

MR. REDMOND GETS HIS WAY AGAIN

Announcement of Winter Session Prevented Grave Crisis.

(By T. P. O'Connor, M.P., Correspondent of the New York Times.) London.—Mr. Redmond has scored again. I have pointed to the difficulty of his voting for the budget while the conference over the veto bill was proceeding and the veto struggle held up for weeks. Mr. Redmond once more was face to face with the same perplexing situation as that of some months ago, namely, the impossibility of reconciling Ireland to the acceptance of the budget unless Ireland was convinced that a strenuous and hopeful campaign against the House of Lords was given as compensation.

GRAVE CALAMITIES.

Such a step, though inevitable, must also have brought some grave calamities, such as the postponement of the fight against the Lords, the postponement of Home Rule, the exasperation of the Liberals, and, therefore, the creation of two anti-Irish parties in British politics instead of one. There were, accordingly, many anxious hours for Mr. Redmond in the past week. The situation has now enormously cleared. Mr. Asquith's promise of a winter session, coupled with a postponement of the later stages of the budget to these sittings, leaves Mr. Redmond master of the situation.

FRUITFUL CAMPAIGN EXPECTED.

An incidental advantage of the winter sittings in that Messrs. Redmond, Devlin, and Boyle, who will go on an American tour beginning with the Buffalo convention, can remain from four to six weeks in America, where all indications reaching us promise a most fruitful campaign. Though the prospects, therefore, are now enormously brighter than last week, Mr. Redmond's difficulties are not entirely removed. Mr. Lloyd-George made an enormous blunder in yielding to the clamor of the ultra-temperance party and renewing the whiskey tax.

The results on the Irish whiskey trade will be serious, though greatly exaggerated, and Messrs. O'Brien and Healy will make this tax a weapon with which to attack Mr. Redmond, but this game was tried in the spring and ended in hopeless failure, and faction is dying hourly in Ireland.

O'Brien's speeches and his open alliance with the Tories are driving the people from his ranks, and Healy is doomed in Louth. In addition, the temperance movement in Ireland has made such gigantic strides in the last two years that the anti-whiskey sentiment will largely discount the sentiment against the whiskey tax.

CONFERENCE SITUATION NEARLY SETTLED.

The conference situation is still mysterious and nebulous. The general impression is that it must end in failure. This was reflected in the widespread rumor this week that the conference already had burst up. The hopelessness among Liberals also has reached such a point that a written communication would have been presented to Mr. Asquith if the meeting of the conference of Mr. Asquith, the Liberal Whip, had not calmed the excitement. The result of all this pressure must be to carry up the conference and strengthen the Liberal negotiations against any weak concession to the Tories. Winston Churchill still speaks hopefully of the possibility of a compromise in conference. In any case, however, Mr. Redmond's success in obtaining the winter session has pleased the Liberals as well as the Irish. Once again the situation has cleared. The veto struggle has been postponed. The House of Lords will have to wait until the winter session.

confidence, and a closer union of the English and Irish progressive forces. The near future promises either the acceptance by the Tories of some compromise which will give the Liberals and Irish most of what they want or an immediate and more violent removal of the campaign against the present powers of the House of Lords.

AN ANXIOUS TIME.

There is a rumor afloat that Lloyd George favors conferences between the two Houses of Parliament in case of disagreement; the Lords, of course, being considerably reduced in number at such a conference; that is to say, instead of all the 600 appearing, they should delegate their powers and duties to 100 or 150. Of these about one-fourth would be Liberals, leaving three-quarters of the number to the Tories.

Such a representation would be outvoted, of course, if the Liberals plus the Irish had a substantial majority of something like 100. That would mean that when the Liberals did have a substantial majority, they could carry their bills at the joint conference. But the scheme, or, indeed, almost any scheme would, while satisfying some, displease others: there might be a split in the Liberal Party itself; there might be a split with the Irish; and such a split would mean, of course, not merely the destruction of the Ministry but the present great combination, and of all the hopes with which the combination is bound up. And, therefore, this is an anxious, perilous, and an epoch-making hour. He would be a wise prophet who could anticipate what will be its final outcome.

A. O. H. Board of Erin Appoints Delegates.

A very enthusiastic meeting of the Division, A.O.H. Board of Erin, was held in St. Ann's Hall on last Tuesday night, Bro. Dan. Gallery occupied the chair, supported by Bro. Thos. Markey, vice-president; John Landy, financial secretary; L. Brophy, corresponding secretary; D. O'Sullivan, treasurer; Messrs. J. Hughes, J. McGinn, M. Meade, J. Shaw, K. A. Palmer, J. Doolan, W. D. Burns, D. F. Foley, J. A. Heffernan, B. Clancy, M. Cahill, J. Donohoe, P. Donohoe, etc.

The auditors, Messrs. J. P. Landy, G. Donohoe and R. Kelly, submitted a balance sheet which showed the society to be making great progress and having a very creditable account in the bank. The report was adopted. The question of sending a delegate to the convention in New York on the 19th inst., was discussed. It was unanimously resolved that the president, Bro. Dan. Gallery, be their representative.

The officers and delegates of the County Board A.O.H. Board of Erin met in St. Ann's Hall on last Tuesday night, when a full representation from all the local branches was present. Bro. J. A. Heffernan occupied the chair, assisted by the County Chaplain, the Rev. A. P. Cullinan; Bro. T. Markey, D. Gallery, etc. The principal business of the meeting was the appointment of delegates to the New York convention. The honor was conferred on the County President, Bro. J. A. Heffernan, and on the County Secretary, Bro. Geo. Donohoe. A letter was read from Bro. R. A. Palmer, secretary of No. 1 Branch, stating that at the last meeting of their division they had elected Bro. Jas. Doolan as their president. The announcement was received with applause.

Mention was made on the progress of the Irish military company which is being formed, with Mr. Thos. Markey at its head. The question of the coming Eucharistic Congress was also introduced, and the members decided to do everything in their power for its success. A circular letter to the Irish of Montreal was submitted, and it was agreed to mail about 5000 copies.

This letter sets forth the aims and objects of the order in Montreal, and its future intentions of assisting, when necessary, Irish emigrants coming to this city.

The announcement that the Rev. A. E. Cullinan, chaplain of the order, had been appointed the delegate from No. 1 branch was received with acclamation.

Changing the Coronation Oath.

London, Ont. Free Press.—Religious toleration does not require that Protestantism should yield any of the rights which it holds dear. It simply asks that Protestantism shall give Roman Catholicism the same consideration that Protestantism is Roman Catholic countries would ask for itself. It is recognized within the empire that every man shall worship as his conscience directs. To single out any one or half dozen religions and declare them to be the basis of superstitions and idolatry is the grossest of crimes. It is the province of a common sense to recognize that every

EUCCHARISTIC CONGRESS NEWS.

Speakers Will be Men of World-Wide Repute.

The following will give some idea of the depth of subjects—dogmatic, moral, liturgical, or discipline—and of those who have been invited to handle them in English. Such names as appear in this yet incomplete list speaks for the careful and learned treatment of the several subjects presented during the conference: The Rev. Bernard Vaughan, S.J., London, Eng., "The Eucharist and Modern Society"; Mr. John J. O'Brien of Boston, "The Upholding of a Parish by Frequent Communion"; Father Letellier, S.S.S., "The Sacramental Eucharistic League" (5000 members); Rev. Lewis Drummond, S.J., New York, (editor of "America"); "The Eucharist and the Devotion to the Sacred Heart"; Rev. R. Meagle, Malden, Mass., "The Cultivation of Vocations"; Bishop McDonald, Victoria, B.C., "Faith in the Eucharist and Modern Unbelief"; Mother Loyola, York, England, well known religious writer; Miss Sadler, talented Canadian authoress; Father Finn, Chicago, Ill.; Father Campbell, S.J., well known in this city, "The Eucharist and the First Missionaries of Canada"; Rev. L. A. Lambert, Scottsville, N.Y., Editor N.Y. Freeman, "Popular Objections to the Real Presence"; Father Doyle, S.P., Washington, "The Role of the Eucharist in Heretical Conversions"; Bishop Clancy, Sligo, Ireland, "The Eucharist and the Primitive Church of Ireland."

Announcement is made that the various committees have nearly completed the arrangements for the international Eucharistic Congress to be held in this city on Sept. 6 to 11. Word has been received of the completion of the itinerary of Cardinal Vannutelli, who will represent the Vatican on this occasion. The Cardinal will leave Ostend on Aug. 25, going direct to London. A few days later he and his retinue, the Duke of Norfolk, will leave for Liverpool, where they will board the specially chartered steamship, the Empress of Ireland, which will take them direct to Quebec. There will be fifty bishops, four archbishops and members of the Catholic nobility of England, Italy, Spain and Austria-Hungary in the party. Fourteen altars will be built on the steamship, at which masses will be said every day during the voyage. The Papal Legate will travel incognito and will so be received on his arrival at Quebec. The official reception to him will occur on the evening of Sept. 7, at St. James Cathedral, where the English, American, Spanish, French and Italian hierarchy will be represented. Fully 200,000 visitors are expected during the week of the Congress. The Catholic Club of New York has chartered a train on which it will travel to Montreal. The principal speakers of the Congress will be the Archbishop of Westminster, Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop O'Connell of Boston, Archbishop Glennon of St. Louis, the Papal legate and professors from the leading universities of Canada, the United States and other countries.

A. O. H. BOARD OF ERIN.

Circular Issued to the Irishmen of Montreal.

The following circular is being mailed by the A.O.H. Board of Erin, to 5000 Irishmen in the city: "There is now established in Montreal a County Board and three Divisions of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, Board of Erin."

