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# The True Witness



Vol. LV., No. 49

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, JUNE 14, 1906.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## BIANCONI RECALLED.

### The Career of a Remarkable Italian-Irishman of the Last Century Brought to Mind.

The fact that the new Lord Mayor of Dublin is named Nannetti, and that he is the son of an Italian father, recalls to mind a man of Italian birth who, seventy or eighty years ago, had a most remarkable career in Ireland, rising by his own unaided efforts from the lowest circumstances to a place of honor and distinction in his adopted country. In America, the self-made man is a commonplace of our social and industrial life. On every hand may be seen examples of the axiom that "America spells opportunity." But no time or country has been devoid of illustrations of what hard work and perseverance can do in lifting out of obscurity and poverty the man who is willing to pay the price of success. Ireland is the last country in the world one would think of as offering a field for ambitious youth, yet Ireland was the scene of the extraordinary rise of Charles Bianconi.

Charles Bianconi landed in Dublin at the age of sixteen in the summer of 1802. He came from near Corno, in Italy, was the son of respectable parents, but, because of a dislike for study and a certain strain of wildness in his nature, he was bound apprentice to one Andrea Faroni, a dealer in prints, barometers, etc. This man got a goodly sum for the maintenance of young Bianconi, and it was stipulated that the lad should be brought to England, but, instead of going to London, Faroni went to Dublin. He had three other boys besides Bianconi "bound out" to him in similar fashion. Landed in Dublin, Faroni at once set to work making small leaden picture frames. He had brought from Italy some cheap religious pictures. These he fixed in the frames, "and then," says Bianconi himself, "all was ready for what seemed a singular operation. We were to sell those for him in this strange land, whose language we did not know. He pushed us into the street, however, and I can never forget the ludicrous figure I cut there with some of those things in my hands saying 'buy,' to everyone I met. When asked the price I could only point to my fingers for the number of pence I wanted. I soon, however, picked up a little English, and I was then sent off into the country every Monday morning with two pounds' worth of these pictures and four pence pocket money, understanding that I was to return the Saturday evening following.

It should be borne in mind what kind of an Ireland it was this young Italian boy was traversing at that time. The penal laws were still in full force. The bloody rebellion of '98 was only four years suppressed, and echoes of it still lingered in many places. The infamous Act of Union, which the Irish party at present in the House of Commons are trying to have repealed, had just been passed. Robert Emmet's daring attempt at insurrection in Dublin was still in the seeds of time. Napoleon Bonaparte was at the height of his power, and threatening to invade England. On all sides was a disturbed state of public feeling. This is well shown by Bianconi's autobiography, which records:

"In this way I traversed all the County Dublin and went even as far as Wexford and Waterford. In Waterford I found the demand for my small prints very considerable; but besides the Scriptural pieces I had portraits of the royal family, of Bonaparte, etc. Once in the Passages, a small place south of Waterford, I was much surprised to find myself arrested by order of an over-loyal magistrate for the treasonable act of selling Bonaparte's likeness. I was kept all night perishing in the guard room, but in the morning I was set at liberty."

When young Bianconi's eighteen months' time was up his master offered to send him home, but the youth would not think of such a thing. Instead he set out selling prints on his own account. He worked hard, but, he says, "I felt net the discouragement nor fatigue, for I felt that I had set to work to be a great man."

And a great man indeed he became,

struggling upward step by step until he had become a man of world-wide fame. He took hold of many things and entered various lines of business on his upward way. He became like the Norman lords, more Irish than the Irish in many ways. He settled down in the county of Clonmel, in Tipperary—a town noted for the pride, vulgarity and arrogance of the Cromwellians who formed the so-called upper class of Protestants, which looked down upon, despised, and when they could, terrorized the Catholics. Bianconi mentions an instance of this. "While living in Clonmel," he says, "I came to know of a practice that was most unfair. On a certain day the Protestant shopkeepers used to go about levying a tax on the Catholics who ventured to open shops within the town walls. They used to thus wring from each Catholic shopkeeper three or four guineas, which was called intrusion money. At length a sturdy old lady, a Mrs. Ryan, refused to comply with the demand. They seized her goods, but she courageously tried it out at law and won. This led to the abolition of the tax. Catholics, too, had to pay a toll on all bought merchandise, while the Protestant townsmen went scot free. When these vexatious imposts had to be given up it is hardly possible to tell how the trade of the town improved."

Here is another episode which shows the character of the man. "In the main street," he writes, "was a public newsroom to which I was a subscriber. I was often disturbed and hurt by the loud and consequential talk carried on there by the shoneen Protestant gentry, while I and my fellow-Papist members were not allowed to speak above a whisper. This I resolved not to submit to; for, having paid my subscription, I held myself entitled to all the rights of the place. Others followed my example, and soon it would not be easy to know, there at least, who were the privileged administrators of the Penal Code, and who were not."

Indeed, Bianconi was a sterling Catholic in every way. Prosperity made no change in him as it does in too many. He taught catechism regularly in the church. He visited the poor in their hovels and the sick in the hospitals. Every Saturday night, no matter what pressing worldly work waited on him, he was to be seen on his knees at confession in the old Franciscan church. He was, as we have said, interested in many paying concerns, but what made his name a household word throughout Ireland, and his fame world-wide was his car system. "Up to the year 1815," he writes, "the public accommodation for the conveyance of passengers in Ireland was confined to a few mail and day coaches on the great lines of road. From my peculiar position in the country I had ample opportunities for reflecting on many things and nothing struck me more forcibly than the want of a cheap and easy means of locomotion. This want was felt chiefly by the market towns and by the farmers; it led to a great loss of time. For instance, a farmer living some miles from a market town spent one day going there, another doing his business and a third returning home."

The "cars" started by Bianconi were not, of course, the sort of cars we are used to in America. When we speak of a car to-day we think of a steam car or an electric car. In Ireland every sort of conveyance is a car, and particularly is the name applied to the side-car or jaunting-car. It was cars of this latter type, lines of which Bianconi established. Soon he had a regular service of such cars (it must be remembered that this was before the days of steam travel)—all over the south and west of Ireland. In his employ were hundreds of men, and he pursued with them a humane, just and enlightened policy, which if followed to-day by other employers would prevent many strikes which disturb the business relations of the world. "I carefully choose my staff," he

writes. "They are advanced progressively according to their respective merits, and as opportunity offers. In case of old age or accident they are pensioned off on full wages, and only their own willful, improper conduct can deprive them of this reward. As to the popularity of my service, I never yet did an act of generosity or common justice, publicly or privately, that I was not met by manifold reciprocity. . . I do not treat my men as slaves, but as fellow-citizens, differing from me only in gradation. I make them feel that in doing their work they confer on me a greater benefit than I do on them by payment of wages."

In 1844 Clonmel elected Bianconi mayor—the first Catholic mayor for generations. The Tories whose power was thus overthrown were furious and the old corporation even made away with the official paraphernalia, so the new mayor had to buy his own chain of office. His mayoralty was a great success. Whatever he undertook to do he did it efficiently. He was not a mayor for revenue only. In fact, he took no salary for his years of office, but sent the money to be divided among the poor schools of the town.

One of Bianconi's dearest friends was the renowned Daniel O'Connell, who sent him once a characteristic piece of advice. As Mayor of Clonmel, Bianconi had to sit on the bench as a magistrate and hear and decide petty cases. He was naturally anxious that his legal decisions should be really legal. He wrote to O'Connell for advice, and the immortal Dan, who could drive a coach-and-four through the most drastic Act of Parliament, replied: "My dear Mayor—If you wish to discharge the duties of the mayoralty with perfect satisfaction act upon your own common sense, and do not look into any law-book!"

"Faithfully yours,  
"DANIEL O'CONNELL."

But to the longest and busiest life there comes an end, and the unwearied brain of Bianconi, and the tireless heart at last grew weary and tired, and in the summer of 1875 the great Italian-Irishman passed away from the scene of his many labors to receive the reward of a life spent in doing good to his fellow-men. He should never be forgotten by the country of his adoption, for though he was no political leader, he, in his own way, strove to better the condition of Ireland and her people; and the Irishmen of to-day who are protesting against the emigration of Irish boys to this country may well use, as an argument in favor of Ireland as a field for ambitious youths, the remarkable career of Charles Bianconi.

## O'CONNELL AND DISRAELI.

### The Latter Termed a Descendant of the Impenitent Thief.

"Quarrels of Famous Men" is the subject of a series of articles in the Champlain Educator. One of the series is an article depicting the famous quarrel between Daniel O'Connell and Benjamin Disraeli. Disraeli was the instigator of this quarrel. When he first entered political life he posed as a Radical, and was befriended and aided by O'Connell. Subsequently, to further his political fortunes, he went over to the Tories.

It was while contesting the Taunton seat as a Tory in 1835 that Disraeli attacked O'Connell. He referred to O'Connell as a "traitor," an "incendiary" and spoke of the Whigs "grasping the bloody hand of O'Connell." The attack was wanton and unwarranted. In a speech at a Trades Union meeting in Dublin O'Connell took occasion to revert to the incident, and in a sudden scathing arraignment, that for lacerating invective has probably never been equalled in the annals of polemics, he administered a castigation that stung his rash antagonist into fury and overwhelmed him with a roar of ridicule. In his opening words he referred to how he had sided with Disraeli, in 1831, when the latter contested his first seat.

"At Taunton this miscreant had the audacity to style me an incendiary. Why, I was a greater incendiary in 1831 than I am at present, if I ever were one; and if I am he is doubly so for having employed

me. Then he calls me a traitor. My answer to this is—he is a liar. He is a liar in action and in words. His life is a living lie. He is a disgrace to his species. What state of society must that be that could tolerate such a creature—having the audacity to come forward with one set of principles at one time and obtain political assistance by reason of those principles, and at another to profess diametrically the reverse? His life, I say, is a living lie. He is the most degraded of his species and his kind; and England is degraded in tolerating or having upon the face of her society a miscreant of his abominable, foul and atrocious nature. His name shows that he is by descent a Jew. . . I have the happiness of being acquainted with some Jewish families in London, and more accomplished ladies, or more humane, cordial, high-minded, or better educated gentlemen, I have never met. It will not be supposed, therefore, when I speak of Disraeli as the descendant of a Jew, that I mean to tarnish him on that account. They were once the chosen people of God. There were miscreants amongst them, however, also, and it must have certainly been from one of those that Disraeli descended. He possesses just the qualities of the impenitent thief who died upon the cross, whose name, I verily believe, must have been Disraeli. For aught I know, the present Disraeli is descended from him, and with the impression that he is, I now forgive the heir-at-law of the blasphemous thief who died upon the cross."

In reply, Disraeli challenged O'Connell to a duel, but the latter refused. Disraeli then wrote a bitter letter to O'Connell, stating he expected to be elected to Parliament—"he would meet O'Connell at Philippi,"—and inflict a castigation O'Connell would not forget. He did meet O'Connell at Philippi, and was so badly worsted that the house laughed in derision.

## INFAMOUS INFIDELS.

The Catholic Times, of Liverpool, directs attention to a remarkable statement prepared by M. J. K. Huysmans, the eminent author of "La Cathedrale," in which he sums up the extraordinary number of acts of violence committed against the Catholic Church in France within the past fifteen years. Since 1900 some six hundred churches in various parts of France have been sacked by ruffians, only a very few of whom have been captured. In 1894 thirty-two churches in the department of the Sarthe were sacked in a few days, and many works of art were carried off. In the neighborhood of Lille, in the autumn of last year, twenty-two wayside crosses were overthrown, and some of them so completely defaced that it was impossible to replace them. At Dinan, in September, 1904, the crucifixes which had been taken from the schools were made into a heap in the centre of the principal school of the town, and, after being grossly insulted by the professors of the school, who took their pupils up and ordered them to spit on the crucifixes, they were burnt. M. de Lanessan, whom the English press treats as a serious person, in one of his speeches, delivered on June 18, 1905, M. Huysmans points out, declared that "the danger is not clericalism, but God Himself, who is absolutely infamous." M. Aristide Briand, in a speech delivered at Poitiers in the beginning of the present year, said: "We have driven God (Nous avons chassé Dieu) out of the army, the navy, the schools, the hospitals, the madhouses, the asylums, the law courts, the wayside, and now we must kick Him out of the State altogether. He is infamous; even more so than Christ." These are a few samples of what is going on in France at the hands of a government which the secular papers constantly praise as one of the strongest France has ever known. Surely it is ridiculous to claim to be a sincere friend of Christianity and at the same time to praise such anti-Christians as M. Combes and M. Sarrien. The reading public should at least be informed of the real sentiments of these men who are assailing the Catholic Church in France.

## The Work of The Irish Party.

(From the London Tablet.)

Whatever chances now, and even if the struggle proves after all to have been in vain, English Catholics owe a debt of gratitude to their Irish comrades, which surely will not easily be forgotten. On Monday the Bill enters upon its Committee stage. The frontal attack has failed all along the line, and the Bill has now to be fought clause by clause. Here, too, the Irish Parliamentary Party has served us well, and with admirable promptitude has already tabled a series of amendments in defence of the Catholic schools. And, so far, these amendments hold the field. Before passing judgment upon them we must come to some conclusion as to what sort of amendments we expect and want. Do we want amendments which, if they could be carried, would give us the ideal school or amendments which are the best possible under existing Parliamentary conditions? For instance, it would be easy to draft paper amendments which would put our schools in a better position even than that which they enjoy under the Act of 1902. That would be as easy as it would be futile. Those are not the lines upon which the Irish Parliamentary Party has elected to work. Their amendments are designed to secure for the Catholic schools the best terms that are conceivable, having regard to the present distribution of parties in the House of Commons. In other words, the terms they propose are not the best that might be invented, but the best that, in the judgment of the Irish members, have any chance of being accepted. That being premised, let us briefly consider them. Mr. Redmond proposes to make Clause 4 mandatory. We have insisted from the first that this clause even if made compulsory, would be useless to Catholics unless we could be certain of having Catholic teachers in Catholic schools all the time. That granted, Mr. Redmond's amendment becomes of enormous importance, securing as it would in most urban areas every day, for Catholic children in Catholic schools, definite Catholic instruction which might be given by the ordinary school staff. Sir Thomas Edmond would carry this concession further by excising the words "in an urban area." The omission of these words would make the "extended facilities" clause applicable to the rural as well as urban schools, and so include most of the 230 Catholic schools which would otherwise be shut out. Mr. Power moves an amendment which would define a homogeneous school one in which three-fourths instead of four-fifths of the children are of one faith. This again would widen the application of Clause 4, whether in town or country. Mr. T. P. O'Connor proposes to give stability to the new system by enacting that the extended facilities once secured shall be enjoyed for a period of five years. All this is excellent, and, we believe, possible as well as excellent, but the value of these preliminary amendments must stand or fall with that which stands in the name of Mr. Dillon. He proposes that in schools to which the extended facilities clause is applicable the parents of the children shall be at liberty to elect a committee of four persons without whose concurrence no teacher shall be appointed. In that way the danger of a Protestant teacher being appointed to a Catholic school would be fairly met. But would it not be possible to go one step further and give to such a committee the right of recommending the teacher to the local authority. Otherwise it might be difficult for such a committee to resist an unfair discrimination, on the part of the appointing authority, against nuns as teachers. If the nomination of the teachers in homogeneous Catholic schools can be left to a committee chosen by the parents of the children, if a homogeneous school be defined as one having three-fourths instead of four-fifths of the children of one faith, and if the limitation to urban areas is abolished, it seems to us quite possible that a working arrangement may, in spite of all that has passed, be devised between the Government and the Catholic Church in this country.

After the luncheon the following programme was laudably rendered and heartily appreciated:

1. Piano Solo—Miss Ruth Ryan
2. Recitation—Miss Barnett
3. Vocal solo—Miss Florence Lowery
4. Duet—Piano and violin—Mrs. A. McCahill, Miss McCahill.
5. Recitation—Miss Olla de Stephano
6. Song, "My Rosary,"—Miss Sadie Dempsey.
7. Recitation—Miss Morton.
8. Song—Miss Liebnert.
9. Song, Piano and violin—Mrs. A. McCahill, Miss McCahill.

General accompanist, Miss Katherine Harrington. After a few well-chosen words of thanks from the President, Mrs. Guilfoyle, to the hostess of the hour, the Rev. Mother St. Scholastica, and the other religious, as well as to the committee in charge, we wended our way homeward, each heart filled with loving thoughts, and wishing a long and prosperous life to our alumnae and the dear religious of the Congregation.

The following are the officers for the present year: Honorary President, Rev. Mother St. Scholastica; President, Mrs. John Guilfoyle; Vice-President, Miss A. Louise Coghlan; Secretary, Miss Elizabeth Lenahan; Assistant Secretary, Mrs. Edward Kilroe; Treasurer, Miss Mary A. Carroll; Assistant Treasurer, Miss Grace Morton.

