



HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

A business woman of large experience mentioned, not long ago, a serious danger in the lives of many girls who have to earn their own living, a danger especially threatening if the girl is conscientious and a hard worker. It is the tendency to become a working woman—and nothing else.

It is not strange. She has, perhaps, long hours and hard work. If her occupation is in store or factory, she has companionship. But if she is in an occupation where she has to work practically alone, especially if she is away from home, she is in danger of becoming dull, listless, unhappy, because, through carelessness or inertia, she lets her life become all work and no play.

A young woman can wrong herself and her employer if that is the case—herself, because her first duty is to be a happy, well-rounded woman, not a machine; her employer, because it is only by keeping her freshness of spirit that she can do the best work. So no matter how difficult it seems at first, she must batter down the walls of her prison.

If she is in a city—and that is where most of the lonely girls are—there are endless opportunities. There are working girls' clubs and classes in which she can meet other girls; church societies that would give her a warm welcome; free picture exhibits and music and lectures. Let her seek till she finds two or three other girls to "take in" these things with her, and life will soon grow full of eager interest.

Let her do one thing more—let her hold fast to the ideals of home, even if her home is measured by the narrow walls of a hall bedroom. Happiness is not a question of the pocketbook, but of the heart. The simplest of fare has been known to furnish a feast rich in nourishment to the soul. Long ago Lovelace wrote:

Stone walls do not a prison make, Nor iron bars a cage.

But it is one of the discoveries that each must make for herself—no other can do it for her.—The Companion.

\*\*\*

TO TELL WHEN CHILDREN NEED REST.

The enormous amount of vitality a child expends in growing makes it necessary that the little one should have frequent periods of rest. After exercise let the child settle down to some quiet amusement, and a "lie-down" during the day. There is an invaluable "fatigue test." Tell a group of little children to stretch their hands out in front of them, spreading the fingers as widely apart as possible. If the children are fresh the fingers will stretch upwards and slightly backwards; while if they are tired, the poor little members tend to curl up like faded flowers. This means that the mites must rest for a time, and a drink of milk might be given with advantage.—Selected.

\*\*\*

One of the things that many mothers teach their daughters and seem to regard as one of the paramount virtues is that every garment must be put carefully away as soon as removed.

Often as a girl I spent the night with some friend after a dance and the dress and gloves were put carefully away in a clothes chest or wardrobe. What could be worse? No chance to air and always more or less damp with perspiration.

You will find your garments far fresher and more hygienic if you will spread them out, inside exposed, in an empty room for at least twelve hours before putting them in their places. Have a window open in the room if possible. The members of my family always hang their clothes over chairs before opening windows at night all the year round. It is good for the clothing and better for the wearer.

The mother who teaches her child to fold each garment carefully and pile one on another in a chair is teaching order, but disregarding health. Order may be heaven's first law, but it is equally true that "cleanliness is akin to godliness."

\*\*\*

THE HOME DOCTOR.

A cold in the head can often be speedily cured by inhaling burnt camphor.

Alum water for burns or cuts is a quick and pleasant remedy. Keep a bottle on the medicine shelf.

Onion juice is good for the croup. Stew onions with sugar and a very little water until it forms a syrup. Strain and give a tablespoonful at a dose.

To inhale steam from a bowl of boiling water is very good for a sore throat. The sufferer should lean over the steam, drawing it in both throat and nostrils.

A New York woman recommends a novel remedy for cinder in the eye—namely, a loop of horsehair run up under the lid. Of course the hair should be thoroughly sterilized before being used.

To make a poultice antiseptic will keep a part free from gangrene and similar complications. Dissolve in the boiling water with which the poultice is made as much boric acid as it will take up.

\*\*\*

HOW TO WATER PLANTS.

Watering plants is really an art that few understand, says a writer in the New York Telegram. Many women give them little drinks every day and because the earth on top is moist think that the roots are being well provided for. But daily sprinkling is not beneficial as a rule. The watering times had better be less often and thorough than once in twenty-four hours, when only the upper soil is wet and the roots are left thirsty. I believe in the old-fashioned way of immersing the plants in a bucket or big tub full of water at a temperature that will not chill and let them stay for several hours until there can be no doubt that the water has penetrated to the very bottom, where most of the roots gather. The best time to do this is in the morning, so that most of the moisture will have had time to be absorbed or drained off before the cold of the night can chill the plants. One way of washing off the leaves and at the same time watering the roots is to place the plants under a faucet and turn on a small spray. This is decidedly beneficial, for it falls on them just as rain does. Whenever it is possible put the potted-plants outdoors, so they can be rained on for a person can almost see them grow after such a wetting from nature.

\*\*\*

THE TRUE HOME.

It is the natural instinct of love and life to make a shelter in which to dwell, and when it is established—be it a palace or a hut—such a yearning passion takes root in the hearts of those to whom a home dear, that it draws like a magnet and cannot be resisted. In every tongue some tender word is found to express the longing of separated human creatures to return to that refuge where the beneficent guardians of the hearth stand ready to welcome and to protect. Even to the swift-winged bird it gives sustaining strength and an endurance that astonishes us, and to a weary man it lends both energy and joy from the moment that his face is set toward the door to which he holds the master key.

\*\*\*

It is the natural instinct of love and life to make a shelter in which to dwell, and when it is established—be it a palace or a hut—such a yearning passion takes root in the hearts of those to whom a home dear, that it draws like a magnet and cannot be resisted. In every tongue some tender word is found to express the longing of separated human creatures to return to that refuge where the beneficent guardians of the hearth stand ready to welcome and to protect. Even to the swift-winged bird it gives sustaining strength and an endurance that astonishes us, and to a weary man it lends both energy and joy from the moment that his face is set toward the door to which he holds the master key.

\*\*\*

It is the natural instinct of love and life to make a shelter in which to dwell, and when it is established—be it a palace or a hut—such a yearning passion takes root in the hearts of those to whom a home dear, that it draws like a magnet and cannot be resisted. In every tongue some tender word is found to express the longing of separated human creatures to return to that refuge where the beneficent guardians of the hearth stand ready to welcome and to protect. Even to the swift-winged bird it gives sustaining strength and an endurance that astonishes us, and to a weary man it lends both energy and joy from the moment that his face is set toward the door to which he holds the master key.

\*\*\*

It is the natural instinct of love and life to make a shelter in which to dwell, and when it is established—be it a palace or a hut—such a yearning passion takes root in the hearts of those to whom a home dear, that it draws like a magnet and cannot be resisted. In every tongue some tender word is found to express the longing of separated human creatures to return to that refuge where the beneficent guardians of the hearth stand ready to welcome and to protect. Even to the swift-winged bird it gives sustaining strength and an endurance that astonishes us, and to a weary man it lends both energy and joy from the moment that his face is set toward the door to which he holds the master key.

\*\*\*

It is the natural instinct of love and life to make a shelter in which to dwell, and when it is established—be it a palace or a hut—such a yearning passion takes root in the hearts of those to whom a home dear, that it draws like a magnet and cannot be resisted. In every tongue some tender word is found to express the longing of separated human creatures to return to that refuge where the beneficent guardians of the hearth stand ready to welcome and to protect. Even to the swift-winged bird it gives sustaining strength and an endurance that astonishes us, and to a weary man it lends both energy and joy from the moment that his face is set toward the door to which he holds the master key.

It is the natural instinct of love and life to make a shelter in which to dwell, and when it is established—be it a palace or a hut—such a yearning passion takes root in the hearts of those to whom a home dear, that it draws like a magnet and cannot be resisted. In every tongue some tender word is found to express the longing of separated human creatures to return to that refuge where the beneficent guardians of the hearth stand ready to welcome and to protect. Even to the swift-winged bird it gives sustaining strength and an endurance that astonishes us, and to a weary man it lends both energy and joy from the moment that his face is set toward the door to which he holds the master key.

CAUGHT COLD ON THE C.P.R.

A. E. Mumford tells how Psychine cured him after the Doctors gave him up

"It is twelve years since Psychine cured me of galloping consumption." The speaker was Mr. A. E. Mumford, six feet tall, and looking just what he is a husky healthy farmer. He works his own farm near Magnetawan, Ont. "I caught my cold working as a fireman on the C.P.R.," he continued. "I had night sweats, chills and fever and frequently coughed up pieces of my lungs. I was sinking fast and the doctors said there was no hope for me. Two months treatment of Psychine put me right on my feet and I have had no return of lung trouble since."

PSYCHINE

(Pronounced Si-keen) 50c. Per Bottle

Larger sizes of 1 and 2—all druggists. DR. T. A. SLOCOM, Limited, Toronto.

TIMELY HINTS.

As a cleansing agent the virtues of paraffin are fairly well known, but few people know that it is the best thing with which to clean velvet, says Tit-Bits. The method of using it is to stretch the velvet on a table, dampen a small piece of flannel with paraffin, and rub the pile of the velvet gently and briskly. As soon as the flannel gets dirty take another piece. The velvet will look like new, the most delicate colors being restored by this process. The objectionable smell soon wears off.

An excellent article of food for children is skim milk. People think all the goodness is extracted with the cream, but this is not so; only the fat has been removed. All the proteids remain behind.

It is a great mistake to wring a fine shirt waist out in the usual way for by so doing you are likely to stretch the fabric and give it a "pull" that will show. Knead and work it between the hands, carefully unfolding and refolding as you dip.

Valuable brushes, such as those with ivory or tortoise shell backs, may be thoroughly cleansed by using bran instead of soap and water. The brush is dipped into bran, which must be rubbed into the bristles as one would do soap, and the particles may afterward be removed by tapping the brush bristles downward, on the table. The process is somewhat lengthy, but it prevents the bristles from becoming softened, as they inevitably must be if wetted. When every trace of bran has been removed the brush will be found to be perfectly clean.

When a person has accidentally swallowed glass it is a mistake to administer a purgative. Instead allow plenty of crackers to be eaten, or thick oatmeal gruel, or anything similar, so as to protect the intestines.

The soiling caused by persons leaning their heads against a papered wall may be greatly lessened, if not obliterated, by laying a sheet of blotting paper upon the spot and passing over it a moderately warm flatiron.

RECIPES.

Grape fruit makes a delightful salad when mixed with mayonnaise or French dressing. Break each section apart, leaving no trace of the membrane adhering to the pulp. When served on a lettuce leaf or sprinkled with powdered sugar, it is reduced to the simplest elements as a salad.

Oysters come to the assistance of the much-tried housewife in a variety of delicious possibilities. Curried oysters will be welcomed for their unusual flavor. Fry a moderate sized Spanish onion till well browned in some butter, stir in three tablespoonfuls of curry powder, and mix well over the fire. Pour in gradually a sufficient quantity of broth, add a grated cocoanut and a very sour apple—or two tamarinds—if they can be obtained, and boil until the cocoanut is tender. Thicken with two tablespoonfuls of flour rubbed with a little water, season with salt, stir and boil for five minutes. The oysters should be placed into a steppan with two or three seeded tomatoes, the milk of the cocoanut and the oyster liquor. Stew for a few moments and add to the other mixture. Strain the juice of a lemon, turn the curry on a hot disk, garnish with croutons and serve with a separate dish of rice.

