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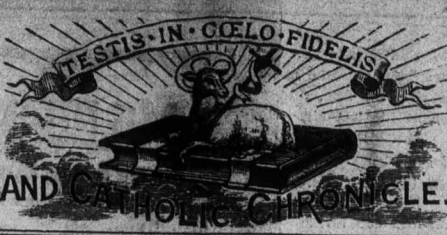
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MONTREAL

# The True Witness



Vol. LVI, No. 5

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, AUGUST 9, 1906.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## His Memory a Cherished National Inheritance.

(By the Gaelic Editor of the Irish World.)

While men of all nationalities and creeds throughout the world are speaking reverent words and with uncovered heads over the newly-made grave in Straide churchyard, it may not be unfitting if we too say a word of the dead.

We are moved to the word by the question raised in the last days of the patriot's life and the discussion since his untimely death, as to whether he was an Irish Irlander. Not that we are going to "peep and botanize" over the grave of the dead patriot, for that would be as repulsive as it is unnecessary, and in any event the question has been sufficiently answered in the Irish World.

That Michael Davitt's great passion in life was an Irish nation, composed of a free, prosperous, educated and happy people, with lofty ideals, there is no need to assert; and, alas, to how few of those of us who are prone to weaving theories, to telling others what they should do and to the questioning and criticizing of men of force and of action, is it given to do so much for the realization of our hopes and ambitions for our country, as has crowned the life efforts of Michael Davitt. How many of us, or rather how few, can point out as a result of our efforts much less of our philosophizing, one step taken by our country towards freedom and nationhood and prosperity, one shackle thrown off our people, one comfort added to their lives, one inspiration leading to personal independence and to the freedom of their country. No, it behooves us to approach the grave of Michael Davitt and to speak of him and his life and his work not only with respect, veneration and gratitude, but with humility. Michael Davitt did not turn his great love and passion for Ireland into the special fields of the restoration of the Irish language and civilization, as did Father O'Growney and Dr. Douglas Hyde, but he himself was one of the noblest exemplars of Irish civilization which have enriched and blessed our country. Were Father O'Growney and Dr. Hyde born in the circumstances which surrounded the birth and early years of Davitt, had they been heirs as he was to the hardships which iniquitous government, wanton injustice and relentless exaction wrought upon his people, were they as he was the victim of these destroying tyrannies, they would undoubtedly as he did consecrate their lives to the destruction of such intolerable conditions during whose existence the people could not emerge from abject slavery, much less be prosperous, intelligent, independent builders of an Irish Ireland. Some time ago we read in an Irish provincial paper of an interview between a landlord and his tenants, the chief spokesman of the latter being the Catholic curate. After consultation with the tenants the priest politely but firmly rejected the landlord's terms for the sale of the property. The landlord appealed for the maintenance of friendly relations at least if they could not come to terms, and the priest replied that there was not on their side the slightest feeling of revenge or enmity, but that the conditions of the past were intolerable and that his people owed it to themselves, to their children and to their country to secure possession of their own land upon livable terms. The landlord was the applicant for terms and for friendship. A short time before we were reading one of the humiliating but vivid descriptions of William Carleton of "gale day" at the landlord's house. In a peeling rain the tenants waited in line outside the door, huddled and spiritless, each awaiting in fear and trembling, mixed with an abject resignation, for the privilege of hearing whether his rent would be accepted or whether the "sentence of death" would be passed upon him and his family at home. Nothing suggestive of the fighting race in that squalid picture. What a change has occurred in a life time, in a generation at most. That it seems to us to be a sub-

ject for the brush of the Irish artist to come, that volition from the bowed and uncovered head in the drenching rain to the erect, independent man rejecting the landlord's terms, and that devotion from the arrogant, brutal landlord to the mild gentleman suing for terms of peace. Such a picture or pictures would be in a large measure a record of the achievement of the little Irish-speaking boy, who was thrown upon the roadside to witness the destruction of his father's home. Little use would it be to raise the banner of Irish Ireland before the downcast eyes and hopeless hearts of the land slaves; but the way of Irish Ireland was prepared and made straight by the men and the movements that created that great revolution, and of these there were none so great as Michael Davitt.

It is true also that his enforced familiarity with a phase of human, or inhuman, life that most have read of, but few if any who have not undergone the ordeal can realize, broadened his sympathies and enlisted his generous heart not only in the cause of his countrymen and of the poor and oppressed, but with the outcasts, who are so often the victims of society, just as he was the victim of a pitiless tyranny. So, like Mangan, but from different conditions, Michael Davitt came to have an enduring sympathy "for all souls who suffer."

But he was an Irish Irlander withal—not only in that he contributed perhaps more than any other one man to make an Irish Ireland possible, but in practice and above all in character. In his early home, and even in its fragments when it was divided and scattered, the tongue of his fathers was never forgotten or discarded, and when he in turn made a home it was an Irish one, where love of country was inhaled as the air, and where the national language was cherished. To the revival of Irish industries he contributed more of his time and money than any public man in Ireland of his generation.

But in his own personality he was the great exemplar of Irish Ireland. He was born a peasant and he lived a prince among men—not in worldly riches but in his priceless possessions of heart and mind. He was staunchly, absolutely, unflinchingly honest; he could not be dishonest if he tried; it was not a matter of principle with him, it was his inheritance, it was part of his being. He was sublimely courageous. With hardly less fervor or zeal did he espouse causes and proclaim opinions, that he knew would be unpopular than he preached emancipation of the land slaves amidst the plaudits of those whose cause he was pleading. For unity and for Ireland he would sacrifice everything but principle and truth; for persons, no matter how great or how powerful, he would not recede an inch. Neither hope of reward nor fear of punishment or condemnation would lead him to espouse a cause he did not thoroughly believe in, or to utter a word he did not mean. Such a man would be an example, an inspiration in any country or in any age; but in this age, rife with opportunities, with sophistries and platitudes, where opinions and their expression can be purchased outright by lucre, influenced by "a lively sense of favors to come," or shaped to flatter the audience, such a man as Michael Davitt appears as a tower of strength and of inspiration, an encouragement to those of good intentions, but of little faith, a proof that rectitude is not folly, that nobility, truth, unselfishness and idealism still exist among men.

It is unnecessary to add anything to the universal testimony to Davitt's kindly nature, his simplicity, his pure and sweet life, his simple but warm faith. As Davis said of Wolfe Tone,

"For in him was the heart of a woman, Combined with a heroic life."

Passionately devoted to Ireland as he was and intensely though he suffered for her, seeing the destruction of his home and the banishment of his family, he never became embittered or soured and he could hate none of God's creation. The abstract thing known as the British Government he hated vehemently, and all other forms of injustice and oppression everywhere. His valedictory, his parting message, reflects in its simple and unegotistic way the lofty patriot, the devoted husband and father, the true Christian. It is one of the most beautiful and touching things in human literature. And as it is not merely simply eloquent words but the last message of a noble man whose life was devoted to our country and whose memory should be cherished by us, Michael Davitt's valedictory should find a conspicuous place in every Irish home the world over, not alone that his memory should be kept green, but that patriotism, truth, courage and fidelity might be kindled or take heart again.

As we have previously said, Michael Davitt's character was a national asset, his memory should be a cherished national inheritance. He deserves to rank not only amongst those who have shed lustre upon our country, but, higher still, amongst those whose intense honesty and unflinching courage left their mark upon the history of their time and bequeathed to their people an example of heroic and unpurchasable devotion to truth always. Such was Columbanus, who refused to purchase immunity from Brunehilde by remaining silent upon the morals of her court; such under almost similar circumstances was Geoffrey Keating centuries later, when the threats of the Lord President's lady had no terrors for him and the shelter of a cave was the reward of his honesty and courage. Such in later centuries and in different times were Thomas Davis and John Mitchell, whose chivalric natures, embodying the purest honesty, the most sublime courage and the noblest of lives, were alike an asset and an inspiration to their own countrymen and to humanity. With these rank Michael Davitt, and let it not be alone "the tear at this moment shed" that will testify our appreciation of his heroic life and our reverence for his memory.

### Body of Pope Leo XIII to be removed to St. John Lateran's.

A recent cable from Rome announces that arrangements have been made for the removal of the body of Leo XIII. from the Vatican to St. John Lateran's, in which that Pope had prepared his last resting place. It is stated that the government was willing to give the funeral of the illustrious Pontiff a solemn character by having it take place in the daytime with military honors. The Vatican, however, insists that the removal shall be unceremonious, and that it shall take place in the night, when it is believed there is no possibility of any unseemly interruption.

### Obliging a Friend

An interesting story has leaked out in connection with the Orange celebration of the Twelfth of July in County Armagh. An accident, it appears, happened to the drum belonging to the Orange Lodge in Newtownhamilton. The master of the lodge, however, solved the problem. He obtained the loan of the drum of the Nationalist "Robert Emmet" Band of Newtownhamilton. This recalls another Ulster story. On the morning of July 13, many years ago, a page of type of a Catholic paper was "pied" just before going to press. What was to be done? An Orange paper was appealed to, and the only page it could give was one containing "bird speeches made the previous day on the 'Twelfth' platforms." The Catholic paper accepted the offer, as it was the only chance of publishing at all. But the sub-editor saved the situation. He put at the top of the speeches heading which read: "This is the kind of thing served up to its readers by our Orange contemporary."

### BURYING BIGOTRY

Independent Orange Order Hold a Novel Twelfth of July Celebration.

The Independent Orange Order held a separate celebration at Belfast on the Twelfth of July, at which Deputy Grand Master Lindsay Crawford made some remarks in striking contrast with those made at the demonstration of the old Loyal Orange Institution on the same day. He said that the new movement was a revolt against the tyranny of ignorance, bigotry and unreasonable prejudice. They were opening the eyes of Ulster Protestants, who had so long sat in Tory darkness, and they had set Ulster thinking. They appeared from an Ulster intolerant and ignorant to an Ulster tolerant and enlightened, and they were not ashamed. They appealed as a moderating force in the political life of their country. They stood for toleration, which was the first step towards the light of liberty, and towards that reconciliation between north and south for which every Irishman prayed. Whenever the flag of Independent Orangeism had been unfurled they found a marked improvement in the relations between Protestants and Catholics, and an absence of that sectarian hate which in former years had led to disturbance and often to bloodshed. The example they set of toleration and good-will towards their Catholic countrymen had borne fruit in the ranks of the old order. For generations Orange leaders had pandered to the lowest instincts of the mob, and had encouraged sectarian and party divisions among the people for their own selfish ends. Independent Orangemen had chosen the better part, and while their Catholic countrymen might disagree with the doctrines of the Protestant religion, they were determined, God helping them, that their creed would not be identified with ignorant bravado and pot-house oratory, but that its principles would be respected even by its opponents. Independent Orangeism stood for practical Christianity, and the propagation of its principles, as outlined in the Magheramone manifesto, had softened the asperities of political controversy and drawn closer together in the bonds of national affinity Ireland's long-divided sons.

They held out the right hand of fellowship to their Catholic countrymen, and hoped the day would soon dawn in Ireland when the only rivalry between them would be in loyalty to their country and whole-hearted service in her cause. But their institution had justified its existence on other grounds. It had taught the Protestants of Ulster that Ireland was their native land and that they could not be true to themselves or loyal to the empire if they were not first loyal to their country. Patriotism banished sectarian hate and broke down the barriers which had so long divided Irishmen: Instinct with life, it taught the Ulster Protestants that he had a duty to his neighbor, and that before he laid his gifts on the altar he must first be reconciled to his brother. It did more—it brought him face to face with the needs of the country and awakened in him a sense of his responsibility as a citizen. The Ulsterman had been taught to look to England as his native land, to mistake loyalty to England for patriotism, and then wondered why he was regarded as an alien. Independent Orangemen put their country first in their affection, and were persuaded that he was the true Unionist and the true loyalist who endeavored to make his country a living, progressive unit in a federated empire. Following the resurrection of national ideals in Ulster, it was only natural that they as Irishmen should protest against the denationalization of their country and the deliberate attempts which had been made to rob her of her peculiar national characteristics. Whatever ignorant, unthinking men might say to the contrary, Ireland had an individuality all her own, and her true destiny lay in its natural growth and development. Ireland could only develop along her own individual

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### The Spread of the Faith

The General Intention Recommended by His Holiness, Pius X. for the Apostleship of Prayer

Christ stood on a mountain in Galilee. "All power is given to me," He said to His followers, "in heaven and in earth. Going, therefore, teach all nations, baptizing them, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and behold I am with you all days."

There is the height, breadth, depth and length of Christ's Kingdom. It is high as heaven to which "all power" rises; it is broad as the "world which comprehends all nations"; it is deep as Christ's profound teaching and embraces "all things." He commanded, it is long as time, for Christ is with it "all days."

The Faith must spread through all these dimensions, making use of Christ's power, converting all nations, enforcing all His commands, encouraged by His companionship for all days. When He said "go" to His followers, He said it to us. We must all be apostles for the spread of His Faith.

There must be apostles of the purse who spread His Faith by contributions, giving generously to Peter's Pence, to the Propagation of the Faith, to the Holy Childhood, and to those more recent societies which spread the Faith among the neglected, the Indians, the negroes, and those of our country who are not Catholics.

There must be apostles of practice, living Catholic Truth Societies, whose good example and loyalty to religion and its duties will keep themselves true Catholics and bring others to become Catholics.

There must be apostles of preaching, first, in the wide sense, to teach the Faith in Sunday school and everyday schools, whether they are lay people or religious; then, secondly, in the strict sense, to be priests, especially on the missions in distant countries. America must be an apostolic nation as other nations have been.

Finally, all must be apostles of prayer, spreading the Faith by their lives which they offer to God entirely, in order to beg grace from Him for the conversion of the world, and arousing in their hearts the true apostolic spirit which will make them generous to give, constant to practice and courageous to volunteer for the spread of the Faith.

The early Church presents us with two classes of martyrs, those whose lives were sacrificed to the fury of pagan persecutors against the Christian name, and those who died or suffered in maintaining the orthodox faith attacked by the Arians and other heretics. To this second class belongs St. Eusebius, a zealous Roman priest. By order of the Emperor Constantine he was confined a prisoner in a room of his own house where the days of his captivity were passed in almost unbroken prayer. There is an ancient church in Rome, one of the Lenten stations, dedicated under the invocation of St. Eusebius.