A. L. C.

## Villa Maria Alumnae of the United States.

On Saturday afternoon, May 26, the Villa Maria Alumnae of the Congregation de Notre Dame enjoyed their first annual luncheon at the Academy of the Blessed Sacrament, Stapleton, Staten Island, N.Y.

Covers were laid for eighty-five, and it was indeed a happy meeting for the many former pupils of Monklands, Montreal. We indulged in reminiscences and lived once again the pristine days of "Auld Lang Syne." Many rich flowers garnished the rooms and tables, with here and there festoons of baby-blue and white ribbon, the colors of our Alma Mater, while the handsome gowns of the young matrons and girls gave untold piquancy to the scene.

The sail down New York Bay had lent piquancy to our appetites, and all did full justice to a well chosen menu.

The entertainment committee, Mrs. Thomas J. Ryan, chairman, certainly spared no pains in the preparation of the feast, and their efforts won the hearty plaudits of all whom fortune favored with a day which, in its associations, recalled many episodes of the happy past, a day with those whose presence gave double pleasure; for, while their personalities were enjoyed, at the moment they recalled many old teachers who had passed to the great beyond, but still live in memory.

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A. L. C.

## Are You Using a Genuine "Foot Elm" or only The Cheap Substitute!

Genuine Foot Elm always pleases and satisfies.

## No Divorce in Ireland.

The Solicitor-General was unable to accede to a suggestion in the House of Commons a few days ago, that he would consider the propriety of bringing the divorce law of England into conformity with that of Scotland and other civilized countries. "Whereupon Mr. W. Redmond queried, amid laughter—"Is the gentleman aware that in the most civilized country in the world—Ireland—there is no divorce?"

No Alcohol in It.—Alcohol or any other volatile matter which would impair strength by evaporation does not in any shape enter into the manufacture of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Nor do climatic changes affect it. It is as serviceable in the Arctic Circle as in the Torrid Zone, perhaps more useful in the higher latitudes, where man is more subject to colds from exposure to the elements.

Wear Trade Mark D. Suspenders, guaranteed. Price 50c.



HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

A romantic halo rests upon that mediaeval life when the troubadours sang heroic deeds into the heart of youth. In picturesque words they painted the splendor of Nature—a clear sunset in the west, a landscape richly clad in green, a white sea-gull that gleams against the dark clouds. They loved to dwell in these pictures. The chivalrous idea of Ladylove in its purest sense throws also a romantic color of life over the castles of feudal times. Harmoniously developed as they were, these knights and ladies of the time of youth, they lived in a sphere where the beautiful predominated. Their souls found rest in seeing the shades of colors in the rainbow, in the dawn of morning, and when the sun as golden glow hides itself in ocean. Our deeds are the realization of our day-dreams and twilight-dreams. The better we are the better our dreams; but it takes sound-minded and able-minded people to realize the best dreams. Longing for God causes us to dream about His revelation.

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WASHING BLUE FLANNEL DRESSES.

Blue flannel dresses can be easily washed by the following method: Boil a quart of a pound of yellow soap in three quarts of water, slicing the soap into thin shavings and letting it boil until it is dissolved. Fill a tub with lukewarm water and add enough of the hot soapsuds to make a good lather. Dip the dress in and rub it well, but do not rub the soap on it, for it will leave a white mark. Wring it out with the hands, not with a wringer, because it creases it badly. Wash in another water with a little more of the soapsuds if it is much soiled. Then wring it again and dip into lukewarm water to rinse it and make it very blue with the blue bag. Shake it out thoroughly after wringing—it and dry in the shade until damp enough to iron on the wrong side. It must not be dried entirely before it is ironed. Colored woollen or cotton stockings can be washed in the same way and rinsed in strong salt and water, to keep the colors from running, instead of blue water.

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KEEPING YOUNG.

How to keep young is one of the questions of perennial interest to the feminine mind. Amelia Rives, the noted author, who is said to look like a girl in her teens, recently told of her reply to a physician who wrote her to send him the secret of what he called her perpetual youth, says the Advance. "I wrote back that he must consider the cost," she said. "It is a cost that few of his fashionable patients would make, for I rise at 7, or 7.30, ride or walk in the country roads, live close to my books, see few people, and retire at 10. What fashionable women could endure my life? I remember thinking about it one winter morning, when I was walking alone, the crisp, crackling snow under my feet, the fairy outline of a gossamer frost revealing every twig of bush and tree, and I was so invigorated and happy I could have whistled like a boy with delight. But if I had been a woman of fashion I couldn't have endured the silence, the empty distances, the quiet, why, a woman of fashion would die in my place, and I am quite sure that I should in hers." It is in such solitude and close communion with nature, in the home of her childhood—an old-fashioned, rambling country home in Albemarle County, Va., that much of Amelia Rives' work is done.

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A DRESSMAKING HINT.

The home dressmaker often has much trouble in fitting herself. A good idea is to buy one and one-half yards of strong lining and cut out a perfectly-fitting bodied pattern to come five or six inches below the waist line. Bone and stitch it as if for an ordinary dress. Instead of hooks and eyes sew together down the front, then stuff the lining firmly with sawdust, shaping it as you proceed. Sew a strong lining across the bottom so as to stand on a table. Add a stock collar at neck, with a

piece of lining across the top. This model is most useful for draping and trimming blouses, also for fitting collars and yokes.

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A WORKBASKET OUGHT TO BE IN EVERY GIRL'S ROOM.

A well fitted out work basket (or bag or stand, as the case might be) ought to be a part of every girl's room. For it's all very well to preach to yourself upon the threadbare text of a stitch in time saving nine if you haven't the necessary tools right at hand to do that mending on the spur of the moment.

These pretty little stands of wicker hold plenty of the little necessary things and should be kept supplied with hooks and eyes and buttons and tapes and silks and cottons galore, to say nothing of scissors kept in such perfect condition that they will cut through a bit of chiffon or other elusive stuff cleanly.

Go a step farther and include with shoe buttons and thread (or fasteners) a few pairs of shoe laces. Broken laces should rightly come under the head of mending even though the mending takes the form of replenishing.

Glove thread and buttons or clasps form another necessary set of little things which that basket should hold, as well as the darning and other materials which point to week-day work.

If you've room for neither basket nor stand, at least keep a wee bag in your top drawer fitted out with the most frequently used things. You'll find the dreaded weekly mending shrinking in quantity and difficulty if you follow that plan.

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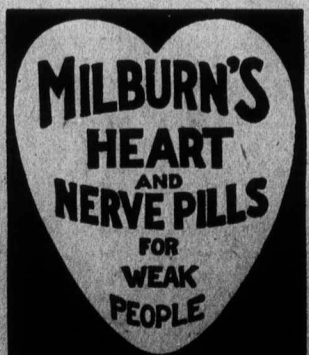
A LESSON IN COLORS.

Women should be particular in the selection of colors, the combination of which is quite a gift. Have you ever tried this plan of ascertaining the harmonizing of colors? Cut a piece one inch square of the dress goods proper and place it upon a piece of pure white unruled paper and one inch from it to the right draw a square the same size as the pattern. Then look steadily at the pattern (upon the left side) for one minute, then suddenly look at the square at the right, and you will see the color that will correctly correspond to the goods you have.

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HOW TO WASH SILK UNDERWEAR.

Directions for washing silk underwear have been asked for. The same precautions that are used in washing fine woollens need to be taken with silk. Prepare a suds of white soap and fairly hot water, and add to each gallon of water two table-spoonsful of ammonia. If the ammonia is strong use only one table-spoonful. Let the garments soak in the suds for some time, half an hour or longer. Wash by rubbing the hands and gently squeezing. Never rub on a board, and never rub soap on the silk unless some spots are unusually obstinate. Rinse thoroughly. This means through two or three waters, the same temperature as the washing water. Iron when nearly dry. If the garments are very delicate press under a thin muslin.



These pills cure all diseases and disorders arising from weak heart, worn out nerves or watery blood, such as Palpitation, Skip Beats, Throbbing, Smothering, Dizziness, Weak or Faint Spells, Anæmia, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Brain Fog, General Debility and Lack of Vitality. They are a true heart tonic, nerve food and blood purifier, building up and renewing all the worn out and wasted tissues of the body and restoring perfect health. Price 50c. a box, or 3 for \$1.50, at all druggists.

TIMELY HINTS.

A great deal of housework consists of polishing, and it should be remembered that, in polishing, quick rubbing is more efficacious than hard rubbing.

To remove grass stains use gasoline immediately. For grass stains that seem "set" in wash goods, try soaking in molasses.

Every one has heard of cleaning white furs by rubbing cornmeal over the soiled surface, but here is a variation, taken from Good Housekeeping's "Discoveries": Heat the cornmeal in a pan until it is as hot as the hands can bear it. Put the furs into the hot cornmeal without removing from the stove and rub through the hands as if soap and water were being used. After a few minutes' rubbing the furs should be shaken out, and will be found quite spotless. The same cornmeal can be used several times.

Mudstains on black cloth will disappear when rubbed with a raw potato.

Warm water in which an onion has been boiled will restore the gliding to frames. Dry quickly with a soft, clean cloth.

Small pieces of cotton batting slightly steamed make good dusters that should be burned after once using.

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RECIPES.

Asparagus Omelet.—Cut four or five stocks of asparagus into pieces about an inch long. Boil in salted water until tender, drain and stand in a warm place while the omelet is made. Beat four or six eggs slightly, add to them four table-spoonsful of boiling water and a piece of butter the size of a filbert. Then stir in carefully the asparagus, melt two ounces of butter in a round frying-pan; pour in the omelet at once; shake, and with a knife separate the thickened part from the frying-pan, allowing the liquid part to go underneath. It should never stick, but move as the pan is shaken from one side to the other. As soon as the eggs begin to set, dust with salt and pepper, and with a limber knife roll and fold the omelet and turn it out on a heated plate. Send to the table at once.

Corn Chowder.—One onion sliced thin, four good-sized potatoes diced; place in an agate saucepan with water to cover, and cook until tender. Meanwhile place in a double boiler one quart of milk, one can of corn, and butter the size of an egg. Thicken when it boils with one table-spoonful of flour rubbed smooth in a little water. Salt and pepper to taste, then add onion and potato mixture, and serve in a covered dish, in which you have placed six crackers, split in halves.

Club Sandwiches—There is nothing nicer for a light supper than club sandwiches, but few housekeepers know how to make them properly. Here is a reliable recipe:—Cut bread into thin slices, and cut the slices into triangular pieces. Toast the bread and let become cold. Spread with butter or mayonnaise dressing. Lay a thin slice of cold roast chicken on the toast, above this a slice of broiled bacon and a lettuce leaf dressed with mayonnaise and cover with a second piece of toast. Prepare a second sandwich, filling simply with lettuce leaves and mayonnaise dressing. Serve the two together. This is somewhat varied by making the second lettuce sandwich right on top of the first, using only three pieces of toast for the two. The thing about a club sandwich is to have the bread not too thin and not too much toasted, to have the chicken cut very thin, and the bacon also and not crumbly. They are very good if well made but very much the reverse if badly.

FUNNY SAYINGS

LOOKING TO THE FUTURE.

In Mexico the undertaker sends notices of death at his own expense, which also contain his advertisement, to the relatives of the deceased. One day, several months ago, a certain lithographic establishment received from a customer a printed circular announcing the death of a partner in his firm.

It was given to the correspondence clerk, with instructions to write a letter of condolence in reply. He wrote:

"We are exceedingly pained to learn of the loss sustained by your firm, and extend to you our deepest sympathy. We notice that the circular you send us announcing Mr. —'s death is lithographed by Messrs. —. We greatly regret that you did not see your way to let us estimate for printing the same. The next time there is a bereavement in your house we shall be glad to quote

you for lithographed circulars, and are confident that we can beat anybody else.

"Trusting we may have an early opportunity of quoting you our prices, we remain, with profound sympathy, yours truly, etc."

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THE DOG WASN'T TOUCHED.

"Madam," said the conductor, as he punched a ticket, "I am very sorry, but you can't have your dog in this car. It is against the rules."

"I shall hold him in my lap all the way," she replied, "and he will not disturb any one."

"That makes no difference," said the conductor. "Dogs must ride in the baggage car. I'll take and fasten him for you."

"Don't you touch my dog, sir," exclaimed the young lady excitedly. "I will trust him to no one," and with indignant tread she marched to the baggage-car, tied her dog and said: "Remember, please, I don't want a soul here to touch my dog or untie him; you understand?"

The baggage crew said they did. As the train approached her station the young lady, hailing the conductor, asked: "Is my dog all right?"

"I don't know, miss," replied the conductor.

"Don't know?" she replied. "Why don't you know? It's your business to know. You haven't touched him or untied him?"

"No; we didn't touch or untie him, and that's just it. You tied him to a trunk checked for two stations back. The trunk had to be put off, and so we threw the dog off with the trunk!"

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ALL RECOGNIZED HER.

The four old captains of Salt Marsh, after carefully studying the attractions offered by the mind reader who was to hold forth in the town hall, decided to attend the entertainment.

"We can go right from the post office when the mail's in," said Captain Gregg, most adventurous of the four, "and there doesn't seem to be any need to consult our women folks so far as I know. Most likely we shan't stay more'n a few minutes."

They were all agreed as to the advisability of this plan, and the next evening saw them seated in the last row, with interest written on their faces.

After a few preliminary exhibitions which caused the scattered audience to gasp and wriggle, the mind-reader said in a solemn tone:

"There is one person in this audience who has been thinking ever since he came in here of a person who is perhaps the strongest influence in his life—a small, determined-looking woman, with eyes that snap and—"

At this point the four old captains rose as if moved by a single spring and fled from the hall. When they reached the safety of the steps, Captain Gregg turned to the others and spoke in a hoarse whisper:

"Which one of us do you suppose he meant?"—Youth's Companion.

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JUDICIAL PRIVILEGE.

In a Southern court one day, says a well known attorney, one of the counsel paused in his argument, remarking to the judge:

"I observe that your honor shakes his head at that statement. I desire to reaffirm it, although your honor dissents."

"I am not aware," coldly responded the judge, "that I have intimated how I shall construe the evidence, nor what my decision will be in the premises. Your remark is, therefore, uncalled for."

"Your honor shook your head."

"True," said the judge. "There was a fly on my ear. And I'll have you know, sir, that I reserve the right to remove a fly in whatever manner pleases me."

In San Francisco.

The Mayor of a Wisconsin city writes: "I spent about ten days in Frisco the latter part of March and the first of April, during which time I was asked, for more dimes, saw more drunkenness, heard more blaspheming, saw more gambling on the street than in any other city I ever was in. If you take a walk through Chinatown, you will notice that a white man manages the most immoral shows that are advertised. Most of the grocery stores sell liquor and have a bar in the rear of store-room. One of these grocers informed me he had sold 300 gallons of whiskey in one month and mostly to women."

I attended Mass several mornings; most of the worshippers were children and very old people.

THE POET'S CORNER.

THANKSGIVING.

For the glad days when the bright sun is shining,  
The starlit nights of peacefulness and rest.  
For brave, true hearts too great for vain repining,  
For willing hands and eyes that see the best.  
For all the joy and comfort thou hast given,  
For all the days when this fair world goes well.  
For little glimpses of a promised heaven,  
For thoughts too sweet for tongue or pen to tell.  
For Love and Home; for little fingers clinging,  
For dainty work that brings its blest reward,  
For the good cheer that through the world is ringing,  
We thank Thee, Lord.

For the gray days when the bright sun is hidden,  
For long, long nights too dark for eyes to see.  
For the hot, blinding tears that come unbidden,  
For all the griefs that bring us nearer Thee.  
For all the thorny ways that we have travelled  
(Nor dreamed it was an angel led us through),  
For all the mysteries that pain unraveled,  
The peace our days of pleasure never knew.  
For grace to hear through all life's music ringing  
The purer beauty of the minor chord,  
For hope that still within our hearts is ringing,  
We thank Thee, Lord.  
—Mary L. Hammel.

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"GOD KNOWETH BEST."

Sometime, when all life's lessons have been learned,  
And the sun and stars forevermore have set,  
The things which our weak judgment here had spurned,  
The things o'er which we grieve with lashes wet,  
Will flash before us out of life's dark night,  
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue  
And we shall see how all God's plans are right,  
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.  
And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,  
God's plans go on as best for you and me;  
How when we called, He heeded not our cry,  
Because His wisdom to the end could see;  
And even as prudent parents disallow  
Too much of sweets to crowning babyhood,  
So God perhaps is keeping from us now  
Life's sweetest things because it seemeth best.

And if, sometimes, commingled with life's wine,  
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,  
Be sure a wiser head than yours or mine  
Poured out the portion for our lips to drink;  
And if someone we love is lying low,  
When human kisses cannot reach the face,  
Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,  
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace.  
And you will shortly know that lengthened breath  
Is not the sweetest gift God gives this friend,  
And that sometimes the sable pall of death,  
Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.

BABY ALWAYS WELL.