Spun Sugar.—Into an agate saucepan put one pint of granulated sugar, half a cup of water and a pinch of cream of tartar; put over the fire and boil steadily, testing often, until it hardens in cold water. Remove from the fire at once. Lay two long rods on a table so that the ends project for six inches or more. Spread sheets of brown paper under the rods, then dip the ends of the fork into the syrup and shake them back and forth over the rods; the sugar will fly off in fine threads and rest on the rods. If the syrup becomes too cold it can be carefully reheated. Take the spun sugar off the rods and fold it around molds or roll into nests.

Asparagus Fricasse.—One bunch of asparagus, one large or two small heads of lettuce, half a dozen sprays of watercress, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste and add a lump of sugar. Scrape and wash the asparagus and boil it in slightly salted water until tender. In a saucepan melt a tablespoonful of butter, add one tablespoonful of flour and one scant pint of water in which the asparagus was boiled. Cut the asparagus in small bits and add it to the sauce with the lettuce torn into small pieces, the cress, parsley, and sugar. Simmer for fifteen minutes, add one teaspoonful of lemon juice, season to taste and serve.

FUNNY SAYINGS

WHAT DID HE MEAN?

It was at a social gathering which was being given to inaugurate the winter season of one of the mutual improvement societies which helps to pass the shining (or otherwise) hour in an edifying manner. A little singing was to be indulged in by some of the members, and about half way down the programme the name of Miss Brown figured. Alas, however, when the time came for her to appear a messenger arrived to say that the lady was suffering from a cold, and, therefore, the chairman had to excuse her to the audience. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I have to announce that Miss Brown will be unable to sing, and, therefore, Mr. Green will give us 'A Song of Thanksgiving.'"

HE KNEW A DESERT.

It was the geography lesson in the infant's class, and the patient teacher was doing her best to instill into the minds of the little ones the meaning of the word "desert." "So you see, children," she said, "a desert is a great place where nothing will grow. Now Johnny Tomkins, I don't believe you were listening." "Yes I was, teacher." "And do you know what a desert is?" "Yes, teacher—a place where nothing will grow." "That is correct. Now, give me an instance of one of the world's deserts." "My daddy's head, teacher!" ventured Johnny.

PROVED MEN VAIN.

At a dinner party recently a lady illustrated admirably a point which she wished to make in reply to a man who had just said that "women were vain than men." "Of course," said the lady, "I admit that women are vain and men are not. There are a thousand proofs that this is so. Why, the necktie of the handsomest man in the room is even now up the back of his collar." There were six men present, and each of them put his hand gently behind his back. And the ladies smiled.

THE POET'S CORNER

JUDGE NOT.

Judge not: the workings of his brain And of his heart thou canst not see; What looks to thy dim eyes a stain In God's pure light may only be A scar brought from some well-worn field, Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

The look, the air, that frets thy sight May be a token that, below, The soul has closed in deadly fight With some infernal fiery foe, Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace, And cast thee shuddering on thy face!

He fall thou darrest to despise— May be the angel's slackened hand Has suffered it, that he may rise And take a firmer, surer stand: Or, trusting less to earthly things, May henceforth learn to use his wings.

And judge none lost; but wait and see, With hopeful pity, not disdain; The depth of the abyss may be The measure of the height of pain. And love and glory that may raise This soul to God in after days! —Adelaide Anne Procter.

VIOLETS.

The news is true! Outside the city wall A nomad commonwealth is gathering; And firstling troubadours find heart to sing Long ere the festival. Their prophet-minstrels wandered through the town— A few of us threw door and window wide; But on the busy mall th' uncaring tide Stopped not to smile or frown. He who would listen were curious to know Whence came the sunny travellers. Ay, the word Is true, the town in passing lightly heard Of violets aglow. The spring has pitched his tabernacles where One who is on the watch for early signs Can easily espy the olden lines Traced with the wood-folk's care. Come out awhile, and see them delve and build Who are to be our neighbors. Make the rounds With the first-comers, who but set the bounds Where much shall be fulfilled. —Boston Transcript.

WHEN THE FIRE DIES.

When the hearth-fire dies, and night comes on apace, Beyond the walls of darkening woods I see The sunset burning bright for you and me. Out there within the gathering dusk your face Smiles softly back with tender pitying grace. Begirt with snow, the dreary landscape seems Too lonely for my mood. Begone, these dreams!

Cardinal Faces Danger.

Cardinal Prisco, Archbishop of Naples, has been indefatigable in his efforts to relieve the sufferers in the desolated villages around Vesuvius. The Cardinal has made many trips to the most threatened portions of the mountains, at the greatest personal risk, to succor and comfort the people. Special prayers are being constantly offered up at all the churches in Naples. Bosco Beate, one of the villages nearest the volcano, is the birthplace of the Cardinal, and the home of most of his relatives. Cardinal Prisco distributed necessities of life to the peasants, and even went so far as to give away the rings he wore on his fingers. Repeatedly he exclaimed to the frightened peasants, "Pray, my children; you may be sure God will not desert you."

I crave the light of thy beloved's eyes At wane of day, when freight slowly dies. When the hearth-fire dies, your love comes back to me, And nestles warm and close against my heart. O melancholy, thou canst have no part With my breast, and through the dark must see When love is here, my soul's hearth-fire to be! Blow, winds, and lash your snow against the pane; Your cry, unto a lover's heart, is vain! Love, is it thy warm breath I feel? "Arise Dear heart from dreaming e'er the hearth-fire dies!" —Charlotte Callahan, in Donohoe's Magazine.

TO A CHILD.

Thou lovest me for what I am; and naught It matters what I wear or give, Thine eyes Sound all the depths of life's dishonesties. Gold cannot tempt thee. Thou canst not be bought. Thy favor must be won by worth, not sought With sweetmeats or the larger bribes of lies Pretence doth utter. By the thin disguise Of garb or station thou art never caught. Thou never judgest by the hollow ring Of purses. May I never fail to meet The great rebuke of thy deserved disdain. So from thy trust shall I sincerely bring; So shall mine unbetraying soul remain Unlured by guile, unnetted by deceit. —Maurice Smiley, in Scribner's.

A PICTURE.

The night was chill and by my study fire I sat and nursed my lately kindled ire, For just within the hour my little girl Had done some trifling wrong, and, like a churl, In anger I had struck the child a blow And driven her from me, O may God do so To me and more also if I repeat The folly of that hour. With lagging feet She crept away, and through the open door I saw her climb the stair. Now heretofore Each night she came and sat upon my knee And eased her troubled heart, or else in glee She told me something that had caused her mirth. Ah me! My fire seemed now but little worth— Its warmth and brightness vanished with her flight, And how I missed her kiss and low "Good-night," A white-robed figure steals into the room, Like some fair lily full of sweet perfume, And with her face pressed close against my breast, I am forgiven and she sinks to rest. —William D. Gould.

Dear Aunt Becky:

Will you please admit a little niece to the column. I do not see any Quebecers' name, yet, but I hope my example followed by many. You none of your nieces or nephews interested in that long "plan" of yours, but, dear you are mistaken—for my await anxiously every True hoping that you have at last decided to unfold it. I am of my cousins feel the same only they are too shy to a. All the cousins in the column to have brothers and sisters most feel envious when I I them, I am lonely at home neither brother nor sister. Mother is dead, too, so y Aunt Becky, how I would you and my cousins if I admitted to the column. Hoping to see this letter I remain, Your loving niece, IR

Dear Aunt Becky:

I was so sorry when I see any letters in the column, and I hope that it will happen again. I always or mamma to read them to go to Sunday school at Church and I like it very much just five years old. I see my letter in print, I R Your little niece, ET

Dear Aunt Becky:

The little folks are reading an interest in the corner. I write a very nice letter five-year-old.—Ed.)

WYNKEN, BLYNKEN AND NOD.

By Eugene Field. Wynken, Blynken and Nod Sailed off in a wooden shoe Sailed on a river of crystal Into a sea of dew, "Where are you going, and you wish?" The old moon asked the "We have come to fish for ring-fish That lived in the beautiful Nets of silver and gold Said Wynken, Blynken, And Nod. The old moon laughed and sang, As they rocked in the wooden boat And the wind that sped the night long Ruffled the waves of dew: The little stars were their fish. "That lived in the beautiful "Now cast your nets where wish— Never afared are we!" So cried the stars to the three, Wynken, Blynken, And Nod.

AN EX-MAYOR GIVES UNSTINTED PRAISE

"Dodds Kidney Pills are the Very Best Medicine I ever Used for Kidney Trouble." Mr. Robert Sheppard, Ex-Mayor of Galesburg, Ont., testifies to the Merit of Dodds Kidney Pills. Galesburg, Ont., April 23—(Special.)—"I suffered from kidney trouble," writes Mr. Sheppard, of this place, "and though I tried many remedies and was under a doctor a long while I got no better. I had Bright's Disease slightly, Lumbago, pains in my loins and at times all over my body. My skin was dry, hard and burning. I could not sleep, the least exertion made me perspire fearfully, and my blood was so bad I broke out in boils all over the neck and back. I was in this state when I started taking Dodds' Kidney Pills and in an incredibly short space of time the boils disappeared. I recovered my health and now I am quite cured."

OUR BO

Dear Girls and Boys: Are you not all happy to have such lovely spring? This is the most interesting year. Tiny shoots are here and there. Now we be fine fun to go searching for flowers. Then writing me about them, where they are and what they are. I know we would all be happy to see them. Wake up, little folks. Your loving Aunt I

Dear Aunt Becky:

Will you please admit a little niece to the column. I do not see any Quebecers' name, yet, but I hope my example followed by many. You none of your nieces or nephews interested in that long "plan" of yours, but, dear you are mistaken—for my await anxiously every True hoping that you have at last decided to unfold it. I am of my cousins feel the same only they are too shy to a. All the cousins in the column to have brothers and sisters most feel envious when I I them, I am lonely at home neither brother nor sister. Mother is dead, too, so y Aunt Becky, how I would you and my cousins if I admitted to the column. Hoping to see this letter I remain, Your loving niece, IR

Dear Aunt Becky:

I was so sorry when I see any letters in the column, and I hope that it will happen again. I always or mamma to read them to go to Sunday school at Church and I like it very much just five years old. I see my letter in print, I R Your little niece, ET

Dear Aunt Becky:

The little folks are reading an interest in the corner. I write a very nice letter five-year-old.—Ed.)

WYNKEN, BLYNKEN AND NOD.

By Eugene Field. Wynken, Blynken and Nod Sailed off in a wooden shoe Sailed on a river of crystal Into a sea of dew, "Where are you going, and you wish?" The old moon asked the "We have come to fish for ring-fish That lived in the beautiful Nets of silver and gold Said Wynken, Blynken, And Nod. The old moon laughed and sang, As they rocked in the wooden boat And the wind that sped the night long Ruffled the waves of dew: The little stars were their fish. "That lived in the beautiful "Now cast your nets where wish— Never afared are we!" So cried the stars to the three, Wynken, Blynken, And Nod.

