

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

"It is not the work that tires you at all; it is the way you do it," said a wise counsellor to a discouraged and broken down school teacher. The words fit the case of many a woman who is not a school teacher. The farmer's wife who does the whole week's work in her imagination after she goes to bed Sunday night; the bookkeeper who in her dreams adds columns of figures to bring out an obstinate balance; the schoolgirl who grows hot and cold in anticipation of an examination; the dressmaker who never forgets her apprehension lest her customer shall not be pleased—all these and a score of other kind of women need to learn the lesson of the value of a mind at ease. A conscientious, worrying wife of a farmer hurried to the hen house one icy day with a pan of food. She slipped and fell—and a broken hip stopped the quick footsteps and dulled the keen vision for "things which must be done." For three months the patient lay in bed, alone many hours of each day, thinking over her life and habits and responsibilities—her successes and failures. When she could hobble to a wheeled chair she was a different creature from the anxious, nervous woman who had been forced to submit to imprisonment. A perspective of the months and years of life, a new conviction that peace of mind is more important than pies and cakes, a sense of proportion which included herself and the claims of her own nature as well as the appetites of her hungry family and the profits of the farm, had revealed themselves to her in the long days of enforced inactivity. "My broken hip saved my life and my soul, too, I think," the grateful woman used to say, with the smile of one who had found that the worst enemy of good work is worry.

The tint of the orange is becoming to the brunette with a fair complexion. For the blond the delicate yellow of ripe corn is beautifying. Bright green is becoming to the pale but clear skin, but not to a high or muddled complexion. Violet is allowable only for faces quite free from yellow tints. Blue is remarkably becoming to fair skins, but only the darkest shades are favorable to brunettes. Creamy white is almost universally becoming, and the introduction of cream lace makes an otherwise impossible color wearable. Black is flattering to a blond, but if she be not fair enough to look well in black an admixture of her own special color is permissible. Usually the soft toned grays look well with yellow or brown hair. Browns are becoming to the clear skin crowned with golden or brown hair. Red is becoming in either blond or brunette so that the skin be fair enough or dark enough and provided it is just the right shade of the hue.

EASTER NOVELTIES.

A rush basket, the handles tied with Dresden ribbon, has a tiny duckling peeping out from the nest on top of the covers. These little chicks and ducklings once walked the earth, though they did not tarry long on it, and are not the manufactured imitations of infantile grace in the fowl line which so largely answer the demand at this season. Nothing more cunning can be imagined.

The Man Who Will Build

Most Economical of all Materials for Walls, Ceilings, Roofs, etc.
This is the age of steel. The man who intends to build a home, or remodel his present one, should certainly learn more about Metal Walls, Metal Ceilings, Metal Shingles, Metal Siding. In the first place, they are absolutely fireproof and lightning proof. They are practically indestructible. They insure warm, comfortable rooms at the minimum cost for fuel. The walls and ceilings are made in an endless variety of handsome designs and are, in themselves, sufficiently attractive to do away with the necessity of wall paper. The leading insurance companies appreciate the great value of Metal Building Material by making their premiums LESS on homes constructed of metal. Full information as to cost, etc., may be obtained from The Metal Shingle & Siding Co., Limited, Presson, Ont., by mentioning this paper.

HIS WIFE'S LUNGS BOTH AFFECTED

But the Great Consumptive Preventative brought Health and Happiness to his Home

"Our doctor said there was no cure for my wife as both her lungs were affected," says Mr. L. H. Walter, of Pearl Street, Brockville, Ont. "It was a sad disappointment to us both, just starting out in life, only married a short time. But before she had finished the first bottle of Psychine the pain in her lungs quickly went away, and after taking six bottles Mrs. Walter was a new creature and perfectly well again."
That is just one of the many families into which Psychine has brought hope, health and happiness. It is a living proof that Psychine cures Consumption. But don't wait for Consumption. Cure your LaGrippe, your Cough, your Bronchitis, your Catarrh, or your Pneumonia with the remedy that never fails—

PSYCHINE

(Pronounced Si-keen)

50c. Per Bottle
Larger sizes \$1 and \$2—all druggists.
DR. T. A. SLOCUM, Limited, Toronto.

Kitchen paints will soon acquire a shabby, dull look from the frequent cleaning that is necessary in this room. The use of soap only increases the difficulty, especially if the paints are varnished. The best plan is to boil one pound of bran in a gallon of water for an hour, then wash the paint with this bran water, and it will not only be kept clean, but bright and glossy.

RECIPES.

Orange and Nut Salad—Divide the oranges in sections, remove the skin and seeds, and cut the sections in halves. Roll the pieces in ground walnut meats. Arrange white lettuce leaves on individual plates. Place a spoonful of stiff mayonnaise in the centre of each plate, and arrange the pieces of orange around it. Garnish with halved walnut meats.

Springles—Beat four eggs for ten minutes with a pound of granulated sugar, set aside for an hour, then add a tablespoonful of lemon extract and a teaspoonful of hartshorn. Work in several pounds of flour, or enough to make a dough that can be rolled out. Powder the forms with flour to prevent sticking, sprinkle anise seed in the bottom of the tins and put in the cakes. Bake in a quick oven and watch to prevent burning.

Spanish Omelet.—Chop fine one green pepper from which the seeds and stems have been removed, two medium sized tomatoes, one small onion, a spring of parsley, three thin slices of fried bacon, and five mushrooms; add a tablespoonful of butter, season with salt, and simmer for fifteen minutes. Have a plain omelet made, spread this hot dressing over the top, and fold, then pour the remainder around the omelet before serving.

Coffee Bavarian Cream—Put three heaping tablespoonful of freshly ground coffee into a pint of boiling milk. Make a strong infusion, strain it through a little salt bag which has been previously boiled, and add to it the beaten yolks of four eggs mixed with an even cup of sugar. Stir over the fire until it begins to thicken, remove and add to it while hot a third of a box of granulated gelatin which has been soaked in a little cold water. When it begins to stir until it is smooth and then add the pint of whipped cream.

Potatoes on the Half Shell.—Bake large smooth potatoes of uniform size until they yield to the pinching fingers. Divide each carefully in half, lengthwise. Scrape out the interior, taking care not to break the skin. Mash the potato with a little hot milk and melted butter until you can beat it into a cream. Salt and pepper, beat in two tablespoons of grated cheese for two cupsful of potato, and return to the waiting shells. Set into the oven until hot through and slightly browned. Serve in the skins.

As mildew develops more rapidly under certain climatic conditions, so with cancer in the human body. There are certain conditions that favor its development and when these conditions cease to exist the cancer gradually disappears. Send 6 cents (stamps) to Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont., if you are troubled with

CANCER

FUNNY SAYINGS

SHE SAID IT.

A visitor of noble birth was expected to arrive at a large country house in the North of England, and the daughter of the house, aged seven, was receiving final instructions from her mother.
"And now, dear," she said, "when the Duke speaks to you, do not forget always to say 'your Grace'."
Presently the great man arrived, and after greeting his host and hostess he said to the child, "Well, my dear, what is your name?"
Judge of his surprise when the little girl solemnly closed her eyes and with clasped hands exclaimed, "For what we are about to receive may we be truly thankful, amen."

THE HIGHEST PRICE IN THE STORE.

A rich American woman visited a Japanese art shop in Paris. It happened to be a dull, dark afternoon. She looked at the bronzes, jewels, drawings and other things, and finally, pointing toward a dusky corner, she said to the polite young salesman: "How much is that Japanese idol over there worth?"
The salesman bowed and answered: "About five hundred thousand francs, madam. It is the proprietor."

HE KNEW ONLY ONE.

A teacher had been telling her class of boys that recently worms had become so numerous that they destroy the crops, and it was necessary to import the English sparrow to exterminate them. The sparrows multiplied very fast and were gradually driving away our native birds.
Johnny was apparently very inattentive, and the teacher, thinking to catch him napping, said:
"Johnny, which is worse, to have worms or sparrows?"
Johnny hesitated a moment and then replied: "Please, I never had the sparrows."

FIRST HONOR MEDAL.

It seems that this boy's mother was born in Canada, but the little fellow is a native of the United States. To tease him his uncle calls him "a little Canuck," which never fails to provoke vigorous protest. Coming home from Sunday school, the boy tackled his aunt with the question:
"Aunt Bess, why is people baptized?"
She attempted to explain, but, unfortunately, touched a tender spot when she said: "Willie, you know you were born in original sin."
Willie regarded this as a variation of the hateful accusation so often made by his uncle, and indignantly blurted out:
"Deed I wasn't. I was born in Pittsburg. I'm an American!"

COULDN'T LEARN HER NUTHIN'.

Dinah—Mandy, wha' foh you give dat baby a big piece of pork ter cher on? Don' you all know the poh child 'il chok on it?
Mandy—Dinah, don't you see de string tied to dat piece er fat pohk? De udder end's tied to de chile's toe. Ef he chokes he'll kick, and if he kicks he'll jerk de pork out. Ah reckon you all don't learn me nuthin' 'bout bringin' up chillun!

THREE LIVE MEN.

"The station at Savannah," says a traveller through the South, "is surrounded in all directions with a lot of saloons and cheap restaurants. In great illuminated letters over one of these saloons was the sign:
"Open all night."
"Next to it was a restaurant bearing with equal prominence the legend:
"We never close."
"Third in order was a Chinese laundry in a little tumble-down hotel, and upon the front of this building was the sign, in great, scrawling letters:
"Me wakee, too."

Everybody takes pleasure in returning small obligations; many go so far as to acknowledge moderate ones; but there is hardly anyone who does not pay great obligations with ingratitude.

THE POET'S CORNER

GOOD FRIDAY, OR TRAGEDY AND TRIUMPH.

Saddest page in human story,
Was the day when Jesus died;
When nailed to his cross so gory—
At Golgotha crucified.
He was wound in linen grave-clothes,
(He who came the world to save)
Was embalmed with myrrh and aloes,
Laid in saintly Joseph's grave.
Through a tragedy of sorrow,
And a death of grief and pain,
He shall triumph on the morrow,
And God's just decrees maintain.
Death and tomb enthroned before,
Cannot cast dark shadows now;
For their usurped reign is o'er,
Glory crowns the victor's brow.

So through sorrow, grief and sadness,
Duty, danger, death may lie;
Dull Golgotha beams with gladness,
Calvary teaches Death shall die.
Thus Good Friday's gloomy dawn,
To a triumph leads the way;
And a glorious Easter morn,
Hails Christ's resurrection day.
Geo. W. Armstrong.
"Westwood," London, Ont.

IN SORROW'S NIGHT.

To win the Crown we bear the Cross,
And Joy is born of Grief and Loss;
In Sorrow's night, Faith's star shines clear—
"A rainbow sleeps in every tear."
Sad heart, be glad! the night is past,
And Easter morn dawns bright at last;
The mist and shadows roll away,
Look up, rejoice, this happy day!
—Henry Coyle.

OUT OF THE SHADOW.

After Lent's purple shadows
Shineth the Easter glow;
They who shun the darkness
The glory may not know.
First bow ye as the violet
In deep humility,
Ere ye attain through trial
The lily's purity.

Lead us, O gentle Saviour,
Along the shadowed way
Into the dawning radiance
Of the glad Easter day.

RESURRECTION.

In dreary rain the bulbs were laid in earth,
And in a day the raindrops turned to snow,
And fell upon the mound, where, lying low,
The hyacinths were waiting for their birth;
A little time, a touch of sun—the mirth
Of flowers, which is color, to and fro
Rippled and leaped until the world aglow
With daffodil and crocus learned the worth
Of gold that knew no spending—
Mystery
Of resurrection from the dead that slept
Yet could not rest until the darkened part
Was joined to light, and free among the free—
So thou, loved body, long from light bereft,
Shall yet be joined to soul, as soul and heart.
—Maurice Francis Egan, in New York Sun.

Many Women Suffer UNTOLD AGONY FROM KIDNEY TROUBLE.

Very often they think it is from so-called "Female Diseases." There is less female trouble than they think. Women suffer from backache, sleeplessness, nervousness, irritability, and a dragging-down feeling in the loins. So do men, and they do not have "female trouble." Why, then, blame all your trouble to Female Diseases? With healthy kidneys, few women will ever have "female diseases." The kidneys are so closely connected with all the internal organs, that when the kidneys go wrong, everything goes wrong. Much distress would be saved if women would only take

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25. All dealers or send direct on receipt of price. The Doan Kidney Pills Co., Toronto, Ont.

EASTER.

Ring out, O Balls of Easter!
Ring out and let your mirth,
Your gladsome chime, your chant sublime,
Resound throughout the earth!
Ring loud to the clouds of heaven!
Ring out, and shout to the hills!
Sing the Risen Lord, by all adored,
Till the world with music thrills!
Lift up, O golden organ,
Your deep, majestic voice,
And let your peal make temple real
And the heart of the world rejoice,
Send forth your deepest ocean-tones,
Your golden thunders roll!
Triumphant sing the Conquering King,
And the Sunburst of the soul!

And thou, O sweet soprano,
Send forth your soul like a dove,
On the trembling wings of song, till it rings
At the golden gates of Love!
Sing high, sing loud, till the silver cloud
Takes up the strain with might,
And the choirs above in the Land of Love
With the choirs below unite!
And ye, O purest preachers,
Ye lilies on the altar high,
Let your tongues of flame proclaim
His Name,
Whose glories fill the sky!
Let your fragrance fine to Heaven ascend
In praise of Him who rent
The bonds of the tomb, and rose on the gloom
Like the sun in the firmament!

Ring out, O Balls of Easter!
Ring, swing in the belfry tall,
And to every heart your joy impart,
Bring love unto hut and hall!
Let your merry din expel all sin!
And the Resurrection tell,
Of souls that lay like lifeless clay
In the tomb and the gloom of hell!
—Julian E. Johnstone, in the Catholic World.