"I have nothing but good words to say for Baby's Own Tablets," says Mrs. A. Dupuis, of Comber, Ont., and she adds: "Since I began using the Tablets my little boy has not had an hour of sickness, and now at the age of eight months he weighs twenty-three pounds. I feel safe now with Baby's Own Tablets in the house, for I know that I have a medicine that will promptly cure all the minor ills from which babies suffer. I would advise all mothers and nurses to use Baby's Own Tablets for their little ones." These are strong words, but thousands of mothers speak just as strongly in favor of this medicine. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box by addressing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

If we could push ajar the gates of life,  
And stand within and all God's workings see,  
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,  
And for each mystery could find a key.  
But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart,  
God's plans, like lilies, pure and white, unfold;  
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart,  
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.  
And if through patient toil we reach the land  
Where tired feet with sandals loosed may rest,  
When we shall clearly know and understand  
I think that we shall say: "God knew the best."

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GIVE THOU THY HAND.

Give thou thy hand to him who toils  
And build with him the home deep-yearned,  
Far nobler wilt thou find his strength  
Than that of wealth in garb unearned.  
Who toils is pure; his love will stand;  
Give thou thy hand.  
Thou, too, are builder of the world,  
O woman-soul! then build with him,  
Co-partner in its roof, O sweet  
Your cottage in the twilight dim!  
Here, Toil and Love, ye shall command  
A home not bulded on the sand.  
Give thou thy hand.

Out of its portals there shall walk  
The generations bearing Morn—  
The light of Faith, the flame of Hope,  
And deathless Purpose, struggle-born.  
If thou wouldst shape for futures grand  
Fear not beside Toil's strength to stand—  
Give thou thy hand.  
—Charles J. O'Malley, in the New World.

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THE GOOD WE DO.

"We know not all the ill we do,"  
So say the seers, whose words are true.  
And I have heard it so rung out,  
That, faint with fear and blind with doubt,  
I deemed—all hope and brightness hid—  
'Twas only evil that I did.  
But I at last have learned to see  
The other, fairer side that we  
Too often let the darker, hide,  
Or altogether set aside;  
Another saying just as true,  
"We know not all the good we do."  
"We know not all the good we do,"  
The good that, like the silent dew,  
Goes down and deep the roots between,  
Or out, far-reaching and unseen;  
The good, unreckoned and untold,  
And multiplied a hundred fold.

"We know not all the good we do,"  
Nor ever shall until we view  
The great, eternal whole and see  
The secret of life's mystery;  
Until to full perfection grown  
We know as we ourselves are known.  
"I know not all the ill I do,"  
God pity me and pardon, too,  
And of the ill that I have done,  
Work out a good that some poor one  
Not seeing in it aught of me  
May praise and honor only Thee.  
God make me wise and make me true  
In all that I would say and do,  
And keep me ever in the light  
Or truth that makes earth's pathway bright;  
And bless, though unseen, and un-sought,  
The good I do and know it not.

Dear Girls and Boys.

Our numbers seem to be and now that school closes no excuse for not writing am pleased to learn that a great deal better. I be able to go to Ste. Anne pre this summer. Annie to take real pleasure in am so glad that she and did not take the birds' discovered. That is about est thing to do. Just t sorrow the poor little m must feel when she retur tree top and finds that she was so diligent in b been taken away. C quite a nice little family and goslings. Agnes Mc than I would be in a thu which is a pet terror of says they were all out storm but did not mind Fred B. does not go to gularly; but he says he l at home to help in the f sure Winnifred D. would to see Winnifred E. and cousins. She has not w ly. Poor little girlie, I am so glad she is getting b are anxiously awaiting her. Mary D. takes prid novation of her church. indeed, look very well. sends his first letter. He fair number of studies fo boy of his age. There names missing. Which they?

Your loving,

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Dear Aunt Becky:

As my two brothers h to you I thought I would and tell how I am gettin der. I have to stay hom my father in the fields. V thunder and lightning s year already. We only h more weeks to go to sch will be holidays. Then to the river fishing. This there has been a concert lags and I was down on did not win any prize.  
Your loving nephew  
Lonsdale, Ont.

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Dear Aunt Becky:

How nice it is when the every week to write to We are going out to chu row to be examined in ce first Communion. When home from school we have home work and then get As we are coming home cows we look for bird's brother found three birds terday evening and twelve we did not disturb them. pecting the inspector at every day. The grain nicely now and the birds happily in the air. There show every night this ve dale a mile from our plac ever baby gets the most get a set of dishes of fo for a prize. I like when tion, for when it is hot in the shade. Well, Aunt; I will say good-bye for t  
Your loving niec  
Lonsdale, Ont.

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Dear Aunt Becky:

Butterfly Suspenders, man's Brace, "as easy 50c.



OUR BOYS AND GIRLS BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys:

Our numbers seem to be keeping up and now that school closing will be so soon my girls and boys will have no excuse for not writing to me. I am pleased to learn that Joseph is a great deal better. I hope he will be able to go to Ste. Anne de Beaupre this summer. Annie O'N. seems to take real pleasure in writing. I am so glad that she and her brother did not take the birds' nests they discovered. That is about the meanest thing to do. Just think what sorrow the poor little mother bird must feel when she returns to the tree top and finds that the tiny nest she was so diligent in building had been taken away. Clare B. has quite a nice little family of turkeys and goslings. Agnes McC. is braver than I would be in a thunder storm, which is a pet terror of mine. She says they were all out in a bad storm but did not mind it. Too bad Fred B. does not go to school regularly; but he says he has to stay at home to help in the fields. I am sure Winnifred D. would be delighted to see Winnifred E. and the other cousins. She has not written lately. Poor little girl, I am sure we all hope she is getting better and anxiously awaiting news from her. Mary D. takes pride in the renovation of her church. It must, indeed, look very well. John D. sends his first letter. He has a very fair number of studies for a little boy of his age. There are some names missing. Which ones are they?

Your loving, AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky:

As my two brothers have written to you I thought I would write also and tell how I am getting along. I don't go to school much in the summer. I have to stay home and help my father in the fields. We had had thunder and lightning storms this year already. We only have three more weeks to go to school and it will be holidays. Then we can go to the river fishing. This last week there has been a concert in the village and I was down one night but did not win any prize.

Your loving nephew, FRED B. Lonsdale, Ont.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I am going to tell you I have fifteen little turkeys and I have four more little goslings. So you see I am having better luck. We had a heavy storm last night. We were going to plant potatoes to-day, but it was so wet we could not plant them, but to-morrow they will plant them. I guess this is all for this time.

Your loving nephew, CLARE B. Lonsdale, Ont.

Dear Aunt Becky:

How nice it is when the time comes every week to write to the corner. We are going out to church to-morrow to be examined in catechism for first Communion. When we come home from school we have to do our home work and then get the cows. As we are coming home with the cows we look for bird's nests. My brother found three birds nests yesterday evening and twelve eggs, but we did not disturb them. We are expecting the inspector at our school every day. The grain is growing nicely now and the birds are singing happily in the air. There is a baby show every night this week in Lonsdale a mile from our place. Which ever baby gets the most votes will get a set of dishes of forty pieces for a prize. I like when it is vacation, for when it is hot we can sit in the shade. Well, Auntie, I guess I will say good-bye for this time.

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

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

Dear Aunt Becky:

As this is a beautiful day I thought I would write you another letter. All the boys and girls who are going to get first communion here are going out to church Saturday to be examined. I was to a show last night in Lonsdale. It was there all week so far and will be there some of next week. It was thundering and lightning when we were there but we did not mind it. It is free every night. There are prizes given to the baby who gets the most votes. There are about five babies in the contest. There was a prize last night given to the homeliest man, and one to-night for the laziest. There was one given Wednesday night for the boy who could eat pie the fastest, and one Tuesday night for the boy who put on his boots first. There was no prize yet for the girls, but I think there will be one to-night or to-morrow night. Good-bye.

Your loving niece, AGNES McC. Lonsdale, Ont.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I am feeling much better this week. The farmers around here are nearly all done sowing and planting. Grass and grain look well. The vegetables in the garden are going well, too. Our goslings are growing fast; the old geese take them down to a brook that is in the pasture not very far from the barn and come back in the evening. The convent closes 25th of this month. I will be so glad for my sisters will be at home with me then all the time. If I get strong enough this summer I will go on a pilgrimage to Ste. Anne de Beaupre. I have been saving my pennies for St. Anthony's shrine of the South. I have one more card to fill then I will be a life member of the Union. We had a hard thunder storm last night; it did no damage in our neighborhood. Good-bye for this time.

Your nephew, JOSEPH. Granby, June 9.

Dear Aunt Becky:

How many new cousins we are getting. I am very sorry for the other Winnifred D. I am sure she must be lonesome in the hospital. If she were near me, how glad I should be to go see her every day. I wish she could have some of our lovely flowers. We have about fifty kinds. I like to sit in the front garden and sew where I can watch the flowers and hear so many birds singing. I think we never had so many sweet singing birds as we have this year. Every night a whip-poor-will comes near our home. When you come to see Joseph and Kit, will you not come and see us too. Good-bye.

Winnifred A. E. Warden, Que.

Dear Aunt Becky:

It is a lovely day and I have just come from church. Such a sweet little church we have. It has been painted and made to look ever so nice. We have trees in front of it and very nice walks on all sides. How I wish you could see it. I visited the cemetery to-day and prayed at mamma's grave. It is a nice quiet place, but I always feel so sad when I see all these great monuments which mark the homes of our dear ones. When you come to see us we will show you our cemetery and church, our school and our home, but now good-bye.

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

Dear Aunt Becky:

Papa takes the True Witness and I like to read the letters in it so I thought I would write one too. I have three brothers, Richard, Bernard and James. I am nearly nine years old. I go to school. Our teacher's name is Miss Feeny. I study Catechism, geography, arithmetic and reading and writing. We have a nice little colt. We call it Bessie. As this is the first letter I have written I have not much news. So good-bye.

Your nephew, JOHN J. D. New Erin, Que.

ONE, TWO, THREE.

It was an old, old, old, old lady. And a boy that was half-past three And the way they played together Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping. And the boy, no more could he; For he was a thin little fellow, With a thin little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow twilight, Out under the maple tree; And the game they played I'll tell you, Just as it was told to me.

It was wide and go seek they were playing, Though you'd never have known it to be— With an old, old, old, old lady, And the boy with the twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down On his one little sound right knee, And he'd guess where she was hiding, In guesses one, two, three!

"You are in the china closet!" He would cry and laugh with glee— It wasn't the china closet, But he still had two and three.

"You are up in papa's bedroom, In the chest with the queer old key!" And she said: "you are warm and warmer, But you're not quite right," said she.

"It can't be the little cupboard Where mamma's things used to be— So it must be the clothespress, gran'ma!" And he found her with his three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers, That were wrinkled and white and wee, And she guessed where the boy was hiding, With a one, and a two and a three.

And they never had stirred from their places, Right under the maple tree— This old, old, old, old lady, And the boy with the lame little knee— This dear, dear, dear old lady, And the boy who was half past three. —H. C. Bunner.

MADGE'S FUDGE.

Tilly had finished her work and gone upstairs for the night. The kitchen table had been scrubbed until it was as white as snow, the floor was spotless. That was the way Tilly always kept it.

"I wonder if there's any fire," remarked Madge in the sitting-room, pushing her algebra back. "If there is, I believe I'll make some fudge."

"Do," said grandma, smiling from her easy-chair. "You make it better than anyone I know."

Madge went over and kissed and took the wrinkled cheek. "Grandma," she cried merrily, "is it possible, really possible, that you, with a big grandddaughter like myself, own to weakness for fudge?"

Grandma laughed, "Yes, I'll confess, Madge," she answered smilingly. "I'll make it, then," said Madge. "that is, if there's any fire."

There were only these two, Madge and grandma, and how they did love one another! Seventy and seventeen, and yet they were such good comrades.

There was a fire, for Tilly, like the thrifty little maiden she was, had closed the drafts, and there was a good hot bed of coals.

"Oh, I don't care about the party at all now," she said happily. "If you only like me, I shan't be lonesome any more."

"I more than like you," answered Madge. "I love you, Tilly."

And though there were tears in Tilly's eyes, they were tears of joy, for Tilly's good times had begun.

WHEN TO CRY.

There are millions of little boys and girls in the world who want to do just the right thing, and the very best thing, says Mary Elizabeth Stone, in one of the children's magazines. But they do not always know what just the right thing is, and sometimes they cannot tell the very best thing from the very worst thing.

Now I have often thought that there are little boys and girls who cry, now and then, at the wrong time, and I have asked many of the

"Tilly's a treasure," said Madge, as she measured the sugar. "There's a fine fire, grandma." Grandma had risen and came into the kitchen, too.

"Isn't she!" she answered in a pleased voice as she looked about, "so faithful and honest, and, indeed, everything that is good."

"I wish, Madge," she added thoughtfully, "that you'd let her know you appreciate her just a little dear. Young people are apt to be thoughtless, and I want my Madge to grow up straight for God, and in doing that, it includes a great many things—kindness, patience, unselfishness toward everyone about us, whether high or low."

"But, grandma, I never said anything to her," protested Madge, quickly.

"Ah," protested grandma, "that is just the trouble, dearest. She took such pains with your shirt-waists last week, yet you never thanked her. She made you your favorite pudding yesterday, but you forgot to tell her how you enjoyed it. She swept your room for you on Friday, but you remember you did not tell her how well it was done. Remember, dear, that though Tilly works for a living, she is but little older than you. Only a girl, too. And though you are so differently situated, yet the cases might have been reversed. Put yourself once in a while in her place, dear, and imagine how you would feel. And, Madge, she is as fond of you as possible. I wish you could have seen her face when you came down dressed for the party at Wallace's last week. It was so full of admiration and love. It quite surprised me. Perhaps, dear, when you think of it, you will try to be a little kinder."

Madge was stirring her fudge energetically, but her face was thoughtful. "I will, grandma," she cried earnestly; "and to prove it to you, I'll take her up some candy as soon as it is done."

Madge was as good as her word. Armed with a little china plate full of her own delicious fudge, she mounted the steep steps to Tilly's room. She knocked.

There was a moment of silence, then Tilly opened the door. Madge gasped, for Tilly was arrayed in an old white dress, a blue bow-peeped coquettishly from out the soft, pretty hair, and there were slippers on the small feet, and about her neck was a circle of beads.

"Why, Tilly," cried Madge, "are you going out?" "I didn't know it," Tilly blushed. "No," she answered. "I just thought I'd see how I looked dressed up like you were the other night for the party, you know. I never thought of you coming up to my room to find me out."

"I don't go any place, you know, and it came to me that I'd like to know, for once, how it felt to be pretty and happy, like you, and have things, and go to parties. Mother's dead, and I've always had to work, but it's hard, sometimes, though I do try to do my work well."

Madge reached impulsively and took the rough little hand. "My mother is dead, too, Tilly," she said softly, "and I know just how it feels—that part of it, I mean. And as to the work, you're the best little worker in the world. Grandma and I were talking about it only this evening. Tilly, perhaps I never said so, but I do appreciate all you do for me, even if I don't show it. And, Tilly, I've brought you up some fudge, and after this I'm going to do better to you. You shall have my ticket to the concert for next week. And Tilly—"

"Yes," for Tilly's eyes were shining. "I've a much prettier white dress than that. Since you like white so well, you shall have it. And some time, Tilly, I hope you can go to a party in reality, instead of just pretending," Tilly smiled.

"Oh, I don't care about the party at all now," she said happily. "If you only like me, I shan't be lonesome any more."

"I more than like you," answered Madge. "I love you, Tilly."

And though there were tears in Tilly's eyes, they were tears of joy, for Tilly's good times had begun.

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older people, but none of them could tell me the best time to cry. But the other day I met a man older and wiser than any of the rest. He was very old and very wise, and he told me this: "It is bad luck to cry on Monday. To cry on Tuesday makes red eyes. Crying on Wednesday is bad for children's heads and for the heads of older people. It is said that, if a child begins to cry on Thursday, he will find it hard to stop. It is not best for children to cry on Friday. It makes them unhappy. Never cry on Saturday. It is too busy a day. Tears shed on Sunday are salt and bitter. Children should on no account cry at night. The nights are for sleep. They may cry whenever else they please, but not at any of these times, unless it is for something serious."

AT THE BLACKSMITH'S. "Say, Mister Blacksmith, I have come. I'm Ethel. Do you see? I've brought my shoe—that's got all torn— To have you mend for me. For papa says he'd rather have You shoe our Mollie horse Than anybody else; so you Can mend a shoe, of course!" Known to Thousands—Farnelle's Vegetable Pills regulate the action of the secretions, purify the blood and keep the stomach and bowels free from deleterious matter. Taken according to direction they will overcome dyspepsia, eradicate biliousness and leave the digestive organs healthy and strong to perform their functions. Their merits are well-known to thousands who know by experience how beneficial they are in giving tone to the system.

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NOTICE.

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



THURSDAY, JUNE 14, 1906.

