of his adoption.

Rome, June 15—On Sunday afternoon the Irish Christian Brothers in Rome, who are making such efforts to stem the movement of proselytism in this centre of Catholicity, held a distribution of prizes. The Rev. Father De Mandato, of the Society of Jesus, who is also striving in a like direction, presided, and, after a brief discourse, delivered the prizes to the scholars of the evening school, whose studies lie chiefly in the acquisition of foreign languages—English, French and German.

The Power of Drink—A Five Act Tragedy.

Act the first—A young man starting off from home; parents and sisters weeping to have him go. Wagon rising over the hill. Farewell kiss flung back. Ring the bell and let the curtain fall.

Act the second—The marriage altar. Music on the organ. Bright lights. Long white veil trailing through the aisle. Prayer and congratulations, and exclamations of "How well she looks!"

Act the third—A woman waiting for staggering steps. Old garments stuck in the broken window panes. Marks of hardship on her face. The biting of nails of bloodless fingers. Neglect, cruelty and despair. Ring the bell and let the curtain drop.

Act the fourth—Three graves in a dark place—grave of the child who died for lack of medicine, grave of the wife who died of a broken heart, grave of the man who died with dissipation.

Act the fifth—A destroyed soul's eternity. No light. No hope. We close our eyes to this last act of the tragedy. Quick! quick! ring the bell and let the curtain drop.

"MEAGHER OF THE SWORD."

Monument Unveiled at Helena, Mont., to Irish Soldier and Patriot.

A bronze statue to the memory of Thomas Francis Meagher, patriot, orator and journalist, was unveiled in the square of the capital at Helena, Mont., July 4. Col. John F. Flerty, of Chicago, delivered the oration of the occasion.

When Meagher returned to Ireland Daniel O'Connell was at the height of his power and fame. His first important speech was made when he was 23. This was delivered at Conciliation Hall in Dublin, February 16, 1846, and attracted the attention of O'Connell himself.

General Meagher became secretary of the territory of Montana in 1865 and closely following his assumption of the duties of his position Governor Sydney Edgerton left the territory, General Meagher becoming governor pro tempore.

Five feet ten, broad shouldered, thin-fanked, military in bearing, eyes a brilliant blue, hair dark, mustache heavy, featured marked and massive, ruddy of complexion, a sweet singer, a fine horseman, an accomplished athlete, the physical characteristics of the man well seconded his mental equipment.

Soon after there was formed the Irish confederation, with O'Brien as its chief, and in this society Meagher, with such men as Colonel Michael Doherty, Thomas D'Arcy McGee, John Mitchell and the late Judge Richard O'Gorman, of New York, worked consistently until 1848.

Then came the famine and William Smith O'Brien's appeal to arms. The rebellion was crushed almost before it had begun. In 1848 Meagher went to Paris with an address to the provisional government of France from the Irish tricolor, making a most fiery patriotic address.

On March 21 Meagher was arrested, charged with sedition, and bailed to appear at the court of the Queen's Bench. After the passage of the treason-felony act he was arrested again, and in October, 1848, convicted of treason and sentenced to death.

Meagher's arrival in this country was welcomed by his compatriots, and he almost immediately started on a lecture tour.

When Sumter was fired on Meagher abandoned his profession, organized a company of zouaves and attached them to the Sixty-ninth New York Regiment, then commanded by Col. Michael Corcoran.

Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Stomach Cramps and all Summer Complaints take



Don't experiment with new and untried remedies, but procure that which has stood the test of time. Dr. Fowler's has stood the test for 60 years, and has never failed to give satisfaction.

three Irish regiments, the Sixty-ninth, Sixty-third and Eighty-eighth. These, supplemented afterwards by the Twenty-eighth Massachusetts and One Hundred and Sixteenth Pennsylvania, became the famous Irish Brigade of the army of the Potomac, with Brigadier-General Thomas Francis Meagher in command.

General Meagher became secretary of the territory of Montana in 1865 and closely following his assumption of the duties of his position Governor Sydney Edgerton left the territory, General Meagher becoming governor pro tempore.