We should hate heresy, though we are bound to love the heretic. Heresy is the formal denial of any revealed truth; it is a deliberate refusal to admit the teaching of the Church. Some embrace it of their own choice because they are deceived by others or misled by their own self-interest; others are born and raised in it. Others are born and raised in ignorance of it. We must pity and pray

### A GREAT JOURNALIST

Of Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., the famous journalist, who will soon visit the United States and Canada as a delegate of the Irish Parliamentary party to the convention of the United Irish League in Philadelphia on October 2-3, The Casket of Antigonish says:

If ever there was a journalist who could be called phenomenal, it is certainly T. P. O'Connor. He has founded several papers, and after making a success of them has sold them as valuable property. For some years past he has been associated with two, "M.A.P." and "T. P.'s Weekly." Lately, when he announced his intention of retiring from the first of these and starting another, the publisher of "M.A.P." Mr. Pearson, thought it so serious a matter that he tried to get out an injunction to stay such a proceeding. He did not succeed, however, and the prospectus of "T. P. O." was issued in the fashion usual in England. Even "T. P." himself was staggered by the response. Half a million subscribers demanded the first number, and \$50,000 worth of advertising was booked at once.

For our own part, we can see in "T. P.'s" writing nothing but the light, agreeable, high-class gossip of a man well-informed in literature, politics and social matters.

His sketch of Davitt, which is the latest thing we have seen from his pen, discusses the career of that great man in a tone mingled of admiration and good-humored contempt. Mr. O'Connor has a lightness of touch, and a skill at portraiture which is more commonly found on the other side of the Channel, and he is probably the only man in England who can draw what the French call un portrait intime. Yet his hold upon the English reading world is truly extraordinary, more especially so when we remember that he is President of the United Irish League of Great Britain, that he travels up and down the land making speeches at branch meetings, and that he is one of the most active members of the House of Commons when any Irish business is before it. The whole history of journalism will be searched in vain for another instance of such popularity. Ephemeral as is the quality of his work, however, it is animated by a spirit which does him great credit, a spirit which is expressed in the following lines of his salutatory to the readers of "T. P. O.":

"The reader will look in vain for any ill-natured word, for any petty gossip, for any scandal in these pages. The editors of newspapers, among other painful experiences, are sometimes made to realize how much malice there is in the world; and a newspaper office, if the conductors of it only wish to have it so, can easily be transformed, as in Venice, into a lion's mouth, into which denunciations will be freely poured, especially by the anonymous calumniator and the backbiter. . . . No; even though the journalist knows something of the seamy side of an event or of some individual, it is his business to hold his tongue. The vast power which print, especially print that is largely read—has, must impose a corresponding responsibility, and if any journalist be well punished for the propagation of the malicious falsehood, or even of unnecessary and painful truth about individuals, he deserves, in my opinion, all he gets. I do hope that never in these pages will there appear a word which can wound anybody. One can be graphic and even personal, without being either offensive or unkind."

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

One of Chicago's pioneer clubwomen, Mrs. Frances Norton, strenuously advocates the granting of pensions to mothers by the State. She holds that the state owes a duty to the mother and that as each child is a prospective citizen its entrance into the world should be marked by a bounty from the state which would free the needy mother from dependence on an unskilled or unwilling husband and give her time to rear her children. Mrs. Norton brought the proposition to the petition stage before the Austin Woman's Club recently. This petition is to be followed by others at the different Chicago clubs and will end with a petition which will be sent to the proper authorities for consideration. The idea, which is not worked out in detail as yet, takes a somber view of the subject. The rich will not have children, the speaker said, and therefore it behooves the state to make it possible for those who have children and are in need to rear the children in a way to make good citizens of them. France has met this necessity and pensioned parents; also there was a fund for educating the seventh son at the government expense in some cases. "The condition which made this necessary, although not yet upon us," Mrs. Norton added, "is coming." Mrs. Norton's plan provides that the mother be paid a certain amount per child for his care until it reaches fourteen. "This," said Mrs. Norton, "is the only practical way to make the anti-race suicide theory effective. The money which could be saved from the expenses of the courts by giving each child a chance for a home and material care would be enough to pay for the work of pensioning motherhood. There would be fewer criminals if the children and their parents had a better chance."

NEATNESS.

We all have among our acquaintances the girl, who, without being in the least good-looking, always manages to look neat and well-dressed. Perhaps she has only a small allowance for dress, but whenever you meet her, she is sure to look smart and attractive, while other girls, with a great deal more money at their command, look shabby and ill-dressed. The reason is simply and solely that the first girl has the true secret of correctness and smartness in dress, that of having a place for everything and everything in its place. Then, too, there is a vast difference in the manner in which girls put on their clothes. Some girls have a sort of knack of putting their clothes on neatly, and with a certain effectiveness, which shows itself in a plain shirt waist as in a more fashionable gown. Attention to detail helps to a large extent, and after that the selection of becoming colors and trills makes artistic dressing plain sailing to many girls whose pocketbook boasts of no extraordinary amount of money.

BLESSED VIRGIN'S INFLUENCE ON DOMESTIC LIFE.

Of the sentiments which in all ages have distinguished the gentleman from the churl, the first is that of reverence for womanhood, which even through all the cruelties of the middle ages, developed itself with increasing power until the thirteenth century and became consummated in the imagination of the Madonna, which ruled over all the highest arts and purest thoughts of that age. To the common non-Catholic mind the dignities ascribed to the Madonna have always been a violent offense. They are one of the parts of the Catholic faith open to reasonable dispute and least comprehensible by the average realist and materialist temper of the Reformation.

LUBY'S Parisian Hair Restorer. The Great success and reputation that it has already obtained proves that Luby's Parisian Hair Restorer restores gray hair to its natural color, and, from its balsamic properties, strengthens the growth, removes all dandruff, and leaves the scalp clean and healthy. Can be had of all chemists. 50 cents a bottle.

But after the most careful examination, neither as adversary nor as friend of the influences of Catholicity for good and evil, I am persuaded that the honor paid to the Madonna has been one of the noblest and most vital graces, and has never been otherwise than productive of true holiness of life and purity of character. I do not enter into any question as to the truth or the fallacy of the idea. I no more wish to defend the historical or theological position of the Madonna than of St. Michael or St. Christopher; but I am certain that to the habit of reverent belief in, and contemplation of the character ascribed to the heavenly hierarchies we must ascribe the highest results achieved in human nature.

There has probably not been an innocent cottage home throughout the length and breadth of Europe during the whole period of vital Christianity in which the imaged presence of the Madonna has not given sanctity to the humblest duties and comfort to the sorest trials of the lives of women; and every brightest and loftiest achievement of the arts and strength of manhood has been the fulfillment of the assured prophecy of the Israelite maiden: "He that is mighty hath magnified me; and holy is His name."—John Ruskin.

THE IRONY OF IT.

An Atchison woman whose husband has a small salary, and who helps all she can by doing her own work and keeping down expenses, had a note lately from an old friend saying she would pass through town and would like to see the Atchison woman. The old school friend had married and was living elegantly. The Atchison woman was anxious to make a showing before her, and as she had two weeks to get ready, devoted her entire time to plans and work for the 6 o'clock dinner for her friend. She borrowed several Turkish rugs and silver and cut glass from friends whom she took into her confidence. She told her husband she would give up her fall suit and spend the money on the dinner. He thought Mary was acting rather foolish, but let her have her way. She hired a first-class cook to get a nine-course dinner, and a pretty young colored girl and decked her out in a white cap and apron to act as nurse for the children for that one evening. She took one of her old trousseau dresses and fixed it up for a dinner gown, and when night came, put it on, and squeezed her husband into a dress suit he had worn when he was married. The friend came and everything went off beautifully. After dinner the nurse brought the children, in starched dresses and gay sashes, into the parlor to see "Mamma's friend." They were speechless with wonder over the magnificence of "papa" in his dress suit, and "mamma" in a party dress, but they had been coached and did not betray any surprise. Finally the grand guest came to the saying of good-bye to her hostess and said: "The beauty of my visit with you, Mary, is that you have not taken the slightest trouble, but have given me a glimpse of your simple, everyday life. I would have felt terrible to have thought that I had made you any trouble, but your simple little family dinner was delicious."—Atchison Globe.

HOW SOME PARENTS REAR THEIR CHILDREN.

Believing that good parentage and good home training are the most potent factors for the production of the right sort of men and women for this world and the next, we avail ourselves of this suggestive query from the Atchison Globe: "An Atchison girl of fifteen gets up in the morning, eats breakfast, which her mother prepares, goes upstairs, and takes care of her room, and then goes down town, sometimes taking two hours to buy a spool of thread. She eats dinner, which her mother has prepared, wears clothes her mother has made, spends the afternoon reading story books or gadding with her friends, eats supper her mother

has prepared, and spends the evening with her girl friends. She has done nothing wicked all day, and her mother is satisfied that she is bringing her up right. But is she?"

"Too prim and too formal" is the pronouncement of Cardinal Gibbons on the homes of many American women. He says such places make a visitor feel uncomfortable. The Cardinal has noted that the average American parlor is too "company-like." Everything is set at rights, and it is obviously a show place. He says every room in a happy home should have the air of being occupied and enjoyed. Books should be lying around, and flowers and music should be seen. Books are the index of the life of every household, says the prelate, and they should be chosen carefully.

STEAMING HER FACE.

Mrs. George R. McLane's complexion is the despair of all other matrons who have seen it. "All due to washing my face in steam," she explains. "I open the valve and place my face as close to it as the heat will permit and lie there for a quarter of an hour. The effect is lovely. The roughest skin will become as soft as velvet in a few trials. I wonder why all women do not steam themselves. The hot towel on the face I abominate."—New York Press.

BRIGHTENING CARPETS.

Although there are many new liquids for freshening and brightening carpets, nothing will do the work better than ox gall. Use one gill to a gallon of cold soft water, stirring the ox gall into the water with a stick. With a soft brush rub the carpet, making a white lather. Two persons should do this work, one following the other and washing the lather off with clear water. The water should be changed often, and then the carpet should be rubbed with clean cloths until dry.

TIMELY HINTS.

Do not leave scrubbing brushes with the bristles turned up or the dampness from them will run into the body of the brush and loosen the bristles in their sockets. When housecleaning the bedroom wash the toilet ware with soap and water, and then fill the vessels with boiling hot soda water; put them out in the air and leave them filled for half a day until thoroughly disinfected. Never put summer clothes away in a soiled condition. They may be needed in a hurry when the first warm days of spring occur, and then there is much discomfort. Linen and muslins should be packed away unstarched, however, to prevent their becoming yellow. A glass decanter may be cleaned by breaking up egg shells into small pieces, putting them into the decanter, which is half filled with water, and thoroughly shaken. Ordinary writing ink may be removed from carpet or colored stuffs as follows: Soak up as much as possible with a blotter, then apply milk with a soft, clean rag, allowing the milk to soak thoroughly into the stain. It will draw out the ink most successfully. Wicker furniture which has been varnished will not take enamel until the varnish has been washed off with boiling water, in which there is a little washing soda. After it dries rub it thoroughly with a piece of flannel dipped in turpentine, and after this has been aired for 24 hours, rub with sandpaper, after which the wicker may be either painted or dyed satisfactorily. Wash white marbles with clear water and a soft brush. Clean mirrors carefully, rubbing until every speck and spot have disappeared.

RECIPES.

Cinnamon cakes without eggs, as given by "Martha" in the Chicago Record-Herald, will be welcome when the hens are niggardly in laying. Dissolve one teaspoonful of baking soda in a little hot water; add to it half a cupful of molasses, half a pint of sour cream, half a pound of brown sugar, the grated zest of half a lemon, one rounding tablespoonful of cinnamon, a pinch of allspice and mace, three cupfuls of sifted flour; finally one pound of seeded raisins, cut fine and lightly flavored. Bake in loaf or gem pans in a moderate oven. Cherry and Grapefruit Salad.—Take two cups of red and two of white California cherries, stone them and put each by itself on ice. Peel two grapefruit, cut them in halves by sections, and with scissors remove the membrane, so that the pulp

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS FOR WEAK PEOPLE. These pills cure all diseases and disorders arising from weak heart, worn out nerves or watery blood, such as Palpitation, Skip Beats, Throbbing, Smothering, Dizziness, Weak or Faint Spells, Anæmia, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Brain Pain, General Debility and Lack of Vitality. They are a true heart tonic, nerve food and blood purifier, building up and renewing all the worn out and wasted tissues of the body and restoring perfect health. Price 50c. a box, or 5 for \$1.50, at all druggists.

is left dry. Chill this also and arrange the two fruits on a round platter on a little lettuce, the cherries alternating in color and the grapefruit in the middle in a pyramid. When ready to serve pour French dressing over all or the cherries may be served by themselves on lettuce hearts. For pickled onions use the silver skin variety. Place them in hot water to protect the eyes while peeling them. Put into brine for 24 hours, boil up, strain off the brine and dry. Then bottle, covering with vinegar. Use white vinegar if you wish to retain the white color. Add some whole peppers, bruised ginger, and a little sliced horseradish. Beet Salad.—Take one-half a cupful of sugar, two or three cloves, a teaspoonful of white mustard seed, an inch stick of mace and a pint and a half of vinegar. Boil until reduced one-half. Add medium sized cold boiled beets, and cook for twenty minutes. When cold pour cold water over the beets and wipe them dry. Serve on lettuce leaves with a French dressing.

A short time ago a self-made man, who was trying to show off before others, came to grief. It happened at a travelling show which visited his local town, of which he was (in his own estimation, at least) a very prominent character. He was taking his family and several friends around and explaining in a very bombastic manner histories of all the animals and birds in the show. When they had walked through the exhibition, they came upon a notice on which was painted in large letters: "To the egress."

FUNNY SAYINGS.

Thinking to improve the situation, the self-made man looked round and said grandiloquently to those in his wake: "I suppose very few of you know what an egress is. I will now proceed to explain the points of this bird to you. Follow me." And, walking through the door to which the notice pointed, he found himself—in the street!

A TEST.

According to Harper's Weekly, the head of a theological seminary in the south tests the self-possession and adaptability of his students by sending them into the pulpit with a sealed envelope containing a text on which a sermon is to be delivered offhand. On one such occasion the student, on opening his paper, read these instructions: "Apply the story of Zaccheus to your own circumstances and your call to the ministry." The student, cleverly enough, delivered himself of the following: "Brethren, the subject on which I address you is a reference to my qualifications for the pulpit. The first thing we read of Zaccheus is that he was small of stature. I never felt so small as I do now. In the second place, we read that Zaccheus was up a tree, which is very much my position at present. Thirdly, it is related that Zaccheus made haste to come down, and in this I gladly and promptly follow his example."—London Tribune.

TOLD OUT OF SCHOOL.

The infant terrible is always with us, and in making trouble runs a close race with the wagging tongue of scandal. Accompanied by her young hopeful, a woman was calling on a friend who happened to live in one of a row of houses of exactly the same appearance. "The great objection to living in a row of houses," remarked the hostess, "is the liability of making a

THE POET'S CORNER.

THE IMMORTALS.