This Order has its headquarters in Dublin, Ireland, with Joseph Devlin, Esq., as its National President, and Mr. John D. Nugent as National Secretary. It holds within its ranks in Ireland alone, over 70,000 faithful adherents of Holy Mother Church, who unitedly follow the principles of their leaders in their efforts to further the cause of Ireland by assisting the Irish Parliamentary party.

The A.O.H. Board of Erin, be it understood, is the original Board of the Hibernians, founded away back in the year 1655 by famed Rory Oge O'More, in the County Kildare for the purpose of protecting the Catholic priesthood against the lawlessness then prevailing, of which they were, as history states, the chief sufferers. With such a noble origin the Order has continued its exalted course to the present. To-day it flourishes as never before, and it must and will flourish as long as its noblest ideals are faithfully upheld. It is the province of a common sense to recognize that every

man's devoted sons who abandoned position power and affluence to bring their motherland to the position of a free, self-governing country, the cruel laws of the past have been greatly modified, there still remains a no less arduous task for Erin's sons at home and abroad.

The Board of Erin, A.O.H., has been formed in Montreal with the avowed object of assisting the leaders in Ireland, whose untiring efforts are to better their country's condition through peaceful, straightforward, outspoken and honorable methods. The bishops and clergy of Ireland are fully in favor of the principles set down by the A.O.H. Board of Erin, whose head leaders are foremost in the Irish Parliamentary Party.

Here in Montreal there is still wider scope for good by our people, chief of which is the care—when need be—of Irish Catholic immigrants landing in the city, strangers to its ways and its people. In this connection a work will shortly be undertaken by the A.O.H. Board of Erin, here, for which we bespeak the hearty co-operation of every English-speaking Catholic in the city; a work which will offer a tangible and inviting solution of this question which unfortunately has been sadly neglected.

The son or daughter of Erin, who, on bidding farewell to home and country, knows that on reaching Montreal they have immediate access to a home where the best of advice may be received and temporary assistance given in cases of emergency are sure to embark with less misgivings as to the immediate future, while a similar load is lifted from the hearts of the sad ones they leave behind, whose daily prayers are being waited for their comfort and success in a strange and far-away land.

The A.O.H. Board of Erin in Montreal has started out with these avowed objects: "With straightforward, open methods—and these alone—it begins its career of usefulness."

It seeks the hearty co-operation of every right-minded man who is eligible to become either an active or an honorary member.

Dignity, truth and honor will be associated with all its aims. "Many men of wide influence in the various walks of life are already with the A.O.H. Board of Erin here, and its appreciative people will be further pleased, as the months roll by, to learn of how added strength is being enrolled."

A sick benefit of \$5.00 per week will be paid, and a further sum of \$50.00 to the family of a deceased member. The case of a member out of employment will likewise receive attention by a regularly appointed committee. The English-speaking Catholic schools will also be materially assisted.

The Board of Erin recently donated \$175.00 to the Irish Parliamentary Party. Officers: Chaplain, Rev. A. P. Cullinan; President, J. A. Heffernan; Vice-President, Thos. Markey; Secretary, Geo. Donohoe; Treasurer, D. F. Foley; Marshall, Denis Sullivan.

Mgr. Laflamme Dead.

Monsignor Laflamme, director of Laval University, died at Quebec at noon yesterday.

Monsignor Joseph Clovis Kemler Laflamme was born at St. Anselme, Que., on September 19, 1849. He was educated in the Quebec Seminary and at Laval University, where the degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred upon him in 1868, and Master of Arts in 1884.

Ordained in 1872, he was appointed Professor of Geology and Physics in his Alma Mater, which position he had retained. He has written geological reports for the Quebec Government on various sections of the Province and represented Canada at the International Geologists' Congress in 1891, being chosen president of the Royal Society of Canada in the same year. In 1897 he was elected an honorary member of the International Geographical Congress, which was then in session at St. Petersburg. He was also a member of the Societe Geologic de France, American Geological Society and of the Societe Francaise de Physique.

American Catholics Congratulated.

Catholics in the United States have forwarded to the King of England, through the American Federation of Catholic Societies, a protest against the text of the present oath of accession. The communication, which is signed by the Archbishop of Milwaukee, the Most Rev. S. G. Messersmith and the Bishop of Trenton, the Rt. Rev. James A. McFaul, reads in part as follows:

Report has reached us that Your Majesty is opposed to that part of the royal oath of accession which is insulting and offensive to Roman Catholics. The American Federation of Catholic Societies, representing three million Roman Catholics and voicing the sentiments of fourteen million Roman Catholics, desire to congratulate Your Majesty on the position taken and to thank you for your kind and noble sentiment.

LATEST NEWS FROM ROME.

Vatican Conciliatory—Prepared for Reform in Spanish Concordat.

In an interview this week the Marquis Gonzales, first secretary of the Spanish embassy to the Vatican, stated:

"The negotiations between Spain and the Vatican continue, and are not likely to be interrupted, as the Pope realizes the necessity for reform in the Concordat. He is willing to make reasonable concessions. The press reports of the situation in Spain are greatly exaggerated. The fall of the Cabinet is not imminent." At the same time the negotiations are at a standstill.

The Pope's health continues excellent. Recently he suspended private audiences in order to take part in a series of religious exercises which he himself established by decree. He has been stronger and brighter since eliminating the audiences, which sometimes are trying physically, especially in the summer months. Only this week His Holiness remarked on the excellence of his health and added that he had never experienced such cool, delightful weather in the beginning of July as this year. He spends the day in spiritual exercises, renouncing even his daily walk in the Vatican gardens. The religious exercises are attended by the Pope and about thirty ecclesiastics attached to the Vatican. Hereafter these exercises are to occur every three months. They consist chiefly of sermons by the Jesuit Father Turchi; two services in the morning and two in the evening.

AMERICAN PRIESTS WIN HONORS.

Two American priests, the Rev. George D. Lucas, of Pittston, Pa., and the Rev. James P. McGraw, Chancellor of the Diocese of Syracuse, have carried off the highest honors this year in the canon law examinations at the University of Apollinari. The examinations for doctorate in canon law have been made especially severe, so only fifty per cent of the trained scholars entered were successful. At the head of this list were the priests mentioned above. In civil law Father Hennig, of Syracuse, was among the few successful students.

HAVE AUDIENCE WITH POPE.

Among those who were received in private audience by the Holy Father were the Rev. Dr. James P. McGraw, of Syracuse; the Rev. T. Brennan, of Berkeley, Cal.; the Rev. Hugh and Daniel I. MacGettican, of Philadelphia; the Rev. Thomas J. McCloughlin, of New York, and Mrs. Henry C. Loughlin, of Philadelphia. Mr. Thomas Hughes Kelly, of New York, who, with Mrs. Kelly, and his brother, Mr. Eugene Kelly, has been in Rome since last month, has been officially appointed by the Pope to form part of the suite of Cardinal Vannutelli at the Eucharistic Congress in Montreal.

It is practically settled that after the great religious gathering in Canada, the Cardinal Legate will make an unofficial visit to the United States, and that New York will certainly be included in his itinerary. Mgr. Tampieri, of the Papal Secretary of State department, will also form one of the party. The Cardinal will be the bearer of a special message from the Pope to the Congress, which will be the first gathering in America to be solemnly opened by a Cardinal Legate.

Letters to the Editor.

MONTREAL IRISHMEN ACTIVE.

The Editor of the True Witness: Dear Sir,—It will be interesting to the public of Montreal to learn that an elaborate scheme is being planned by the friends of Ireland to establish in this city an auxiliary branch of the United Irish League. The preliminary meeting will be held in St. Ann's Hall, the second and fourth Tuesday of each month. The first of these will be held on the 12th inst. It is hoped that after a short time they will be in possession of a central hall of their own, where an Irish Literary and Debating Society will be formed, and the members kept well in touch with the history of their country. Periodical entertainments, lectures, concerts and Irish games will be arranged, and efforts will be made to keep the Irish element of the city together and thus encourage healthy amusements and recreations. It is expected that the clergy of the city will aid the project as much as possible. All men in sympathy with Irish aspirations are invited to join. The annual subscription for membership will be one dollar. Larger donations will also be accepted and will be acknowledged through the press. The Irish of Montreal have in the past subscribed generously to the parliamentary fund, and now that the question of victory rests on their hands, it would ill become this great

city to be backward in the hour of triumph. Under any conceivable set of circumstances it is impossible to deny any longer to Ireland that principle and system of Home Rule now granted to all the British Dominions and leave in its place the present system of government admitted by all British statesmen to be a complete and utter failure. If the Irish at home are working towards that end, her exiles abroad must remain firmly attached to the principle, "Ireland a nation," and make their organizations here not only numerically but financially formidable and show the world they mean business and value liberty.

Irishmen, then, rally to the call. Join this great organization. Come and talk with your fellow exiles, express your views on current politics, and thus educate one and other and help to set your country free. As an answer to abstract statements sometimes made by people ignorant of the achievement of the Irish party, by parliamentary agitation, I quote the following list, which is by no means complete, yet is instructive and shows the party's great work since 1879. The figures stand unchallenged for any quarter. The financial gain shows a record of substantial and steady progress on the part of Ireland, and fully justifies all efforts made to sustain the National movement.

