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# The True



# Witness

Vol. LIV., No. 47

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, MAY 25, 1905.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## IRELAND AND ROME.

### A Notable Banquet in Honor of the Archbishop of Dublin.

Rome, May 5.

A banquet was given here yesterday by the Rector of the Irish College in honor of the Archbishop of Dublin, previous to His Grace's departure after his visit ad limina.

Amongst those present were Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli, Cardinal Vincent Vannutelli, Cardinal Satolli, Mgr. Panici, Archbishop of Laodicea, Secretary to the Congregation of Rites, Mgr. Giles, Bishop of Philadelphia (Rector of the English College), Mgr. Verde, Promotore della Fede; Mgr. Frazer, Rector of the Scotch College.

At the conclusion of the banquet, Cardinal Vincent Vannutelli, rising, said: "Most eminent colleagues, colleagues of the Sacred College, Monsignore, Right Rev. Fathers, and gentlemen, there is a house in Rome at which I have always felt at home, and that is the Irish College. But during the past year a nearer and closer tie has united me to it. Previous to that time I came here with no higher title than that of a Roman citizen; now I am here in another aspect as well—that of an Irish citizen (applause). To me alone has fortune been so kind as to permit me to enjoy the peculiar distinction of being at one and the same time a Civis Romanus and a Civis Hibernus. I glory in the one; I am proud of the other. My recent experience, however, has let me see that there is, after all, not so much real difference between the two titles as might appear at first—that they mean, to an Irishman, one and the same thing. For, during the, to me, ever-memorable visit to Ireland, I learned daily and hourly that an Irish Catholic, while remaining true to his country, is at the same time always a true Roman in the bond of affection and loyalty that binds him to Rome, to the Apostolic See, and the Vicar of Christ—the Roman Pontiff (loud applause). It is no new tie. It is as old as St. Patrick, and is a faithful carrying out of that great Apostle's teaching: 'Ye are sons of Christ; be ye, therefore, true children of Rome.' That teaching has been well remembered. During my all-too-brief stay in Ireland, I witnessed a wonderful display of attachment of the people to this grand old See of Rome, and to the Catholic traditions of their own Catholic land. The people are true. The priests are worthy of the people. The Bishops never waver in their loyalty to Rome, and in their devotion to the interests of the people over whom they have been set to govern. And, prominent amongst them in zeal, in unflagging energy, in steadfast devotion to the Apostolic See, is the name of our illustrious guest, the Archbishop of Dublin (loud applause).

Previous to my visit to Ireland, His Grace's name was not unknown to me. But it was only when I saw the hold he has on the hearts of the people, not only of his own diocese, but of all Ireland; it was only when I saw for myself abundant evidences of his ceaseless labors and the more than brilliant talents that he has unsparingly given to the cause of God and country; it was only when I heard from the lips of his brother Bishops the words of unstinted praise in which they spoke of him—only then I came to realize fully the gist that Ireland possesses in the person of the illustrious Prelate in whose presence I have the honor to speak.

More than this, I was His Grace's guest for some time in Ireland, and no words of mine can adequately convey the kindness I experienced at his hands. But I gladly take advantage of an occasion such as this to convey the abiding sense of gratitude and profound esteem in which I must ever hold the Archbishop of Dublin. I have much pleasure in asking you to drink the health of His Grace, to whom I pray God may be pleased to grant length of days to carry on the noble work to which his life has been so conspicuously and so successfully devoted (loud applause).

The Archbishop's health was drunk with the greatest enthusiasm—the other Cardinals making it plain how fully they shared in the sentiments so eloquently expressed by Cardinal V. Vannutelli.

In replying to the toast proposed by His Eminence, the Archbishop began by expressing the pleasure that it gave him, as it could not but give to any Irish Bishop, or to any Irishman, ecclesiastic or layman, to find himself welcomed as a guest in the Irish College at Rome. To me, said His Grace, it is a very special pleasure indeed. In my schoolboy days when I first conceived with anything like distinctness the possibility of my becoming a priest, the priests who had care of my education in Dublin, had, most of them, been students of this College. It was then my most earnest desire to become a student of the College myself, and it was all but arranged that I should be. It was one of the few great griefs of my early years when that expectation was disappointed. I then had little thought that the day could ever come when I should find myself united with the College by the special tie that was formed when, after my appointment to the See of Dublin, I had the privilege of receiving the episcopal consecration within its venerable walls. Having been consecrated here, it is but natural that I should always come here with pleasure, and that, when here, I should feel, as I have always been made to feel, thoroughly at home. During my present visit to the College, the Rector, Mgr. Murphy, has been more than kind to me—to me, and the two priests, my secretary and my chaplain, who have come with me to Rome. To-day he has overwhelmed me with honor in inviting so many distinguished friends, friends of this College and of Ireland, to come and dine with him whilst I am still his guest. But Your Eminence will excuse me for speaking of these things. There is no honor that could be done to me by the Rector, the Vice-Rector, or the students of this College, no kindness they could show me, that should be spoken of, or thought of, in the presence of the gracious act of Your Eminence in proposing my health, and in speaking of me as you have been so good as to do just now. It is not the first time that I have had to thank Your Eminence for such a kindness. In thanking you for it on the present occasion, and in thanking also the other venerable members of the Sacred College in presence of whom I have the honor of speaking, as well as all our other friends, for the way in which they have received Your Eminence's words, I trust that I am not breaking through any rule of the strict etiquette of Rome if I take upon myself the liberty of proposing another toast—the health of His Eminence Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli. Of his Eminence I need say but this, that, twelve months ago, he was as absolutely unknown to the great body of our Irish people as they must have been to him. He came among us on a special mission, a mission that was gratefully appreciated by all of us, and he had not been a week in our country when his name became what it is to-day, a household word throughout the length and breadth of Ireland (applause). Let me give one instance of the deep and reverential, as well as affectionate, respect in which that name is held. Catholic parents—I can answer for it in Dublin—seek to have his Eminence's name conferred upon their children when they bring them to the priests for baptism, or to the Bishop for Confirmation. When asked what name is to be given to the child, we frequently get the answer, "Vincent," and sometimes, I am bound to say, it goes a step farther, and the answer is "Vincent Vannutelli" (applause). I am glad to have the opportunity of mentioning this one fact that has resulted from his Eminence's visit to Ireland. It is a touching, and can-

not fail to be a lasting, commemoration of a memorable visit, a visit in more than one respect without precedent or parallel in the annals of our Irish Church, a visit which, short, too short, as it unhappily had to be, nevertheless achieved what would beforehand have seemed to many of us who knew Ireland best the impossible, or all but impossible, result of deepening and strengthening as well as of inspiring with a new enthusiasm, the bond of affectionate loyalty that unites, as it has now for so many centuries united, the heart of Catholic Ireland with this Holy See of Rome (prolonged and enthusiastic applause).

### EVERY-DAY WORK OF A GREAT SURGEON, WHO GOT BORED TO DEATH WITH IT.

Sir Frederick Treves, the great surgeon, explains in the course of a special chat appearing in Cassell's Saturday Journal why he has practically abandoned his profession. "I gave it up because there was too much to do," he says. "Performing big operations every morning makes existence rather trying. I got tired of my duties, they bored me to death, so after six-and-twenty years of practice I retired. Not that my labors were breaking me down. Nothing would, I think, do that. I have no nervous system, not having had need of one, and I never had to keep to my bed. I was invariably downstairs at five o'clock. I breakfasted at half-past seven, and almost without exception there was an operation at nine. Then, right up to one o'clock there were patients to see. After that I went out, and having lunched in my carriage, devoted the afternoon to consultations. When did I get home? At all hours. This, as I have said, was a sort of existence of which anybody was liable to get tired." Asked if he had not even less leisure now than he had a few years ago, he remarked: "I can't say. I ever have a minute to spare. I never could be idle. If I were put into an empty room I should find something to do. But I have retired from practice. A man has only one life to lead, you know, and if he leads the life of a convict he had better place himself in Portland Prison. There you have some work, but you are at least relieved of responsibility." A number of other interesting anecdotes and incidents are given in the article.

### CARLYLE'S "FRENCH REVOLUTION."

When Carlyle had finished the second volume of "The French Revolution," he lent the manuscript to John Stuart Mill, who, in turn, lent it to another friend. This friend, after reading it far into the night, left it lying on his study table. The next morning the housemaid, hunting around for something to start the fire with, found the loose mass of paper, and so it went up in flames. When the fatal news was told to Carlyle, he was staggered by the heavy blow, and sat in despair for many days. One day, while sitting by his open window, brooding over the terrible misfortune, he happened to see across acres of roofs a man building a brick wall. Patiently the man laid brick after brick, tapping each one with his trowel as if to give it his benediction and farewell, and all the while singing as gaily as a lark. "And in my spleen," says Carlyle, "I said within myself, 'Poor fool! how canst thou be so merry under such a blue-spotted atmosphere as this, and everything rushing into the region of the insane?' and then I bethought me, and I said to myself, 'Poor fool thou, rather, that sittest here by the window whining and complaining. The man yonder builds a house that shall be a home, perhaps, for generations. Up, then, at thy work, and be cheerful.'" So he arose and washed his face, and felt his head anointed, and went to work, and presently "The French Revolution" got finished again. Thus the world is indebted for that powerful book to the unconscious influence of an unknown bricklayer.

To pray, to give, to suffer—these are the resolutions of my retreat, wrote an old man; see how I can still be of little use!—Golden Sands.

## THE LANGUAGE MOVEMENT.

### A History of Its Progress.

The Irish Language Movement has made such great strides within the past few years that the public are apt to forget the early struggles of the Gaelic League, and of the societies established prior to the advent of the Gaelic League, for the rescue of our National tongue from decay and death.

I have been in the language movement nearly thirty years, writes Mr. J. J. Doyle in the Dublin Freeman's Journal. I believe I am the only one of the Executive of the Gaelic League who had been a member of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language and of the Gaelic Union from their foundation. I feel, therefore, that I owe something to those of a generation ago, most of them dead and gone, who worked strenuously on behalf of the language of Ireland at a time when helpers were few, and whose names and whose labors are apt to be forgotten in this our day of triumph.

About the middle of 1875 I became acquainted with a young man, a few years my senior, who was then studying Irish, and who has since made his mark as an Irish scholar. I had not at that time seen an Irish book or an Irish manuscript, but I had a fair knowledge of the language as spoken in Kerry. Our chance acquaintance ripened into friendship, which happily continues to this day. Considerable correspondence, mostly in Irish, passed between us. I have preserved all his letters, which practically give a history of the Language Movement from 1875 to close, upon the establishment of the Gaelic League in 1893.

So long as the Penal Laws remained in all their diabolical rigor the Irish language might be said to have maintained its own. Some of our best Irish poetry was written in the 17th and 18th centuries. This poetry, now being published by the Gaelic League and the Irish Texts Society, compares favorably with the English poetry of the same period.

When it is remembered that the Catholic Gaels must have been the Irish speakers in the main, it is strange, but nevertheless true, that the real decline of the National tongue came with the relaxation of the Penal Code, which decline has continued with accelerating speed down to our day. The leaders of public opinion in Ireland during the latter part of the 18th century and the beginning of the 19th were Protestants. It could not have been otherwise. They alone had the means of education, they alone could sit in Parliament, and, in fact, they alone could vote for a member of Parliament, for though the Catholic Celt got the franchise a few years before the Union, the Government of that day were in no hurry to give him the chance to exercise it. These Protestant leaders had been educated in Trinity College or in England. Their education was purely English; indeed I might say it was anti-Irish, and if a few of them rose superior to their anti-Irish training and took sides with their suffering fellow-countrymen, it was because their Irish blood was superior to their anti-Irish training. They had, however, little or no knowledge of the Irish language. They were compelled perforce to use English. The fashion set up by the Protestant leaders was continued by the Catholic leaders who followed them. John Keogh, who was the moving spirit in the early struggles for Catholic Emancipation, if he knew Irish, does not appear to have used it; and O'Connell, who knew Irish well, did much, though doubtless unconsciously, to Anglicise Ireland. The popular leaders set the fashion, the people followed, and so down to our day, political movements, necessary in themselves, but being conducted solely in English, have helped to banish the Irish language, Irish modes of thought, Irish customs, and Irish fashions, and to place in their stead the language of England, and, as a consequence, English ideas and fashions. The great Protestant leaders of the end of the 18th century commenced it; the Catholic lea-

ders followed, and it was not until the '48 movement that any political leader spoke up for the Irish language. Thomas Davis's essay on the National language reads like a propagandist pamphlet of the Gaelic League. The premature death of Davis and the emigration which followed the awful famine of '46 and '47 destroyed all hopes for the Irish language for at least another generation.

THE SCHOOLS.

It has been said that the National Schools killed the Irish language. They certainly have done their share of the evil work, and some of them are still doing it; but they did not begin it. The National schoolmaster did not invent the "signum." That instrument of torture was designed by the old hedge schoolmasters. This little score-stick was hung on the neck of the Irish-speaking child when he spoke a word of Irish a nick was cut in the "signum." The parents joined in the infamous work. They marked the nicks and the pedagogues administered the punishment. Many of these old schoolmasters were good Irish scholars, and they could all speak Irish much better than English. They occasionally wrote good Irish poetry, but they much preferred writing English nonsense—"words of learned length and thundering sound," not well understood by themselves, and certainly not understood by "the gazing rustics ranged around."

As it was with the primary schools, so was it with the colleges. Trinity, true to its foundation and traditions, was anti-Irish of course. It had an Irish Chair, but this Chair was founded and endowed by a proselytising society, and its Irish sizarships were usually given as rewards for apostasy. What became of the Chair of Irish in one of the Queen's Colleges I do not know. If there was a professor of Irish he was a professor without students.

How was it with Maynooth? I had it from the lips of a holy and learned parish priest that when he was in Maynooth, fifty years ago, the students from certain dioceses only were allowed to attend the Irish classes, and that those who did attend were made the laughing stock of their more fortunate fellow-students. Much the same spirit must have existed when O'Growney entered our national ecclesiastical college. I quote from Father O'Reilly's oration at the O'Growney funeral:

"There was a Chair of Irish in this great College, but if there was you never saw such a subject of mocking as the man who taught and the man who learnt. It has its fruits. Not one in a hundred paid any attention to Irish, but followed other branches of learning for which there was some honor or respect, and spent their energies competing with each other in pursuit of prizes and of a name for themselves, which was but natural."

Thank God, there is a different spirit in Maynooth to-day. As to the seminaries and intermediate schools of thirty years ago, so far as I know, St. Jarlath's, Tuam, was the only one in which the National language found a place on the programme of studies.

There were three forces which tended to preserve the language amongst the peasantry. These were poetry, story-telling and praying. The poetry was handed down orally from the 17th and 18th centuries. The stories were mainly those of Fionn and his companions, together with fairy tales. Indeed, the Irish term for a fireside story is Sgeul Fionn-aideacht—a Fenian story. Even to this day many whose knowledge of Irish is very limited prefer to say their Rosary in Irish, and, as for the person with whom Irish is native, he would just as soon say his prayers in Greek or in Latin as in English. The religious poems of Tadhg Gaodhach in Munster and O'Gallagher's sermons in Ulster had considerable influence in preserving the faith and the language throughout Irish Ireland in the last century.

