

The True Witness



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Franciscan Scholar Dead.

He was the Author of Over Fifty Books.

Padre Marcellino da Civezza died in the Minorite Convent of the Madonna at Leghorn, Italy, recently. His name in the world which he left as a boy was Pietro Ranisi, and he was born on May 22, 1822, at Civezza, in Liguria, or to speak with greater precision in the modern province of Porto Maurizio, the chief town of which is so closely associated with another great glory of the Order of Friars Minor. He entered the Roman province of the order in 1838 at the age of sixteen, was solemnly professed in 1839, went through his theological course at San Francisco in Lucca, and was ordained priest on May 17, 1845.

As preacher, teacher, confessor, editor, writer, he was alike indefatigable, and he filled many positions of trust in the order, including finally that of definitor general. He was the author of upwards of fifty books the most famous of which is the thrilling chronicle of the Franciscan Missions in 11 volumes. In 1876-77 he was ordered to travel over Europe in search of Franciscan documents likely to be useful in the continuation of his magnum opus. We have the result of these travels in his Franciscan Bibliography ("Saggio di Bibliografia, Geografia, Storia, Etnografia, Sanfrancescana," Prato, 1879, sm. folio, 698 pages). Early in 1899, with his most distinguished and faithful disciple, Padre Teofilo Domenighelli, co-editor, he published a book which made a great stir in the camp of Franciscan students: the "Legenda III. Scolorum, publicata a sua prima volta nella vera sua integritate."

Whatever may be thought of its conclusions, whether the two learned editors did or did not present us with the legend in its entirety, there can be no question of the value, the deep interest and the usefulness of his scholarly preface. Soon after in the same year, accompanied by his inseparable disciple, Padre Marcellino, at the age of 77, retired to comparative rest in the quiet convent of the Madonna at Leghorn. In consideration of his great attainments, and because he still purposed to continue writing, the minister general placed at his disposal a library of printed books and MSS, which was specially set up at Leghorn (I well know its importance and value, for free access to it has ever most cheerfully been accorded me by Padre Marcellino). The transference of P. Marcellino and Teofilo to the quiet Convent of Leghorn was made the subject of an unhappy form of insinuation on the part of certain English writers, Canon Rawnsley did not hesitate to say in a letter to the Times, of May 9, 1899: "I regret to say that he was able to quote M. Sabater as his authority—that the two Franciscan Fathers had been exiled from Rome for approving of some of the conclusions of the editor of the 'Speculum Perfectionis'! A more authoritative writer, Mr. A. G. Little, repeated the statement in the English Historical Review (October, 1902).

It does not seem to have occurred to any of these writers that if the book were so evil as to merit the punishment of exile, it would surely be placed upon the "Index Librorum Prohibitorum," where, so far, it had never appeared. They had no feeling against the two friars, though, perhaps, they thought that they were chivalrously fighting their battle against a tyrannous, liberty-stifling "Curia," but in reality their insinuation implied that these two distinguished and faithful sons of the Church had been guilty of conduct which had brought upon them the severest censure of that Church to which they had wholeheartedly devoted their entire existence. I told the venerable friar of these insinuations against him in a language which he could not read. I could never draw from him anything but a smile and a characteristic little shrug of Franciscan resignation. But unknown to him I took up the cudgel for his reputation as a loyal Catholic, and endeavored to draw from the most impartial of these writers, first privately, then pub-

licly, substantiation of the calumny or its withdrawal. But in vain: neither proof nor expression of regret was forthcoming. I have allowed myself this digression in a brief obituary notice in the hope that they may still make an amends honorable over his modest tomb.

Padre Marcellino da Civezza was buried in the Cemetery of the Misericordia Brothers, just outside Leghorn. The funeral was made the occasion of a fervent manifestation of regard and admiration by hundreds of people who had no idea that the old friar whom they had learned to love was a distinguished scholar and man of letters. The lay-brothers of the convent were impetioned by scores of the poor for bits of his habit: "vox populi, vox Dei": those who knew him could not have imagined a tribute more fitting to his memory, nor have found proof more positive that he is enrolled in the long catalogue of the Church's saints. —Pittsburg Observer.

An American Opinion On the Gaelic Revival.

(From the Philadelphia North American.)

Apart from the United Irish League the goal of which is the political emancipation of Ireland through the creation of an independent national legislature, there is not in Ireland, nor has there ever been, an association which appeals, or has appealed, more to the sympathies, the patriotism, the sense of pride, the intelligence of the financial aid of Irishmen the world over than does the Gaelic League.

Started at a time when the Irish language was unknown to four-fifths of the Irish people, when it was spoken mainly in the countries bordering the western seaboard and was written nowhere, the League was confronted from the first with difficulties that seemed almost insurmountable.

The average Irishman of the midlands, to whom Gaelic was as Greek, could see no necessity for the revival of the tongue in which St. Patrick and his successors preached the Gospel of Christ, and in which the famous Brehon laws were framed. Sentiment, he argued, was a good thing in the abstract; but mere sentiment could not perform a miracle, and in somewhat the height of a miracle he regarded a widespread, not to say a national, revival of the ancient tongue.

To overcome this apathy of the people was the most difficult task of the Gaelic League. Pessimists had to be converted into believers in the great possibilities and future of the movement; foes had to be wooed into friendship and toleration, and, in a word, the whole current of public opinion or thought in Ireland on this subject had virtually to be altered.

The magnitude of the work was never underrated by Dr. Hyde and his associates of the little but determined band that started the great upheaval. But they were not dismayed. Undeterred by the ridicule of the few and the cold, almost contemptuous indifference of the many; cheered by little sympathy and buoyed up by no great hope of ultimate success, they fought a long and stubborn fight for a cause than which no rallying cry of a nation was ever more holy.

And what of the result? Simply that it has been marvelous! Within the span of a few years an almost complete revolution has been effected in Ireland. Apathy has been galvanized into enthusiasm, hostility placated and doubt made to realize that even the most unpromising movement based on patriotism, which appeals to the pride and susceptibilities of a nation, though baffled often, must ultimately succeed.

outrage—Irish jigs and reels are a feature of each St. Patrick's Day celebration. Surely, in all this there is the dawn of Erin's hope—hope that in the not distant future she will reveal in her right of an unfettered Parliament, speak the language of her forefathers, and stand forth among the nations, triumphant in her resurrection and resplendent in her newborn freedom.

Why is Ireland Called "Unhappy"?