The Land Act of 1881 reduced Irish rents \$10,297,375 annually. Arrears of Rent Act 1882 wiped out completely ten millions. The Light Railways Act, 1882, eight millions; migration act 1882, five millions; Laborers Act, 1883, ten millions; Land Purchase Act of 1887 and 1898, fifty millions. The Land Purchase Act of 1891, \$150,000,000. Agricultural Act, 1898, one million and \$8,300,000 received annually for same since 1898. Land Act of 1903, \$600,000,000. Bonus under Land Act, \$600,000,000. Laborer's Act, 1906, 22 1-2 millions, and \$1,981,500 expended by the Congested Districts Board in settling problems of congested. In the session of 1908 the National University grant, \$3,780,000; building fund, yearly, \$200,000; grant for education, yearly, \$160,000; old age pensions act gives Ireland yearly ten millions. And an additional sum of \$15,000,000 for land purchase proposed under the new Birell Act of 1909. From the above it can be seen that the Irish representatives have been pretty well in action. Remember the date of our first meeting, the 12th inst., at 8 p.m. All Irish people cordially invited, both ladies and gentlemen.

GEO. DONOHOE.

Associated Press Appoints Representative for Congress.

The Associated Press has assigned Mr. Augustin McNally to the task of reporting for the great Eucharistic Congress. Mr. McNally was until recently dramatic editor of the New York Tribune, being associated on that journal with Mr. William Winter. During his connection with the staff of the Tribune he edited for it what is believed to be the first Catholic supplement ever issued by a leading daily paper in the States. That was on the occasion of the centennial of the Archdiocese of New York which he also compiled the official account published under the title of "The Catholic Centenary as a Newspaper Man Saw it." Mr. McNally contributes, from time to time, to the Literary Digest and writes reviews of the plays during the theatrical season in New York. He will come to Montreal in the latter part of August to complete arrangements for the transmission of news of the great event. His present address is No. 244 West 16th street, New York City.

He will be thankful for any suggestion from the reverend chairman of the various committees, especially those having charge of the literary section. In order that no paper may have an excuse for not publishing a full and accurate account it is desirable that copies of the more important addresses be in the general office of the Associated Press by the middle of July, and not later, if at all possible, than the first week in August. Mr. McNally will acknowledge receipt of all such addresses mailed to him. Cardinal Gibbons, the Archbishop of St. Louis, and the Rev. J. Campbell will send copies direct to the office.

Official.

Baltimore, July 1, 1910.—I beg leave to say that Mr. Augustin McNally, who, I learn, is engaged by the Associated Press to report the proceedings of the Catholic Congress at Montreal, is a gentleman, worthy, in my judgment, of confidence, and the important trust confided to him, I believe he will discharge his duties with conscientious fidelity. I. CARD GIBBONS.



CONDUCTED BY HORTENSE

Perfection is still a long way off from the average man. Much has been done, but much remains to be done.

The Veranda Garden.

The lover of flowers is now thinking of her outdoor garden, and especially of beautifying her veranda with growing plants.

If she has a tiny grass plot in front, or a narrow border of earth in her back yard, then she should plunge her winter flowering plants out doors.

If the plants, whether they are potted or plunged, are exposed directly to the sun and also to the wind, they will require a great deal of water.

Springing is the best method of providing your plants with moisture. Generally speaking it is better not to water the blooms or the leaves, but on very warm days a gentle spray directed upon flowers and foliage will not go amiss.

See that the roots are never permitted to get dry, and if the plants are in the open ground, a little moss around the roots will do much toward retaining the moisture.

If plants are kept well watered, the sun will not hurt them, although in the case of those on the veranda it would be a wise precaution to shield them in the middle of the day by means of the porch awning.

The amateur should bear in mind that plants outdoors are frequently troubled with insects, so prevail upon the man of the house to smoke his pipe in their vicinity.

Hanging baskets always look well upon a veranda, while trellises of climbing plants are charming, for they give a more artistic privacy than does an awning.

Cool Answers to a Burning Question.

To keep cool: Keep busy. Work quietly. Don't fuss. Don't hurry. Don't speak of the heat. Economize on meat and spend on ice.

Be wary of too much iced tea. Drink buttermilk. Carry a parasol. Wear low shoes with moderately heavy soles.

Banish high collars of all and every kind. Do shopping, marketing and other outdoor errands early in the day.

Stay indoors from 1 to 5 if you live in the city and have no shady, breezy outdoors to sit in. Do not lose your temper. Put sea salt-two handfuls-in your morning bath.

Wear gray, black and white, lilac, blue and green, rather than black, purple, brown or red. Slip away from work and worry two or three times a week and take a dip in the ocean.

Get the cold salad habit. There are a thousand cool, non-alcoholic drinks and delicious light salads. Learn to concoct some of them and make your menu as different as possible from your winter fare.

Words to the Wise Housewife. Linens require a long soaking to remove any stain. French chalk will clean a slightly soiled white chip hat.

French stains are removed with a weak solution of chloride of lime. Porcelains will be found very good for cleaning an enamel or porcelain tub.

Backstitch broad or cracker on which chem is to be toasted improves the flavor. The addition of a pinch of salt to the coffee improves it greatly to some taste.

Spreading a little flour on top of a cake will sometimes prevent the icing from running. Mix grated horseradish with lemon juice; it will be found a pleasing change from vinegar.

Vegetables for salad must be dry or the dressing does not amalgamate and it loses its flavor. When using melted cheese on sandwiches, remember to melt it in a hot oven and serve immediately.

To clean an oil painting, rub a freshly cut slice of potato dampened in cold water, over the surface. The most obstinate coffee stains can be removed by a solution of lukewarm water and the yolk of an egg.

Pure alcohol can be used with wonderful success as a means of cleaning black Spanish or Chantilly lace.

Mint Tea For the Nervous. Mint has many virtues and a few vices. Well washed, the leaves pulled from the stems, slightly mashed and boiling water poured over there results a "mint tea" that is a sovereign remedy for nervous as well as stomach troubles.

In preparing the mint tea the bowl is kept closely covered until the contents are cool; then strained, poured into a bottle that can be closely corked and set on ice, when wanted ice should be pounded very fine and a little sugar added if liked; some prefer the tea unsweetened.

Enamel the Books. If hooks for the bathroom, kitchen and pantry are dipped in enamel paint there will be no more trouble from iron rust.

Iced Tea. A Boston lady gives the following recipe for making "iced" tea: "Use about one-quarter more of the dry leaf than you would when making tea to be served hot. Pour on boiling water and allow tea to steep five to eight minutes (all the good can be extracted in that time)."

Four off the tea into another vessel and allow it to cool gradually. "Never use any artificial means of cooling until ready to use; then cooling and lemon may be added. If you do its delicious flavor will be dissipated. Don't put hot tea in the refrigerator to cool. If you do it will spoil in short order. Iced tea should be made two hours before serving, to give it time to gradually cool."

Renovating Clothes. A few general rules in regard to removing stains from wash dresses will be useful just now in renovating last year's frocks for this summer's wear.

It must be remembered that the sooner the spot is taken out after the accident the better will be the result; yet stains that have been in all winter are not impossible to cleanse if the work is done in the right way.

For example, boiling water poured through a tea-stain will entirely remove it if the steam is kept percolating through the material a sufficient length of time, it depending upon the obstinacy of the stain.

Coffee spots should be soaked in cold water until they disappear, changing the water as often as it becomes much discolored. The stains from chocolate are not so easy to remove. They should be soaked in lukewarm water, which will be renewed as occasion requires.

Fruit stains will surely be in evidence during the season, if not on old garments then on new ones. When such spots are fresh pour boiling water steadily through them and they will usually disappear. If the water is hard box or ammonia in a small quantity should be added to the water.

When any greasy substance has been dropped upon silk, it can be abstracted by mixing French chalk with methylated spirits to the consistency of cream, laying it upon the stain, then covering with a brown paper and pressing with a warm iron.

Ice cream marks can be removed by this means, but it must be applied at once. A bottle of cologne is a most useful article for it will take away stains if rubbed on as soon as they occur. It can be used alike on white or colored fabrics, cotton or woolens without the slightest injury.

Many persons make use of it all the year round, not exactly as a cleaning agent, but as an emergency. For example, when a person is quite ready to go out, and then discovers some stain that has been overlooked when putting the garment away, a rag saturated with cologne and applied will remedy the spot, at least temporarily.

Grass stains yield to the cologne application, though a thorough bath in alcohol is perhaps more certain. Kerosene is another liquid that may be applied successfully to grass stains, while some recommend covering the spots with a paste made from cream of tartar and water.

This should not be used in the case of colored goods, as the color is likely to disappear. Medicine sponges may often be removed by sponging thoroughly with alcohol.

Blood stains, if fresh, should be put into cold water. When old or set a very thick paste made from starch and water should be laid on both sides of the stain and allowed to remain until perfectly dry, when it can be shaken off.

Stains from an acid will usually disappear under a bath of alcohol.

Business Girls' Needs. Something More Than a "Shelter" is Their Demand.

The following from Register-Extension is so particularly timely, speaking as it does of the same crying need in our midst that it is worthy of reproduction. So many young girls are forced out into the business world with only the shelter of a boarding house. Shelter we say, for where is the place offering real comforts of home to the tired girl at the end of a busy day?

The rates charged, are quite out of proportion to the comforts supplied, so in reality these boarding houses are only shelters at the best.

Up one flight of stairs, along a narrow, dark hall which still imprisoned the odors of the mid-day meal, and the woman who works pushed the door of her room open. The sight of its hideous walls and its dingy furniture filled her tired body with loathing. Even when she covered her eyes with her fingers she could still see the long loop of bilious-looking roses that caryatid across the walls, the drooping curtains standing out from the window like pasteboards in their precise, dirty folds.