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SURGERY IN REMOTE COUNTRY DISTRICTS

In the city, with numerous hospitals, surgical assistants, trained nurses, and all the armamentarium which the modern hospital affords, we are prone to assume that only with such conveniences can clean surgery be done; in fact, that no surgery is being done save in well appointed places.

When Sumter was fired on Meagher abandoned his profession, organized a company of zouaves and attached them to the Sixty-ninth New York Regiment, then commanded by Col. Michael Corcoran.

Meagher's arrival in this country was welcomed by his compatriots, and he almost immediately started on a lecture tour.

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has never had the pleasure of hospital facilities nor trained help, but has invariably had to depend on such facilities as his own ingenuity could devise, and with the help of those who, perhaps, have never before seen an operation.

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ST. PATRICK'S I. A. AND B. SOCIETY, established 1868.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father McNeill, President, D. J. Kelly, M.P.; Sec., J. J. Kelly, 100 St. Dominique street, Montreal.

ST. ANN'S I. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1868.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father McNeill, President, D. J. Kelly, M.P.; Sec., J. J. Kelly, 100 St. Dominique street, Montreal.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, Branch 28—Organized 13th November, 1889. Branch 28 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, on every Monday of each month.

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THE FALL

By Julia Caro

"Look, Fraulin, look same one we met that at at Fiesole when I wanted to run up and down the of the old Roman theatre, it was not dignified it is he—don't you remember caught for me the little was darting in and out of so that I might see the and put it in my handkerchief, never gave me a handkerchief, and it was on which we had my intended at the Bon Marche.

"How I chatter on, you don't be cross to-day, lie—cause I am so happy. Fraulin, look, look! The and what a beautiful profusion you know that your admittance was more classical even than Walden's Adonis, which you me to admire so much. Oh, I'm afraid you shall see him again."

"Fraulin, I believe he has sized us," she pulled of her companion with grace, to call attention to that the young traveller was his hat gracefully and salute with evident delight. In a he was lost to sight ascending slope in the direction of the cathedral.

Again Monica Meredith, and cushions of the railway carriage regretted that they had not to go to Orvieto before hurried to Rome. She fell into a and did not take into her account Fraulin Altenburg, her companion who was arranging some around her prim neck. Fraulin-like and severe. She in bringing up children alone times pursued by the father, derided the Great—and indulged was not consistent with the ten. So, though she really charge in her own grim, cloyous way, Monica dreamed dreams without any confidence alone. Her mother had been many years, and her father had set up his home in America to deal about European capitals with only child.

Alexis Thornydyke, the hero young girl's reverie, pursued, carrying a most unbecoming case, all unconscious his superiority to Thorwaldsen. He was thinking of Monica became so absorbed that he had come to Italy to study sculpture. "There is no use," he to himself, "I've lost interest—I care whether Orvieto's cathedral is one of the noblest of And as for the Signorini family—oh, why didn't I stay on train! If I had only had an ink that she was so close! It all seems that one can feel the presence of another. I'm out of patience myself!" and he threw a coin of money at the beggar with more than charity. In a moment softened. She, that unknown always soothing and uplifted him went on musing. "If she would give a thought to me, I would be worthy of a girl like there is not a face in the pain of the old masters that I like as hers—and she is a saint, too know. What was the little serf did for her at Fiesole compared the sacrifices I would make for M. M.'; I wonder what they that. That is the only clue I have excepting that the Gorgon Fraulin likely go to Rome upon quite Florence. I must get out of place. I shall have no peace until each Rome, where I hope to find in some of the churches or it was time for the eight o'clock at the Pension B— in attached to the Palazzo Brignone in Rome. At each place there was an individual bottle of wine, more or less empty with the owner's fork to identify property. Several dishes were set at regular intervals on the long table. The guests

THE FALL OF THE ROSE PETALS.

By Julie Caroline O'Hara, in the Rosary Magazine.