The singers of the world: Ah, who are they? Those who have put away All hope of gain and rulership and place To go, despised, on the unending chase After high Beauty, following where she runs— Beauty in twilights, stars and moons and suns, Beauty in sea-wings flashed above gray capes, Beauty in dawns and midnights and cloud-shapes, Beauty in snowdrifts, pools and rushing storms Beauty in laughter and in living forms— Onward unresting over crag and stream, Chasing the flying Dream, Till the white equities of moon and stars, Sowing their light afar, Lead on their feet to kingdoms waiting long Where, young forever, dwell they glad with song.

The poets of the earth—they cannot perish, Their music men will cherish; Their songs build down as the large suns grow light; They are the morning-makers of our night— Great kings of melody forever hymning Beauty and love, with jocund eyes clear—brimming. The races rise and rule and pass, but they Immutable and glad like strong gods stay In cool green places where the years are young; And hearts of lovers hold the strains they've sung, Deathless tho' dead, they have perpetual youth And Beauty know as Truth; Priests of white hope they urge men's souls still on To tracts of fairer dawn; And it is always April where they wait Secure in morn that nevermore grows late.

OLD AGE.

It is too late! Ah, nothing is too late Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate, Cato learned Greek at eighty; Sophocles Wrote his grand Oedipus, and Sionides Bore off the prize of verse from his compeers, When each had numbered more than four-score years; And Theophrastus at four-score and ten Had but begun his "Characters of Men." Chaucer at Woodstock, with the nightingales,

NO MORE OVERCROWDED STREET CARS.

If the law would compel every man, woman and child to use "Foot Elm" the public understanding would soon become so sound and healthy that people would think walking a pleasure. "Foot Elm" makes feet healthy and prevents sweating, chafing and blistering.

PAT GOT THE GOOSE.

An Irishman and a Hebrew were lost in the woods. Half starved, they killed a single goose, which, not being enough for two, they decided to keep till the next morning, and the one having the most pleasant dream was to have it. "And what did ye dream?" asked Pat. "Oh, I had a beautiful dream," said the Hebrew. "I dreamed the angels were drawing me up to heaven in a basket, and I was never before so happy." Upon the Hebrew concluding his dream, Pat exclaimed: "Well, sure, I saw ye going, and thought ye wouldn't be back, so I got up and ate the goose myself!"

There are a number of varieties of corns. Holloway's Corn Cure will remove any of them. Call on your druggist and get a bottle at once.

As they wrote the "Canterbury Tales," Goethe at Weimar, toiling to the last, Completed "Faust" when eighty years were past.

What, then? Shall we sit down and say The night hath come; it is no longer day? The night hath not yet come; we are not quite Cut off from labor by the failing light. Something remains for us to do or dare, Even the oldest trees some fruit may bear. For age is opportunity no less Than youth itself, though in another dress, And as the evening twilight fades away, The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.

MIZPAH.

The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another.—Gen. 31:39.

Go thou thy way, and I go mine; Apart, yet not afar; Only a thin veil hangs between The pathways where we are, And "God keep watch 'tween thee and me."

I know not where thy road may lie, Or which way mine will be; If mine will lead through parehing sands And thine beside the sea; Yet "God keep watch 'tween thee and me."

He holds thy hand, He claspeth mine, And keeps us near. Should wealth and fame, perchance, be thine, And my lot lowly be; Or you be sad and sorrowful, And glory be for me, Yet "God keep watch 'tween thee and me."

Both be His care. One arm 'round thee and one 'round me Will keep us near. I sigh, sometimes, to see thy face, But since this may not be, I'll leave thee to the care of Him, Who cares for thee and me.

"I'll keep thee both beneath my wings"— This comforts, dear, One wing o'er thee and one o'er me, So we are near. And though our paths be separate, And thy way is not mine, Yet coming to the mercy seat, My soul will meet with thine, And "God keep watch 'tween thee and me."

I'll whisper there, He bleeseth thee, He bleeseth me, And we are near.

Dear Aunt Becky.

As my sister and I Wednesday afternoon would write and tell we had. We did not until about two o'clock very warm. As we of the children were in the woods, where they swing to amuse the c were in the swing parnoon. Then we went river until supper time supper in the woods n There is a lot of hay in the fields just at p raining pretty heavy b but no thunder or light berries are just about sister and I were out our last picking. We pint. I intend going afternoon for a little v my visits are nearly o holidays are growing d dear Aunt Becky, as n getting long I guess I t bye.

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OUR

Dear Girls and Boys.

I am sure Annie O McC. must have had at the lawn party. has about a month y commences to visit to think the time glad to bid Maude C our corner. She wr long letter. I hope circus as much as she Joseph is improving letter writing. I an delighted with the n cousins brought h what his papa will see this letter. Ethel and stay as long as her grandmamma in must be a great pleas little ones go down t her. How kind Uncol be to humor Ethel an he does, and what d they have had. Just times of Aunt Becky s who are slowly wast and draw in some nic for them. Your loving AU

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys:

I am sure Annie O.N. and Agnes McC. must have had a lovely time at the lawn party. Why, Annie has about a month yet before school commences to visit, still she seems to think the time very short. I am glad to bid Maude C. welcome to our corner. She wrote such a nice long letter. I hope she enjoyed the circus as much as she expected to. Joseph is improving very much in letter writing. I am sure he was delighted with the nice presents his cousins brought him. I wonder what his papa will say when he sees this letter. Ethel T. should try and stay as long as she can with her grandmamma in Quebec, for it must be a great pleasure to have the little ones go down to visit with her. How kind Uncle Jack must be to humor Ethel and her sister as he does, and what delightful trips they have had. Just think sometimes of Aunt Becky and the cousins who are slowly wasting in the city and draw in some nice long breaths for them.

Your loving AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky:

As my sister and I were to a party Wednesday afternoon I thought I would write and tell you what fun we had. We did not leave home until about two o'clock as it was very warm. As we got there part of the children were coming up to the woods, where they had a nice swing to amuse the children. We were in the swing part of the afternoon. Then we went down the river until supper time. We had our supper in the woods near the swing. There is a lot of hay and grain out in the fields just at present. It is raining pretty heavy here just now, but no thunder or lightning. The berries are just about gone. My sister and I were out Thursday for our last picking. We got about a pint. I intend going away Sunday afternoon for a little visit. I expect my visits are nearly over, as the holidays are growing short. Well, dear Aunt Becky, as my letter is getting long I guess I will say good-bye.

Your loving niece, ANNIE O.N.

Lonsdale, Aug. 3.

Dear Aunt Becky:

As it is raining this afternoon, and having nothing to do at present I thought I would write to you. The harvest apples are ripe. We have six trees of them. My sister and aunties came home Sunday morning. I was glad to see them. They brought me some presents. I was at a lawn party Tuesday afternoon. There were about eighteen there. We had tea out in the woods, and we had a very pleasant time. I expect to go visiting my cousin next week. It will not be long until we are going to school again. We have a new teacher for our school yet, but I hope we will get one, as I expect to try the entrance next year. Well, dear auntie, as I have no more to tell this time, good-bye.

Your loving niece, AGNES McC.

Lonsdale, Aug. 3.

Dear Aunt Becky:

As this is my first attempt at writing to you I will ask you to make allowances for me. While reading the letters in the True Witness I took a fancy to write and hope to see my letter published next week. School has finished, and we look forward once again to the happy holidays. I have enjoyed them so far and only hope they shall end as happily as they commenced. Mostly all our school companions have departed for the country, and I hear from them frequently. I went down the country intending to remain till school commenced, but I soon found it was too quiet and returned in a few days. My sister has just returned from Tadoussac, and enjoyed her trip very much. We play a good deal of games here and have plenty of fun. We are all looking forward to the circus, which is to arrive August 4th. I have never been to a circus in my life and I am looking forward to it with great pleasure. I am very fond of reading, which occupies most of my time. No-

thing gives me such pleasure. I shall be lonesome this month, for my sister is going to Montreal, and although there will be five at home, they are not like her; she is my particular chum.

Well, dear Aunt Becky, I will induce my little friends to write to you to fill up the corner next month. Well, good-bye, dear Auntie, Your loving niece,

Quebec, Aug. 3.

Dear Aunt Becky:

Do you remember I wrote to you about my cousins who were coming to see me this summer. Well, they really came last Tuesday morning. I used to ask mamma every day when they were coming, and she would say, "Oh, some day, soon." But I just think she had decided they were not coming. My cousins, you know, Aunt Becky, are young ladies. One I saw last summer, but the other cousin has not been here for nine years, so I did not know her. They brought me some books and games, so I am playing all day long with the games. The books are quite hard for me to read. I like to hear mamma read, she is the best reader in the family. I hope papa doesn't see this letter; he thinks he can read as well as mamma, but there is one thing he can do better, and that is mow hay. I do think mamma can't drive as well as he can. Good-bye for this time.

Your loving nephew, JOSEPH.

Granby, August 3.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I am still at Quebec and having a lovely time. My grandmamma is such a good kind old lady I just love her. I have been to Ste. Anne de Beaupre and we had a lovely drive to Lorette, went to Montmorency Falls and so many other lovely places. I am sending my letter to mamma in Montreal to send to you, dear Aunt Becky. My grandmamma has a very large dog, and he is so very friendly with me I am not afraid of him. My uncle Jack is so good. He takes sister Lillie and me every place we ask him to. I am so lonesome for papa and mamma I think I will soon have to go home. Thanking one of my cousins for kindly wishing I would enjoy my trip to Quebec, I will close by wishing to see my letter in print. Good-bye, dear Aunt Becky.

Your loving niece, ETHEL T.

GETTING INFORMATION OUT OF PA.

My pa, he didn't go to town last evening after tea. But got a book an' settled down as com'fy as could be. I'll tell you I was awful glad to have my pa about. To answer all the things I had been tryin' to find out.

And so I asked him why the world is round instead of square. And why the piggies' tails are curled. And why don't fish breathe air? And why the moon don't hit a star. And why the dark is black. And jest how many birds there are. And will the wind come back?

And why does water stay in wells. And why do June bugs hum. And what's the roar I hear in shells. And when will Christmas come? And why the grass is always green. Instead of sometimes blue? And why a bean will grow a bean. And not an apple, too?

And why a horse can't learn to moo. And why a cow can't neigh? And do the fairies live on dew. And what makes hair grow gray? And then pa got up an' Geat! The awful words he said, I hadn't done a thing, but he jest sent me off to bed. -Council Bluffs Nonpareil.

DILLY AND DON AND THE DUCK'S EGG.

Something very wonderful had happened to Dilly. Now she was running "cross lots" just as fast as her two eager feet would take her. Dilly was bare-headed. Her hat lay forgotten on the floor of Farmer Brown's barn. Her pretty ruffled apron was gathered up and held firmly in both hands. The wonderful something was in Dilly's apron. All the way up the back streets to

her own pretty street ran Dilly. Faster than ever she flew from the corner home. The nearer she came to mother the more she knew she never could wait to tell her all about it. She burst into the house. "O mother!" she cried. That was all she had breath for. But she opened her apron carefully. Mother peeped in. There, round and white and shining and big, lay an egg! "What a big egg," said mother. "Where did you get it, Dilly?" "Let Don see," begged Don. "Careful, Don," said mother. Eggs break so easily, you know. Where did you get it, Dilly?" she asked again.

"Mrs. Brown gave it to me." At last Dilly's words tumbled out all in a breathless heap. "One of the hens came off her nest with six honest true teeny-weeny chicks. They are going to be in Marshall's window for Easter. Will you go with us and see them, please, mother? And Mrs. Brown had put this duck's egg in with the hen's eggs. But it hadn't hatched. So she gave it to me. May I color it for Easter? O mother, please hurry and say yes." Mother said yes. Someway Dilly's mother did have the sweetest way of saying yes whenever it could possibly be said.

Behind the kitchen stove were two cupboards. The top one was Dilly's. The lower one was Don's. In the top cupboard in a pretty basket Dilly put her precious Easter egg. The next afternoon she went down town to buy the dye. Mother was busy. Don went to Dilly's cupboard to find a ball. He and Tinker were to have a big game of ball.

There, with soft pink wool all about it lay Dilly's big egg. Very carefully Don took down the basket. The egg would roll beautifully. How Tinker would chase it! But if it should break!

Don shut the cupboard door. He would go and ask mother if he might take the egg a little while. Just then from outside the window came the sound of a hurdy-gurdy. Don was a careful little fellow. Of course, he must go and see the hurdy-gurdy man.

But first he must take care of Dilly's egg. The cupboard door stuck fast. Where could he put the egg? Quick as a flash he pushed the basket, egg and all, under the stove. It would be quite safe there.

When Don came home from following the hurdy-gurdy man, it was almost dark. As soon as he ate his supper, mother put him to bed.

Next morning early Dilly stole downstairs. She had thought out a beautiful plan. She would color the Easter egg the loveliest blue, and give it to mother for an Easter gift. Blue was mother's favorite color.

The kitchen was warm and cozy. Dilly laid the dye on the table. Then, like a little Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard, and when she got there, still like Old Mother Hubbard, she couldn't find what she wanted. There was no egg. There wasn't even any basket. A bit of pink wool lay on the shelf. And, look as she would in her cupboard, in Don's cupboard, all over the kitchen, this was all she could find of her precious egg.

When mother came, Dilly was still looking. Mother looked everywhere Dilly had looked, and everywhere else, it seemed. The egg might have been one of Dilly's dreams so completely had it vanished.

"Never mind, dear," said mother. "It must be somewhere. Anyway, you shall have another egg." But mother didn't quite understand. How could she? She couldn't know that it was over her part that Dilly felt the worst.

The duck's egg was to have been mother's Easter gift. Now, even if mother did give her another egg, she couldn't very well give it back to her.

Dilly ate a roll which had big lumps in it. She drank milk which tasted salty. Then, when it seemed that a sob must come anyway, something else came instead. It was an odd, tearing, cracking noise. It came again, and then again. Dilly looked up at mother. Mother looked down at Dilly.

"Crack-crack-crack!" The sound came from the direction of the kitchen stove. Then before mother or Dilly could do more than think and wonder, there was a queer quavering, questioning little "Quack!" After a second it came again, "Quack!" Then out from under the stove, dragging itself slowly along, bits of broken shell sticking to its feathery feet, came a forlorn little duck.

"O, O!" screamed Dilly. "O, mother, it's a duck! It's a duck! O mother!" But even Dilly's mother couldn't answer the question in Dilly's eyes and voice. And the duck had all he could do to live without answering questions. He had to be put to bed

in pink wool and taken care of. Every minute it seemed he grew bigger and stronger.

When Don came into the room a while later he was greeted by a lusty "Quack! quack!"