Such a room to drag one's tired body to, for it had been a long, wearisome day at the office, a musty, discouraging day. The few dishes washed and hidden out of sight, with the smelly spirit lamp, and the cracker boxes and milk bottle, the woman pulled the curtains back and crouching down on the window seat stared out at the chimney pots and the dirty rough-cast backs of pseudo brick houses with unseeing eyes.

Out in the big uncluttered places the frogs would be croaking their monotonous chant in every pond; crickets would be chirping, and the air that blew down the long, gentle uplands would be very sweet and cool.

And there would be a tiny house by the side of a fishy, mossy pond, with the hot sun shining on the doorstep in the daytime and a clump of willows and an oak-tree growing near; on the side of the house where the sun is brightest in the morning, some small square beds of lettuce, and pale green heads of radishes, and pale green heads of lettuce, and straight, neat rows of young onions, with the moist earth showing black between the rows; and a few green peas growing by a small fence; and on the other side of the little house grass, tall, rank grass and some hardy weeds, and perhaps a tiger lily or two come up unawares.

And there would be rolling hills lying fair and green at a distance, with cattle wandering and grazing upon them in the shadow of low-hanging branches. And, and—the strident toot of an automobile and the screams of a dozen groups of children scampering to safety tear the fabric of her vision.

Now, I didn't just fancy the above. You see I know the woman I'm writing about very, very well. And I know that it wasn't always such extravagant visions she indulged in. Sometimes it was only a bright, cheery room in cheery surroundings, she longed for—a room that she could come home to like she would to the arms of a quiet, restful friend, who would soothe her and make her forget the little bothers of the day. For a room can be so human, so dear, so close.

They're humble things, but you don't know how walls, just plain, ordinary walls, if they're hung with dainty pictures, can brighten a tired body. And so with the other furnishings, and if you've never boarded, you don't know how utterly lonesome you can be even when the house you're in is crowded.

Some times the little woman of whom I write, heart hungry for companionship with the kind of girls she used to know in her school days, back home, would build and furnish and people a great big comfy home for those like herself where in the evenings all gathered like they used

to do in the recreation hall. And where some sang, and some played, and some sewed, and every one knew every one else so well, that such answers to some foolish, tender, intimate "nickname?" And there would be big halls, and a library lined with books, and a chapel, and the "Sisters" to watch over all with their black gowns and their white bands and their beads, and Madonna-like calm.

And it would be so good to say the Rosary again, hearing the beads slip between other fingers than your own, and to have some one say "good-night" to you, and "pleasant dreams," as if they really meant it, and to fall asleep to wake at the sound of the Angelus.

And the woman who works in hopeful, just as I am, that some fine day some one is going to gather or all the lonesome little Catholic girls who are working away from home in your city, and plump them right down in just such a place where they can be happy and independent and grow in their minds and in their souls.

Against the Rules. It happened, so the story goes on a Lehigh Valley Railroad train.

It had just left Easton, station bound for New York, and as the conductor made his way through the coaches he spied a small, white dog with a bushy tail and bright black eyes sitting beside a young miss. The presence of dogs in the passenger cars being contrary to rules, the conductor had to perform a painful duty.

"I'm sorry—very sorry," he said to the young girl, "but it is against the regulations to allow dogs here."

"My—oh, my, is that so?" she replied. "What shall I do—what shall I do—you see it is nothing but a little—"

"Yes, I know, but rules are rules, you know," interrupted the conductor. "It will be all right—we'll just put it in the baggage car."

"What! Put this nice little dog in your dirty old baggage car?" "Very sorry—awfully sorry, miss, but I will have to do it," continued the conductor.

"Well, I just know that somebody will steal it—but, of course, if you say it must go there I suppose—"

"Here, Bill," called the conductor to the brakeman, "take this pup into the baggage car and tell 'em to treat it well."

The brakeman reached over and lifted up the dog. He did it as tenderly as if it were a baby. A peculiar expression came over his face.

"Why, boss," he said, "it's a worsted dog!" "Yes, sir," spoke up the girl as she looked at them both with her innocent delf-blue eyes, "it's worsted! I thought you knew it all the time. It's for my brother in Brooklyn."

The brakeman laid the dog back in the seat. The conductor forgot to punch the girl's ticket, and he and the brakeman retired to the rear platform to figure out what was the matter with them.

A Golden Summer. A season for simple living with the kindly sun and the blue sky; days of keen delight in little things; of joyous questing after beauty; days for the making of friends by being a true friend to others; days when we may enlarge our little lives by excursions to strange places; by friendly association; by the companionship of great thoughts; days that may teach us to live nobly, to work joyously, to play harder, to do all our labor better; so should each June bring us indeed a golden summer.—Edwin O. Grover.

Care of Table Silver. Have you ever used block magnesia to clean silver? The flourlike substance is not gritty, and it can be used dry to rub up pieces of silver that are not badly tarnished. Apply with soft cotton cloth and rub to polish with chamois.

Mixing the silver powder with alcohol instead of water will give it a more brilliant luster with less work.

Keep one of the rouged chamois skins in the pantry for emergency polishing. A basty rub will give a brilliant shine. When used on a part that must go to the mouth rinse the silver in boiling water after polishing with the chamois.

Silver should be boiled occasionally in water in which a small lump of washing soda has been dissolved. Every year or two silver that is in constant use should be taken to the jeweler for rebruniting and removal of scratches. This can be done with little loss of weight.

If there is no regular day for silver cleaning the hostess will frequently be mortified by that sign of bad housekeeping, dingy table silver.

Where time must be saved it pays to get some of the liquid polishers for repoussé silver. Getting powder from cracks, even with proper brushes, is laborious.

Reading. Reading! How many different interpretations that word goes through! To some it means the whiling away of a few idle hours with a "pretty story" from the library. Others are really interested in the higher class novels and yet miss the thought behind the story. The real reader understands that genuine thoughts and feelings are expressed through the characters in a book. The realization that every story, poem or essay worth the reading is an expression of the author's ideas and feelings may come quite suddenly to a young reader. That realization changes everything, gives a desire to read the best, so

Advertisement for Surprise Soap. Satisfaction follows the surprise of every housewife who uses Surprise Soap. You wonder how it can make the clothes so white and clean, with so little rubbing? It is just SOAP—perfectly pure with peculiar qualities for washing clothes. Try it the next wash. Read the directions on the wrapper. SURPRISE SOAP.

body; and the elbow sleeves are finished with broderie Anglaise and cambric frills. A shady hat is an absolute necessity on the river, and the one we saw, to go with boasting a wide brim, its only trimming being a band of violet velvet round the low crown, which was tied at the back with ends that just fell over the brim.

If she is wise and thinks of the fatal effects which reflections upon the skin and complexion, the river girl will certainly add a voluminous veil of violet or white chiffon or gauze and envelop her head and throat therewith; for the shading of hats will not preserve from the tanning effect which strikes upward from the sun-kissed river.

Dresses made entirely of white broderie Anglaise mounted on white or colored batiste also are delightful for river wear; and their effect can always be varied by different colored ribbons. The pinafore shape, not quite tight-fitting, is the best model for these frocks, for it does away with the waist-belt, which is always a possible pitfall when the arms come into play for either rowing or punting. Nothing looks so deplorable as a bodice or shirt that has dropped "below the Equator"; and such accidents will occur in the best regulated garments. With the no danger of anything of this kind happening, for, being perfectly free, it cannot work either up or down or shift out of place.

A very pretty effect can always be obtained on one of these dainty little country frocks by what the French call "un noeud à la mariee de village," which, being interpreted is a rosette of ribbon with long floating ends, which is pinned on the left side of the bodice, after the fashion of peasant brides on the Continent. These knots and streamers of ribbon have a most picturesque and dainty effect, and are especially charming on white lingerie frocks made pinafore fashion, as there is then no waist-band to detract from the one spot of color offered by the ribbon.

Colored shoes and stockings to match the knot of ribbon also help the picture greatly; and punts or skirts not being under yachting rules, shoes with Louis XV. heels are allowed to add their fascinations to a river frock. With the very abbreviated skirts which are the fashion at present, greater care than ever must be taken as regards the footgear. Englishwomen have well-shaped feet, but as a rule they are not small; and as one sits in the park and surveys the passing of the fashionable throngs, one is often irresistibly reminded of the pedal extremities of the "corner-man" in a negro minstrel troupe. One hint in this matter may help my readers, shoes, stockings, waist-belts, neck-ribbons, hat-trimmings, sunshade, shoulder-scarf, and, if possible, handbag, should all match in color.

Do Your Duty or be Read Out. The news that His Holiness Pope Pius X. has been looking deeply into the custom of Catholics paying a small stipend to the collector at the church vestibule on Sunday will be favorably commented upon—and otherwise. We comment only so far as to say that His Holiness must have looked into the question very seriously before making his decision, and also he did not do so until wisely advised by prelates who understand the reason for so paying.

If this method of paying for a seat is cut off, it will fall heavily upon the city churches, where transients come and go from one parish to another, and where even permanently-located Catholics are found to dodge a pew-collector and never rent a pew. In the country parishes and those of the smaller towns, the pews are nearly always occupied by one family, from generation to generation. The people take a pride in this, and pater-familias always holds the entrance seat to the family pew and sees to it that his lordship is sitting in the pew and not lurking in the back of the church.

If the news is as stated in the dispatches there is only one thing for city pastors to do: insist upon their parishioners renting a pew, and if those who are able to do so fall in this important duty—rent them out outside from the altar. The pews must be supported and cherished, and the history should be made an example of. If a Catholic did his duty there would be no need of taxing anyone.—Michigan Catholic.