"Look, Fraulein, look! It is the same one we met that afternoon out at Fiesole when I wanted so much to run up and down the stone seats of the old Roman theatre, and you told me it was not dignified. Yes! it is he—don't you remember how he caught for me the little lizard that was darting in and out of the ruins, so that I might see the little fellow and put it in my handkerchief—can't you recall him, Fraulein? By the way, he never gave me back that handkerchief, and it was one of those on which we had my initials embroidered at the Bon Marche.

dark-haired girl to whisper some very important nothing. Sometimes he would hold the door open to allow her to pass. Occasionally he laid fresh flowers at her plate. Only a few delicious trifles these, but it was enough to feed the flame, Fraulein never permitted him to accompany them—she was too severe for that. Whenever he did happen to meet them in their sight-seeing of course it was purely accidental—on their part. Monica often fervently wished that her father were with them. He would have been more sympathetic, but matters of importance detained him in Munich. She felt sure that he would have sanctioned her being with Alexis, but Fraulein was inexorable.

AN ENGLISH PEERESS

Praises Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

From the London (Eng.) Star. Though sharing with many of our old nobility their traditional reluctance to emerge from aristocratic privacy and come before the public as the subject of a newspaper article, the Right Hon. Lady Haldon has expressly permitted the publication of a statement recently made to a representative of the Star regarding her wonderful cure by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.



LADY HALDON.

Recognizing that the words of a titled lady in her position must necessarily bear great weight with the public; realizing that in respect to the ailments of the body, prince and peasant, lord and laborer are alike; earnestly desiring that the benefits she derived from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills should be publicly acknowledged, in the hope that other sufferers might be influenced by her testimony Lady Haldon waived all personal reluctance and told a story which cannot but impress every reader who considers for a moment the serious reasons which must have prompted a member of the British peerage to come forward in this way.

medicine which appeared to have effected such miracles. "What arrested my attention was the straightforward simplicity of the stories. We are all human—all liable to the same complaints—and I found my sufferings were exactly like those of other women who had been cured. As I read the simple facts of their experience I became convinced. I procured a supply of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and commenced taking them as directed.

CULAR... SHANE'S... COMPANY... BRICKS IN... DRY... D & CO.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS CURES Dyspepsia, Colic, Pimples, Headaches, Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, and all troubles arising from the Stomach, Liver, Bowels or Blood.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE PRICES

CHEESE MARKET EASY WITH TENDENCY TO LOWER VALUES.

There is an easier feeling and a tendency to lower prices noticeable on the cheese market this morning. Shortages seem to be satisfied, and buyers are not anxious to carry stock at the ruling prices.

We quote 9 1/2c for Quebec and 9 1/4c for Western.

A dairy report from Liverpool received by mail for the week ending July 7 says that holders have been firmer, and there has been a gradual hardening tendency all week, with a good consumptive demand. This week's arrivals have been pretty well cleared, the market closing strong at these quotations:

Table with 2 columns: Description of cheese and price per cwt. Includes items like 'Finest New Canadian, colored', 'Finest New Canadian, white', etc.

BUTTER FIRM AND ACTIVE.

The butter market remains steady with a fair demand from English buyers. Shippers here say that they have orders enough to about clear the amount each week.

Prices are well maintained, and fresh and salted butter are now worth about the same price; 20 1/2c to 20 1/4c was the ruling price yesterday, though 21c was paid for an occasional choice lot. Dairy is scarce and steady at 16 1/2c to 17 1/4c, according to quality.

A mail advice from Liverpool says that the market is steady at last quotations. Canadian has been in request, as quality has been very satisfactory, and it has sold well in competition with Irish and Continental produce. Medium grades are in moderate demand, but supplies still rule light. Quotations are for choice Canadian creamery in 56 lb. boxes, 98s to 100s per cwt.; medium grades, nominally, 82s to 86s per cwt.

FLOUR—Manitoba spring wheat patents, \$5.30 to \$5.60; strong bakers, \$5.00 to \$5.30; winter wheat patents, \$5.50; and straight rollers, \$5 to \$5.15 in wood; in bags, \$2.40.

ROLLED OATS—\$2.42 1/2 per bag. PEARL HOMINY—\$1.85 to \$1.90 in bags of 98 lbs.

MILL FEED—Ontario bran in bulk at \$14.50 to \$15; shorts, \$19 to \$21; Manitoba bran in bags, \$15.50 to \$16; shorts, \$19.

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

BEANS—Choice primes, \$1.60 to \$1.65 per bushel, \$1.55 in car lots. PEAS—Bolling, \$1.07 1/2 to \$1.10 per bushel (60 lb. bags included); No. 2 in car load lots, 80c to 85c.