During the first sixty years of the last century various societies were formed for the study of Irish as a dead language, and these societies did good work in publishing old texts. They were the predecessors in title of the Irish Texts Society of to-day. The most prolific of these was the Ossianic Society, founded in 1853, which published no less than 24 volumes. With few exceptions, the members of these learned bodies gave no thought to the living language—indeed, they rather despised it as a mere vulgar jargon, not fit for great scholars—the language in which I have myself gathered from the mouths of Irish speakers, in one parish alone, over 250 proverbs: I wonder how many proverbs could be found in common use amongst the English speakers in Ireland—including Trinity College.

THE FIRST NATIONAL EFFORT

To save our National language was made nearly twenty-nine years ago, when, at the end of the year 1875, the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language was founded in Dublin, the object of the society being "the preservation and extension of Irish as a spoken language." The founder of that society was Father John Nolan, then of the Carmelite Church, Clarendon street, Dublin, who died last year at the Abbey, Loughrea. Father Nolan was the son of Irish-speaking parents, who, like many other Irish fathers and mothers, believed that speaking Irish meant spoiling English, and he grew up ignorant of his native language. However, in Louvain, with the aid of Canon Burke's Grammar and Easy Lessons, and of O'Donnell's Irish Bible, he managed, during his student days, to acquire a good knowledge of the written language, though up to the last he was but an indifferent speaker. For some time prior to the starting of the new society there had been what might be called considerable local disturbance in Celtic waters. Here is an extract from a letter dated 21st December, '75, which I had from a friend in Dublin:

"The Highland Scottish Gaelic is about being introduced into the National Schools, mainly through the exertions of Professor Blackie, of Edinburgh"; and a few days later he wrote: "There is great activity at present in the cause of Gaelic. A Chair has been founded and endowed in Edinburgh for the study of Gaelic dialects, mainly through the exertions of Professor Stuart Blackie, a correspondent of Father Burke's (of St. Jarlath's), who speaks very highly of him. Professor Arnold is working on the same line in England. A Chair has also lately been erected in the Catholic University here, and a committee has now been formed to carry out the design of having Irish scholarships established, and give assistance to poor native scholars to enable them to reside in the metropolis and study the manuscripts in Trinity College, the Royal Irish Academy, the Catholic University, etc. Great work has been done in Connaught too by St. Jarlath's College to keep alive an intelligent knowledge of the native tongue, and gradually to remove the feeling which many foolish people have to speak the language that has the greatest scholars in Europe studying it." In August, 1876, he wrote: "The great want of all is a newspaper or journal to keep it (the language) alive amongst the people, just as the Highland Scotch have in the 'Highlander'."

In the month of November, 1876, my friend writes about reviving a defunct Irish class in the Mechanics' Institute, which had met so long as three attended, of forming a little club and starting a journal, the main object of which should be "to teach Irish speakers to read their own language."

I first met Father John Nolan a little over two years ago, and learned then from his own lips what led him to set about founding the new society. His first intention was to form an Irish club. The first man he met, and the first to give him a subscription (£1), was Mr. Stephen Easton, stationer. Mr. Easton suggested the starting of a society. Later on, I think on the same day, Father Nolan met Mr. Charles Dawson, who undertook to enlist some of the Parliamentarians, through

(Continued on Page 4.)

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HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

Window-dressing has certainly become an art with our shopkeepers. It is almost impossible to discriminate as one vies with another to such an extent that we go slowly when we begin to compare. During horse show week there was a particularly elegant display, the well-known purple and white being very prominent. Just now the dry goods stores seem to lead, decked out in all their summer finery, from the gossamer-like voile and filmy laces to the serviceable and exceedingly pretty gingham. All this is in keeping with the bright days with us, and those to come, and increases our anticipations of happiness in country, in mountain and at seaside; and one so easily forgets the dusty city and the binding task amidst the joys of a summer vacation.

FASHIONS.

A novel and charming coat for evening is fashioned of a network of very narrow silk braid put together in a lattice design. This open-work affair is mounted over a white silk foundation, in its turn lined with satin and chiffon.

Long, narrow panels of open embroidery are inset into the newest parasols, radiating like spokes from the centre. A taking blouse of white linen has pale green linen shamrocks applied to the front and the long tight cuffs. Many hats of butter-colored straw are shown, and one of the smartest has the turned-up brim faced with black lace, and the top heaped with pink roses.

Sharply-pointed bodices and deep-pointed waistbands are the chief novelties of the hour, the latter in many cases reaching as high as an ordinary evening bodice. They are a little difficult to manage; these important-looking centres, and in all cases the material proper must be mounted on a carefully fitted and boned lining. The new centre may be fastened in the front, at the back, or at one side with equal propriety; but always great care must be taken to make the fastening invisible, or else to have a double set of extremely pretty little buttons looped across with silver cords, or something of that kind. The whole appearance of a costume might very easily be spoiled by a carelessly arranged waistband.

No woman with too large hips should wear an Eton jacket. She wants a long coat, at least to the knees, with almost straight lines at the side. Shallow round gimpes with only a narrow band trimmed in lace or embroidery running down the front to the waist line are for use with blouse or coat which show only a line of lingerie or lace; and, in place of the fluffy sheer chemisettes and cuffs, one occasionally finds sets in coarse design and finished by a little heavy applique lace.

Leather effects will figure in the belts to be worn by women this summer. The newest thing for children is patent leather belts with a bob. The silk belt with leather trimmings will be the most gorgeous one the women have worn in several summers. It is something entirely new and will be one of the popular effects. Another fad for the summer is the leather belt, plain and patent, with a seam running through the centre. This will be worn with shirt waists. The visiting bag will be carried this summer instead of the handbag which has been so popular.

Nothing is in better taste for morning wear than the simple lingerie waist, which may in truth be quite an intricate affair of lace insertion and motifs, but the effect of which remains simple however the embellishment is used.

A silk lining is almost a necessity for most of the gowns this year, and yet there never were so many satisfactory linings to choose from, and with a silk flounce only quite a few pennies can be saved. For summer wear thin India silk or lawn makes a far more comfortable waist lining than taffeta silk, and will wear better in most cases, but cannot be used if the gown be of too transparent a material. There are also many new linings that are cool and that yet have enough "body" not to stretch, a most serious fault that will ruin the best cut waist after it has been worn two or three times.

A model in chiffon messaline of a delicious peach blossom pink was one of the most pliable gowns shown by an importer, yet was particularly simple in its design and is within the scope of any seamstress. Lace insertion of a guipure variety, through which black velvet baby ribbon was drawn, was the essential trimming, but the lines of the little gown were charming.

Both greens and browns are well represented in the check effects so numerous among the new materials. In everything from cotton to silk the check is ubiquitous, often in combination with other designs, but appearing in every imaginable form. Probably we shall be tired of checked materials before the summer is over, but it is an unquestionable fact that a majority of the prettiest novelties in all materials save evening gown fabrics have some suggestion of the check.

TIMELY HINTS.

Carpet Washing—After having thoroughly swept the carpets that were lifted and cleaned in the spring, go over every inch with a clean mop wrung out of half a pail of tepid water to which has been added half a cup of camphor and three or four tablespoonfuls of ammonia. This applies to dark carpets, of course, for these are the sort that generally need brightening.

To clean bronzes wash the surface with pulverized whiting or powdered saffron until the surface is smoothed, then rub the surface with paste of plumbago and saffron, which will impart the desired color; then heat the articles before a slow wood fire. Large statues which cannot be removed are washed with a weak solution of alkali and soap water.

In dampening clothes for ironing, hot water is much better than cold; the moisture is more even, and the clothes are sooner ready for the iron.

Ivory-backed brushes are so liable to get soiled and spotted, even with the greatest care, that many people will be glad to know how to clean them properly. Spots may be removed by the application of a paste made of sawdust slightly dampened with water and a few drops of lemon-juice. The paste should be laid on the ivory and allowed to dry thoroughly. It can then be brushed off.

Another plan is to dip a small bit of damp flannel into table-salt and rub with this. If the backs of the brushes are carved, the former method will be found the better.

A little white sugar in the water in which green vegetables are boiled will preserve their color and is better than the use of soda.

Kerosene is excellent for cleansing zinc-lined articles, such as bath tubs and sinks, or if the sink is made of iron it will clean it as well. Wipe off thoroughly with a cloth dipped in the oil, then scrub with hot suds, and the lining is brightened as well as cleansed.

In the present demand for trimmings and vari-colored laces anyone who has had even a small experience in handling a brush can paint her cheap lace into an excellent imitation of an expensive variety, providing that she uses a little judgment in her effect, but with the flowers painted in a delicate pink and the tiny leaves green a very charming trimming is the result. Lace is the salvation of many a "made-over" frock, and an old family lace fichu, or a collarette of point lace, or even a lace flounce, can be utilized to better advantage this year than ever before.

Remember that the yolk of an egg, if placed in a cup and covered with a little cold water, will keep for a couple of days. The water can easily be poured off when the yolk is to be used.

A sick person will sometimes eat water toast when other food is repugnant. Toast bread crisply and dip just for a second in boiling salted water. Remove instantly to a hot dish, butter lightly and serve.

TIME TABLE FOR VEGETABLES.

- String beans—One and a half to two hours. Cauliflower—Thirty to forty minutes. Corn, young—Five to ten minutes. Cabbage, new—Thirty to forty-five minutes. Carrots—Fifty to sixty minutes. Onions—Thirty-five to forty-five minutes. Peas—Fifteen to twenty minutes. Potatoes, boiled—Twenty to thirty minutes.

Potatoes, steamed—Thirty to forty minutes. Turnips—Thirty-five to forty minutes. Parsnips—Thirty-five to forty-five minutes.

RECIPES.

Sweetbreads, Italian Style—Soak a pair of heart sweetbreads in cold water for two hours, then parboil in water acidulated with a little lemon juice or tarragon vinegar. When done drain and cool, placing them under a weight. Cut each one into four pieces and brown nicely in butter, seasoned with salt, pepper and minced parsley. Let them cool, then dip into white glaze or Bechamel sauce, then into bread crumbs, then into beaten egg, and again into crumbs and fry in deep fat until nicely browned. Serve with brown sauce and mushrooms and individual patties of spaghetti with a slice of tomato and little grated cheese on top.

Graham Gems with Dates.—These are especially nice for breakfast, delicious and wholesome. Beat the yolk of one egg with a saltspoonful of salt. Next add one cupful of milk, one-half cup of boiled rice, a cup and a half of whole wheat or graham meal, and a scant tablespoon of melted butter and beat vigorously, add a quarter cupful of sliced dates, a teaspoonful of baking powder and then fold in the whites of two eggs beaten stiff. Bake in a hot oven.

Sardine Salad—Soak a dozen sardines for an hour in vinegar, then remove their skin and arrange in a circle on your salad dish. In the centre heap pitted and quartered olives. Make a dressing of the strained juice of a lemon mixed with one tablespoon olive oil, a bit of salt and of paprika; and over all a sprinkling of capers.

Savory Tomato Soup—Finely chop two medium sized onions and put them in a saucepan with two ounces of butter and a tablespoonful of minced parsley; add a little salt and pepper, and three new boiled potatoes, chopped fine; also half a cup of cooked or canned green peas. Simmer about ten minutes; then add a can of very ripe tomatoes. Add a tablespoonful of sugar, a pinch of ground cloves, more salt if required and a little cayenne. Cook gently for half an hour, then rub through a fine sieve. Return to the oven and thicken with a teaspoonful of butter rubbed to a paste with a teaspoonful of cornstarch. Serve very hot with tiny sippets of fried or toasted bread.

THAT BOY OF YOURS.

We chaperon our girls and carefully guard them against unworthy boys, but we leave the boy to choose for himself his associates and his achievements.

Girls are naturally winsome, gentle companionable. They win their way in homes and hearts. But the boy, noisy, awkward, mischievous, is invited into few homes and feels none too much at home in his own. About the only door that swings with sure welcome to the boy, about the only chair that is shoved near the fire especially for the boy, about the only place where he is sure of cordial greeting, is where he ought not to go.

It is one of the hardest things in this world to get hold of a boy—to get a sure grip on him. He is hungry for companionship and he will have it. You can't chain him away from it. He wants the companionship of boys, and nothing will take its place.

If the rime of selfishness has so incased your heart that the joys and hopes of your boy cannot enter into it, the boy is to be pitied; but so are you.—Milwaukee Journal.

HOME COURTESIES.

In the close relationship of members of the same household and the constant contact through long association, there is apt to be a lack of the friendly greetings and delicate attentions which are given to visitors and strangers in the household. Children are commonly not trained to sweet courtesies in their treatment of parents and one another. Husband and wife do not preserve their first gracious care of each other. But thoughtful and loving little services sweeten home life and pour the oil of joy over daily experiences.

When a husband or son is prompt and helpful in placing her chair for her at table, what woman does not feel happier? An act of courtesy cultivates in its performer more appreciation and attachment. The spirit which prompts little attentions and the habit which preserves them will banish hard feelings, sharp words and alienations that naturally and easily come in times of difference or conflict of interest.

WHAT IS EXPECTED OF A MOTHER.

In thinking over what is expected of the average woman who becomes a housekeeper, wife and mother, it occurs to a recent writer that she must be master of all the arts and sciences in order to properly fill her position. Her education, to be complete, must be perfect along many lines. She must be entertaining and accomplished, to charm her husband and her husband's friends; she must be a well-rounded housekeeper, understand cooking thoroughly, else how can she direct the energies of her domestic in that line? She must be well acquainted with the sanitary code, to see that her house is well ventilated, properly heated, and the plumbing in good condition; must know how to attend to the marketing and general buying, so that sufficient economy may be practiced; must make all her own calls, and her husband's as well, to keep in touch with her social duties; her knowledge of sewing must be such as to keep the family mending done, if not to fashion the clothes; then, when the children come, she must be a trained kindergartner, and then, later on, she must remember all she ever learned at school or college, so as not to be put to shame by the girl or boy of the twentieth century, while at the same time she must be young again to enter into their joys and sentiments, and see that their companions are what they should be, and when sickness comes mother is expected to be a trained nurse, ready to be up day and night, taking the temperature and giving medicine.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

NEEDED SOMETHING.

Mrs. Hi Flyre—They say that Mrs. Al De Mustard's beautiful new house is simply crowded with Murillos and Velasquezes.

Mrs. Justin De Bunch—Why! Has she tried pouring gasoline in the cracks and fumigating with formaldehyde?—Cleveland Leader.

Tommy—I think mamma is an awful gossip.

Ethel—O Tommy, how can you say such a thing?

Tommy—Well, she is; everything I do she goes right off and tells papa.

"Are you going to the circus, Willie?" asked the visitor.

"I s'pose I'll have to," replied the little fellow. "Papa wants to go, and I'm the only excuse he's got."

The six-year-old daughter of a certain naval officer was sewing, when her older sister asked, "Why don't you use a pattern?" The little miss replied with impressive dignity: "I don't need a pattern. I sew by ear."

AT CAMP MEETING.

Judy—Glory! glory in my soul! I got 'ligion all over me!

Juba—Judy, ain't you shams ter be shoutin' glory, and des las' week you stole dat goose from Miss?

Judy—Go 'way from heah, nigger! You think I gwine let des a goose stan' twixt me 'n my Maker?