AN EX-MAYOR GIVES UNSTINTED PRAISE

"Dodds Kidney Pills are the Very Best Medicine I ever Used for Kidney Trouble." Mr. Robert Sheppard, Ex-Mayor of Galesburg, Ont., testifies to the Merit of Dodds Kidney Pills. Galesburg, Ont., April 23—(Special.)—"I suffered from kidney trouble," writes Mr. Sheppard, of this place, "and though I tried many remedies and was under a doctor a long while I got no better. I had Bright's Disease slightly, Lumbago, pains in my loins and at times all over my body. My skin was dry, hard and burning. I could not sleep, the least exertion made me perspire fearfully, and my blood was so bad I broke out in boils all over the neck and back. I was in this state when I started taking Dodds' Kidney Pills and in an incredibly short space of time the boils disappeared. I recovered my health and now I am quite cured."

Cardinal Faces Danger.

Cardinal Prisco, Archbishop of Naples, has been indefatigable in his efforts to relieve the sufferers in the desolated villages around Vesuvius. The Cardinal has made many trips to the most threatened portions of the mountains, at the greatest personal risk, to succor and comfort the people. Special prayers are being constantly offered up at all the churches in Naples. Bosco Beate, one of the villages nearest the volcano, is the birthplace of the Cardinal, and the home of most of his relatives. Cardinal Prisco distributed necessities of life to the peasants, and even went so far as to give away the rings he wore on his fingers. Repeatedly he exclaimed to the frightened peasants, "Pray, my children; you may be sure God will not desert you."

PROVED MEN VAIN.

At a dinner party recently a lady illustrated admirably a point which she wished to make in reply to a man who had just said that "women were vain than men." "Of course," said the lady, "I admit that women are vain and men are not. There are a thousand proofs that this is so. Why, the necktie of the handsomest man in the room is even now up the back of his collar." There were six men present, and each of them put his hand gently behind his back. And the ladies smiled.

HE KNEW A DESERT.

It was the geography lesson in the infant's class, and the patient teacher was doing her best to instill into the minds of the little ones the meaning of the word "desert." "So you see, children," she said, "a desert is a great place where nothing will grow. Now Johnny Tomkins, I don't believe you were listening." "Yes I was, teacher." "And do you know what a desert is?" "Yes, teacher—a place where nothing will grow." "That is correct. Now, give me an instance of one of the world's deserts." "My daddy's head, teacher!" ventured Johnny.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys:

Are you not all happy that we are having such lovely spring weather?

AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky:

Will you please admit another little niece to the column. I have not seen any Quebecers' names in it yet, but I hope my example will be followed by many.

IRENE E.

Quebec, April 22.

(I am happy to welcome you to the corner, Irene, and hope you will be a regular contributor.—Ed.)

Dear Aunt Becky:

I was so sorry when I did not see any letters in the corner this week, and I hope that it will not happen again.

ETHEL T.

(The little folks are really taking an interest in the corner, I see. You write a very nice letter for a tiny five-year-old.—Ed.)

WYNKEN, BLYNKEN AND NOD.

By Eugene Field.

Wynken, Blynken and Nod one night Sailed off in a wooden shoe— Sailed on a river of crystal light Into a sea of dew,

Where are you going, and what do you wish?

The old moon asked the three. "We have come to fish for the herring-fish."

That lived in the beautiful sea. Nets of silver and gold have we,"

Said Wynken, Blynken, And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song, As they rocked in the wooden shoes;

And the wind that sped them all night long Ruffled the waves of dew;

The little stars were the herring-fish That lived in the beautiful sea.

"Now cast your nets wherever you wish— Never afear'd are we!"

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes, And Nod is a little head,

And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies Is a wee one's trundle-bed:

So shut your eyes while mother sings Of wonderful sights that be,

And you shall see the beautiful things As you rock on the misty sea.

Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three— Wynken, Blynken, And Nod.

WALTER'S MISTAKE.

"I wonder when my new hat will come home?" It was Walter's mother who asked the question of her sister as they sat sewing.

It was nearly five when he started on his way home, walking slowly at first. At last he gave the box a toss and caught it before it touched the ground.

"Handle with care," it read. "Stuff and nonsense!" he said again.

At that moment he passed by a lamppost. The man was cleaning the globe. Walter always liked to watch him, so now he stood for a moment.

"Hullo!" the man called out. "Walter heartily returned the salutation. 'What you got there?' the man asked.

"It's mother's spring hat!" Walter said, and then added: "I must hurry home, it's getting late."

After he had gone a step or two he gave the box a violent kick. At the same moment he heard an exclamation from the man.

"How silly I am!" he said. "Of course it was the globe, for how could a hat crack?"

"Don't drop your hat box," the man called out after him. "It may not be your ma's hat after all."

Walter picked up the box in silence. He did not give it another hit, but carried it very carefully to his mother, and left the room.

He tried to read, but he could not fix his mind on his book. What an excitement there was over the hat!

"Yes, mother, I'm coming," he called out. When he reached the room he found the entire family, including his older brother and sister, who had just returned from a week's visit unexpectedly.

"Hullo, Walt," his brother called out. "Why are you not a little more careful about your express packages? Here is your globe for your aquarium which we bought for you as a present, all smashed. They forgot to put it in a wooden box, and only put on 'Handle with care.'"

Walter started in dismay and disappointment. So that was the crack that he had heard instead of the lamp globe.

"I thought," he said, in a choking voice, "I thought that it was mother's spring hat!"

NORAH, THE OPTIMIST.

Norah was an inveterate optimist. She came to "do for" the Wintons just after they lost their money;

And when they moved to the western farm, which was all they saved out of the wreck, she went, too.

From the time they began their long, hot journey, half across the continent, Norah took up, in addition to her specified work, the heavier task of keeping up the family spirits.

"A smile costs nothing," she would say, with her soft Irish brogue, and her face would light up

That pain in the Back is Kidney Trouble

GIN PILLS WILL CURE IT

A strain or severe cold, or a dozen other causes may have started it—but the Kidneys are at the bottom of it. Backache (especially in the "small" of the back) means Kidney Disease.

St. Joseph's Home, St. Cloud, Minn. June 29th 1905. I received the Gin Pills safely and am taking them every day I have suffered intensely from kidney trouble for many years.

If you have tried plasters, liniments and doctors, save your money and try GIN PILLS, FREE. Write us your name and address, and in what paper you saw this offer, and we will send you a free sample box of GIN PILLS.

THE BOLE DRUG CO. - WINNIPEG, MAN.

It was a great temptation, and Walter tried to think how he could arrange a way so that he could stay.

"Telephone," was Tom's happy suggestion, and Walter had the desired permission to stay.

"Somebody's got to be an understudy for Norah in good temper," said Tom; and every Winton echoed his word.

"If Norah ever falls ill again," said Tom, "we don't mean to be left without a smile to bless ourselves with!"—and they never were.—The Companion.

ORIGIN OF MOTHER GOOSE.

The earliest date at which Mother Goose, says the Dial, appears as the author of children's stories, is 1697, when Charles Perrault, a distinguished French litterateur, published in Paris a little book of tales which he had during that and the preceding year contributed to a magazine known as the Recueil.

It is thus pretty clear that Mother Goose was of French extraction and of at least respectable antiquity. But thus far nothing has been heard of her "Melodies." She began her existence as the raconteur of fairy tales, not as the nursery poetess.

A YOUNG ARTIST.

Little Willie made a drawing. And he showed mamma with pride. "What is that?" he asked, exultant, "Tis a puppy," she replied.

Then he took it to his father, Who exclaimed: "I wonder now! 'Tis a quadruped for certain. I should say it was a cow."

Willie wondered that his parents Did so strangely disagree. "It was meant to be the sofa. In the parlor," murmured he.—Washington Star.

A MARE FLAGGED THE TRAIN.

Mr. J. D. Perry, editor of the Daily Tribune, Temple, Texas, sends us a remarkable story of the intelligence of a mare which saved her colt from being killed by stopping a train on the I. and G. N. railroad.

It is certified to by the engineer, railroadmen and passengers on the train. The mare's colt had fallen with its legs through a railroad bridge from which it could not escape, and the mother started down the track to meet the coming train.

and as the train came up, stood on the track facing the train whinneying. The train stopped, and then moving slowly the mare trotted ahead of it until she came to the bridge, where the trainmen and passengers succeeded in extricating the colt, which trotted off with its mother apparently perfectly happy.—Geo. T. Angell, in Dumb Animals.

"Aren't you homesick, Norah?" asked the sad-eyed Mrs. Winton. "Sure, I've no home to be homesick for. Isn't that a blessing, now?" Norah replied.

If it rained it was "just the day for work in the house," or "fine growing weather." When the sun shone until it parched the fields, Norah could always say, "A blessing on the sunshine! There's many a one in a dark city street would be envying us the light of it."

By and by Mrs. Winton was ill, and it was Norah who told her, "It's a joy, sure, to be sick once in a while, so that you may find out how much the childer love you. They're shy like about sayin' so when you're on your feet; but let them get you once in bed, and it's easy to see their hearts brimmin' out in their eyes."

So for two years Norah lived her humble life, doing her plain duty, never developing into the least bit of a heroine, saving nobody's life, making no startling discoveries, having no adventures.

But when she fell seriously ill of typhoid fever, and for three weeks spoke scarcely a rational word, and lost even her well-worn smile from her thin face, the family realized that her cheerful heart had been as precious to them as her ready hands.

When we see the boys in the streets and public places we often wonder if they know that business men are watching them. In every bank, store and office there will soon be a place for a boy to fill. Those who have the management of the affairs of business will select one of the boys. They will not select him for his ability to swear or smoke cigarettes.

Business men may have a few loose habits themselves, but they are looking for boys who are as near gentlemen in every sense of the word as they can find, and they are able to give the character of everybody in the city. They are not looking for rowdies. When a boy applies for one of these places and is refused they may not tell him, but the boy can depend upon it that he's been rated according to his behavior.

Boys cannot afford to adopt the habits and conversations of the loafers and rowdies if they ever want to be called to responsible positions.

NEW FRIENDS AND OLD.

This is a story told of a little girl who was presented with a beautiful doll. The next day her mother noticed that after holding her new treasure for a few moments, she would take her old doll into her arms and caress it fondly.

"You see," she explained, feeling her mother's questioning eyes upon her, "I don't want Josie to think that I don't love her any more just because Alice has come."

There are a great many of you young people who might learn a lesson from this thoughtful little mother. There are some of you when you first meet new acquaintances, you see nothing but their good traits, and these you view through the rosiest of glasses.

The old friends seem commonplace and uninteresting in comparison. And then the "new wears off" and the friends you thought possessed of all the virtues are superceded by others equally charming for a time.

No one would object to the making of new friends. It is wise to do that whenever we can. But nothing is more wrong or foolish than to wound our old friends by neglecting or ignoring them as soon as we make a new acquaintance who pleases us.

THE AGE OF STEEL

For Homes as Well as Office Buildings

Steel is rapidly replacing wood and mortar as a material for the interior of homes, as well as for the structural part of "sky scrapers."

Metal Walls and Ceilings are more durable and sanitary than plaster, and have the still greater advantage of being absolutely fireproof. Then, too, they come in many designs that lend themselves to rich, harmonious color schemes.