The Emerald Isle contains about the same number of square miles as the State of Indiana. It also contains, as Elbert Hubbard assures us in his charming essay on Oliver Goldsmith more happiness to the square mile than any spot on earth. This is Ireland's day, and it may be a profitable reflection to ask ourselves why that beautiful isle of green should so often be spoken of as "unhappy Ireland." For all its sufferings and losses have been transmuted by the subtle chemistry of song and story into fragrant memories and glorious traditions of poetry, art and patriotism. On this day we are all Irishmen; and it will become us all if we can gather impulses of devotion from the domestic virtues of her daughters and the virile spirit of her sons. Just as the traveller's wearied eyes are refreshed at sight of Ireland's musical waters and evergreen landscapes, so the arid waste of human history is made beautiful and vocal with the recollections of Goldsmith and Moore, of Wallace and Balfe, of O'Connell and Emmet, the scholarship of Belfast and Dublin, the fervent love of home revealed wherever Irish hearts, however far sundered from their native land, turn fondly to the shamrock and the harp upon the green. There is something wrong with the soul that does not thrill upon the day that brings to mind the checkered history of dear old Ireland. There is something lacking in the heart that feels no sympathetic throb for her age-long struggle for Home Rule.—Indianapolis Star.

Ireland's World's Fair.

Ireland is to have a world's fair. It is to be held in Dublin next year. It has been planned for years, and among the indefatigable workers to bring it into being were ex-Lord Mayor James Shaaks of Dublin. That it will be worth going to see is proven by the successful exhibit made by Ireland at the world's fair at St. Louis. Now that she is to have an exposition of her own, she will, of course, far and away eclipse her effort in a show 4000 miles from her shores.

A large tract of ground has been selected for the fair, and work is already under way. The necessary guarantee fund has been raised, and there is no possibility for the enterprise to fail. The exposition will run all the summer of 1907 and will reach the full tide of its glory in the autumn months. The chief feature, of course, will be that of home manufactures. Every trade will be in evidence, all the arts and crafts will be represented, cottage industries will be made prominent, and, taken all in all, the Irish section will be such as to gladden the hearts of Erin's sons and to open the eyes of all men to her new revival. The show will act as a magnet to draw Irishmen from all the lands to which they have scattered and will have a tendency to produce race union and solidarity such as have not been witnessed for a century.

The Irish exhibit will not be all, however. Other nations will be invited to display at the fair, and all the chief ones doubtless, will be represented. This will give an opportunity for English manufacturers to display their wares such as is not often presented. American trade, which is so rapidly invading the world's markets, will also be in evidence, while France, Germany, Russia and even far-off Japan will take advantage of the occasion. Altogether it is hoped to make this a truly gigantic enterprise worthy of the century and of the Irish people.

An Infamous Suggestion.

French Masons Would Pay People to Go About the Streets Disguised as Priests and Commit Acts That Would Create Scandal.

The following information published in the Catholic and non-Catholic Opposition papers in France under date of March 23 is of a character which Englishmen would deem absolutely incredible, but unfortunately it is entirely true, says the London Catholic Times. In order to cast obloquy on the priesthood the Masonic lodges are endeavoring to get the French Government to abrogate the law (Clause 259 of the Penal Code) forbidding the wearing of clerical clothes by laymen. The "Masonic Review" (Revue Maconique) for January, 1906, contains this remarkable proposal:

"The most efficacious manner of solving the question of the priesthood in accordance with the spirit of freedom and justice which should animate all honest Frenchmen would be to prohibit magistrates from enforcing the law which renders it a punishable offense for laymen to wear in the public streets the costumes of ecclesiastics or those of nuns and monks. When all persons have the right to dress themselves up as priests according to their own caprices, the prestige of the frock will soon fall."

It will be seen that though at other times organs of the Masonic body would have people believe that the morality of the clergy is inferior to that of the members of the lodges the Masonic Review here admits that the priests enjoy a high reputation for morality which is partly the secret of the influence they exercise.

The Masonic Review does not stop at the proposal that people of all classes should don the clerical garb so that the respect for the clergy may be lessened. It proceeds to make the following suggestion, which is simply diabolically perverse:

"In fact, it would be a good thing if people even now were paid to go about the streets disguised as priests, monks and nuns and commit acts which might create scandal—such as going about with women of low character in cafes and beer saloons. Even if arrested they could be easily ransomed and rewarded for the great services they had thus rendered in the cause of the propagation of free-thought."

It seems that within the last few weeks a number of persons disguised as priests and nuns have been arrested for scandalous conduct in the streets of Paris and other large cities; and on Mardi Gras several noted Anarchists, wearing ecclesiastical costumes, were arrested for singing obscene songs along the route of the Mi-Careme procession. Amongst them was the celebrated Libertad, who pretended to be dead drunk. These rascals have been ordered to pay small fines. Such facts as these generally remain unnoticed by the British press, although they fill the columns of the Parisian papers and must at last lead to some terrible catastrophe.

Heroic Irish Nun Dies Among Lepers.

From Zanzibar comes news of the death of a heroic Irish missionary Sister, Rev. Mother Maria Donatelle O'Donnell, of the Order of St. Joseph, of Cluny. Mother Donatelle was a native of County Limerick. Close on thirty years of her religious life she passed in France, until the spoliation of her Order by the Government under the nefarious Ombes regime.

While this wild work of spoliation and confiscation was being carried on in France a wall of woe was rending the heavens from the leper lands by the western waters of the Indian Ocean. In the loan mountains of Zanzibar, the exile leper's home, over whose portals may be written "Let him who enters here leave hope behind," the leper victims, men, women and children, cast forth by kith and kin as unclean, sought refuge in wild beasts' lairs and mountain caves, or crawled the sandy beach, and, cursing fate, expired in blasphemy. The cry of desolation reached Mother Donatelle, and her offer

to devote her life to the lepers was accepted by her superiors.

Accompanied by other equally noble souls, Mother Donatelle set out for Zanzibar, and was welcomed by the Bishop and installed in the lazaretto at Walezo. There she lived and labored for those poor, reeking, rotting wretches—there she hoped to die a leper's death and fill a leper's grave. On the morning of February 2 she fell feverish. By night the doctor knew her fever was fatal and in the course of two days she succumbed. Her remains were carried down from the Lepers' Home to the Cathedral Church at Zanzibar, where they were honored with a public funeral, the Government officials and the Consuls of many lands joining in the funeral train.

The Bishop of Zanzibar, writing some months ago, paid a noble tribute to Mother Donatelle. Speaking of the leper mission he says: "For the past twelve months they (the Sisters) have had over eighty baptisms in articulo mortis among those poor unfortunate creatures—all Mussulmen. As soon as they become dangerously affected they are easily instructed, and of their own accord ask to be baptized and receive the sacraments with remarkable piety. If exceptionally a disciple of Mohamed refuses on his death bed to become a Christian, Mother Donatelle goes to pray before the tabernacle, and won't give up praying until another Sister comes to tell her that 'all is now arranged.' Such is the confidence of these Nuns in St. Joseph, patron saint of a happy death."