"Let me see some of your black kid gloves," said a lady to a shopman. "These are not the latest style, are they?" she asked, when the gloves were produced.

"Yes, madam," replied the shopman; "we have had them in stock only two days."

"I didn't think they were, because the fashion paper says black kids have tan stitchings, and vice versa. I see the tan stitchings, but not the vice versa."

The shopman explained that vice versa was French for four buttons, so she bought three pairs.

"Have you any brothers and sisters, little boy?"

"Yes; two."

"And you have a father and mother?"

"Yes; and we have a grandfather."

"How old is your grandfather?"

"Oh, I don't know. But we have had him for a long time."—Selected.

THE GENTLEMAN.

A little girl, who had been overheard calling her sister a "little devil," was severely reproved by her mother, who explained that no little lady ought to use such a shocking expression.

"I hope," said mamma, "that I shall never hear that word from your lips again."

Next Sunday the small offender went to church with the nurse, and on her return was asked by her mother if she knew what the sermon was about.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "it was all about the world, the flesh and—the gentleman who looks after hell!"

A TALK ON WOMEN'S CLUBS

According to the secular press the Woman's Club topic is a delicate one to touch upon. It seems to be one of the live wires of society, charged as it is, with awe for womankind and popular indulgence in dealing with feminine whims. Now and then a hard knock is given to women's organizations in general, and immediately the culprit is invited to step out on the carpet and defend his honor.

We are liable to make sharp accusations when we view a thing in its extremes, and there is nothing in the wide world that has not tasted of bitter absurdity and ridicule. And although it would be unjust to condemn every woman's club without exception as silly and dangerous to the home—for any little band of women might be called a "club" so long as there is some object in view—certainly some of the wildest, wickedest, crudest and most heartless theories are put forth in more than one of the many clubs of women in this our day of brain strenuousity. Holy Writ tells us that charity is kind and that it is patient and that it "endureth all things." Whom woman club together in a charitable cause and keep within the bounds of rationality their cause is noble. While they keep patience and kindness firmly hinged on their undertakings the good within them will have freer egress to an atmosphere of truth, the doors of their hearts will not squeak with the rust of pomp and self-esteem, and their efforts will be worthy.

There are many societies organized in the name of charity and in the name of other "uplifting" and "elevating" things which are but thorns in virtue's side. Their origin is sometimes sincerely puffed up to extremes; sometimes heightened vulgarity, and often it is an unnatural ambition for queerness by queer individuals.

What a counterfeit of womanliness is presented in a gathering which has for its purpose the crushing into shapelessness every consistency of nature! Picture a woman frequently leaving her home and children and preaching to her sisters on the "Uplift of Society" or "How to Have a Model Home!" It would be more in accordance with a home-loving woman to suggest to her sisters that she and they stay at home as much as possible unless it be convenient to have both husband and children accompany them on their pastime tours. I don't mean to claim that it is improper to seek advice from women in women's gatherings. There are many women who are intellectual and penetrating, observant in home-improving ideas; but once a woman has chosen the vocation of wife and mother her place is not the lecture platform. The old rhyme tells us that

"Man works from sun to sun, But woman's work is never done."

Of course the woman's work referred to in the couplet means her work in the home, and I believe the woman is rare who does not love that quotation. I quite agree with them, too, and sympathize with them, and that is good reason for me to argue that there is a contradiction in the attempt to be a public lecturer, or a frequenter of clubs, and be a model home-manager, with or without servants.

I will repeat that there are many women who, possessing more knowledge of things in general than the average housekeeper, are fitted by their superior ability to teach household hints and hold discourse for the benefit of women wishing to improve conditions in their homes. Women writers on home topics are also in a position to aid in this instruction. But women are in many instances made discouraged by their state of life by becoming habitually drawn away from the simple pleasures of their own hearth to the less responsible pastimes of clubdom.

The statements of some of our public men regarding the menace to society in the popularizing of women's clubs should not be looked upon as an offense by women of serious mind, but rather as a timely warning that women should not look for ease and amusement while home ties and affections are neglected.

Woman is the cornerstone of the home. She is the principal support in love's imposing structure. She is the prop above and around which is built all things beautiful and cheerful and good. The family dealings with the world will always cast a reflection of the character of the mother and wife. So let woman hold her place and be not shaken by idle unreasonings of discontent. Let her aim be to make husband and sons better men and her daughters still more loving by every effort at home-like and natural encouragement. Com-

merce will take care of the material world. Let woman keep guard over that finer and sweeter, and holier world in which the soul has a part.—Michael Barrykay, in New World.

D'YOUVILLE READING CIRCLE.

Ottawa, May 20. On Tuesday evening last the D'Youville Reading Circle held its final regular meeting of the season. Current events were summed up, and reference made to the very delightful lecture given last week by Mgr. Vay da Vaye, and his impressions of the Far East. His words were recalled in which he said that it was the duty of every one to hope and pray for peace. A resume of the year's work was made and conclusions drawn from the studies followed since last October.

Three very charming books were reviewed. In "Adventures Among Books," by Andrew Lang, that clever writer and critic has his say about contemporaries, and says it very well. All who have read "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," and "A Solitary Summer," will eagerly welcome another book from the pen of that gifted woman, who possesses the knack of telling things in such a simple and clever way and makes everything so interesting. "Adventures of Elizabeth in Rugen" will prove delightful summer reading and vastly superior to the great mass of stuff usually in demand on the verandah of summer hotels. A book which every woman ought to have and read is Miss Tooley's "Life of Florence Nightingale," the organizer of the Red Cross during the dreadful Crimean days. It is pleasant to think that Miss Nightingale, who did such brave work half a century ago, is still alive at 84 years of age, and was most likely able to revise her "Life," thus making it something of an autobiography. In connection with this subject, the little poem by Longfellow entitled "The Lady With the Lamp," was recalled, in which he refers to the noble work of the little band of army nurses in the Crimea. There were no electric lights in those days, and it must have been a beautiful picture to see Florence Nightingale or one of her thirty-eight companions walking, lamp in hand, through the crowded wards, tending quietly and swiftly to the great needs of the sufferers.

The May Messenger was mentioned as containing an article in which the Canadian Autonomy Bill was summed up very concisely. The Dolphin for the same month has some very interesting reminiscences from the late Father William Neville, on Cardinal Newman at home, with his violin and his Thackeray and Dickens.

Two sets of books consisting of the stories of Christine Faber and John Morley's "Men of Letters" have lately been added to the library. These books are the generous gift of Mr. M. J. Heney, of Seattle.

The Oxford notes were confined to the reading of a selection from Matthew Arnold's essay on the Oxford Movement, entitled "Culture and Anarchy," and a chapter from Newman's "Idea of a University," referring to the subject of the ancient University of Dublin. In his essay Arnold speaks of the "traditional beauty" of Oxford, which no intellectual or religious change can affect. Note was made of Newman's striking definition of beauty, as "truth seen from another side."

The second part of the evening was devoted to the reading of the last book of the Light of Asia, which tells of Buddha's home coming and his preaching. The last chapter of Dr. Aiken's "Gotama" was also read. Referring to the alleged similarities between the teachings of Buddha and the teachings of Christ, the author says that "so long as the human mind retains its discriminating powers of judgment, Christianity has nothing to fear from Buddhism. He alone who is the Light of the World, has the words of Eternal Life."

On Tuesday evening, May 30th, there will be a general meeting which will be something in the way of a spring festival, with music and poetry appropriate for the season. At this meeting the plan for next year's work will be drawn up.

MARGUERITE.

Who could withstand the witchery of star-eyed, smiling May? Even the cemetery, that silent city of the somnolent, that silent city of the somnolent sleepers upon the distant hill—acknowledged her magic, and small life stirred between the closed rows of cots, whose tenants must abide the coming of a grand, eternal May—Edwin Sandys.

OUR

Dear Boys and Girls:

I can hardly believe there is not one letter from all the little folks planted, or are they planted? I am sure I would be able to see the result, but be impossible without achine. Send along some. Your loving,

AUN

MABEL'S DASH.

Mabel had never been in her life as she was told. It was only 6 o'clock when Fanny and Maude, work picking flowers in field. How beautiful the with the soft light of everywhere. The air seemed so sweet, nor the birds so joyous.

"It's going to be a beautiful day," said Fanny, as she was an inviting clump of began adding them to those she already held. "I'm so glad!" Mabel "I never wanted a day to be so much before. I hope the prettiest wedding the ever had."

"Wasn't it sweet of Mabel to ask us to help to deck church?" remarked Maude. "I think it's almost nice to let us pick the flowers, too. 'Did you know she to choose a few flowers to her hair from those her bring her?'"

Mabel made no response heard the remark plainly, a sudden purpose into her was a plump, round thoughtful brown eyes, a manner which indicated tion rather than shyness.

If Miss Green was going any of the girl's flowers, she made up her mind that she hers. None of the girls Mabel Green as she did, ever all did pronounce her the ed her they had ever had. ed Miss Green better the ever loved any one except and mother. And she just stand it to have the bride other girl's flowers.

So while Fanny and Maude rapidly, and added bunch to the pile in the big basket picked slowly, walking over the field, with closely eyes, gathering only the most perfect blossoms. very content with the cluster she held, when the dust picking. Nowhere, she could more beautiful daisies than these she had sought carefully.

"I'll bring mine up to myself," Mabel said, as from the girls at the roadway I come up to help trim."

"That all you picked, asked her mother in surprise Mabel had reached home.

Mabel only nodded in smiling happily. She rearr blossoms carefully, and put away until time to take the church.

The girls were to be at 10 o'clock. Mabel thought started early, but when she the little white building she that she was the last girl and that the trimming was quite advanced. Miss Green was superintending it all.

was, in the farther corner Mabel hurried forward and j circle in time to see Miss Green a box she held in her hand.

"Aren't they lovely, girls?" Green said, holding the box show its contents.

Mabel leaned forward. Ting carefully in the folds of tating white tissue paper beautiful cluster of orchids. "I'm going to wear them hair," Miss Green went on, dear friend, who was my clo chum, sent them to me. She them herself. She heard I w to carry orchids, and she w to know if I were willing she send the ones I wore in my l "Mabel's heart fell so sudden she scarcely noticed that it w ny who was standing next to heard her friend as she whisp "How funny! I thought Miss said she'd wear the flowers he girl friends sent, and that, of meant us. She must have somebody who was a friend

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Boys and Girls:

I can hardly believe my eyes, but there is not one letter this week. Are all the little folks gone to the spirit-land, or are they planting their gardens? I am sure I would like to be able to see the result, but this would be impossible without a flying machine. Send along some letters.

Your loving, AUNT BECKY.

MABEL'S DAISES.

Mabel had never been up so early in her life as she was that morning. It was only 6 o'clock when she joined Fanny and Maude, already at work picking flowers in the daisy field. How beautiful the world was, with the soft light of early morning everywhere! The air had never seemed so sweet, nor the song of the birds so joyous.

"It's going to be a beautiful day," said Fanny, as she walked towards an inviting clump of blossoms, and began adding them one by one to those she already held in her hand. "I'm so glad!" Mabel answered. "I never wanted a day to be beautiful so much before. I hope it will be the prettiest wedding the church has ever had."

"Wasn't it sweet of Miss Green to ask us to help to decorate the church?" remarked Maude. "I think it's almost nicer for her to let us pick the flowers," said Fanny. "Did you know she was going to choose a few flowers to wear in her hair from those her girl friends bring her?"

Mabel made no response, but she heard the remark plainly. It brought a sudden purpose into her heart. She was a plump, round girl, with thoughtful brown eyes, and a quiet manner which indicated determination rather than shyness.

If Miss Green was going to wear any of the girl's flowers, Mabel had made up her mind that they should be hers. None of the girls could love Miss Green as she did, even if they all did pronounce her the dearest teacher they had ever had. Mabel loved Miss Green better than she had ever loved any one except her father and mother. And she just could not stand it to have the bride wear any other girl's flowers.

So while Fanny and Maude picked rapidly, and added bunch after bunch to the pile in the big basket, Mabel picked slowly, walking here and there over the field, with closely observant eyes, gathering only the largest and most perfect blossoms. She was very content with the choice little cluster she held, when the girls stopped picking. Nowhere, she felt sure, could more beautiful daisies be found than these she had sought out so carefully.

"I'll bring mine up to the church myself," Mabel said, as she parted from the girls at the roadway, "when I come up to help trim." "Is that all you picked, Mabel?" asked her mother in surprise, when Mabel had reached home.

Mabel only nodded in response, smiling happily. She rearranged the blossoms carefully, and put them away until time to take them to the church. The girls were to be at the church at 10 o'clock. Mabel thought she started early, but when she entered the little white building she found that she was the last girl to arrive, and that the trimming was already quite advanced. Miss Green, herself, was superintending it all. There she was, in the farther corner of the room, surrounded by a group of girls. Mabel hurried forward and joined the circle in time to see Miss Green open a box she held in her hand.

"Aren't they lovely, girls?" Miss Green said, holding the box low, to show its contents. Mabel leaned forward. There, lying carefully in the folds of the protecting white tissue paper, lay a beautiful cluster of orchids.

"I'm going to wear them in my hair," Miss Green went on. "A very dear friend, who was my closest girl chum, sent them to me. She raised them herself. She heard I was going to carry orchids, and she wrote me to know if I were willing she should send the ones I wore in my hair."

Mabel's heart fell so suddenly that she scarcely noticed that it was Fanny who was standing next to her, nor heard her friend as she whispered: "How funny! I thought Miss Green said she'd wear the flowers her young girl friends sent, and that, of course, meant us. She must have meant somebody who was a friend of hers."

when she was a young girl herself, mustn't she?"

Mabel nodded, not daring to trust her voice. And then, almost before Mabel had time to realize her disappointment, Miss Green spoke to her. "Oh, Mabel!" she said sweetly, closing the box of orchids, "we have been waiting for you. You've no idea how many daisies it takes to trim this church. Fanny and Maude and the rest of the girls brought such a lot, and yet we haven't enough. We have been waiting for yours. We need them for the end wall."

Mabel had never felt so humiliated in her life as she did at that moment. There was nothing to do but present her meager cluster. She could not look at Miss Green as she handed the flowers to her, so instead she looked at the space on the end wall, and thought how very large it seemed—larger than it had ever looked before. Miss Green took the daisies, but, try as she would, she could not entirely hide her surprise.

"They're beautiful ones," she murmured kindly; but Mabel thought she would have been more pleased if Miss Green had said nothing at all. Mabel was too miserable to stay with the girls in the church very long. She crept away, unobserved, into the grove of trees that stood back of the churchyard. There she gave way to tears, which lasted some time. She could not tell why nor at whom, but she knew she felt bitterly angry. For a while the anger held possession of her thoughts, but at last the tears seemed to clear her reason. She suddenly sat up very straight.

"Goosie!" she said, almost aloud, as if she were addressing some one beside herself. "I know whom you are mad at. It's yourself, and you ought to be. It serves you just right. You picked those nicest flowers just so you could get ahead of the other girls, and make it seem as if Miss Green liked you best. Fanny and Maude never thought of being so mean. That is why you feel so humiliated. It hurts your pride. It never would have happened if it hadn't been for your selfishness."

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THE DEAREST DOLLS.