POTATOES—New potatoes, in bags of 90 lbs., \$1, and \$2 per barrel. Old potatoes, 50c to 60c per bag.

HONEY—White clover in comb, 12 1/2c per section, in one pound sections extract in 16 lb tins, 7c to 7 1/4c in 60 lb tins, 6c to 6 1/2c; buckwheat, 6c to 6 1/2c as to quality.

PROVISIONS—Heavy Canadian short cut pork, \$20.00 to \$21.00; light short cut, \$18 to \$19; American cut clear fat back, \$18 to \$18.50; compound lard, 5 1/2c to 6 1/2c; Canadian lard, 9 1/2c to 10 1/4c kettle rendered, 10 1/2c to 11c, according to quality; hams, 12c to 13c and 14 1/2c according to size; bacon, 12c to 14c; fresh killed abattoir hogs, \$9.25 to \$9.50; alive, \$6.50 to \$6.75 for mixed lots; select, \$7.

EGGS—Straight stock, 16c to 16 1/2c; No. 2, 14c.

BUTTER—Choice creamery, \$20 1/2c to 21c; undergrades, \$20 1/2c to 20 1/4c; dairy, 16 1/2c to 17 1/2c.

CHEESE—Ontario, 9 1/2c to 9 1/4c; Quebec, 9 1/2c to 9 1/4c.

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

CHEESE BOARDS.

Brockville, July 17—At the Brockville cheese board on Saturday the registration showed a total of 6945 boxes offered, of which 3116 were white and 3829 were colored cheese. The opening bid of 9c, made by Mr. Derbyshire, was quickly raised to 9 1/2c and 9 1/4c, at which figure the first call was given to Mr. Gardner, who failed to secure a box at that figure. Four calls at the same price by various buyers got no favorable response. Mr. Patton then bid 9 1/2c, which was also refused. On the sixth call at that figure, Mr. Bissell got 419 boxes. O. Earl, for 9 1/2c, secured 200 boxes, and M. W. Everett at 9 1/4c, took 800 boxes. Subsequently Mr. Earl's purchases on the board at 9 1/2c increased

his lot to a total of 384 boxes. The other buyers, at 9 1/4c, took lots on board as follows: D. Derbyshire, 1143 boxes; H. Gardner, 147; H. Bissell, 1569; M. W. Everett, 800; J. Webster, 562; L. Patton, 250; C. Earl, 60; R. G. Murphy, 40. Chrysler, July 17—At the cheese board on Saturday 9 1/2c was the only offer made for cheese. All sold at that price.

Sherbrooke, Que., July 17—The butter and cheese board met this afternoon with a good attendance. Six hundred and forty-five packages of saltless and 208 packages of salt butter were boarded. Prices, 20 1/2c to 21c. Cheese sold at 9 1/2c and 9 1/4c. Two factories sold 144 boxes.

DOMINE, QUO VADIS?

Going out the Appian Way a few days ago, says "Veritas," in the Standard and Times, I came upon a large number of American and French pilgrims at the little church bearing the quaint name of "Domine, Quo Vadis?" To strangers and Romans it seems that no one of the great basilicas or magnificent churches that adorn Rome can launch them back so vividly to the days of persecution or bring the human so near to the divine as that plain little edifice, without beauty or ornamentation on the Via Appia.

Like most histories connected with Roman buildings of much interest, that of "Domine, Quo Vadis?" leads us back many centuries—even to the days of St. Peter himself. For the account we give of its origin we have many authorities, among them being St. Ambrose.

When the terrible persecutions inaugurated by Nero against the early Christians began, the infant Church had grown to respectable proportions. With appalling fury the tyrant's anger broke upon the sheepfold. Torments yet unheard of originated in his ingenious brain; poor Christians were seized, covered with tar and set ablaze to light the way of the monster's chariot. At other times he would have them sewn up in the skins of wild beasts, and then left for the dogs to tear. It seemed as if hell itself had been let loose to destroy the grain of mustard seed sown on Calvary. Of course, the chief pastor's death was most eagerly sought for by the persecutors. He once gone, it would be easy to scatter the sheep. Accordingly, the Christians entreated Peter—whose chief characteristic always was impetuous generosity—not to expose his life, and they at length succeeded in persuading him to fly from Rome.