Mother Donatelle was sister to Brother Leo O'Donnell, superior of Cummes Monastery, County Galway, and to Sister Angelo, also of the Order of St. Joseph now in Spain.

A Minister At Mass in Cologne Cathedral.

In the morning at 9.30 o'clock I went to Mass in the Cathedral. I was early, and walked about to view the interior. Here was the forest. The pillars were as tall trees and the arches above them as their meeting branches. The light melted within softly as through thick leaves. The air was cool, as though the dim half-night dwelt here always.

I saw long rows of pillars. Books by various art critics will tell you what is the matter with them, and how to cock your eye at them in a superior way and say "Yes?" But if you are wise enough to open your heart and empty it of all this cheap, foolish knowledge, and look around you, as a baby looks at the moon, you may receive something of the spiritual meaning of the place.

The clock chimed. The organ began to grumble. A long row of priests and vested boys came in through a side door and wound toward the altar, headed by a frail old man clothed in bright robes, supported on either side by an assistant priest. The Bishop was about to celebrate Mass.

I do not recall much about this Mass, but above all is the memory of a voice. It came from the choir loft. Some boy—I never saw him, but I want to hear him sing in heaven—broke forth with a "Kyrie Eleeson," and I thought he would break my heart. It was a sweet, wholesome voice, unspoiled as yet by masters, who teach singers how not to sing. It was clear as the River Reuss that gushes out of Lake Lucerne. It was sweet as the sunshine that falls on the ripened orchards. It was as caressing as a woman's love. It was as pure as a calling angel.

It filled all the distant arches of the great Cathedral, ringing sonorously and distinct to the remotest corner. The organ displayed its loudest harmonies; the chorus sang strenuously, but easily above all, as an angel soars above all the leper flocking birds, rang out this sweet, glorious voice. "Kyrie, Kyrie, Eleeson!" until I found myself choking with sob and my face wet. I brushed away furtively my tears and looked around me. The faithful

were counting their beads and moving their lips in prayer, and rising up and kneeling down to the tinkling of the bell. I suppose they knew more of that Mass than I, but I know what "Kyrie Eleeson" means and I said one prayer there.

So I saw the Cathedral of Cologne, "the most magnificent specimen of pure Gothic architecture in the world." I do not know how long it is now, how high. I do not know its cost, its date or its builders. I read all of this in my guide book, but have forgotten it.

But I hope I caught something of the feeling the builders and makers meant me to have. I looked from the side at the monstrous outline of the roof in profile against a moonlit sky, and saw my spiritual mother, and her shadow lay on me and blessed me. I gazed at the two towers of the facade and saw my two sky-piercing brothers, and they put their arms about me, and I walked for a space with them along the milky way. I threaded the interior and sensed the shaded glory of that forest in stone, and my soul ran up along the grouped pillars and peeped into heaven. I attended Mass and heard, if not the voice of God, a voice that God made and man had not yet spoiled.

I visited the Cathedral of Cologne. Often the Cathedral of Cologne visits me.—Rev. Frank Crane, D.D., in the Advance (Congregationalist).

Everything Irish in Dublin Court.

Longing eyes have been cast across the Channel at Dublin Court, which during its last days wound up its brilliant course with a tide of genuine Irish gayety, setting the formal doings of the Court of St. James completely at a disadvantage. Lord and Lady Aberdeen, who are ideal in the roles of Viceroy and Vicereine, won the hearts of their people by the Celtic character introduced into their entertainments.

Lady Aberdeen's last ball was not, as had been thought, the last festivity. The jigs and reels in which Lord Aberdeen joined with such keen enjoyment, were merely a preparation for the Vicereine's little surprise. At an "evening party" in the Castle an Irish play by an Irish authoress was given with a complete Irish cast. Harps, pipes and Gaelic songs were the music, and Lady Aberdeen would have none but native talent. It proved a complete innovation, highly pleasing to the seven hundred guests, and the distinguished amateurs played as if their lives depended on it.

Shamrocks Grow in Maine.

Comparatively few people are aware of the fact that within easy reach of Bangor the shamrock grows wild, and during the summer season may be picked by those who are aware of the place where years ago the seed was undoubtedly brought from Ireland. Probably the hundreds of people who have wandered up and down the banks of the Soudabrook stream in summer, but few have ever noticed the little yellow flower which grows wild near the site of the old paper mill, 100 feet or more above the bridge crossing the stream and on the right bank of the stream. There is said to be but one other place in Maine where the shamrock grows in its natural state, without cultivation, and that is at Grindstone Neck, in the town of Gouldsboro.

Great Things From Little Causes Grow.—It takes very little to derange the stomach. The cause may be slight, a cold, something eaten, or drunk, anxiety, worry, or some other simple cause. But if precautions be not taken, this simple cause may have most serious consequences. Many a chronically debilitated constitution to-day owes its destruction to simple causes not dealt with in time. Keep the digestive apparatus in healthy condition and all will be well. Parmentier's Vegetable Pills are better than any other for the purpose.

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.

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QUARTER INCH IRON INSTEAD OF BRASS RODS.

Have you learned the trick of using quarter inch iron wire instead of brass rods for the hanging of such curtains? For the shams, the mantle and closet curtains, all the extra "shirrs" put up in house decorations it answers just as well and is about one-fifth the price. It is necessary to have a little bit of gold paint and to "wash" it with for the sake of looks and to keep it from rusting. You can buy it cut in lengths wanted at any hardware store, and will be surprised at the purchasing power of the small sum of 10 cents when invested in it.

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 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. Carried 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. Four 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 Fricassee.—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 cross, 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 vainer 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.

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.

I crave the light of thy beloved's eyes

At waste of day, when freight slow, ly 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 sincerity 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 have not seen any Quebecers' note, 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 aunt 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 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

WYNKEN, BLYNKEN AND NOD.

By Eugene Field. Wynken, Blynken and Nod Sailed off in a wooden sa. 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 their 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. All night long their nets were down, To the stars in the twinkling wooden shoe, Bringing the fishermen home 'Twas all so pretty a sail, As if it could not be. And some folks thought dream they dreamed Of sailing that beautiful But I shall name you 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 you. Wake up, little folks. Your loving Aunt I

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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!"

So cried the stars to the fishermen three, Wynken, Blynken, And Nod.