"O Dilly," cried Don. "What a pretty chicken! Where did you get him?" "It's a duck, Donnie," said Dillie. "It's Dilly's own dear little duck, Donnie," she exclaimed suddenly, "did you take Dilly's egg?"

"I didn't play wiv it, 'cause it would break, Dilly," said Don. "I only just took it down. Then the hurdy-gurdy man came, and I put it under the stove. Did it get broken, Dilly?"

"The duck broke it," laughed Dilly. "Don't scold him, mother. I'd so much rather have my duck than a colored egg. Wouldn't you, mother?" she added, anxiously. "He'll last longer, perhaps," said mother.

"I'm so glad you like him, mother," said Dilly. She brought the duck in his basket to mother's side—"cause he's really yours. I was going to give you a blue Easter egg, but instead it's a white duck—for your Easter present."

Mother laughed as she took her queer gift. But she kissed Dilly. "I know so little about ducks," she said, "I'll have to ask you, Dilly, to take all the care of him just as if he was yours. Will that do?"

"Exactly," said Dilly. "You do think of the loveliest plans, mother! And when I don't know, I can ask Mrs. Brown. What shall you name him—will Easter do, or Lily?"

Mother looked at her ugly, awkward little Easter duckling. "No, Dilly," she said. "No, I shall name him hurdy-gurdy."—Alice E. Allen, in Christian Register.

FUN AMONG ANIMALS.

Animals with a sense of humor, or signs of one, anyway, are described by a writer in the "Strand." He tells of a female baboon that delighted in teasing a certain watch dog.

As soon as the dog settled himself for a doze the baboon would steal up and give the canine tail a vicious tug. Of course, the dog would go for her, but she would simply wait till he got close enough, then leap over his head and from behind give his tail another pull.

A Siamese monkey was being brought to Europe on a steamer with several other monkeys, who, for some reason, would have nothing to do with him.

This ostracism exasperated the Siamese, and whenever he got a chance he would grab one of the others by the tail, drag him all over the deck and finally climb into the rigging and drop his victim with a dull thud.

Darwin tells of a female orang-outang that took hold of a dish in which her food was served and put it on her head as if it were a hat. This adorned she provoked roars of laughter, to her evident gratification, from the crowd around her cage. Another naturalist saw a baboon get even with an officer who had often teased him. Seeing the officer approaching, the baboon poured some water into a hole in the ground, mixing it with earth so as to make mud. When his enemy came up he splashed the muddy water on the officer's uniform. For a long time after this every time the animal saw the officer he indulged in what had every appearance of being laughter.

Saville Kent declares that dolphins are fond of teasing other fish by seizing their tails and dragging them through the water. He once saw two dolphins attack a big skate swimming near the surface of the water. The skate tried to escape them by raising its tail out of the

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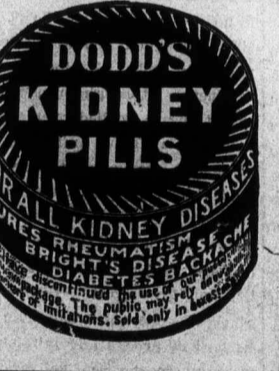
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water, but the dolphins got hold of it and dragged the skate in every direction. Foals will often tease human beings by galloping toward them, as if intending to run them down, then stopping short within an uncomfortably short step or two. Grogs, the naturalist, relates se-



veral amusing instances of a similar nature about dogs. He had once a dog, who, when given a piece of bread that he did not care to eat, dropped it, and then, lying upon it, pretended to look all around with the most innocent air, as if wondering where it had fallen. Another case he speaks of is that of a terrier whose greatest pleasure it was to catch flies on the window panes. Nothing annoyed the animal more than to be laughed at when he missed his prey.

"In order to discover what he would do," says Grogs, "I purposely laughed immoderately each time he was unsuccessful, and the more I laughed the clumsier he grew. At last he was so unmistakably annoyed that, in his despair, he pretended to capture a fly, and made the appropriate movements of tongue and lips, finally rubbing his neck on the ground, as if to crush his victim; after which he regarded me with a triumphant air. So well had he played his little

Can Sell Your Real Estate or Business NO MATTER WHERE LOCATED Property and Business of all kinds sold quickly for cash in all parts of the United States. August 27, 1906, inclusively, for the construction of a Post Office Building at St. Johns, P. Q. Plans and specifications can be seen and forms of tender obtained at this Department and at the office of J. A. B. Benoit, Sec., Architect, St. Johns, P. Q. Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with their actual signatures. Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent of amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party tendering declines to enter into a contract when work contracted for. If the tenderer be not accepted the cheque will be returned. The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender. By order, FRED. GELINAS, Secretary. Department of Public Works, Ottawa, August 2, 1906. Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Post Office Building at St. Johns, P. Q.," will be received at this office until Monday, August 27, 1906, inclusively, for the construction of a Post Office Building at St. Johns, P. Q. Plans and specifications can be seen and forms of tender obtained at this Department and at the office of J. A. B. Benoit, Sec., Architect, St. Johns, P. Q. Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with their actual signatures. Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent of amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party tendering declines to enter into a contract when work contracted for. If the tenderer be not accepted the cheque will be returned. The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender. By order, FRED. GELINAS, Secretary. Department of Public Works, Ottawa, August 2, 1906. Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for.

comedy that, had I not seen the very fly still on the window, I certainly would have been taken in by the trick. When I called his attention to the fact that the fly he had chased was still at large, and that there was no dead fly on the floor, he perfectly understood that his hypocrisy had been discovered, and was so ashamed that he slunk away and hid under a couch.

In every union there is a mystery—a certain invisible bond which must not be disturbed. This vital bond in friendship is esteem.—Amiel's Journal.

Kidney Disorders Are no respecter of persons. People in every walk of life are troubled. Have you a Backache? If you have it is the first sign that the kidneys are not working properly. A neglected Backache leads to serious Kidney Trouble. Quick it is time by taking DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS THE GREAT KIDNEY SPECIFIC. They cure all kinds of Kidney Trouble from Backache to Bright's Disease. 50c a box or 5 for \$2.50 all dealers or THE DOAN KIDNEY PILL CO., Toronto, Ont.

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SUBSCRIBERS in Westmont, Montreal annex, Montreal West, Verdun, Point St. Charles, St. Henri, Maisonneuve, Ste. Cunegonde, St. Louis du Mile End, will in future have to pay \$1.50, owing to change in P. O. regulations. This takes effect with subscriptions commencing January, 1905. Subscriptions dating before then will not be affected until time of renewal.
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NOTICE.

Subscribers will please take notice that when their year is due, and should they wish to discontinue their paper, they are requested to notify this office, otherwise we will understand they wish to renew, in which case they will be liable for entire year.



THURSDAY, AUGUST 9, 1906.

AN UNDESERVED SLUR.

If the Saturday Review can be taken as reflecting the mind of English Toryism—and there is little doubt that it speaks for the chiefs of a party—Canadians are now in a position to judge the prejudices that underlie the so-called Imperialist agitation. In resisting the extension of responsible government to the people of South Africa, The Saturday Review goes out of its way to point a remarkable moral in Canadian conditions. It says:

"With the example of French Canada before us, could anything be more fatuous than to allow a provincial patrol to compete in Parliament and the law courts with English. The one corner of the Dominion of Canada which remains unprogressive and sullenly exclusive is Quebec, and that is mainly due to bilingualism."

Here, then, is Tory gratitude to French-Canada, that for the sake of British institutions joined even in the Imperial cause against the people of the Transvaal. French-Canadians are disparaged by this insular Tory organ, that forgets the fidelity of French-Canadians, alike to British institutions on this North American continent and in the distant realms of England's empire. The people who showed their good faith to a conqueror more candidly and unwaveringly than any others in the world's history, not excepting the Scotch, whose adherence has been tested by successive generations, are gratuitously told at this time of day that they have availed of England's treaty to wrap themselves in unprogressive exclusiveness. England herself within the past quarter of a century has done less perhaps for the empire than the Dominion of Canada; she has been less progressive and less united where the interests of that empire were concerned. And have the French-Canadian race not borne their part in the march of our progress? Let the Saturday Review consider the life-work of French-Canadian statesmen from Cartier to Laurier. Has the bilingualism of Canada been any hindrance to that progress? Let the Saturday Review read the page of French-Canadian literature and place it side by side with the record in the English language. There is nothing behind the misapplied reproach of the London Tory organ than the prejudice of a class that ignores all evidence which its own narrowness fails to comprehend. And if Imperialism had its way to-day, it would be as churchly and tyrannical with the French-Canadians as it is with the Dutch in South Africa.

A YELLOW PILGRIM IN QUEBEC.

The Toronto Orange Sentinel is spending his vacation in the Province of Quebec. A few things edify him, most things shock him, and all things are proving more injurious than beneficial. What with the cross upon church steeples and the numerous religious institutions, the poor Sentinel is beside himself with anxiety. Eastern townships instead of bringing comfort, add sorrow; the numbers of Protestants continually decrease. A visit to the Grey Nuns in Quebec elicits mediocre praise for the book binding which is done. But this, as well as other industries conducted in many of the religious institutions, is claimed to be "unjust to the general public." Further, the result of this monasticism is "an unprogressive and illiterate community." What logic! What impudence! After lauding the superiority and cheapness of book-binding and printing, after practically acknowledging that these communities are doing their best to bring literature within reach of the multitude, to turn round and charge all with illiteracy is most absurd and illogical. It is impudent, the brazen effrontery of the briefless attorney who, having no argument, attacks his opponent. The French race and the religious institutions are advancing and developing steadily. Whatever "inertness or stupor" the keen-eyed Sentinel is discovering en voyage will not stay them. Industrious and economical, they live carefully and save enough to buy a little land, and then a little more. Religious and educated in their creed, they encourage these industrial orders whose work, whose life is spent amongst those people in the noble causes of education and charity. That the development of the Province of Quebec is not along the lines of "modern principles," we cannot say, for we do not know what these modern principles are, or how they differ from good old antiquated Catholic principles. If they are such principles as have been shown up in Toronto for some months, we advise our friends in Quebec to stick to their own. Monasticism is a better teacher and a more democratic leveller than any apostle of new fangled modern principle. It educates without teaching fads, it disciplines without enslaving, and it elevates without deluding. The lesson of sacrifice it first imparts by example. And it is today, as it ever has been, the only true exponent of free education. Monasticism may keep down the price of commodities. Its influence in this direction is far more beneficial to society than the high prices brought about by the artificial inflation of the boasted modern finance. There is no use in following the poor Sentinel throughout his wanderings of mind and body. He looks at things in Quebec through orange glasses; everything is sickled over with the pallor of religious influence. People of Quebec are ignorant; they do not read the Orange Sentinel. They are superstitious; they are not Orange-men. And lastly, the people of Quebec are irreligious; they are Catholic, not Protestant. Until the tide of these same good Canadian people with their priests and religious sects is nearer to the Sentinel office, they might be left alone. Pioneers of the country, they still cling to its institutions with unswerving loyalty, and to its soil with patient endurance and economical success. One point can hardly go unnoticed. The Sentinel seems shocked at the institutions which are maintained for the purpose of bringing up illegitimate children. The idea of any reflecting mind being scandalized at these refuges and protectorates for the victims of sin is too coarse and pharisaical to need comment. Bigotry blinds the judgment and freezes the natural affections of the heart. Better countless protectorates than modern principles and modern practices.

CHOICE OF LIFE

It is sincerely to be hoped that after a month of prayer on the part of the League of the Sacred Heart

countless young people have submitted themselves to the guidance of the Holy Spirit in the choice of a state of life. This was the intention for the members of the League during July. No more important purpose could have been presented, whether the particular interests of the individual or the general interests of the Church be considered. It is not encouraging to think that whilst in many of the walks of life the supply is greater than the demand, in those callings which may be looked upon as supernatural the very opposite is the case. The fields are white unto harvest and the reapers are few—just as when our Lord looked forth from the eastern hill. Such a state is not encouraging for the reason that it denotes a great want of reflection, a worldly spirit and a lack of generosity. Few ask for true and higher guidance in the choice of a state. Few ask themselves if God wishes them to do anything special; if He has given them a vocation. Young people find themselves, when educated, in such and such circumstances—the door of their home open and the world before them. What are they to do? Either to go down and apply for the first situation they can get, or return home and wait. What a lowering of the standard is this? Starting life by leaving God out of the question, as if He were not the real Master, they soon become engrossed with worldly interests and shackled by temporal bonds. They mingle with the crowd and struggle through life in a career for which in many cases they were not fitted by character nor intended by God's providence. Their heavenly Father had other designs about them—designs which would have ennobled them far more and would have rendered them happier in this life without saying a word about the next. But our Heavenly Father leaves us free. He does not force His views upon us. These young people never gave Him a thought in the whole matter. They went their own way. They never asked if they were in the wrong place, or why they were not successful. An unseen hand had gentle hold of them to guide and support them. But the glare of a dazzling world and insensibility to things spiritual prevented them seeing or feeling the touch thereof. That each one has a vocation is one of the sweetest of truths. It gives the individual a value which he otherwise would not have. The insignificant ego is no longer a grain of dust on the highway of time, nor a mere unit in a countless mass. He is special—an object of special love on God's part, with special glory to give Him and special work to do. His greatest problem in education was to solve that question; and now he has gone into the busy market of the world without trying to get at its solution. Perhaps his teachers did not call his attention to it; for nowadays education scarcely looks beyond the material, and is too busy with useless puzzles to engage itself with the most real and serious question of what God wishes each one to do. Perhaps they know nothing about it themselves, and were blind guides leading the blind. Be this as it may, it is to be deplored for the happiness and success of many that they did not make the question of reflexion, guidance and prayer. If we turn to the general interests a more serious state of affairs presents itself. Dioceses are always in want of priests; and these not only in districts which are practically new, but likewise in the older cities. Then if we turn to the communities in whose hands are placed the important works of education and charity, the situation is still more serious. Depletion takes place through death and ill-health. On the other hand, work increases. The spread of the Church, the need of schools, the growing number of orphans, poor and sick are so many, strong calls upon willing hearts but decreasing numbers of devoted religious. The field grows whiter and whiter unto harvest, and the reapers are few and growing fewer.

Wear Trade Mark D. Suspenders guaranteed, 50c.

CATHOLIC SCHOOLS AND THE IRISH PARTY.