CHURCH UNION AND ITS AIMS.

The Presbyterian General Assembly at London, Ontario, is struggling with the project of "Church union." The Globe, of Toronto which is under Presbyterian direction, predicts great though vague results from these deliberations. It says that a church organization will be worked out that though independent of the political government of the Dominion will co-operate with it. What that may mean we are only able to guess. We were under the impression that one of the beneficial things which Presbyterianism once aided was the disestablishment of constitutional Protestantism in Upper Canada. We were also under the impression that Canadian Presbyterianism was proud of its share in that achievement. Does The Globe now mean that if Presbyterianism be taken in on the ground floor it will co-operate with the Anglican denomination towards the restoration of a new governmental connection? Perhaps. It is hard to say what The Globe ever means. However, that great things are in contemplation cannot be doubted. One of the speakers at London on Monday last doubted the policy of framing "a big church which could go to Ottawa and ask the Government for all the Roman Catholics got." So that some idea of "co-operating" with the political government of the land is the source and inspiration of the movement.

The Catholics of the Dominion have nothing, and ask nothing, from any government that they are not willing shall be shared with all the Protestant denominations. The Catholic Church asks nothing beyond the right of religious education and that right the Protestant denominations, as things stand, possess in the fullest degree, if they but manage to agree among themselves. To co-operate with the political government of the day in fields of effort that are strictly political may not lead to unalloyed good either for the government or for the united Protestant denominations themselves.

GAELIC TEACHING IN IRELAND.

Dr. Douglas Hyde, in his recent speeches in this country, was well within the mark when he held that the Gaelic League will have to work along upon its own resources and the assistance of the Irish in America without much aid from the Liberal Government in London. Mr. Bryce has explained in the House of Commons his long anticipated plan for the teaching of Irish in the Na-

tional schools of Ireland. Irish opinion of the proposals is not by any means favorable. The general facts of the situation are these. At present Irish may be taught both as an ordinary subject in all grades and an extra subject in grades from the fourth standard up. Mr. Bryce's scheme is not so liberal, and far from promoting the teaching of Irish in the National schools is rather calculated to diminish if not to put an end to it altogether. The Gaelic League will have to look to its resources.

MICHAEL DAVITT.

A correspondent writing in sympathy with the aspirations of the late Michael Davitt asks whether too dark a picture was not painted of his earlier life. Our own opinion is that no impression could be darker than the actual facts. When under examination before the Times-Parnell commission, Davitt testified that though only a child he vividly remembered the eviction of his father and mother from their cabin at Straide, Co. Mayo. He saw the home given to the flames by the landlord's agent. He remembered that same day seeing his mother refused even from the workhouse. From that same mother he had often heard the relation of her experiences during the famine years. He was only nine years of age when he lost his arm in the mill at Haslingden, Lancashire. He said he was kicked across the floor as the ordinary form of an order to take up another piece of work. The work he was kicked into on the day he lost his arm was that calling for a man's strength. And he was but a child. Of his prison life as "Convict W. 822" more is known. From Saturday night to Monday morning he was confined in a darkened cell without bedding or light—even when eating the wretched food thrust into the vile den. His body shrank inch by inch, having under these conditions become a receptacle of disease germs. But when moved from one prison to another he was loaded with chains. It is impossible to read his account of Dartmoor prison at this day without hot indignation.

In our article last week we made a brief reference to the cart labor imposed upon these Irish prisoners. Here is Michael Davitt's description of it: "Eight men constituted a cart party and they were in charge of a warder armed with either staff or rifle. Each man in the cart party is supplied with a collar which is put over his head and passes from the right or left shoulder under the opposite arm and is then hooked to the chain by means of which the cart is drawn about. Stones, coal, manure and rubbish of all descriptions were drawn about by cart parties."

Such shocking labor as this was varied by the breaking of putrid animal bones beside the prison cess pool under the boiling heat of the summer sun. The abominations of justice are surely not confined to Russia. And what did this vengeful notion of justice undertake to accomplish in the case of Michael Davitt? To reform a man who had joined the Fenian Brotherhood to win over as many as he could to constitutional agitation.

Love of the Brotherhood of humanity—upheld Michael Davitt and sustained him to the end. His life is without a parallel in modern times.

RACE AND CREED.

Parliament has undertaken to teach the Press a lesson concerning the baseness of race and creed discriminations. This is no joke. Whist gentlemen like Dr. Sproule flourish and advance in the Parliament of Canada, that august body of representatives surely can afford to be severely dignified with the Press. The Parliament of Canada is the heir, of, lofty traditions and venerable forms. It naturally expects the people to take all these things seriously. It may not be going the right way to work in attempting to

fasten all the odium of the race and creed question upon the Press. The Press, no doubt, offends; but the Press can hurt no man who is fearless and free from culpability. And is it not a most unfortunate time also for Parliament to open its account with the Press when Dr. Sproule, a responsible lieutenant of the complaining political party, is appealing to the Orange organizations to arouse a fresh anti-Catholic crusade among the Protestant population? The best thing for the Parliament of Canada to do at the present hour is to engage in a heart to heart talk with Dr. Sproule, and if necessary to accept Mr. Monk's suggestion and hold the seance behind closed doors.

AMERICAN CATHOLIC INFLUENCE.

Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, has been illuminating European opinion of America, particularly of the influence of religion in American life. His expressions are published in the Osservatore Cattolico, of Milan. The Catholics in the United States, the Archbishop says, are even more numerous than what the official statistics furnish, being between fifteen and sixteen millions. "But what is still more important is the spirit of penetration of Catholicism in all social functions; Catholics are no longer emigrants, they have come into contact with the nation, they are the nation itself. In this fashion Catholicism in the United States will exercise a still more beneficent influence."

With regard to the attitude of the American Government towards Catholicism, the Archbishop said: "The American Government is not atheist as one often sees in Latin countries. God and Christianity should not be exiled from our constitution. As to Catholicity, it is left free; if we do not do more, it is our own fault. So far as Roosevelt is concerned, I believe he sees and recognizes the force of Catholicism, its force of cohesion, for the great national American family."

There has been a disposition in the past to represent religion as decadent in America. The Archbishop is alive to the world influence of his country, and when he proclaims the actual facts with regard to the Catholic share of that influence his words cannot fail to produce a beneficial effect with European governments.

EFFECT OF THE ENGLISH EDUCATION BILL.

The London Tablet gives some startling figures showing the effect which will be produced upon Catholic schools in England if the Education Bill in its present form receives the sanction of Parliament. It appears that in the rural areas there are 243 schools now in Catholic hands, from which, under the new state of things, Catholic teaching would be entirely excluded. As regards urban districts the situation is more serious still, despite the provisions of Clause 4, which, it is claimed, have been specially designed to meet the case of the Catholics and Jews in these centres. The clause lays it down that wherever four-fifths of the parents of children attending a school in any urban area demand specific denominational teaching, the local authority may afford facilities to have such teaching given. But the Tablet points out that owing to circumstances over which the Catholic managers have no control, many of the Catholic schools have more than twenty per cent. of Protestant children in attendance, and so ipso facto are shut out from the operation of the extended facilities clause. In the Diocese of Westminster there are 25 such schools, in Southwark there are 36, in Birmingham at least 49, in Hexham 10, in Leeds 27, in Middlesbrough 2, in Nottingham 2, in Plymouth 9, in Shrewsbury 10, in Portsmouth about 15. Altogether the Tablet calculates that taking the Bill as it stands, and even assuming Clause 4 to be made compulsory on the local authorities, in

stead of permissive, as at present, the Catholics stand to lose nearly half their schools.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

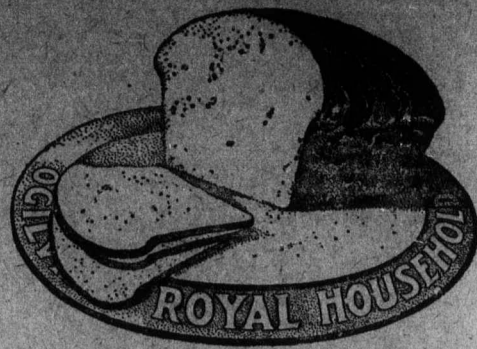
An Encyclical of the Holy Father is published in the Osservatore Romano, addressed to the Archbishop of Warsaw and to other Polish Bishops. It concerns a religious congregation established by a certain Maria Francesca, for a special veneration of the Blessed Virgin and the Blessed Sacrament. The Pope, in a former Encyclical addressed to the Archbishop of Warsaw and the Bishops of Poland, condemned the followers of these doctrines—"Marianists," as they were called—and recalling to mind a Degree of the Sacred Inquisition of September, 1904, prohibits all Catholic priests from hearing the confession of Maria Francesca, the promoter of the veneration, except the priest expressly designated for this task. With the present Encyclical the Sovereign Pontiff suppresses also the congregation of the Marianists, and exhorts the Bishop to restore to their places in the ministry those priests who, disapproving of the rite to which they erroneously dedicated themselves, will willingly and sincerely give it up.

On May 20th the municipality of Genoa commemorated the fourth centenary of the death of Christopher Columbus, their renowned fellow-citizen, by placing a great wreath of fresh flowers at the base of the grand statue erected to him in the Piazza Acquaverde. A recent writer, contrasting the aims of Columbus with those of his contemporaries in exploration, writes: "During two centuries, from Marco Polo to Sebastian Cabot and Vasco di Gama, a great series of discoveries, voyages, and studies were made by Venetians and Portuguese; but commerce and wealth were the aim of these peregrinations. Columbus rose gigantic over all; . . . he wished to bring the Cross to the peoples who sat in darkness and in the shadow of death; he sought to find wealth to deliver the Holy Sepulchre—an idea which prevailed in all ardent Catholic souls in the Middle Ages—he sought, not new routes for commerce, but a new world of pagans to be converted, of lands and treasures to serve for the glory of God. This was indeed an apostolic expedition."

The Belgian elections have disappointed the prophets who appeared to have hoped for results like France recorded. The Liberals had made a working alliance with the Socialists, "and in all districts they combined forces on a common programme. The result has disappointed the combination. Only four seats were won from the Government, which is still left with a majority of 12, the same majority with which it ruled from 1879 to 1888. The Catholics lost ground in Antwerp, Namur, and Dinant; but they more than held their own in Brussels, Louvain, Luxemburg, Mechlin and Bruges. Evidently the "clerical debacle" has not yet arrived. Belgian Governments are accustomed to small majorities. The Liberal Governments of 1847 had only two of a majority; in 1852, only six; in 1863, only two; and in 1878 only ten. The Chamber contains only 166 members.

Michael Davitt's Valedictory

The will of Michael Davitt leaves all his property to his wife. It concludes: "To all my friends I leave kind thoughts, and to my enemies the fullest possible forgiveness. To Ireland I leave an undying prayer for the absolute freedom and independence which it was my life's ambition to obtain for her." The will contains the following: "Should I die in Ireland I wish to be buried at Straide, Mayo, without any funeral demonstration. If I should die in America I must be buried in my mother's grave at Manayunk, near Philadelphia, and on no account must my body be brought to Ireland. If I should die



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THE GATHERING OF Hochelaga Pupils at the New Convent of Outremont.

is fixed for JUNE 12th, from two to seven P.M. All former and present pupils are cordially invited.

Michael Davitt's Valedictory

In any other country outside of Great Britain I wish to be buried in the graveyard nearest to where I may die, with the simplest possible ceremony. Should I die in Great Britain I must be buried at Straide. My diaries are not to be published as such, and in no instance without my wife's permission; but on no account must anything harsh or censorious written in said diaries be made about any person dead or alive who has ever worked for Ireland be printed, published or used so as to give pain to any friend or relative.

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Month of the Sacred Heart, 5c Young Girl's Month of June, 10c by the Author of Golden Days. The Voice of the Sacred Heart 60c New Manual. In twenty different bindings. The last mentioned is a very appropriate GIFT to a sister.

D. & J. HADLAW & CO., Catholic Publishers, 13 West Notre Dame St.

Correspond

CHURCH UNION

To the Editor of True Witness. Sir,—In his sermon of unity delivered in the O. John the Evangelist last Mr. French made an impression which will prove to all who have at heart cause of a return to Christ. Speaking of the desirability of establishing a Church of the rev. gentleman is quoting: "One special lesson taught to-day is that God had a Church with definite constitution, through which the souls of men and women were saved, which the souls of men and women were saved, which the souls of men and women were saved. Here is Catholic doctrine simple. Christ certainly a Church with definite constitution through which the souls of men and women were saved, which the souls of men and women were saved. reason did He choose to Him to hear the words that fell from His sacred lips chosen them, He instilled in His heavenly doctrine were afterwards, common preach to all nations, He forth as His ambassador vine authority to teach, consciences of men, oblige hear and obey their voice, peril of their salvation. In making this admission French has removed one obstacles which stand in a return to Christian unity the acceptance of this by the adherents of Protestantism. The rev. gentleman used arguments to prove his assertions Catholics fully agree on this point, it is unnecessary to follow his train of reasoning to prove so plain a truth. But it is astounding making such an admission French should immediately wards fall into such a trap as to contradict his own declaring himself in favor of or branch churches. He admits that Christ upon earth a Church with officers and constitution. The speaking with divine authority governed by a supreme constitution without any interpret and enforce it. Like a kingdom without a must, of necessity, be a authority in every society, ritual or civil, and the source of such authority can What use, therefore, was been for Christ to establish a Church upon earth and p the Deposit of Faith and authority, if after a few nation was to be allowed and choose just such adherents and reject others did not care about acceptance not apparent that French's theory is not obvious, but monstrous? St. Irenaeus, who lived year 178 A.D., writing on subject, says: "The Church spread over the whole earth's boundaries, having both from the apostles and the faith in one Father Almighty. Christ Jesus, that Son of God was made flesh for our and in the Holy Spirit, ing, as I have said, received preaching and this faith, though spread over the world guards it sedulously, dwelling in one house; truths she uniformly holding but one soul, and one same heart." "And new churches founded in Germany those in Spain, in Gaul, in Egypt, in Africa, nor gions of the middle of the lieve or deliver, a difference as God's handwork, the and the same throughout verse, so the preaching shines everywhere and et men that wish to come to ledge of the truth." "The claimed by the Church able." The following remarks of this holy doctor of the century prove beyond a necessity of holding the one Catholic Church; it would be a very long enumerate in such a volume the successions of all that by pointing out that tread the greatest and most and universally known Church—founded and constituted two most glorious apostles and Paul—deserve from it and that faith safeguarded which has come down to the succession of her true



Correspondence.

CHURCH UNITY.

To the Editor of True Witness:

Sir,—In his sermon on Christian unity delivered in the Church of St. John the Evangelist last week, Rev. Mr. French made an important admission which will prove interesting to all who have at heart the great cause of a return to Christian unity. Speaking of the designs of God in establishing a Church upon earth, the rev. gentleman is quoted as saying: "One special lesson to be taught to-day is that God has created a Church with definite officers and constitution, through which He deals with the souls of men and through which the souls of men are enabled to reach Him."

Here is Catholic doctrine pure and simple. Christ certainly established a Church with definite officers and a constitution through which He deals with the souls of men. For this reason did He choose twelve men from the vast throng that followed Him to hear the words of wisdom that fell from His sacred lips. Having chosen them, He instructed them in His heavenly doctrine which they were afterwards commanded to preach to all nations. He sent them forth as His ambassadors with divine authority to teach, binding the consciences of men, obliging all to hear and obey their voice at the peril of their salvation.

In making this admission Rev. Mr. French has removed one of the many obstacles which stand in the way of a return to Christian unity. In urging the acceptance of this great truth by the adherents of Protestantism, the rev. gentleman used several arguments to prove his assertion. As we Catholics fully agree with him on this point, it is unnecessary to follow his train of reasoning to prove so plain a truth.

But it is astounding that after making such an admission Mr. French should immediately afterwards fall into such a grave error as to contradict his own words by declaring himself in favor of national or branch churches.

He admits that Christ established upon earth a Church with definite officers and constitution. Therefore one speaking with divine authority and governed by a supreme head. As a constitution without authorities to interpret and enforce it, would be like a kingdom without a king, there must, of necessity, be a supreme authority in every society, be it spiritual or civil, and the society without such authority cannot stand. What use, therefore, would it have been for Christ to establish a Church upon earth and place therein the Deposit of Faith and a teaching authority, if after a few years every nation was to be allowed to pick and choose just such and such doctrines and reject others which they did not care about accepting. Is it not apparent that Rev. Mr. French's theory is not only ridiculous, but monstrous?

St. Irenaeus, who lived about the year 178 A.D., writing on this very subject, says: "The Church, though spread over the whole world, to the earth's boundaries, having received both from the apostles and their disciples, the faith in one God, the Father Almighty . . . and in one Christ Jesus, that Son of God who was made flesh for our salvation, and in the Holy Spirit: . . . having, as I have said, received that preaching and this faith, the Church, though spread over the whole world, guards it sedulously, as though dwelling in one house; and these truths she uniformly holds, as having but one soul, and one and the same heart." "And neither do the churches founded in Germany, nor those in Spain, in Gaul, in the East, in Egypt, in Africa, nor in the regions of the middle of the earth believe or deliver a different faith; but as God's handiwork, the sun, is one and the same throughout the universe, so the preaching of the truth shines everywhere and enlightens all men that wish to come to the knowledge of the truth." "The truth proclaimed by the Church is immovable."