THE SEEKER.

"Where shall I find thee, Peace? Art thou in truth
But phantom legend risen from despair?
Men say thy touch is soft, thy face is fair,
And the world's ways are dark with wrath and ruth."
He sought, and sometimes felt that Peace drew nigh
On some forgotten dew-bright ancient lawn,
In the dim loveliness and hush of dawn,
Or 'neath a smooth benignant twilight sky.

And there would come, perchance, a tranquil day,
A voice sang quiet to his troubled breast,
And then the warring devils of unrest
Shattered his dream, and drove him on his way.
He came, sad-hearted with the fret of years,
To one, the guardian of a shadow land,
Sombre and kind, who took him by the hand,
And bade him cast aside his griefs and fears.

"Lo here," he said, "thy journeying may cease;
I am that friend thou hast so long desired,
Here is the goal to which thou hast aspired."
"But thou art Death." "Yes, I am Death—and Peace."
—F. O'Neill Gallagher, in the London Daily News.

A BIG WEDDING FEE.

Many delicate compliments have been paid the fair sex by men subtle in speech, but here is one straight from the heart of an illiterate negro that is difficult to excel. It is recalled by the Rev. C. P. Smith, of Kansas city, in telling the story of the marriage fee:
"When I was preaching at Walls, Walla, Wash.," he said, "there was no colored preacher in town, and I was often called upon to perform a ceremony between colored people. One afternoon, after I had married a young couple, the groom asked the price of the service.
"Oh, well," said I, "you can pay me whatever you think it is worth to you."
"The groom turned and silently looked his bride over from head to foot, then slowly rolled up the whites of his eyes to me, and said:
"Law, sah, you has done ruined me for life; you has, for sure."
Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A SONG FOR SCHOOL BOYS.

Some boys, when they talk
Of school,
(And some girls, too!)
I grieve to be obliged to say
That this is what they do
They wriggle
And jiggle;
They hang their heads
And giggle;
They twitter
And titter;
They bounce and flounce
And fitter.
Whatever thoughts their mind
Fill,
They've no idea of keeping
Them
Some boys, when they talk
Of books,
(And some girls, too!)
I weep to be obliged to say
That this is what they do
They batter them,
They tatter them;
They crumple, rumple,
Scatter them;
They scrawl them,

OUR BOYS

Dear Girls and Boys:

I have received only from my little nieces this week. Winnifred says closing pieces of her sum as she promised to do ago, but I guess she is the haste of mailing her forgot to put them in, still expecting then, Winnifred you must be disappointed to be able to make your union this year. I hope will have many, many days. Mary E. wishes to have to study when I girl? Well, yes dear, I sometimes it was much will, for playtime was so santer, just think, than still, you will look back, done, with pleasure to the rigid school discipline, ate the opportunity of your young days. Mary expresses which I fear must fall of and that is that she would see my picture in the corner, your Aunt Becky too venerable to indulge volities of sitting for a p Maybe some time you will real, if so I will expect you right up to my sanctum me, which will be very ple me and save me the exerting in a photographers ting pleasant."

Your loving, AUNT

Dear Aunt Becky:

It is a long time since to you, but I read every wish I had time to write oh, Aunt Becky, we have sons and then we practise every day. We did find two birthdays last week, great many presents and sugar woods that day, to are the pieces I promised wanted to have a piece of Communion dress for you, priest thinks we are too make our first Communion cannot send it. I would hear from the other W What are they at? I will From your loving n Winnifred

Warden, P.Q.

Dear Aunt Becky:

You must not think we interested when we do not we love the corner, and v sorry if you doubted our are only little girls and many to write to. Did study when you were little so sorry for Joseph C. H was up to our place last was glad to see cousin M. ter. Grandma's home was once asked what we would in the corner, and we would if any of the cousins spok one has said it yet. We you to put your picture, nor, oh, so much. Will you bye, from

Your loving n

Warden, Que.

Dear Aunt Becky:

Some boys, when they talk
Of school,
(And some girls, too!)
I grieve to be obliged to say
That this is what they do
They wriggle
And jiggle;
They hang their heads
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I weep to be obliged to say
That this is what they do
They batter them,
They tatter them;
They crumple, rumple,
Scatter them;
They scrawl them,

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys:

I have received only two letters from my little nieces in Warden this week. Winnifred says she is enclosing pieces of her summer frocks as she promised to do some time ago, but I guess she will find that in the haste of mailing her letter she forgot to put them in, so I am still expecting them, Winnifred. I am sure you must be disappointed not to be able to make your first communion this year. I hope, dear, you will have many, many happy birthdays. Mary E. wishes to know did I have to study when I was a little girl? Well, yes dear, I had to, and sometimes it was much against my will, for playtime was so much pleasanter, just think, than study hour. Still, you will look back, as I have done, with pleasure to the time of rigid school discipline, and appreciate the opportunity of your dear young days. Mary expresses a wish which I fear must fall of realization, and that is that she would like to see my picture in the corner. Well, dear, your Aunt Becky has grown too venerable to indulge in the frivolities of sitting for a photograph. Maybe some time you will visit Montreal, if so I will expect you to come right up to my sanctum and see me, which will be very pleasant for me and save me the exertion of sitting in a photographers and "looking pleasant."

Your loving, AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky:

It is a long time since I wrote to you, but I read every letter and wish I had time to write often, but oh, Aunt Becky, we have long lessons and then we practise an hour every day. We did find time to have two birthdays last week. We had a great many presents and went to the sugar woods that day, too. Here are the pieces I promised you. I wanted to have a piece of my First Communion dress for you, but our priest thinks we are too young to make our first Communion yet, so I cannot send it. I would like to hear from the other Winnifreds. What are they at? I will close. From your loving niece, WINNIFRED A. E. Warden, P.Q.

Your loving niece, MARY E. Warden, Que.

Dear Aunt Becky:

You must not think we are not interested when we do not write. No, we love the corner, and would be sorry if you doubted our love. We are only little girls and have so many to write to. Did you ever study when you were little? We are so sorry for Joseph C. His mamma was up to our place last spring. I was glad to see cousin Mary's letter. Grandma's home was in Sherbrooke when she was little. You once asked what we would like best in the corner, and we waited to see if any of the cousins spoke, but no one has said it yet. We would like you to put your picture in the corner, oh, so much. Will you? Good-bye, from Your loving niece, MARY E. Warden, Que.

Your loving niece, MARY E. Warden, Que.

A SONG FOR SCHOOL.

Some boys, when they come to school, (And some girls, too!) I grieve to be obliged to say That this is what they do: They wriggle And jiggle; They hang their heads And giggle; They twitter And titter; They bounce and flounce And flitter. Whatever thoughts their minds may fill, They've no idea of keeping still. Some boys, when they take up their books, (And some girls, too!) I weep to be obliged to say That this is what they do: They tatter them; They crumple, rumple, Scatter them; They scrawl them,

And maul them. They snatch and pull And haul them. It makes me very sad to state A school book's is a wretched fate. Some boys, when they stand up in class, (And some girls, too!) Imagination will not pass To see the things they do! They shuffle And scuffle, They sneeze and wheeze And snuffle; They splutter And mutter And stut-tut-tut-tut-tutter; They fumble And stumble; They grin and gasp And grumble. Oh, if they knew how they appear, They'd try to mend their ways, that's clear!

JIMMY: A STORY.

He was a dear old priest, with silvery hair, and a pair of the kindest eyes in the whole wide world—eyes so full of pity and tenderness, and lit up with such heavenly fire that one felt that even as this Christ Himself must have looked. Father Tim had never been known to speak an unkind word in his life; even the biggest, burliest farm hand instinctively lowered his voice in his reverence's presence, and a gentle word of remonstrance was sufficient to restrain a quarrel. His parish was a model of what a parish should be, for every one loved the old saint who had lived all his life amongst them, and who shared their joys and sorrows in a simple, humble way and helped them in the time of trial. His old, shabby coat testified to the little he bestowed on himself, for he gave all that he had in charity. The children were his especial favorites, and they learnt sweet lessons of self sacrifice and love as they listened to his stories and received his blessing.

And there was one little penitent that was dearer to Father Tim than all—little Jimmy Fitzgerald, who had had an accident in his baby days which left him with one leg shorter than the other, so that he walked with a decided limp. He was a quiet little dreamer, with a beautiful little face, and large, expressive eyes; and, though he was joyful and bright at times, yet he loved his books more than his toys and knew all the stories off by heart, for he was never tired of hearing about them from the gray-haired old priest. Open as the child's heart was, there was still one little secret which lay in its most secret recesses, and which he had not even yet dared to breathe to his dearest friend. Sometimes he would creep out of his little bed at night and kneel alone in the dark, asking God that when he grew up to be a man he might become a priest like his hero, Father Tim. The child knew not that there was one terrible impediment that would prevent his wish from being granted. In the service of God only men of sound physique are wanted; to be lame meant that the trials and arduous life of a priest would be impossible. But the child knew nothing of this, and prayed on with an innocent trust in the good Father Whom he loved so much. Then, one day, Father Tim found him in the church sobbing as if his heart would break. He went up to him in surprise, and laid his dear old hand on the bowed curly head, and the boy looked up with streaming eyes, which brightened, however, at the sight of the comforter. He slipped his hand into the priest's and let himself be gently led into the vestry.

The old priest sat on a chair and drew him close to him. "Tell me what it is, child," he said, in his low, sweet voice. "Have the boys been stealing birds' nests, or what has happened?" Jimmy tried to quiet his sobs, but it was some time before he could tell his story, and then it came out that some of the boys were making fun of his lame leg, and said it was a good thing that that would never let him be a priest. "But if I am good, God will let me be one, won't he, father?" he asked, with childish eagerness. The tears came to the old priest's eyes. This was a question that he found harder to answer than anything that had ever been asked him before. Then he tried to soften his

We take your word for it and refund money

IF GIN PILLS FAIL TO CURE

Even after you buy GIN PILLS, your money is yours until you say that GIN PILLS have done you good. Every box of this famous Kidney Cure is sold with a positive guarantee that the pills will give welcome relief from Backache, Swollen Hands and Feet, Burning Urine, constant desire to urinate, and all other kidney and bladder troubles. If you pay 50c for a box of GIN PILLS, and do not honestly believe that they have done you good, and are curing you of kidney or bladder trouble, return the empty box to your druggist and he will refund your money. And because we know that you want to be cured your simple word shall decide.

WALKERTON, Ont., Feb. 28th, 1905. Adolph Misch, one of my customers, says of GIN PILLS—"I have used all the different kinds of kidney pills and tried several doctors, but none of them did me any good. I got a sample box of GIN PILLS, and since have used two boxes and am completely cured."

Peter McCarthy says—"They are the best kidney pill I ever used, and I would recommend anyone to buy them."

C. W. CRYDERMAN, Druggist. Buy GIN PILLS on our positive and unconditional guarantee of money back if they fail. Send us your name and address, mentioning in what paper you saw this offer, and we will send you a free sample box of these famous pills that cure. Sold by all druggists at 50c a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50

THE BOLE DRUG CO. - WINNIPEG, MAN.

an ecstasy of bliss, for greater love than this no man hath than that he lay down his life for his friend.— Adelaide Primrose, in the Austral Light.

WHY CAN'T YOU?

- Be helpful. Be sociable. Be unselfish. Be generous. Be a good listener. Never worry or whine. Study the art of pleasing. Be frank, open and truthful. Always be ready to lend a hand. Be kind and polite to everybody. Be self-confident, but not conceited. Never monopolize the conversation. Take a genuine interest in other people. Always look on the bright side of things. Take pains to remember names and faces. Never criticize or say unkind things of others. Look for the good in others, not for their faults. Forgive and forget injuries, but never forget benefactors. Cultivate health, and thus radiate strength and courage. Rejoice as genuinely in another's success as in your own. Always be considerate of the rights and feelings of others. Have a good time, but never let fun degenerate into license. Have a kind word and a cheery, encouraging smile for every one. Learn to control yourself under the most trying circumstances. Be respectful to women and chivalrous in your attitude toward them. Be as courteous and agreeable to your inferiors as you are to your equals and superiors.—Success.

BOYS WHO HATE TO GO TO SCHOOL.

The following order, issued by a prominent railway company of the West, may suggest something to the boy who "doesn't intend to go to school longer than he can help," and who is a perfect pest to his parents and teacher while he goes—to learn lessons simply to oblige some one else.

"The Wabash railroad issued a positive order that no boy or young man shall be employed in its shops or other departments for the sake of learning any trade or skilled work unless he brings a certificate from his instructors stating that he completed the studies of the second grammar department of school work. The reason for this order is that the company has found that young men who have completed the English branches of study learn skilled work more readily than those who have not."

THREE Trying Times in A WOMAN'S LIFE

WHEN MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

are almost an absolute necessity towards her future health. The first when she is just budding from girlhood into the full bloom of womanhood. The second period that constitutes a special drain on the system is during pregnancy. The third and the one most liable to leave heart and nerve troubles is during "change of life." In all three periods Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will prove of wonderful value to the sufferer. Mrs. James King, Cornwall, Ont., writes: "I was troubled very much with heart trouble—the cause being to a great extent due to 'change of life.' I have been taking your Heart and Nerve Pills for some time, and mean to continue doing so, as I can truthfully say they are the best remedy I have ever used for building up the system. You are at liberty to use this statement for the benefit of other sufferers." Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.50. All druggists or The J. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

We take your word for it and refund money

IF GIN PILLS FAIL TO CURE

Even after you buy GIN PILLS, your money is yours until you say that GIN PILLS have done you good. Every box of this famous Kidney Cure is sold with a positive guarantee that the pills will give welcome relief from Backache, Swollen Hands and Feet, Burning Urine, constant desire to urinate, and all other kidney and bladder troubles. If you pay 50c for a box of GIN PILLS, and do not honestly believe that they have done you good, and are curing you of kidney or bladder trouble, return the empty box to your druggist and he will refund your money. And because we know that you want to be cured your simple word shall decide.