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.

"Lovely blue violets!" he heard her say: "black satin bows, five dashing ones, too!"

Walter got up and left the room. He hated the sound of the word "hat."

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

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. Turning, Walter saw that he had dropped the globe, and that it lay in a thousand pieces.

Walter was frightened before he turned, for he heard the sound of something cracking, and for a second was dumb with dismay.

"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 went downstairs to the library, which was under his mother's room.

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

"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.

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.

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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

into one that irradiated the whole region.

"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."

When Norah had a toothache, she declared "it was worth the while to get the pain, it felt so good to have over 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.

"Somebody's got to be an understudy for Norah in good temper," said Tom; and every Winton echoed his word. By the time Norah was well again her brave example had wrought its charm, and the Winton's, big and little, emulated her happy spirit.

"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, printed at The Hague. This book has a frontispiece in which is pictured an old woman telling stories to a family group by the fireside, while in the background are the words in large characters, "Contes de ma Mere l'Oye" ("Tales of My Mother Goose").

These tales were eight in number, consisting of the following: "Little Red Riding Hood," "The Sisters Who Dropped From Their Mouths Diamonds and Toads," "Bluebeard," "The Sleeping Beauty," "Puss In Boots," "Cinderella," "Riquet With the Tuft," and "Tom Thumb," or "Little Thumb" (Petit Poucet), as he is here called. "Riquet With the Tuft" is the only one of the collection which seems not to have maintained its popularity in English and American collections.

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.

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 Siding is 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 MADE

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

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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.

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.

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.

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.

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, because without such permission the Irish party would certainly not support the Government.

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.

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. and by him to the Cardinal.

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, who has earned his honorable retirement.

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. A simple, clear setting forth of Catholic teaching makes friends where argument only excites opposition.

When we find a man who in good faith is seeking light on religious questions, polemics have no place in our intercourse with him. But the contentious individual, the man who starts out to annihilate you, needs different treatment.

We have not noticed that Catholic writers are, as a rule, unnecessarily harsh. There may be a few exceptions, but they are few. It may happen, too, that a Catholic is suspicious of the motives of an inquirer who is in perfect good faith.

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. Often we need to enforce respect before the mind opens to conviction.

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. Mass was celebrated in the open air, as there was no church near large enough to hold us.

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. and by him to the Cardinal.

God bless these First Connaught Rangers. For I will not keep back the name of these good soldiers. I think their camp was not far from the Fairy Bridges of Bundoran.

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 Flour Mills Co., Ltd. Montreal.

Whence the Difference

We often marvel at the wonderful growth of Christianity during the first centuries of the church. Yet ours is identically the same religion as that for which the martyrs died.

Why is it, then, that preaching the same religion, they converted nations, while we but reach individuals? It was the way in which they preached. Every man, woman and child preached Christ—they preached it in the most eloquent way of all—by their good example.

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 about the water lying clear in the sunshine and showing a bed of gold, may be fair, but the shaded stream, revealing by occasional glints of light marvelous tints, and suggesting a depth almost infinite, is fairer still.

A little more faith, a little more repression, this we need when misfortune joins us. The effect on us is wonderfully strengthening and ennobling.

Good Friday in M...

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

Having seated himself, addressed a stirring exhortation in French and then in English to an attentive congregation to point out some of striking thoughts in his discourse.

How much more monstrous would it not be on the part of a Christian to contemplate the vision of Jesus Christ out of curiosity and without feeling moved to the bottom of his soul by the sight of a God dying for him!

Man reckons liberty most appreciated treasures, wish, dear friends, to enjoy five or six months, not in six weeks, but even to-day liberty than the thousand sleep in their own homes about the streets at will down at the feet of the pious for having committed you will be in the possession of the grandest of all liberties, that of the children of God.

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

Then came the veneration of the Sacred Heart, during which the choir with good effect a hymn Sacred Heart. Realize, if the passing out, in a space of 250 men; the t an easy one.

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.

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 28, 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.

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.

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.

RESOLUTION OF CONDOLENCE.

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,

OBITUARY.

DEATH OF A RELIGIOUS OF THE SACRED HEART.

The death occurred Friday night, at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Halifax, of Madame Doherty, one of the most beloved of the religious there.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has no equal for destroying worms in children and adults. See that you get the genuine when purchasing.

Giving Happiness Real Joy

When a blind man is seen in the street, led by a pale, emaciated child, you do not have to be furnished with a written guarantee that there is suffering and misery in that home.

A Pleasant Medicine.

There are some pills which have no other purpose evidently than to beget painful internal disturbances in the patient, adding to his trouble and perplexities rather than diminishing them.

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.

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.

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.

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

A Root of Unhappiness. Some New Facts about Animals' Eyes

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.

CANDLES and Oils for the Sanctuary

Best quality—as cheap as the cheapest. All goods absolutely guaranteed. W. E. BLAKE, 123 Church St. Toronto, Ont.

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

old Flour more per barrel than extra cost. For bread or Household—your grocer, S. Co., Ltd.

BISHOP MACDONALD, OF HARBOR GRACE, Nfld., RE-SIGNS.

Rev. Ronald Macdonald, Bishop of Harbor Grace, Nfld., who has been on a visit to Rome, has resigned his see owing to ill health. His Lordship's resignation has been accepted by the Holy Father, and he will act as administrator of the diocese until his successor is appointed.

ST. JEAN BAPTISTE DAY.

At a meeting of the officers of the different sections of the St. Jean Baptiste Society, held on Sunday, it was decided that the solemn mass of the national feast, on June 24, would be chanted in the Church of St. Jean Baptiste.

FIRST CATHOLIC CHINESE WEDDING IN THE DOMINION.

A Chinese wedding took place on Monday morning at the Blessed Virgin's altar in St. Patrick's Church, the Rev. Martin Callaghan officiating. It might be mentioned that the pastor of St. Patrick's is the first clergyman in the Dominion of Canada to tie the nuptial knot for any member of the Catholic Chinese colony.

REQUIEM SERVICE FOR LATE REV. LOUIS MARTIN.

The chapel of Loyola College presented a grand and solemn appearance on last Monday morning, it being the occasion of a requiem for the repose of the soul of the late Very Rev. Louis Martin, Superior-General of the Jesuit Order.

Precisely at 8.30 the students of the College filed into the chapel. High Mass was immediately commenced by the Rev. Father Doyle, having as deacon Rev. Father Condon, and as sub-deacon Rev. T. McMahon, both also members of the Order.

After the Mass the Libera was chanted, after which all again passed silently out of the church, having paid their earthly tribute to a powerful friend and noble and generous benefactor. May his soul rest in peace.