The following remarkable words of this holy doctor of the second century prove beyond all question the necessity of holding the faith of the one Catholic Church: "But, as it would be a very long task to enumerate in such a volume as this, the successions of all the churches, by pointing out that tradition which the greatest and most ancient, and universally known Church of Rome—founded and constituted by the two most glorious apostles, Peter and Paul—descent from the apostles, and that faith assigned to all men, which has come down to us through the succession of her Bishops, we

considered nothing more than a heathen and publican. Let them remember that Christ spoke but once and man, though free to accept or reject that word, shall be judged by that very word which Christ did utter. The Catholic Church calmly awaits the return of her prodigal children. She is ready to receive them with open arms, and nourish them with heavenly food. She invites them to return that there may be joy in heaven and on earth. The Spirit and the Bride say: Come. Will you? To-day if you will hear His voice, harden not your hearts.

Treating of the diversity of doctrines held by heretical sects he says: "All these heretics are of much later date than the Bishops to whom the apostles committed the churches; . . . It follows then, as a matter of course, that these heretics aforementioned, since they are blind to the truth, and deviate from the right way, will walk in various roads; and therefore the footsteps of their doctrine are scattered here and there without agreement or connection."

Contrasting this diversity of opinion as found among the adherents of heretical sects to the one faith of the true Church, he says: "But the faith of those who belong to the Church circumscribes the whole world, as possessing the sure tradition from the Apostles, and gives unto us to see that the faith of all is one and the same. . . . And indeed, the preaching of the Church is true and steadfast, in which one and the same way of salvation is shown throughout the whole world."

Is anything clearer than this great truth—the existence of but one true church in which is to be found the means to enable man to attain the end for which he has been created. Is it not surprising how so many millions live in schism and heresy rather than bend to constituted authority? That it is a great sin to live in utter contempt of the truth is clearly shown not only in Holy Writ, but likewise in the writings of all the early fathers of the Church. "Nothing so provokes God's anger," says St. Chrysostom, "as the division of the Church." Continuing, he says: "Yea, though we have achieved ten thousand glorious acts, yet shall we, if we cut to pieces the fullness of the Church, suffer punishment no less than they who mangled His body." As I declared in my last article, the Church of Rome alone is the veritable Church of the Apostles and the only Bride of Christ, and all other churches are dead branches lopped from the mother trunk and can bud no more. Rev. Mr. French advised his hearers to pray that the eyes of Rome be opened "that she may see the mistake in her position, and acknowledge the catholicity of the Anglican system, as well as the validity of Anglican orders."

Alas! my friend, are you not aware that the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Truth, was sent to the Church to be her guide? "I will ask the Father, and He will give you another comforter that He may abide with you forever." (John xiv, 16). "But the Paraclete, the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, He will teach you all things and bring all things to your mind, whatsoever I shall have said to you." (John xiv, 26).

The Church, therefore, is the mouthpiece of the Holy Ghost, the pillar and ground of the truth. Her eyes are open, Mr. French, and in Anglicanism she discerns neither Catholicity nor episcopacy. Indeed, so great is the chasm that exists between this human institution and the Church of the Living God that she fails to find in Anglicanism a trace of Divinity. She is not Catholic because she is the creation of an English king and subject to the rulings of the English Parliament. She is a stranger out of her own land and unknown to the other nations of the earth. She is not Catholic because she did not exist from the days of the Apostles, and can not trace her origin beyond the 16th century. She is not Catholic because even in England she possesses not unity of faith, but holds a diversity of opinions on important truths to suit the tastes of her various schools of thought. She is not Catholic because she is national and Protestant and a stranger to the Catholic Apostolic Church. Now that so much is being written and preached concerning the return to Christian unity, let Protestants consider their responsibility, their exiled state outside the one divinely instituted Church, away from the life-giving channels of grace; let them look forward to the not far distant day when the secrets of the heart shall be laid bare and let them weigh now the defence they to-day use as the cause for remaining outside the one Catholic and Apostolic Church, and see if it will stand in the light of God's all just judgment. Let them remember that Christ established but one Church, and to that Church He committed the care of all mankind and declared that he who would not hear and obey that Church would be con-

sidered nothing more than a heathen and publican. Let them remember that Christ spoke but once and man, though free to accept or reject that word, shall be judged by that very word which Christ did utter. The Catholic Church calmly awaits the return of her prodigal children. She is ready to receive them with open arms, and nourish them with heavenly food. She invites them to return that there may be joy in heaven and on earth. The Spirit and the Bride say: Come. Will you? To-day if you will hear His voice, harden not your hearts.

F. L. Montreal, June 8, 1906.

A Struggling Infant Mission.

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

Where is Mass said and Benediction given at present? IN A GARRET, the use of which I get for a rent of ONE SHILLING per week. Average weekly Collection. 3s 6d. No endowment whatever, except HOPE. Not a great kind of endowment, you will say, good reader. Ah, well! Who knows? Great things have, as a rule, very small beginnings. There was the stable of Bethlehem, and God's hand is not shortened. I HAVE hopes. I have GREAT hopes that this latest Mission, opened by the Bishop of Northampton, will, in due course, become a great Mission.

But outside hope is, evidently, necessary. Will it be forthcoming?

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

"ARTHUR, "Bishop of Northampton."

Address—Father Gray, Hempton Road, Fakenham, Norfolk, England. P.S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation, and send with my acknowledgment a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart.

This new Mission will be dedicated to St. Anthony of Padua.

A Sound stomach Means a Clear Head.—The high pressure of a nervous life which business men of the present day are constrained to live make draughts upon their vitality highly detrimental to their health. It is only by the most careful treatment that they are able to keep themselves alert and active in their various callings, many of them know the value of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills in regulating the stomach and consequently keeping the head clear.

ST. AGNES PARISH ASKS FOR SCHOOL.

At Monday's meeting of the Catholic School Commissioners a delegation from the parish of St. Agnes asked for a new school for the English-speaking Catholic children of that district. They explained that the parents were placed in the position of having to send their children either to the Protestant Aberdeen School or to the Olier French school.

Father Casey, pastor of the parish pointed out that a suitable property on which to erect a school could be acquired on St. Denis street, a little above Roy street.

The commissioners thought that the property indicated was altogether too small to provide for future accommodation, and stated that they had under contemplation the building of an addition to Olier school, the French school in the district, the use of which might cover the present need.

All seemed to adopt the view of Commissioner Martineau, who considered that the best way to settle the difficulty was to have it understood that the addition of the Olier school was to be used for English boys of the district, and that the question of erecting another school for girls would receive further consideration.

Rev. Father Delargy's Jubilee

(From our Own Correspondent.)

St. Patrick's Church, Quebec, was crowded on Sunday last at the Grand Mass, everyone being apparently anxious to show by their presence their respect and esteem for Rev. Father Delargy, C.S.S.R., who celebrated the silver jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood. The solemn grand Mass was celebrated by the rev. jubilarian, with Rev. Father Henning as deacon and Rev. Father Hickey as sub-deacon, while Rev. Father Krickser acted as master of ceremonies. The sermon, which was a masterpiece of eloquence, was delivered by Rev. Father Mulhearn, his theme being the Catholic priest and his mission in the world. In concluding his sermon the rev. preacher referred to the great work done by Father Delargy for the glory of God, the welfare of the Church and the salvation of souls. Several relatives of the rev. jubilarian were present, having come from the United States to assist at the imposing ceremony. The altar was magnificently decorated for the occasion, being literally ablaze with lights and covered with flowers. The orphans of St. Bridget's Asylum, in charge of the Sisters of Charity, were present and occupied seats near the altar rails. In the afternoon a special meeting of the League of the Sacred Heart was held, when Rev. Father Delargy was presented with an illuminated address, a well filled purse, and a handsome bouquet of flowers. During the day the rev. jubilarian received the congratulations of his friends, and they are legion, and many beautiful and costly presents.

On Monday afternoon the boys of St. Patrick's School gave an entertainment in Tara Hall in honor of the event, when an address and testimonial was presented to the rev. jubilarian. Later in the afternoon Rev. Father Delargy was escorted to St. Bridget's Asylum, where he was again entertained by the inmates of that institution. In the evening another entertainment was given in Tara Hall by the girls of Our Lady of Perpetual Help choir, who also showed their appreciation of the labors of the rev. jubilarian by presenting him with a testimonial.

After his ordination Rev. Father Delargy spent 17 years in mission work. There is scarcely a city or town in the Eastern States where his voice has not been heard, and he is also well known in Montreal, where he preached at a number of missions and retreats. Subsequently he came to Quebec and was attached to St. Patrick's Church, where he has labored for the past eight years. He at once became very popular with the people, not only of St. Patrick's parish, but with everyone in the city who has the pleasure of being acquainted with him. The amount of good he has done in the priesthood will not be known until the last great day, when he will hear the Master say: "Well done, good and faithful servant." Many and fervent were the prayers that ascended heavenward that he might be spared for many years to labor in the vineyard of the Master.

Some persons have periodical attacks of Canadian cholera, dysentery or diarrhoea, and have to use great precautions to avoid the disease. Change of water, cooking, and green fruit, is sure to bring on attacks. To such persons we would recommend Dr. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial as being the best medicine in the market for all summer complaints. If a few drops are taken in water when the symptoms are noticed no further trouble will be experienced.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

COLONIAL HOUSE Phillips Square Delivery every Thursday, St. Lambert, Longueuil and South Shore Great Annual June Sale! 10 per cent for cash in addition to liberal discounts on specials in every department. Ribbons. Ribbons. Dresden Ribbons, 25 per cent. Dresden Ribbons, 10 per cent. Fancy Ribbons 25 per cent. Bebe Ribbon Half Price. Colored Taffeta Ribbon, 4 1/2 inches wide, 25c yd. Colored Satin Baby Ribbon, 60c piece, 25 per cent, 45c. Satin Ribbon, 1/2 inch wide, \$1 08, 25 per cent. 81c piece. Mantle Department. 20 Ladies' Silk Gowns, lace effect, value \$27.00 to \$35.00. Price \$15.00. 25 Ladies' Silk Dressing Jackets, with lace effects, value \$12.50 to \$15.00. Price \$5.00 to \$6.50. 75 Ladies' Black Cloth Walking Skirts, value \$3.50. Price \$1.60. 30 Ladies' French Delaine Dresses, in different shades, with polka dots, value \$35.00. Prices \$15.00 to \$16.50. Millinery just received. A late shipment of White Linen Parasols, plain and embroidered. Also Black Silk Parasols, in plain, hemstitched and trimmed lace and chiffon, all of the latest designs, at 10 per cent. discount, with 10 per cent extra for cash. Silk Dept. Black Satin Duchess, 1 piece only, \$2.50, less 50 per cent. Black Peau de Soie, 2 pieces, \$2.00 per yard, less 20 per cent. Black Satin Merv., \$1.25, \$1.50 less 20 per cent. Colored Shot Chiffon Taffeta Silk, 60c per yard, less 10 p.c. Fancy Chiffon Taffeta Silks, in stripes, with broche designs, light colors, Light blue, pink, straw, red, Royal blue, 60c per yard, less 33 1-3 per cent. Men's Shoe Dept. Men's White Canvas Boots, \$1. Men's White Canvas Oxfords, \$1. Youths' Calf Boots, sizes 8 to 10. Regular price, \$2.25. Sale price, \$1.50. Broken lines of Men's Boots and Oxfords, at \$1.50, \$2, \$2.50 and \$3.00. Women's Shoe Department For the Seaside—Bathing Shoes Women's sizes, 35c and 75c. Misses' sizes, 30c. Children's sizes, 25c. Broken lines of Women's Boots and Oxfords, at \$1, \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50. Cutlery Dept. 50 pairs Carvers, regular \$1.50, for \$1; stag handles, Sheffield steel. Special lines of Flat Ware, guaranteed A1 quality, new designs. Teaspoons, regular \$3.50, for \$2.50. Dessertspoons and Forks, \$6, for \$4.50. Tablespoons and Forks, \$7, for \$5.25. Cream Ladle, \$1, for 80c. Berry Spoons, \$1.75, for \$1.40. Berry Forks, \$5 dozen, for \$4 dozen. Butter Spreaders, \$7 dozen, for \$5.50 dozen. Salad Sets, \$4.50, for \$3.60 set. Etc., etc., etc. Entire stock of Table Knives and Desert Knives, Carvers, Fruit forks, less 10 per cent. and forks, less 10 per cent. Mail Orders Carefully Attended To. HENRY MORGAN & CO., MONTREAL



An Afflicted Sisterhood.

During the sad days of Holy Week when Christians the world over are plunged into deepest grief, and in their hearts endure in a minor way the agonizing torments that the meek and holy Nazarene suffered, an humble and self-sacrificing community, the Sisters of Mercy of the Diocese of Ogdensburg, were called upon to carry additional crosses by the deaths of two of their most zealous members, the Reverend Mother Stanislaus McGarr, and Sister M. Francis Oakley.

Mother Stanislaus, who was summoned by the angel of death on the morning of Easter Saturday, the forty-sixth anniversary of her religious profession, possessed to the last the heart bloom of perennial youth and the magnanimous enthusiasm of a saint. The death call came to her after a painful and protracted illness, borne with heroic resignation, at St. Joseph's Academy, Brasher Falls, N.Y., and the holy consolations that illumined her passage to eternity were a forecast of the unending glory awaiting her beyond. This angelic servant of God was a truly remarkable woman, one of the greatest that this country has ever produced, and her worth is known and appreciated in all parts of the United States.

She was born in Auburn, N.Y., of solidly pious parents, in the year 1840, and received her early training from the good Sisters of St. Joseph. She was a singularly modest and gifted girl, who excelled in all her studies, yet disarmed the jealousy of companions by her kindness and generosity of soul.

At the tender age of seventeen years the saintly Mother Stanislaus hearkened to the Divine call to devote her life to God's exclusive service in religion, and, choosing the cherished daughters of the blessed Mother McAuley as her future associates, she entered as a postulant St. Mary's Academy, Rochester, N. Y., where on April 14, 1860, she was professed by Bishop Timon, of happy memory. From the day that she vowed her all to the gentle Jesus of Nazareth in that Sisterhood and became His spouse forever, until her eyes were closed to earth's scenes, her every thought and aspiration was how she could best serve Him in training the little ones of His flock, and providing asylums, hospitals, etc., for His destitute and afflicted children.

Soon after her religious profession, Mother Stanislaus was chosen Mistress of Novices, and later on, Mother Assistant of the community of Rochester. When an independent foundation was erected at Batavia, N. Y., she was sent to that place as the first superior of St. Joseph's Convent, which in time became the mother house of the Sisters of Mercy in the Diocese of Buffalo. During her term of administration in that house, over one hundred sisters were professed, and a number of convents were opened.

Over thirty years ago a request was made for a foundation in the Diocese of Ogdensburg, and Mother M. Francis McGarr, her sister, was sent to Malone, N.Y., where a school was opened, which later was transferred to Hogansburg, N.Y. In those days northern New York held forth no allurements, and the Catholics were few and their resources were limited. Therefore, in order to complete her life of renunciation Mother Stanislaus left her peaceful and firmly established home in Batavia in the year 1883, and went to the wilderness at the foothills of the Adirondacks, for the purpose of thoroughly imbuing subjects for the religious life with the compassionate spirit of the blessed order of Mercy, so that later schools, hospitals and other institutions might be established in the Diocese of Ogdensburg and elsewhere. How well she succeeded is a matter of history. One by one she opened St. Regis school for Indians, St. Joseph's Academy, Brasher Falls; McAuley Academy, Keeseville; St. Patrick's Academy, Rouses Point; St. Filomena's Academy, Brushton; St. Joachim's Hospital, Watertown, and the Sanitarium Gabriels at Paul Smith's, all in the State of New York. In addition, she was largely instrumental in establishing a chain of charitable institutions in many places, which at this moment extend from New York City to St. Paul, Minn., and from Montreal, Quebec, to New Orleans, Louisiana. The good which this humble woman accomplished during her religious career will not be known until the day of general judgment.

Business men in many localities have expressed astonishment at Mother Stanislaus' remarkable administrative abilities, and her exceptional prudence and wisdom in conducting her temporalities. The establishments which she founded and so carefully directed are equal to any others conducted by women in this country. Besides the community and im-

merable friends, Mother Stanislaus leaves to mourn her death her sisters Mother M. Camillus, Superior, of St. Gertrude's Academy, Rio Vista, Cal., and Mother M. Francis, of Hogansburg, N.Y.