Metal Shingles—which last a lifetime, never rust or leak and are fireproof and lightning proof—now take the place of wooden shingles and tin. Metal Shingles are more sanitary and more durable than brick or stone. A full description of these Metal Building Materials will be found in the catalogue issued by The Metal Shingle & Siding Co., Limited of Preston, Ont. It is sent free to those who are building or remodeling homes or other buildings. Mention this paper.

WATCH OUT.

Watch out, Mr. Hoppergrass! It's mookin' yo' song begin; De mookin' bird—he see you, En he soon'll twitch you in!

Watch out, Mister Butterfly! Mighty fine you look; Li'l' gal a-chasin' you. Ter press you in a book!

Ain't dis life got trouble Ever' single day! Only thing'll save you Is ter keep out er de way!

THE LION'S MOUTH.

The use of the lion's mouth as the vent of a fountain is quite common, so much so that it cannot possibly be considered accidental. As a matter of fact the custom came to us from the Egyptians, who adopted it because the annual inundation of the Nile takes place when the sun is in the constellation Leo, the lion. The allusion is too obvious to need pointing out.

BOYS ARE WATCHED.

When we see the boys in the streets and public places we often wonder if they know that business men are watching them. In every bank, store and office there will soon be a place for a boy to fill.

Those who have the management of the affairs of business will select one of the boys. They will not select him for his ability to swear or smoke cigarettes. Business men may have a few loose habits themselves, but they are looking for boys who are as near gentlemen in every sense of the word as they can find, and they are able to give the character of everybody in the city.

They are not looking for rowdies. When a boy applies for one of these places and is refused they may not tell him, but the boy can depend upon it that he's been rated according to his behavior.

Boys cannot afford to adopt the habits and conversations of the loafers and rowdies if they ever want to be called to responsible positions.

NEW FRIENDS AND OLD.

This is a story told of a little girl who was presented with a beautiful doll. The next day her mother noticed that after holding her new treasure for a few moments, she would take her old doll into her arms and caress it fondly.

"You see," she explained, feeling her mother's questioning eyes upon her, "I don't want Josie to think that I don't love her any more just because Alice has come."

There are a great many of you young people who might learn a lesson from this thoughtful little mother. There are some of you when you first meet new acquaintances, you see nothing but their good traits, and these you view through the rosiest of glasses.

The old friends seem commonplace and uninteresting in comparison. And then the "new wears off" and the friends you thought possessed of all the virtues are superceded by others equally charming for a time.

No one would object to the making of new friends. It is wise to do that whenever we can. But nothing is more wrong or foolish than to wound our old friends by neglecting or ignoring them as soon as we make a new acquaintance who pleases us.

THE AGE OF STEEL

For Homes as Well as Office Buildings

Steel is rapidly replacing wood and mortar as a material for the interior of homes, as well as for the structural part of "sky scrapers."

Metal Walls and Ceilings are more durable and sanitary than plaster, and have the still greater advantage of being absolutely fireproof. Then, too, they come in many designs that lend themselves to rich, harmonious color schemes.

Metal Shingles—which last a lifetime, never rust or leak and are fireproof and lightning proof—now take the place of wooden shingles and tin. Metal Shingles are more sanitary and more durable than brick or stone. A full description of these Metal Building Materials will be found in the catalogue issued by The Metal Shingle & Siding Co., Limited of Preston, Ont. It is sent free to those who are building or remodeling homes or other buildings. Mention this paper.

BUSINESS CARDS.

M. J. MORRISON, Advocate, ROOM 587 - - 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. Bell Tel. Main 3652. Night day & service

CONROY BROS., 228 Centre Street, Practical Plumbers, Gas and Steamfitters ESTIMATES GIVEN, Jobbing Promptly Attended To, Established 1864.

G. O'BRIEN, House, Sign and Decorative Painter PLAIN AND DECORATIVE PAPER-HANGER

Whitewashing and Tinting Orders promptly attended to. Terms moderate. Residence, 75 ALEXANDER STREET. Office, 647 DORCHESTER STREET, east of Bligny street, Montreal. Bell Telephone, Up 205.

LAWRENCE RILEY, PLASTERER. Successor to John Riley. Established in 1866. Plain and Ornamental Plastering. Repairs of all kinds promptly attended to. Estimates furnished. Postal orders attended to.

15 PARIS STREET, Point St. Charles. ROOFERS, Etc. FOR A TIGHT ROOF, Or DRY BASEMENT; FOR METAL SKYLIGHTS Or Any SHEET METAL WORK CALL ON GEO. W. REED & CO., 337 Craig St. W.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba on the Northwest Provinces, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or who is 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 lands situate, 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 ATTENDED TO. We make the Patent of Invention, Copyrights and other rights in the Dominion of Canada. We also make the Patent of Invention, Copyrights and other rights in the Dominion of the United States of America. We also make the Patent of Invention, Copyrights and other rights in the Dominion of Great Britain. We also make the Patent of Invention, Copyrights and other rights in the Dominion of France. We also make the Patent of Invention, Copyrights and other rights in the Dominion of Germany. We also make the Patent of Invention, Copyrights and other rights in the Dominion of Italy. We also make the Patent of Invention, Copyrights and other rights in the Dominion of Japan. We also make the Patent of Invention, Copyrights and other rights in the Dominion of Russia. We also make the Patent of Invention, Copyrights and other rights in the Dominion of Spain. We also make the Patent of Invention, Copyrights and other rights in the Dominion of Sweden. We also make the Patent of Invention, Copyrights and other rights in the Dominion of Switzerland. We also make the Patent of Invention, Copyrights and other rights in the Dominion of the Netherlands. We also make the Patent of Invention, Copyrights and other rights in the Dominion of Belgium. We also make the Patent of Invention, Copyrights and other rights in the Dominion of Denmark. We also make the Patent of Invention, Copyrights and other rights in the Dominion of Norway. We also make the Patent of Invention, Copyrights and other rights in the Dominion of Austria. We also make the Patent of Invention, Copyrights and other rights in the Dominion of Prussia. We also make the Patent of Invention, Copyrights and other rights in the Dominion of Saxony. We also make the Patent of Invention, Copyrights and other rights in the Dominion of Silesia. We also make the Patent of Invention, Copyrights and other rights in the Dominion of Pomerania. We also make the Patent of Invention, Copyrights and other rights in the Dominion of Brandenburg. We also make the Patent of Invention, Copyrights and other rights in the Dominion of Westphalia. We also make the Patent of Invention, Copyrights and other rights in the Dominion of Rhine Province. We also make the Patent of Invention, Copyrights and other rights in the Dominion of North Rhine Province. We also make the Patent of Invention, Copyrights and other rights in the Dominion of South Rhine Province. We also make the Patent of Invention, Copyrights and other rights in the Dominion of Baden. We also make the Patent of Invention, Copyrights and other rights in the Dominion of Württemberg. We also make the Patent of Invention, Copyrights and other rights in the Dominion of Hohenzollern. We also make the Patent of Invention, Copyrights and other rights in the Dominion of Prussia. We also make the Patent of Invention, Copyrights and other rights in the Dominion of Saxony. We also make the Patent of Invention, Copyrights and other rights in the Dominion of Silesia. We also make the Patent of Invention, Copyrights and other rights in the Dominion of Pomerania. We also make the Patent of Invention, Copyrights and other rights in the Dominion of Brandenburg. We also make the Patent of Invention, Copyrights and other rights in the Dominion of Westphalia. We also make the Patent of Invention, Copyrights and other rights in the Dominion of Rhine Province. We also make the Patent of Invention, Copyrights and other rights in the Dominion of North Rhine Province. We also make the Patent of Invention, Copyrights and other rights in the Dominion of South Rhine Province. We also make the Patent of Invention, Copyrights and other rights in the Dominion of Baden. We also make the Patent of Invention, Copyrights and other rights in the Dominion of Württemberg. We also make the Patent of Invention, Copyrights and other rights in the Dominion of Hohenzollern.

The True Witness and Catholic Chronicle... 25 St. Antoine Street, Montreal, Canada.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE. Canada (city excepted), United States and Newfoundland, \$1.00

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—When ordering change of address it is necessary to send old as well as new address.

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 26, 1906.

SAN FRANCISCO.

A week ago last Wednesday the civilized world was terror-stricken by the despatches from the Pacific Coast announcing that a violent earthquake shock had destroyed many of the principal buildings of San Francisco.

There are many times in history when sympathy can find no practical expression, and never reach the end it aims at.

the Americans are a great people, and in no time can we recognise more fully their energy, their sympathy than in the present hour of trial.

The instant and spontaneous action of our Government at Ottawa in voting \$100,000 towards the relief fund has acted as a spur to Canadian civic and individual co-operation.

ENGLISH EDUCATION BILL.

Our Old Country exchanges bring us the text of Mr. Birrell's explanation in the British House of Commons of the new Education Bill.

When we say that the Bill proposes to establish undenominational religious teaching, and leaves religious minorities in the hands of the local authorities, the net result becomes somewhat of a puzzle to parents whose interests are at stake.

The first clause in the new Bill provides that from the 1st of January, 1908, a school shall not be recognized as a public elementary school unless it is a school provided by the local educational authority.

There are many times in history when sympathy can find no practical expression, and never reach the end it aims at.

ing to the Catholic minority, says that it can safely trust in the generosity, equitableness and fair-mindedness of the local authorities.

Parliament should have given its assurance as a right guarded by statute. This is what the Parliament of Canada gave.

Unionist opinion is divided by characteristic extremes. Whilst leading English Unionists are disappointed that Archbishop Bourne has not promptly condemned the Bill, Lord Londonderry on the other hand says that the entire Bill is a proposal to grant separate treatment to the Roman Catholic communities.

Here in Canada, in view of the strong and manly stand which our Dominion Government took in framing the Constitution of the Western Provinces, we feel bound to say that it is weak policy for the Campbell-Bannerman Government to go only half-way in securing the rights of definite religious teaching in elementary schools.

DR. CRAPSEY'S CASE.

Notwithstanding the tendency of modern liberalism to compromise with principles there sounds every now and again amongst the sects an unauthoritative call for a halt.

ous conception, and the resurrection of Christ and the doctrine of the Trinity. The ordinary course for such a gentleman would be to withdraw, and join the Unitarians or take to the road.

As against the extreme opinion, we observe that Archbishop Bourne has decided to wait for the full text of the measure before making any declaration.

Cardinal Rampolla celebrated the fortieth anniversary of his first mass on St. Joseph's day. He is Archbishop of St. Peter's, and to the sacristy of the world's Basilica he added as a souvenir offering an Alb of precious Brussels lace which had been presented to Pius IX.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The bill brought into the Ontario Legislature by Mr. John Smith to amend the Franchise Act so as to permit women who now vote in municipal elections to vote also in provincial matters, was defeated on Thursday last by a majority of 66 to 8.

It has been for some time a matter of conjecture who would be called to the flattering and responsible position of Director of the Vatican Observatory in place of Father Rodriguez, the Spanish Augustinian.

Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont., will gladly send you the names of Canadians who have tried their painless home treatment for Cancer in all parts of the body.

astronomer and a mathematician is international now. His atlas of the stars is the best in the world to-day, and his "Synopsis of Mathematics," a guide book for the professors of the exact sciences.

Are We Too Polemical?