One effect of the debate on the English Education Bill has been to impress the Catholics of Britain as they were never before impressed with the independent and valuable services of the Irish Party in Parliament. The following letter has been sent to Mr. John Redmond, M.P., as an instance of the change in this section of English opinion:

Dear Sir,—The enclosed remittance on the part of the people and priests of St. Marie's, Halifax, is not intended so much as a help to your Parliamentary Fund as an expression of gratitude for the incomparable manner in which the case of our schools has been presented by you and your colleagues on the floor of the House of Commons. "If Pergamus could have been defended, Hector's noble sword should have saved it." But the Bill is hopelessly unamendable. Clause I and "Popular Control" put our schools and religion at the mercy of the local majority, however small and prejudiced it may be. The majority may well be the casting vote of a fanatical no-Popery lecturer. We in the North have got a taste of that this very week. With that and the abolition of tests, and the inconsistent and contradictory nature of its clauses, the bitterest enemies of our schools are armed with machinery perfectly designed for the ultimate extinction of our Catholic schools, whatever its authors may say to the contrary. Waldeck Rousseau's Bill minus Combes. Just one more turn of the screw: Enter Combes, and behold the transformation!

A new Bill is not needed. The old Bill, justly administered and justly amended, would suffice. What is the good of putting the Gospel even into the hands of the Scribes and Pharisees to administer? Ireland knows that too well.

To the clauses of this Bill, drawn with almost satanic ingenuity for the destruction of denominational schools, may be applied the words of the Prophet Joel:—

"That which the palmerworm hath left the locust hath eaten; that which the locust hath left, the bruchus hath eaten; that which the bruchus hath left the mildew hath destroyed."

Should the Lords fail to reject this Bill, all I can say is that the scaffold is erected, the executioners are thirsting, and that in ten years after this passage there will not be a Catholic elementary school existing in England.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The election of a new General of the Jesuits is expected to be held in Rome during the present month, and delegates from all the provinces of the Order will, it is said, assist at this interesting event. Rumor, which is always busy with the Jesuits, relates that an Italian will on this occasion be elected to this high office; but no one knows what nationality the new General will belong to.

We reproduce elsewhere a letter from a priest in India in which he lays before us very clearly the sad plight in which he is. We trust the perusal of this communication will touch the hearts of our readers in such a manner that they will give him at least some small assistance. Any sums, no matter how small, we will be pleased to receive and forward to their destination after acknowledging through the columns of this paper.

The greatest Catholic demonstration that has ever taken place in Tyneside, England, was held last week as a protest against the Education Bill. The thousands who took part in the procession required a large number of streets in which to be marshaled, and the speaking at the various platforms was practically over before the tail end arrived on the ground. The Rt. Rev. Mgr. Collins presided at one platform. A resolution against the Education Bill was carried simultaneously at each platform.

Whatever the number of a man's friends, there will be times in his life when he has one too few; but if he has only one enemy, he is lucky indeed, if he has not one too many.—Bulwer.

NOTICE
DO NOT GIVE UP HOPE
THE TRAPPISTS'
PHOSPHATED WINE OF CINCHONA BARK
Will Promptly and Surely Cure You.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
MOTARD, PILS & SENECAI, SOLE AGENTS.
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Sadlier's Catholic Complete Speller. Oral and Written.
The Topics of Part Second embrace Man and the Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral Kingdoms. The lessons relate to, or are connected with, the household; the human body and its members; its food, drink, and clothing; the house, grounds, and out buildings; life, mind, training and school studies; religion; law and politics; medicine; farming; trade and occupations; travel and traffic; war, etc., etc.
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210 St. James St., Montreal.

THE LAST MUSIC

The subjoined exquisite poem was written by Lionel Johnson a few months before he died. Johnson was one of the early Gaelic revivalists, and was born in Ireland in 1867. Both his parents were Irish, the name Johnson being really McShane. He graduated from Oxford at the age of 23 and almost immediately became a Catholic. Choosing literature as a profession, he rose to high place as a poet and critic. His poetry, especially, was deemed singularly excellent, although one critic stated that Johnson "shrank from the world or peopled it with Dantes, Augustines or Deirdres." The poet was killed in an accident in London in October, 1902.—Catholic Sun, Syracuse, N. Y.

Calmly, breathe calmly, all your music, maids! Breathe a calm music over my dead queen, All your lives long you have not heard nor seen Fairer than she, whose hair in somber braids With beauty overshades Her brow broad and serene.

Surely she hath lain so an hundred years; Peace is upon her, old as the world's heart, Breathe gently, music! Music done, depart, And leave me in her presence to my tears, With music in mine ears; For sorrow hath its art.

Music, more music, sad and slow! She lies Dead: and more beautiful than early morn, Discrowned am I, and of her looks forlorn: Alone vain memories immortalize The way of her soft eyes, Her virginal voice low borne.

The balm of gracious death now laps her round As once life gave her grace beyond her peers. Strange! that I loved this lady of the spheres, To sleep by her at last in common ground When kindly death hath bound Mine eyes, and sealed mine ears.

Maidens! make a low music: merely make Silence a melody, no more. This day, She travels down a pale and lonely way, Now for a gentle comfort, let her take Such music for her sake, As mourning love can play.

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GRAVEL ROOFING and all kinds of Galvanized Iron Work.
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A new firm offering to the public every thing in their line of the best quality and most modern style. The hearses supplied are built upon the latest and most elegant models. Charges moderate. Special arrangements made in favor of C. O. F., C. M. B. A., A. O. U., and K. C. members.

Holy my queen lies in the arms of death; Music moves over her still face, and I Lean breathing love over her. She will lie In earth thus calmly, under the wind's breath— The twilight wind that saith: Rest! worthy found to die.

A Struggling Infant Mission.

IN THE DIOCESE OF NORHAMPTON, FAKENHAM, NORFOLK, ENGLAND.

Where is Mass said and Benediction given at present? IN A GARRET, the use of which I get for a rent of ONE SHILLING per week. Average weekly Collection, 8s 6d. No endowment whatever, except HOPE. Not a great kind of endowment, you will say, good reader, Ah, well! Who knows? Great things have, as a rule, very small beginnings. There was the stable of Bethlehem, and God's hand is not shortened. I HAVE hopes. I have GREAT hopes that this latest Mission, opened by the Bishop of Northampton, will, in due course, become a great Mission.

But outside help is, evidently, necessary. Will it be forthcoming? I have noticed how willingly the CLIENTS of ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA readily come to the assistance of poor, struggling Priests. May I not hope that they will, too, cast a sympathetic and pitying eye upon me in my struggle to establish an outpost of the Catholic Faith in this—so far as the Catholic Faith is concerned—barren region? May I not hope, good reader, that you, in your zeal for the progress of that Faith, will extend a helping hand to me? I cry to you with all earnestness to come to my assistance. You may not be able to do much; but you CAN DO A LITTLE. Do that little which is in your power, for God's sake, and with the other "littles" that are done I shall be able to establish this new Mission firmly.

DON'T TURN A DEAF EAR TO MY URGENT APPEAL.

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

Address—Father H. W. Gray, Hampton Road, Fakenham, Norfolk, England.

P.S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation, and send with my acknowledgment a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart. This new Mission will be dedicated to St. Anthony of Padua.

The price of small—very much tea v tained in th

Rec
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Prices—25, 30, 3
T. H. ESTA

Team Went Do Gallant Str

Saturday's match, Shamrocks did not v once more to the lacros lic that the finest expe game were to be found shirtd aggregation. Co in the final stages, an rocks were just a shade their opponents in this the result that they los by the narrowest marg

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The Flaggin' Energi Constant application to a tax upon the energies, be not relaxation, lass pressure are sure to int come from stomachic t want of exercise bring irregularities, and the to assimilate food prop condition Parmelee's V will be found a recuper powery restoring, healthful action, disp sion, and reviving the gies.

The price of half a pound of Red Rose Tea is small—very small, but it will show you how much tea value, tea quality and flavor is contained in this "Good Tea"

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T. H. ESTABROOKS, ST. JOHN, N. B. WINNIPEG, TORONTO, & WELLINGTON ST., E.

## Team Went Down After Gallant Struggle.

Saturday's match, though the Shamrocks did not win it, proved once more to the lacrosse loving public that the finest exponents of the game were to be found in the green shirted aggregation. Condition told in the final stages, and the Shamrocks were just a shade weaker than their opponents in this respect, with the result that they lost the match by the narrow margin.

It was a hard match to lose in some respects, but on the other hand it put at rest all the talk about certain players being back numbers. Henry Hoobin has grown heavier than in the days when he played in such a manner as to startle even the opponents of the team into applause. Paddy Brennan, too, has grown stouter. Both have on their shoulders the cares and responsibilities of extensive business concerns. Yet on Saturday, when at the opening of the fourth quarter Hoobin let himself out, he played the old game with the dash and fire which characterized him at the zenith of his career, while Paddy Brennan did good consistent work all through the match, and gave a good account of himself at all times.

The other members of the home seconded the efforts of the big fellows, and the work in that division was well done. The injury to Hoobin changed the tide, and when he left his companions felt the loss more perhaps in the moral sense than the physical. Still they kept up the fight with a dash and spirit that does them all credit, and that they did not score once more in the last few minutes was due to no fault of theirs.

The defence, too, worked well and faithfully. To those who have witnessed most of the matches this season, it seemed surprising that Howard could play such a phenomenally good match and still never be penalized. Eddie Robinson stood by our old friend Roddy Finlayson, and held him down as Roddy has not been held this year, while Currie ran as in the days of yore. Kenny in goal was all that could be demanded, while Kavanagh, O'Reilly, and McIlwaine played the game as they were expected to play it.

All did well, but the other team, composed largely of graduates from our own team, played just a little better, or at least stood the terrible strain just a few minutes longer.

The Shamrock team, that is, the majority of the players composing it, have been in the game for some eight or nine years, and have won the championship year after year. They demonstrated on Saturday that, barring accidents such as that to Henry Hoobin, they were still the masters of the Canadian game. It now remains for the directors of the Club to supply the places of those tried and faithful players from younger material. Let them leave a leaven of the old team to coach the youngsters and in a year or two, at the outside, the green shirts will be seen flying about the goals of the opposing teams in the same style as they did for years now gone by.

The Flagging Energies Revived.—Constant application to business is a tax upon the energies, and if there be not relaxation, lassitude and depression are sure to intervene. These come from stomachic troubles. The want of exercise brings on nervous irregularities, and the stomach ceases to assimilate food properly. In this condition Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will be found a recuperative of rare power, restoring the organs to healthful action, dispelling depression, and reviving the flagging energies.

## ITEMS OF INTEREST

### ST. GABRIEL'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY'S EXCURSION.

Come with St. Gabriel's T. A. & B. Society on their annual excursion to Burlington on Saturday, Sept. 1. Tickets good until Monday, Labor Day. Tickets may be had at 447 Centre street or from members of the society; also at the station the day of the excursion. For further particulars see posters later.

### REV. FATHER DUCHAUSSOIS LEAVES FOR STATES.

The eloquent Dominican preacher, Rev. Father Duchaussois, Superior of the Dominican Convent at Notre Dame de Graces, has been named by the authorities of his community as director of the house at Lewiston, Me.

### FATHER M. CALLAGHAN, P.P., APPOINTED AS SUCCESSOR TO THE LATE REV. L. W. LECLAIR.

The Rev. Martin Callaghan, pastor of St. Patrick's, has just been named to succeed the late lamented Rev. L. W. Leclair as director of St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum. This appointment was made by the pastor's superior, the Rev. Charles La-rog.

### FIRE IN A CHURCH.

Had it not been for the sacristan who makes his regular rounds, a most disastrous fire might have taken place in St. Bridget's Church on Sunday evening last. As it happened he noticed flames just in the rear of the organ and immediately gave the alarm. The prompt response of the east end section of the fire brigade soon had the incipient blaze under control.

### VISITED CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB.

Dr. C. H. Godin, medical superintendent of marine hospitals in Canada, has just been in the city on his annual tour of inspection, and while here paid a visit to the Catholic Sailors' Club. He expressed himself as highly pleased with the manner in which sailors were taken care of by the club, and the many ways in which their lives were made brighter. Dr. Godin also congratulated the club on the promptness with which all cases of sickness were reported.

Sleeplessness.—When the nerves are unstrung and the whole body given up to wretchedness, when the mind is filled with gloom and dismal forebodings, the result of derangement of the digestive organs, sleeplessness comes to add to the distress. If only the subject could sleep, there would be oblivion for a while, and a temporary relief. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will not only induce sleep, but will act so beneficially that the subject will wake refreshed and restored to happiness.

### NINTH ANNIVERSARY OF ARCH-BISHOP'S CONSECRATION

The ninth anniversary of the consecration of Archbishop Bruchesi was observed yesterday morning at St. James Cathedral, when a solemn Pontifical High Mass was celebrated. His Grace officiating. Besides a large number of priests, there were present in the sanctuary Bishop Emard of Valleyfield, Bishop Bernard of St. Hyacinthe, Mgr. Racicot, auxiliary Bishop, the mitred abbot of the Oka Monastery, and

the abbot of the Trappist Monastery in the Northwest. The Rev. Father Rondot, Dominican, presented the good wishes of the clergy to the Archbishop, and His Grace replied in suitable terms. After the service all the clergy present dined at the palace.

### BEAUTIFUL CASCO BAY.

The popularity of Casco Bay and the resorts on the Maine sea coast is more noticeable this year than ever before, thousands of Canadians having taken accommodation in the hotels and secured cottages at the principal resorts. The opening of the Ottawa House on Cushing's Island is filling a long felt want and all the old patrons of this favorite resort are sojourning there this season, and many families from Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto are among the guests. The house itself has been renovated from top to bottom, modern improvements made, the entire house refurnished in luxurious style, and is now operated by an experienced summer resort manager.

One of the great advantages found here and which in past years was greatly missed is the fresh water spring that has been found by boring an artesian well some 1200 feet deep and which gives an ample supply, not only for the hotel, but for the cottages on the island.

The lovely trips through Casco Bay, the fine bathing beach on Cushing's Island, the purity of the air, and the rocky cliffs that are found at this resort are a few of the many attractions that appeal to the denizens of city life and those living a distance from the ocean.

The old route to Portland and the resorts contiguous to the City by the Sea is via the Grand Trunk, which has lost none of its attractiveness through the diversity of scenery found between the St. Lawrence and the Sea.

### Papal Benediction to the Catholics of Canada.

On the occasion of the third anniversary of the election of Pius X., His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate sent a cablegram to His Holiness expressive of the homage and devotedness of the Catholics of Canada and to implore the Apostolic Benediction in their name. His Excellency has received the following answer from His Eminence the Cardinal Secretary of State, which he has kindly communicated to us:

Roma, 4 agosto, 1906.

Mons. Sbaretti, Delegato Apostolico, Ottawa. S. Padre accolse con vivo grandimento omaggio affettuoso da lei diretto, di cuore benedice.

(Firmato) Card. Merry del Val. (Translation.)

Rome, Aug. 4th, 1906.

Monsieur Sbaretti,

Apostolic Delegate, Ottawa. The Holy Father accepts with the most lively pleasure the affectionate homage which you have expressed to him, and sends his benediction with all his heart.