WALKERTON, Ont., Feb. 28th, 1905. Adolph Misch, one of my customers, says of GIN PILLS—"I have used all the different kinds of kidney pills and tried several doctors, but none of them did me any good. I got a sample box of GIN PILLS, and since have used two boxes and am completely cured."

Peter McCarthy says—"They are the best kidney pill I ever used, and I would recommend anyone to buy them."

C. W. CRYDERMAN, Druggist. Buy GIN PILLS on our positive and unconditional guarantee of money back if they fail. Send us your name and address, mentioning in what paper you saw this offer, and we will send you a free sample box of these famous pills that cure. Sold by all druggists at 50c a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50

THE BOLE DRUG CO. - WINNIPEG, MAN.

an ecstasy of bliss, for greater love than this no man hath than that he lay down his life for his friend.— Adelaide Primrose, in the Austral Light.

WHY CAN'T YOU?

- Be helpful. Be sociable. Be unselfish. Be generous. Be a good listener. Never worry or whine. Study the art of pleasing. Be frank, open and truthful. Always be ready to lend a hand. Be kind and polite to everybody. Be self-confident, but not conceited. Never monopolize the conversation. Take a genuine interest in other people. Always look on the bright side of things. Take pains to remember names and faces. Never criticize or say unkind things of others. Look for the good in others, not for their faults. Forgive and forget injuries, but never forget benefactors. Cultivate health, and thus radiate strength and courage. Rejoice as genuinely in another's success as in your own. Always be considerate of the rights and feelings of others. Have a good time, but never let fun degenerate into license. Have a kind word and a cheery, encouraging smile for every one. Learn to control yourself under the most trying circumstances. Be respectful to women and chivalrous in your attitude toward them. Be as courteous and agreeable to your inferiors as you are to your equals and superiors.—Success.

BOYS WHO HATE TO GO TO SCHOOL.

The following order, issued by a prominent railway company of the West, may suggest something to the boy who "doesn't intend to go to school longer than he can help," and who is a perfect pest to his parents and teacher while he goes—to learn lessons simply to oblige some one else.

"The Wabash railroad issued a positive order that no boy or young man shall be employed in its shops or other departments for the sake of learning any trade or skilled work unless he brings a certificate from his instructors stating that he completed the studies of the second grammar department of school work. The reason for this order is that the company has found that young men who have completed the English branches of study learn skilled work more readily than those who have not."

a lack. He seldom thinks it is worth while to give her a caress; he has forgotten all those affectionate ways that kept the wrinkles from her face and made her look so much younger than her years; he is ready to put his hand in his pocket to gratify her slightest request, but to give of the abundance of his heart is another thing entirely. He loves his mother? Of course he does! Are there not proofs enough of his filial regard? Is he not continually making sacrifices for her benefit? What more could any reasonable woman ask?

Ah, but it is the mother-heart that craves an occasional kiss, the support of your youthful arm, the little attentions and kindly courtesies of life, that smooth down so many of its asperities, and make the journey less wearisome.

ONE WORD MORE.

Don't go barefooted waiting for your father's shoes when he dies, but go to work and earn enough money to buy you a pair.

Don't think yourself so important that you really should have been given a better chance to develop than those less consequential people—your neighbors.

Don't get the notion in your head that if the world will not devote itself to making you happy you will devote yourself to making the world unhappy.

Don't imagine yourself a novelty because you are pretty. There are others equally as handsome.

Don't be too quick to judge, and don't be so full of comprehension that you would have to be knocked down to take a hint.

Don't forget that when you die this old world will still wag on and not one in ten million will attend your funeral or even hear of your death.

HE WAS KIND.

The other day a horse was trying to get a very small quantity of oats from the depths of a very small nose bag. In vain the poor fellow tossed his head and did his best to rain his dinner. But at last, just as he was settling down to dumb and despairing patience, a bright-faced boy of perhaps ten or twelve years of age happened along. Seeing the dilemma of the horse, the little fellow stopped and said: "Halloo, can't get your oats, can you? Never mind, I'll fix you!" And straightaway he shortened up the straps that held the bag in place, and with a kindly pat and cheery word which the grateful horse seemed to appreciate, went his way.

I would like to be the mother or the aunt or even the first cousin to that boy. I would rather that she should belong to me than own a Paganini violin or a first-water diamond the size of a Concord grape. Bless his heart, whoever he is, and may he long continue to live in a world that needs him. Kindness of heart, and tenderness, consideration for the needs of the helpless and the weak, and the courage that dares to be true to a merciful impulse, are traits that go far toward the make-up of angels. We need tender-hearted boys more than we need a new tariff to bring up and develop the resources of the country.

All of us have among our friends at least one girl who, although not a bit pretty, always looks attractive. Have any of you ever tried to think of the reason for this? It's simply because she is always neat. Perhaps she has only a small dress allowance, yet she looks smart beside other girls with twice the money.

What, then, is her secret? Nothing more or less than taking care of her clothes; she has a place for everything, and everything is kept in its place. Her ribbons, gloves, handkerchiefs, veils, are not all huddled together in one drawer, neither do they lie about on the tables and chairs until they are required. Every article of apparel is put away with the most scrupulous care, first being dusted, shaken, folded and mended as the case requires.

There is a great difference, too, in the way in which girls put on their clothes, and very often a girl dressed in a shirt waist and a plain skirt will look twice as neat as one clad in an expensive gown, the reason being simply and solely this—the one has put her dress on anyhow, the other has taken care that all shall be neat and fresh.

It is the duty of all parents to see that their children are taught from their babyhood to take proper care of their wearing apparel; for the child who lets her clothes drop from her shoulders and lie in a heap on the floor invariably grows into a careless, untidy woman.

BUSINESS CARDS. M. J. MORRISON, Advocate, ROOM 507 - - TEMPLE BUILDING

T. J. O'NEILL, REAL ESTATE AGENT, 180 ST. JAMES STREET. Loans, Insurance, Renting and Collecting of Rents. Moderate charges, and prompt returns.

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ROOFERS, ETC. FOR A TIGHT ROOF, OR DRY BASEMENT; FOR METAL SKYLIGHTS Or Any SHEET METAL WORK CALL ON GEO. W. REED & CO., 331 Craig St. W.

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. PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

The True Witness

And Catholic Chronicle

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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, APRIL 12, 1906.

THE RESURRECTION.

Now that Easter is at hand with its hymn of joy and exultation, it behooves us to enter into the spirit of the Church upon this great feast. It is a day of triumph—the victory of life over death, virtue over sin, sanctification over wounded humanity, the supernatural over the natural.

Not long ago one of our own Superior court judges, Hon. Justice Mabee, in a charge to the grand jury, deplored the sacrilegious contempt which people now show to the sacredness of an oath.

PERJURY.

One of the Protestant journals of the United States, the Living Church, a paper published at Milwaukee, calls special attention to the frequency of perjury.

CURIOUS ALLEGATION AGAINST THE POPE.

That the Pope is the efficient cause of weakness of the German navy, is a new and surprising indication of the use made of his name.

THE POPE AND FRANCE.

Several French Bishops are stated to have received from the Holy See a confidential letter reminding them that the Pope in no way accepts the Separation Law.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

His Eminence Cardinal Logue, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland, has been visiting Lucca to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice in the great church of that city dedicated to the Irish Saint Frigidiano.

memories of Saint Columbanus, who, towards the end of the 7th century, died here, "enveloped," as a modern writer has it, "in an aureole of heroism and sanctity."

Professor Butcher, the member for the University of Cambridge, who recently made so noble and enlightened a speech on the Irish University question, characterized by a marked liberality of sentiment which was not calculated to please the Ulster Tory members, of whom one only got a degree in Trinity College, Dublin, is the third Irishman in succession who has represented Cambridge University in the House of Commons.

The Westminster Gazette, London, makes itself responsible for the statement that Dr. John Kells Ingram, the former Vice-Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, who, as everyone knows, is the author of the famous ballad, "Who Fears to Speak of '98," has regretted the writing of these immortal lines.

Reynolds' Newspaper, London, says: Rumors are again current to the effect that shortly the Duke of Connaught will buy a country seat in Ireland, where he proposes to spend as much time as his military duties will permit.

The objection of Irish Catholics to accept Trinity College as a satisfactory University for their sons is expressed by the London Speaker in commenting on the recent debate in the House of Commons.

The Liverpool Post makes the interesting statement that the Unionists are very much alarmed that at the next Colonial Conference the question of Home Rule may be raised.

The engagement of the Princess Ena is the outcome of a case of love at first sight. Ex-Empress Eugenie says that when Alfonso XIII. went to the Court of England, it was expected he would have chosen the Princess Patricia of Connaught.



The only nourishment that bread affords is that which the flour contains.

Bread baking is merely putting flour in appetising form.

Flour making is merely putting the nutritious part of wheat in shape for bread making.

Good milling is the kind that takes from the wheat all that is nutritious, nothing else.

Royal Household Flour

is made from carefully selected Manitoba Hard spring wheat.

Every pound is almost a pound of food; clean, white, pure and nutritious.

It goes farther, does better baking and is more satisfactory in every way than any other flour.

Your grocer knows he cannot keep store so well without Ogilvie's Royal Household.

Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Limited, MONTREAL.

"Ogilvie's Book for a Cook," contains 130 pages of excellent recipes, some never before published. Your grocer can tell you how to get it FREE.



Thomas Power O'Conner, familiarly known as "Tay Pay," who is to sever his connection with "M.A.P." and establish another paper on the same lines, is famous as a parliamentarian and journalist.

OBITUARY.

MR. JOHN COLLIER.

The death occurred on Wednesday morning, the 28th February, at his home in Brome Co., Que., of one of the most respected citizens of the community in the person of Mr. John Collier.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

GOOD FRIDAY AND EASTER TURSDAY SERVICE

At St. Patrick's Church, Friday the Mass of the Holy Saturday service will be at seven o'clock at that hour.

CONVENT TO COST

A permit for the erecting of a \$80,000 convent on Rachel Street, near Sanguinet Street, on Monday at the City of Montreal, for the Sisters of Jesus and Mary, will be for forty-four one hundred and thirty and forty-eight feet high.

NEW SCHOOL IN HOCHELAGA

A permit was on Monday to the Catholic School Board of Hochelaga, for the erection of a \$28,000 school, on St. Charles Street. The structure will be nine feet by fifty-eight feet dimensions, and three stories high.

ST. GABRIEL'S JUVENILE CONCERT.

On Easter Monday evening, the Juvenile Society of St. Gabriel's will hold its first musical and entertainment. Judging from several items on the very varied programme, there is no doubt that those who attend will be amply repaid.

ST. ANTHONY'S JUVENILE PERANCE SOCIETY

The first regular meeting of St. Anthony's Juvenile Temperance Society took place on Sunday at St. Anthony's Hall. Father Thomas Hoffmann, director, presided, and the work of the society for the evening was the reading of the story of the young crusaders.

MGR. GAUTHIER TENDS TO RETURN TO KINGSTON

The reception tendered to Mgr. Gauthier last Tuesday after his return from a visit to Kingston, was a memorable one in the history of the city. Shortly after 10 o'clock, a large number of Foresters met in the Grand Trunk depot.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

GOOD FRIDAY AND HOLY SATURDAY SERVICES.

At St. Patrick's Church on Good Friday the Mass of the pre-sanctified will be at seven o'clock, and on Holy Saturday service will also be at that hour.

CONVENT TO COST \$30,000.

A permit for the erection of a \$30,000 convent on Rachel street, near Sanguinet street, was issued on Monday at the City Hall to the Sisters of Jesus and Mary. The building will be forty-four feet by one hundred and thirty-four feet, and forty-eight feet high.

NEW SCHOOL IN HOCHELAGA.

A permit was on Monday granted to the Catholic School Commissioners of Hochelaga, for the erection of a \$28,000 school, on St. Germain street. The structure will be eighty-nine feet by fifty-eight feet in dimensions, and three storeys in height.

ST. GABRIEL'S JUV. T. A. & B. CONCERT.

On Easter Monday evening, the 16th inst., the Juvenile Temperance Society of St. Gabriel's parish will hold its first musical and dramatic entertainment. Judging from the several items on the very well arranged programme, there remains no doubt but that those who will attend will be amply repaid. The boys have formed this society with the object of helping to combat the great social evil. They are doing their part nobly, it remains now to give them proper encouragement and support. Tickets for this entertainment may be secured at Mr. Hickey's store, 144 Centre street, at the following prices: Reserved seats, 50c; adults, 25c; children, 15c.

ST. ANTHONY'S JUVENILE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

The first regular meeting of St. Anthony's Juvenile Temperance Society took place on Sunday afternoon at St. Anthony's Hall. Rev. Father Thomas Heffernan, spiritual director, presided, and outlined the work of the society for the year. He expressed the hope that every working boy of the parish and every school boy of the proper age would join the ranks of the young temperance crusaders. A reading-room, he said, would be provided for the members, as well as games of different kinds, also a debating class would be formed. After Rev. Father Heffernan's remarks, Masters Vincent O'Reilly, Leonard McGrath, Thomas Callaghan, Philip Mulcair, John O'Connor gave short addresses on the evils of intemperance. Recitations were given by Masters John McLaughlin, Leo McElroy, Hugh McCloskey, Russell Lavallee, Walter Brophy, Ernest Gibson. The work of the first annual concert of the society is now in progress, the funds to be devoted to purchasing a new altar for St. Anthony's Church.