ST. JOSEPH'S HOME.

From the first of next month the management of the Home will be in the hands of Miss Agnes Brennan, the founder of St. Vincent's Home, recently closed for want of support from the authorities in England.

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.

FRANK O'CONNOR, President.

FRANK RYAN, Secretary.

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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.

AN EARTHQUAKE IS A MYSTERY.

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.

Galway and Canadian Traffic

To the Editor True Witness:

Sir,—The question of the carriage of the mails, and the route to be adopted for their conveyance is one that deeply interests Galway and those concerned in its welfare. I still hope that the manifest geographical advantages of that fine Western port, notwithstanding the fact of its situation in Ireland, will yet come to be recognized. At present the question comes up for consideration by reason of the possibility of a renewal of the contract for the mails, and in that eventually the following letter from Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, the excellent President of that enterprising company, the Canadian Pacific Railway Co., may be of some interest, coming as it does with all the authority of that gentleman's high position and influence:

"The Canadian Pacific Railway Co. Montreal, March 12th, 1906.

"My Dear Sir,—Yours of February 27th. Inasmuch as the Canadian Government has a contract with the Allan Line for the carriage of the Canadian mails, it is not at all certain that our two new Empresses will be in the mail service, and if not they will take the direct route, Liverpool to Quebec. If, however, an arrangement be subsequently made whereby we shall participate in the mail service, I presume that the regulations of the General Post Office will govern as to the port of call in Ireland. I am afraid, therefore, that I cannot give any encouraging reply to your suggestion about Galway. Yours very truly,

"T. J. Shaughnessy, President.

"Richard J. Kelly, Esq., 10 Mountjoy Square, Dublin."

A good deal will rest with the decision of the Post Office in the matter, and it is evident that so far as lies with the progressive Canadian Pacific Co. they would not be inclined to object to Galway, offering as it does so many comparative advantages over the other available routes, either in Ireland or England. While on this subject of the present Canadian mail service, I may venture to quote the remarks and opinion of my esteemed friend, Mr. Robert Reford, the present respected Chairman of the Royal Commission on transportation in Canada, and head of the Reford Company at Montreal.

In a recent letter to me he said: "There is, however, growing dissatisfaction with Canada's mail service and mail route, owing, in the first place, to its infrequency in being only weekly, as compared with New York's almost daily service which is what Canada also requires and must have, or at least a tri-weekly service by faster steamers and a shorter route than via New York, to put Canada's merchants on a par with their competitors in the United States. Also because of the delay in delivery of the Maritime Province mails in provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and Newfoundland, which provinces see the mail boats go past their doors to Quebec, and then several days elapse before their letters are received, so putting them in a much worse position as regards mails than Quebec, Montreal and Toronto, which they naturally object to. Another fact that is being brought to the notice of the Canadian Government, and which is admitted by themselves, is that, although they pay a large subsidy for the Canadian mail service with Great Britain, so insufficient has that service proved that over eighty per cent. of Canada's mails and passengers come and go via the United States, on which eighty per cent. the Canadian Government have to make a second payment to the United States railways and steamers sailing from New York, a waste of public money which is bad enough, but as many view it, myself among the number, a disgrace to Canada, inasmuch as it had given the world the opinion that Canada has no port via which an all-year-round mail and passenger service can be safely and properly given, and so has to depend upon the United States a condition of things which has been of immense injury to Canada in the past, and will be in the future unless remedied by making Halifax or other Canadian port the all-year-round port for Canada's mails and passengers, with a fast tri-weekly service.

"The port of Halifax is in every respect the right port for Canada's all-year-round mail and passenger service, inasmuch as it is the nearest Canadian port to Great Bri-

tain. It is a better port in every way than New York, being directly on the ocean, with no bar, no shoals, and abundant depth of water for the largest steamers right up to its docks, at all times of the year, and always free from ice. The drawback to Halifax as the mail and passenger port in the past has been largely owing to the slow and insufficient railway service between Halifax and Quebec and Montreal, the time occupied being nominally 24 hours, but frequently much greater. With the advent of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway into Halifax on a shorter route, the greatest objection to Halifax as the all-year-round mail and passenger port of the Dominion should be entirely removed, and the time between Montreal and Halifax cut down for express trains to 16 or 17 hours, which would be only four or five hours more than the time occupied between Montreal and New York, and would at the same time bring the passengers 655 miles nearer their British port, Halifax being 655 miles nearer Liverpool than New York. The people of Halifax, like the people of Galway, have not put forward the claims of their port and its great suitability as the mail and passenger terminus of the great mail route between Great Britain and Canada as they should have done, and as a consequence have allowed the subsidized mail and passenger service of the Dominion to go past them. A change is, however, I think, certain to come on the completion of the new trans-continental line of the Grand Trunk Pacific, which line will run into Halifax on a shorter route than the present Intercolonial Railway, and will certainly handle a big share of the passenger and mail traffic between Great Britain, Europe, Asia, and the Orient when its line is completed to the Pacific, which it should be in a very few years. It is a great undertaking, with its possibilities for new trade between Great Britain and Canada, and trade between Great Britain and the East. This induces me to write to you this letter with a hope of interesting yourself and some of your Irish friends, to see if Ireland cannot be made the link in the immense traffic in passengers and high-class freight that is certain to pass between Great Britain, Europe and Asia through Canada in the near future, and could be made to pass through Ireland if the Irish people so willed it by forcing their representatives in Parliament to work for it."

In a pamphlet which I ventured to publish some years ago, I went fully into the question of the selection of Halifax in Canada and Galway in Europe as the terminal ports of this undoubtedly great and developing service from Europe to Canada, on then to Vancouver, on the Pacific, and thence to Yokohama, San Francisco, and Sydney. I gave the relative distances of this and other routes existing and contemplated, and as distances and time will ultimately regulate routes in trade matters, it is clear that Mr. Reford, who speaks himself with all the authority of his position and profession, and a vast experience of mercantile and shipping matters, is not unduly overrating the possibility as regards Galway when he further says to me: "The present Viceroy of Ireland, Lord Aberdeen, and Lady Aberdeen, are said to be most desirous of helping Ireland and her people to take their proper place in the British Empire, and so also is reported the Premier, Mr. H. Campbell-Bannerman, and many of his Cabinet, and I feel sure that if Ireland's Parliamentary representatives put their hearts into this matter that a British and Canadian subsidy to ensure the success of the line and its being made sufficiently attractive to take a high place in the ocean travel between Great Britain and Canada, could be effected with immense benefit to Great Britain, Ireland and Canada. I have held this opinion, as you know, for many years, and I believe that one day such a line will be established, and I think that no more favorable time than the present could be found, and that it is well worthy of the attention of those who, like you, desire the welfare of Ireland."