Sister M. Francis' entry into eternal life was sudden and unexpected. The death summons came to her while ministering at the bed of her beloved superior and friend. Both died about the same instant.

Sister M. Francis was born in Hornellsville, N.Y., forty-five years ago, and was professed in the convent at Hogansburg in the year 1887. This high souled servant of Jesus has had a career rich in spiritual graces to herself and abounding in temporal and eternal good to countless others. She was a fair and God-loving child, and even in young years gave evidence of the tender heart with which she was endowed. She was educated by the zealous Sisters of Mercy of her native place, and was considered one of the most skillful nurses in the community.

During the years of her religious life her labors were incessant, especially in the hospital wards. There was an indescribable charm about her personality. But far more precious was the large-hearted charity and tenderness of spirit with which she was adorned. Her memory will ever be revered and blessed by those whom she befriended in this life.

The funeral, which took place in the parochial church at Brasher Falls on the 17th of April, was worthy the noble woman in whose honor it was held. Both caskets were placed side by side. The church was crowded. Surrounding the mortal remains were the Sisters of Mercy, among whom were the Reverend Mother Dolores and Sisters M. Catherine, M. Stanislaus and M. Xavier of the Diocese of Buffalo, besides two superiors of the Gray Nuns of Ogdensburg.

The Right Rev. Bishop Gabriels, Rev. Fathers Saurell, Driscoll, Fitzgerald, Laundry, Mahony and Nyhan were present at the Requiem Mass.

An eloquent tribute was paid to the saintly departed by the Right Rev. Bishop Gabriels.

These noble servants of God have gone to their everlasting sleep while the fragrance of their virtues will long remain a precious heritage.

Surely God will inspire numerous cultured and refined maidens to enlist in his service by following in the footsteps of His faithful servants, Mother Stanislaus and Sister M. Francis.

PAUL THOMAS, Niagara Falls, April 24th, 1906.

To Cleanse and Purify the Blood And Invigorate the Action of Liver, Kidneys and Bowels You Must Use

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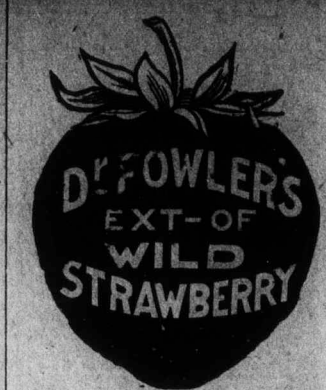
By means of their direct and specific action on the liver—causing a healthful flow of bile—they regulate and insure good digestion in the intestines. At the same time they stimulate the kidneys in their work of filtering poisons from the blood. This cleansing process set in action by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills means a thorough cure of biliousness, intestinal indigestion, torpid liver, kidney derangements and constipation.

It means a restoration of health, strength and comfort where there have been pain, weakness and suffering. It means a removal of the conditions which lead to headache, rheumatism, lumbago, Bright's disease, appendicitis and diabetes.

Mr. W. L. Dennis, Welland, Ont., writes: "It gives me pleasure to testify on behalf of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. For many years I was seriously afflicted with kidney and liver troubles. At times my back would ache so bad I could not rise from a chair, and then again I would be confined to my bed. I was treated by the medical profession, but they failed to understand my case.

"About the time I was most discouraged I heard of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and they were so strongly recommended that I decided to try them. Before I had used all of the five boxes my old trouble had entirely left me, and I was again as healthy as in boyhood. I freely give this testimony for the benefit of those who suffer as I have."

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Cardinal Richard on The Church in France.

His Eminence the Cardinal-Archbishop of Paris, has, says our Madrid contemporary, El Universo, sent an interesting letter in reply to one addressed to him by the Cardinal-Archbishop of Toledo. Cardinal Richard's letter is noteworthy not only for the expression of gratitude to the Cardinal-Primate of Spain which it contains, but also for the consoling news he gives as to the influence of the Holy Father's letter upon Catholic France, the number of persons who are returning to the bosom of the Church, and the union and fortitude of the episcopate in the face of persecution.

Cardinal Richard writes:—"Your Eminence, the letter you have been good enough to despatch to me has moved me deeply and filled me with a sense of gratitude. Amidst the sad experience through which the Church in France is passing, the testimonies of regard sent to us by the Bishops of other countries afford us a pleasant consolation, and I am pleased to add that they are specially welcome when they come from Catholic Spain. Your Eminence has referred to the admirable letter which our Holy Father Pius X. has addressed to the French Bishops, clergy and people. That letter has produced a profound impression throughout the whole of France, and we trust that the Lord will give us strength to bear the persecution manfully if it should become more violent. Prayers are incessantly offered up in every diocese of France, and many persons are returning to the practice of religion, which they had abandoned. But what constitutes in a particular manner our joy and our consolation is to see all the Bishops united around the Holy Father, and resolved to follow the directions he gives them. Your Eminence will, I hope, continue to pray for us, and to offer us proofs of your charity.

"I am, your Eminence's hand, and begging you to accept the homage of my affection in the Lord, I remain, "Francis Cardinal Richard, "Archbishop of Paris."

German Protestantism Dying

The long expected has happened at last. For years the great leaders of German thought have been agnostics. Some, even, have been frank atheists; others, like Hegel and Kant, have sought in Nature an explanation of whatever was beyond their ken. Side by side with this view of thought have labored the Haeckells and Delitzches destroying belief in revealed religion of every sort. Under such circumstances the deluge was inevitable and it has come. Catholicity is advancing with giant strides in the land of Luther, but non-Catholic Christianity is dying, root and branch. Germany to-day stands in the forefront as the land of unfaith, always, of course, excepting the vast Catholic masses which actually grow in faith rather than become infected with the pernicious leaven.

A Berlin despatch of May 12 makes the condition of German Protestantism plain, stating that "it has become evident to all keen observers in Germany that the Protestant Church is menaced by a very serious convulsion. At the recent General Assembly of the so-called 'Positive Union,' Professor Bornhauser of Halle university delivered an address on 'The Task of the Believing Communities in the Present Church Crisis.' Such a crisis, he said, undoubtedly exists, and the conviction is almost universal that 'things cannot go on any longer,' as they now are in the Church."

Views differ on the probable outcome of the crisis: On the one hand the death of the Church is prophesied, sometimes with deep regret, sometimes with mocking triumph. On the other hand, prophesies that the Church will regain its stability are not wanting, though the optimists do not agree on the means by which this will be achieved.

The dangers which threaten the Protestant Church are, first, the power possessed by the parochial public by virtue of the ecclesiastical constitution; secondly, modern radical theology, which, if it succeeds, will, it is true, not only destroy the Gospel, but will ruin the Church, and in the latter case the third danger will be realized in that believing that Christians will turn their back on a Church which they cannot trust.

At the general meeting of the Association of German Protestants held at Darmstadt, Dr. Bruckner, chief pastor of the town of Karlsruhe, said: "The Apostles' Creed is in several respects by no means calculated to serve as the expression of our Protestant faith. Only Bremen and Hamburg and perhaps the reformed communities in Dresden and Leipzig are cases where the Apostles' Creed arouses no difficulties."

It is significant that this statement was greeted with tumultuous applause by the audience. That there will be a turning back from this desolate condition is inevitable. The present state of Protestant Germany is the inevitable fruit of the Reformation. It is the logical result of the teachings of the so-called Reformers, and we may expect that when the logical Catholic Church is seen and understood her claims will be accepted. Nations, like individuals, cannot remain atheistic. They must believe something; and Catholic Christianity is the only logical religion on earth.—Catholic Light.

Queen's Gift to Nuns.

A final deed, transferring the extensive jail premises of Nenagh, County Tipperary, Ireland, to the Sisters of Mercy, has been signed. The property has been given to the nuns free of rent and the latter are loud in their praise of Queen Alexandra, through whose kindness they have obtained possession of the big prison in the following manner:

Owing to the absence of crime in North Tipperary for some years the jail has recently been used by the Sisters of Mercy as a national school and convent. The nuns took up their quarters in the prisoners' cells and the grim old jail became a convent a few years ago. From time to time it was hoped that a lease could be obtained or permission given to throw down part of the huge grim walls that shut out the air and sunshine, so necessary to lives spent wholly in the service of the poor and ailing.

The government, however, refused to interfere with the building or to sanction its alteration in any manner. During the last visit of their Majesties to Ireland the ladies-in-waiting to the Queen called at the prison to see the nuns. "Why don't you ask the Queen to give us the jail," said one of the nuns to the ladies who complimented the sisters upon changing into a home of peace and prayer the former abode of lawless subjects.

A letter was immediately sent by one of the visiters to the royal yacht then off Galway. Queen Alexandra immediately became interested, but it was only a few days ago that governmental red tape of the Dublin Castle variety was cut and the jail given as a gracious gift to the nuns.

Province of Quebec, District of Montreal. Superior Court. No. 1322. Dame Margaret Morrow, of the City and District of Montreal, wife common as to property of David Parker, of the same place, and duly authorized to ester en justice. Plaintiff, vs. David Parker, of the same place, hotel-keeper, Defendant.

Notice is hereby given that an action of separation as to property has been entered in the Superior Court, Montreal, by the plaintiff against defendant.

Montreal, 1st May, 1906.

M. J. MORRISON, Atty. for Plaintiff.

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C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, Branch 26—Organized 13th November, 1888. Branch 26 meets at New Hall, (Ingle Building) 485 St. Catherine street, west. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Wednesdays of each month, at eight o'clock p.m. Officers: Spiritual Adviser, Rev. J. P. Killoran; Chancellor, J. M. Kennedy; President, J. H. Malden; 1st Vice-President, W. A. Hodgson; 2nd Vice-President, J. B. McCabe; Recording Secretary, R. M. J. Dolan, 16 Overdale Ave.; Asst. Rec. Sec., E. J. Lynch; Financial Secretary, J. J. Costigan, 504 St. Urbain st.; Treasurer, J. H. Kelly; Marshal, M. J. O'Regan; Guard, J. A. Hartenstein. Trustees, W. A. Hodgson, T. R. Stevens, D. J. McMillan, John Walsh and Jas. Cahill; Medical Officers, Dr. H. J. Harrison, Dr. G. H. Merrill and Dr. E. J. O'Connor.

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SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

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

Entry may be made personally at the local land office, for the district in which the land is situated, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the local agent receive authority for some one to make entry for him.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans: (1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land as each year for three years.

(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land, entered for the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

Six months' notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for. W. W. CORY, Deputy Minister of the Interior.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

"We have a very fine... alternate nights for the season." "Which means, then, no further need of my 'Precisely,'" said M. smilingly.

"Confound you!" she left the office with her arm to seek for the end of the trouble. "What a fool I was not to come!"

He conjectured the condition of the dress. The change was not in the dress, he guessed, he sold it to a nager for a trifle, and he would never write a but he returned home and with a melancholy that the managers against him. His source of revenue was off, and he knew it was no need of starving the case with him for newspapers were available would stand his friend need. And Peter did extraordinary degree, hack-work that brought a sional dollar, and gifts such a fashing of the new style of plays heavily to counteract viewed them separately gorous cut-and-dash n Paul more harm than annoying managers.

With these services he benefitted Paul, and the years of moderate pro- scribed again into the which a fortunate chance. But for one of one would have had respect the change of for ber of poor families in his clients. He had a generously in many ways a living. Some enter he had helped in getting; perpetual invalids ent on his kindness faries; large families l to help keep their men- clad and fed. They w of course, but more th dual with a moderate posed to patronize. A share in his misfortune tell them of the chan comforted by the tear- thy of the poor people, more of his sufferings own.

It worried him so much, and he worked in many ways and endured sional privation to make what they had lost, sical powers soon began der the strain. He worn and nervous, w fits of despondency. I more than two weeks sition when for some he was discharged. H of course, and a got which was as speedily same manner. Then quietly within doors a more for places. So- deliv seemed to be pur- his fancy threw about Nicholas a tragic glow much to his nervous anxiety and muttering dame's attention to th took a kindly interest poet, and was happy vice to him.

Madame called on E film of her sympathy mise him that she would fluence in getting his and Frances came up ter and was very witty some for the purpose spirits. From these I Peter evolved a bri whose conclusion str the force of a tornado. her daughter were abo vantage of Paul's weal range the long deferred the young people. Pa- rifices in behalf of the tent endurance of his piety and beauty, had come irresistible in the the girl's heart. Now to strike a telling blow his pet project. He w days until madame had sell conspicuous in P until France had min soul into cheerfulness, for's diplomacy began like the bull in the chi



SOLITARY ISLAND A NOVEL BY REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH

CHAPTER XXVI.—Continued.

"We have a very fine one, or rather three of four, to be produced on alternate nights for the rest of the season." "Which means, then, that you have no further need of my services." "Precisely," said Manager Aubrey smilingly. "Confound you!" thought Paul, as he left the office with his play under his arm to seek another manager. "This is not likely to be the end of the trouble. All these theatres will be affected by this change. What a fool I was not to have seen it coming!" He conjectured very fairly as to the condition of the dramatic market. The change was universal, and his play was not in demand. Disgusted, he sold it to a Bowery manager for a trifle, and vowed that he would never write a drama again; but he returned home sick at heart and with a melancholy conviction that the managers had conspired against him. His one profitable source of revenue was effectually cut off, and he knew it would be a task to find such another. Still, there was no need of starving, as had been the case with him formerly. The newspapers were available, and Peter would stand his friend in case of need. And Peter did so to an extraordinary degree, finding some hack-work that brought in an occasional dollar, and giving the theatres such a lash of criticism on the new style of plays as cost them heavily to counteract. Peter interviewed them separately in his vigorous cut-and-dash manner, doing Paul more harm than good, but annoying managers considerably. With these services he ceased to benefit Paul, and the poet, after some years of moderate prosperity, descended again into the depths from which a fortunate chance had raised him. But for one circumstance no one would have had reason to suspect the change of fortune. A number of poor families in the city were his clients. He had assisted them generously in many ways to eke out a living. Some enterprising boys he had helped in getting an education; perpetual invalids were dependent on his kindness for little necessities; large families looked to him to help keep their members decently clad and fed. They were not many, of course, but more than one individual with a moderate income is supposed to patronize. All these must share in his misfortune. He had to tell them of the change, and was comforted by the tears and sympathy of the poor people, who thought more of his sufferings than of their own. It worried him so much for their sake, and he worked so hard in so many ways and endured so much personal privation to make up to them what they had lost, that his physical powers soon began to lag under the strain. He grew pale, worn and nervous, was seized with fits of despondency. He was not more than two weeks in his new position when for some trivial reason he was discharged. Peter stormed, of course, and got him another, which was as speedily lost in the same manner. Then Paul remained quietly within doors and looked no more for places. Some malignant devil seemed to be pursuing him, and his fancy threw about the face of Nicholas a tragic glow which added much to his nervousness. Peter's anxiety and mutterings drew madame's attention to the matter. She took a kindly interest in the lonely poet, and was happy to be of service to him. Madame called on Paul to assure him of her sympathy and to promise him that she would use her influence in getting him a position; and Frances came up often with Peter and was very witty and quarrelsome for the purpose of raising his spirits. From these kindly visits Peter evolved a bright syllogism whose conclusion struck him with the force of a tornado. Madame and her daughter were about to take advantage of Paul's weakness and arrange the long deferred marriage of the young people. Paul's noble sacrifices in behalf of the poor, his patient endurance of misfortune, his piety and beauty, had at length become irresistible in the influence over the girl's heart. Now was the time to strike a telling blow in favor of his pet project. He waited a few days until madame had made herself conspicuous in Paul's interest, until Frances had ministered his sad soul into cheerfulness, and then Peter's diplomacy began to move about like the bull in the china-shop.