MGR. GAUTHIER TENDERED A RECEPTION ON HIS RETURN TO KINGSTON.

The reception tendered Archbishop Gauthier last Tuesday afternoon on his return from a visit to Rome was a memorable one in the history of Kingston. Shortly after noon the C.M.B.A., A.O.H., and Catholic Order of Foresters met in their respective halls, and then moved to the Grand Trunk depot. At this point also assembled the 14th, the Battery band, and the Citizens' band of Gananoque, and the Deseronto band. Many citizens found their way there, and hundreds from outside Kingston were present, making a big crowd when the train bearing the Archbishop arrived. A procession was at once formed for St. Mary's Cathedral. Here Dr. Ryan, superintendent of Rockwood Asylum, read the chief pastor an address to which the recipient made an appropriate reply. In the evening there was a reception to His Grace at the Convent of the Sisters of the Congregation de Notre Dame, and on Wednesday he was received by the Sisters of the Hotel Dieu.

SUPERIOR GENERAL OF JE-SUITS DYING.

Father Louis Martin, general of the Order of Jesuits, whose right arm was amputated in April, 1905, for cancer, is in a very serious condition, and is sinking fast, a cancer having appeared in his breast.

Father Martin is a Spanish theologian, who was born near Burgos in 1846. He entered the Jesuit novitiate at the age of twenty-two years, and rapidly acquired a great reputation. In 1878 he was made rector of the University of Salamanca, and eight years later became provincial of the order in Castile. He was one of the cancellors of the General, Father Anderley, who designated him to govern the order during the period following his death, which occurred in July, 1892. When the electors assembled, in September, of that year, he was chosen head of the order. He was a great opponent of the Americanization of the Catholic Church in the United States, and some three years ago was sued by an Italian editor for alleged services in causing the subsidence of the movement, but denying that he owed anything to the editor, the latter was non-suited. After he lost his arm the Pope, by special indult, granted him the privilege of continuing to say Mass.

BLESSING OF THE PALMS.

Palm Sunday was celebrated in all the Catholic churches of the city on Sunday last. Before High Mass the palms were blessed and distributed to the assisting clergymen and sanctuary boys. Then followed a procession around the church, the choir meanwhile singing "Benedictus." At the Gospel of the High Mass, which followed the procession, the Passion according to St. Matthew was sung by three priests, clothed in white albs and purple stoles. Owing to the length of the ceremonies in many of the churches no sermons were preached.

At the church on Notre Dame the Rev. Abbe Troie was celebrant, the Gospel being sung by Rev. Fathers Bedard, McShane and Lafontaine.

At St. Anthony's Church Rev. Father Donnelly officiated, and with Rev. Fathers Shea and T. Heffernan, sang the Passion.

At St. Ann's, Rev. Father Rioux blessed the palms and assisted by Rev. Fathers Flynn and Fiset, sang the Passion.

At St. James Cathedral His Grace blessed the palms, being attended by Rev. Canons Roy, Dauth, Gauthier, Vaillant and Rev. Father J. B. Demers.

CLOSING OF MISSION AT ST. GABRIEL'S.

A grand two weeks' mission has just closed at St. Gabriel's. The opening took place on Sunday, March 25th, under the direction of Fathers Boorman, S.J., and O'Malley, S.J., Boston. The first week was devoted to the women of the parish and the second to the men. In spite of the many calls made upon the time and energy of the good priests, their programme of daily exercises plainly showed that their intention from the start was that nobody should be either forgotten or neglected. From the early hour of five in the morning until late in the evening did those self-sacrificing workers labor with unabated zeal in their mission of love.

Another unique feature of these two weeks' work was the special instructions given to non-Catholics, or to those who, Catholics though they call themselves, yet, for one reason or another, did not have the consolation of being confirmed or of having made their first communion. Whilst the elder people were thus being looked after, the children, the hope of the future, were in no way forgotten, they too had their turn. Every afternoon at 3 o'clock witnessed the grand and consoling sight of the hundreds of little folks, wending their way to that dear spot in their affections, where they, too, had given to them those instructions so practical and so necessary to prepare their young hearts for their battle with the world. The good missionaries, though doubtless fatigued after their continued labor, have consented to remain in order to assist in the ceremonies of Holy Week. On the whole, the two weeks have been memorable, and too much can not be said in the praise of Rev. Father O'Meara and his able and zealous assistant, and let us hope that the happy feeling so long and favorably known to exist in this favored little parish may long continue to flourish, and that the long-established good spirit existing therein may receive one more link to bind its members more and more closely together.

St. Patrick's Concert.

F. M. T. A. Scores Another Success—Good House and Splendid Program.

(Almonte Gazette, March 22.)

If a full house has anything to do with the success of an entertainment then that given by the members of the F.M.T.A. last Saturday evening, March 17th, was a grand success. The hall was literally packed to the doors when Rev. Father Harkin opened the annual concert put on by the members of the F.M.T.A. dramatic club, and throughout the evening the order was the best, thus enabling every person in the hall to hear and see everything that was put on. The play this year was a thrilling Irish episode of the civil war in the United States entitled "Brother Against Brother," and the different actors took their parts apparently with the greatest ease throughout, and at no time did they seem, to use a common expression, "stage struck." The first act opened with a scene on the Bennett plantation before the war and depicted the life of the U. S. people at that time. Shortly after, and in the next act, war is declared between the north and south, and the mail carrier for the plantation brings home the sad news. It is at this point that the title of the play comes in, when the Bennett brothers decide one to stand by the north, while the other pledges to do the same by the south. The part of the brothers was taken by Messrs. Frank Malone as Martin Bennett and M. Maxwell as Frank Bennett, and the scene is a sad one as they part to go to the war. Miss Theresa Nagle took the part of a northern girl who was on a visit to friends in the South, and who became the affianced wife of Mr. Martin Bennett ere he left for the seat of war. The two brothers become prominent men in their respective armies, one becoming a colonel of the union army and the other a captain and a spy in the Confederate army. As the play goes on and during the progress of the war the Confederate spy is captured by the members of a detachment of which his brother is colonel, but at first he is not recognized, until one, who has long been an enemy of his, recognizes him and gives him away to the officers. His trial then takes place and he is sentenced to death. The third act shows the prisoner in his cell and of the visits of kind friends who are endeavoring to obtain his release, but all seems in vain until Ike, an old friend and former overseer of the plantation home, comes to the rescue and aids him to escape. The scene then goes on to describe the war over, and the return home of the participants, but the escaped spy never turns up and his friends wait anxiously but in vain for his appearance. Word comes some four years after his escape of his death in his own army after coming through a severe engagement, and the play ends with the other brother claiming the affianced wife of the deceased as his bride. Mr. M. F. Trainor appeared to good advantage as Michael Duffy, a worker around the plantation, who afterwards becomes Sergt. Duffy of the Union army, and his ready wit stood him in good stead as a stage performer and he had his audience with him all the way. Mrs. M. F. Trainor, as Celia Bennett, a cousin of the brothers, but really a rebel at heart, afterwards becomes the wife of Sergt. Duffy. Mr. Jas. O'Donoghue, as Maurice Thompson, who fought for neither side, but who was a villain who was always making trouble, took his part well and showed himself to be right at home at all times on the stage. The other members of the cast were Mr. A. J. Dutrizac, as Gen. Quinlan, commanding a detachment of the Union army in the south, and who acted as judge in the trial of the spy; Mr. W. P. Johnston, as private in the Union army; Mr. R. O'Sullivan, as a Union spy under the name of Alabama Joe; and Mr. Wm. McGee, as Ike Jackson, overseer of the plantation.

During the evening a number of specialties were introduced which greatly pleased the audience; Misses Etta Young and Fannie Donaldson gave a piano duet, which was well received; Misses Tena and Fannie Donaldson a vocal duet, for which they had to respond to a vigorous encore; also Mr. R. A. Jeffray, of Ampror, who sang in his usual pleasing style. Mr. Jas. L. Byrne was a stranger to an Almonte audience, but his selections, given in his strong Irish brogue, were well received. Mr. W. P. Kyle gave an exhibition of bag punching which was excellent, and the applause which greeted him on his encore thereina may receive one more link to bind its members more and more closely together.

It was the first year ladies were admitted into the play, and Miss Theresa Nagle and Mrs. M. F. Trainor assisted very materially in the success of the play. The boys are to be heartily congratulated on the high order of their entertainment, and are a credit to the town in the dramatic line.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY AT WEST HUNTLEY.

"But wherefore lament o'er the glories departed? Her star shall shine out with as vivid array, For ne'er had she sons more brave and true-hearted Than those she now sees on St. Patrick's Day."

St. Patrick's day was ushered in here, West Huntley, with all due pomp and ceremony. A beautiful emerald flag with a golden harp, the flag of dear old Ireland, threw its verdant folds to the breeze and silently proclaimed to the visible world, around from its lofty place on the top of the great flag pole in front of the C.M.B.A. hall, that this was Ireland's holiday. A splendid concert was given on the evening of March 16th, and the attendance was such that the necessity of a more commodious building for occasions of this kind was made amply evident to everybody. Very Rev. Canon Corkery and Rev. Fathers Harkins and Brownrigg, pastors respectively of Almonte and South March, were among the visiting folk of the evening. The Rev. Pastor fulfilled the duties of chairman, and after a few words of welcome to all, and particularly to the visiting clergy and more particularly to the Rev. Canon Corkery, former pastor and friend of everybody present, he proceeded to give the programme of the evening. It was as follows:

- Chorus—St. Patrick's Day. St. Michael's Choir.
- Duet—Welcome as the Flowers in May. Master Patrick and Angus Manion.
- Solo—My Wild Irish Rose. Miss Katie Manion.
- Declaration—Battle of Fontenoy. Master Jos. Gosson.
- Chorus—Men of Tipperary. St. Michael's Choir.
- Chorus—Forlorn Hope. Men of the Choir.
- Declaration—Erin's Flag. Miss Sheehan.
- Irish Jig—Mr. John Kilfoile.
- Farce in one Act—"Pot of Broth." Yeats. By Wm. Egan as tramp; Miss Maggie Carroll as Sibbie, and James Kennedy as John, Sibbie's husband.

- Part II.
- Chorus—Believe Me of all those endearing young charms. St. Michael's Choir.
- Duet—Oh Barney, Take Me Home Again. Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Brown.
- Solo—She is Far from the Land. Mrs. McDonnell.
- Quartet—The Bells of Shandon. Misses Egan, Michael Egan and Frank Forrest.
- Declaration—Why we wear the Green. Miss Rosie Killeen.
- Solo—Three Leaves of Shamrock. Miss Winnifred Casey.
- Chorus—Irishman's Toast. St. Michael's choir.
- Chorus—Memory of the Dead. St. Michael's Choir.

After some sparkling flashes of wit from the good and dearly beloved old Canon, and words of the highest praise and encouragement from the pastors of Almonte and South March, the evening's thoroughly enjoyed programme was concluded with the whole audience singing "God Save Ireland." The following day High Mass and a sermon for the occasion appropriately closed the primarily religious and secondly national celebration of Ireland's patron saint in West Huntley. Many of the younger element hied to Almonte on St. Patrick's evening to finish up the celebration. The strict observance of the Lenten total abstinence promises was a pleasing feature of this Irish and Catholic festival. May we all live to see the old green standard in its place many and many a time again, and many such worthy celebrations chronicled of the good folks of this eminently Irish and Catholic parish of West Huntley.

SOGGARTH SHIN FINN.

It is an Elixir of Life.—Since forgotten time, men have been seeking for the Elixir of Life, which tradition says once existed. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is an Elixir, before which pain cannot live. It is made up of six essential oils, carefully blended so that their curative properties are concentrated in one. It has no equal in the treatment of lumbago, rheumatism, and all bodily pains.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY SYSTEM

EASTER CHEAP TRIPS

CHICAGO, Illinois	\$18.00
St. Paul, Minn.	\$41.00
Minneapolis, Minn.	\$41.00
Duluth, Minn.	\$41.00
St. Agathe	\$ 9.00
St. Louis	10.00
London	12.95
Quebec	4.50
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St. John, N.S.	14.50

And all points, Fort William and East.

At one way First Class Fare.

Good going April 12, 13, 14, 15 and 16. Good to return until April 17th, 1906.

Easter Sunday Train for St. Agathe.

On SUNDAY, April 16th, train will leave Place Viger at 9:15 a.m. for St. Agathe. Returning, will leave St. Agathe at 8:55 p.m., arriving Place Viger at 9:45 p.m., stopping at intermediate stations in both directions.

City Ticket Office: 129 St. James St. Next Post Office.

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EASTER HOLIDAY FARES NEW YORK EXCURSION

FROM MONTREAL Round Trip Fare	\$10.05
Going date, April 12th. Return limit April 23.	
Trains leave at 8.45 a.m. and 11.10 a.m., week days, and 7.40 p.m. daily.	
CHICAGO, Illinois	\$18.00
Quebec	\$4.50
Sherbrooke	\$3.25
Ottawa	\$3.50
Detroit	\$15.00
St. Paul, Minn.	\$41.00
Minneapolis, Minn.	\$41.00
Duluth, Minn.	\$41.00
Toronto	\$10.00
Hamilton	\$10.65
London	\$ 2.95
St. John	\$14.95

And all points on the G.T.Ry. System, Chicago and East thereof, except stations east of Island Pond, Vt.

SINGLE FIRST CLASS FARE

Going April 12th to 16th inclusive. Return limit, April 17th, 1906.