Miss Winifred Evelyn Constance McKee Invited our dolls to an afternoon tea. "But don't bring them all, For my table is small. Just each little girl bring her dearest," said she.

I felt in my heart it would not be polite To take my poor Rosa—she's grown such a fright! She is blind in one eye, And her wig's all awry, For she sleeps in my bed with me all through the night.

I explained to dear Rosa just why she must stay, And I dressed Bonniebelle in her finest array; And then, do you know, When the time came to go, I snatched up my Rosa and ran all the way!

And—what do you think?—of the six dolls that came There were four that were blind, there were two that were lame! And each little mother Explained to some other, "She's old—but I love her the best just the same!"

STANDING UP FOR HIS CHUM.

The following is a little incident which came under the observation of the writer: Two young horses have been kept in a pasture with a number of cows and a year-old calf, and they were accustomed to come up to the gate every night with the cows, the older leading the line and the younger bringing up the rear. Owing to a want of water in their own pasture some sheep were brought to the one in which the horses and cows were kept, and these sometimes followed the cows when they came at night to be milked. One night they did so, and when all the animals were standing together, the rear butted the calf, which could not defend itself, and the older colt, going over to it, seized the ram by the wool on its back, and lifting it entirely off the ground, shook it vigorously. He then placed it on the ground, and it quickly ran away, while the horse continued to stand guard over his friend.

THE CHANCE OF A BOY.

There died recently in Chicago a successful merchant, who in the long course of a busy life never forgot that he had been a boy.

"In the whole world," he often said, "there is no one else equal to a fine, strong, clean young man—except a fine, strong, clean young woman."

He not only believed that, but he acted on his belief. So it happened that no business was ever so pressing that he had not time, when he found a youth of the kind described, to seek employment for him in his own office or with some acquaintance. "Business is a little slack just now," the acquaintance would say sometimes. "I'm afraid I cannot find room for another man—one who has no experience."

"Don't tell me that you are going to let this opportunity go by," the other would interrupt. "Why, you can't afford to. Room for him? Give him a chance. He'll make you realize what that means. One of the noblest creatures in the world. Not only a man like you and me, but young, with all the world before him. He offers to give you his whole power, to come into your business and use his God-given intelligence in mastering and improving it. You are asked to accept a favor—and if you don't some more enterprising rival will. Take him while you can get him; you may not have another chance."

Boys who deserve such introductions are not so rare as is sometimes thought. This man had a faculty for finding them and for bringing out by stimulating words the very best in them: And he brought home to many employers beside himself the fact that a boy seeking work if he be the right kind of a boy, is offering in his manly ambition something for which the money paid is in no sense a return.

LOOKING FOR BIRDS.

(From Nature and Science, in May St. Nicholas.) What is the best place to look for birds? Why, every kind of place has its charm for different kinds of birds. Along the little streams or lakes you can find dainty sand pipers, green herons and phoebes. A kingfisher's rattling cry may catch your ear; you may even see him plunge headlong into the water and come out with a gleaming shiner in his bill. In the marshes are the beautiful clear piping redwings and the chuckling marshwrens, and you may startle a big brown bittern. Along the roadways the vesper sparrows may fly ahead of you, showing their white tail feathers as they go.

The great thing to learn about birds, after you have come to know a number of kinds, are: first, that every kind does things in its own way; second, that they group themselves naturally into families as much by similar habits as by what scientific men call "character." Thus, flycatchers dart out and catch insects on the wing, with a snap of the bill, returning to their perch to wait for another victim. Sparrows like to be near or on the ground. Woodpeckers like to climb about in the trees, bracing on their stiff tails, head up. It has been ascertained that, in the main, birds like to follow valleys when they can, even going back for short distances to enter a valley that will lead them in their true direction. Many birds do not migrate at all, like the crows, chickadees and many hawks and woodpeckers; while others, like the red-poll linnets, snowflakes, crossbills and butcher birds, come to us only with very cold winters.

AN ELEPHANT AND HIS MOTHER Elephants dearly love a joke. When engaged in the timber trade in Burma, I observed some queer pranks played by them. On one occasion I saw a calf play a most ludicrous trick on its mother. The older animal was hauling a log, which 50 coolies could not have moved, from a river to the sawmills, quite unconscious of any guile in the bosom of her offspring. The youngster took a turn with his trunk round one of the chain traces, and pulled back with all his might. This additional weight caused the mother to stop and look behind her, but, on discovering the cause, she gravely shook her head, and prepared to resume her task of drawing the log to the mill. This was just what the little imp expected; and, before the strain was put on again, he kicked out the iron hook which fastened the long chain to the log. As the mother again began to pull, he held back with all his strength on the train until her muscles were in full play, and then suddenly let go.

The effect was disastrous in the extreme. Down went the old elephant on her knees, and his driver descried a most graceful and prolonged curve before he landed on the ground. But, like a cat, he struck on his feet, and, blurring out some heavy Burmese exclamations of wrath, he whispered a few words in the ear of the amazed victim of this unflinching practical joke. She seemed to understand him at once, and there ensued one of the most exciting chases it has ever been my good fortune to witness.

The calf scented danger the moment he saw the driver whisper to his mother, and he placed a large stack of timber between the enraged animal and himself as speedily as possible. Elephants seem too clumsy to do much running, but these two coursed up and down the yard in a manner which astonished me.

The youngster was more quick in turning, but at last he was cornered. The maternal trunk smote him on the loins. He gave a shriek; at the second stroke he dropped on his knees and took his punishment bravely and patiently. A few minutes later he walked past us to his shed; but his trunk was drooping, and great tears were coursing silently down his india-rubber cheeks.

I was sorry for the little fellow, and I noticed that at dinner-time his mother was gently rubbing him down with her trunk, and manifesting many signs of affection.—Chums.

SAFETY FOR CHILDREN.

Mothers should never give their little ones a medicine that they do not know to be absolutely safe and harmless. All so-called soothing medicines contain poisonous opiates that stupefy the helpless little one without curing its ailments. Baby's Own Tablets is the only medicine for infants and young children that gives the mother a positive guarantee that it contains no opiate or harmful drug. Milton L. Hersey, M.Sc., (McGill University), has analyzed these Tablets and says: "I hereby certify that I have made a careful analysis of Baby's Own Tablets, which I personally purchased in a drug store in Montreal, and the said analysis has failed to detect the presence of any opiate or narcotic in them." This means that mothers can give their little ones these Tablets with an assurance that they will do good—that they cannot possibly do harm. The Tablets cure indigestion, colic, constipation, diarrhoea, minor fever, teething troubles and all minor ailments. Sold by all druggists everywhere or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE CAP FITTED.

"Now, children," said the teacher, "let us see what you remember about the animal kingdom and the domestic animals that belong to it. You have named all the domestic animals but one who can tell me what that one is?" "No one answered. "It has bristly hair, like the dirt, and is fond of getting in the mud," hinted the teacher helpfully. "Can't you think, Tommy?" she asked, encouragingly of a small boy. "It's me," said Tommy, reflectively.

GRAVE MATTER TO HER.

The omnibuses that meet trains in Chicago look strikingly like hearse. Therefore arose the astonishment of a little Newark girl on reaching the western metropolis. "Jump in," said her father, holding the bus door open. The child drew back. "Papa," she cried, "are we going to be buried?"

THE OUTCOME.

"And now," asked the teacher, "what country is opposite to us on the globe?" "I don't know, sir," answered little Mary. "Well, if a hole were bored straight through the earth and you were to go in at this end, where would you come out?" "Out of the hole, sir," answered little Mary. Then the teacher quit asking questions.

Dickens and the Little Sisters.

Charles Dickens once paid a visit to the house of the Little Sisters of the Poor in Paris and described his impressions of the institution and the Sisters in an article in his own magazine, Household Words. The great English novelist's account of a Catholic charity is so little known not being included in his published works, that it is worth reproducing here:

"The Little Sisters live with their charges in the most frugal way, upon the scraps of waste meat which they can collect from the surrounding houses. The voluntary contributions by which they support their institution are truly the crumbs fallen from the rich man's table. The nurse fares no better than the objects of her care; she lives upon equal terms with Lazarus and acts towards him in the spirit of a younger sister.

"We are ushered into a small parlor scantily furnished, with some Scripture prints upon the walls. A Sister enters to us with a bright look of cheerfulness such as faces wear when hearts are beating to some purpose in the world. She accedes gladly to our desire, and at once leads us into another room of larger size, in which twenty or thirty old women are at this moment finishing their dinner; it being Friday, rice stands on the table in the place of meat. The Sister moves and speaks with the gentleness of a mother among creatures who are in, or near the state of second childhood. In the dormitories on the first floor some lie bed ridden. Gentler still, if possible, is now the Sister's voice. The rooms throughout the house are airy, with large windows; and those inhabited by the Sisters are distinguished from the rest by no mark of indulgence or superiority.

"We descend now into the old man's department and enter a warm room, with a stove in the centre. One old fellow has his feet upon a little foot-warmer and thinly pipes out, that he is very comfortable now, for he is always warm. The chill of age and the chill of the cold pavement remain together in his memory, but he is very comfortable now, very comfortable. Another decrepit man with white hair and bowed back—who may have been proud in his youth of a rich voice for love songs—talks of music to the Sister and being asked to sing, blazes out with joyous gestures, and strikes up a song of Beethoven's in a cracked, shaggy voice, which sometimes, like a river given to flow underground, is lost entirely, and then bubbles up again, quite thick with mud. We go into a little oratory, where all pray together nightly before they retire to rest; then we descend into a garden for men, and pass thence by a door into the women's court.

"And now we go into the kitchen. Preparations for coffee is in progress; the dregs of coffee that have been collected from the houses of the affluent in the neighborhood are stewed for a long time with great care. The Sisters say that they produce a very tolerable result; and at any rate, every inmate is thus enabled to have a cup of coffee every morning, to which love is able to administer the finest mocha flavor. A Sister enters from her founds out of doors with two cans of broken victuals; she is a healthy, and, I think, a handsome woman. Her daily work is to go out with the cans directly after she has had her morning coffee, to collect food for the house. As fast as she fills the cans, she brings them to the kitchen and goes out again, continuing in this work daily till four o'clock."

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This was as far back as 1882 before the free library system was established. The Brooklyn library was from the first a very progressive institution, daring to open its doors on Sundays in the City of Churches, a venture vigorously upheld by such men as Henry Ward Beecher, and bitterly denounced by others. When in 1882 the novel idea of circulating music was proposed by the acting librarian, William A. Bardwell, the directors consented to the experiment, with some doubt as to its value. Four hundred pieces were purchased, and a few years later an additional four hundred were demanded. The library has grown slowly but steadily ever since, until at present it contains 2100 pieces. The music is all of the highest order, only standard compositions being admitted. The collection includes compositions for the piano, solos, and duets for four and eight hands, for the violin, the organ, and the harmonium, as well as songs for all voices. Scores of practically all the standard operas and oratorios are on the shelves. These are especially popular, the call for them being constant during the musical season. Last winter fifteen scores of "Parsifal" were kept in active circulation for several months, while the interest in the Wagner music drama was at its height.

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It is quite apparent that operatic and other scores should be desired for short periods by music lovers, but many persons will doubtless wonder that a musician should be satisfied to borrow a composition for two weeks. No ordinary performer could hope to learn and memorize a piece of classical music in that period of time unless the music were extremely simple. People of moderate means find the library a great convenience and also a means of economy. They borrow the works of one composer after another, keeping the volumes long enough to decide what compositions they really desire to own. Careful people buy their books in this cautious fashion; there are many who never think of buying a work of fiction before reading it.

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THURSDAY, MAY 25, 1905.

CATHOLIC REPRESENTATION IN THE CABINET.

Premier Gouin gives assurance that the Irish Catholics of this Province will be duly represented in his Cabinet. This is well upon the principle of better late than never.

BY-ELECTIONS IN ONTARIO.

On June 13, by-elections will be held in London and North Oxford, the two constituencies made vacant by the death of the late Hon. James Sutherland, who represented North Oxford, and the appointment to his portfolio of Hon. C. S. Hyman, the sitting member for London.

We observe that the head of the Methodist ministry in Ontario, Dr. Carman, has gone to Regina to endeavor to stir up Western opinion against Catholic schools.

Carman used also to be a great Liberal, but not great enough to stand the test of equal rights to all classes and denominations in Canada.

HISTORY OF THE IRISH LANGUAGE MOVEMENT.

We publish to-day an instructive paper dealing with the history of the Irish language movement. A few weeks ago we said that the Irish in Canada have not taken in this movement the interest becoming their importance as a branch of the sea-divided family of the Gael.

WINNIPEG THE WICKED.

Rev. C. W. Gordon, a Presbyterian minister of Winnipeg, better known here as "Ralph Connor," the story writer, has been making revelations of western immorality that have been spread by the telegraph throughout the continent.

We had long heard that Winnipeg is a crude, boastful, drunken town. But that it is in the same class for vice with London, Paris, and ancient Rome is certainly a startling impeachment.

We are afraid, therefore, however good the intentions of Mr. Gordon and the Northwest Review may be, that they are only contributing to the base satisfaction of the women of Winnipeg who have not become accustomed to their embarrassment of wealth, and who know no other way of getting rid of it than by the consumption of too much liquor and the excessive gilding of their houses.

the doings of "Society leaders" in modern Babylon, or New York. Winnipeg will have to outlive its debauchery and a respectable public opinion will have to be slowly developed.

The English Catholic Truth Society have decided to join Dr. Kauffmann, a priest in Germany, who has established a Catholic news agency for the purpose of dealing with the wilful and lying reports which are published from time to time by the Protestant press.

The Paris newspapers reproduce an article by M. Combes, which the Press of Buenos Ayres has published. In this the ex-Premier seeks to show that his policy was the consequence and the logical continuation of that of M. Waldeck Rousseau, and that the only differences between him and his predecessor, so far as the application of the Associations law was concerned, were differences of method.

An able French writer, formerly Professor in the University of Geneva, M. Edouard Rod, has a remarkable study of Cardinal Merry del Val in the Paris Figaro. The Cardinal, he says, is the son of a Spanish father and an Irish mother.

The London Catholic Herald states that in order to deal efficiently with the problem of the Catholic schools and to counteract the influence of the Passive Resistance movement, a new Catholic scheme has been outlined, the main purpose of which is to claim that Catholic rates be paid for Catholic education.

Lord Dillon, who has recently been elected a Trustee of the British Museum, is President of the Society of Antiquaries, and has a splendid library at his seat at Ditchley, near Oxford. He is the seventeenth Viscount of the Dillon peerage, which dates from the year 1622.

ENCOURAGING WORDS.

In a recent issue the Michigan Catholic had the following: The bigtry shown by some of the Canadian papers over the Separate School Question now pending should encourage Catholics to support their Catholic press more strongly than ever.

THE LANGUAGE MOVEMENT. A HISTORY OF ITS PROGRESS.

(Continued from Page 1.)

John Dillon and William Dillon, whose father, John Blake Dillon, had escaped in '48 out of the Clarendon street Priory disguised as a priest.

The first informal meetings were held in Father Nolan's rooms in Clarendon street, but the meeting establishing the society took place at 4 Bachelor's walk, as the following extract from a letter dated January 2nd, 1877, shows: "We got our society established before the end of the year. Father Nolan sent invitations to several bigwigs to meet for the purpose last Friday at 4 p. m. at the rooms of the Butt Testimonial Committee, 4 Bachelor's walk, of which he got the use. They put Professor O'Looney in the chair. There were also present Dr. Joyce, T. D. Sullivan, M. H. Gill, Father Nolan and some others.