Such are the views briefly of Mr. Reford on this important question, and space limitations forbid my going into this matter at this time and in this letter at any greater length.

Yours truly,
RICHARD J. KELLY,
10 Mountjoy Square, March 29, 1906.

The Author of the Annals.

John O'Donovan, the eminent scholar, says the Dublin Weekly Freeman, was born at Atateemore, county Kilkenny, July 9th, 1809. The death of his father in 1817 caused the dispersion of the family, and John was brought to Dublin by his elder brother, who, although in poor circumstances, procured for him the rudiments of a good education. He often ascribed his taste for historical pursuits to the narrations of his uncle, Patrick O'Donovan, who was well versed in the Gaelic lore of his country.

In 1826 O'Donovan began to apply himself to archaeological investigation and to philosophical study of the Irish language. Through James Hardiman, the author of the "Antiquities of Ireland," O'Donovan was engaged to transcribe legal and historical documents in the Irish Record Office.

In 1829 he obtained a situation in the historical department of the Ordnance Survey of Ireland. To him was confided the examination of the ancient manuscripts in the Irish language in the Irish Academy and elsewhere, for the purpose of fixing the nomenclature on the maps, and extracting the local information they contained. Already acquainted with modern Gaelic, in the course of these labors he gradually acquired a knowledge of the language in its ancient and obsolete forms. Working in company with Peter O'Curry and Mangan, after researches in all parts of Ireland, the names of the 62,000 townlands were satisfactorily fixed. "Of the entire 144,000 names on the map, every one was made the subject of more or less investigation; the name finally adopted being that among the modern modes of spelling most consistent with the ancient orthography, and approaching as near correctness as practicable without restoring the original and often obsolete appellation."

His first essays appeared in the Dublin Penny Journal, to which he was a frequent contributor. His articles upon such subjects as "The Antiquity of Corn in Ireland," "The Battle of Clontarf," "Irish Proverbs," "Antiquity of Mills in Ireland," "Dunseverick Castle," "Cormac's Glossary," established his character as an historic topographer. In 1836 he commenced the compilation of an analytical catalogue of the Irish manuscripts in Trinity College, Dublin. The result of these investigations satisfied all conversant with the subject that the writings of many who during the previous century had been considered authorities on Irish history were worse than useless. Mainly through the instrumentality of Dr. Todd, the Irish Archaeological Society was formed in 1840. O'Donovan edited the first and many of its most important publications, as "The Battle of Magh Rath," he also edited the "Book of Rights" for the Celtic Society—the most valuable extant document (save the Brehon Laws) illustrative of the clan government of the Irish.

In 1845 his Irish grammar appeared, which had engaged his attention at intervals during the preceding seventeen years. It treated both of the vernacular and the language of ancient records, and "although not marked by profound philosophical or philological dissertations," or at all coming up to Zeuss' subsequent work (the importance of which he was the first to impress on the British public), it gained for him a high place among European scholars. In 1842 the Government had unexpectedly stopped the grant for the historic department of the Ordnance Survey of Ireland, just when O'Donovan and his fellow laborers were prepared to arrange and give to the world the mass of material collected with such study and investigation. He was called to the Bar in 1847. He was now engaged on the great work of his life—the translation, annotating and editing of the first complete edition of the Annals of the Four Masters, for Hodges and Smith, the Dublin publishers. The volumes of the Annals from 1172 to 1616 appeared in 1848, and from 2242 A. M. to 1171 A. D. in 1851. They fill six volumes, Irish and English on opposite pages, often more than half of both pages being occupied with notes in small type. This work gained for O'Donovan the degree of LL.D. from Trinity College, and the Royal Irish Academy awarded its highest distinction.

There is scarcely an important work on Irish antiquities or topography which appeared during his manhood that does not to some extent bear the marks of his scholarship. We are told that "O'Donovan has begun his life full of hope in the resurgence of true Irish learning, trusting that the results of his exertions, while advancing the reputation of his country, would gain for himself somewhat of national

gratitude and estimation; but as the years passed over he gradually fell into a condition of fixed depression and despondency, taking an interest only in the education of his children and in preserving and elucidating the historic records of the ancient Irish.

O'Donovan may be said to have been the first historic topographer that Ireland ever produced, and in this department he will in all probability never be equalled, as combination of circumstances similar to those under which he acquired his knowledge is not likely to arise again." He died in Dublin, December 9, 1861, aged 52, and was buried in Glasnevin Cemetery.

DOES YOUR HEAD

Feel As Though It Was Being Hammered?
As Though It Would Crack Open?
As Though A Million Sparks Were Flying Out of Your Eyes?
Horrible Sickness of Your Stomach?
Then You Have Sick Headache!

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

will afford relief from headaches no matter whether sick, nervous, spasmodic, periodical or bilious. It cures by removing the cause.
Mr. Samuel J. Hibbard, Belleville, Ont., writes: "Last spring I was very poorly, my appetite failed me, I felt weak and nervous, had sick headaches, was tired all the time and not able to work. I saw Burdock Blood Bitters recommended for just such a case as mine and I got two bottles of it, and found it to be an excellent blood medicine. You may use my name as I think that others should know of the wonderful merits of Burdock Blood Bitters."

THE UPHILL ROAD.

Seeking the Fortress at the Top.

The road of life runs uphill to the very end. It is a climb from the day reason dawns on the mind to that in which all the faculties are sealed in death. And few find it a hard, stony way, ever seeming to demand more strength, more endurance, more patience than they can give. Disappointed, depressed, discouraged men and women drag on, some trusting, some hoping, some complaining. Yet no one ever goes so far on that road, but taking one more step, however toilsome it be, the views spread out below a broader prospect.

Shadowed by care and weighted with sorrow, it is hard for some one to see others pass them and forge ahead. It gives birth to discontent and jealousy, the parents of absolute misery. It either makes one feel as fit there were no further use in trying, or it arouses the baser part and replaces right ambition with a dogged determination to keep pace by foul means, if need be, to win at any cost. In either event the moral perspective of life as planned by an all-wise Intelligence, is twisted and distorted beyond repair.