What is Worn in London. London, June 25, 1910. Now is the time for punts full of cushions, for shady backwaters bordered with the exquisite creamy spikes of the meadow-sweet and dappled with the sunlight glancing through the branches of willows, and beech, both radiant in the young verdure which has not yet deepened into the linden green of later summer. Could anything be more enchanting than to lie at one's ease among well-arranged cushions and gaze up into a beech-tree overhead, watching the sunlight playing among the delicate crisp green satin of the leaves, backed here and there by a peep of blue sky? Never does a pretty girl look better than among such surroundings, provided she be properly garbed for the occasion; and this is, therefore, a suitable moment to give a description of a river frock seen the other day.

A river frock must be cool and light both to look at and to touch and this one was in white batiste striped with narrow lines of black. Batiste might be chosen with lines of blue or pink or green if preferred; but nothing looks smarter than the narrow black lines on the white ground. The skirt was short and quite plain except for a band of white broderie Anglaise down the front, which was taken round the skirt a little distance above the hem. The bodice was taken up the centre of the simple little bodice and round the sides just above the waist-belt of deep violet velvet, which finished in one long and at the side in front. This note of violet color was repeated in the tiny velvet tie which fastened the turndown collar of cambric, and in the little velvet rosettes which adorned the bodice down the middle of the

Vertical column of advertisements on the right side of the page, including: MORRISON, KAVANAGH, ADVOCATES, BARRISTERS, CROSSARD, CONROY, LAWRENCE, D. H. WELLS, ST. PATRICK'S, HOMESTEAD, SELF RAISING BRODIE'S CELESTINE SELF-RISING FLOUR, and A CORRECTOR OF PAIN.



# A WORD--AND A BLOW.

(By Ellen Ada Smith.)

It would never have happened if the last scratch rehearsal had not gone so well, or if Major Hayhurst's neuralgia had not attacked him for hours, making havoc of patience and temper alike. He had kept his physical sufferings to himself very wisely as it turned out, for when the ladies had retired discomfited and out of heart with a nerve-racking performance, Hayhurst's own nerves were strung up to the highest point of irritation. Left to themselves in the wide hall, the men began chaffing him about the poor quality of his performance that afternoon; and one audacious youngster, not fully fledged enough to be entirely judicious, suggested that as a stage-lover Hayhurst was not acting up to Miss Eve Saxton, who was the only one of them who had gone satisfactorily through her part that disastrous afternoon.

Hayhurst could have kicked the lad for his inapposite joking, as just then his neuralgia was unbearable; instead of kicking him, he answered with the savagery for which repressed physical suffering was entirely responsible: "I am sorry to have marred Miss Saxton's brilliancy. It takes a better artist than I am to play the adoring lover to a plain woman; the two things are incompatible."

Now Hayhurst, like the average man, had always thought beauty the first duty of every woman; but, to do him justice, in his normal state he could no more have voiced such a brutality concerning a lady and a fellow-guest than he could have struck her with his hand. But retribution was swiftly upon him, as with one startled impulse the men turned their heads to see Eve Saxton with her foot on the last stair, practically in their midst.

There was nothing to be done or hidden; the words had been clearly uttered and clearly heard by all present; not a doubt about it. There was a moment of stunned silence, of general shock, and then Eve descended the last stairs and spoke to the host:

"I left my book here. I want to read until dinner-time. If we think about the rehearsal we are lost."

She looked straight at her host and at no one else. Coming forward, he took her hand and turned her gently to the staircase. She was not going to run the gauntlet of those panic-stricken, flustered men if he knew it.

"My dear Mignon," he said, using for the first time his wife's pet name for the friend of her girlhood, "I can't allow any books. You must just rest until dinner, or you will be tired out before the evening is over."

He kissed Eve's hand before he let it go, and they were all silent until her footfall had passed beyond hearing. Then Sinclair turned, full of righteous wrath, to confront the offender, from whom the others had somewhat withdrawn. That he had voiced practically their own sentiments was no condemnation, inasmuch as he had broken the letter of a gentleman's code. To blame a woman for her ugliness was entirely natural, but to let her know it in words was an offence almost without pardon. Hayhurst knew this as he spoke first.

"Sinclair! I can never forgive myself. Would you like me to go?"

"I suppose you ought to go," admitted Sinclair, gloomily; "of course your going will wreck the performance, but we must make Miss Saxton our first consideration."

"Certainly. In any case she will probably refuse to act with me, and quite rightly, too. I had better await her initiative."

Angry as they all were with him, it was plainly evident that he was his own harshest judge. Sinclair softened as he saw how bitterly his friend took it to heart.

There was nothing more to be said, and they had to await the ruling of the woman who had gone to her room smarting with this rough touch to a living wound. For she was a worshipper of the beauty denied her; she had always regarded it in others with a passionate admiration quite beyond its real worth. She had idealized it in writing and in verse, envied its possessors with a wistful envy which had never contained a spite of malice. Many pretty women of her acquaintance were yet fairer for some added touch of grace suggested by her artistic eye and hand. But she was very human, very womanly, and although she had schooled herself to do without the thing she loved, the rough verdict against her from careless lips hurt intolerably.

And every man of the house-party had heard it, and without doubt endorsed its veracity. How could she possibly meet them all with a serene brow and carry out the evening's programme, which included enacting love-scenes with a man who had frankly told his fellows that she was so little to his taste? She felt at first that she could not, self-respect almost insisted upon her not doing so; but wise counsels prevailed at length, and she saw that the way of true dignity and right dealing lay straight in front of her with no turning either to right or left.

Nervous of temperament, she was not without a fine courage when it was needed; moreover, for a woman she was impressively just, and she knew instinctively that Hayhurst, really as he had spoken, must now find the relief that will allay inflammation in the brain, and she done no other.

which had made the rehearsal so intolerable to him, and so recommended him to the mercy of her own judgment.

By dinner-time she was strong in good resolve, yet dreading unspokenly the evening's ordeal. She went down at the last moment to find the social atmosphere disturbed. The women were mystified and the men taciturn and uncomfortable, with a tendency to ostracize the offender in their midst.

Eve felt that with her lay the key of the position; if she could show herself bright and undisturbed all would be well. To this end she bent the whole strength of her will, for once rising entirely above the shyness which so often marred and obscured her real charm. Almost forgetting herself and her indignity in an unselfish effort to restore harmony and good feeling, she showed at her very best—that best which only her intimates had knowledge of. She talked for them all with such a tactful, kindly humor that very soon the meal, which had commenced with such dourness, blossomed into merriment and good cheer. She had lifted the cloud, and once even, noticing the undercurrent of feeling against Hayhurst, she had deliberately drawn him into the conversation with a friendly and direct question.

In answering he met her eyes full, and almost for the first time in his life his own fell in shame and contrition before those of a woman. Gallantly as she was bearing herself, the pain of the wound he had dealt her showed in the kind, blue eyes. And she was going to carry the whole thing through, a thing that must have become so distasteful to her as to be well-nigh impossible. How distasteful it was he only realized as they were starting in the omnibus that was to take them to the town hall; for in passing he had touched her dress, and she drew it away sharply with an impulse too quick and unconscious for her to control. Until the performance began he had no speech with her; she held court without him, for not a man of the house-party but was her sworn and loyal servant. There were many in the cast, many pretty girls; but for once they had to give place to Eve, the heroine of the occasion.

They had to give place, too, on the stage, for there the artist rose above the woman, bringing out a thousand subtle graces of voice and movement. She was not pretty, but she had her beautiful moments—an inspired brilliancy and charm of expression which could hold and fascinate an audience.

But it was not easy this night to forget the woman in the artist; she had to struggle hard to rise above self-consciousness and do justice to her part. Yet she did it, and Hayhurst played up to her with a zeal and earnestness of which the rehearsal had given no hint. He was one of those who invariably rehearse badly and perform well; but on this occasion he put his whole soul into an endeavor to adequately support her. No one did amiss, and the two chiefly concerned did so admirably that success was assured. Only at the last did Eve's splendid nerve fail her, when the time came for the curtain to fall upon the reconciliation and embrace of happy lovers. All the evening she had been dreading this as the impossible; and when the moment came she was helpless in the indignity of it, without power even to say the few words that ought to be said. Her faltering was Hayhurst's opportunity.

With ready quickness he turned his own speech so as to cover his own silence, and she was at the end of her endurance as she felt herself taken into a strong, sustaining hold. Totally ignoring stage etiquette, he kissed her delicately, but only as a man kisses the woman for whom he has the most reverential respect and admiration. The action was dictated by too sincere a feeling to admit of misinterpretation; but he had to carry Eve to the dressing-room, for she had fainted now that the day's work was over.

The next morning at breakfast Miss Saxton found among her letters, a summons to town. Under more fortunate circumstances she would hardly have obeyed it; but on the present occasion it furnished an excuse for an unobtrusive retirement from a position which had become a trifle conspicuous. She made the announcement openly; but only the women were deceived as to her true motive. Nina Sinclair declared hotly that she should not go—that if the worst came to the worst they would detain her by force.

"It's suicidal, Eve; I won't hear of it. You must be shockingly over-worked as it is. You looked deathly when you fainted, and you don't let her go, will you, Jim?"

"Certainly not, unless she really wishes it," replied Sinclair, with a gravity which puzzled her wife. "I expect I must go," said Eve, as brightly as she could; "it does not do to quarrel with one's bread and butter."

"You are not going," insisted Nina. "Only wait until I have sent the men off shooting, and then we will fight it out."