Yielding to their entreaties, the Apostle fled out by the Appian Way until he was suddenly confronted by a vision of his beloved Master coming towards the city, slowly and sadly. Ever enthusiastic and loving, Peter fell before the Saviour, overjoyed at again seeing Him. "Lord," he cried, "where dost thou go?" "Domine, quo vadis?" And Christ, looking mournfully at His vicar, replied, "I go, Peter, to Rome to be crucified a second time," and immediately vanished. Peter understood the mild rebuke, returned to the city and fell a victim to the merciless Emperor. Too humble to suffer death in exactly the same manner as his Master, for he was condemned by Nero to crucifixion, he besought the executioners to crucify him head downwards. This request they complied with, and so the fisherman passed away.

Over the spot on which our Lord stood a little church was erected, and called after the cry of the astonished and overjoyed Apostle—Domine, Quo Vadis? On the stone touched by Christ's sacred feet was left an imprint of them, and a cast of the print can still be seen there.

WOUNDED LION.

He Killed a Noted Hunter with One Blow of his Paw.

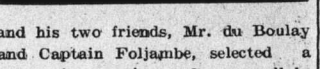
The Indian mail to hand brings us vivid and pathetic details of the death of Major Carnegie during the lion shooting exploit in the Gir forest district. The major, of course, was the political officer of the Viceroy, and the expedition had been arranged by Lord Lamington on the site of the lion hunt prepared for Lord Curzon five years ago, but never fulfilled. It is believed there are sixty or seventy lions in the Gir, and the major, having spent the last couple of years in the vicinity, knew the Jungahd better than any one. On March 9 a tracker arrived who had been attacked by a lion while riding into camp, and while he dropped his weapons and escaped it was only by abandoning his pony and seeing the animal carried off.

The "shoot" was divided into three parties, with the major in the second, and it entered the jungle to a depth of about ten miles. The major

Ladies' Rubber Lined Raincoats, \$1.00 EACH. Advertisement for raincoats with a list of features and prices.

There is nothing more handy to have than one of these coats! It will not only prove serviceable as a waterproof, but useful as a dust protector as well! The style is last season's, but it is stylish enough for any season! The present price is just about 1-3 of the original price. The colors are fawn, navy and black, and we have all sizes. We have also every size in Children's Coats at the same price in black and navy, and a few, but not in every size, in fawn.

This Store closes daily at 5 30 P.M.



and his two friends, Mr. du Boulay and Captain Foljame, selected a tree each ranging along a nullah, and the two latter fired at a fine lion, wounding him high in the right shoulder. The major also hit a lioness. The natives also fired their old-fashioned guns, and it was thought safe to descend the trees for a consultation and search for the wounded quarry. The lioness appeared and ran for a shikari, but the major fired and dropped her dead. Then there was a pause for drinks, and the party began to follow the lion's trail down the nullah for a mile or so. Now and then the men ascended trees to keep a lookout, and at last the party came into a clearance with waist-high grass instead of trees.

Suddenly there was a roar and the lion dashed out, making straight for the major, who fired one shot, just grazing the beast. Simultaneously the natives saw they saw the lion beat the major down with a blow of his paw. Captain Foljame fired, Mr. du Boulay ran up and fired point blank at the lion's heart, a native fired into its hindquarters, while others clubbed it with a rifle butt and swords. The major was found to be dead. He must have died instantaneously. The body was carried on a charpoy by torchlight and conveyed back to Rajkote by special train, and the shock caused by the news throughout the Jungahd district was intensely felt.

It is added that the lion measured eleven feet from tip to tail. The others shot were two lions, rather less in size, and a lioness (the major's) of nine feet.—Pall Mall Gazette.

He who would travel the road to sanctity must have the key by which to read aright the signposts he meets along the way, lest their seeming contradictions only mislead him into a maze of spiritual confusion and darkness. Let him have no other object in his mind than the journey's end, and he will have the key to every occult sign and mystic meaning hidden in the annals of saintly lore. The sign-language of the elect! How well they know each other's meanings when they meet face to face; when soul looks into soul and greets a brother pilgrim bound for the self-same object! How quick the recognition, when the magic of a word or the flash of a glance reveals spirit unto kindred spirit.—Lex Amandi, in The Dolphin.