Such a sad state is brought about by a misconception of what victory really is. The great lesson we must learn is that sometimes, yes often, it is defeat! It all depends on what you are facing for, what you are fighting for. If your goal is the establishment of yourself as high and mighty in the face of men, as rich and powerful in the ways of matter, then indeed you must lay aside all other considerations and bend all energy to crossing the tape ahead of your fellows, planting the flag on the conquered fortress. But if you feel that self-respect counts for something; that honor and truth and decency amount to anything, that all does not die at the close of this little day—then you must be content to be classed among those who "also ran," if you did your very best honestly, or to be found wounded in the last rank of the common soldiers, if you fought as well as you possibly could.

There is in such defeat a victory that outshines the most glowing triumphs of all time. There is honor greater than that accorded Wellington and Dewey. For racing is easy when we know that the hearts and hands of all the spectators in the stand are with us, and fighting a comparative pastime when a whole nation stands behind one man. It is when there is no voice ready to cheer, no hand ready to help, that the temptation to lag behind or desert is strongest, and in just such measure as one determines to face the odds bravely and go down honorably, if it must be so, is victory worth the having.

There are men and women in every part of this city and this land day who are growing into the full stature of true heroes. They are little known, save to the few whose lives touch theirs, and when they pass on the world will not note their absence. But earth will be poorer and heaven richer for all that.

The Important Work of a Hidden Priest.

The interesting story of an aged Irish Dominican among the Vatican Archives.

From the Dominican convent of San Clemente in Rome, comes word of the death of a remarkable but little known personage, Father Costelloe, at the fine old age of eighty-two. It may be safely said, writes the Rome correspondent of the London Catholic Weekly, that few men of the century whose boundary we have just crossed have done work more valuable or of more lasting and important consequences. This will look like thoughtless hyperbole to almost every one who reads it. And nothing more natural, because few have ever heard his name, and those in Ireland who knew him once have either preceded him to the grave or have long since forgotten him. In Rome he was not known to many; the ordinary visitor never met him. Yet he has been a remarkable figure. He was well known in the Vatican library in the Lateran; he knew the Barbarini archives and those of Propaganda as well as a man knows the contents of the drawers of his writing desk. He was attached to some convents of his order in Ireland during the first years of his priesthood, but he was transferred to the Irish house of the order in Rome about half a century ago, and has been attached to it ever since. In early life he suffered from deafness, which practically incapacitated him from mission work. But he was not the man to waste his life bemoaning his misfortune. With his buoyant nature he thought within himself that he had other faculties left which he could use, and he has used them perseveringly day by day for the last fifty years. He has ransacked the archives and libraries in Rome, public and private, and has copied out almost every document bearing on the relations of the Irish Church with the Holy See down to the time of the Reformation. The labor and patience which that means cannot be realized unless by one who has ever tried to decipher one of those mediaeval documents. But use makes master. Father Costelloe, with the patience of an Irish monk of old time and the plodding of a German, wrestled with the work until he got used to the characters, and then those documents became to him as the letters of yesterday's post.

Hardly a day found him absent from his chair at one of the archives or libraries, deciphering, copying and verifying; and during that long span he has filled up an enormous heap of manuscript material for Irish history, ecclesiastical and civil, every page neatly and carefully written. Thus has this good man, with his silent and hidden life, left a legacy to the Convent of San Clemente and to his native land that is beyond all price. Ireland badly wants an ecclesiastical history, for it has none. Curiously enough, the only one worthy the name is by a German—Canon Bellesheim of Aix la Chapelle—compiled at the instance and with the help of Cardinal Moran. But that is in German, and it, of course, has some drawbacks. But it will be impossible to produce a complete history without the undiscovered materials which the painstaking priest who has just passed away has stored up for the sake of faith and fatherhood.

An Awkward Reminder.

The Mayor of Saint-Germain, near Saint-Etienne, lent his aid to the agents of the Government when his parish church was broken into for the purpose of the inventory, says the French correspondent of the London Catholic Times. In the midst of the sacrilegious operations the president of the church fabric put under his eyes a silver heart given by the Mayor himself as an "ex-voto" in gratitude for a miraculous cure in a serious illness. The Mayor was asked if he would like to take back his offering. Looking greatly ashamed of himself, he took the first opportunity to escape the ridicule of those present.

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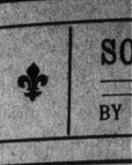
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CHAPTER XIX.

The squire had a great Barbara. What he could do for that lady he could do for his horse. But as he compared that of a balky horse to that of a balking horse, he preferred that he expected every one on her part at a moment. She was well to the squire's opinion of her to tease him into stoniness which not all his darning looks could prevent humor came.

She had seen with a pleasure that a struggle kind was going on in the since the night on which she had the cathedral together its nature she could not importance in her eyes negative. She had g that it was injurious which Florian so rashly ed, but that it in any cerned with Paul she discover. It satisfied her know that, for the pre society would not be the bachelor charms of face, and to secure this bara was quite willing more awkward things t ing and conspiring wi like Peter Carter. In he perfectly natural wa circumstances in aggrav condition. Ruth was s found means to make he elined to keep much by Barbara gave her every of solitude—fond of talk and the importance o when she talked at all, bara was as deeply relig solemn in word and loc ker. All this time she ing in the dark, and on in fact that it would o she wished. Had she e ment suspected that Ru was one of faith, and t considering a change to her whole soul would roused to prevent so da turn of affairs.

She would like to wa Rossiter again, and wa he had deserted them. coming anxious. Paul rian's friend. Had he d had Peter made known dead-set which Florian against Ruth's heart, a kindly stepped aside at of his own feelings, th might have a clear field like it. But she had no permitting such a schem and set about securi sence in Merriam house edly that in a few day had picked him up while and had brought him ho mor. Ruth's face lig frankly at sight of him.

"You are a gift of said she—"rarely seen, a for a short time. What prived us of your compar "Some literary wor said. "It could not we thing else."

"Managers are more o ladies," he answered, "t not all inclined to w dilled during the winter, make up for it now."

"I did not think I wo again," said Ruth, w had gone away for a ti very much disturbed th coming from church, an resolved to go away fro at once."

"But you have thought it, I see. The music an service on a moonlight one enthusiastic notions elined always after the away and be a hermit, sleep, or, better, an oys on the way home, bring my senses."

"Oh! but it was not Mr. Rossiter. I had t many things a long ti knew not what to do, I New York partly in forgetting my mental t was succeeding—yes, I t succeeding—when you w all. Were you enthusia ing, Mr. Rossiter—wa earned?"

"I have thought so sin hesitatingly, 'but what in itself true. When per a state of doubt they g got out of it."

"But doubt is somet tion."

"It can be banished then or by removing causes. But as I unde your doubt had only in time and thinking. The

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."