He hurried one day into madame's presence, and burst out with: "He's dying, that b'y is dying, an' ye have only yourselves to blame for it." "Do you mean Mr. Rossiter?" said madame, terribly frightened. "Don't get excited, ma'am. There's no immediate harm done, but between you ye are killin' the b'y." "Oh!" said madame, "one of your freaks, I suppose." "A woman of your years an' experience," said Peter, looking at her with uneasy glances, "ought to be better able to get at the bottom of things than ye are, instead o' leavin' such work to be done by your boarders. There's no use breaking your neck running over the city to find out the cause of Paul's illness, when it's here in the house, as large as a young lady can be." Madame sat provokingly quiet awaiting the point of his eloquence. "Can't you see that he's in love with your daughter?" said Peter angrily. "No," said Madame composedly; "is he?" "Nothing less than marrying will cure him; an' it's a shame to have her waiting for the good pleasure of the man without a heart, with a real live poet wasting away in a garret because of her. He'd write beautiful verses for her all her life, while from the Congressman divil a thing else she'll hear but dry speeches an' the like." "Did Mr. Rossiter tell you he was in love with Frances, and commission you to plead his cause for him?" "Ay, that he did, ma'am; for no one ever stood his friend as well as Peter. When he was feeling bad over his own weakness who else would he choose? 'Never mind,' says I, 'I'll let out the cause of it; an' I thanked me with two tears in his eyes. If there's a heart in ye at all ye'll see that he's rescued from the grave by giving him Frances. She's crazy after him, the poor girl.' "Have you spoken of this to others?" said madame icily. "No; I think not. I might have, but—" "If you ever do," said madame, "it will be your ruin. My interest in Mr. Rossiter ceases from this instant, and he must depart at once from this house. Such an insult to my daughter—such a poor, ungentlemanly return for all my kindness! It is shameful!" Peter walked out stupid from humiliation. He could not see what there was in a proposal of marriage to raise the ire of any woman, and he could account for the ill-success of his diplomacy only by the strength of madame's ambition to obtain a grand son-in-law. What was he to say to Paul, and how was he to say it?—for the poet must know of the matter at once. He had drawn heavily on his imagination in supposing that Paul had ever said a word about marrying Frances or any other girl. Although he racked his brains carefully, he could not discover a peg on which to hang a defence of his own conduct. When some hours had been spent in the vain attempt he stole slyly from the house and was neither seen or heard in its precincts for a full week. In the meantime the effects of his interference were direful. Madame and her daughter ceased to visit the attic, and Paul received the intimation that as soon as convenient madame would let the attic to a more desirable lodger. There was, of course, an instant demand for explanation. Paul, looking wofully pale and wretched, came down from his room and begged to know if this was a piece with his other misfortunes. Madame explained in a distant way, which set Paul laughing as he pictured to himself the manner in which Peter must have executed his self-imposed task. He declared earnestly that he had never spoken of such a thing even in jest, and had no deeper regard for Frances than he had for herself. It pained him to see that, while madame accepted his declaration, she did not withdraw her note nor drop the unusual coldness of her manner, while his request to apologize to Frances was politely ignored. He returned to his room weighed down with sadness, but outwardly cheerful. One must carry his cross with a good heart. His possessions were few and his wardrobe limited. He packed up a few articles that evening, locked the door and gave the key to the servant, with instructions to have the furniture sold and the money given to madame. He



Proclaims Its Merits. 2. It is with gratitude and heartfelt thanks I pen these lines. My wife had lost all control of her nerves and could only speak at times, and was in a very low condition generally. She commenced using Father Koenig's Nerve Tonic on August 4th and a few days afterward she could come into the parlor and sing to the music and execute the solo part of hymn alone, it is also able to do work about the house. I am sorry that I did not hear of this wonderful remedy sooner for I could have bought twenty-five more bottles for what I paid the doctor here, just to come and look at her, for he did no further good whatever. Pastor Koenig's Tonic will be a blessing to all, and I can strongly recommend it. I send to-day for another bottle for my wife, and also for one for another lady whose nerves are weak, and whom I told what your Nerve Tonic had done for us. JOHN MITCHELL. A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a Sample Bottle to any address. Free. Prepared by the REV. FATHER KOENIG, of Port Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and now by the KOENIG MED. CO., CHICAGO, ILL. Sold by Druggists at \$1.00 per bottle, 6 for \$5.00. Agents in Canada—THE LYMAN BROS. & CO., 10, TORONTO. THE WINGATE CHEMICAL CO., LTD., MONTREAL.

had tried vainly to see Peter. On a chilly but clear night in early spring he went out into the streets of New York almost a beggar, as he had once entered the city, having no place to lay his head, entirely bereft of friends save among the poor, sad and downcast, but still full of the hope which had always been his chief capital. He had enough money to assist him in carrying out his designs. He needed change of scene and rest, and he had decided that a few months spent in the country districts, travelling as only the impecunious know how to travel, out in the open air, among the mountains and lakes of the north, would once more set him in trim for the battle of life. He was not altogether cast down, and had no fashionable suicidal tendencies, nor even a very natural longing for death. There were many pleasant incidents ahead of him which, with the bracing air of night, gave his blood a new energy of flow and his pulse a gentle acceleration. Such a wall as rent the air when Peter ventured to return and learned the story of his friend's departure was never before heard in the silence of the boarding-house. When the servant had informed the ladies of Paul's queer manner and mysterious departure they fell into an excessive trouble of mind. Suicides were not rare, and a young man weak from illness, bowed to the ground by a series of misfortunes, was apt to be unsettled in his mind and to find a dangerous fascination in the water. There was some hope in recalling Paul's strength of character and religious instincts, but still the ladies wept secretly over their unintentional harshness. The effect on Peter of the poet's departure was marvellous. He confessed to his own fictions, and thus established Paul's innocence of even a thought derogatory to Frances; he accused himself with tears of being the destroyer of his "b'y"; he swore that he would never rest until he had found him, dead or alive; and he added a secret oath that Florian Wallace would never claim Frances as his bride. Nothing less than a threat to cut down his allowance could put an end to his public lamentations. Thenceforward during all that spring and summer Peter was like a monomaniac in his search after the poet. He went about with that one idea uppermost in his mind. He made it a point to call at stated times on those who had discharged Paul from their service, and on the managers who had treated him so managerially, and to abuse them. Nevertheless there was no trace of the young man, nor did Peter cease to inquire after him. Paul took a northward train, after he had stepped into the Bowers theatre and spent an hour witnessing a representation of his own rejected play, and near morning was landed at a pretty village half way up the Hudson. It was not a pleasant hour for entering a town, the air being chilly and the sun still in bed along with the villagers. Officials were sleepy and impolite, and the silent echoing streets, the ghostly spires and eminences, had a heavy influence on a heavy heart. The bells of a distant convent were ringing, and smiting softly on his ear, brought a flush to his pale cheek. He turned his steps towards the sound, knowing that by the time he had walked the two miles of distance leisurely, the morning Mass would be celebrating and he could enter the chapel unnoticed with other worshippers. His thoughts went back to that happier time when Ruth's face had first stirred in him those aspirations and fancies so sweet in their passing. It had been many months since she stood in the world. She was hiding in the convent; those bells brought the blood to his cheek and quickened his unconscious step. What she was doing there he had never heard; why

he was visiting the place he had not asked himself, but a vague longing to see her again and to learn something definite of one who had unconsciously filled a large space in his life urged him on. He knew that she thought of him with gratitude. He had been the first to open her eyes to her real position, and she felt that whatever happiness her new life had given her was owing in fair measure to him. He was very weak when he arrived at the chapel. The priest saying Mass was the only person visible in the sanctuary, on each side of which were deep recesses where the nuns sat unscathed during the sacrifice, and only the voices of the singers told of their presence. He was sad as well as weak, and as any man will do in God's single presence when bowed down with sickness and affliction, he wept a little. Life seemed so utterly cheerless at that moment, he was so lonely in the wide world, and one of its best and dearest and most desired was so near and yet so far from him!

It was a very interesting face which presented itself at the convent before noon and inquired for the mother superior; so the lay sister thought as she ushered Paul into the parlor, his face was so pale, so sorrowful, so chastened. Mother Superior was also impressed by it as her visitor, in a nervous but gentlemanly way, began to speak. "Some years ago," he said, "a lady friend of mine came here to reside. She was a Miss Pendleton, a Protestant, who had leanings toward the faith. I have heard so little of her since that time that I am anxious to know what has become of her." "Miss Pendleton," said the mother superior, smiling, "is now Sister St. Clare, a novice in our order. She has been a Catholic almost since her arrival, but until a year ago did not consider that she had a vocation for the religious life." "She is well, I trust, and happy?" "Very well indeed, and apparently content and cheerful." He was longing to ask permission to see her, but knew that it was against the rules. "Will you oblige me"—handing her his card—"by giving Sister St. Clare my kind regards and best wishes, and asking her prayers for one who has great need of them. I am glad to know she has found rest. Some day when she is professed I may be able to call on her." He went away sadder but pleased at the good fortune which had come to a noble soul. All day long he haunted the grounds, sketching the buildings and looking with moist eyes towards that part where the novices spent their leisure hours. Inensibly his thoughts strayed away into dreamland, and he began to draw on a bit of Bristol-board the outlines of Ruth's face as he had seen it last, very troubled, yet shining with the light of a new-born grace. He looked at his finished work, grief-stricken yet patient. Was he never to whisper into her ears the secret of his heart? Never. For another more noble than he had claimed her, and he could but write around the chill outlines his name and hers intertwined, with the words "I love you," twisted about in every fashion. The sun rose hot and red in the noon-day sky, and hunger



drove him to the village. He left vent grounds, nor did he miss it until the bit of Bristol-board in the cart the next morning when he was many miles from the place. He would have returned for it on the instant but that he remembered the rain-storm of the preceding night. The sketch lying six hours in the rain would now be a mass of unsightly pulp! What a dreary heart he carried away with him! He had no fixed plans for his journey. He went wherever fancy and circumstances led him, and wandered for months by the Hudson, on the shores of Lake George and Lake Champlain, along the St. Lawrence, and among the Thousand Islands—places little frequented in those days. His arrival at Clayburg was pure accident, but once there he woke to sudden interest in Ruth's home. He had not improved much in his open-air tramping. Whether his heavy heart retarded recovery, neutralizing the effect of change of scene, fresh air and exercise, or his carelessness led him into fresh disorders, the day at least which found him looking on Clayburg from the top of the island described in the opening chapter was a day of special physical misery to him. He was still pale and thin, and his movements slow and uncertain, and any emotion sent the tears to his eyes and the sobs to his throat like a child. And this was the village where she had lived and grown to sweet womanhood! How pretty its spires looked in the morning sun, and how fresh the wind blew from it to him! The thoughts which the scene aroused troubled him like pain. He sat under the shade of a stunted tree with his eyes fixed gloomily on the water, and wondered when his present self was to end. He was depressed enough to wish that it would find its conclusion here. She was lost to him forever, and he would rest among the scenes which she had loved. "Sick," said a voice beside him. Scott was standing there. "No," he answered, "not sick in body." The sigh which followed the words told the poet's story very plainly, and Scott studied his pale face with attentive interest. He somewhat resembled Florian. Usually the hermit left strangers to themselves as speedily as possible. "I don't think misfortune is always to blame," said he. "When sorrows begin to knock a man down it's part of his nature that he should knock down in turn. If he doesn't he must expect a kickin' as well. I dunno but he deserves it." Paul looked up in surprise, and for the first time surveyed his companion. He saw nothing, however, to astonish him, but the words of the hermit rang in his ears pleasantly. "Easy to talk," said he, "but cleverly said. It is like meeting a friend to hear such words; and I have no friends." "None?" said the other, distrustfully. "A man must have done some pretty mean things to git like that." "Perhaps the meanest thing I did was to run away from misfortune instead of facing it and letting it do its worst. The friends I had, God took from me for a good purpose which I have been slow to acknowledge. Never mind. I will go back to New York soon. I thought I was dying; that my tide of fortune, not taken at the full, was ebbing. It was

a mistake. I shall return, no doubt." "A man sometimes runs too far," was dryly said, "to make gettin' back safe or necessary. Find a good battle-ground here, an' wait for your enemies." Paul looked at him a long time in silent thought, and then at the scene around him. "What do you do for a living?" "Fish, hunt, plough for myself an' no other. I live alone among these islands, an' when I've done prayin' for myself I give some time to thinkin' of my brothers in the world. I never tolerate company. It doesn't pay; it brings misfortune." He had seen a purpose in Paul's eye and question, and thus attempted to destroy it, starting down the steps to his canoe; but the poet caught him and held him, looking into his face with a fixed, earnest look not without a suspicion of wildness. "I must go with you," he said, "for I know you now. Florian often spoke of you. In old times those sick of the world came to men like you for help and consolation. I am sick of it. You must take me with you. You will bear half my troubles." "You're a little crazy," said Scott. "I have nothing to do with your kind." And he laughed at the man's feeble grip. "Nothing?" repeated Paul, following him to the canoe. "You have nothing to do with such as I? Why, it was just such a sorrow as mine, perhaps, which drove you to this solitude. Let me be your disciple. We are like in many ways." The hermit looked at him again sharply. "Are you in earnest?" he said coldly. "If so, come. Put in practice the first rule of this place—silence." Wordless the poet entered the canoe, and the prow was turned towards Eel Bay. (To be Continued.)

WHAT WOMEN SUFFER.

At All Ages They Need the Rich, Red Blood That Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Actually Make.

A woman needs medicine more than a man. Her organism is more complex, her system more delicate. Her health is disturbed regularly in the course of nature. If anything happens to interfere with that natural course she goes through unspeakable suffering. In fact the health of every function and the health of every moment in a woman's life depend upon the richness and regularity of her blood supply. That is the simple scientific reason why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are worth their weight in gold to women of all ages from early girlhood up—they actually make the rich red blood all women need. Mrs. Edwin Ward, Brookdale, Ont., says: "For years I suffered from those ailments that make the lives of so many of my sex miserable. I would take weak spells and become so nervous that I could not go about. My stomach was out of order, and I frequently vomited the food I took. Headaches and backaches afflicted me nearly all the time. Then I took a severe cold which settled on my lungs, and I went to an hospital for treatment. I had the best of care, but the doctors gave me little hope of recovery. My face and limbs became swollen and my system racked with a harsh dry cough. As the doctors did not look hopefully upon my case I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. By the time I had taken half a dozen boxes there was a great change for the better. I still continued to take the pills until I had used thirteen boxes, and I am now enjoying perfect health. I have no hesitation in saying that I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured Mrs. Ward by actually making the new blood her system needed. That is all Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do, but they do it well. They don't act on the bowels. They don't bother with mere symptoms. They go straight to the root of the trouble in the blood. That is why they cure all blood and nerve troubles like anaemia, female irregularities, indigestion, rheumatism, headaches and backaches, sciatica, nervous prostration and St. Vitus dance. Substitutes and imitations won't cure, purging medicines only make you worse, therefore you must get the genuine pills with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Does Your FOOD Digest Well?

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

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

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

14, 1906. ARDS. BRISON, te. K BUILDING. ain 483. WHELAN. ollector. Xavier St. AL. THOMAS E. WALSH, B.A., B.C.L. WALSH. eters, Etc. Montreal. Main 218. RRGAN, ublic Superior Court Montreal. nday & service. ROS. Street. and Steamfitters. WEN. Attended To. 1864. IEN, orative Painter. ERVATIVE. Orders promptly. r. Office, 647 Dorset-st., Montreal. Up 205. RILEY, R.R. Established in 1866. Repairs of all kinds. Estimates furnished. St. Charles. NORTH-WEST. ULATIONS. section of Do- Manitoba on nces, excepting erved, may be rson who in mly, or any ge, or the local y for some one. required to per- nected there- ollowing plans: onths' residence of the land n years. mother, if the the homestead- in the vicinity. for the require- may be satisf- eeding with the his permanent ing land owned y of his home- s as to resi- ed by residence ce in writing a Commissioner t Ottawa of in- tent. publication of ill not be paid W. CORY, the Interior. NTS SECURED. of Manufacturers, shall the advan- Business transacted free. Charge Advice sent upon New York Life Bldg., D.C. U.S.A. ated and published. Montreal, P. R. Co.



ITEMS OF INTEREST

MIRACLES AT STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

There are three miracles reported by those who attended the pilgrimage to Ste. Anne de Beaupre last Sunday under the direction of the Franciscan Fathers of this city.

OUR LADY OF PITY.

On Monday next, the 18th inst., at 3 o'clock, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament will be imparted at the Church of Our Lady of Pity, marking the closing of the reunions for the work of the tabernacle. All those interested in the work are invited to be present.

LECTURE BY REV. J. A. McCALLEN, S.S.

A happy termination of the consecration ceremony will be the lecture given by the Rev. J. A. McCullen, S.S., Baltimore, on Thursday, June 28th, at the new Stanley Hall. The subject: Man, King of the Christian Home; Woman, its Queen," has a sound so fascinating that we can foresee nothing for it but great success. The tickets are for sale at St. Patrick's Presbytery.

BLESSING OF WAY OF THE CROSS AT TERMINAL PARK.

The parishioners of Notre Dame des Victoires assisted on Sunday afternoon last at the ceremony of the blessing of a new Way of the Cross, the gift of Mr. H. P. Young, electrician, Bleury street. Mr. Young is a large land owner at Terminal Park, and was one of those instrumental in obtaining the establishment of a Catholic parish in that section of Longue Pointe. The altar was richly decorated with flowers and lights. The parish numbers some three hundred souls.

REQUIEM SERVICE FOR MICHAEL DAVITT.

A solemn requiem service in memory of the late Michael Davitt was held in St. Patrick's Church on Tuesday morning. Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Luke Callaghan, assisted by the Rev. Father Cullinan, of St. Mary's Church, as deacon, and the Rev. Father Killoran, of St. Patrick's, as sub-deacon. A large number of parishioners were present to honor the memory of a great man, among whom were noticed: Justice Curran, Dr. J. J. Guerin, Messrs. B. Tansey, J. O'Leary, Michael Hughes, Thomas O'Neil, J. Kearney, W. E. Doran.

MOUNT ST. LOUIS CADETS PRAISED BY COL. BUCHAN.