"The subscriptions won't fall for the want of asking, but I am sorry to say they are very small yet," and on June 9th— "Money comes in very slowly, and it really seems ridiculous for us to go on preserving the Irish Language on £110, which is the outside of the subscriptions yet received."

The total subscriptions received up to the 31st December, 1877, amounted to £220 6s 0d, and from a circular issued in March, 1878, I find there were then 212 members paying 10s each and 283 associates paying a shilling each, besides 15 affiliated associations.

The Society having secured, mainly through Canon Bourke, the Archbishop of Tuam, as patron, issued its first report, with officers, list of subscriptions, and rules, in June, 1877. The President was Lord Francis Conyngham, M.P.; the Vice-Presidents Isaac Butt, Q.C., M.P., Rev. Samuel Haughton, T.C.D.; the Right Rev. James McDevitt, D.D.,

Bishop of Raphoe, and The O'Connor Don, M.P. The Council included, amongst others, Rev. Michael Logue, D.D., Dean of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth (now Cardinal Archbishop of Armagh); the Rev. Wm. Walsh, D.D., Professor St. Patrick's College, Maynooth (now Archbishop of Dublin); the Rev. Canon Bourke, President St. Jarlath's College, Tuam; the Rev. Maxwell H. Close, M.A.; Dr. Sigerson, T. D. Sullivan, John Dillon, T. O'Neill Russell, and David Comyn.

The chief difficulty with students in those days was the want of cheap suitable books. Canon Bourke's Essay Lessons and College Irish Grammar were the only modern books, and these cost 3s 6d each. The new Society set to work at once to supply this want. Before, however, they could print a line of Irish they had to decide as to the type, and this was a very thorny question.

The First Irish Book at 2d. came out in September, '77, and within a month had run to a 6th edition. The second Irish Book, at 4d., was issued in January, 1878, and up to the month of June of that year there were sold 16,000 First Books and 6000 Second Books.

The author of these books was Mr. David Comyn, whose quiet but effective work on behalf of the national language in those early days can never be fully estimated. For the Third Book he obtained a good deal of the material from Canon Bourke, but Mr. Comyn alone wrote the books and saw them through the press. Of course proofs were submitted for correction and approval to many members of the Society, to myself amongst others, for though I was not much of an Irish scholar, I had the quick ear of the native speaker, and I think I must have been of some use to the author.

A warm newspaper controversy started upon the appearance of the First Irish Book. The attack was led by Mr. James E. H. Murphy, Six Bedell Irish Scholar, T.C.D. Amongst those who replied were the veteran John Fleming, of Rathcorrack, Carrick-on-Suir, and a young man, Douglas Hyde, "the Rectory, Frenchpark." Perhaps we were a little supersensitive, having regard to the quarter from which the unfriendly breeze had blown; perhaps we were not sufficiently mindful of the Irish proverb—"Is fear an troid na tu-uaignes." Be that as it may, most of the members of the society considered, to say the least of it, that the critics of the Bedell Scholar and Irish Sizar of T.C.D. was not friendly. We were, however, none the worse of it. The discussion advertised us if it did nothing else.

In 1878 the society succeeded in getting Irish on the programme of the National schools, but only as an extra subject. The letter was sent out for signature in March, and amongst others who signed it was John of Tuam, the first and probably the only time in his life that he had put his actual signature to any document addressed to a Government Department. The letter was dated the 17th June; the Board's reply came July 4th, and the rules were issued in October. Fees could only be earned for 5th and 6th class pupils, so that for the Irish-speaking districts, where most of the children left school before reaching the 5th class, the concession was not of much value.

"The progress of the movement since that first Oireachtas is now public property, which I need not recount."

Happiness is holiness. No man can be happy out of God. He made us for Himself, and we can be happy only in doing His will. Neither wealth, nor power, nor social position, nor pleasure, nor all that the world can bestow, can make a man truly happy.

scripts was a thorough knowledge of the language spoken by the peasants in Donegal, in Kerry, and in the Arran Islands. This view is now generally accepted; but a quarter of a century ago it was by no means general amongst Irish scholars. I think the dispute arose over the election of the Council. At any rate, in 1879 Father Nolan felt he had no other alternative but to resign his position as secretary and to withdraw from the society. With Father Nolan the men who did nearly all the work left also—Canon Bourke, John Fleming, David Comyn, O'Neill Russell, and many others. The seconds did not remain idle. They formed themselves into the Gaelic Union. The "Address," dated March, 1880, and signed by Canon Ulick Bourke and Father John Nolan, claimed that "the Gaelic Union consists of some of the most active members of the Council of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language, by whose labors chiefly that society was established and developed; who had a large share in the preparation of the works issued in the name of the society; who had no small part in obtaining for the Gaelic the position it now holds in the schools and colleges of Ireland; who, therefore, understand the present requirements of the Gaelic revival movement; and, as they mean work, they hope by their activity, energy, perseverance, and fidelity in carrying out what they promise, to merit the cordial support of every true Gael in and out of Ireland."

The publication of a journal entirely devoted to Irish had long been the dream of those who had hoped to save the national language; but until they could see their way to the starting of a monthly periodical the members of the Gaelic Union conducted Irish departments in several Dublin papers, as well as in the Cork Examiner and Tuam News. Practically all the Dublin work was done by Mr. Comyn. The first number of the Gaelic Journal appeared in November, 1882. At first it was meant to call it The Gaelic Union Journal, but the Most Rev. Dr. Croke wisely suggested the dropping of the "Union." Mr. David Comyn was the first editor. He was succeeded by Mr. John Fleming, who was followed in 1891 by Father O'Growney, and when, through failing health, he had to resign, the editorial chair was filled by Mr. John MacNeill, B.A.

The Gaelic Union and its journal had a sharp struggle for existence. The times were not favorable. It was a time of fierce, strenuous political strife. There was hardly time or thought for the language. Indeed, I fear it had not been for the generous aid of a few friends—notably the late Rev. Maxwell H. Close, who was treasurer of the Union, and who in one year alone contributed no less than £100, the Journal, after a struggle of a few years, would have to be abandoned. Another generous contributor was the Rev. Euseby Cleaver, who was the first vice-president of the Gaelic League. I had it from Father Nolan's lips that Mr. Cleaver paid for and distributed no less than 1000 copies of Father Nolan's "St. Patrick's Day Prayer Book," in the Irish-speaking districts.

Father O'Growney entered Maynooth in 1882, when his knowledge of Irish must have been very limited indeed. He left the College in 1889 a ripe Irish scholar, and two years later was appointed to the Irish Chair in Maynooth, the same year that he became editor of the Gaelic Journal. He died in 1899 far away in Arizona, a martyr to the Irish language movement. But the blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church, and those who witnessed the procession through the streets of Dublin last September twelvemonths, when the martyr's remains were brought back to Ireland, must have felt that it was more like a triumphal march than a funeral procession.

The Gaelic League was established towards the close of 1892. Douglas Hyde was first President, with John MacNeill, B.A., as secretary. Modest little notices of its meetings appeared from time to time in the Gaelic Journal. At a conference held in Dublin in August, 1896, it was decided to hold an Oireachtas in Dublin the following year. The first Oireachtas was held on the 17th May, 1897. It was a small affair, occupying but one day.

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Happiness is holiness. No man can be happy out of God. He made us for Himself, and we can be happy only in doing His will. Neither wealth, nor power, nor social position, nor pleasure, nor all that the world can bestow, can make a man truly happy.

Notes From Par

The Holy Rosary Sodality of St. Gabriel's held a largely attended meeting on Sunday afternoon. The first Communion took place on Friday last. There were 800 and eighty communicants. The children of the Holy Rosary confirmed the children of the Holy Rosary, and acted as consecrators of the Sacred Heart and the Virgin Mary. Solemn Benediction of the altar and sanctuary were performed for the occasion. Luke Callaghan conducted the choir of the retreat.

The Juvenile Total Abstinence Society of St. Gabriel's largely attended meeting on Friday afternoon. Six new members were initiated and given the Holy Rosary by Rev. Father Fahey. They are busily engaged in forming a cross club for the members as preparing a play to be given for the benefit of the Church.

Next Sunday afternoon, the English-speaking members of the Order, men's branch, will hold religious exercises at the Fr. Church, Dorchester street.

Elaborate preparations are made at St. Ann's for the celebration of the apotheosis of St. Gerard Majella, C.S.S. The festivities will take the form of a solemn triduum, which will be on the evening of Ascension day, June 1st, at 7.30, with Mass and Benediction of the Sacrament. A solemn Mass, sung on each day of the triduum, will be at 8 o'clock, and on Sunday 9 o'clock a Pontifical Mass will be celebrated by Mgr. Racicot, consecrated Auxiliary Bishop of the diocese. The sermon at 7.30 on Friday evening will be preached by Jesuit Father, on Saturday by a Franciscan Father, and on Sunday evening will be preached by Rev. Gerald McShane, of Notre-Dame de Lourdes, who has been preparing in the church since the grandeur of the cere and everything is being done to do honor to the der-working lay brother, Mary Majella.

On Thursday last the children of the parish to the number of two hundred and twenty made their first Communion. Rev. Father and Fortier preached the retreat on the evening of His Grace the bishop confirmed the children well as several adults.

FEAST OF ST. JOHN DE LA SALLE. Mount St. Louis College celebrated the feast of St. John de la Salle on Sunday last. The chapel was at its best with its gorgeous decorations. Pontifical High Mass celebrated by His Lordship Rev. Dr. Racicot, Auxiliary Bishop of the diocese, assisted by Rev. Father Desjardins, S.J., as assistant priest, and Abbe Perrier, Vice-Chancellor of the diocese, as deacon, and Abbe Chausse, chaplain of Mount St. Louis, as sub-deacon. A large number of priests were present in the choir. The choir sang the Mass of Frere Albert, with exception of the Credo, which was sung by the Mass of Ambrose. A full orchestra assisted. The sermon, which was an eloquent one on the life and work of St. John de la Salle, and the continuation of his glorious work by the Order throughout the world to-day, was preached by Rev. Abbe Brosseau, chaplain of the College.

After the service a banquet was served to Bishop Racicot and visiting clergy. In the afternoon at 2 o'clock the choir sang the Mass of St. John de la Salle, and the continuation of his glorious work by the Order throughout the world to-day, was preached by Rev. Abbe Brosseau, chaplain of the College.

INSPIRING SCENES AT ST. THONY'S CHURCH. At 7.30 last Sunday evening the church in procession entered the sanctuary boys in cassocks. The ladies' choir sang meanwhile the beautiful hymn "God, we Praise Thy Name." Rev. Father preached an eloquent sermon on the duties we owe to God and the children to pray for the grace of their vocations.

Notes From Parishes

The Holy Rosary Sodality of St. Patrick's held a largely attended meeting on Sunday afternoon. Rev. Father Killoran presided.

The first Communion took place on Friday last. There were one hundred and eighty communicants. At 9 o'clock His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi confirmed the children.

The Juvenile Total Abstinence and Benefit Society of St. Gabriel's held a largely attended meeting on Sunday afternoon. Six new members were initiated and given the pledge by Rev. Father Fahey.

Elaborate preparations are being made at St. Ann's for the fitting celebration of the apotheosis of Brother Gerard Majella, C.S.S.R., recently canonized by His Holiness.

FEAST OF ST. JOHN DE LA SALLE. Mount St. Louis College celebrated the feast of St. John de la Salle on Sunday last.

INSPIRING SCENES AT ST. ANTHONY'S CHURCH. At 7.30 last Sunday evening the first communicants entered the church in processional order.

No man can be happy if he is not a saint. He made us can be happy will. Neither social position or that that he make a man

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

NOTICE. Parties sending items for insertion in our columns are requested to sign their names, not necessarily for publication, but as a sign of good faith.

IN THE LACROSSE WORLD. Next Saturday afternoon the Shamrock lacrosse grounds will be the scene of a great battle, when the Shamrocks will cross sticks with their great rivals, the Capitals of Ottawa.

REV. T. HEFFERNAN HONORED

Sunday afternoon the boys of the first Communion class of St. Anthony's parish held a reception in honor of Rev. Father T. Heffernan, their director.

His First Ordination. Next Sunday morning, His Lordship Bishop Racicot will hold the first ordination service since his elevation to the episcopate.

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB. The Catholic Sailors' Club will be formally opened on Saturday, when a reception will be held from 4 to 6 p.m.

MONTH'S MIND. Next Saturday morning at 8 o'clock a Month's Mind service will be sung at the Franciscan Church, Dorchester street.

NOTRE DAME COMMENCEMENT. The announcement of the sixty-first annual commencement of the University of Notre Dame, Ind., which takes place on June 14, reached our office last week.

CORNER STONE OF NEW CHURCH LAID. The corner stone of the new church for Maisonneuve was laid on Sunday afternoon by Right Rev. Monsignor Dugas, of Cohoes, N.Y.

PERSONAL.

Rev. Fathers McPhail, C.S.S.R., and Holland, C.S.S.R., have returned from Smith's Falls, where they were engaged in giving a mission for the past two weeks.

Rev. Bishop Racicot at Ville Marie Convent. His Lordship Bishop Racicot was tendered a reception on Monday morning at Ville Marie Convent.

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A Society Milestone Removed.

Resolution of Condolence From St. Vincent de Paul Society of St. Mary's Irish Conference to Mrs. P. Kehoe.

THE LAST OF THE SERIES. Monday evening witnessed the last of the euche parties and socials which had been a great source of enjoyment to the young people of St. Anthony's parish during the year.

CATHOLIC SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS. At the meeting of the Catholic School Commissioners, held on Tuesday evening, it was decided, on motion of Ald. D. Gallary, to grant a sum of money for prizes for pupils in the Christian Brothers' Schools.

TEMPERANCE WORK PROGRESSING. The cause of temperance is flourishing in the city. Last Sunday afternoon St. Peter's temperance society formed a juvenile body.

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REQUIEM SERVICE.

There was a requiem Mass chanted in St. Patrick's Church last Wednesday morning for the repose of the soul of the late Rev. J. P. McGrath.

THE LATE REV. J. P. McGRATH. We take the following from the P. E. Island Agriculturist of May 20:—The announcement of the death of Rev. John P. McGrath of Miscouche, which sad event occurred on Thursday last at Tignish, was quite a blow to his many friends.

HIS GIFT TO THE LORD. (From the Toronto Star.) Yesterday he wore a rose on the lapel of his coat, and when the plate was passed he gave a nickel to the Lord.

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Willing to Give Justice - The Latest Proof.

(From the Irish World.)

A few weeks ago (on April 13) they had a debate in the British House of Commons on the subject of university education in Ireland. The result of that debate furnishes the latest and strongest proof of the utter falsity and hypocrisy of the chief Tory argument against the claim of the Irish people for national self-government.

That was the alternate of the Tories to Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule. They (the Tories, or Unionists, as they choose rather to be designated) declared themselves resolutely and irrevocably opposed to Home Rule, but at the same time they declared themselves ready to give Ireland everything she could gain by Home Rule.