(Signed) Card. Merry del Val.

## OBITUARY.

### THE LATE MR. JAMES COLEMAN

On Sunday afternoon the funeral of Mr. James Coleman took place. Deceased was born in County Clare, Ireland, on August 15, 1831, and came to Canada when but 14 years of age. He went to school in this city, and afterwards fitted himself for the profession of mechanical engineer. He was placed in charge of the High Level station on McTavish street, and in this position he remained for 46 years. He married Miss Helen Cunningham, and had three sons and three daughters, five of whom survive him, Mr. Alfred Coleman, assistant engineer of the Montreal Water Works; Mr. James J. Coleman, deputy collector of Inland Revenue for Quebec city; Mrs. Dr. O'Connor, Mrs. Scully and Miss Coleman.

A mildew develops more rapidly under certain climatic conditions, so with cancer in the human body. There are certain conditions that favor its development and when these conditions cease to exist the cancer gradually disappears. Send six cents (stamps) to Stott & Jury Bowmanville, Ont., if you are troubled with

### CANCER

#### THERE NOW!

Teacher (in spelling class)—Johnny, spell fail. Johnny—I can't. Teacher—You can't spell that simple word? Why not? Johnny—Cause you told me there was no such word as fail.

### CATHOLIC SAILORS' CONCERT.

Although first impressions are generally solid, well-founded and lasting; yet the exception goes to prove the possibility that this view of things may not be justified on all occasions. Such was the state of things during last night's concert at the Catholic Sailors' Club. It was expected that the evening's entertainment was to have been given by the members of one of the branches of one of the societies of our city, but through some unforeseen mishap those expected did not put in an appearance. Therefore an entertainment of an altogether impromptu nature took place, which, however, succeeded perfectly in wiping out the disappointment of those present.

Special mention is due to Miss Fitzgerald, Messrs. Gill, Greenwood, Hughes, Shipling, Williams, Murphy, Fox and our old, genial and ever welcome friend Camaron, who certainly did all they could in their respective parts to make the evening enjoyable and pleasing.

On the whole the evening was certainly an enjoyable one; and those who generously took part deserve great credit for their noble and manly action.

Next week's concert will be given by Court No. 133, C.O.F., when a most pleasing and enjoyable time is certainly to be looked forward to.

### A Martyr of the Confessional

The following remarkable story of the inviolability of the confessional is reprinted in the New York Freeman's Journal from an old number of the London Tablet:

In the year 1853 the cathedral church of Zitomir, in Russian Volhynia, was the scene of the most mournful of all church ceremonies, the degradation of a priest. The church was filled to overflowing by persons who lamented aloud; the Bishop whose painful duty it was to perform the sad rite, Msgr. Borowski, could not restrain his grief, all the more because the priest who was subject to it was universally known and, hitherto, universally respected. His name was Kobzlowicz, and he was Catholic priest at Oratov, in the Ukraine. From the time of his ordination he was regarded as one of the most pious and zealous priests of the diocese; he had considerable reputation as a preacher, and was greatly esteemed as a confessor. He rebuilt his parish church and decorated it, and from the time he was placed in charge of the parish he seemed to redouble his zeal. All at once, to the amazement of everyone who knew anything about him, he was accused of having murdered a public official of the place. The chief piece of evidence against him was a double-barreled fowling piece, which was found hidden behind the high altar, which was proved to belong to him, and one barrel of which had been lately discharged. He was convicted of the murder, and the court sentenced him to penal servitude for life in Siberia.

### Safe Wagers.

Whenever you find a man finding fault with a local paper, open it, and ten to one he hasn't an advertisement in it; five to one he never gave it a job of work; three to one he does not take the paper; two to one that if he is a subscriber he is delinquent; even that he never does anything to assist the publisher to run a good paper, and forty to one he is the most eager to see the paper when it comes out, and that in return for espousing his enterprises he will knock and discourage readers and patrons from giving it support.

### STAGE PEOPLE AS CATHOLICS

In spite of the ban put upon them by the ancient Puritan prejudice, united with French superstition, the dramatic fraternity, which embraces actors, playwrights, managers and stage-directors, have a deep and abiding respect for the Catholic Church and for religion in general. They are simple folk, like all crafts men who live apart from the world. They see only the picturesque and the beautiful in the Church and religion, are not given to close study of modern books, have little concern for other interests, and are therefore easier to please than most people.

It is an immense pleasure to contrast the simple and vigorous faith of a man like Frank Keenan, leading man in The Girl of the Golden West, with the sneering spirit of the late Lord Acton, for example; the latter had all the opportunities for the development of a sublime faith, and the former belongs to the despised and supposedly immoral stage; yet Frank Keenan diffuses among all his acquaintances love and respect for the Church, is a real missionary of Christ, while the humble Catholics who read Lord Acton suffer tremendous temptations against the faith.

We sell all kinds of Carts, Farm Waggon, Open and Covered Buggies, Gladstones, Surries, etc., etc., direct to cash buyers. No agents, no commissions: all this is taken off the price to the buyer direct.

Why pay any man \$10.00 commission to buy for you when you have the Cash. "CASH" is the best agent and the one we like best. We can sell you an A1 farm wagon gear complete, or a business buggy, your choice, for five ten dollar bills. All other rigs equally low in price and high in quality the best value for the money you pay ever bought.

R. J. LATIMER & CO., 21 St. Antoine Street, Montreal.

### Catholic High School

85 DUROCHER ST.

Re-opening of Classes WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 6th

Classical, Commercial and Preparatory Courses. Boys prepared for McGill, Quebec, R. M. C., and other examinations. A scholarship, donated by Hon. J. J. Curran J. S. C., is offered to the boy passing the best entrance examination in September.

For particulars apply for the present to

A. J. HALES-SANDERS, M. A., Principal.

### Frank E. Donovan

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satiation, and had gone before a tribunal where error is impossible, and where ample justice will have been done to his heroic virtue. He died without ever having let the slightest sign transpire of the real condition of things.

Nearly all infants are more or less subject to diarrhoea and such complaints while teething and as this period of their lives is the most critical, mothers should not be without a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. This medicine is a specific for such complaints and is highly spoken of by those who have used it. The proprietors claim it will cure any case of cholera or summer complaint.

### ST. ANN'S PILGRIMAGE.

On Saturday, August 11, the men of St. Ann's parish will make their annual pilgrimage to the shrine at Ste. Anne de Beaupre. Tickets for the same may be obtained at St. Ann's presbytery, Basin st.

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R. J. LATIMER & CO., 21 St. Antoine Street, Montreal.

### Commission of Montreal Catholic Schools

THE RE-OPENING OF

The Schools under the control of the Commission will take place

Monday, September 3rd.

For further information apply to the PRINCIPAL or to the DIRECTOR of each school.

A. J. LACROIX, Director General.

### LOYOLA COLLEGE, MONTREAL.

An English Classical College conducted by the Jesuit Fathers.

There is a Preparatory Department for Junior boys.

SCHOOL RE-OPENS SEPTEMBER 6th.

A prospectus may be obtained on application to

The REV. G. O'BRYAN, S. J., 68 Drummond street

### SMOKE CARROLL'S RENOWNED "PREMIER" COIL TOBACCO

Sole Manufacturers

P. J. CARROLL & CO. Dundalk, Ireland

Stocked by Joseph Turgeon, 131 Craig St. West, Montreal

Canadian Inquiries and Trial Orders will be attended to by

T. E. KLEIN 117 Wellington St. West, Toronto

### COWAN'S COCOA GIVES AN ASSURED TREAT ALWAYS

This contrast was made more emphatic for me the other day after listening one hour to Keenan and the next to an insufferable creature, who reminded me that the Catholic body was made up of the poor chiefly, that the Catholic colleges graduated a crude set of impossible men, that history had a good case against the Church, and that the clergy lacked the culture required of good leaders. It was needless to remind him that the world's majority is of the poor, and that from their soil spring the powers that keep society going; useless to tell him that he knew nothing whatever about the Catholic Colleges; or that history is being re-written; or that the American clergy are the superiors of any American class in the knowledge of logic, philosophy and theology, and the most influential leaders of the time. He had been brought up in the shadow of the Church, close to the sacraments, and this was the result of the fondest care that could be bestowed on a human being. Frank Keenan had endured thirty years of stage life, which is supposed by the virtuous to be highly demoralizing, yet confessed the faith more firmly than at the beginning of his career. The other burned with the carping spirit of Lord Acton.—Rev. John Talbot Smith, in Donahoe's for June.



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Why pay any man \$10.00 commission to buy for you when you have the Cash. "CASH" is the best agent and the one we like best. We can sell you an A1 farm wagon gear complete, or a business buggy, your choice, for five ten dollar bills. All other rigs equally low in price and high in quality the best value for the money you pay ever bought.

R. J. LATIMER & CO., 21 St. Antoine Street, Montreal.



SOLITARY ISLAND A NOVEL BY REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH

CHAPTER XXXIV.—Continued. To Ruth this seemed even a more hopeless task, but she did not feel it necessary to tell him so. The wind was freshening from the north-west, and with frequent tacking—for the channel in places was narrow— they arrived at Solitary Island a little after noon. On the Canadian shore stood a farm-house, where they ate dinner, and afterwards they landed at Grindstone and began preparations to search that island through its entire length of seven miles or more. Florian seemed unwearied, but Ruth was half dead from fatigue. Obstacles of every sort began to fall in their way. They had endeavored to secure horses from an island resident and help, which he was disposed to give only for enormous pay, and his petty delays wasted the precious time until half-past three. When at last they were almost ready, Ruth, with beating heart, pointed out to Florian a canoe with a single occupant making for Solitary Island; and he, pale as death, watched it for a moment, and then, seizing her hand, ran down to the boat and bade the servant hoist the sail. His eyes did not for an instant leave the figure in the canoe, and a flush of deep excitement and tender feeling spread over his face as Scott stepped leisurely from his boat and walked slowly to his cabin. He had taken the pains to pull up his canoe on the beach, and after entering the house closed the door. Evidently no harm had happened to him, and the noise which had been made over his accidental disappearance was premature. It was a few minutes past four when their boat touched the shore. Four o'clock in the afternoon of the 1st of November was a moment which has scarred Ruth's memory years back so badly that the hour never struck without bringing the tears to her eyes. At that hour on that day Linda had died. She wept now with a violence that surprised Florian as he handed her from the boat and led her joyfully to the cabin. He pushed open the door with some difficulty because of a heavy obstacle on the other side. When he saw and recognized the object he stood quite still for a moment, then he pushed Ruth gently back, and, calmly as might be, knelt beside the fallen form of his father and put his hand over his heart. It was forever stilled. The pallid face and half-closed eyes were evidence enough without the bullet-wound and the blood-stains on the garments. Scott was dead. In his hand he held a crucifix, and the tears which he had shed in his last moments still lay on his cheek.

CHAPTER XXXV.

It was a rare day in Clayburg—rare for November. The air had a golden, fine-spun clearness, and the blue river was bluer than ever, although the islands, no longer green showed their gray sides over the sparkling waters like faded tombstones in a spruce forest. The village, busied with its usual routine of labor, was not one whit less dull than usual. Villagers shook their heads over the burst of unexpected sunshine. It was like a gold-miner's dream and forbode a bitter awakening. The late tragedy which had taken place in their midst, and now lent a dark and melancholy interest to the romantic islands, had ruffled for a few hours the placid stream of existence. The affair was nobody's business in particular. There was no widow, no children, no poverty, no relatives. Scott had lived and died a lonely man, and the violence of his taking-off concerned only society in general and the officers of the law. Had he been a popular, sociable fellow, there might have been great excitement; but it being a case of nobody's funeral, nobody minded it after the shock was over and all had been said about it that could possibly be said. Clayburg had a public calamity to grieve about without troubling itself about small misfortunes. Florian had been defeated; his defeat had hurt to the quick. It could not understand the counties lying to the south and southwest. Were they or were they not dreadfully ignorant of the merits of the candidate, or had they been practiced upon by designing rivals or office-seeking whigs? The candidates had deserted their candidates by hundreds. The rest of the ticket had been elected. Florian alone, the pride of Clayburg, had been

ed" by his supposed friends and left a total ruin upon the battlefield. What was the murder of a solitary, sour fisherman to such a crime! However, the villagers did not, in their deep grief for their candidate, forget neighborly duties to the dead. On the second day after Scott's death a fair number of the fathers, in blue swallow-tails, black chokers, and white felt hats, stood on the dock awaiting the vessel which was to carry them to Solitary Island. "She's comin' round th' island," yelled a small boy, suddenly. "It's the Juanita," said an observant one; "but she won't git here for a quarter of an hour. 'N' so you think, Sam, ez how this shootin' might be an odd matter?" "That's my idee," said Sam. "Scott was an odd critter. I took to him, an' I didn't take to him. One o' them kind hez allus a page in his diary that nobody reads, but we'd like to read it." "The squire hez the charge o' the funeral," said a white hat shrewdly. "Mebbe he found papers 'n' things." "Ef he hez," said Sam dogmatically, "it'll come out in time. Squire Pen'ton can't keep a secret no more'n he kin keep from eatin'." "It jest depends o' what size the secret is," said the white hat. "I mind when Minister Buck wuz married, 'n' Billy Wallace wuz a-tellin' us all how he went for the minister on his own stoop, 'n' nobody could believe it, 'n' we all went fer the squire on the p'int, we couldn't git a word from him. Nor he ain't spoken to this day nuther." Sam defended his expressed opinion of the squire until the Juanita was steaming up to her moorings, with Pendleton himself seated in majestic prominence and funeral gloom on her single deck. Billy's wrinkled features were visible in the cabin. "Good morning, neighbors," said the squire solemnly. "Just make haste in gettin' aboard, for the folks are waiting on the island to proceed with the ceremony." "Whut folks?" said Sam, taking a seat beside him. "Neighbors," said the squire indifferently. "Is there to be services and a minister?" "We don't bury people nowadays without both." "Who's the offish-a-a-ting parson?" said persistent Sam. "There's no parson present." "No parson present? Then whar air your services?" "Wait till you get there and you'll see." "Jes' so, squire. Thank you for remindin' me of it," said Sam, with an irony intended to smoothe the sense of his own humiliation, but in spite of the satisfaction it gave him, he felt some doubts as to the strength of his late remarks on the squire. The passengers of the Juanita made the pleasant journey across the river and through the islands with a deep sense of the favor they were conferring on the dead man in taking so much trouble to pay him funeral honors. They were severely taken aback on finding, when the boat landed them on Solitary Island, that they formed a very respectable minority of the people there assembled. Boats of all kinds lay along the shore. Their owners were scattered about the island in holiday clothes as fresh and stylish as those which came from Clayburg. The old white hats walked up to the cabin with muttered "I-had-no-ideas," and paid their respects to the man whom living they had rarely presumed to address. He lay in the kitchen which for twenty years had been his living room. The brown habit of the scapular was of his shroud, and was a source of much speculation to the Protestants and of some wonderment to the Catholics. For no one had been precisely aware that Scott had held any religious opinions. The serene, meditative face had a new expression which few had ever before seen. The close-fitting cap was gone, and the bushy whiskers trimmed neatly. Was this really the face of the common fisherman? Around a reverential forehead, white as snow, clustered the yellow locks. The regular and sweet features were Florian's own, but less stern, more exalted, more refined in their expression. The people looked at this unexpected countenance in astonishment and awe, feeling obscurely that there was more in this man than they had supposed. Frank Wallace was in his place on



FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC A Fearful Case. For five years I had been suffering from falling sickness and my case was a bad one. Doctor Koenig's Nerve Tonic cured me of that dreadful disease. The first bottle convinced me that it would do all you claim for it. I used to have as my worst fits a day, would fall just where I stood and sometimes cut my face so severely that my eyes would hardly know me. I had such a headache and pain in my body that I often wished I were dead. I could not get work from anyone on account of my sickness, but now I am able to do a full day's work. My comrades that used to shun me are friends again, and I am as well as I ever was, and have only Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic to thank for my health. I am willing to answer all enquiries or letters concerning this great remedy, and urge those similarly afflicted to try it and receive its benefits. BERT HOFF.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a Sample Bottle to any address. Four patients also get the medicine free. Prepared by the Rev. FATHER KOENIG, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and now by the Koenig Med. Co., Chicago, Ill.