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SOUTH MARCH CELEBRATION OF ST. PATRICK'S DAY

South March was this year no exception to the surrounding parishes in the observance of the national festival of the Irish race, St. Patrick's Day. High Mass was celebrated and a glowing tribute was paid to the great Saint's wonderful life-work by our worthy pastor, Rev. Father Brownrigg. The people showed their appreciation and earnest zeal in the religious part of this celebration by the large number which turned out. The concert was postponed a few days on account of so many other similar celebrations in the country around. On Thursday evening, March 22nd, the concert took place in the beautiful new separate school here. The programme was made up of the choicest selections of Irish song and story, and addresses were given by the neighboring clergymen who graced the occasion with their presence. They were Rev. Father Harkins, of Almonte, and Rev. Father Cavanagh of West Huntley. The former spoke on Irish patriotism, and the latter on the Irish struggle for legislative independence. It was all vocal talent in the musical part of the programme, and many a more pretentious place would be happy to be able to boast of the talent that South March is possessed of in this respect. Mrs. McDonnell's rendering of some of the sweet melodies of Thomas Moore would be difficult to be surpassed by the best talent the national capital can boast of. The final rendering of God Save Ireland showed how highly each pulse of Irish blood now beats with high hope for the old land's future. Rev. Father Brownrigg and his parishioners are worthy of the heartiest congratulations on every side for the splendid success they achieved in these noble undertakings.

ELA SAGARTH.

One of the greatest blessings to parents is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It effectually expels worms and gives health in a marvellous manner to the little one.

HE IS RISEN!

(By Amadeus, O.S.F., in Donahoe's for April.)

He is risen; He is risen;
Toll the tidings o'er and o'er;
He has left His earthly prison,
He now lives to die no more;
He has proved His Christly teaching,
And is Victor o'er the grave;
And the joyous news is reaching
To the souls He came to save.

As partakers in His glory
Let our gratitude be shown;
Let us spread the wondrous story
To the lands where yet unknown
Is the tale of our salvation
From the tolls that Sin has set;
Tell it out to ev'ry nation
That our Lord is Master yet!

SIGNED IN GAELIC.

For the first time in the history of the British House of Commons, a member, after taking the oath, signed his name in Gaelic. This patriotic member thus introducing the Irish language into the House is John Murphy, the member for East Kerry.

SAFEGUARD THE CHILDREN.

There is no telling when a medicine may be needed in homes where there are little ones. Therefore, the prudent mother will always keep a box of Baby's Own Tablets on hand. These Tablets promptly cure indigestion, colic, sour stomach, constipation, diarrhoea and teething troubles. They break up colds, prevent croup, expel worms, and give the child sound, natural sleep. Mothers have the guarantee of a Government analyst that these Tablets contain no opiate or poisonous soothing stuff. Mrs. J. C. Gildart, Prosser Brook, N.B., says: "Baby's Own Tablets act like magic when a little one is ill, and I would not feel safe without a box in the house." You can get Baby's Own Tablets from your medicine dealer or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A FIRST MEETING WITH PIUS X.

One after another we kneel before the Pope on our presentation, and each one received a few quiet words of welcome and heart-felt blessing, spoken with earnest feeling, not on account of his own personality but for the sake of One whom Pius X. represents, to every Catholic pilgrim who kneels before him. The Holy Father's manner is quiet and reserved rather than expansive, almost the manner of a shy and retiring person. He has not the instant ready flow of conversation, the quick personal interest and inquiry with which Leo XIII. was wont to draw out the most timid stranger, making him feel at ease in the presence of the Pontiff, no matter what his nationality. Naturally in speaking to foreigners His Holiness is somewhat hampered, for in his own language Pius X. speaks with much ease and fluency. However, His Holiness' manner is so uniformly gentle that it wins all hearts instantly. Only once during our audience did the grave, almost melancholy, thoughtfulness relax from the Holy Father's face, when speaking in Latin to one of the priests of the party as he knelt before him. Then a smile so ineffably winning and transforming lit up the quiet face for an instant that it seemed literally a revelation of what the kindly cheery nature must have been before the great and sudden elevation which has shadowed it. Notwithstanding his humility and visible shrinking from the signs of outward sovereign homage paid to his person, and his strong dislike of pomp and state, Pius X. embodies the perfect ideal of a sovereign pontiff.—Marie Donegan, in April Donahoe's.

EASTER

BY THE REV. WALTER J. SHANLEY.

Easter is a feast of triumph. A note of triumph sounds through all the phases of the liturgy of Easter's glorious feast, which celebrates the Master's victory over sin and death and hell.

Christ won His victory through humiliation and suffering. He clearly demonstrated this principle in conversation with the disciples of Emmaus, as He accompanied them on their homeward journey, in the declining hours of the day of His resurrection.

"Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and so enter into His glory?" This was His Easter sermon, revealing to the troubled minds of His disciples, who were "slow" to believe, the plan of Heaven concerning the Redeemer of Israel.

It is Heaven's plan that Christ's life and principles be reproduced in His Church, and in individual souls. The Church which Christ founded must resemble Him, must be marked by His characteristics, must reach glory through suffering, must triumph through the cross, must conquer and win victory through conflict and humiliation.

The apostles, who were deputed to go forth and teach all nations, announced to the world a Saviour crucified, but risen from the dead, a Saviour triumphant through the cross. They proclaimed the divinity of Him who had been put to death by the Jews, and appealed to His resurrection as proof. Other miracles He had wrought, and all substantiated His claim of divinity, but the apostles ever pointed to His resurrection as the cardinal proof that He was God. Only a God man could raise Himself from the dead.

and mighty mission, and had raised her to the height of splendor and power. He had brought all the nations of the world to her feet. Her roads led from the great capital to the uttermost bounds of civilization. Her language was the universal tongue. The empires of antiquity had their excellences, but Rome had all their greatness, their majesty and power, and so much more that her grandeur was inconceivable before her day.

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Pelagians, Manicheans, arrayed themselves against the authority of the Church, and in their attacks were frequently supported by the power of princes and even emperors. A bitter war was waged, and even a more dangerous one than that of the Roman persecution. But the Church triumphed again by suffering. The successor of St. Peter deprived these sects of every principle of life by anathematizing their errors, in the councils of the Church.

In the course of time, powerful princes attacked the throne of Peter. They took it for a mere human thing and assailed it with unexampled fury. They fell back, shattered by the impact, and lay crushed, a wreck and ruin, at its base. The power of these mighty rulers was so great that men believed that their hostility would put an end to the rule of the race of Popes. But the mighty potentates withered away, and the Popes remain. The Church issued forth from the struggle triumphant. The life of the Church is the same in all ages. From her past one can predict her future. She will always triumph as Christ triumphed. She is always rising from the tomb. When men believe that they have put her to death and buried her she comes forth glorious and triumphant. She is never at peace. Scarcely is she allowed a truce. She conquers her old enemies, but new ones are constantly rising. She will see them all wither and die, whilst she will sweep on from age to age, at the head of Christian civilization, youthful and vigorous and powerful.

The life of Christ, and the life of His Church must be reproduced in individual souls, if they would rise with Christ in a glorious resurrection. The conflict in which they are engaged is the same in character as that which was waged against Christ, which opposed the progress of the Church and will harass her till the day of doom. The world hated Christ and hates His Church, and exercises its hatred against individual members of the Church. The world which is the personification of pride and luxury, which is wholly intent on the pursuit of wealth, honor, and pleasure, turns our doctrines into ridicule, imputes to us false tenets and practices, thwarts us in temporal matters, and persecutes us as it did the martyrs of the first centuries, except that it does not put us to death for the faith. To live for the faith is sometimes a severer martyrdom than to die for it.

The victory of Christ's resurrection is a reason for confidence in our conflict. He triumphed over sin and death and hell, and triumphed by suffering. We may suffer, but if we trust in Him we will triumph. Victory will be ours, the cross will be followed by the crown, honor and joy will succeed humiliation and sorrow, an eternal weight of glory will be the recompense for patience, resignation and fortitude, amid the tribulations of life. Christ's triumph in His resurrection, and the triumph of His Church in her victories, is a pledge of our triumph.

WAS IT POSSIBLE.

A minister who was waiting for a train was beguiling the time by talking to a half-witted boy. "I say, Jamie," said the minister, "were you ever at school?" "Yes, sir, sure enough." "And you had the honor to be your schoolmaster?" "Maister Black, sir," replied Jamie. "How strange! Why, Mr. Black was my schoolmaster also."

The Bad Cold of To-Day MAY BE PNEUMONIA TO-MORROW.

The sore throat or tickling cough that, the soreness, seems but a trivial annoyance, may develop into Pneumonia, Bronchitis, or some Throat or Lung trouble.

DR. WOODS' NORWAY PINE SYRUP

contains all the lung-healing virtues of the pine tree, and is a sure cure for Coughs, Colds and all Throat or Lung troubles. Mrs. E. Hutchison, 132 Argyle Street, Toronto, writes: "I have been a sufferer from Chronic Bronchitis for years and have found Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup far better than any of the hundreds of remedies I have used. Our whole family now is in cases of Coughs or Colds. We would not be without it."

Don't be humbugged into taking something "just as good," ask for Dr. Wood's and insist on getting it. Put up in yellow wrapper, each six-pipe size is the trade mark and price 25 cents.

Where is the Benefit?

All fasting and all Christian mortification should be humble, says Father D. S. Phelan. If it does not make us humble, it is a vain and superstitious practice. What benefit is there in getting up at the hour of 4 o'clock in the morning? Some one has said it makes us conceited all forenoon and stupid all afternoon. What good is there in getting up at midnight and singing the matin songs, when all the world is asleep? It may minister to our pride by whispering to us that we are not like other people. But when those who sleep at midnight get up in the morning they say their prayers while those who prayed at midnight are, perhaps, telling each other how good they are. Unless these austerities of the Church produce a humble and contrite spirit within us, then they are vain and superstitious; because it is the worship of the spirit that God will have. Those who would worship God aright must worship Him "in spirit and in truth."

A SPRING DANGER

Many People Weaken Their Systems by Dosing With Purgative Medicines.

A spring medicine seems to be a necessity. Nature demands it as an aid to enriching the blood and carrying off the impurities that have accumulated during the indoor life of the winter months. Thousands of people, recognizing the necessity for a spring medicine, dose themselves with harsh, gripping purgatives. This is a mistake. Ask any doctor and he will tell you that the use of purgative medicines weakens the system and cannot possibly cure disease. In the spring the system needs building up—purgatives weaken. The blood should be made rich, red and pure—purgatives cannot do this. What is needed is a tonic, and the best tonic medical science has yet devised is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every dose of this medicine actually makes new, rich blood, and this new blood strengthens every organ and every part of the body. That is why these pills banish pimples and unsightly skin eruptions. That is why they cure headaches and backaches, rheumatism and neuralgia and a host of other troubles that come from poor, watery blood. That is why the men and women who use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills eat well and sleep well and feel active and strong. Mrs. Albert E. Sampson, L'Ardoise, N.S., says: "I have used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills with the greatest benefit. I know of no medicine that can equal them in building up people who are weak or run down."

When buying these pills see that the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, is printed on the wrapper around the box. You can get the pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Mutual Life Assurance Co. of Canada.

Never before, perhaps, were life insurance companies and their methods so much before the public as at present, and it is with a feeling of unqualified satisfaction that the Mutual Life Assurance Co. of Canada in its lately published statement for the year 1905, is able to present to the interested public such an account of its present standing and progress as places it amongst the first of its kind and proves it in every way worthy of the most unlimited trust of all with whom it has dealings. The report shows that the amount of new business for the year, viz., \$6,014,576, is the largest in its history. This in itself shows confidence on the part of outsiders and energy on the part of our agents, and these two, confidence and energy, are essentials to success. In the report referred to a resume is given of the securities in which the money is invested, and these are of such unqualified safety that the President feels secure in asserting that no policy-holder can take exception to the class of securities summarized. Exactness in business methods together with strict scrutiny of same, is seen to by the Directors, and booklets containing full report, comprising lists of deaths and endowments, claims paid, securities held and other interesting and instructive information, are being issued and will in due course be distributed amongst policy-holders and intending insureds.

EASTER'S FLOWER.

There is a spot in Southern California that is famed as offering a vista, unparalleled, of acres of Calla lilies. The view is a novel one. As far as the eye reaches there bends a waving mantle of white flowers growing stately and severely, backed by a dark green foliage which greatly enhances their beauty.

This vast field of lilies is unique, in that its best blooming season occurs in mid-winter, when even in that land of flowers there is not an over-prodigious display of growing blossoms.

It does not draw greatly on the fancy to imagine fields of flowers during the summer time. One may readily picture large stretches of land given up to riotous blooming of a short season's duration, and not exceed the reality offered in a more or less limited degree on every hand in our Eastern country. But when the cold wind blows, and snow falls fast, and heaps itself over these fair pastures of recent glory, we must turn to the West for our flowers and we will find the season an opportune one. There is the land that never fails to feast the eye in a continuous delirium of color. The summer but begins that which the winter prolongs and emphasizes.

Growing flowers as an industry is carried on usually for propagating purposes. It is not wholly in this line that the Calla beds are developed. This field yields annually tons of cut flowers which are absorbed in the markets all over the states. They appear at a time when they are doubly welcome, helping the holiday and Easter decorations of church and home.

There is always a large demand for the Calla lily bulb, which can be met only by large ground space given up to its cultivation. In the East and North it is a rare and tender plant, and highly prized for its velvety beauty, and as a flower for memory's tribute it has no peer.

The two leading uses to which the Calla is put would be sufficient, ordinarily, to warrant their propagation on a large scale, but still another one instigates its further cultivation, that of extracting its odors for the well known Calla lily perfume. The flowers exude little or no fragrance, still the distillations from its petals into the delicate extracts prized by many is quite an industry.