Vigorous Argument Has Had Its Use in the Past, and is Sometimes Needed Even To-day.

(From the True Voice.)

We are told that in this age of exposition rather than polemics should engage the attention of Catholic writers.

When we find a man who in good faith is seeking light on religious questions, polemics have no place in our intercourse with him.

We should not condemn polemics altogether, nor find fault with the methods of argument of the days that are past.

To-day the controversial method is less needed. The bitter prejudice of other days is passing—slowly, it is true, but none the less surely, and men are now more ready to accept truth without having it driven in upon them with crushing force.

We should not condemn polemics altogether, nor find fault with the methods of argument of the days that are past.

At Mass with the first Connaught Rangers

(From the Irish Monthly.)

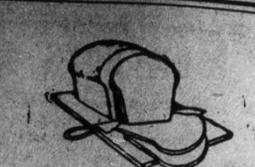
This edifying incident I take from a letter of a young officer who was last summer with a certain regiment that numbers only forty non-Catholics in its ranks.

"So in all we had about 1500 men. I happened to be orderly officer for the day, and it was my duty to take the men to church.

God bless these First Connaught Rangers. For I will not keep back the name of these good soldiers.

CANCER OF THE BREAST

Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont., will gladly send you the names of Canadians who have tried their painless home treatment for Cancer in all parts of the body.



Good Friday in M...

Are you a success as a bread-maker? Is your cake and pastry complimented by your friends?

Look up the good bread and pastry makers of your acquaintance and get their flour experience.

Royal Household Flour

gladly paying a little more per barrel for it and getting for that extra cost a purer, better flour.

Ogilvie's Royal Household—repeat the name to your grocer.

Ogilvie's Book for a Cook contains 130 pages of excellent recipes, some never published before.

Whence the Difference

We often marvel at the wonderful growth of Christianity during the first centuries of the church.

Why is it, then, that preaching the same religion, they converted nations, while we but reach individuals?

Having seated himself, addressed a stirring exhortation in French and then in English to an attentive congregation.

Good example should be the practical test of our religious convictions, to attract non-Catholics, not only to us personally, but to the truth of our holy religion.

Good example should be the practical test of our religious convictions, to attract non-Catholics, not only to us personally, but to the truth of our holy religion.

Conquering Sorrow.

It is to Meet Her as a Friend.

Sorrow is dreaded. Men call her a destroyer, yet where her shade falls springs up a charm no other of our heart's visitors can give.

His Grace, after many words of advice, alluded grandly to the favor of penance now taking place diocesan, and concluded with words: "Dear friends, keep from intoxicating liquors the sacraments, and your 'tor answers for you.'"

Two features of the episcopal address—and they are not remarkable—admit of net production nor analysis, viz. cent of the father and that of his sons.

A little more faith, a little more repression, this we need when misfortune joins us.

Good Friday in M...

His Grace the Archbishop a tradition as edifying as full as it is consoling to tates. Each year seeing Friday to visit the two his episcopal city.

Look up the good bread and pastry makers of your acquaintance and get their flour experience.

Ogilvie's Royal Household—repeat the name to your grocer.

Ogilvie's Book for a Cook contains 130 pages of excellent recipes, some never published before.

Whence the Difference

We often marvel at the wonderful growth of Christianity during the first centuries of the church.

Why is it, then, that preaching the same religion, they converted nations, while we but reach individuals?

Having seated himself, addressed a stirring exhortation in French and then in English to an attentive congregation.

Good example should be the practical test of our religious convictions, to attract non-Catholics, not only to us personally, but to the truth of our holy religion.

Good example should be the practical test of our religious convictions, to attract non-Catholics, not only to us personally, but to the truth of our holy religion.

Conquering Sorrow.

It is to Meet Her as a Friend.

Sorrow is dreaded. Men call her a destroyer, yet where her shade falls springs up a charm no other of our heart's visitors can give.

His Grace, after many words of advice, alluded grandly to the favor of penance now taking place diocesan, and concluded with words: "Dear friends, keep from intoxicating liquors the sacraments, and your 'tor answers for you.'"

Two features of the episcopal address—and they are not remarkable—admit of net production nor analysis, viz. cent of the father and that of his sons.

A little more faith, a little more repression, this we need when misfortune joins us.

Good Friday in Men's Prison

His Grace the Archbishop continues a tradition as edifying to the faithful as it is consoling to the unfortunate. Each year sees him setting aside the afternoon of Good Friday to visit the two prisons in his episcopal city.

As a bread-cake and pastry friends? It is it—you are successful reputation and, and it is a flour.

old Flour more per barrel that extra cost For bread or

Household—your grocer, S. Co., Ltd.

ference

the wonderful during the church. Yet our religion as martyrs died.

what preaching converted reach individual in which man, woman Christ—they

most eloquent good example. Our lives that the Church vicinity of our appeal to unspotted lives

This is an frequently hesi- Although people lead pure enough had to blot out

example of the greatest holic mission-often do Pro- "Your cere-

our doctrines but frequent- our own ad- attach much on, the real your church does its sanc-

the lives of Catholics go don't lead

be the prac- tigious convic- Catholics, not but to the on.—The Mis-

MORROW. a Friend.

Men call her shade m no other can give; for in the sun- of gold, aded stream, glants of and sugges-

is fair- men, not shun, be de- d, That it our pathy should ask e experiences and the re- on us is de- We may not r eyes, but e smile to see the sun at is between t in the blue t the light we can for- around us

a little more when mis- effect on s- ending and en- noble—is that to be? Can ach- less God?—Ann's Magazine.

pathy. He then went to the prison on Fullum street, where other unhappy beings awaited comfort and consolation. — Semaine Religieuse, April 23.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

REQUIEM SERVICE. A requiem Mass on Saturday, April 23, in St. James Cathedral, will be celebrated for the repose of the souls of Mr. and Mrs. John Kane at seven o'clock.

FIRST CONCERT OF THE SEASONS AT CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB. Next Wednesday evening, May 2, the Catholic Sailors' Club will open its season with a concert under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus, Canada Council.

Next Wednesday evening, May 2, the Catholic Sailors' Club will open its season with a concert under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus, Canada Council.

Next Wednesday evening, May 2, the Catholic Sailors' Club will open its season with a concert under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus, Canada Council.

Next Wednesday evening, May 2, the Catholic Sailors' Club will open its season with a concert under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus, Canada Council.

Next Wednesday evening, May 2, the Catholic Sailors' Club will open its season with a concert under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus, Canada Council.

Next Wednesday evening, May 2, the Catholic Sailors' Club will open its season with a concert under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus, Canada Council.

Next Wednesday evening, May 2, the Catholic Sailors' Club will open its season with a concert under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus, Canada Council.

Next Wednesday evening, May 2, the Catholic Sailors' Club will open its season with a concert under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus, Canada Council.

Next Wednesday evening, May 2, the Catholic Sailors' Club will open its season with a concert under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus, Canada Council.

Next Wednesday evening, May 2, the Catholic Sailors' Club will open its season with a concert under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus, Canada Council.

Next Wednesday evening, May 2, the Catholic Sailors' Club will open its season with a concert under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus, Canada Council.

Next Wednesday evening, May 2, the Catholic Sailors' Club will open its season with a concert under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus, Canada Council.

Next Wednesday evening, May 2, the Catholic Sailors' Club will open its season with a concert under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus, Canada Council.

Next Wednesday evening, May 2, the Catholic Sailors' Club will open its season with a concert under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus, Canada Council.

Next Wednesday evening, May 2, the Catholic Sailors' Club will open its season with a concert under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus, Canada Council.

their benefactor, whose health will not allow her to continue in the management. Two of the wards will have the happiness of approaching the Holy Table for the first time next Saturday.

A trunk of clothing was received from Mr. Crowle, of Ottawa, the only donation to be recorded this week, with the above exceptions.

A number of improvements to the premises are in contemplation, and when they will be realized the Home will be more commodious and better fitted to house the steadily increasing number of homeless boys who apply daily for admission.

At a special meeting of the St. Anthony's Juvenile Society, held last Sunday afternoon, under the direction of the Rev. Thomas F. Hefernan, spiritual director, the following resolution of condolence was unanimously adopted:

That whereas, it has pleased Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom, to call from our midst our late and esteemed brother member, Master Bernard Duggan,

And whereas, by his sudden and unexpected death, St. Anthony's Juvenile Temperance Society has lost a good member, one whose genial and courteous demeanor, and loving disposition endeared him to all with whom he came in contact.

Therefore, be it resolved, That this society does hereby record its deep sense of sorrow and sympathy, and convey to his sorrowing parents its heartfelt sympathy in the sad hour of their bereavement;

Be it further resolved, that a Mass be offered up by this Society, for the eternal repose of his soul;

Be it finally resolved, That a copy of this resolution of condolence be placed on the minutes of the meeting of the Society.

FRANK O'CONNOR, President. FRANK RYAN, Secretary.

REV. MARTIN CALLAGHAN ON SAN FRANCISCO DISASTER.

At the ten o'clock Mass of last Sunday, Rev. M. Callaghan made a few remarks in reference to the catastrophe at San Francisco.

There is a most striking contrast in the city of San Francisco between Low Sunday and Easter Sunday of this year. On last Sunday it was a picture of almost unrivaled loveliness. On this Sunday it is a ghastly heap of ruins—it is a scene of the uttermost desolation.

During the past week something happened which is talked of in all circles and commented upon in all kinds of ways. A greater calamity might have befallen the Golden City of the West. There might have been a greater destruction of life and property. You should feel for all who in this city or elsewhere, may be worrying for friends or relatives, and for all who have in any way suffered from what has happened.

You should pray for all who died in the faith and state of grace. Let your sympathy be expressed in the form of a prayer, a communion, a Mass, a good work of any kind. Pity not all those who may have died in mortal sin. What right did they have to offend God or remain for the smallest fraction of a second in enmity with God? They were not promised any future in which they might repent.

An earthquake is like an epidemic, a famine or a war. It is a visitation from heaven. It is nothing less than a punishment intended for the glory of God and for the good of mankind. Do we not say in the Litany of the Saints: From the scourge of the earthquake deliver us O Lord! God is angry with what has been taking place on many points of our globe, and He will not brook it any longer.

Russia has been humbled by the Japanese; England by the Boers, Italy by Vesuvius, France by a recent mine disaster, Spain by the loss of Cuba, and the United States by San Francisco—a city that has been anything but conspicuous for the integrity of its morals.

An earthquake is a mystery in many respects. Scientists may tell you how it may be caused, but they cannot tell you how it may be prevented or stopped. They may tell you with their instruments how long it may last, how intense it may be and in what direction it may go. They cannot tell you anything it may be worth knowing. We had earthquakes in Canada. We may have them again; we may have earth-

quakes such as we never had. When will they come, where will they be felt, nobody can inform us. An earthquake is a sermon of short duration and of the most potent eloquence. What little we know, and what little we can do! We are insignificant in knowledge and power if compared with God, who is unlimited in all His attributes. We should always be prepared for whatever may happen. If we have no faith—if we neither pray nor do what is right, how can we expect anything in the line of benedictions. Love God and serve Him. All those who love and serve Him will never have anything to be sorry for or afraid of.