Sold by Druggists at \$1.00 per bottle, 6 for \$5.00. Agents in Canada—THE LYMAN BROS. & Co., Ltd., Toronto. THE WINGATE CHEMICAL Co., Ltd., Montreal.

the table. Candles burned there around a crucifix. An altar stood beside the bed-room door, and on it lay the black vestments for the Mass. Scott was, after all, a Catholic; and while the neighbors owned to a sense of disappointment at this discovery, they also acknowledged a deeper respect for the character of the dead. Beside the coffin sat Ruth weeping, her veil down, her hands clasped in prayer, her eyes rarely turning from the face of Linda's father. Thus had she sat since with her own hands she had prepared him for his rest. Linda's father! Oh, the wasted years which had been spent in ignorance of this rich treasure. Now she knew why her heart had gone out to him, and she wept again and again as every old incident of memory showed the father's love for his children and his children's friend. She could not understand it. How could anyone have been so blind? How could love have felt no thrill from this magnificent presence, when hate discovered and destroyed it? A rough costume, a tight-fitting cap, a silent manner had hidden him from his own and not from his enemies. She wrung her hands and wept anew at this sharp reflection pierced her heart. But what need to trouble the mind now with conflicting thoughts? It was all over. In a strange land, among a strange people, the exile had died! In a poor hut the Russian prince, dead and cold, received from the hands of plain citizens those rites which kings would have been proud to give! In a free country he had fallen as helplessly as in the land of the czars! Its laws had been no protection to him. Little he cared now, indeed, for what had been or for all his wrongs; what he asked was a grave and a prayer for his soul!

In the closed bed-room reclined the lately defeated candidate for the chief magistracy of the State. His costume was not one of mourning, but such as he had been accustomed to wear, correct and gentlemanly, with a smack of over-polish. His face was a trifle pale and wearied. No evidence of any deep disappointment for his defeat or of any shock at the violent taking-off of his father was visible. For a man in his unique position he bore himself very well. His philosophical disposition was nearly perfect in its stoicism. He had not exempted himself from the chances of defeat, and had long since prepared himself to meet it in such a way that he would not lose more than a week's sleep. He had lost more owing to the sudden discovery and death of his father, and was likely to suffer still longer; but the facts themselves were too recent to make much impression on him. Looking at the dead hermit, and saluting him as his father after they had followed him to his cabin, Florian accepted the hard conditions which Providence had placed upon him, as he had taught himself to accept all well-established, unchangeable facts. He did not suffer uneasy thoughts or tumultuous feelings to rack his brain, nor did he repel them holding himself as a sort of neutral ground where they might wander free from any restraint. Had he the power he would that day have dispatched his dinner and slept at nine o'clock; but the control of those natural appetites was beyond him, and he was fain to be content with broken sleep, capricious appetite, and absent-mindedness. Yet people said how well he bore his defeat, admiring his pluck and prophesying great things for him in the next election, while those who know the secret of his life—the squire, Ruth, Paul and Billy—inwardly wondered at his manner. No tears, no excitement, no curious questions, but a complete acceptance of the state of affairs that was marvelous. There was a

show of irritation occasionally against two persons, Paul and Péro Rougevin,—so faint that only the latter perceived it because he suspected its existence. These two men had been favored with the hermit's intimacy. They had, as it were, supplanted the heir in his father's affections, being, as Florian well knew, better conformed to his father's ideas of what men should be. Almost mechanically the irritation showed itself. Péro Rougevin kept himself and the unconscious Paul out of the great man's way. For this reason they were rarely seen in the dead-room, whither Florian often came to gaze quietly on the Prince's face.

Paul was an object of curiosity to the neighbors. His resemblance to Scott was not so marked as to attract attention, and his city costume lessened it to nothing. He had been heard of as a young man staying with the hermit. In the hope that he knew something about the hermit many plied him with questions, which he answered very indifferently. The sharper ones thought he might be arrested as the murderer of Scott, with a good chance of proving the charge against him. He was very silent and moody on many accounts. The longing eyes which he often cast at the dead man showed that Scott's death had wounded him. With Péro Rougevin and the squire he had charge of the funeral arrangements; but the latter left him nothing to do, save to stand at the cabin-door and see that order was kept in the death-room. Occasionally there was a consultation. There had been a series of them in the last two days. It had been decided to bury Scott on the island, as he had often desired to be buried, and that all concerned would show no signs of mourning which would lead the neighbors to suspect anything like the real state of affairs. The grave was dug among the pines on the highest point of land on the island, and Péro Rougevin had brought over the requisites for the Mass of requiem. Ruth had gently hinted the propriety of laying the prince beside Linda, but prudence forbade. It was never to be known save to the few who this poor lonely fisherman had been.

Near noon the crowd assembled in the room and about the door at a signal from the squire. The singers from the Clayburg choir were intoning the first notes of the "Kyrie Eleison," and those at the window looking in could see Florian sitting beside Ruth at the coffin. Their proximity looked suggestive.

"That match 'll be a go yet," said one unguardedly. The squire turned an awful look on the offenders, and there was silence for an indefinite while. The singing rose and fell on the clear air in that beautiful solitude like the sound of weeping. The incense floated through the door, the holy water was sprinkled, and the tones of the péro were heard delivering the sermon. Then came the shuffling of feet and the outpouring of the people. The squire gathered them all before him in order to select the bearers, but in reality to give the mourners time for an unobserved parting with their dead. It was done very quickly. The péro and Paul and Billy looked for the last time on the handsome face. Ruth

Does Your FOOD Digest Well?

When the food is imperfectly digested the full benefit is not derived from it by the body and the purpose of eating is defeated; no matter how good the food or how carefully adapted to the wants of the body it may be. Thus the dyspeptic often becomes thin, weak and debilitated, energy is lacking, brightness, snap and vim are lost, and in their place come dullness, lost appetite, depression and languor. It takes no great knowledge to know when one has indigestion, some of the following symptoms generally exist, viz: constipation, sour stomach, variable appetite, headache, heartburn, gas in the stomach, etc.

The great point is to cure it, to get back bounding health and vigor.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Is constantly effecting cures of dyspepsia because it acts in a natural yet effective way upon all the organs involved in the process of digestion, removing all clogging impurities and making easy the work of digestion and assimilation. Mr. B. G. Harvey, Ameliasburg, Ont., writes: "I have been troubled with dyspepsia for several years and after using three bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters I was completely cured. I cannot praise B.B.B. enough for what it has done for me. I have not had a sign of dyspepsia since." Do not accept a substitute for B.B.B. There is nothing "just as good."



SURPRISE A PURE HARD SOAP

HOUSE WORK.

It is easy to keep a hard-wood floor as clean and shiny as a mirror by using "SURPRISE" Soap. You can make a suds in a twinkling with half a bucket of hot water and a little "SURPRISE" Soap. Then just go over the floor with a scrubbing-brush, lightly. Don't dig, or make your back and arms ache by rubbing. "SURPRISE" Soap will do the work quicker and easier and cheaper than you can. It gets between the dirt and the wood fibres and makes them separate. All you have to do is wash up the dirt with water. "SURPRISE" Soap is just as good for laundry as for house cleaning. It's a pure, hard soap of the highest grade, and costs no more than common kinds.

kissed the forehead with an involuntary moan. For a moment, as the son pressed his cheek to his father's, his features were twisted by an internal anguish more intense than physical pain. It was a premonition of what was to come! They screwed down the coffin lid, and the bearers entering, a procession was formed. Florian offered his arm to Ruth. To the singing of the psalms they moved down the slope in front of the house and up the opposite hill. Here was the grave. All around were the islands, with no human habitation in view. Below were the placid waters. The voice of the priest blessing the tomb arose: "Lord, in the bosom of whose mercy rests the souls of the faithful dead, bless this grave and give it into thy angels' charge. Loosen the bonds of sin which press the soul of him whose body is here buried, that forevermore with thy saints he may rejoice in the possession of thee, through Christ our Lord, Amen." The clouds rattled on the coffin with familiar sound both to Ruth and Florian. Ten years ago that very day they had buried Linda; sooner or later the world would listen to the same sound on their coffins! The crowd broke up respectfully and yet with relief, and were not down to the shore when the laugh followed the joke and the healthy concerns of life banished the mists of death. Thank God, the world on this gloomy day was not all gloom! The white hats and blue coats boarded the Juanita with hilarity, a fleet of skiffs and sail-boats fluttered out into the bay, and very soon the island was left to the squire and his party.

An awkward restraint was in the air. The squire had no one to praise him for the glorious manner in which he had carried out the programme, and, warned by the pre-occupation of the others, dared not sound his own trumpet. "I think we had better be going," he said to Ruth. "Wait until Péro Rougevin speaks," said Ruth. "He is to return with us."

Thus rebuked, the squire turned to Florian.

"You'll stop around for a few days, Flory? You can have the run of the house, and I'll take it upon my shoulders to keep off the crowd, unless you go to Buck's."

"I shall stay here for a time," said Florian. They all looked at him, and a glance from Ruth kept the squire silent. "My lawyer can attend to whatever business there is in New York. Let me thank you all for your kindness during these few days. I am deeply grateful."

The priest came in from the bedroom with a serious face and eyes that rested anywhere but on Florian. Neither did the latter turn towards him when he spoke. "I presume," said the priest rather hurriedly, "you prefer to remain here until you return to New York?" Florian nodded. "There are some matters which you would probably like to be acquainted with before your departure. When you find it convenient I am ready to tell you all that I know concerning your father. Mr. Rossiter can furnish you with some facts, perhaps."

"I am the bearer of a message from the prince to his son," said Paul. "It is best to defer its delivery for a few days, however. Whatever I know about him I am most willing to tell."

The faintest irritation showed itself in Florian's manner, and his eyes blazed with some hidden feeling which the péro alone observed.

"I thank you both," said Florian. "In a few days I shall hear you; not now, if you please—not now." "Mr. Rossiter, you are my guest for the present," said the péro, "and you will accompany us to the village. There is no need to delay any longer."

The squire went out to get the yacht ready in a dazed way, for he could make nothing of all these arrangements. They were not down

on the programme, and he could not see what would keep Florian alone on the island.

"The boy has less nonsense about him than the common," he said to Billy, "and it's no sickly sentiment that keeps him here. Who'd think, to see him, that he was defeated in a lecture two days ago, and lost his father before he found him?"

"I'm glad he's not my son," said Billy with a snuff. "I'd rather have nobody at my grave, nobody, than such a stick. He's worse than Sara."

This assertion led to an argument, during which the whole party came down to the boat.

"It seems like the old times," Ruth said, smiling sadly. "Are you going on another retreat?"

"I don't know," Florian answered absently. "See that my letters are sent over by a safe messenger."

The yacht sailed out of his sight and left him sitting on the boulder over the spot where Linda had received the fatal wetting. He thought of that and of many other incidents of the time. He felt on his hot cheek the cool breeze of that first night on the island, when his dreams awoke him and sent him rambling along the shore. Those dreams of his had been a wonderful reality. His father had really kissed him in his sleep. It was pleasant to recall those kisses. He was first in his father's heart in spite of his sternness and secrecy. Then there was the night in the graveyard, when for a moment he lay in his arms and felt his cheek lovingly against his own. Accident then, now the purpose was visible. And Linda knew before she died. Happy Linda, whose innocence merited such a reward, and to whom it was not given to know him first when death claimed him, and to suspect that—again that spasm of mental agony twisted his features shapeless for an instant, but it passed away beneath his wonderful self-poise. "That way madness lies," was the thought which shaped itself in his mind. He sat there all the afternoon, and when night came, heedless of the change, he walked up the hill and sat down on the grave—the first grave on Solitary Island!

Three days passed—days of some anxiety to the friends of Florian. What was he doing on the island? His letters were sent to him daily, and there were many of them, while the mail sent back by him was voluminous enough to show that his idle hours were few. Yet Ruth was apprehensive. About what she could hardly say; but she fidgeted until the squire from the depths of his serenity called out: "Ruth, will you give me some peace! Will you stop your demd fixin' and movin'? What's the matter with you, anyway?"

"I was thinking of Florian."

"I wish you'd think to some advantage, then," he growled. "It's a round dozen of years since"

"Now, papa, don't be bearish. I pity the poor fellow, alone with his sorrow on that island. I was afraid—what if—of course I suppose—"

"Keep right on," said the squire, with comfortable irony. "You darsent say it, you know you darsent. I pity him, too; but he'll get over it. He's just the boy to stand such knocks like a wall. No give to him. I don't see what you're afraid of, unless that he'd go and drown himself; but his head's too level, too valuable to do that, even if there was need. He's worth more than his father ever thought o' being, and there wouldn't be any sense in havin' the family do out so sudden. Gosh! mighty!" said the squire, suddenly straightening up, "what am I talking about?"

"I don't know," said Ruth, absently. "I think I will go up to Péro Rougevin's and see him about Florian."

(To be continued.)

The Rock of Cashel.

(By the Very Rev. Patrick Murray, Maynooth College.)

Ah! heavy grief was on me, as I gazed On thee through gushing tears, Thou relic of a glory that once blazed So bright in bygone years!

Wreck of a ruin! lovelier, holier far, Thy ghastly hues of death, Than the cold forms of newer temples are— Shrines of a priestless faith.