These lily fields stand alone, challenging the admiration of tourists from over the world. There can be drawn but one parallel to their beauty and extent, in the Bermuda lily farms. These flowers do not suggest the vigor of the Calla, nor do they survive and satisfy as do the Western flower. The growth of the latter is so thick that hedges lining the wayside are not an uncommon sight, and avenues and paths are usually defined by their luxuriant foliage and blossoms.

The Bermuda lily, too, unlike our own flower, is especially cultivated for the Easter season, and with such brief existence ends its glory; while the Calla holds its head aloft perennially, resting from its labors of blossoming only long enough to take a fresh start, to send forth new stalks that reveal the secret of its beauty to the world in a flower of dazzling whiteness, matchless in all that constitutes a queen flower and sumptuous bud.

Curran once met his match in a pert, jolly, keen-eyed son of Erin, who was up as a witness in a case of dispute in the matter of a horse deal. Curran much desired to break down the credibility of his witness, and thought to do it by making the man contradict himself by tangling him up in a network of adroitly framed questions, but to no avail.

The hostler was a companion to Sam Weller. His good common sense, and his equanimity and good nature, were not to be overturned. By-and-by Curran, in a towering rage, belched forth, as not another counsel would have dared to do in the presence of the court: "Sirrah, you are incorrigible! The truth is not to be got from you, for it is not in you. I see the villain in your face!"

"Faith, yer honor," said the witness, with the utmost simplicity of truth and honesty, "my face must be moity clean and shinin', indade, if it can reflect like that."

For once in his life the great barrister was floored by a single witness. He could not recover from that repartee, and the case went against him.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

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

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

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, Branch 26.—Organized 18th November, 1888. Branch 26 meets at New Hall (Inglis Building) 2381 St. Catherine street. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 1st and 3rd Fridays of each month at eight o'clock p.m. Officers: Spiritual Adviser, Rev. J. P. Killoran; Chancellor, R. M. J. Dolan, 14 Overdale Ave.; Asst. Rec. Sec., E. J. Lynch; Financial Secretary, J. J. Conigan, 825 St. Urban st.; Treasurer, J. H. Kelly; Marshal, M. J. O'Regan; Guard, J. A. Hartenstein. Trustees, W. A. Hodgson, T. R. Stevens, D. J. McGillis, 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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THE TRUE WITNESS is printed and published by W. J. Shanley, at the True Witness Press, 100 St. Patrick Street, Toronto, Ontario.

CHAPTER XVII.—"Good-morning," said went away sad and disconsolate with a feeling that, in influence and wealth, beauty, Ruth was far from ever.

Paul Rositter went his party much against his will and there were matters kind demanding his attention. Paul would not lay aside his duties with kings. He brought him to see M and the little lady had so hard, and had made vague promises with new beauty whom she w due to society, that at last, Ruth was not that day, and his surprise reserved until the musicals. The two went off in the same cursory view of Peter's the hall in the full making dress and looking respectable. That reminder of the old fellow's invitation.

"Would you like to cab?" said he. "The room than either of us." "What!" cried Paul, old reveler, bound to the Terpsichore? When did underground bar-rooms shade of the oyster-saloon attendance on goddesses Merion?" Peter looked at her with undisturbed countenance. "Thank you," he said, have already engaged a waiter. They replied with a laugh; and Peter with the next room with an and without a word occurred to him that would cost a dollar and was small. He ran hall again with his hat coat in his hands, shouting: "All right, Paul, I'll get the carriage had rolled door." "I guess I'll wait Peter then: "you needn't in." But his inward himself saw, "You are fool, Peter, an' ye have a solution o' knowing the greater fools in the city."

"I rather think," said they were moving off, "wait a little Peter will ming after us. It's his v "Having a carriage of unlikely," said Florian, went on their way in st asked once if he knew w Florian stiffly believed friend from his own nat who had never been in before, and partly because talented, and partly because country ways had a delic ness and charm about t Merion was glad to b and have the credit of to society a real wonder gan to think of the face come and gone in his di would itself up in his th a fantastic repetition in and while he was dreami arrived at their desti were entering the great Merion mansion, and a singing voice was echoi rooms in a way that too at once.

Florian seized his arm necessary violence, he t detained him. "That's the debutante. "See what you think of of such a voice." Paul listened dreamly to remain indifferent; but something so new in t something so natural i imperfections, that he impelled to show emotion "She is from the cou idently," said he, "but t strength of character in "You will not reverse ment when you see her, rian, so earnestly that to think that he was al the one woman of the h heart. When they ente paid their respects to t that lively lady detain her own side, and aft Paul to Ruth, sent the gether so naturally th ed nothing out of pla gruous in the matter.

"Has your friend o what a lovely face! met Miss Pendleton be she, as the pair went o

SOLITARY ISLAND A NOVEL BY REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

"Good-morning," said Florian, and went away sad and disappointed, and with a feeling that, in spite of fame, influence and wealth, and increased beauty, Ruth was farther from him than ever.

Paul Rossiter went to the music party much against his will, for he was hard at work on a new play, and there were matters of another kind demanding his attention which Paul would not lay aside for an audience with kings. Florian had brought him to see Mrs. Merriion, and the little lady had pressed him so hard, and had made such extravagant promises with regard to the new beauty whom she was to introduce to society, that he consented at last. Ruth was not at home that day, and his surprise was to be reserved until the evening of the musicale.

"Would you like to share our cab?" said he. "There is more room than either of us need."

"What!" cried Paul, "art thou, old reverter, bound to the haunts of Terpichore? When didst thou leave underground bar-rooms and the shade of the oyster-saloons to dance attendance on goddesses like Mrs. Merriion?"

Peter looked at both gentlemen with undisturbed countenance. "Thank you," he said stiffly. "I have already engaged a carriage."

They replied with a shout of laughter, and Peter withdrew into the next room with an air of dignity and without a word. But it occurred to him that a carriage would cost a dollar and his allowance was small. He ran out into the hall again with his hat and overcoat in his hands, shouting:

"All right, Paul, I'll go, b'y." But the carriage had rolled from the door. "I guess I'll walk," said Peter then: "you needn't mind waiting."

But his inward comment on himself was, "You are a great fool, Peter, an' ye have only the consolation o' knowing that there are greater fools in the city than yourself."

"I rather think," said Paul when they were moving off, "that if we wait a little Peter will come running after us. It's his way."

"Having a carriage of his own, it's unlikely," said Florian, and they went on their way in silence. Paul asked once if he knew who the debutante of the evening was, and Florian stiffly believed it was a friend from his own native district who had never been in New York before, and partly because she was talented, and partly because her country ways had a delicious freshness and charm about them, Mrs. Merriion was glad to bring her out and have the credit of introducing to society a real wonder. Paul began to think of the face that had so come and gone in his dreams and wound itself up in his thoughts like a fantastic repetition in frescoing, and while he was dreaming they had arrived at their destination and were entering the great hall of the Merriion mansion, and a sound of a singing voice was echoing from the rooms in a way that took Paul's ear at once.

Florian seized his arm with unnecessary violence, he thought, and detained him. "That's the debutante," said he. "See what you think of the possessor of such a voice."

Paul listened dreamily and wished to remain indifferent; but there was something so new in that voice, something so natural in its very imperfections, that he was compelled to show emotion.

"She is from the country, evidently," said he, "but there is some strength of character in the singer."

"I believe not," said Florian, sick at heart that he could not bring Ruth all to himself. "What reason have you to think so?"

"Where are your eyes?" said Barbara. "Did you not see the start and stare of the poet when he was introduced, or were you looking at me so intently that you could see nothing else?"

It required a good deal to throw Florian into confusion, but between the announcement and the bold speech which followed it he was quite bewildered. Then Mrs. Merriion's eyes were fixed on him.

"O. Mr. Wallace!" she said, "are you politicians so easily overthrown by woman's wit?"—for his confusion was evident.

"No," said he ungraciously, "it is not sharp enough. We are oftener overthrown by woman's eyes."

She pretended that he was serious in the compliment, and said: "I believe you. The eyes are everything to a woman. See under what a spell my ox-eyed Juno has your poet. Don't be afraid to look. They are so pleased with each other that the company is forgotten."

Florian did not look, for the flame in his heart would have surely leaped into his eyes to see how happy Paul and Ruth were. He laughed and asked for the next musical wonder of the evening.

"I heard Miss Pendleton saying—" "Pardon me, Miss Pendleton?" said his tormentor. "You called her Ruth only yesterday. Have you given her to Mr. Rossiter so soon?"

"God!" muttered Florian, "this creature will drive me mad. I forgot that you are her relative," he said, smiling. "You know yourself I could not call her Ruth to every stranger."

"What a match they would make!" said Barbara dreamily—"he like a tawny Apollo and she like an Arcadian queen. I am something of a matchmaker, do you know, Mr. Wallace, and I have made some very successful ones."

"None more happy than that which you made for Mr. Merriion," said Florian.

"How very true! But then that is personal, and others are the best judges of my success in that instance."

Mrs. Merriion was unusually attractive that evening, and had determined on winning away Florian's sobriety after she had pierced his heart through with the arrows of jealousy. The young man was easily impressed by a woman. He liked Frances, he loved Ruth; but here was a woman to admire—a woman who shone like a diamond well cut and polished among her less favored kind. She sparkled in dress, look, and language, and men followed her as their eyes would follow a meteor, and forgot her as soon as she was out of sight. Poor Florian was no exception. In five minutes he was totally oblivious of all mankind save that lovely being before him.

Paul was meanwhile passing through a simple but not less tumultuous state of feeling. When Ruth was introduced to him he saw for the first time the face of his dreams in its living image, although its owner had laid aside the simple evening costume of the period; and being unprepared, he had started, blustered, stammered, and not come to himself until he was sitting somewhere and the voice of the lady was talking about Florian.

"And you are a friend of Florian?" "I am so very glad to know it, for I have never really heard who his friends were. Do you not think him a very nice gentleman? And they tell me he has considerable political influence for so young a man."

"Oh, he's the best fellow in the world," said Paul, wondering all the time if he were really talking with the original of the picture, "and his influence is simply boundless in the city. He has been in the legislature, he will go to Congress, then the governorship, and the presidency. There is nothing beyond that."



FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

Heartbreaking Expression. My daughter enjoyed very good health until about two years ago, when she showed symptoms of despondency. After some time she expressed a heart-breaking pain and then had severe convulsions. Many so-called remedies were tried during one year, but of no avail. After she had taken the first spoonful of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic the attacks disappeared, and she has had no more since. Testified by Rev. I. Streich, Jos. Orz. DELHI, ONT.

My wife has taken six bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic. She has had no return of the fits, and I think this remedy has had the desired effect. I cheerfully recommend it to anyone suffering from that dreadful malady "Spilepsy," and may God aid you in your good work. JOHN GRANT.

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his ideas, and he has yours, no doubt. "I have his, no doubt," said Paul, "but if he has mine they must be very useless, being mostly fancies about dreams. How easily you recognize his sayings, Miss Pendleton! You must have known him very well."

"We lived in the same town and went to the same school for years; and then we were friends. Oh! I know Florian as if he were my brother. His sister"—her voice faltered—"was a dear friend of mine; and if you know him you must like him."

"And I do, and I shall like him the more if his friendship will place me higher in your favor."

He trembled at his boldness, but she received it as a matter of course.

"It will indeed. Florian's friends must all be worth knowing, for they were ever of the choicest."

Paul thought dubiously of his political friends, but speedily put the thought aside as unworthy of a friend. They were only familiars, and not familiars in the sense that Ruth meant. They talked on very pleasantly for half an hour, and then others came to disturb the delightful tete-a-tete and made him and her miserable; for Ruth had formed a sudden and strong liking for this warm-hearted and well-featured child of genius which fell little short of the admiration he felt for her beauty.

If he knew just what relations existed between her and Florian, he thought, as his eyes followed her about the room, he could let his fancy run riot dreaming of the possible, and the evening would be a real pleasure to him. Perhaps it was better to take it for granted that she was already betrothed to Florian, for his name was so often on her lips, and she seemed to think that he was the standard by which all men were to be judged. While he stood in the shadow of the window moodily thinking Mrs. Merriion came along to chide him for his retreating ways.

"Why, do you know," said she, "that there are twenty people here dying to make the acquaintance of the author of Florion? You are almost as great a star on this side of the river as Ruth—Miss Pendleton. And now, Mr. Rossiter, please do be agreeable, and give all these people the pleasure of talking to you and inviting you to their musicales, won't you?"

"I would grant more than that at your bidding," said he, charmed by the sparkling manner. "And yet to leave me like Prometheus bound, with twenty tortures instead of one, and heaven in view—you would not be so cruel."

"That's poetry, I suppose," said she. "But people must attend to the demands of society, you know. Now, what do you think of my cousin? You were talking with her. She is very learned and writes for the papers; and has she not charming ways?"

"And then if I tell you what I think," said he, "you will tell her every word I say to-morrow, and put me down as a connoisseur in her beauty. I have heard of you ladies."

"Evidently," said she; "and aren't you a connoisseur?" "A willing one, but not in earnest, you know. It is not safe to intrude where prior claims exist."

"I do not know of any claims on Miss Pendleton that would prevent her giving her heart to any one; do you?"

"Well, not precisely; but I have heard that Mr. Wallace, my friend—" "Pardon me. Did he tell you so?" said the astute lady in her most innocent and convincing way.

"No, he did not; but I inferred—" "Pardon me again; never draw inferences that make you unhappy. Miss Pendleton is heart-whole, and

will be until—well, well, how freely I am talking! You will think me bold, Mr. Rossiter, and so I am. But you will forgive me. It is a fault of mine."