Live each day the true life of a man to-day. Not yesterday's life only, lest you become a murrer; nor to-morrow's, lest you become a visionary; but the life of to-day, with happy yesterdays and confident to-morrows.—Father Faber.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM LEWIS & CLARK Centennial Exposition PORTLAND, Oregon. UNTIL OCTOBER 15th, 1905. ROUND TRIP FARE \$75.50

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

Montreal-Ottawa and Valleyfield. Lve Montreal 8.40 a.m., 4.10 p.m., 7.00 p.m. Arr Ottawa 11.40 a.m., 7.10 p.m., 10.00 p.m. Lve Ottawa 8.20 a.m., 3.30 p.m., 6.35 p.m. Arr Montreal 11.20 a.m., 6.30 p.m., 9.35 p.m. Parlor Cars on all trains between Montreal and Ottawa. Lve Montreal 8.40, 9.30 a.m., 4.10 p.m., 15.15 p.m. Arr Valleyfield 9.45, 11.30 a.m., 5.17 p.m., 16.45 p.m. Lve Valleyfield 8 a.m., 10.10 a.m., 4.40, 5.20 p.m. Arr Montreal 19.33 a.m., 11.20 a.m., 6.00, 6.30 p.m. Week days. All other trains daily.

Montreal and New York. Shortest line, quickest service. Two night trains daily each way. One day train each way, week days. Lve Montreal 12.21 a.m., 10.15 a.m., 8.10 p.m., 11.30 p.m. Arr Montreal 7.50 p.m., 18.30 p.m., 7.15 a.m., 19.45 p.m. Daily, Week days. Trains leaving Montreal at 11.30 p.m. connect at Albany with Hudson River Day Line cars, making that charming inland water trip down the Hudson River to New York.

CITY TICKET OFFICES. 137 St. James Street, Telephone Main 460 & 461, or Bonaventure Station.

CANADIAN PACIFIC LEWIS & CLARK, CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION, Portland, Oregon. UNTIL OCTOBER 15th, 1905, \$75.50.

Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle, Wash., Tacoma, Wash., Portland, Ore. And return from Montreal.

Tickets now on sale, and good to return within 90 days from date issued, but not later than November 30th, 1905.

Portland, Old Orchard, Scarborough Beach, etc. Through Parlor and Sleeping Car Service. Trains leave Windsor Street 9 a.m. week days, 7.45 p.m. daily.

ST. ANDREWS-BY-THE-SEA. SLEEPING CAR SERVICE.—Through Sleepers leave Windsor Street, 7.25 p.m., Tuesdays and Fridays, for St. Andrews. Returning leave St. Andrews Mondays and Wednesdays, arriving Montreal 8.05 a.m. next day. Local Montreal and Ottawa sleeping car service will be discontinued after Friday, July 21st, from Montreal and from Ottawa after Sunday morning, July 23rd, 1905.

Ticket Offices: 139 St. James St., Windsor St. Station, Place Victoria.

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED. We solicit the business of Manufacturers, Engineers and others who realize the advisability of having their Patent business transacted by experts. Preliminary advice free. Charges moderate. Our Inventors' Help, 125 pages, sent upon request. Marlow & Marlow, New York Life Bldg., Montreal, and Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

MOST DEADLY OF ALL SNAKES.

Indian Cobra has a Record of Over Twenty Thousand Victims a Year.

The Indian cobra, or cobra di capello (Naja tripidiana), is the most deadly of all snakes. It inhabits India and Ceylon, Burma, the Andamans, Southern China, Indo-China and the Malay peninsula and archipelago. In the Himalayas its range extends to an altitude of eight thousand feet. To the west it ranges to Afghanistan, Northeast Persia and South Turkestan, as far as the east coast of the Caspian Sea.