"Perfectly Trustworthy" is the character of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It can be used with the utmost confidence that it will do what is claimed for it. It is sure in its effects, as the use of it will clearly demonstrate, and can be relied upon to drive a cold out of the system more effectively than any other medicine. Try it and be convinced that it is what it is claimed to be.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM. "INTERNATIONAL LIMITED." Finest and Fastest Train in Canada. Leave Bonaventure Station. Daily at 9 a.m., ar. Toronto 4.30 p.m., Hamilton 5.30 p.m., Niagara Falls, Ont., 6.55 p.m., Buffalo 8.25 p.m., London 7.43 p.m., Detroit 9.45 p.m., Chicago 7.42 a.m. Elegant Cafe Service on above train. MONTREAL AND NEW YORK. Shortest Line. Quickest Service. 2 Day Trains daily, except Sunday, each way. 1 Night Train daily, each way. Lve. MONTREAL 12.45 a.m., 11.10 a.m., 7.40 p.m. Arr. NEW YORK 12.00 p.m., 10.00 p.m., 7.17 a.m. "Daily. 1 Daily except Sunday. MONTREAL-ALBANY-SLEEPING CAR] Commencing Tuesday, April 24th, a Pullman Sleeping car will leave Montreal at 7.40 p.m. daily for Albany, N.Y. Returning, this sleeping car will leave Albany at 11.00 p.m. daily, arriving Montreal at 7.15 a.m. CITY TICKET OFFICE] 137 St. James Street, Telephone Main 460 & 461, or Bonaventure Station

CANADIAN PACIFIC SUMMER SERVICE Will commence Sunday May 6th, 1906. MONTREAL AND RIGAUD. Leave Windsor Station at 16.15 p.m. for Rigaud and intermediate stations. Will arrive from Rigaud at 19.35 a.m. MONTREAL, HUDSON HEIGHTS AND POINT FORTUNE. Leave Windsor Station 1.30 p.m. daily except Sunday for Hudson Heights. On Saturdays only this train will run through to Point Fortune. MONTREAL, ST. AGATHE AND LABELLE. On Sundays only from Place Viger at 9.15 a.m. Returning will leave Labelle same day, arriving Montreal, 9.30 p.m. Commencing May 12th train will leave Place Viger on Saturdays only at 1.20 p.m. for Labelle. Returning this train will arrive Montreal on Monday at 8.40 a.m. MONTREAL AND LACHUTE. Leave Lachute 15.40 a.m., 7.10 p.m. Leave Montreal 19.00 p.m. MONTREAL AND ST. EUSTACHE. New Suburban Service. Leave St. Eustache 17.10 a.m., 18.15 a.m., 9.50 a.m., 10.50 p.m., 11.40 p.m., 12.30 p.m., 1.30 p.m., 2.30 p.m., 3.30 p.m., 4.30 p.m., 5.30 p.m., 6.30 p.m., 7.30 p.m., 8.30 p.m., 9.30 p.m. ST. ROSE, ST. THRESE AND INTERMEDIATE STATIONS. Leave Place Viger 8.25 a.m., 8.50 a.m., 18.45 a.m., 19.35 a.m., 11.40 p.m., 14.30 p.m., 15.35 p.m., 16.40 p.m., 17.40 p.m., 18.40 p.m. "Daily. 1 Daily except Sunday. 2 Sunday only 1 Saturday only. 3 Daily except Saturday and Sunday. TICKET OFFICE: 129 St. James Street Next Post Office.

BELL TELEPHONE MAIN 1983 G. J. LUNN & CO. Machinists & Blacksmiths. SCREWS, PRESSES REPAIRS OF ALL KINDS. CHATHAM WORKS. 134 Chatham Street, MONTREAL

A Root of Unhappiness.

In a sermon at St. Columbkil's Church, Cleveland, O., Rev. George J. Vahey gave a forcible and practical sermon on "Matrimony." After giving love as the only basis for a happy marriage, Father Vahey went on to say:

"What is the trouble with married life? Why are so many marriages failures? The foundation of all trouble is selfishness. It seems a strange reason, yet it is the fundamental reason. The man that is addicted to drink is a selfish man. He knows his wife's heart is breaking. He has taken her from a good family, she has made a sacrifice to marry him and he has promised to love her even unto death. Therefore he should reason, 'If I love my wife I will do nothing to make her shed tears or bring sorrow to her heart.' 'Some men are 'grouchy.' The Czar of Russia is nothing in comparison to some of these men. They come home and don't say a word. They are cross, sullen, eat their supper in silence and read the paper. Something is wrong with them. Sometimes they go alone to the theatre for they are selfish. If they would go to the theatre they should take their wives and families.

"Let me advise you young people to marry young. Don't wait till you are old. If you do you will regret it. Marry a good Catholic wife who can wash, cook and do housework. Girls who can paint fancy work or dishes, but who can't wash are ornaments. I care not whether the girl be rich or poor. A twist of the hand may make the wealthy paupers.

"Young man, I appeal to you, follow the advice of your priest and make your wife your banker. Don't say you can't get married because you can't support her. You will have more money if you are married than if you remain single.

"Married life is the happiest life. Understand, everyone has faults and peculiarities. Study them, treat each other lovingly, let your happiness be her happiness, your sorrows her sorrows. Trials you must expect, sorrows you will have, but in the midst you will have an unseen hand support you. Then when you die you can look back and say: 'I have brought up my children according to the precepts of the church,' and look forward to be reunited after death."

Thos. Sabin, of Eglington, says: "I have removed ten corns from my feet with Holloway's Corn Cure." Reader, go thou and do likewise."

Some New Facts about Animals' Eyes

(Scientific American.) For some years past the eminent British ophthalmologist, Dr. Lindsay Johnson, has been investigating the eyes of animals, and has made some valuable discoveries of great interest to zoology and our knowledge of the evolution of various animals. One of the most remarkable of these researches is a confirmation of Darwin's theory that man is closely related to the primates. From his investigations Dr. Johnson has found that the eyes of all apes, including man, are practically identical. Each has the highly complex system of veins and arteries, and the direct or parallel vision. According to this authority, the dog has two ancestors, one round-eyed and the other oval-eyed. The first is the hyena, and the latter the bear through the raccoon. All animals exposed to chase by enemies, such as the hare, rabbit and squirrel, can see all around, and all rodents squint. The lower an animal in the scale, the further is its eyes from the parallel vision. According to this authority also, the corpus niger, or black body of pigment, in the eye of the horse, which has proved such a source of speculation to the naturalist, veterinarians, and zoologists, reveals through the ophthalmoscope a new means of tracing the ancestry and relationship of the horse. The eye curtain is precisely the same as that which is found in all tropical animals, such as the onaga, camel, antelope, etc., and fulfils one important function—the protection of the eye from sunlight. One result of Dr. Johnson's researches, according to Prof. Raw Lankester, the celebrated zoologist, will necessitate a reclassification in one section of zoology.

WHY HE CHEWED.

Some young brides take the married state seriously, indeed, and little Mrs. Nixon is of this order. She was not a good cook, and she knew it, but after marriage she studied at a cookery class to such good effect that in due time she carried off a diploma.

"Yes," she said, enthusiastically, that evening, "I've got the loveliest diploma! It's on sheepskin parchment, with a big red seal. And just in honor of the occasion I cooked that dish you're eating now. It's my own idea entirely. Now, just you guess what it is!"

Nixon went on masticating in silence for a moment. Then he looked up with a wry grin. "I don't know," he said hesitatingly. "Is it—er—is it the diploma?"

Thos. Sabin, of Eglington, says: "I have removed ten corns from my feet with Holloway's Corn Cure." Reader, go thou and do likewise."

CANDLES and Oils for the Sanctuary

Best quality—as cheap as the cheapest. All goods absolutely guaranteed. W. E. BLAKE, 123 Church st. Premises lately occupied by D. & J. Sadlier & Co. Toronto, Ont.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. Best quality—as cheap as the cheapest. All goods absolutely guaranteed. W. E. BLAKE, 123 Church st. Premises lately occupied by D. & J. Sadlier & Co. Toronto, Ont.



SOLITARY ISLAND

A NOVEL BY REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH

CHAPTER XIX.—Continued.

The squire had a great distrust of Barbara. What he feared from that lady he could not exactly tell, but as he compared her nature to that of a balky horse it could be inferred that he expected some treachery on her part at a critical moment.

She had seen with a feeling of pleasure that a struggle of some kind was going on in Ruth's soul since the night on which they visited the cathedral together. What was its nature she could not define. Its importance in her eyes was purely negative. She had guessed only that it was injurious to the hopes which Florian so rashly entertained, but that in any way was concerned with Paul she could not discover.

She would like to have seen Paul Rossiter again, and wondered why he had deserted them. She was becoming anxious. Paul was Florian's friend. Had he discovered, or had Peter made known to him, the dead-set which Florian was making against Ruth's heart, and had he kindly stepped aside at the expense of his own feelings, that his friend might have a clear field? It looked like it. But she had no intention of permitting such a scheme to succeed, and set about securing Paul's presence in Merriam house so determinedly that in a few days after she had picked him up while driving out and had brought him home to dinner, Ruth's face lightened up frankly at sight of him.

"You are a gift of the gods," said she, "rarely seen, and held but for a short time. What has deprived us of your company so long?" "Some literary work," Barbara said. "It could not well be anything else."

"Managers are more exacting than ladies," he answered, "and I am not at all inclined to work. I have staid during the winter, and must make up for it now."

"I did not think I would see you again," said Ruth, when Barbara had gone away for a time. "I was very much disturbed that evening coming from church, and was half-resolved to go away from New York at once."

thing more in it than mere temptation. I know that even in that case an honorable doubt can be smothered, for there are many to whom such a grace was given, and of their own will they destroyed it. I would not be in their shoes for worlds."

"But now," added he playfully, and sorry to be so quickly drawn into this subject, "I shall frighten you again by my earnestness."

"No, no; I am utterly helpless, Mr. Rossiter, and confused, too. Let me tell you just the kind of doubts which trouble me. Your church has received so many Protestants that you must know something of their general state of mind, and perhaps you can help me. Pray do not refuse me," when he had begun to decline the honor. "I know what you would say, and it only urges me the more to speak to you. Remember, you are partly responsible for my late annoyances, and like an honest gentleman, you must help me out of my difficulties."

She did not give him time to raise any great objections, but poured out her story like water from a wide-mouthed urn. It was plainly and sensibly done, and he had no fault to find with her.

"I think," said he, "that you are in a state verging on conversion. I don't believe any advocate of Methodism can ever convince you of its truth again."

"Then you would advise me—" "I would rather not take such a responsibility," he interrupted smilingly. "It is easy for you to draw inferences from what I have said. I can fancy your father and friends will not be very grateful to me for any advice."

"They are of very little account to me," she began, and then stopped. "What does it matter?" she continued. "And, indeed, I am hasty and unkind in dragging you into difficulty. I must beg your pardon and thank you for your kindness."

"I fear you will think me timid," he said, "but in this country we are suspicious of converts. Religious thought is not very deep, and religious feeling not very steady. Women, too, are emotional creatures, especially in religion. Some very bad blunders have already been committed. I do not wish to add to them. Let God's grace work its way, and whatever I can do to aid it I shall do, but prudently."