"A very sweet one," said the poet, turning a compliment. When she went away he was happy and began to dream dreams in his usual fashion, but the people who were dying for an introduction came trooping up under Mrs. Merriion's guidance and laid siege to his attention for a long time. His eyes constantly followed Ruth, and hers very often sought for him in the crowd of guests, and look pleased when his yellow hair and fair face greeted them.

Florian had vainly tried, when once freed from the conversational charms of Barbara, to secure for himself the long-desired confidential talk with Ruth. Fate, in the person of the guests or of Mrs. Merriion, was against him. When one or the other did not engage him they surrounded Ruth like a city's walls for the fair girl was become a general favorite that evening and was much sought after.

"She was a little tired of so continuous an adulation, and kept wishing that Paul would make his appearance again, and wondering why Florian did not join those sitting about her. Finding an opportunity to slip unobserved into a recess of some kind, she threw herself on a sofa, relieved to be free for a moment from the glare and heat and noise. When her eyes became accustomed to the dim light of the place she perceived that Florian was sitting opposite her."

"Is it you, Florian?" said she. "Oh! how I have tried to see you and speak to you this evening."

"It is impossible on a first night," he said quietly. "There are so many present, and your face is new to most of them. It's not much like a musicale in Clayburg."

"I think ours was much more pleasant, don't you?"

"Well, I should hardly feel obliged to enjoy them as I used," he said, with the worn air of a man who had exhausted the pleasure contained in such entertainments. "It is so long since I have been there that I have quite forgotten them."

"I can believe you," she said, with the gentlest reproach in her voice. "You seem to have forgotten everything connected with the poor little town and its glorious river."

"Not everything, Ruth. I remember Linda's grave, and how the river looks when only the stars are shining at midnight and the poor child lying there alone."

There was a sob in his voice, and the mention of Linda stirred Ruth deeply. She had felt like an artificial woman moving in her strange plumes through the brilliant company, and had wearied of the unvarying round of formal compliments and praise; but at this touch of feeling she became a Clayburg girl again, and it was Ruth talking with Florian as in the old time.

"I would never suspect you of forgetting that, Florian, nor the hermit, who sent so many kind regards to you."

"You saw him often, then?" "Not very often, but I presumed a little, perhaps, and he is so obliging, if a little cold, and he spoke of you rarely, but it was always something wise or good. Did you

ever notice how pure and true his thoughts are—like water from a spring—and how he never offends against etiquette or good breeding?"

"I may have noticed it, but it did not impress me, although I made it a point to study him. He has faded from my mind considerably, and I would find it hard to reproduce his features; but I know what he must have said to you about me when you were leaving."

"Do you?" she said in some alarm. "How can you know that when I have not told you, Florian?"

"See if I am right. 'You will find him changed for the worse, my dear, and he will surely make love to you again,' said Scott."

"You are a magician," she answered, very much embarrassed. But then, imagining that Florian's boldness must arise from his indifference to their past state of feeling, she felt relieved and happy, and laughed with him.



CHAPTER XVIII.

Mrs. Merriion's pleasant home became the center of attraction that winter for most of our good friends in Madame Lynch's establishment, Florian admitted to himself that absence had only intensified his feelings towards Ruth. The years that had passed since their love-story ended had honored her with new personal attractions. Her seriousness seemed less old-fashioned and more suited to her years than formerly. Her well-cultured mind made her a charming companion. She had a kind of boldness, too, which came in agreeably on certain occasions. When Barbara insisted on dressing her as nobly and richly as her manner and appearance and years would sustain she entered into the spirit of the innovation, and became all at once a beautiful woman in the best sense of the phrase, beautiful in mind and body. Florian was astonished at her vigorous bloom. It was natural that the love still slumbering in his heart should awaken to an intense life than ever. He did not wait to discuss the situation with his usual caution. He surrendered at once to so much loveliness, partly conscious that this flame would in the end consume him. Innocent Ruth, deceived by the calmness and even dullness of his manner—there was always a certain hopefulness in it, even when his chances seemed brightest—took no pains to prevent annoying consequences. She had a sincere friendliness for Florian, and some admiration for his character. He had improved since his departure from Clayburg. It was a distinguished appearance, and there was about him a consciousness of strength and power that most women succumb to. Barbara Merriion was immensely taken with him. It was owing to her interference that Florian found himself so often in Ruth's company. The winter sped away merrily, and with considerable excitement. Many things occurred to make Florian's love-making a bootless affair, but he could not see them. It was only at the last that he perceived the mischief wrought by others, and when it was too late hurried upon them indiscriminate and unjust punishment.

Paul Rossiter for one month was a steady visitor at the Merriion house, and a very acceptable one to the ladies. Mrs. Merriion was interested in Florian and did not like to see him too devoted to Miss Pendleton. Paul occasionally took the place of his friend, and the arrangement seemed to please everyone. Everyone meant the squire and Peter Carter as well as the interested parties. Ruth liked the young poet and Paul returned the liking. It was not a case of love at first sight. These two were prudent people. They did not know each other, and as is customary with young people of healthy bodies, independent minds and comfortable fortunes, matrimony was their last thought. It so happened that they liked each other on many accounts, and were more and more impressed with each other as they got better acquainted. They were carefully supplied with points by a few dear friends who watched them anxiously. In a month Ruth had learned to know the poet as well as if she had lived in the same house with him a year. She admired him more and more, and, while she was admiring, Paul in a reckless way fell in love with her, dreamed a few times of her dark brown hair, and then, without warning, ceased to visit Merriion house at all.

"You ought to get married," said she; "and, indeed, rumor connects your name with some ladies very closely. I hope they suit you. You were always so particular, Florian."

"No doubt, no doubt," he answered vaguely, and felt a dumb pain stealing over him at her perfect indifference, or rather the friendly and sisterly interest she took in the matter.

"Linda would be so pleased to know you were happily situated in every way," she went on, "and I am sure I would."

"No doubt, no doubt," said he, shaking off the stupor that had seized upon him. "But we can talk of this again. You are not altogether out of my life, Ruth, and you may have as much to say as Linda herself in the matter before it is completed, perhaps more."

With these ominous words they joined the company, and it was at this moment Paul saw them and trembled, without knowing why, at the smiling look on Florian's face and the calm, untroubled face of hers. He scarcely knew what way to turn in the maze of doubt and distrust that folded about him. Mrs. Merriion had declared Ruth's total freedom from any entangling ties. The manner of the two did not favor the assertion.

"There is your friend over yonder," said Ruth, as her eyes fell upon Paul. "You are very fortunate in having him for your friend. I have never seen goodness and genius better impressed in any man's face. Call him over, and we shall form a party of three until the end comes."

Florian obeyed, and they sat down near the piano, and were speedily surrounded by a mob which drove the young men away and kept them away until they made their adieux. What peculiar feelings agitated them on their way home it would be difficult to describe, since they did not speak during the journey.

(To be continued.)

Some persons are more susceptible to colds than others, contracting derangements of the pulmonary organs from the slightest causes. These should always have at hand a bottle of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the present day sovereign remedy for coughs, catarrh and inflammation of the lungs. It will effect a cure no matter how severe the cold may be. You cannot afford to be without a remedy like Bickel's, for it is the best.

BLOOD HUMORS

PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, ERUPTIONS, FLESHWORMS, HUMORS. Many an otherwise beautiful and attractive face is sadly marred by unsightly blotches, pimples, eruptions, fleshworms, and humors, and various other blood diseases.

Their presence is a source of embarrassment to those afflicted, as well as pain and regret to their friends. Many a cheek and brow—cast in the mould of grace and beauty—have been sadly defaced, their attractiveness lost, and their possessor rendered unhappy for years.

Why, then, consent to rest under this cloud of embarrassment? There is an effectual remedy for all these defects, it is, BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

This remedy will drive out all the impurities from the blood and leave the complexion healthy and clear. Miss Annie Tobin, Madoc, Ont., writes: "I take great pleasure in recommending your Burdock Blood Bitters to any one who may be troubled with pimples on the face. I paid out money to doctors, but could not get cured, and was almost discouraged, and despaired of ever getting rid of them. I thought I would give B.B.B. a trial, so got two bottles, and before I had taken them I was completely cured and have had no sign of pimples since."

Burdock Blood Bitters has been manufactured by The T. Millers Co., Limited, for over 30 years, and has cured thousands in that time. Do not accept a substitute which unscrupulous dealers may be "just as good." "It can't be."

THE LILY'S MESSAGE

(By Mary M. Redmond, in Donahoe's) It was the season of the Passover, and the City of Jerusalem was thronged with strangers.

At the window of a rather pretentious house in one of the narrow streets, a Jewish maiden sat gazing sadly out at the hurrying throng.

The maiden sighed. Yesterday the lily's fragrance filled her with delight. To-day she did not heed it.

"Cousin Rachel," she called softly to some one she saw moving in the adjoining apartment, "Come hither, and sit thee beside me. I-I feel sore oppressed, and afflicted."

"Ah, my Miriam, thou hast naught to oppress thee," Rachel said smiling gently, as she paused beside her kinswoman's chair.

"How they hurry and jostle!" Miriam said, pointing to the struggling throng in the narrow street.

"They are even now on their way to Calvary to witness the crucifixion, O, I feel afflicted and my soul is oppressed. Rachel," she continued, in a whisper, "tell not my father, but I-I have a feeling here in my heart that Jesus of Nazareth is the Messiah. I saw him but once. It was in the street. I passed so close to him that I touched his garment. His glance fell upon me; and as I met those gentle eyes, my soul seemed to cry out within me, 'The Messiah! The Messiah is come!'"

"I think I should have thrown myself at his feet and embraced his knees, had not my father, who was with me, hurried me by, nor gave me pause till we arrived at the house of our friend, whither we were bound. My father was angry, and I could not obey. But O, Rachel, the King came unto us—and we rejected Him! And now they are putting Him to death—they are crucifying Him! Speak not to me of Nilo. The blood of the Nazarene is upon the head of Pilate, and of all his kinsmen!"

"Hush, my Miriam. Thou knowest not what thou art saying—" Rachel was beginning, but the younger maiden silenced her.

"I know only too well, my Rachel," she said mournfully. "I denied my King through cowardice and a mistaken sense of duty. Wilt come, Rachel?" she cried, starting up from her chair. "The gold bracelet with the ruby setting thou didst so much admire shall be thine if thou wilt come with me to Calvary."

Rachel hesitated. But it was the look of anguish on her young kinswoman's face, more than the promise of the bracelet, that at last won her consent.

Enveloped from head to foot in a dark mantle, with the lily hidden in her bosom, Miriam pushed eagerly through the jostling, hurrying crowd. Coarse remarks from rude soldiers fell upon her ears, but she heeded them not.

Without the city walls the way led up a steep ascent. Many fell back panting and breathless. But Miriam sped on unconscious of fatigue or discomfort. She had left Rachel far behind. Indeed, she had forgotten her existence.

There comes to each of us, in some crisis of our life, a moment when the soul soars above the narrow, sordid things of earth, and we seem to be lifted on spirit-wings to a higher, purer plane than any we have known. Such a moment was Miriam's. And afar off against the darkening, sky rose three terrifying crosses.

"God of the Israelites, pity! Grant that I may not be too late!" she panted, urging her steps into a run. And so she came almost to the foot of the cross. And at her coming no one stirred, or looked up.

And all at once, feeling herself an alien, an outsider, she laid the lily, which she had preserved with so much care, upon the ground, near the foot of the cross, a mute tribute of sympathy and love, and shrunk back, hiding herself among the women of Jerusalem, who were gathered together a little apart from those other women at the foot of the cross. She hid her head, weeping bitterly. And suddenly the sky grew dark

and a peal as of thunder shook the firmament. The rocks were rent and the earth quaked. Miriam fell forward, striking her head against a swaying cypress bough.

When she awoke she was in her own apartment. Rachel was sitting beside her, and on the narrow window-sill was a lily in full bloom, its breath filling the whole apartment with exquisite perfume.

"Art better?" Rachel asked tenderly. Miriam, bewildered, looked about the room, letting her glance rest at last upon the lily in the window.

"I-I feel very strange," she said, pushing the heavy hair back from her temples. "Was—it all a dream?—the—the crosses and—and—"

"Nay, my Miriam, 'twas not a dream," Rachel said very gently. "I found thee lying beneath a cypress tree with hands folded upon thy breast like one dead. And thou hadst not spoken until now, though three days have passed since we brought thee home."

"Ah!" Miriam drew a long shuddering sigh, closing her eyes as if in pain. "Then the King is dead!" she cried in a tone of despair.

"Not so, my Miriam," Rachel breathed softly, and her voice was low and gentle as the voice of the night wind sighing through the cypress trees. "The sepulchre wherein they laid Him is empty, and they say He hath risen again from the dead. But look, my Miriam, thy lily hath bloomed again. Is't not fragrant?"

Miriam's eyes shone with a strange lustre as they rested upon the lily—the lily which had sprung from an apparently barren stem! She had perceived no bud, yet here was a perfect lily in full bloom replacing the one she had laid with sweet sympathy near the foot of the cross.

And while she gazed a sudden light illumined her countenance, a light like that of a tender Spring dawn at the moment when the sun appears above the horizon.

She leaned forward, touching the white petals with tender reverent fingers. "He is risen, indeed!" she cried softly.

NO MISTAKE ABOUT THIS CASE

Dodd's Kidney Pills Cure a Young Man Who Had Reached a Very Critical Stage of Kidney Disease.

His Case was More Serious than he Thought, but Thanks to Dodd's Kidney Pills he is Well and Strong Now. St. Leon, Glo. Co., N.B., April 9.—(Special).—Mr. Patrick Downing, of this place, is a young man only twenty years of age, but some time ago kidney disease had him firmly in its grip and had it not been for Dodd's Kidney Pills he would probably not have been alive to-day.