Now, of course, we all know very well that this is not so. We know the Unionists are not willing to do anything of the kind. But supposing they were; supposing the British Parliament were really willing to redress all Irish grievances, to right all Irish wrongs (except the wrong of the Union), to make all laws that Irish interests require; supposing the British Parliament would rule Ireland for the good of the Irish, as it rules England in the interests of the English; supposing all this granted, would it be a sufficient reason why the Irish should accept and be content with that rule and not seek for the right of self-rule? Certainly it would not.

Under any circumstances whatever Ireland would be against being ruled by England. Though England's government in Ireland were as good as it is notorious, bad, the Irish people would still reject it. They would still hold to, and insist upon, and strive by all legitimate means to force the concession to them of the inalienable right of being masters in their own country.

That was written in 1899. But there is a much later utterance from Mr. Balfour which even more strongly emphasizes the Catholic position and demand. In the debate on April 13, Mr. Balfour made a long speech, in the course of which he said: "Trinity College has been actually, and by statute for the greater part of its history, and since 1873 by character and complexion, a Protestant institution. Many Roman Catholics, I am glad to think, have gained by its teaching, but the flavor of the institution, the atmosphere of the university is and always has been Protestant. Is there any Protestant in this House who sincerely wishes that to be changed? If not, what is the natural inference? The only inference is either that they are prepared serenely to say that Roman Catholics shall have no higher education, or they are to provide some other machinery than Trinity College by which that education shall be given. There is no way out of that dilemma. If the Roman Catholic population of Ireland are to obtain higher education in anything like proportion to their numbers, I say, everyone who sincerely wishes the two things which I wish—that Trinity College should remain substantially what it is, and that the Roman Catholic population should have the full advantages of university education—is driven to the conclusion to which I have been driven, that you must find other provision for them."

Now, it will be asked, for the question at once suggests itself, why is it that Mr. Balfour, since he thus admits the justice of the Catholic claim and thus declares and demonstrates by irrefragable argument that provision ought to be made for the Catholics—why is it that he does not take action accordingly? He is Prime Minister of England—head and chief of the British Government, with a big majority at his back in both the House of Commons and the House of Lords. Why, then, does he not propose and carry in Parliament a measure making the provision he allows to be demanded by the justice of the case? This question Mr. Balfour himself answers, and answers very plainly. In his speech in the debate, referring to the allegation that it is the opposition of the Orange Protestant bigots of Ulster that stands

country. Of this university, which is known as Trinity College, a distinguished judge—Lord Justice Fitzgibbon—a former scholar and student of the College, spoke these words in 1891: "Our university was founded by Protestants for Protestants, and in the Protestant interest. A Protestant spirit has from the first animated it. At the present moment the guardian spirit of the place is Protestant, and as a Protestant I say, and say it boldly, Protestant may it ever remain."

It is only right, however, to note that the man who thus described Trinity College was willing that the Catholics of Ireland should have equal advantages in the form of a university which they could make use of without violation of their conscientious convictions, for in the same speech he said: "If Trinity is to be made safe from disturbance, it should rest on the foundation of justice, and that can only be laid by the State providing for others (the Catholics) what Queen Elizabeth and King James provided for this place (Trinity College)."

Needless to say, the State has not yet laid that "foundation of justice" and the other day it declared in the House of Commons by a large majority that it has no intention of doing so. Queen Elizabeth founded Trinity college on the confiscated estates of Catholic Irishmen—valuable landed property in many Irish counties, north and south. That property of Irish Catholics Trinity College still draws the revenue of for the educational benefit of the Protestant minority, but not one cent of State money is expended on university education for the Catholic majority. A few years ago Prime Minister Balfour wrote a public letter, in which he described Trinity College as follows:

"The vast majority of students in that great university are Protestants. Protestant services are exclusively performed in its chapel. The whole of its teaching staff is Protestant, and the eminent theologian who is at its head (the Provost or President) is not least distinguished as a brilliant Protestant champion in the controversy between Protestantism and Rome."

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in the way of justice to the Catholics in this matter, Mr. Balfour spoke as follows: "It is asserted by some that the honorable members from Ulster (the Protestant party) are the only obstacle in the way of a solution. If that were so we would be within measurable distance of a solution, because, earnest and devoted as these honorable members are, I do not believe they would, or could, stand up against the general opinion of the majority of England, Scotland and Ireland. The difficulty of this question is not Ulster. The difficulty is Great Britain, and that is the only thing which makes me take so dark a view of this controversy. It is only by slow degrees that we can convert popular feeling on this subject. It is the conversion of England and Scotland that is necessary, and when that is done, you will find that Ulster will gladly acquiesce."

There it is, plainly avowed. Great Britain cannot be persuaded to concede the just demand of the Irish people. The demand is that Irish money be spent on Irish university education in accordance with the needs and desires of the Irish people. British money is not asked for—only the application of Irish money for a just and proper Irish national purpose. This Great Britain refuses. The British Parliament refuses. Here is the form in which the Irish members put their case on April 13: "That in the opinion of this House the provision for universities in Ireland is totally inadequate, and none can be regarded as equitable which does not secure for the Catholics equally with other members of the community facilities for university education without violence to their religious feelings."

Fruit-a-tives OR "FRUIT LIVER TABLETS" A pleasant liver laxative made from fruit with tonics added. Nature's remedy for constipation, headaches, biliousness, kidney and skin diseases.

A Painter of Catholic Subjects

The annual exhibition of the Chicago newspaper artists held in the Art Institute last week, was the most pretentious and the most successful, artistically and financially, of any these versatile artists have given. There were more pictures and better ones in this than in previous exhibitions. The range covered in the field of art was wide. It embraced pen and ink sketches, crayon, water colors and some pretentious landscapes waterscapes and urban studies in oil.

Two bits of sculpture were shown, both by Thomas Augustine O'Shaughnessy, the young Irish-American artist, who exhibited busts in bas-relief of Pope Leo XIII. and Hans Christian Andersen. The New World has already taken occasion to mention the beautiful relief portrait of Andersen and the recognition of Mr. O'Shaughnessy's art by the Danish societies of Chicago. They have secured his bronze bust of Andersen for presentation to the King of Denmark.

The exhibition of these sculptured reliefs by Mr. O'Shaughnessy, however, were merely incidental to his contribution to the exhibition. His landscapes were perhaps more praised by artists than any of the pictures shown. They were easily the most meritorious, from a truly artistic point of view, of all the good pictures exhibited. The "sold" tags that quickly decorated them indicated the appreciation the purchasers had of his work.

A picture of Father Marquette's camp on the bank of the Chicago river, where the great missionary was taken with his fatal illness was not only an exquisite bit of coloring and composition, but a genuine contribution to historical paintings. Mr. O'Shaughnessy had painted a number of pictures relating to early Catholic triumphs in America. An addition to the Marquette picture he showed a number of pieces that appeal to Catholic sentiment. Among them was "Vespers in Winter in the Old Church at Kahokia." This church building, which still stands, is the oldest building in Illinois and was recently saved from destruction through the efforts of this young Catholic artist, who enlisted the historical societies for its preservation. Several of the early Spanish missions in the southwest afforded good subjects for Mr. O'Shaughnessy's brush and gave play for his skill and delicate feeling in the handling of color. All of his Catholic pictures, it is pleasing to note, were quickly sold, showing that Catholic art and Catholic artists are given recognition when their work merits it.

Three of the largest canvases shown by Mr. O'Shaughnessy were hung close together on the north wall of the first room of the exhibition as if to demonstrate the wide play of the artist's fancy. One was a meadow scene with some cows grazing in the distance and the drowsing hum of summer almost falling on one's ears as he contemplated the realistic pastoral prospect. Next to that was an arctic scene and by way of emphasizing the contrast with the meadow-scene beside it, the coldness of it was intensified by the impressionistic introduction of blue tints. Stretching away in the distance were nunmooks of endless ice; in the foreground and adding to the desolation of the scene was a polar bear, waiting at an air hole with poised claws to strike if a fish came to the opening. The other picture was a waterscape; a night scene on Lake Michigan. A schooner in full sail is bearing directly down, looming black in the night. The somber shades of the picture is relieved by the side lights of the schooner, in red and green. These three pictures alone would have been sufficient to have given Mr. O'Shaughnessy the first place in the exhibition.

It is hoped Mr. O'Shaughnessy will find more time from his newspaper illustrating to give to his brush and paint tubes. It is particularly to be desired that he may find time to add to his already substantial contribution to the worthy depiction on canvas of Catholic subjects—Howard Finck, in New World.

Visitor (in newspaper office).—I suppose you have two editors for the "questions and answers" department? Editor.—No; only one. Why did you suppose two were necessary? Visitor.—I thought you'd have to have a woman to ask the questions and a man to answer them.

BUSINESS CARDS.

THE Smith Bros.' Granite Co. Now is the proper time to purchase a monument if you intend erecting it the coming season. We are Head quarters for anything in this line.

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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for New Carlisle Wharf Extension" will be received at this office until Friday, June 9, 1905, inclusively, for the construction of an extension to the wharf at New Carlisle, County of Bonaventure, Que., according to plan and specification to be seen at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, at the offices of Mr. Ph. Beland, Post Office, Quebec, Chs. De Jardins, Clerk of Works, Post Office, Montreal, and on application to the Postmaster at New Carlisle, P.Q. Tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.

An accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, for two thousand five hundred dollars (\$2,500.00), must accompany each tender. The cheque will be forfeited if the party tendering declines the contract or fails to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender. The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender. By order, FRED. GELINAS, Secretary, Department of Public Works, Ottawa, May 9, 1905.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for it. The common problem, yours, mine, everyone's. Is not to fancy what were fair in life, Provided it could be—but finding first. What may be, then find how to make it fair. Up to our means.

SOCIETY DIRECTOR.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY—Established March 6th, 1856; incorporated 1863; revised 1840. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P.; President, Mr. F. J. Curran; 1st Vice-President, W. P. Kearney; 2nd Vice, E. J. Quinn; Treasurer, W. Durack; Corresponding Secretary, W. J. Crowe; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansley.

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

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1863.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father McPhail; President, D. Gallery, M.P.; Sec., J. F. Quinn, 625 St. Dominique street; treasurer, M. J. Ryan, 18 St. Augustin street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 8.30 p.m.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.—Organized 18th November, 1878.—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Monday of each month, at 8 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. M. Callaghan; Chancellor, P. J. Darcy; President, W. F. Wall; Recording Secretary, P. C. McDonagh, 139 Visitation street; Financial Secretary, Jas. J. Cotigan, 325 St. Urban street; Treasurer, J. H. Kelly; Medical Adviser, Drs. H. J. Harrison, E. J. O'Connor and G. H. Merrill.

OFFICIAL CIRCULAR CATHOLIC MUTUAL Benefit Association GRAND COUNCIL OF QUEBEC. Organized at Niagara Falls, N.Y., July 3, 1876. Incorporated by Special Act of the New York State Legislature, June 9, 1879. Membership 63,000 and increasing rapidly. More than \$14,500,000 paid in Benefits in twenty-eight years. Reserve Fund, November 25th, 1904, \$1,778,999. The C.M.B.A. is Sanctioned by Pope Pius X, and Approved by Cardinals, Bishops and Priests, several of whom are Officers.

FOR INFORMATION ADDRESS: P. E. EMILE BELANGER, Supreme Deputy, Secretary, Quebec Grand Council, 55 D'AIGUILLON STREET, QUEBEC

A. R. ARCHAMBAULT, Organizer for the Province of Quebec, OFFICE: 1202 NOTRE DAME STREET. Residence: 747 ST. DENIS ST. Phone suit East 201.

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"I think, Brian," said An

gerald, "that you should be your mother coming to us."

The young man reading the paper laid it on his knee and thoughtfully at his pretty wife. "She has never seen Vincent impossible to take him away—yes, Brian, you must insist. And still the young man speak, but gazed thoughtfully. "Well?" demanded Anne.

"I was wondering, the most you spoke, how I could her to come." "Oh, you were? I thought were reading." "Not just then, dear."

Anne spread out her cro looking at it with satisfaction. "So many things have h to prevent us from going t he continued. "We intended remember, right after we w ried—but the firm started th branch and I couldn't get aw the first summer, when you was so ill and the little fell summer. Then it came Christ. "And now Easter—and she seen me or the boy," said A eviously. "It is about time Brian."

He nodded his head several. "That is true," he said. " know whether she would c actually insisted. It would b her will at first—but after sh here it would be all right. I wishing that you could see h remember her—in her own h He frowned a little. "I'm afr won't know what to make of it. Anne."

"Why, dear?" Anne tur bright head, glancing at him under her long lashes—a quest gaze. "Because—because— Oh, I know. There's no one in the like her." There was silence for a few minutes.

"Is there any one in the w like one's mother?" she asked, the unsteadily. His eyes met hers with a lo perfect sympathy. "No," he said. He would dwell on the subject, fearing t settle her. "No. But if you get your first glimpse of her—She is so attached to every st I. I can see her sitting in the fashioned parlor as plainly as were here in this room, wi glasses on the end of her nos— Anne got up from her chair, going to him put her arms a him.

Brian!" she said, tenderly. He held her close to him. "I am homesick for a sig her," he confessed. "And wh spoke I was thinking of her—w ing if she had grown much o she longed very much to see me during even if I could manage t leave of absence for a few day. "Ah, Brian—and be away Holy Week! I wouldn't like Bryan. The boy—"

Something like a quiver of shot across the young man's "No, I can not go—it is out question, Anne." "We will write to her," said after a moment.

Brian rose, and looked about room—at its luxurious outfitting his wife—dainty and lovely. A lighted up his whole face, and s ting, he clasped her in his arms kissed her.

"Good gracious, wait until m sees you!" he said. He thro his head, laughing heartily. "until mother sees you—and this "And the boy," added his w "And the boy," said Brian, w deeper note in his voice. "And boy. Let us write to her to-ni

An anxious-eyed, pleasant-f white-haired old lady, her filled with heavy bundles, had alighted from the train in the next spring twilight. She foll the crowd of passengers along platform of the Grand Central tion, her glance moving quickl one unfamiliar face to another, her lips twitching nervously. noise and bustle confused her was plainly dazed. Suddenly a man in a long ulster swooped on her, and clasped her, bundl all in his arms.

"Brian!" she said, with a so relief, "it's you!" "It is, indeed, mother," said B gerald. But where in the w did you get all this stuff? "Ain't you check it through and carry it?" Give it to me—give

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GOD'S LOAN.

"I think, Brian," said Anne Fitzgerald, "that you should insist on your younger coming to us for Easter."

The young man reading the newspaper laid it on his knee and gazed thoughtfully at his pretty wife.

"She has never seen Vincent—it is impossible to take him away so far—yes, Brian, you must insist."

And still the young man did not speak, but gazed thoughtfully. "Well?" demanded Anne.

"I was wondering, the very moment you spoke, how I could induce her to come."

"Oh, you were? I thought you were reading."

"Not just then, dear."

Anne spread out her crocheting, looking at it with satisfaction.

"So many things have happened to prevent us from going to her," he continued. "We intended to go, remember, right after we were married—but the firm started that new branch and I couldn't get away. Then the first summer, when your father was so ill and the little fellow last summer. Then it came Christmas—"

"And now Easter—and she has not seen me or the boy," said Anne decisively. "It is about time she did, Brian."