"Oh! but it was not the music, Mr. Rossiter. I had thought of many things a long time, until I knew not what to do, and I came to New York partly in the hope of forgetting my mental troubles. I was succeeding—yes, I think I was succeeding—when your words spoiled all. Were you enthusiastic that evening, Mr. Rossiter—were you too earnest?" "I have thought so since," he said hesitatingly, "but what I said was in itself true. When persons are in a state of doubt, they are bound to get out of it."

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."



FATHER KOENIG'S TONIC

Daily Spasms. St. Jacob's, Ont., Nov 24, 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.

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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."

"But it's useless to try it under such circumstances," Florian continued. "She is upset in mind; she has not shown any particular care for me since."

"What, Florry!" said the squire, "what are you talking of, lad? Not shown any particular care for you! Why, man, it has been nothing but Florian here and Florian there to her friends, to her acquaintances, and to strangers since she came to New York. Do you know Florian Wallace?" was her first question, until Mrs. Merriam had to tell her it looked as if you were engaged still.

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.

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?"

"No, for I had hoped to induce you to remain in it as long as I would." His face, in spite of his self-control, grew for one moment ashen pale, and the tone which accompanied the words brought Ruth to her feet flushing with pain.

"O Florian!" she cried, "you surely don't mean to—" "Why not?" he answered severely. "You may have cast aside my love easily enough, but I find it rather harder to forget. Ruth, I have not ceased to love you since I left Clayburg, nor have I ceased to hope. You are looking for certainty and rest. You will find them here." And he held out his arms invitingly.

"If you were not so very sincere," she said, "I could laugh at you, Mr. Wallace, this is the language of silly sentiment."

"It is the language of love," he replied; and there was a restrained and awkward silence for a long time until both came slowly to their cooler selves.

"You have honored me, Florian," she said, gently; "but it is an honor I cannot accept. I am still a Protestant."



SURPRISE SOAP A PURE HARD SOAP

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."

"Well, it happened oddly enough, too. Mrs. Merriam and I had been at the cathedral, and met Mr. Rossiter and others on our way home. He accompanied us some distance and spoke to me of his surprise at seeing me there. Then I told him of my former nearness to the Church and he lectured and scolded me for not making proper use of the forces I had then received, and filled me with dread of my present position. It has rankled in my heart since that night. It has led to my present determination. Ah! he has the poet's soul."

"It was a moonlight night?" questioned Florian. "I think so. Yes, I remember now it was. His eyes shone so when he bade me good-night, and he stood looking upward."

"I thought it," he said quietly; and she did not notice the sarcasm, for her memory was dwelling on the splendor of the poet's eyes. "And so you are going away to hunt up the blessed certainty of the faith! Is it not a queer place to settle one's doubt in a hot-bed of Catholicity? For instance, if I went to the Whigs to learn the strength of some doubts I had concerning Democracy?"

"I am certain of this," said she: "that Methodism is not Christianity, and I am going to investigate Catholicity where it shines brightest, and take that as the standard."

"Well, that is wise. When you return to Clayburg I shall be sure to meet you, for I am going up there some day. I shall wait until you shall return, or maybe longer."

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.

CHAPTER XXI. 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.

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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 lastly 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, tilling your soil, 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.

The present phase of the process, if the report is accurate, is the destruction in whole or in part of the active cone through which in recent years the volcanic ejections have found outlet.

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.

Too much cannot be said of the courage of the physicians and of the others of the heroic little band that accompanied him, but the courage of the priest, frail of body but mighty of determination, stands out clear cut and distinct—a golden deed of heroism.

He carried a message which the others could not deliver, and a relief greater than the soothing of physical suffering. He knew where his duty lay when the message of the disaster came to Casper, and he did not hesitate to confront the obstacles that were between him and it.

No duty as an employe or hope of emolument inspired him to undertake the fearful trip. He merely knew that there were none other there could take them, and he carried it.

Father Bryant is the kind of man Mr. Carnegie was thinking of when he established the hero fund.

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. If a girl at this period has headaches, if she is pale, thin and languid, it shows that her slender blood supply is being overtaxed.

She will always be ailing and may slip into a hopeless decline or consumption if her blood is not built up at once with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The rich, red blood which these pills make bring health and strength to every organ, and make dull, listless, languid girls, bright, rosy-cheeked, active and strong.

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.

As Le Conte shows, the sides of the crater have sometimes been melted or fallen in, and most of the debris has finally been thrown out on the slopes, greatly enlarging the crater within which a new cone of eruption has been 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.

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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.

Rolled Oats—\$2.00 to \$2.05 per bag of 90 lbs.

Pearl Hominy—\$1.85 to \$1.90 in bags of 98 lbs.

Cornmeal—\$1.80 to \$1.40 for ordinary, \$1.40 for granulated.

Mill Feed—Ontario bran in bulk, \$20; shorts, in bags, \$20 to \$20.50; Manitoba bran in bags, \$20; shorts, \$21.

Hay—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.

Eggs—New laid, 15c to 15 1/2c per dozen.

Butter—Choice creamery, 20c to 21c; undergrades, 19c; dairy, 16c to 18c.

Cheese—Colored, 12c; white, 12c. Ashes—First pots, \$5.10; seconds, \$4.60 to \$4.55; third, \$3.70; first pearls, \$4.50 to \$4.60.

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. This, of course, has the effect of making Canadian-bacon easier, but we think the lull is only temporary, for this week, and we feel sure that all the firms will have to buy next week, and pay the price."

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.

Beans are firm and in good demand at \$1.55 per bushel for wholesale lots, and in a jobbing way at \$1.60 to \$1.65 per bushel. Hand picked are quoted at \$1.70 on a quiet market.

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.

Rolled oats are firm and unchanged at \$2 to \$2.05 per bag for small lots, and \$1.95 by the carload.

Cornmeal is dull and steady at \$1.80 to \$1.40 per bag for ordinary ground, and \$1.50 for granulated.

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.

No. 2 white are quoted ex store at 41c per bushel, No. 3 at 40c, and No. 4 at 39c.

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. Ask any mother who has used the Tablets and she will tell you there is no other medicine so good.

Mrs. James Hall, Beach Hill, N.S., says: "My baby was troubled with indigestion, was cross and peevish and rapidly losing flesh. I got Baby's Own Tablets and less than a box cured him and he has ever since enjoyed good health and is growing splendidly."

Mothers should remember that this medicine is absolutely safe, and can be given to the weakest, tenderest baby, or to the sturdy well-grown boy or girl with equally good effect. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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 Columbiad.

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

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Chalices, Ciboria, Ostensoria. Gold and Silver Plating and Engraving of all Altar Vessels at very reasonable prices. Write for quotations.

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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.