"I think the cause of my trouble was over work," says Mr. Downing, "any way it began with a heavy dragging pain in my back and across my loins. Then I was subject to headaches, cramps in the muscles, dizzy spells and weakness till I felt fit for nothing. But the worst symptom of my case was when I noticed my urine was streaked with blood, then I knew that my kidneys were affected. Hearing of Dodd's Kidney Pills I sent for some and I am pleased to say the pains have all gone since using them, and I am well and strong as ever I was."

EASTER IN AUSTRIA.

In Vienna on Easter day the Austrian Emperor and his family and officials unite in procession to attend religious services, and it is then that the court becomes dazzling. The Emperor carries a torch and behind him, under a canopy of gold cloth, walks the Bishop, who has the fumes of incense tossed into his face by four acolytes, who walk backwards under the canopy. The Bishop reads from a gorgeously bound book as he advances. Then comes a row of trumpeters, splitting their cheeks to get the most noise possible out of their silver instruments. It was customary for the late Empress to follow the trumpeters, robed in her state robes with a gold coronet on her head, her hair falling in long braids, and a train 30 feet long extending behind her, the end of it carried by two pages in red doublets and hose.

POSSIBLY NAMED RIGHT.

The French Radicals are showing their hatred of Christianity in a devilish fashion. Recently as many as fifty-three children were registered in Paris under the name of "Judas Iscariot." Protestant publications in England are shocked at the outrage perpetrated on Catholics in France by the followers of Combes.

A MARVELOUS CLOCK.

A clock which is in many respects one of the most notable in the world has been constructed, says the Jewellers' Circular-Weekly, after five years of hard labor, by August Noll, a skilled mechanic of Villingen, one of the old and picturesque cities of the German Schwarzwald, and the former capital of the province of Saar, which came into the possessions of Baden in 1806. The people of this region are diligent and talented, and the making of clocks has been for two hundred years a native industry among them.

Those first made were wooden clocks with a sort of balance, and were very simple in construction, gradually the work grew in perfection, and the pendulum took the place of the balance. In still later times came metallic clocks with mainsprings, until now the most elaborate and artistically designed time-pieces of every kind are sent all over the world, into the humble dwellings of the middle classes, and the palaces of the wealthy.

The astronomical clock finished by August Noll almost surpasses in ingenuity of construction, variety of mechanism and number of figures not only the famous clocks of Prague and Goslar, but even the renowned masterpiece of Isaac Habrecht, the wonder of the Strasburg Cathedral. It is at present on exhibition in Munich, and it is unlikely that it will ever be permitted to leave that city.

The case, of walnut wood, about fourteen feet high, twelve feet wide, and three feet deep, is fashioned in the form of a church of the early Renaissance style, of harmonious design and pleasing to the aesthetic sense. The calendar mechanism, rollers, chimes, striking works, etc., are arranged to work for one hundred years. During a whole century the clock will show not only the seconds, minutes, quarter hours and hours, the days, weeks, months and years, but also the movable festivals of the Christian year. The different days and seasons are introduced by processions of appropriate figures, skillfully carved, accompanied by music, with bugle solos and watchmen's horns, or with cock crows and cuckoo calls.

The centre is occupied by an artistically decorated and illuminated chapel whose doors open every morning at 9 o'clock and bring to view a congregation of worshippers, in the Schwarzwald costume, who file past the altar amid the strains of a choral. Once every hour the figure of Death appears at the left side wing, and figures representing the four ages of man pass him by; at the same time the twelve apostles are seen passing before the figure of Christ in an attitude of blessing. At the right of the portal, above, is an idealized representation of the four seasons, and beneath, morning and evening, six Capuchin monks march slowly, to the accompaniment of chimes and the chords of a choral, from their picturesque forest hermitage to the church.

The time is marked on the clock face, in the upper part of the central space, not by ordinary hands but by figures which spring out at the proper moment, and two angels strike the changes on melodious bells. Below, as in the side aisles of the church, the strong and carefully constructed mechanism is visible in action; at the foot is an astronomical tellurium, and at the gables of the side wings two large faces show the time in Calcutta and New York as compared with central European time.

The whole structure weighs 5200 pounds, and is valued at 50,000 marks. Most interesting and original, it exhibits the great intelligence and inventive gifts and the wonderful perseverance of the maker.

The Demon, Dyspepsia.—In olden times it was a popular belief that demons moved invisibly through the ambient air, seeking to enter into men and trouble them. At the present day the demon, dyspepsia, is at large in the same way, seeking the habitation of those who by careless or unwise living invite him. And once he enters a man it is difficult to dislodge him. He that finds himself so possessed should know that a valiant friend to do battle for him with the unseen foe is Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which are ever ready for the trial.

Be not too presumptuously sure in any business, for things of this world depend on such a train of unseen chances that if it were in man's hands to set the tables still he would not be certain to win the game.—Herbert.

Animals are such agreeable friends they ask no questions, they pass no criticisms.—George Eliot.

NUNS WHO SET TYPE.

The other day there appeared in a well known Catholic weekly a rather lengthy account of several nuns who set type and printed books over in Italy in the first years of the sixteenth century. They only brought out one volume each year, however, although it is asserted that their work was singularly artistic.

It is not known, we are certain, to the Catholic press of the country that there are to-day in America nuns who set type and actually print and publish a magazine. In the picturesquely beautiful town of La Grange, Ill., sixteen miles from Chicago, stands Nazareth Academy, conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph. A couple of years ago, desiring to have a little periodical for the use of the young lady seniors, in which they might become accustomed to journalistic work, the Reverend Mother of the convent founded the Nazareth Chimes. For a year it was printed outside the convent walls, and barely paid expenses.

Then a priest friend who knew something about the printing business, suggested that the convent ought to buy its own type and press and print its magazine at home. It did so, hiring a compositor at first to set type, making up the pages and operate the press. Little by little, while he worked, two Sisters learned the mystery of hand-composition. They became adepts in setting type. Next they learned how to make up forms and manage the press. Now the entire forty-eight page periodical is wholly the product of the convent and the academy.

Two Sisters call on business men and secure advertisements, the senior pupils write articles—made up of fiction, poetry, history, jests and school gossip—the two Sisters first mentioned set the type and make up the forms and put the periodical on the press, which latter is so small that only two pages at a time can be printed. Other Sisters stitch and bind the publication, when the edition is finally out. Incidentally, it should be mentioned that Sisters and pupils have worked up a subscription list of more than 1500 subscribers, and that the little magazine is well liked.

It is often asserted by poorly-informed persons that Catholic women are backward, but what does this show? Is there any other woman's school or college in the country where women write all the articles, set up all the type, print all the copies of a monthly publication, and manage all the business details connected with the same? Although produced in a convent, The Nazareth Chimes is as daintily presented as if it came from the office of the Harpers' or the Century, and many of its articles have a genuine value. Thus it appears that, if the sixteenth century nun led all the women of her day, the twentieth century nun is managing to keep in the forefront here in advanced America.—Syracuse Sun.

A NORTH COUNTRY CREDITOR.

A small girl recently entered a grocer's shop in one of the suburbs of a large town in the north of England, and said to the shopkeeper, in a shrill voice, "Please sir, I want 'arf a pound of butter and a pen'north o' cheese, and mother sez she'll send a shilling in when father comes home." "All right," replied the man, who was used to this sort of request. "But," continued the child, "mother wants the change, cos she's got to put a penny in the gas meter."—London Tatler.

SHORT TALKS WITH YOUNG TOILERS.

The above is the title of a book for young folks which will supply a long-felt want. The author, Rev. F. C. O'Neil, who has had an experience of ten years' missionary life among the young people in New York's East side, understands child life and is able to meet the little ones more than half way. In this work he first engages the attention by a spicy little story or chat and then ever so gently points his moral. Father O'Neil gives his reason for writing this book in these words: "What tempted me to write a book just for little toilers? Well, I'll tell you what led to it. Across from the rectory, wherein I have the good fortune to live, there is a beautiful park. It is like an oasis in the desert. Not far from the park, a factory holds up its gloomy walls, and as the pregnant yellow fumes coil with a twisting motion out of the stack, and the iron-clad windows stare coldly at you, you are led to query: 'Is this a prison for wayward boys and girls? No, good visitor, it is a factory,

THE S. CARSLEY CO. LIMITED THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1906. Store closed at 5.30 daily.

A TEN THOUSAND DOLLAR CLOTHING SALE

A few days ago the Company's Clothing Buyer completed a clothing purchase of twelve hundred Men's Suits. These 1,200 suits are the over production of a well known manufacturer. His reputation is at the back of every garment ensuring it to be well tailored, strictly correct for Spring and Summer wear. The suits are well made in every detail, divided into three lots.

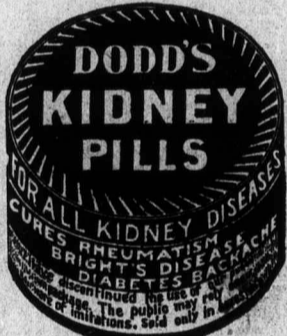
- 200 MEN'S TWEED SUITS, made in all the new checks and overchecks, perfect fitting, good quality of linings. Values from \$8.00 to \$10.00 \$8.00
500 MEN'S TWEED AND WORSTED SUITS, in single and double-breasted style, concave shoulders, best quality linings in checks and overchecks, finished equal to made to order suits. Regular value \$10.00 to \$12.00. \$7.95
500 MEN'S TWEED AND WORSTED SUITS, made of the latest patterns of imported Tweeds and Worsteds, square shoulders, loud in quality, neat and quiet in pattern, single and double-breasted style, carefully tailored and finished. Regular value \$15.00 \$10.00

Easter Kid Glove Headquarters

Splendidly prepared for the Greatest Easter Kid Glove business, we've ever done, stocks are at their very best. Every novelty of tone merit is here side by side with the standard qualities that have helped to build up this great glove business. Nothing but downright Kid Glove honesty could build and hold such a tremendous glove business as this.

- LADIES' SUEDE GLOVES, in black and white, and all the latest shades of fawn and grey, two dome fasteners, correct shape. Price 89c
LE BRABANT—The glove upon which this store's kid glove reputation is founded, is a Ladies' Fine French Kid Glove of superior quality, two dome fastener, fancy silk points in black and white, and all the newest shades. Price \$1.25
Children's and Misses' Kid Glove two dome fastener, best selected kid, in white, black, brown, tan and grey. Price 69c
A gift with every pair of kid gloves at 60c or over purchased at this Store from now until Easter Saturday.

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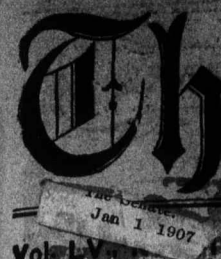
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Obedience, submission, discipline, courage—these are among the characteristics which make a man.

ITS CURE

If you, your friends or relatives suffer with Fits, Epilepsy, St. Vitus' Dance, or Falling Sickness, write for a trial bottle and valuable medicine on such diseases to THE LEXICO CO., 179 King Street, W., Toronto, Canada. All druggists sell or can obtain for you.



Irish Land

A letter has been sent to the Rev. E. MacKenna, course of which he says: is being slowly bled to public opinion seems to be available weapon to protect a pity to see the old Celtic ground and crushed to such a way. Half of her is gone within these last 6 when all other civilized lands nearly doubled or tripled population. He enclosed this, knowing the interest naturally have for the rest this paper:

To the Editor of Freeman's Dear Sir,—I find by your yesterday's Freeman that I purchase prices have advanced 17 1/2 years purchase before 25.42 years purchase, the included. There is evidently mistake in the Parliamentary Books, as the sale prices, average 22.7, increased by cent, would reach not 25.42 years purchase. He must be an error or fallacy statistics. Perhaps demerit with mansions, that carry are included. And if the officials mix the sales of and mansions with the sale ant-farmers' holdings, another fallacy may be somewhere. Suppose a wealthy landlord himself, according to the p of the Act, his mansion and at 10 years' purchase, and tenant farmers at 24 years' chase, he might be able to average of 21 years' purchase his entire estate. In such stances his estate in questionally sold at 24, would be sold at 21 years' purchase.

When the late Government reduced the Land Purchase 1908, with the bonus clause 000,000, they, having every tunity of knowing the accuracy their statement, declared it case value at current prices, the then unsold tenanted land to be £100,000,000. At that statement to be corrected reduced sinking fund, bonus zones, it sells to-day at £1 000, though the average farm produce meantime has down, and is going down. should not forget that for e that the tenant-farmer borro the Government, he must p principal and interest £2 4

The average price that the landlords receive for the fe of their lands is 12 1/2 years' chase. The Irish landlords 25.424 years' purchase—just cent. more than the Danish lords obtain. And this is al by Parliamentary statistics. Books. If we seek for a rea the poverty-stricken small of Ireland have to pay 10 cent more than the prospero of Denmark for the fe of their holdings, natural should conclude that it is Denmark their laws are enact those who in the true sense word represent the Danish. But for Ireland her land la other essential and vitally in laws are made by strangers Ireland's poverty and depop Ireland's representatives, there is a question of such itag invariably found in the ty. Besides, the fingers on hand would outumber the of the Irish peasantry in the elective Chamber that legis Ireland.

What seems the most unj haps I might say iniquitous of the Act is the zone system non-inspection, by which poor, poverty-stricken through threats of eviction impending ruin of some sort, virtually, but really, compell purchase their holdings at than 31 years' purchase, in the bonus of second term rackrents. And many of holdings, if Justice holds the are not worth '10 years' p The term "judicial rackrents seem abnormal. I have n that it is unique and confin Ireland. They are judicial r