He nodded his head several times. "That is true," he said. "I don't know whether she would come if I actually insisted. It would be against her will at first—but after she got here it would be all right."

"I was wishing that you could see her as I remember her—in her own home—"

He frowned a little. "I'm afraid you won't know what to make of mother, Anne."

"Why, dear?" Anne turned her bright head, glancing at him from under her long lashes—a questioning gaze.

"Because—because—Oh, I don't know. There's no one in the world like her."

There was silence for a few moments. "Is there any one in the world—like one's mother?" she asked, a little unsteadily.

His eyes met hers with a look of perfect sympathy.

"No," he said. He would not dwell on the subject, fearing to unsettle her. "No. But if you could get your first glimpse of her—there. She is so attached to every stick of it. I can see her sitting in the old-fashioned parlor as plainly as if she were here in this room, with the glasses on the end of her nose—"

Anne got up from her chair, and going to him put her arms about him.

"Brian!" she said, tenderly. He held her close to him.

"I am homesick for a sight of her," he confessed. "And when you spoke I was thinking of her—wondering if she had grown much older; if she longed very much to see me, wondering even if I could manage to get leave of absence for a few days—"

"Ah, Brian—and be away over Holy Week! I wouldn't like that, Brian. The boy—"

Something like a quiver of pain shot across the young man's face.

"No, I can not go—it is out of the question, Anne."

"We will write to her," said Anne, after a moment.

Brian rose, and looked about the room—at its luxuriant outfitting; at his wife—dainty and lovely. A smile lighted up his whole face, and stooping, he clasped her in his arms and kissed her.

"Good gracious, wait until mother sees you!" he said. He threw back his head, laughing heartily. "Wait until mother sees you—and this—"

"And the boy," added his wife.

"And the boy," said Brian, with a deeper note in his voice. "And the boy. Let us write to her to-night."

An anxious-eyed, pleasant-faced, white-haired old lady, her arms filled with heavy bundles, had just alighted from the train in the pleasant spring twilight. She followed the crowd of passengers along the platform of the Grand Central Station, her glance moving quickly from one unfamiliar face to another, and her lips twitching nervously. The noise and bustle confused her—she was plainly dazed. Suddenly a big man in a long ulster swooped down on her, and clasped her, bundles and all, in his arms.

"Brian?" she said, with a sob of relief, "it's you!"

"It is, indeed, mother," said Brian Fitzgerald. But where in the world did you get all this stuff? Why didn't you check it through and not carry it? Give it to me—give it

breakfast tea—Brian told me. You must feel altogether comfortable. Not even a grandmother can look at a baby with proper respect when she's tired."

"I'm looking at you," said the mother, promptly. "It's not much more than a baby you are. God bless you, anyhow, but it seems as if you ought to be running about the roads yet, in short skirts with a braid down your back. Did Brian kidnap you?"

"Oh, no," Anne slipped her hand into her husband's. "It's because he is so good to me, mother, that I can't grow one day older. My husband and my boy will keep me young forever, I think."

"God grant it," said Brian's mother. "He was a good boy to me—he'll be good to you always, Anne, I know."

"Tut," said Brian, vexedly. "When one has a saint for a mother and an angel for a wife they can't see his faults. That's what's the matter with the both of you."

It was after all had been accomplished as Anne said that the mother was permitted to see her grandson. He was a lovely child, perfectly formed, with delicate features and skin almost waxlike in its palor.

"His solemn eyes, blue as cornflowers, looked up into the wrinkled face. The old lady held him closely to her bosom, crooning over him in the way that mothers never forget. Anne cried a little, too, and Brian sat at the table and propped his elbows on it, leaning his head upon his hands. After a moment the mother placed the child on her lap, and passed her fingers softly over his little cheek, while Anne sat at her feet, looking up at her. They made a charming picture—a true home picture; the mother old and wrinkled, with her crown of snow-white hair; the fragile baby; and the bright young face and sunny head turned upward toward them both.

"Babies are so wonderful," said the grandmother. "Perhaps we appreciate them most when they are so tiny and so helpless. They bring the Lord and His Mother closer, when we remember that the Son who died for us this blessed week came to us in the shape of a little child."

"Yes," said Anne. "That is true. They are so innocent—they make us sorrowful, as well as glad."

"Yet babies have to grow up, my dear."

"It is almost a pity," said Anne, "when one has such a sweet, good baby as mine is, one would wish him never to grow up. Oh, but I must not say that," she added quickly. "God might take me at my word."

"Good me—and if He did?" asked Brian's mother.

Anne's face grew very white. "Don't speak of it, mother," she said, with trembling lips. "Don't."

She knelt up, looking half-fearfully at the lovely baby-face, as if to assure herself of its reality.

"The finest Catholic I ever knew was the mother of a liddle only six years old, and she lost him. It's harder then, Anne, if a mother loses a boy. I saw the poor soul some weeks after."

"God bless you, woman," I said. "But who knows what he'd have turned out to be?"

"Yes," she said. "Yes. Wicked, maybe—very wicked. Or a very good man."

"A very good man," echoed Anne. "Well?"

"I asked no questions, Anne—not then."

"But afterward?"

"Oh, yes—afterward. Georgie, she said, was the only thing she had to look forward to. When he died people said, 'Be comforted—God wants him. Many a mother wishes that her son had died in infancy.' I know that, she said, and I felt it, too. And my Georgie need not have been wicked—he could have been good—a good man. God saved him that—God saved him all the trials and bitterness and suffering that good men meet in this terrible world. The sinner has earthly pleasures—but the good man must suffer. Anne, he must."

"Give me my baby," said Anne in a low tone. Brian, hearing it, rose from the table, and coming over knelt at his mother's side, and put his arms about his wife. He would rather that his mother had not spoken of this yet. But it had come—and soon. He breathed deeply.

"Give me my baby," said Anne. She held the baby close to her heart.

"Sometimes, Anne," said the mother, "God asks a loan of us—and often of the dearest thing we possess. Lend Me that," He says, "Lend it to Me. I will return it." He does, Anne dear, with interest. Do you think that He will love the one who gives to Him cheerfully?"

Anne was silent. She could not speak. The fabric of hope she had

The Expulsion of Dead Nuns.

In a recent letter, writes Mrs. C. E. Jeffery, I directed the attention of the readers of the Catholic Times to a disgraceful event that has lately taken place in Caen. I allude to the exhumation of the bodies of twenty-one Ursuline Nuns, which were expelled from their graves in the cemetery of their suppressed convent by order of the Government liquidator to enable him to sell the confiscated property of the Community. Later accounts have now come to hand, and show that at the eleventh hour the Prefect interfered and forbade the re-interment of the remains with religious honors. The affair has caused

UNPARALLELED EXCITEMENT in the town of Caen, though it has been passed over without mention by the English newspapers in pursuance of that policy which has rightly been stigmatized by a contemporary as a conspiracy of silence. For the benefit of English readers who may be unacquainted with the peculiar methods of the present French Government I propose to give the particulars as related in the French papers. A Caen correspondent writes: "It had been decided in consultation with the Mayor that the transport of the hallowed remains of the Ursuline Nuns should take place on April 6th at 2 p.m., attended by a cross-bearer and priest in surplice."

"THE BISHOP OF BAYEUX had himself invited the clergy and faithful of Caen to join in the ceremony, and had promised to be present at the cemetery to bless the newly made graves. The legal representatives of the families of the deceased religious had taken all the steps necessary for the exhumation of the bodies; letters de faire part, and the ordinary notices to the papers had been sent, and all was prepared. On Wednesday, however, at 4 p.m., the Prefect of Calvados, fearing the profound emotion that would naturally be excited in the people by the sight of the mournful ceremony, called upon the Mayor to forbid the interment. The Mayor refused with dignity, whereupon the Prefect took it upon himself to do so. Thus the bones of the exhumed bodies

"STILL REMAIN WITHOUT SEPULTURE, while the twenty-one coffins are ranged in the refectory of the former convent. The population of the town, exasperated at this ghastly war against corpses—this odious profanation of the dead—assembled in great force. More than two thousand persons flocked to the convent, where M. Legrand, Cure of St. Pierre, delivered an address and invited the crowd to chant with him the 'De Profundis.' During this M. Souron, the liquidator, entered the convent and barred the door behind him, when cries of 'A bas Souron!' and 'Vive la liberte!' were heard." His Lordship the Bishop of Bayeux has addressed the following letter, dated Caen, April 6th, to the Prefect of Calvados:—"M. le Prefect,—It is with profound regret that I have received the news of your order of yesterday

"FORBIDDING THE RELIGIOUS CEREMONY that was to have taken place to-day at the transferring of the remains of the twenty-one Ursuline Nuns exhumed from their private cemetery. As a reason for this interdiction, M. le Prefect, you allege that the letters de faire part inviting friends and relatives to the ceremony constitute a menace to the public peace. Against this allegation I feel it my duty to protest. It was in my name that the clergy and faithful of the town of Caen were invited to follow the funeral cortege of the exhumed Ursuline Nuns. In default of their families, the greater number of whom have disappeared, and of their Community, which has been dissolved, and its members dispersed and exiled, it appertained to me, the Bishop of the diocese, as father and

"PROTECTOR OF THE COMMUNITY, to take care that the remains of these holy women, expelled from the graves in which they had hoped to repose in peace, should not be transported to a new place of sepulture without the religious honors prescribed by the Church. The letters of invitation simply expressed my desire to see the mournful ceremony accomplished with the respect due to the beloved and revered Ursulines of Caen, and as a last mark of sympathy and affection. In it there was nothing that in any way resembled provocation to sedition. The public order was in no way menaced. The arrangements had been made by the Mayor with as much wisdom as benevolence, and the population of Caen has too high a sense of propriety and of respect for the dead



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to give cause for uneasiness. The ceremony would have maintained its character as exclusively funeral and religious. Far from exciting public resentment, it would have allayed it. And now the

"TWENTY-ONE COFFINS of our beloved Ursuline Sisters, placed in a chamber of their deserted convent, await burial.—You do not, I hope, M. le Prefet, desire to inflict upon them the posthumous insult of a civil funeral, or to prevent their venerated remains from receiving the last benediction of the Church before being consigned to their new tomb. Receive, M. le Prefet, the assurance of my high consideration. Leon Adolphe, Bishop of Bayeux." As

A SUGGESTIVE COMMENTARY, on the tyrannical action of the Prefect of Calvados and his scandalous infringement of Catholic rights come lurid accounts of the late serious riots in Limoges, and especially of the funeral—civil, of course—of the victim of the strike shot down by the military during the emeute. The coffin of the deceased was borne through the streets of the town attended by a tumultuous concourse of over 20,000 strikers and their friends, all the trades unions being represented. Far from the demonstration being discouraged as calculated to disturb the public peace, the Mayor himself headed the cortege, followed by the Socialist deputies who had come from Paris for the purpose. From this it will be seen that though a valiant Prefect may intervene to prohibit a Catholic funeral headed by a cross-bearer and followed by decent mourners, the powers that be think twice about interfering with the proceedings of an incendiary mob flaunting the red flag of anarchy, and bawling such revolutionary songs as the Carmagnole and the International. Only a day or two before he was buried with civic honors under the personal auspices of the Mayor of Limoges, the man had been

HELPING TO SACK FACTORIES and tear up the paving stones to erect barriers. The military had been called out, when 197 officers and men had been wounded—some severely—by the rioters. Commenting on the incident the Journal des Debats says: "During several years the situation of Limoges has been quasi-revolutionary, and our only wonder is that serious disorders have not taken place before. A long series of weaknesses and of pusillanimous compliance on the part of the Government have led to the inevitable denouement. The authorities have been warned, but have systematically disregarded the warnings. It was necessary to humiliate the Socialists and allow them full licence, in order to secure their votes in the Chamber. The Government has done all in its power to encourage and develop anarchy, and the infallible result is lawlessness and violence."

WESTERN NEWSPAPER SOLD. No longer is Canada to have a daily newspaper managed by a woman. Mrs. S. A. McLagan, proprietor and manager of the World, of Vancouver, B.C., has sold her interests to Messrs Victor W. Odium and L. D. Taylor, two young men originally from Ontario, who have had great success in the newspaper world there in the last few years. Mr. Odium will be the editor, and Mr. Taylor the business manager. The price paid is close to \$75,000. The new owners will put in the biggest press in Canada west of Winnipeg, and there will be a complete overhauling of the present plant. In politics the paper will remain Liberal.

The loudest prayers do not always carry the farthest.

WEAK LUNGS

Made Sound and Strong by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

If your blood is weak, if it is poor and watery, a touch of cold or influenza will settle in your lungs and the apparently harmless cough of to-day will become the racking consumptive's cough of to-morrow. Weak blood is an open invitation for consumption to lay upon you the hand of death. The only way to avoid consumption and to strengthen and brace the whole system is by enriching your blood and strengthening your lungs with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They make new, rich, warm blood. They add resisting power to the lungs. They have saved scores from a consumptive's grave—most after the lungs were hopelessly diseased, but where taken when the cough first attacks the embroiled system. Here is positive proof. Mrs. Harry Stead, St. Catharines, Ont., says: "A few years ago I was attacked with lung trouble, and the doctor, after treating me for a time, thought I was going into consumption. I grew pale and emaciated, had no appetite, was troubled with a hacking cough, and I felt that I was fast going towards the grave. Neither the doctor's medicine nor other medicines that I took seemed to help me. Then a good friend urged me to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. By the time I had used four boxes it was plain that they were helping me. I began to recover my appetite, and in other ways felt better. I took six boxes more, and was as well as ever, and had gained in weight. I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved me from a consumptive's grave, and I feel very grateful."

Now, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills build up the strength in just one way—they actually make new blood. That is all they do, but they do it well. They don't act on the bowels. They don't bother with mere symptoms. They won't cure any disease that isn't caused by bad blood. But they nearly all common diseases spring from that one cause—anaemia, indigestion, biliousness, headaches, side-aches, backaches, kidney trouble, lumbago, rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, nervousness, general weakness and the special secret ailments that growing girls and women do not like to talk about even to their doctors. But you must get the genuine with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around each box. If in doubt send the price—50 cents a box or \$2.50 for six boxes, to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and get the pills by mail postpaid.

A tree with a lofty head has less shade at its feet.—Abbe Roux.

1905. SOCIETY—Estab. 1856; incorp. 1840. Meets in 92 St. Alexander Monday of the month. Meets last Wednesday. Rev. Director, P.P.; President, 1st Vice-President, 2nd Vice, E. W. Durack; Secretary, W. J. Secretary, T. P. A. AND B. SOCIETY. Meets in St. Patrick's Church, at 110 St. Andrew Street, at 11 o'clock. Rev. Director, J. F. Quinn; Treasurer, J. J. Callaghan; Secretary, P. C. Medical Advisers, E. J. O'Connell. LADY BRANCH Meets at St. 2 St. Alexander Monday of each month. Meetings for business are on 4th Mondays 8 p.m. Spiritual Callaghan; Secretary, P. C. Visitation street; J. Jas. J. Callaghan; Medical Advisers, E. J. O'Connell. CIRCULAR! McShane's L COMPANY CHURCH BELLS WE BRICKS IN Worry! ED & CO. ST. STREET. NTS SECURED

THE BLESSING OF THE NEW BANNER.