'Tis not the work of mind, or hand, or eye, Builder's or sculptor's skill, Thy site, thy beauty, or thy majesty— Not these my bosom thrill.

'Tis that a glorious monument thou art, Of the true faith of old, When faith was one in all the nation's heart, Purer than purest gold

A light, when darkness on the nations dwelt, In Erin found a home— The mind of Greece, the warm heart of the Celt, The bravery of Rome.

But, oh, the pearl, the gem, the glory of her youth, That shone upon her brow; She clung for ever to the Chair of Truth— Clings to it now!

Love of my love, and temple of my God! How would I now clasp thee Close to my heart, and even as thou wast trod, So with thee trodden be!

Oh, for one hour a thousand years ago, Within thy precincts dim, To hear the chant, in deep and measured flow, Of psalmody and hymn!

To see the priests the long and white array, Around thy silver shrines— The people kneeling prostrate far away, In thick and chequer'd lines.

To see the Prince of Cashel o'er the rest, Their prelate and their king, The sacred bread and chalice by him blest, Earth's holiest offering.

To hear, in piety's own Celtic tongue, The most heart-touching prayer That fervent suppliants e'er was heard among— Oh to be then and there!

There was a time all this within thy walls Was felt, and heard, and seen; Faint image only now thy sight recalls Of all that once hath been.

Thy glory in a crimson tide went down, Beneath the cloven hoof; Altar and priest, mitre and cope, and crown, And choir, and arch, and roof.

Oh, but to see thee, when thou wilt rise again— For thou again wilt rise, And with the splendor of thy second reign Dazzle a nation's eye!

Children of those who made thee what thou wast, Shall lift thee from the tomb, And clothe thee for the spoiling of the past, In more celestial bloom.

And psalm, and hymn, and gold and precious stones And gems beyond all price, And priest, and altar, o'er the martyr's bones, And daily sacrifice.

And endless prayer, and crucifix, and shrine, And all religion's dower, And thronging worshippers shall yet be thine— Oh, but to see that hour!

And who shall smite thee, then?— and who shall see Thy second glory o'er? When they who make thee free themselves are free, To fall no more!

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

The Charity of the Irish Peasant

(Cornelius Dorgan, in the Ave Maria.)

Although poorest of the poor, the peasantry of Ireland are wondrously charitable. It is no uncommon circumstance for them to share the last morsel with their fellows. Anything "in the name of God" is never asked for in vain, if at all possible; and what is given is always bestowed for His sake, and the repose of the souls of the faithful departed in general. The divine injunction to feed the hungry and clothe the naked they ever, sometimes at the greatest possible sacrifice to themselves, strenuously endeavor to fulfill. The beggar is never churlishly turned away from the door, nor the soothing word of sympathy withheld from the mourner. Where an alms is not possible, a deferential refusal is returned; while the pence of the poor rather than the pounds of the wealthy contribute to the maintenance and building of the churches, the schools and the various religious institutions throughout the land.

This mutual help and sympathy are exhibited in various ways. The majority, for instance, contribute weekly a penny or a halfpenny, as the case may be, to the local branch of the St. Vincent de Paul Society; while, in order to defray the expenses of a deceased neighbor who has died in necessitous circumstances and so to provide against the stigma of a pauper burial—a thing most dreaded among the Irish poor—a house to house collection is promptly made. The sick are constantly visited, and, in cases of absolute necessity, voluntarily nursed; and the dead are not forgotten in the kindly mourners' prayers, nor the bereaved ones denied the consolation of a full measure of genuine sympathy. The self-denial and charity of heart of these people in the dark hours of their fellows' distress are simply extraordinary. And it is all so natural and disinterested—disinterested in that, all being poor, none can profit by pretence.

SAFETY FOR CHILDREN.

Liquid medicines advertised to cure stomach and bowel disorders and summer complaints contain opiates and are dangerous. When a mother gives Baby's Own Tablets to her little one she has the guarantee of a Government analyst that this medicine does not contain one particle of opiate or harmful drug. The prudent mother will appreciate that in Baby's Own Tablets there is absolute safety. An occasional dose to the well child will keep it well—and they promptly cure the minor ailments of childhood when they come unexpectedly. Mrs. G. Hamlin, St. Adolphe, Que., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for colic and bowel troubles and find them safe and speedy in their cure." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Keep the Tablets in the house.

Frequent Communion for Young Men

In an article on "Frequent Communion," the Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart tells the following story: "St. Philip Neri, who devoted his life to the sanctification of the young men of Rome, and whose testimony comes to us with the double weight of sanctity and exceptional experience, used to say that frequent Communion, together with devotion to the Blessed Virgin, were not only the best, but that they were the only means of preserving the faith and morals of young men and of helping them to rise again after their falls. How he carried out this principle in practice will be seen by the following example: "A student came to him one day and begged his assistance in ridding himself of some evil habits to which he had long been a slave. The saint encouraged the young man, gave him good advice, and after hearing his confession absolved him and sent him away happy, with the permission to receive Holy Communion on the morrow. 'If you should be so unfortunate as to fall again, come and see me at once,' he added, 'and in the meantime put your entire confidence in God.' The next evening the youth returned to the saint to confess a relapse. Philip treated him exactly as before, encouraged him to struggle bravely, absolved him and allowed him to approach the holy table the next day. The student, harassed by the tyranny of the evil habit, and yet eager to return to God, drew from this compassionate direction and from the reception of the Holy Eucharist such an energy

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and constancy of purpose that for thirteen days in succession he returned daily to the saint's confessional. Finally charity carried the day, and Our Lord gained a new recruit. The young man made such rapid strides in the way of perfection that St. Philipson judged him worthy of aspiring to the priesthood. He eventually became an Oratorian, edified all Rome by his zeal and his virtues, and died still young in the odor of sanctity. To the end of his life he never wearied of telling the story of his conversion in order to encourage sinners and to make young men understand that their only hope lay in frequent Communion."

MONTREAL WHOLESALE PRICES

August 8. Flour—Manitoba spring wheat patents \$4.20 to \$4.40, and straight rollers \$3.90 to \$4.10 in wood; in bags, \$1.85 to \$1.95; extra, in bags, \$1.25 to \$1.50. Rolled Oats—\$2.20 to \$2.25 in bags of 90 lbs. Cornmeal—\$1.40 to \$1.45 per bag; granulated, \$1.65. Mill Feed—Ontario bran in bags, \$18 to \$19; shorts, in bags, \$20 to \$21.50; Manitoba bran, in bags, \$18 to \$19; shorts, \$20 to \$20.50. Oats—No. 2, 39c to \$9 1-2c per bushel; No. 3, 38c to 38 1-2c; No. 4, 37c to 37 1-2c. Hay—No. 1, \$10 to \$10.50 per ton on track; No. 2, \$9 to \$9.50; clover, \$7 to \$7.50; clover, mixed, \$8 to \$8.50. Beans—Prime pea beans, in car load lots, \$1.53 to \$1.55 per bushels, hand-picked. \$1.60 per bushel. Peas—Boiling, in broken lots, \$1.10 per bushel. Potatoes—40c to 50c per bag of 90 lbs. (nominal.) Honey—White clover in comb, 13c to 14c; buckwheat, 10c to 11c per pound section; extract, 7c to 7 1-2c; buckwheat, 5 1-2c to 6c per pound. Provisions—Barrels, short cut mess \$24.00; half barrels, do., \$12.50; clear fat back, \$23.50; long cut heavy mess, \$21.50; 1-2 barrels do., \$11.25; dry salt long clear bacon, 12 1-4c to 12 3-4c; barrels, plate beef, \$18 to \$18.50; half barrels do., \$6.75 to \$7.25; barrels heavy mess beef \$11.50; half barrels, do., \$6.25; compound lard, 9c to 9 1-2c; pure lard, 12c to 12 1-2c; kettle rendered, 13c to 14c; hams, 14 3-4c to 16c, according to size; breakfast bacon 16 1-2c to 17c; Windsor bacon, 16c to 16 1-2c; fresh killed abattoir dressed hogs, \$10.75 to \$11; alive, \$7.50 to \$7.75 per 100 lbs. Eggs—Straight receipts, 17c; No. 1 candled, 17c to 18c. Butter—Choicest Creamery, salted and unsalted, 22 1-2c to 23 3-4c. Cheese—Ontario, 12c to 12 1-2c; Quebec, 11 5-8c to 11 3-4c. Ashes—First pots, \$5.40 to \$5.50; seconds, \$4.70 to \$4.80; thirds, \$4.70; pearls, \$6.75 per 100 pounds. "By Medicine Life May be Prolonged."—So wrote Shakespeare nearly three hundred years ago. It is so to-day. Medicine will prolong life, but be sure of the qualities of the medicine. Life is prolonged by keeping the body free from disease. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil used internally will cure coughs, colds, eradicate asthma, overcome croup and give strength to the respiratory organs. Give it a trial.

THE S. CARSLY Co. LIMITED THURSDAY, AUGUST 9, 1906. Store closes at 5.30 daily.

Sale of Summer Dress Goods AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

Monday will be a busy day in the Dress Goods Department. The following is but a small portion of the bargains being offered. The prices speak for themselves:

- All-wool Etamine, in fancy mot led effects. Regular 45c. Sale... 12 1/2c
Black and white Shepherd Checks. Regular 53c. July sale price... 25c
Fancy Mohair, in neat stripes and small designs. Regular 65c. July sale price... 25c
New Fancy Check Suiting, in light and dark colors. Regular 45c. July sale price... 25c
Plain Canvas Cloth, full 44 inches wide. Regular 65c. July sale price... 39c
All-wool Llama Suitings, with small phantom checks. Regular 65c. July sale price... 39c

A Crowded Wash Goods Store.

- 55 pieces of nice MANCHESTER MUSLIN, beautiful in texture, exceptional in quality and original in design. 33 inches wide. Regular 15c. Special July sale price... 8c
40 pieces MATALLASSE, white ground with many pretty designs, all one yard wide and always sold for 19c. Our special July cheap sale price... 10c
30 pieces of MOUSSELINE DE SOIE, Swiss Muslin, Marie Antoinette and Pompadour Muslin, all the latest designs. These Mullins sold regularly from 60c to 75c. Special price... 39c
37c Japanese Silk 29c.

2000 yards Ivory White Japanese Silks, heavy quality, an ideal silk for Blouses and Dresses. Extra full width, a Regular 37c quality. Special... 29c

65c Fancy Summer Silks 36c

2000 yards of Fine Summer Silks, including Plain Taffeta, Fancy Taffeta, Peau de Soie and Fancy Louism; all sold in the usual way from 55c to 65c. Reduced specially... 36c

BASEMENT BARGAINS

- 500 large size Enamel Dinner or Pie Plates, seconds. Worth 12c. Special sale price... 7c
300 nickel-plated Towel Rings, regular 12c. Special... 5c
200 All Steel Mincing Knives, worth 10c. July sale price... 4c
200 Wire Potato Smashers, the kind that usually cost 5c... 2 1/2c
100 Hardwood Step Ladders, in many prices from... 29c

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Leave Montreal daily at 8:45 a. m., 8:15 p. m. Arrive Portland, N. B., at 6:45 a. m., 6:45 p. m. Ar. Old Orchard... 6:32 p. m., 7:35 a. m.

MONTREAL—OTTAWA.

Leave Montreal. 8 a. m., 9:40 a. m., 11:10 p. m., \*7:30 p. m. Arrive Ottawa. 11 a. m., \*12:40 pm, \*7:10 pm, \*10:30 pm. Leave Ottawa. \*8:35 am, \*3:30 pm, \*5 pm, \*7:15 pm. Arrive Montreal. \*11:35 am, \*6:30 pm, \*8 pm, \*10:15 pm.

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11:40 NIGHT EXPRESS for Quebec and St. John. Daily, except Sunday, at 11:45 p. m. A sleeping car is attached to this train, which passengers are occupied after 1:00 p. m.

Passengers leaving by the Maritime Express at 12 noon, Tuesdays, and 7:30 p. m., on Mondays, Fridays, will connect at Campbellton with the Intercolonial Railway and Bay of Fundy Express. All trains of the Intercolonial Railway arrive and depart from the Bonaventure Union Depot. CITY TICKET OFFICE. St. Lawrence Hall—141 St. James street, or Bonaventure Depot. Tel. Main 65. J. J. McCONNIEP, City Pass & Ticket Agent. P. S.—Write for free copy. Tours to Summer Res. by Via Ocean Limited. Train de Lacs.

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Gardien de la de' Lecture Feb 19 1906 Assessee Log...

A Morning

(P. L. Connellan, R.O.)

On the octave of the 1st of Peter, a numerous crowd and a few strangers—mancans—gathered near the St. Peter's. On the arrival of the Marucci, the narrow marble steps down to the Vatican Crypts, was opened, and the people descended into the light-illuminated chapels and corridors and most immediately over the Apostle. Mass was celebrated, followed by the crowd to that portion of the known as the "Grotto V Old Grottoes, and there a most interesting account historical evidences from centuries regarding the tomb of St. Peter in the lecture of the learned was absorbing and convincing those who were satisfied statement of the case, or tions were found within one wandered about on the count amidst these sepulchre might study them at his brilliant electric light years ago it was different, for a long time not even Romans—were enter these Grottoes, except rarest cases. Information received by Leo XIII. from a detective force that chists were considering the up of these Grottoes, an sequent destruction of St a feature of their progress.

In the olden days, however, impressions made upon who all alone—accompany a boy bearing a waxen tedered into these corridors, pels, were extremely vivid the most venerable of all combs of Rome, that city in graves. The very cool place suggested the icy death. By the trembling of the flickering torch of ancient history, as flashes of lightning, which printed on the mind like seen in the intervals of a storm. The silence that the place added to the scene; for the sounds of the outward world are here as a ray of sunshine times indeed the chants of in the upper church and the of the organ and the choir faintly, as if they came from a distant world.

And here to-day as you the fragments of porphyry marbles that probably of the original pavement of church of St. Peter founded stantine the Great in the of the 4th century, you feel spot is one associated with memories. Whatever else ed in the world during the centuries that have elapsed then, as you look down on slabs, now set rather loose feel that they at least are the same position in which were originally placed.

No city in the world, it is said, is so much of a graveyard. Rome is. For miles beyond reach it, on every high ridge shapeless ruins of tombs to men line the route on each names borne by these weather-beaten mounds of brick are occasionally of fame, and are known even modern tourist; while the tached to others remain in memory as subjects of future tion.

It is in the churches, that you read the names of women known through length and breadth of the Church of St. Peter to briety that is universal, to the tomb of the Fisherman the bearer of the Keys, to Lord committed the care of Church. Of his successors See of Rome, it is estimated less than 150 were buried