Cobras are most active at night. They feed on small animals, birds, eggs, frogs, fish or insects. They attack hen roosts and swallow the eggs whole. They drink a great deal of water, although they can live for weeks, or even months, in captivity, without touching food or water. Cobras can climb and occasionally ascend trees in search of food. As a rule they are not aggressive, and, unless interfered with or irritated, they crawl along the ground with neck undilated, looking like some harmless snake, but the moment they are disturbed they assume a menacing attitude. The poison of a cobra, when thoroughly inoculated by a fresh and vigorous specimen, is quickly fatal. Paralysis of the nerve centre takes place, and death follows rapidly, sometimes in a few minutes, especially when the fangs, having penetrated a vein, inoculate poison immediately into the venous circulation. The venom is harmless, however, if taken internally, nor is it fatal when brought in contact with a mucous surface, such as the interior of the stomach or the eye.

THE S. CARSLY Co. LIMITED THURSDAY, JULY 20, 1905. JULY CHEAP SALE GREAT CLEARING SALE.

The one end and object of this great yearly Value Carnival is to get stocks into good shape. With one tremendous sweep we clear out all the odds and ends, broken lots, as well as large quantities for regular stocks. We hesitate at no reduction, however radical, to attain this. Stocks have to be cleared for Fall Trade. We set about it this way:

- Fancy Dress Goods. 50 PIECES OF SUMMER DRESS GOODS, in 20 stylish colors and plaids, 40 inches wide. Regular 29c. July Sale... 15c. 10 PIECES OF NAVY BLUE CANVAS CREPON CLOTH, all wool. Regularly 55c. Sale Price... 25c. 80 PIECES OF CHECK WOOL VOILES, grounds in navy, brown, gray, helio, sky, with small neat checks in white. 40 inches wide. Regularly 59c. July Sale Price... 33c.

A HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL SALE OF FOOTWEAR.

Record business in the Shoe Store all this week. Stock righting time, and we're clearing out new and stylish goods at prices that will surprise you. For instance: LADIES' WHITE CANVAS OXFORD LACED SHOES, hand turned soles and military heels. Sizes 2 1/2 to 7. Regularly \$1.50. July Sale Price... 95c. LADIES' CHOCOLATE VICI KID GIBSON TIE OXFORD SHOES, hand turned soles and military or Cuban heels. All sizes. Regularly \$2.30. July Sale Price... \$2.05. MEN'S PATENT COLT BLUCHER LACED BOOTS, Goodyear welted soles, dull calf skin tops. Sizes 5 1/2 to 10 1/2. Regularly \$5.00. July Sale Price... \$4.50.

A SALE OF ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.

We give some of the bargains you will find in the Untrimmed Millinery section. It's not a complete list by any means. The Flowers are all fresh and pretty—wouldn't part with them at double the price if space was more ample. Best to come early, as we expect a big rush.

- WREATHS OF PINK PRIMROSES. Regular price, 10c. July Sale Price... 4c. BUNCHES OF ROSES, Violets, Forget-Me-Not's, etc. Regular prices, 15c to 25c. July Sale Price... 5c. BUNCHES OF ROSES, all colors. Prices from 35c to 50c. July Sale Price... 10c.

ENORMOUS SALE OF WASH FABRICS.

20,000 YARDS OF DAINY DRESS MUSLINS, 30 in. wide, colored ground of pink, sky, helio, Nile and cream, in contrasting colors stripe and floral designs, 30 inches wide. Regularly 12c. July Sale Price... 6 1-2. 1,800 YARDS OF FINE BLACK MUSLINS, white effects, in floral or spot effects. Regularly 12c. July Sale Price... 9 1-2. 3,000 YARDS OF BLACK LAWNS, pretty white effects, stripes and spots. Regularly 19c. July Sale Price... 12 1-2.

THE S. CARSLY Co. LIMITED 1765 to 1783 Notre Dame St. 184 to 194 St. James St., Montreal

JULY HEAT Is not calculated to impede the ambition for bargains in Carpets and Furnishings. The inducements offered this month will repay all purchasers in furnishing their homes at once under our low prices and heavy discounts.

Beds, Bedding and Furniture. THOMAS LIGGET EMPIRE BUILDING 2474 & 2476 St. Catherine St.