The annual inspection of the Mount St. Louis Cadets took place on Saturday afternoon on the Champ de Mars. Col. Buchan, C.M.G., was the inspecting officer. The parade statement of the corps was 437—241 being in No. 1 battalion, and 196 in No. 2 battalion.

Cadet Lieut.-Colonel Portier commanded No. 1 battalion, along with Cadet Major Cousineau and Cadet Captain Jackson as adjutant. No. 2 battalion was in charge of Cadet Lieut.-Colonel Farrell, assisted by Cadet Lapointe as Cadet Major, and Cadet Captain Gerin-Lajoie as adjutant.

Colonel Buchan said that he had inspected cadet corps in Vancouver, Winnipeg, Toronto and Kingston, but none had equalled the showing of the Mount St. Louis Cadets on Saturday afternoon, either from the standpoint of efficiency, steadiness or smartness. In the opinion of the Colonel, they had even excelled their splendid showing at the time of the Prince's visit.

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CONCERT.

Although as yet this season the various societies that have heretofore taken so active and praiseworthy a part in the furtherance of the interests of the Catholic Sailors' Club through its weekly concerts have not shown up in great numbers, with the exception of the Canada Council of the Knights of Columbus, still last evening's gathering was a typical one in many ways, bringing back as it did a few old and warmly welcomed friends. The proceedings were opened by a piano solo from our old friend and well remembered accompanist, Miss Lynch. It was expected that Dr.

Hackett was to have presided, but but being unavoidably absent, he was replaced by Mr. Arthur Phelan, secretary of the Club.

The programme was well carried out, and mention is due to Misses Logan, Masters McCaffery and Miss Flossie Lynch; as also to Messrs. Wilson, Gilchrist, Casey, Beard, Novella, Nelson, Greenwood, Riordan and Donovan, all of whom appeared to vie one with the other for the palm of the entertainment by rendering themselves both pleasing and agreeable to the utmost degree in their various specialties.

On the whole, the evening was an ideal one, and we hope that the friends who have already rendered such valuable assistance in the past, will in no way relinquish so grand an object, but continue to flock around and bring their friends in such goodly numbers as to make this year the best yet known in the annals of this noble undertaking.

OBITUARY.

BISHOP DELANEY.

The Right Rev. John B. Delaney, Catholic Bishop of the diocese of Manchester, died there on Monday at the Sacred Heart Hospital.

MR. JAMES O'NEILL.

Recently the death occurred of Mr. James O'Neill, an old subscriber to the True Witness. The funeral service took place at St. Mary's Church and was one of the largest ever seen in that district. Father McDonald officiated, assisted by Father Kieran as deacon and Father Cullinan as sub-deacon. Mr. O'Neill leaves two sons, Messrs. John and Edward O'Neill, and one sister, Miss Mary O'Neill. R.I.P.

MR. WILLIAM KELLY.

The death occurred on Sunday last, the 10th inst., of Mr. W. Kelly, 68 Drolet street. Deceased had attended the pilgrimage of the Holy Name Society the Sunday previous, and it is thought the over exertion brought on the illness from which he never rallied. Mr. Kelly has left to mourn his loss one sister, Miss Catherine Kelly, Miss Ellen having predeceased him two months. The service took place to St. Patrick's Church on Wednesday morning. R.I.P.

MR. WILLIAM CASEY.

The death took place at Hamilton, Ont., of Mr. William Casey, father of Mr. M. E. Casey, of this city. Mr. Casey was born in Limerick County, Ireland, in November, 1833, and was 73 years of age. At the age of 18 he came to Canada, settling in Dundas in 1851. From an apprenticeship in a planing mill he improved his position until he became a partner in the firm of Mercer & Case. Later he was a member of the Bowman firm, and about 1885 removed to Hamilton and formed a contracting firm with his sons, and built some of the leading edifices in that city.

MOTHER ANTOINETTE MACDONELL.

Mother Antoinette Macdonell, mother superior of St. Joseph's convent, Toronto, died early Saturday morning after a short illness. She was in her 84th year. The late mother superior was a daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel Macdonell, Matilda, Ont., who fought in the battle of Chrysler's Farm, and was born in October, 1822. Educational and charity work attracted her sympathies and attention, and for some time she was mother superior at the Academy of St. Joseph's Convent, St. Catharines. Later she became mother superior of the House of Providence in Toronto. Fifteen years ago she went to St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto, as mother superior, and had, until a short time previous to her death, been actively engaged in the religious and educational life of that institution. She was a cousin of Hon. R. W. Scott, Secretary of State; a niece of Captain John Macdonell, who fought at Ogdensburg and Lundy's Lane, and a kinswoman of Lieut.-Col. Macdonell, aide-de-camp of General Brock, both of whom fell and were buried at Queenston Heights. She was also a niece of Symon Fraser, who discovered the Fraser River.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE PRICES

June 13. Flour—Manitoba spring wheat patents, \$4.60; strong bakers, \$4.10; winter wheat patents, \$4.20 to \$4.40; and straight rollers \$3.90 to \$4.10 in wood; in bags, \$1.85 to \$1.95; extra, in bags, \$1.85 to \$1.50. Rolled Oats—\$2.15 to \$2.20 in bags of 98 lbs. Cornmeal—\$1.35 to \$1.40 per bag; granulated, \$1.65. Mill Feed—Ontario bran in bulk, \$18 to \$18.50; shorts, in bags, \$21.50; Manitoba bran in bags, \$17.50 to \$18; shorts, \$20. Hay—No. 1, \$9.50 to \$10 per ton on track; No. 2, \$8.50 to \$9; clover, \$6; clover mixed, \$6.50. Oats—No. 2, 43 1-2c to 43 3-4c per bushel; No. 3, 42 3-4c to 43c; No. 4, 41 3-4c to 42 1-4c. Beans—Prime pea beans, \$1.60 to \$1.62 1-2 per bushel; hand-picked, \$1.80 per bushel. Peas—Boiling, in car load lots, \$1.02 1-2 to \$1.05 per bushel. Potatoes—65c to 70c per bag. Honey—White clover in comb, 13c to 14c; buckwheat, 10c to 11c per pound section; extract, 7c to 7 1-2c; buckwheat, 5 1-2c to 6c per pound. Maple Syrup—60c to 65c per 9 lb. tin; maple sugar, 8c to 9c per pound. Provisions—Barrels heavy Canada short cut pork, \$23.00; light short cut, \$21.50; barrels clear fat back, \$22.50; compound lard, 7c to 8c; Canadian pure lard 11 1-2c to 12c; kettle rendered, 12 1-2c to 13c; hams, 13c to 15c, according to size; breakfast bacon, 17c to 18c; Windsor bacon, 16c to 16 1-2c; fresh killed abattoir dressed hogs, \$10.50; alive, \$7.75 to \$7.85 per hundred pounds. Eggs—New laid, 16c to 16 1-2c per dozen. Butter—Choicest creamery, 20 1-2c to 21c. Cheese—Ontarios, 11 1-8c to 11 1-4c; Quebecs, 11c to 11 1-8c. Ashes—First pots, \$5.25 to \$5.37; seconds, \$4.75; thirds, \$3.70; pearls, \$6.50 to \$6.75 per hundred pounds.

GRAIN MARKETS.

There is a firmer feeling reported on the market for Ontario grades of flour, buyers are offering an advance of 10c, but sellers are holding out for 15c per bag. Hard wheat flours are in good demand and business is brisk. Rolled oats are firm, but business is quiet owing to the high prices asked by the manufacturers. Cornmeal is firm and steady at \$1.35 to \$1.45 per bag. The market for bran and shorts is inclined to be easier, but the demand for both local and country account is good. Oats are firm on a good enquiry from local dealers, and the market has an upward tendency owing to the high prices asked by holders in the country. It is said that No. 2 oats bought to-day could not be sold much under 44c, but orders are being filled ex-store at 43 1-2c to 43 3-4c for No. 2; 42 1-2c to 43c for No. 3, and 41 3-4c to 42 1-4c for No. 4. Baled hay is steady on a good demand from foreign buyers and though English cables offer lower figures the local market remains unchanged.

DAIRY PRODUCE.

It is said that as high as 21c and 21 1-2c has been asked for fancy creamery, and on the wharf yesterday 20 3-4c was paid for ordinary grades. The make of cheese is heavy in all sections, as the factories are turning out to their full capacity to take advantage of the high prices that are being realized, and it is reported that in a great many districts the manufacture of butter is being abandoned when practicable for the more profitable cheese making. Quotations on the local market to-day are given at 11 1-8c to 11 1-4c for finest Ontarios, and 11c to 11 1-8c for Easterns.

Foot Elm is a Great Source of Comfort.

If your feet sweat, blister, chafe, burn or tire easily use "Foot Elm." It gives rest and comfort to weary feet. 18 powders 25 cents, at drug stores. We pay postage. Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

PORTLAND--OLD ORCHARD. Commencing June 24th, the Sleeping and Parlor Car Service between Montreal and Portland will be extended to Old Orchard. Elegant Cafe Car Service on day trains between Montreal and Portland.

Montreal--PT. LEVI, Quebec. Commencing Monday June 18th, Parlor Car Service will be extended to Pt. Levi on train leaving Montreal at 8.00 a.m. Returning leave Pt. Levi 1.10 p.m.

SPECIAL RETURN TRIPS

Until Sept. 15th, 1906 From MONTREAL to San Francisco, Cal. \$106.60 Los Angeles, Cal. \$106.50 SEATTLE, VICTORIA, VAN COUVER and PORTLAND. \$101.50 ROSARIO, NISSENE, TRAIL, BOBSON, SPOKANE. \$36.50 ANACONDA, BUTTE, HELENA. \$66.50 COLORADO SPRINGS, DENVER, PUEBLO. Stop Over Allowed. Return Limit October 31, 1906. Low Rates to many other points.

MONTREAL-BOSTON.

and points in NEW ENGLAND STATES TWO TRAILS EACH WAY DAILY. LVE. MONTREAL 9.01 a.m. ARR. BOSTON 8.40 p.m.

FAST OTTAWA SERVICE.

LVE. MONTREAL 8.40 a.m. ARR. OTTAWA 11.40 a.m. Daily week days.

CITY TICKET OFFICES

37 St. James Street; Telephone Main 466 & 461, or Bonaventure Station

CANADIAN PACIFIC

MOTOR CAR SERVICE

MONTREAL--VAUDREUIL

and intermediate stations. Leave Windsor Stn. Ar. Vaudreuil. 9.10 a.m. 10.00 a.m. 11.40 a.m. 12.30 p.m. 3.00 p.m. 3.50 p.m. Leave Vaudreuil. Ar. Montreal. 10.20 a.m. 11.10 a.m. 1.30 p.m. 2.20 p.m. 4.15 p.m. 5.05 p.m. This new service will be daily. Sundays excepted.

MONTREAL--St. Andrews, N. B.

THROUGH SLEEPING CAR SERVICE Commencing June 19th, a through sleeping car will leave Windsor Station at 7.25 p.m. on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday for St. Andrews, N. B. On and after July 14th this sleeper will leave on Tuesdays and Fridays only.

THROUGH SLEEPER

Montreal and Duluth, Minn. A through sleeper for Duluth is attached to train leaving Windsor Station at 10.15 p.m. daily.

SLEEPING AND PARLOR CAR SERVICE

MONTREAL and PORTLAND, ME

A through Sleeping Car leaves Windsor Station daily at 7.45 p.m. for Portland, Me. Parlor Car leaves daily Sunday excepted, for the White Mountains and Portland, Me., at 9 a.m. On and after June 24th this service will be extended to Old Orchard.

TICKET OFFICE: 129 St. James Street

Next Post Office.

ALL LINES OPEN

MONTREAL-TORONTO LINE

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

MONTREAL-TORONTO-HAMILTON LINE

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

MONTREAL-QUEBEC LINE

Steamers leave daily at 7 p.m.

SAGUENAY LINE

From Quebec, Tuesdays and Fridays at 8.30 a.m.

The Montreal City and District Savings Bank.

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend of Ten Dollars per share of the Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared, and the same will be payable at its Banking House, in this city, on and after Tuesday, the 3rd day of July next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 15th to the 30th of June next, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board, A. P. LESPERANCE, Manager.

Montreal, 31st May, 1906.

THE S. CARSLEY Co. LIMITED THURSDAY, JUNE 14, 1906. Store closes at 5.30 daily.

IMMENSE SAVING OF SILKS

Extraordinary Values

This sale of silk has been one of the most successful bargain events we have ever held. It has increased our silk business to nearly double proportions. It has brought us hundreds of new and enthusiastic patrons. It continues to present the most superb values in summer silks ever offered. Thanks to our special buying facilities we are able to offer

75c Shot Taffeta Silk, 45c

75 pieces of rich SHOT TAFFETA SILK, with a beautiful chiffon finish, full 20 inches wide, and very heavy, in a choice variety of twenty-two color combinations. The kind that cannot be had for less than 75c. Special price 45c

NEW BLACK PAILLETTE SILK, just received; nothing better for summer wear. A special value at 70c. Special price 59c

ONE YARD WIDE BLACK TAFFETA SILK, bright chiffon finish; sells everywhere for \$1.00. Our price 74c

BLACK ALEXANDRE SILK, soft finish, very choice for costumes. This is a regular \$1.00 value. Special price 79c

NEW PEAU DE CHENE, in a full range of the latest colorings, 20 inches wide and exceptional value at 45c. Special price 33c

60c Rough Woven Shantung, 47c

1800 yards of this extra quality rough woven SHANTUNG, 27 inches wide, one of the most popular Silks in New York to-day for tailored coats and costumes, and should not be sold for less than 50c. Clearing sale price 47c

Another Remarkable Offering

Ladies' Shirt Waists

Six lines of Shirtwaists, the refined daintiness of which will at once prejudice you in their favor. We know the materials are the best and the workmanship the finest, while the style and fit will delight even the most critical.

Special New Lots Added

75c White Shirtwaists 49c

85c White Shirtwaists 56c

\$1.00 White Shirtwaists 67c

\$1.75 White Shirtwaists 98c

\$2.00 White Shirtwaists \$1.05

\$2.30 White Shirtwaists \$1.30

THE S. CARSLEY Co. LIMITED

1765 to 1783 Notre Dame St., 184 to 194 St. James St., Montreal

GEO. A. GRACE

Hatter and Furrier

279 BLEURY STREET.

New York, London, Paris Hats, Latest Styles.

Fresh Goods. Moderate Prices.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—My new system installed for the storage of Furs is the most up to date and cheapest in the City.

DOMINION PARK

It Grows more Popular every Day.

HARRY WEEDON

And his Wonderful Performing Lions

The Famous Bottomley Troupe

In an Aerial Casting Act

Now at the Park.

Twenty Special Features! Fifteen Acres of Fun!

Music by the Vander Meerschen Band.

One Street Car Fare Takes You Direct to the Park.

All Street Cars Going East Lead To It

ADMISSION: ADULTS, 10 CENTS

CHILDREN, 5 CENTS

Tickets on Sale at all Street Railway Ticket Offices.

Vol. LV., No. Faith

The question frequently asked is: Why does religion meet opposition in the world? Germany, Rationalists to every species of a troy all forms of religion, infidelity is animated hostility against the ing of its youth, wh nosticism is the presentment of our u ates, business and p of all ranks and sta all the opposition, h difference, we see ar can not be said that stinct in man's natu dead. It may be de to what is termed th age, or it may be corn, smothered and growth by cares and but entirely dead, no its numerous atten the introduction alm religions, the changin proof of this.

Philosophy and sci have won a victory o religious belief, ev divorced from faith t to rest its arguments that reason and th world suffice, and th need of revelation, o super-intelligible will only negative conclu "I don't know" of the ence in so far as it not theory, has not, coveries, opposed wh The quarrel of our w phers and scientists against faith, but w garb of faith, and theology. In the O faith is the revealed in harmony with nishes philosophy wi operate on. No kno covery contradicts it ology is a human se revelation and reso dation. It has all has, plus revelation ples. But theology arguments, used t teaching of theology faith.

Faith is not respo speculations of the is a Catholic bound opinions, speculation have been accepted as lief of her theologian or country, if these a part of the deposit, much of the opposit faith rests on the fr that we Catholics opinions, and wha justly termed super authority as we do f word of God. Henc even amongst intelli osly inclined person ing an honest and f of Catholic belief. T traditions, too, which handed down from g generation, and to tach a religious char these traditions whic nection with Catho which the Church di sometimes, by those hend her faith, hel certain people believ will of the wisps, the more responsible for ary belief than was charges of being edit mer and in league made against him For these "human tr designated by Christ, ist amongst a simple sophisticated people, persons, said to be a love of truth, the e the church. On th tion and misapprehen contention that ou and that her claims t of God are without t there are divine trad by the prophets of o and His apostles, wh of the deposit of fait tioned by the autho Church. Catholic fai the conscience, is con vealed word of God, rected by the light having for its basis go too far or fall shi In any case its concl accepted or rejected, what is of Catholic t