Sunday, May 14th, the Franciscan Church, Dorchester street, was the scene of four imposing ceremonies. The first was the blessing of the new banner of the Immaculate Conception. The second was the investing of twenty members with the cord and scapular. The third consisted of the solemn profession of five members, and the fourth a procession around the church.

Rev. Father Christopher, O.F.M., director of the English-speaking tertiaris, preached the following sermon:

Prepare the way, and lift up the standard to the people. (Isal. 62-10.)

It is with great pleasure I see you here assembled, to witness the solemn blessing of the religious standard destined to waive above the heads of the English-speaking members of the Third Order of St. Francis. To understand the reason why the Church blesses certain objects, you have but to recall to mind the evil results of original sin, and that Christ came to repair the evil consequences of the first Adam's sin; from Christ therefore comes every special blessing we receive. When the world was first created by God it glorified Him—as it is written, "God saw all things that He had made and they were very good."

They answered the two-fold purpose of their existence, viz.: the glory of God, and the physical and moral wellbeing of man; but when the responsible head of the human race transgressed the law of his Creator, the consequences of his act were extended to creatures which before had been subject to him. In one part of Holy Writ we are told that beasts and birds went before Adam, and he gave them their names; but this harmony was interrupted, for sin drew down the curse of God upon earth, and man was compelled to gain his bread by his own toil. Sin vitiated man and what depended on him, and subjected them to the power of Satan. It was to destroy this power of the evil one that Christ came. "Now shall the prince of this world be cast out, and I, if be lifted up from the earth, I will draw all things to myself." Through the merits of Christ we are disengaged from the slavery of Satan, freed from civil, and dedicated to God; we are called to holiness of life, and from the mind, heart and imagination of man should proceed nothing deserving of Divine disapprobation. "Be ye perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect."

By the blessing which the Church imparts to the things you use she sets them apart for Divine service, or by her prayers brings down the blessing of God upon them; such blessings should remind you of your own calling to holiness of life, for they are blessed for your sake; thus, she blesses your houses and your food, your domestic animals and your cattle, she blesses your meadows and fields, and your vines and crops; she blesses your ships, and the flags destined to excite the courage of your soldiers, and unite them; she blesses the earth destined to hide your mortal remains till Christ comes again to judge the living and the dead.

In the language of the Church, to bless something means to free it from the baneful influence of evil spirits, to sanctify it, to give it a virtue of its own, to set it apart for religious ceremonies only. In a blessing, then, the Church sums up the history of man's fall and of his redemption; of Calvary and the paradise there thought for us; and we are reminded, too, that time is but the prelude to eternity. A solemn blessing is about to be imparted to this beautiful banner that we are united in offering to the Mother of God as a token of our love and veneration for her; ranked among sacred objects through that blessing I am confident it will exert a sweet influence over your minds and hearts.

A religious banner is a cross from which hangs the representation of a saint, or motto, painted on silk or linen. Banners are carried along in processions or hung around the altar, their chief end being to show forth the victory of Christ, and they are the signs by which parishes and confraternities are distinguished from one another. Soldiers in battle look to the colors of their regiment and are encouraged to fight bravely as long as it waves over their comrades, and when the battle is won, they rally round it, and rejoice at having successfully defended it. Thus, too, Christians are taught by the ecclesiastical sanction given to banners to look up to the cross of Christ, and to derive courage from the thought of Christ's example. "Who endured the cross, despising the shame," and suffered in the flesh, leaving you an example that

you should follow His steps." It is a profitable thing for the members of a society or confraternity to group around a symbol, especially when that symbol strikingly reminds them of the virtues peculiar to Christianity; and after Christ I can surely hold out for your consideration no better model of virtue than Christ's own Blessed Mother. The picture of Mary Immaculate will speak to your hearts; for by the consideration of what we see we are led on to the thought and love of Christ's mother, whom we see not.

This representation of your heavenly Patroness must not be for you a mere picture, a dead letter; it should speak to your hearts, excite your faith and confidence, and encourage you to persevering faithfulness in the service of God. It should remind you of her great intercessory power, a natural consequence of her intimate relationship to the Man God from Whom all spiritual blessings flow even when He bestows them on us in answer to the prayers of His saints or of His Blessed Mother.

She is represented with the moon under her feet, and twelve stars above her head. The moon represents the Catholic Church, and the twelve stars the twelve Apostles who had been commissioned by Christ to found His Church. We must not be satisfied with admiring her grandeur, we must learn from her how to serve God in joy and sorrow, in adversity and prosperity.

You also are soldiers of Christ, engaged in spiritual combat. It is your business not only to avoid being carried away by the current of religious indifference and human respect, but also to oppose it by good example; it is your business to struggle against the perverse inclinations of corrupt nature; to avoid the snares and frustrate the evil designs of these evil spirits that are leagued together, and roam among the children of men for no other purpose than that of bringing about their spiritual downfall in time, and leading them to eternal ruin. In this warfare with the enemies of your soul, look up sometimes at your banner, and invoke Mary, remembering that you have in her a powerful protectress. You are strangers and pilgrims on earth, journeying along a road bordered with precipices and strewn with dangers. When, then, you experience that the life of man on earth is filled with many miseries, and the road to heaven a straight and narrow one, think of Mary, and learn from her that the only life worthy of the disciples of her crucified son is a life of virtue, of sacrifice, and of patient endurance, and that the sorrows of life are light and dwindle into insignificance when compared with the joys by which they are followed. May she inflame your hearts with zeal for the honor of your Heavenly Father, and your own eternal welfare. May she banish from your midst all discord, and unite you in charity, which is the bond of perfection. May she direct your steps in the path of holiness, truth and peace. May she obtain for us all the grace to seek and tend unceasingly towards God by the accomplishment of every duty, and the practice of every Christian virtue.

After the sermon, the banner was blessed by Father Christopher. Then followed the reception of twenty members who were invested with the cord and scapular. After that came the solemn profession of five members. Then the procession around the church took place. Thirty little girls dressed in white, four carrying baskets of flowers walked at the head. The banner was carried by two professed lady members of the Order, the blue streamers being held by four little tots. The procession was a long one, nearly four hundred being in line. The ceremony was most impressive, and one could not witness such a sight without being deeply touched.

Envy is a most fatal evil; when it reigns in a soul, it troubles, blinds and excites it to every excess. It is from self love that envy springs, and it is the love of the common welfare that combats and destroys it.—St. Anthony of Padua.

There is a working class—strong and happy—among both rich and poor; there is an idle class—weak, wicked and miserable—among both rich and poor. And the worst of the misunderstandings arising between the two orders come of the unlucky fact that the wise of one class habitually contemplate the foolish of the other. When men are rightfully occupied, their amusement grows out of their work as the color petals out of a fruitful flower. He only is advancing in life whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into living peace.—John Ruskin.

MADONNA IN EARLY ITALIAN ART.

Interesting Lecture by a Well-Known Journalist in Rome.

Under the auspices of the Coliège Literary and Debating Society of the Irish College at Rome, a lecture on the "Madonna in Early Italian Art" was delivered by Mr. P. L. Connellan, who is so well known as a regular contributor to the Freeman's Journal, Dublin. The chair was occupied by the Bishop of Philadelphia (Rector of the English College), and there were present the students of the English, Scotch, and American Colleges; the members of the Dominican and Franciscan Communities, and several other English-speaking ecclesiastics. The lecturer, in tracing the course of Christian art from its earliest appearance to its highest development in the golden age of the Italian Renaissance, showed how it began in the Catacombs, how at first it differed but little from contemporary Pagan art, how a change was gradually brought about, how the Saviour of the World was at all times a prominent theme, how, next to this theme and closely connected with it, came that of the Virgin Mother of God. This was especially so in Italy—the Blessed Virgin's land—where now, after the lapse of so many centuries, the weariness of the roadside is chased away by the shrine of the Madonna; the village streets are made picturesque by the image that relieves their squalor, and where the palaces of the great cities treasure the masterpieces that show forth the gentle face of Mary.

The earliest known painting of the Madonna is ascribed by the highest authority as anterior to the year 150, and is found in the Catacomb of St. Pricilla. The same subject is met with over and over again in the course of the next three centuries, the Adoration of the Magi and the Annunciation being the most common. But when the days of persecution had come to an end the painting of Mary, issuing forth from the subterranean silence of the Catacombs into the full light of day, followed the triumphant course of Christianity; churches sprang into being; wealth was lavished on their decoration. A new style of art, now known as the Byzantine, appeared and took possession of all lands. Its first witness is Ravenna, where the great 6th century mosaic of the Madonna, serene, majestic, statly, spiritual, that fixed the type art was to know for centuries, looks down from the apex of the Church of St. Apollinare. The same type may be seen in the beautiful frescoes in the Catacombs of Commodilla, brought to light a few months ago, and in the recently discovered Church of St. Maria Antiqua at the Forum. But all this time, and for centuries later, art languished, and it was only in the 13th century that new forces began to work. Then "the Madonna was seen to smile for the first time with a smile which enamored all Italy." It was the dawn of the golden age of art—that age when art was, in truth, a prayer, an act of faith, and the fulfilment of a vow. Cimabue, born in 1240, led the way, and it was a glorious day when his picture, now in Florence, was admired by King Charles the Elder, was carried in triumph procession by the people and gave to the quarter in which it had been painted the name of the Borgo Allegre or Glad-some Place. Sienna followed closely on Florence, creating a new school of art, and a new type of Madonna, remarkable for distinction and beauty, and a strange haunting charm. But so far, pictures lacked life and soul. These were first imparted by Giotto, the all-round man—painter, sculptor, and architect—the great leader of art, who so lovingly and so faithfully depicted almost every phase of the life of Mary. A whole host of painters followed on his lines and made a new epoch of religious art in which, above all else, devotion was deep, and artistic expression clear and simple. So long as this continued to all was well—so long as art existed for the sake of religion; but there soon came a day when art was used for art's sake alone, when if religion was taken into account it was as a mere cloak to hide the artists' strivings after mere effect, and when far more attention was paid to the heroes of Greek mythology than to the simple record of the Gospels. A new era dawned, and the old age of simple belief and devotion no longer influenced painting. Mary is no longer the Madonna of old. She becomes a country girl sitting under the shadow of a pine tree; or a Flo-

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refine woman on the banks of a stream. Venice had aberrations of her own which remain aberrations, even though they are recommended to us by the genius of Paul Veronese, Titian and Tintoretto. By a strange fatality it was those great masters whose names are so entwined with the story of Christian art—Raphael and Michael Angelo and Andrea del Sarto—who most contributed to the decline of Christian art, and to the dreary decades of wasted genius that followed so closely on their day.

True it is that in everything they painted they were always great masters in the highest qualities of technique, design, color and composition. But their works lack the religious character: their figures are splendid and beautiful specimens of men and women, but sanctity and saintly contemplation are no longer to be found. The paintings are great and glorious, but not the type that one should place above an altar where the "holy people of God would come to pray." But it must not be imagined that there are no redeeming features, from the aspect of Christian art, in these great Masters. Ruskin is not always friendly, but he admits that Raphael was able at times to combine in pictures of the Madonna free and transcendent beauty with an expression of deep foreboding; while most critics allow to this school much pensiveness sweetness and refined sentiment, along with true grace and beauty. At any rate Perugino is a beacon-light that sheds a pure, devotional ray round the type of Madonna that had become enshrined in Italian art; while Sandro Botticelli's "Magnificat" is one of the loveliest and tenderest works that centre round devotion to Mary. Italian art, however, could not be arrested in its downward course, and how it now stands may be best judged from the fact that when Leo XIII. offered a prize of 10,000 francs for the best picture of the Holy Family it was found that of about sixty competitors not one work was judged worthy of the prize.

The lecture, which was illustrated by photographs, was listened to with deep attention, and evoked frequent bursts of well deserved applause. The usual votes of thanks having been passed, the Most Reverend Chairman, replying, said that it was no surprise to anyone who knew Mr. Connellan to learn how deep was his acquaintance with the subject on which he had lectured. Even so, he (the Chairman) was bound to confess that while, thanks to a long residence in Italy, and to a taste for art, it had been his good fortune to read and study the subject closely, yet in Mr. Connellan's lecture he, for the first time, found the religious aspect of art discussed in an orderly and historic manner. As for himself, he (the Chairman) was glad to be able to give expression to his sense of the honor done him by the students in asking him to preside on that occasion. It was only one more instance of the friendly relations that had subsisted for more years than he cared to count between himself and the Irish College.

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Vol. LIV., No.

Author of "The Lives of the Saints"

Dublin, May 18—Pena child going to rest has away the great Irish John Canon O'Hanlon, of Sandymount, Cou-

Thousands of clerics and over the world will lose most personal sorrow of the gentle and gifted the Star of the Sea. Ch literary labors for his have compelled the his- ums even from the cau- ists. To others it is g- count the saintly life an- hard-working Irish prie- cerial capacity; our d- to outline his literary- murt zealous minister of labored in the cure of s- ted to his charge than d- able Canon O'Hanlon, w- entered into his reward.

Lying now before us, s- lin Freeman's Journal, pectus of "The Lives of Saints," issued from the of SS. Michael and J- feast of St. Columcille 1872, wherein the follow- the late Father Charles announced the publication- the compilation of whi- ever hand his name down- ration to generation, to b- with Fitzsimon, White, Lombard, Fleming, Wad- and Colgan. For twen- Father O'Hanlon had bee- the material for his ma- and he assured his succe- he would "faithfully an- endeavor to fulfil every- specified in the prospectu- right faithfully and honor- erudite author redeem h- Ever since the year 1873 of the Irish Saints' h- pearing in parts of 64- and one can only stand- the indomitable persever- single man even after- sketchy account of the 3- saints whose lives have b- by Canon O'Hanlon with a- learning and conscientio- that few could equal. Le-

ly state the actual mechan- of this colossal literary un- The first volume containe- ly printed Royal octavo p- second had 736 pages; t- 1036 pages; the fourth t- while the fifth, sixth and- volumes contained 624, 83- pages. Succeeding volume- about the same character, member was completed last- Each volume has been pr- illustrated, and full referen- given. It is of interest to scholar to learn that the- Irish font of type used th- had been designed by Dr. J- the Catholic University. ( shows who originally bec- scribes in 1872 only two- namely, Cardinal Moran, of- and Archbishop Ryan, of- phia. The late Brother Gr- a list of over 100 subscri- ing: "You have done your- ly—it remains for us to- Especially pleased was th- with the letters and subs- from Archbishop MacHale, sel. of Maynooth, Aubrey- Denis Florence McCarthy, B- Graves, Rev. Dr. Todd, Bish- late Cardinal Vaughan, and- Victor de Buck, S.J., the- is.

Born over eighty years ago O'Hanlon was a veritable st- of archaeological lore, especi- everything appertaining to- tory of Queen's County. As- he listened with rapture to- O'Connell speaking at the- Heath, Maryborough, in 18- he was present at the publi- given to the Liberator at Str- in the large mill of Mr. Richa- better, on the evening of t- merable day. He loved t- the political ballads of 188- written apropos of Sir Henr- Parnell (author of the "Hate- the Penal Laws"), who was- Lord Conington in 1841; and- he spoke of the fast discip- folk-songs sung and played i- Queen's County in the pre- period.

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