Daily Spasms.

St. Jacob's, Ont., Nov 21, 1899. Since a child 6 years old I was subject to St. Vitus Dance and spasms, and seeing an advertisement for Father Koenig's Nerve Tonic I concluded to try it. Its effect has been wonderful for before using I had spasms almost daily, but since taking this remedy have not had an attack for twelve days, and shall continue its use.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a Sample Bottle to any address. For patients also get the medicine free. Prepared by the REV. FATHER KOENIG, OF FORT WAYNE, IND., since 1876, and now by the KOENIG MED. CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

gown, his hands clasped idly on his lap, his gaze wandering and frightened; while before him stood the red, vexed, irritated squire, who had just brought in the news of Ruth's intended departure.

"What's to be done, Florry—what's to be done?" Florian knew there was but one thing to be done, and the utter hopelessness of success made him despondent. This was not as he would have had the scenery and properties when he came to declare his love. The squire had told him nothing more than that Ruth, disturbed by her old religious doubts, was going away to a convent. There was nothing to account for the train of thought and feeling which had led up to so surprising a course of action; if the squire knew anything he declined to talk about it.

"I had thought," said Florian helplessly, "of renewing an old proposal."

"Had you, my boy—had you?" cried Pendleton. "Then it's the only thing that can stop this flight—the only living, almighty thing."

Florian sat listening in delight to these wanderings of the squire. His own shrewd sense told him that the squire's likings had taken the place of his powers of observation, but it was very sweet to know that some people thought Ruth willing to renew the old relationship. And she was going away? It might be the last chance of testing her feelings that he would have, and if the result was unfavorable there was no harm done. They would be sure to understand each other better.

A great slice of the romance of Florian's character had been devoured by the capacious jaws of his political ambition. Sensibility and delicacy were less fine, evidently, or he would have seen how very much injury this surrender of old principle would do him, and how hurtful it was to his own sense of honor and religion. He looked at the position, not as a lover torn with doubts as to the result of his action, but as a man of the world taking his chances, shrugging his shoulders at failure, mildly muttering bravo at success. It was not a thing to be mourned over, though.

"If you wouldn't insist on—the old condition," the squire began. "Nonsense!" said Florian. "I've got over that. I'll take her, no matter how she comes."

so many people will be disappointed. "The disappointment of the many troubles Ruth very little," said he, with pointed reference to her indifferent expression.

"I never thought of them," Ruth answered wearily, "and I'm sure they never once thought of me; nor do I care."

"You never did," said Florian, and both ladies felt an iciness in the tone that gave a double meaning to the words. When the lunch was ended Barbara left them together.

"This sudden flight," said Florian, "looks remarkable, but I know you never do anything hastily. Is it a homeward flight?"

"No," said Ruth frankly, "it goes heavenward—at least I hope so."

"You are always flying in that direction," he said, with quiet sarcasm. "Not always, but I am to make a good effort this time." And her lips were compressed for an instant.

"I am disgusted with my own doubts and I am going to rid myself of them forever. I am on a search for certainty."

"I offered it to you once," he said indifferently. "And I am sure I did well in refusing it then, Florian."

Why did she put such stress on that last word? It made his heart bound like a frightened deer, but he was silent until she added: "And don't you think so too?"

"Why should I? If it was for your benefit, I say yes; but if it has condemned me to a course of suffering that ambition alone could smother—"

Her amused laugh interrupted him. "Then you smothered it with ambition?"

"With the aid of hopelessness," he answered bitterly. "Did I not know you well and myself too?"

"I must say you did, and I am sorry to think I did not know you better. Through all this winter I was afraid you would propose again."

"The winter is not over yet, Ruth."

"But I am gone from the world, Florian, I shall never come to New York again. I like home best, and if I come into the world once more it will be to live and die outside of this turmoil and uproar. You cannot applaud that decision?"



SURPRISE SOAP

A PURE HARD SOAP

Pray let that pass," he said hastily. "I do not insist upon you becoming a Catholic. My love has risen above such distinctions."

"The hand which she had placed on his shoulder fell from it suddenly, and, looking up, he saw an expression of grief and surprise on her face and quickly interpreted it."

"I had always thought that a principle with you," she said slowly. "Principles suffer from the wear of time," he answered, "as well as ourselves, though we are immortal."

"O Florian!" She spoke the words in deepest sorrow. "I hope there are very few things to which you cling as poorly. That is one of my principles yet. You accused me a moment ago of forgetting, but that I have not forgotten."

"It is because I love you," he lied sadly, "and I fear I could forget much more because of you."

"I am not worthy of it, Florian." "O Ruth!" Her two hands were on her lap and he seized them passionately. "Is there no hope? Can we never resurrect that sweet past that lies buried with Linda by the river?"

"Never"—she said the words with an effort—"no more than we can resurrect Linda."

He dropped her hands with a long look of grief and pain, and a shuddering sigh; he realized fully that he was losing her for ever, and her last words put this sentence in its best form so that he could not misunderstand it.

"But you must know why I am going, Florian," she said after a pause, "for you are my best friend, and, although you have hurt me by this scene, I cannot but feel that you have honored me beyond deserving. Do you know that, while I could not join the Catholic Church or leave my own, I always had a doubt as to the truth of Methodism, but it took long to convince me that my position of doubt was sinful. I have found out at last that to remain willingly in that state is sin, and by the grace of God I am going to rid myself of it forever."

"If you had had that feeling in the old days," said Florian, "what a happy story ours would have been!"

"Why did you not give me the feeling," she said sharply. "Why did you leave it to Mr. Rossiter to do?"

"It was an oversight," he said in surprise. "But I was not aware that Paul talked religion to you. He is stricter even than I am in such matters."

if politics offer me inducements." "You say that because you think I would say it," she replied. "You will never go to Clayburg to see anybody, Florian; you will never see it again, unless on business or when brought there to die. If you can prophesy for me, why not I of you? Good-by. Why did you not bring your poet along with you?"

"He knows nothing of your departure. You would have gone without a word to him, to whom you should be ever grateful."

"I shall be," she said very tenderly, "always."

And so they parted. Barbara met him in the hall on his way out, and was surprised and pleased to see no evidence of strong emotion about him. She had looked for a romantic love-storm.

"Now that we are losing Ruth," said she, "I trust we shall not also lose the pleasure of seeing you frequently."

"That would be a distinction I never could have deserved," said Ruth. "Florian can never forget your kind hospitality."

"True," said Florian; "if I could I would be sadly wanting in gratitude."

"Is it so amicably settled?" whispered Barbara to him at the door; and when he nodded, she said, "I am so very glad. We shall not lose you entirely." And Florian departed, puzzled, disappointed, yet pleased by the tender tone of her voice.

With the flight of Ruth the second act in the comedy ended, and the curtain was rung down on Madame Lynch's boarding-house. Very much like a deserted play-house it looked in the days that followed. Florian was deep in law and the excitement of a Congressional campaign with his name at the head of the ticket, so that he was rarely seen in the handsome rooms where hung the yachting picture. Frances, buoyed up by a hope which love only could hold out to her, was touched at times with the green melancholy, but smiled oftener and was happy at a word or a look from her ideal of manhood. Paul worked away in the attic at plays, essays, and poems, and was troubled because of a sudden coldness which had sprung up between him and Florian. Peter and the squire alone seemed to retain that boisterous spirit of frolic and intrigue which had enlivened the winter, but for want of encouragement displayed very little of it. Every spirit was dulled, and life seemed to have met with so unpleasant a lull that a storm was necessary to arouse the people who floated in it like motes in a hot sunbeam.

The summer passed and lengthened into fall. Florian's run for Congress set the house in a ferment. It was a great thing to have one of the boarders graduating from the front parlor into Congress, and when the election had passed and he was returned by a handsome majority the reception tendered him by Madame Lynch was superb. All the world was there, and in some way it began to be understood that Frances was the lucky woman who would draw the lion of the evening in the matrimonial lottery. It was on the evening of this reception that two gentlemen called upon Florian while he was engaged among the guests. It was after eleven, and, unless the matter was urgent, the great man could not be seen till after midnight.

(To be Continued.) WHY HE CRIED. The little boy came out of the room in which his father was tacking down a carpet. He was crying lustily. "Why, Tommy, what's the matter?" asked his mother. "P-p-papa hit h-h-his finger with the h-h-hammer," answered Tommy. "Well, you should not cry at a thing like that," said his mother. "Why didn't you laugh?" "I did," sobbed Tommy.

Advertisement for 'ure' (likely 'Pure') with text about a catalogue and position.

Advertisement for 'College' with text about a principal.

Advertisement for 'WELLS' with text about a company.

Advertisement for 'FLOUR' with text about a product.

Advertisement for 'CO. Limited' with text about a business.

Advertisement for 'W. W. TORONTO' with text about a location.

The Best of Life.

Not in Material Bequests, but in Things of Mind and Heart.

Some years ago there died at the Dunning Hospital for Insane a man who had once been a prominent attorney of Chicago.

"I, Charles Lounsbury, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, do hereby make and publish this, my last will and testament, in order, as justly as may be, to distribute my interest in the world among succeeding men.

"Item: I give to good fathers and mothers in trust for their children, all good little words of praise and encouragement, and all quaint pet names and endearments, and I charge said parents to use them justly, but generously, as the needs of their children shall require.

"Item: I leave to children inclusively, but only for the term of their childhood, all and every, the flowers of the fields, and the blossoms of the woods, with the right to play among them freely according to the customs of children, warning them at the same time against thistles and thorns.

"And I leave to children the long, long days to be merry in, in a thousand ways, and the night, and the moon, and the train of the milky way to wonder at, but subject, nevertheless, to the rights hereinafter given to lovers.

"Item: I devise to boys jointly, all the useful, idle fields and commons, where ball may be played; all pleasant waters where one may swim; all snowclad hills, where one may coast; and all streams and ponds where one may fish, or where, when grim winter comes, one may skate, to have and to hold these same for the period of their boyhood.

"Item: To lovers, I devise their imaginary world with whatever they may need, as the stars of the sky, the red roses by the wall, the bloom of the hawthorne, the sweet strains of music, and aught else they may desire to figure to each other the lastness and beauty of their love.

"Item: To young men, jointly, I devise and bequeath all boisterous, inspiring sports of rivalry, and I give to them the disdain of weakness and undaunted confidence in their own strength.

"Item: And to those who are no longer children, or youths, or lovers, I leave memory, and I bequeath to them the volumes of the poems of Burns and Shakespeare and of other poems, if there be others, to the end that they may live the old days over again, freely and fully without title or diminution.

"Item: To our loved ones with snowy crowns, I bequeath the happiness of old age, the love and gratitude of their children, until they fall asleep."

Keep on trimming your lamps, tiling your soul, tugging and pegging away. You never can tell when the messenger of success will come.

THE HERO OF THE WRECK

(From the Cheyenne (Wyo.) Leader, April 1.)

The terrible Northwestern wreck at Natrona, twenty-six miles west of Casper, last Sunday, brought out the stuff that heroes are made of in several men, but in none so strikingly as in Rev. Father Bryant, the priest in charge of the Catholic Church at Casper.