Indian tradition relates that Buddha provided the cobra with "spectacles" to enable it to ward off the attacks of its old enemy, the Brahminy kite. These "spectacles" seem to be restricted to the Indian species, certainly they do not occur on either of the African cobras. When searching for prey the cobra glides about easily and quietly, but once excited he raises his head and a large part of his body straight in the air, while the remainder is gathered beneath in a coil as a kind of support. His next warlike movement is to spread out his upper ribs laterally, extending six or more inches downward from the head thus converting his neck into a thin, flattened, oval disk four or five inches broad. This is the "hood," which is found in the Indian and, in a small degree, on the North African cobra, but is entirely wanting in the form found in South Africa. Above the hood protrudes the head, expectant and held horizontally, facing the foe. Probably the average annual number of the cobra's victims in India alone, which is placed at about twenty thousand, would be very much greater if it did not possess such a nervous temperament, which often leads the snake to strike at a moving object long before it is near enough to reach the object effectually, thus wasting a large amount of venom. When a cobra strikes he hisses audibly, and immediately reassumes his erect position, and thus he continues to act as long as danger menaces if a safe avenue of escape does not present itself. The turning from left to right, as above mentioned, constitutes the so-called "cobra dancing," which many have attributed to the influence of music, but which, combined with the appearance of faintness and death which these snakes sometimes assume, is properly referable to the natural tactics of defence and attack, while the "fainting" is simply a temporarily weakened condition due to its extremely nervous and excitable disposition.

Let not your goodness be professional; let it be the simple, natural outcome of your character. Therefore cultivate character.

The secret of success lies in knowing how to make use, not of what we have chosen, but what is forced upon us.

Do not shrink from any kindly act however hard or repellent it may be. The worth of acts is measured by the spirit in which they are performed.

Garden de la St. de Lorette, Feb. 19, 1905. Assomblee Legislative

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AT THE ABBEY

Writing from Rome on Mr. P. L. Connellan, in Freeman's Journal, says: The Sun shown down the hot sirocco atmosphere and the station of Frascati Latin land, perhaps in there is not a more attractive, with its pleasant d of bank facing you as y from the train. The which slopes down from the town to the railway is ly, and on its face is a soiling garden, full of the ohers of the season, forming an introduction to this set amidst magnificent other sort of introduction with which the cabmen at station greet you, each c whip, shouting and g wildly to attract your att his more or less shabby v ally one is chosen, and to Grottaferrata begins. The road lies on the Tusculan hills, with vill grand mediaeval names s either hand. The eye ran the wide Campagna, with eors and its strange, dr pect, to the distant city, great dome of St. Peter's against the paler sky like captive halloon.

Scarcely were we half ar the road when our cab dri up in the courtyard of a gresslike building surround trenches and formidable w strong towers at the angl building. You might ima had entered the courtyard diavaal castle instead of t monastery—for this is the Grottaferrata—did not stute of Saint Nilus stand centre of the courtyard. Such fortifications were n structed for adornment; t sence here suggests that th within these walls were at their neighbors, and had themselves with means of d

In the tenth century of tian era this place enters tory. Greek monks of the St. Basil, driven out of the in Calabria by the sought a refuge here. At t was the Abbot Nilus. H how charming was this s the Alban Hills in the ba and away in the distance, sun-lighted plain, the City settled down here. Since t centuries have passed over t of Grottaferrata, and it ma that every one of them ha traces in this monastic retr

Among the historical me the place, one that is not r gotten is associated with t ansing Emperor Frederick I thirteenth century. He and lowers sacked the Abbey, an other precious objects wh carried off to Lucera, in t of Italy, was a bronze co adorned the fountain. This posed to have been the wor celebrated Greek sculptor. My lived three centuries before It was given to the Abbey t Counts of Tusculum, w it in one of the ancient villa neighborhood, where it was by one of the generals who ad Greece and carried off i sures to Italy. This exquis of sculpture was held in s uch that the Abbots had it copied their seal as the distinctive place. People believed t symbol of the cow in the se the symbol of the Church. Ahey, which supplies nouris the poor; whereas the real that it was a record of the Greek sculptor's work. In tre of the architecture over of the church a bas-relief in of that work is still to be s this is probably the only memorial of Myron's cow.

Three centuries later Cardin Rovere, who was afterwards Julius II., was appointed Commendatory of Grottaferrata by nature a warrior grace a priest. Following t cow instincts, he arranged t part of this Abbey as a fortifi and the inner part—the cou