But one man refused to shoot that day, and as Eve stood outside on the terrace, wearily out of sorts and jarred in body and mind, Hayhurst joined her. She would infinitely have preferred his not doing so, as she made a civil remark about the beauty of the morning. But he was too desperately in earnest to answer remarks on the weather.

"Miss Saxton, I believe I am right in assuming that you are not leaving us because you must, but because I unwarrantably insulted you yesterday?"

"Oh, no," she said, gently and coldly, for malaise and fatigue had blunted all the sting to her. "Please don't think me so petty and mean. My business is real, but I frankly admit that I thought my going might obviate any slight awkwardness—for others."

"Don't go!" he cried, passionately, and then got himself in hand again. "If you do it will be said, and truly, that I was guilty of driving a lady guest out of my host's house. My punishment will be just, but you will not inflict it?"

A far harder-headed woman would have been stirred by a man's remorse—and after all what a trifle it was—just a trespass from the law of conventional civility, and yet calculated to attract more censure from the witnesses than a graver offence against more important ethics.

"Major Hayhurst! this is just a storm in a teacup—a fuss about nothing. I know quite well that men are accustomed to criticize women frankly among themselves, and your only crime was in letting me hear the criticism—and that was pure accident."

"You are mistaken," he said. "Men, decent fellows, don't speak so of women, even among themselves; they don't, indeed. Miss Saxton, until yesterday I had always thought myself a gentleman. If you go away to-day I shall never feel myself one again, and it is more than probable that I shall be cut by my own messmates. Officers who are gentlemen will not associate with one who is not if they know it."

He did not spare himself; so it lay with her to spare him. With a gracious gesture she held out her hand in complete forgiveness.

"I will not go, Major Hayhurst—and the subject is closed between us. I quite realize that you were suffering, and, therefore, a little cross and cantankerous."

She used the quaint word purposely to lighten it to him; but as he took her hand he was not deceived into thinking that she would not rather have gone away.

Throughout the next fortnight the companionship between Hayhurst and Eve Saxton was an unusual one as between man and woman. The previous happening had entirely brushed aside conventionalities and the constitutional shyness which was Eve's misfortune. They never talked platitudes when they were together, and Hayhurst compassed her about with a watchful care, which met her, turn which way she would. He did not make these attentions conspicuous or lover-like; he would obey her instantly if she dismissed him that he might enjoy the smiles of beauty; but he would return again to her neighborhood at the earliest possible moment and divine, apparently by instinct, the thing she would best like to do.

With the enthusiastic collusion of Nina Sinclair he would plan excursions which effectually prevented Eve from working too hard; if she elected to remain behind, the two between them would make such a course practically impossible. And in so far as she could, Eve met Hayhurst's kindness in a like spirit; but he knew well enough that, although he had won the outer courts of her friendship, she would try to keep the door of the inner sanctuary barred against him. Womanly pride would keep sleepless watch and construe the entrance of love as an act of contrition.

For, pretty or plain, she had become more to him than any other woman in the world, and he would rather have watched her changing expression face than another acquaintance with perfect beauty. But as his love grew, his jealousy deepened.

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and he saw nothing for it but to await the inspiration of the moment. But the inspiration never came; and one evening he deliberately asked her in marriage.

"Eve, I have rushed the position shamelessly, but as a soldier I know some positions must be rushed or they can never be taken. You remember that brutal speech of mine; of course you do, and you may think it strange that now I hardly regret it, because through it I have learnt what you were; I saw you as I should never have seen you, and I want you, Eve! I want you!"

He wanted her. It was the old primeval cry to which all the Eves have listened since time began. She was listening, but in what a spirit he could not divine, for she was still and white as the moonlight itself.

"Let us be engaged, even if you don't love me one atom. But I think you could; I think you could, Eve, darling, if you let yourself go?"

She may have had her doubts as to whether she had not already let herself go, and he may have shared these doubts, but he was not going to say so then. He feared the making of one false step as she listened and wondered if such a change of front in less than three weeks could guarantee stability in the future. A man might quarrel with his wife concerning her extravagance or her flirting, and yet love her still—but if he became chronically offended with her homely looks, nothing could reassure them. Hayhurst was in love now, but she had no wish to enter a fool's paradise with no way out again. He read the fear as plainly as though she had spoken it.

"Let our engagement stand," he pleaded again. "Unless you do I shall not be able to come and see you if you are ill, nor put my foot down when I know you are working too hard. It would drive me mad to feel I had no right to do either. At least, give me the right to take care of you."

He asked for his inch right humbly, realizing better than she did how the ell would naturally follow. He held out his hand and she put hers into it delicately, as though she could draw it back again at any moment.

"Let it be as you wish—for the present. But remember, at any time you are perfectly free to break the compact, no one shall take you to task for so doing."

He shook his head with a very smiling smile, and her doubtful eyes were reassured.

"That cuts both ways. I am bound no less than you. I shall never give you the chance of marrying a better man."

She tried him by a long probation, by every test that a clever woman could use towards an unsuspecting man; but she found no flaws in his devotion to her, nor did either of them ever regret their marriage.

try into a field of battle by encouraging the idea of independence; and when it is considered that there are over 800 schools under the Presbyterian and over 800 schools under the Methodist churches it will be seen that the missionaries have power enough to teach rebellion to the Koreans in the schools belonging to the American Mission Society alone. The evil does not stop here.

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Do it Now—Disorders of the digestive apparatus should be dealt with at once before complications arise that may be difficult to cope with. The surest remedy to this end and one that is within reach of all is Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, the best laxative and sedative on the market. Do not delay, but try them now. One trial will convince anyone that they are the best stomach regulator that can be got.

TIME HUNG HEAVY ON HIS HANDS.

A Chinese laundryman in Oakland, Cal., recently had his troubles with a watch that habitually lost time. So he took the timepiece to the nearest watchmaker.

"Watches no good to Charlie Lee," said he, briefly, pushing it across the counter. "You fix him, eh?"

"Certainly," said the watchmaker. "What seems to be the trouble with it?"

"Oh, him too much by 'a by," said Charlie Lee.—Harper's Weekly.

## Heart Trouble Cured.

Through one cause or another a large majority of the people are troubled with some form of heart trouble.

The system becomes run down, the heart palpitates, you have weak and dizzy spells, a smothering feeling, and other ailments, and, finally, a general weakness, retention of pine, and swelling such as is seen in the legs, etc.

Whenever there are sickly people with weak hearts, Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will be found an effective medicine.

Mrs. Wm. Miller, writes: "It is with the greatest pleasure I write you stating the benefit I have derived by using Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I suffered greatly from heart trouble, weakness and nervousness. I used a great deal of medicine, but received no benefit. A friend advised me to buy a box of your pills, which I did, and soon found relief. I highly recommend them to anyone suffering from heart trouble, weakness and nervousness."

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## GAS ON THE STOMACH

Relieved at Once by Father Morriscy's No. 11 Tablets.

Many people find that no matter how carefully they watch their diet and deny themselves this, that or the other favorite dish, still after every meal gas forms in the stomach and everything seems to turn sour.

Besides causing great discomfort, this condition makes it impossible to get the full benefit from the food eaten, and the body is continually starving with a full stomach.

Father Morriscy's No. 11 Tablets promptly relieves this and other stomach disorders. Each Tablet has the power of digesting a pound and three-quarters of food, so that even though the stomach may be in a very bad or weakened condition one tablet taken after each meal will insure proper digestion and prevent sourness, gas in the stomach, pain or discomfort.

The case of Miss Maggie Leahy, of West Franklin, Ont., is a sample of what Father Morriscy's No. 11 Tablets can do. Writing on Jan. 5th, 1910, she says:

"Your No. 11 Stomach Tablets suit my case exactly, as I am ever so much better since using them than I had been for the last seven years. I could hardly eat anything that would not turn sour on my stomach, or cause gas. My Doctor said it was Catarrh of the Stomach. I had no pain, but gas after eating. The first tablet I took gave me relief, and I am still continuing their use."

If you happen to eat a little too much for dinner, or something that does not agree with your Stomach, just take a No. 11 Tablet and you will feel all right in a few minutes.

If you have been troubled with Indigestion or Dyspepsia a course of Father Morriscy's No. 11 Tablets will soon put your stomach into a healthy condition again.

50c. a box at your dealer's, or from Father Morriscy Medicine Co., Ltd., Chatham, N.B. 103

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## Water Bad for Eczema

MANY SUFFER DURING COLD WEATHER—GREAT RESULTS FROM DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT

Winter is dreaded by people who are subject to such skin diseases as eczema and salt rheum and by others whose skin is easily irritated by cold and dampness.

There is nothing so bad for eczema as water and exposure to cold piercing winds. And there is nothing so effective in curing eczema as Dr. Chase's Ointment.

This has been proven in many thousands of cases such as the following: Mrs. George A. Brower, Millwood, Mass., writes:—"I have used Dr. Chase's Ointment for a skin trouble which used to return again and again and cause me much misery on account of the terrible itching. The Ointment entirely cured this disease and I have never since been troubled with it."

Mrs. John J. Delory, Linwood, Antigonish Co., N.S., writes:—"I want to say that Dr. Chase's Ointment has proven a great blessing to me. I had salt rheum on one hand and could not get it healed up. The itching was most distressing at times. Two boxes of Dr. Chase's Ointment has cured me completely, and I gladly recommend it to every sufferer."

In scores of ways Dr. Chase's Ointment is of greatest value in the home, in curing pimples, blackheads, chapped skin, chilblains, frost bites, sores and burns and every form of itching skin disease.

50 c. a box, all dealers or Edmonds, Bates & Co., Toronto, write for free copy. Dr. Chase's Ointment is sold everywhere.