When the news of the disaster came into Casper, Father Bryant was the first volunteer to go to the scene of the wreck. In company with Superintendent Cantillon, Superintendent Spencer, Dr. Dean, Dr. Gillan, Joseph Harris and eighty-two Austrian laborers, he left Casper at 11 o'clock at night, in the midst of a steady downpour of rain.

A mile west of Cadoma the rain changed suddenly to snow, and it became impossible for the hand cars to proceed farther. The rescue party, undaunted, abandoned the cars and started to walk the remaining fourteen miles of the distance to the wreck.

Mile after mile they plowed through the utter darkness and the deepening snow, suffering agonies from cold and exhaustion. One by one the sturdy Austrian laborers, men of more brawn than courage, gave up the struggle and fell by the track, but Father Bryant, slight of build and seemingly not possessed of even ordinary strength, pushed steadily ahead.

How great an ordeal that trip was to him he only will ever know, but never once did he falter or make complaint. Miles away in the darkness and the storm men were suffering and men were dying in need of spiritual consolation which he might give, and his high purpose urged him on his errand of mercy.

For ages the active cone of Vesuvius has been surrounded by a rampart, very high on one side, where it is called Monte Somma, and it is traceable in some degree nearly all around. This is nothing else than the remains of a great crater of Vesuvius, miles in diameter, within which the subsequent cones of eruption were formed.

Thus cone has been reared within cone, and no volcano shows the history of such volcanic forms better than Vesuvius. Scrope's diagram of Vesuvius in 1756 shows four of these cones, one within the other. For ages the active cone of Vesuvius has been surrounded by a rampart, very high on one side, where it is called Monte Somma, and it is traceable in some degree nearly all around.

Scant time was lost at this haven, however, before the weary trip was resumed. Father Bryant was the first to leave Seminole and the first to arrive at the wreck. Immediately he went among the injured, offering the divine consolation of faith, baptizing those who desired it, cheering and comforting.

PALE, LISTLESS GIRLS

Can Only Obtain Health Through New, Rich Pure Blood Made by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Growing girls—girls in their teens—must have rich, pure blood. Healthy womanhood depends upon the vital change from girlhood to maturity. Every woman should most carefully watch her daughter's health at this critical period.

Keep on trimming your lamps, tiling your soul, tugging and pegging away. You never can tell when the messenger of success will come.

and these have fully restored me and I can truthfully say I never enjoyed better health than I am now doing." When Dr. Williams' Pink Pills replace bad blood with good blood they strike straight at the root of all common ailments like anaemia, decline, indigestion, kidney and liver troubles, skin eruptions, erysipelas, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, paralysis, rheumatism, and the special ailments of growing girls and women.

The Cone of Vesuvius.

If the report proves to be true that the crater cone crowning Vesuvius has been blown off, the fact will not be surprising. During the most violent eruptions of some volcanoes the whole tops have been blown away. Most of the eruptions of Vesuvius are of a much milder type than those which have torn mountains to pieces, as at Krakatoa, but even so, the top of Vesuvius has time and again been changed.

Thus cone has been reared within cone, and no volcano shows the history of such volcanic forms better than Vesuvius. Scrope's diagram of Vesuvius in 1756 shows four of these cones, one within the other.

For ages the active cone of Vesuvius has been surrounded by a rampart, very high on one side, where it is called Monte Somma, and it is traceable in some degree nearly all around. This is nothing else than the remains of a great crater of Vesuvius, miles in diameter, within which the subsequent cones of eruption were formed.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE PRICES

April 24. Flour—Manitoba spring wheat patents, \$4.50; strong bakers, \$4 to \$4.10; winter wheat patents, \$4.25 to \$4.50; and straight rollers, \$3.90 to \$4 in wood; in bags, \$1.75 to \$1.90; extra, in bags, \$1.35 to \$1.50.

Rolls—No. 1, \$8 to \$8.50 per ton on track; No. 2, \$7 to \$7.50; clover, \$5.50 to \$6; clover mixed, \$6.00 to \$6.50.

Oats—No. 2, 41c per bushel; No. 3, 40c; No. 4, 39c.

Peas—Bolling, in car load lots, \$1.00 to \$1.10 per bushel.

Potatoes—Per bag of 80 lbs., 60c to 70c.

Beans—Prime pea beans, \$1.65 to \$1.70 per bushel; hand picked, \$1.80 per bushel.

Honey—White clover in comb, 13c to 14c per pound section; extract, 8c to 9c; buckwheat, 6c to 6 1/2c.

Maple Syrup—60c to 65c per 9 lb. tin; maple sugar, 9c to 10c per pound.

Provisions—Barrels heavy Canada short cut pork, \$22.50; light short cut, \$21.50; barrels clear fat back, \$22.50; compound lard, 7 1/2c to 7 3/4c; Canadian pure lard, 11 1/2c to 12 1/2c; kettle rendered, 12 1/2c to 13 1/2c; hams, 13 1/2c to 15c, according to size; breakfast bacon, 16c to 17c; Windsor bacon, 15c to 15 1/2c; fresh killed abattoir dressed hogs, \$10.25; country dressed, at \$9.25 to \$9.50; alive, \$7.50 to \$7.60 for selects.

PROVISION MARKET.

The local market for dressed hogs is keeping steady on a fair demand from retailers, who are paying from \$10.25 to \$10.50 for their stock. The strength that has developed recently in the English bacon market has also had a good effect on the trade in general.

Messrs. A. C. Doughty & Co., provision merchants, of London, England, writing under date of April 11, says that:

"The bacon market is not quite so good this week, and yesterday agents were casing prices about 1s both for Canadian and Danish. The reason for this is that there was a good quantity of Danish bacon left over from last week, and agents have been pressing sales in order to make a clearance of their stock before the Easter holidays, as after that there will be no bacon trade for a week.

Since the date of the letter the market has taken the firmer feeling that was anticipated, and cable advices yesterday say that Canadian bacon has advanced from 2c to 3c per hundred weight, and that long cut hams are wanted on a strong and rising market.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

There is a fair demand reported for maple products, and prices show no change. Sales of maple syrup are being made at 60c to 65c per tin of one gallon, wine measure, and at 6c to 6 1/2c per lb. in wood. Sugar is still somewhat scarce and wanted at 9c to 10c per lb.

Business in honey continues very quiet. We quote as follows: White clover comb, 18c to 18 1/2c; buckwheat comb at 10c to 11c; white extracted at 7 1/2c to 8c; and buckwheat at 6 1/2c to 6 3/4c per lb.

Boiling peas are steady at \$1 to \$1.10 per bushel, and the demand is quite up to the supply.

GRAIN MARKETS.

Trade in spring wheat grades of flour is reaching fair proportions, and prices are holding steady, but Ontario grades are quiet owing to the millers holding for higher prices than buyers will offer.

There is no change to report on the millfeed market, which is maintained in its firm position by a continued scarcity of offerings of the grades most wanted on this market.

Oats are firm, but there was no further change to-day in spite of the small receipts and the brisk enquiry that is reported on all sides.

A fairly active local trade is passing in baled hay, and there is a firm undertone to the market.

STURDY BABIES.

In every home where Baby's Own Tablets are used you will find rosy, sturdy, good-natured babies because these Tablets cleanse the stomach and bowels, aid digestion, and thus bring perfect health.

"What is your idea of a dude?" he asked of a bright Washington girl. "A dude," she answered, after reflection, "is a young man who isn't good for anything except to hang a chrysanthemum on."—The Columbian.

HARD TO FIND.

A janitor of a school threw up his job the other day, says "Primary Education." When asked the trouble he said: "Ten honest, and I won't stand being alighted. If I find a pencil or a handkerchief about the school when I'm sweeping I hang or put it up. Every little while the teacher or some one that is too cowardly to face me, will give me a star. A little while ago I was

THE S. GARSLEY CO. LIMITED

More clothes at 5.25 daily. THURSDAY, APRIL 26, 1906.

Everything for First Communion Wear

We've been getting ready a long time for this important event, and now stocks are in splendid shape to supply every conceivable want for either boys' or misses' wear.

Boy's First Communion Suits FOR BOYS OR GIRL'S, MODERATELY PRICED.

Boys' three piece suits for First Communion wear, made of fine black serge in latest sack style, lined throughout with best farmer's satin, perfect fit and finish. Price ..... \$3.75

Misses' First Communion Dresses.

Misses' Fine White Lawn Communion Dresses, made with full skirt and deep hem, full tucked waist and yoke with wide embroidery frill; very pretty and stylish. Special price ..... \$1.70

BOYS' SHIRTS FOR FIRST COMMUNION

Boys' Fine White Shirts, reinforced fronts, open back, with cuffs attached. Extra well made and perfect fitting. All sizes .... 50c

THE S. GARSLEY CO. LIMITED

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

Millionaire's Two Minute Sermon.

The millionaire was David R. Forgan, vice-president of the First National Bank, Chicago. He preached his short sermon to the representatives of seventy-three denominations. Here are some of the test points of this lay preacher: "Perhaps you think it impossible that a man's soul should entirely shrivel up in the pursuit of wealth. If you knew some millionaires as well as I know them you would agree with me that they had lost the last vestige of the souls they may be presumed to have possessed before the mania for money-getting possessed them. I would like to acquire millions, but if the process is going to make me like some of the old devils I know who are millionaires I don't want the money. To me there can be no sadder sight than an old man, already incumbered by this world's wealth, but eager only to increase it before he topples from the earth. You yourselves have seen such men. They are more numerous in smaller towns than in large cities. Almost every small town has its wealthy men who never part with a dollar if they can help it. My last word to the man who would succeed is 'Save your soul.' For what shall it profit a man that, if to gain the whole world, he lose his soul in the striving?"

A DUDE'S USEFULNESS.

"What is your idea of a dude?" he asked of a bright Washington girl. "A dude," she answered, after reflection, "is a young man who isn't good for anything except to hang a chrysanthemum on."—The Columbian.

HARD TO FIND.

A janitor of a school threw up his job the other day, says "Primary Education." When asked the trouble he said: "Ten honest, and I won't stand being alighted. If I find a pencil or a handkerchief about the school when I'm sweeping I hang or put it up. Every little while the teacher or some one that is too cowardly to face me, will give me a star. A little while ago I was

J. J. M. Landy 416 QUEEN ST. W.

Chalices, Ciboria, Ostensoria. Gold and Silver Plating and Engraving of all Altar Vessels at very reasonable prices. Write for quotations. MISSIONS supplied with Religious goods. Write for catalogue and quotations. Long distance phone M. 2768. J. J. M. LANDY, 416 QUEEN ST. WEST, TORONTO

COWAN'S COCOA THE MOST NUTRITIOUS & ECONOMICAL

wrote on the board, 'Find the least common multiple.' Well, I looked from cellar to garret for that thing, and I wouldn't know the thing if I would meet it on the street. Last night, in big writin' on the blackboard, it said, 'Find the greatest common divisor.' Well, I says to myself, 'both of them things are lost now; and I'll be accused of taking 'em, so I'll quit!'

It Has Many Offices.—Before the German soldier starts on a march he rubs his feet with tallow for his first care is to keep his feet in good condition. If he knew Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil would do much better service he would throw away his tallow and pack a few bottles of the Oil in his knapsack. There is nothing like it.