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D. H. WELSH & CO. Caterers and Confectioners. 10-12 BERNINE STREET, MONTREAL. Manufacturers of the Famous D. H. W. Brands Caramels and Everton Toffee. Banquets, Wedding Suppers, etc. Personal attention. PHONE MAIN 5391

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1866; incorporated 1868; Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Chaplain, Vov. Gerald McShane, P.P.; President, Mr. H. J. Kavanagh, K.C.; 1st Vice-President, Mr. J. C. Walsh; 2nd Vice-President, Mr. W. G. Kennedy; Treasurer, Mr. W. Durack; Corresponding Secretary, Mr. T. C. Birmingham; Recording Secretary, Mr. P. T. Tansey; Asst. Recording Secretary, Mr. M. E. Tansey; Marshal, Mr. P. Lloyd; Asst. Marshal,



Echoes and Remarks.

Bishop McGoldrick, of Duluth, Minn., is in charge of the colonization work of the whole ecclesiastical province of St. Paul.

Dr. Sproule, Col. Hughes, and Sam Blake, with Bok of the Ladies' Home Journal—what end-men for a minstrel show!

Carter's Gin, with its three-monks advertisement, can do the work of alcoholism together with the other brands.

One of the first things the newly-consecrated Bishop Wehrle, in the same ecclesiastical province, intends to do, is to organize priests and laymen for Catholic colonization work.

We are glad to see that Mgr. L. A. Paquet's admirable six volumes of theology have been given a second edition, and a Roman one, at that. They shall soon have a third.

The Anglican Synods, the Methodist conference, and the Presbyterian Assembly turned a deaf ear to Orangism's appeal over the Oath of Assession! Orangism, as a result, is now the Niobe of the kennels!

Canon Hensley-Henson was handicapped when he preached last year in Christ Church Cathedral, but he is going to have his revenge, when he hears Dr. Symonds in St. Margaret's.

Just think of it: Even the Gazette is willing to see England's King spared the humiliation of visiting his most devout subjects. As St. James said "Où, ben' ain't where it used to be!"

A good retired minister, preaching in the Star, Saturday, June 25, gave rules and regulations preachers should follow in their sermons. Why did he not add a word on the Gospel?

The Rome correspondents of The Tablet (London, of course) seem to think that outside of Quebec and parts of Ontario French is hardly spoken in Canada. Statements so reckless often give rise to dire conflicts.

If there were more Catholic libraries and did our societies buy more good books, there would be much encouragement abroad for Catholic readers. Nor can we expect Catholic publishers to impoverish themselves under existing conditions.

The Edinburgh Conference of Missionaries is going to help out Unitarianism. Whenever representatives of sects meet in common mind and work, the Apostles' Creed has got to stand the blows. Let there be union, but with Christian principle a factor.

It is a good thing that we have so many Catholic publications. Some say we have too many papers, and yet, it is another good thing that Catholics have other papers than those for whom the complainers are responsible. Give us a Catholic Press Bureau, not fewer papers.

It is really inspiring to behold a scribbling simpleton lecture Canadian Catholics on the score of Catholic endeavor. Thank God, we have reached that stage in our national and Catholic existence when we do not need the helping hand of outside sugar-coatedism.

Get those fellows who have kind words for "Les émancipés" and criticism for our priests, to observe the Sixth Commandment, and our crop of salacious poetasters will fall off together with a whole little contingent of philosophers and economists. Pugh! Mes narines!

Here is a list of some publications not meant for Catholics: the Canadian Courier, the Toronto Saturday Night, Collier's, the Literary Digest, the Independent, the Ladies' Home Journal, the Weekly Star and Family Herald, the Police Gazette, Judge, the Toronto Telegram, the Mail and Empire, and the Asino.

Mr. A. W. Beall, M.A., the White Cross worker of the W.C.T.U., wants children well instructed in the facts of human origin. Oh, no, Mr. Beall, you may be an M.A., but please remember that your White Cross boy-wards are already past masters in the fine arts and general culture!

In all likelihood, that Baptist chaplain of Dorchester Penitentiary will dispense his bigotry again this year for the benefit of his Orange brethren. It seems an anomaly that we should hold a government job, and yet be able to do what he does with "His Majesty's" Ate. There are thousands of other ministers!

Why should the Socialists fight the Church of the workingman? Why do they not seek the aid and help of the world's greatest organization? The Church has ever protected the poor against slavery and tyranny. She has ever upheld just authority, but at the same time, she gave parliaments to the world.

On the maps, Italy looks like a long boot. Sicily is around the toe of that boot, too; it is then not surprising that nearly all our bad Italians are from near that toe. Italy kicks them out, but Canada, and Montreal, particularly, is ready with a thousand welcomes.

If we want to build up a truer national spirit in Canada, our dailies will have to keep their readers posted as to Dominion Day. They could begin by letting all people know that Dominion Day falls on the first day of July. This may sound like a joke, but it is meant in all earnest.

The M.A.A.A. ought to feel proud of its Shamrock Lacrosse Club. The M.A.A.A. had tried hard to beat the "Irishmen" for years. They finally succeeded, but at the cost of using the "Irishmen's" team. Something like beating John L. Sullivan with his own fists.

Unfortunately for Canada, many of those gentlemen who are opposed to American capital for the Dominion are just the people who are keeping us back. They want to fill their purses at the old tricks their grandfathers played, and we are willing to be duped.

"Les émancipés" are greatly helped in their work by those allegedly Catholic papers that dictate to priests and bishops, that prefer the Flag to the Altar, that engender schism, and freely dispense mockery for the purpose of belittling Catholic societies. It is too bad their guide is a madman.

Mothers and fathers can spare themselves temptations of envy, if only they will do what the other parents do. Uphold the teacher, send your boys and girls to school, every day, make them study their lessons, and write their exercises, and Mr. A's boys, as well as Mrs. Z's daughters, will have to share their prizes with other earnings.

Some editors seem to think that France's troubles and Spain's past disagreement with the Church is a case of Arithmetic vs. Catechism. The selfsame editors know as much about arithmetic as they do about the ten commandments, and that is why they are so prone to reach conclusions that are as grotesque as they are childish.

The French Baptists of the Province met in Quebec the other day. Rev. Mr. Stobo is continually making new acquaintances, for the missionaries come and go with all the ease and alacrity in the world. Still business is business, and if that money for the work is to be kept up, the brethren in charge must make a little noise at least. Ero. Lebeau is still asking for prayers, however. So let us to work!

It was plain from the beginning that something other than Pentecostal zeal was responsible for the preachers' denunciations of Leopold's rule in the Belgian Congo. Britain had not enough rupper! Leopold died only a little while since, yet behold millions of English capital are being made over on rubber plants, mostly alleged. The preachers did their work nobly, and are entitled to their salaries on the basis agreed to. Meanwhile truth is still in its old course, even if the returned mercenaries are not in favor of too much noise.

If "Subscriber," Montreal, will kindly present that difficulty to some good priest, she will surely be answered in a thoroughly pleasing and interesting manner. The question deals with a point of Canon Law, and as we are only humble members of the Church taught, there are questions of Canon Law it is none of our business to discuss. Just as your question stands, however, it offers a purely impossible case. No doubt such as you suppose may exist in so important a matter.

So Mayor Gaynor's daughter has eloped, too, in imitation of her brother who, a few years since, ran away with an Italian's daughter. It is a lovely state of affairs. But what could you expect! Their father, the Mayor, is a re-married divorcee, and it is no wonder he is making it hard for the New York police. It is a weakness of all ears to do what they please themselves, while as a consequence, they spend all their time and efforts on making other people victims. There is no time for the weaving of your tracks!

Lather, Henry VIII., Jack the Ripper, Napoleon, Crowley, Slattery and Chiniquy—these some of the czars, too!

Mayor Frink, of St. John, N.B., is dyed in the Orange wool, and knows nothing about Canadian history. Down in his city by the sea they set up a magnificent monument to Champlain the other day. More power to their good will, even if they are six years late of the mark.

Mayor Frink thinks and said that Champlain undertook his voyage to the New World purely through a spirit of adventure, and for the purposes of science. The purposes of science, yes; but Mr. Frink, kindly recall the fact that Champlain was a Christian, and that what was uppermost in his mind was the purpose of giving new souls and new lands to Christ and the Church.

Anybody who does not know that much about Canadian history is hardly qualified to be the mayor of one of our prosperous and intelligent cities here in the Dominion.

We have received the first copies of "L'Évangéline," in its new dress and under control of its new owners and directors. In very truth "L'Évangéline" is now a credit to the truly French Catholics of the Maritime provinces; and it is plain that the new editors and directors are going to do a lasting good for their people. Messrs. J. O. Gallant and C. Cormier are old hands at the business, and their paper shall prosper. It is evident they mean to grasp the right Catholic spirit of journalism. Du succès en masse, avec tout le bon esprit qui doit nous animer!

The Windsor Magazine, June, lies before us, with the question, "What do you think of that article on Henry II?"

The Windsor Magazine has entered upon the special field of prevarication at the expense of English history. In each succeeding issue some one of England's rulers is dealt with, and a poetic life of the selfsame ruler given in all boldness and buncombe.

We have seen far worse things than Henry II. as depicted by the publication in question; and, in fact, it is even too true to facts in paragraphs to warrant its appearance in the columns of a Protestant weekly. The author, however, used Hume as an authority, and even Agnostics would cast him aside, were it only because he does. Hume was a joker, not a historian.

St. Thomas a Becket, the martyr-archbishop of Canterbury, is painted in poor colors by the salaried scribe of the Windsor. In the hands of the shallow gentleman, one of England's greatest heroes is reduced to the unenviable status of a successful, if prayerful, rogue and politician.

For goodness' sake, why do those magazine editors and censors not find time to read Green and Hallam, to say the very least, even if their minds are not ready for Lingard and the full truth?

One good thing is done by the article, even if indirectly. As the author introduces the story of Pope Alexander III., in connection with Henry II. and the Archbishop, both paying him the tribute of exalted respect and submission, the Anglo-Roman claims of the "succession" school receive another public dental in the pages of a widely read English publication.

OUR IMMIGRANTS.

Again we ask. What is being done for our Catholic immigrants? Voices in a hundred places answer, "Next to nothing!" In Montreal and St. John great efforts are being made to care for our newcomers, while Toronto, with its offices of the Canadian Extension movement, is making realities out of what were for years deemed impossibilities. In fact, there is a better general spirit abroad; but what losses, what leakage, perhaps, must we not deplore.

Who shall give us a great and full-reaching society to care for the immediate wants of the Catholic immigrants who reach our ports? For the one-thousandth time, let us recall the fact that the proselytizing ventures and buzzards are getting the scent of the battlefield and are increasingly lusty of carrion. Orphans of Catholic parents are being lost to the Church and Christianity into the hands of preaching kidnappers, and that while our Catholic societies are passing noble resolutions, to the tune of "Wait Till the Clouds Roll By, Jennie!"

There are Catholic immigrants abroad in all our towns, cities and hamlets; but more especially are they adrift in harbor-cities. Do they attend Holy Mass? Are our Catholic societies trying to help them get enough food and raiment to bring

comfort and energy sufficient into their veins and arteries? Are they aliens among their own of the church and have they mastered the self-sacrificing spirit of Cain?

The "Chain of Communication" now being advocated by men of sense and brains is what we want in our Catholic immigration work. It must not be the April-day folly of "Send the Fool Further," however! An awful obligation rests upon our Catholic shoulders, and the voices of thousands unborn are calling, in spirit, for protection. The answer, even in spite of us, must come from us all, but more especially from our Catholic societies, unless we are willing to see further thousands lost to the Church and Christ. A few men are hard at work. Let us encourage them. This, again, in spite of even us, is a sacred duty for Catholic papers.

A WORD ABOUT BISHOP BOMPAS.

Those of us who have met in with Anglican students for the ministry, under bishops with High Church leanings, have, no doubt, heard some of them cheerfully praise the late Bishop Bompas. There is shadow to his picture as well as light, however. For the purposes of the present article, we shall draw upon valuable information, as furnished by Father A. G. Morice, O.M.I., in his two volumes of the "History of the Catholic Church in Western Canada" (Mussos, Toronto).

Rev. William Carpenter Bompas was the first educated minister to penetrate into the northern wilds with the intention of staying there—the others included ex-brewers, school teachers, and catechists. "He is endowed," said Father Petiot, a missionary, of Mr. Bompas, "with an angelical mien, a celestial look, a voice that seems honeyed and cooling, and also an innate science. He reads the Bible in Greek, and burns with an ardent zeal, being persuaded that he has received the special mission of withdrawing the poor Indians from the clutches of the priests. So far the savages do not mind him, because he has arrived without his baggage; but, behold, he is to receive in a few months ten or twelve bales of goods and one box of remedies weighing 120 pounds; that, more than his Greek or his cloth, is likely to turn the heads of our redskins, if the Almighty or the Blessed Virgin do not help us." To say the least, then, Mr. Bompas looked holy and intended to be a doctor.

In his book, "An Apostle of the North," Rev. H. A. Cody, B.A., pays praise unmeasured to Bishop Bompas, but the "Review of Historical Publications Relating to Canada" (vol. xiii., p. 180) cannot help finding the Life of Bishop Bompas "the work of an ardent admirer," and believes that "the note of admiration is perhaps overdone" in it. The same review, speaking of the Bishop's interpretation of the Bible, finds it "sometimes a little fanciful"; but, as Father Morice remarks, "Those of a different faith who have personally known that unique figure will scarcely be so euphemistic in their appreciation of its idiosyncracies. They will none the less pray that the long labors of the Anglican Churchman on behalf of a cause he believed to be that of God, may win him mercy at the tribunal of the Sovereign Judge."

Bishop Bompas may have had the best of intentions; he may have gained notoriety by his peculiar idiosyncracies; he may have become the first Anglican martyr in Canada, but he certainly did not act in a Christian manner when he went among the Indians telling lies about the Church.

All through the Yukon, for instance, the ministers had assured the Indians that it was the Catholic priests who had put our Savior to death, and that this was the reason for their foolish fondness for the crucifix. Father Lecorre challenged Mr. Bompas to repeat the accusation in his presence and before the Indians. The minister denied it; but when cornered by the young priest, he declined to tell the Indians in their own language that those who made such a charge were not telling the truth. Uneasy after this bout at Fort Yukon, Mr. Bompas intended to go down to an important place called Newkukayet, but Mgr. Clut saved him the trouble, by reaching the place before him.

Poor Bompas made Fort McPherson, near the territory of the Eskimos, the seat of his operations, after, through his own fault, he had become the butt of shaft among the dusky natives (as John O'Kane Murray would say) in the South. Here is how Father Petiot describes one of the Bompas exploits:

"Dressed as a banker, a black sash filled with tracts slung over his shoulder, and a glass of clear water in his hand, you see him going from lodge to lodge, asking everyone whether he wishes to be

baptized. Later he did still better. Having persuaded a young couple to allow themselves to be christened, he convoked the English-speaking personnel of Fort McPherson in the large hall, and then addressing the cook:

"Anderson," he said, "have you got any water in the kitchen?"

"No, sir."

"Well, then, give me some snow in a cup."

"Having received the snow, he pours thereon the contents of a teapot that awaits the breakfast table by the fireside, and this snow mixed with tea and not yet melted, he throws into the face of the two catechumens, who shake themselves like ducks, the officiant saying at the same time: 'William, Margaret, Amen.' This is his entire formula of Baptism, and in this consisted the whole of his august ceremony which excited general hilarity. A moment later, the clerk of the fort came in and drank the baptismal water of the minister, which he drew from the same source, the teapot."

Now, to say the least, Bompas was hardly too violent a lover of ritual, even if he did decry Catholic statues and crucifixes. If Mr. Bompas had lived to read Rev. H. A. Cody's "An Apostle of the North" (minus his death, of course) he might have thought that he, perhaps, was the Mr. Bompas Mr. Cody meant to praise.

A SAD DUTY.

They hanged a youth of seventeen in Peterboro, Ont., the other day, and he, sad to say, deserved the awful punishment which was made his share; but what explains the dire occurrence? Why had that unfortunate boy to mount the scaffold?

Young Henderson, the culprit and victim of justice, was a precocious murderer; he was a graduate immigrant born in Australia, we are told, but whose poor mother and family live in England. He had early proved the necessity there is of immigration law at Ottawa along lines already in force, happily, even if there are accidents.

The youth left school very young, if, indeed, he had ever gone to school; he was a cigarette fiend, a frequenter of bad company, a street-runner at all hours; a thief and general good-for-nothing at thirteen developing into a full-fledged murderer of an elderly woman three years before even the first score of his earthly pilgrimage!

Some will say he was the black sheep of his home; but, even if his brothers have, by dint of toil and energy, paved their way to entrance at the University of Durham, England, he could have succeeded, too, had law with police and parental protection properly circumscribed him from the beginning.

Here in Montreal children run wild on the streets at all hours, even in spite of the Mayor's order to the contrary. The dark holes and lanes are proving the preparatory school for these children; the jail and penitentiary will soon do their duty, with the hangman awaiting some of them.

Fathers and mothers in number do not seem to care. They put up with the presence of vice-dens in their neighborhood; they tolerate bad saloons next door; their children may listen to the talk of street loafers; the father drinks and the mother gossips, while the girls of the house gallivant the streets, to the tune of oaths and obscenity on the part of very young men. The police smile on the scene with the kindness of the moon on a rainy night; and yet we are surprised that we have so many murderers!

Our wishy-washy, chalk-and-water regulations are doing nefarious work; "Molly Coddles" are giving us all the paternity of the "Religious Humanity"; the best of our efforts are being made over to the work of protecting birds, dogs, cats, and horses; bad moving-picture shows cheap and even obscene reading trash, vile theatres, etc., etc.—Oh, we are a wonderful city of men and women, with a wonderful police system in vogue!

Boys of thirteen, or of seventeen, for that matter, should be flogged when they deserve to be! It is better to spend the horsewhip on them at the start, than to hang them in the end. But, of course, when judges are in favor of giving a good and generous living change to houses of ill-repute, you cannot expect to see either youth or virtue cared for. Use the whip, and spare the hangman!

A CATHOLIC PRESS AGENCY.

Mr. C. Leteux, Hemsworth, England, has written the London Tablet, on the necessity of "A Catholic Press Agency." Doctor Cleary, the indefatigable editor of the New Zealand Tablet, has been doing heroic work in that line; and many of us remember with vivid affection how earnestly the late Doctor Judge, of the New World, Chicago, pleaded for such an institution. Mr. Leteux has not struck a new vein, but he feels, with thousands of Catholics—that

THE BEST FLOUR IS BRODIES Self-Raising Flour Save the Bags for Promiums. MENEELY BELL COMPANY 22, 24 & 26 RIVER ST., 177 BRADWAY, TROY, N.Y. NEW YORK. Manufacture Superior CHURCH BELL SCHOOL & OTHER BELLS.

Church Bells Memorial Bells a Specialty. For Sale—Two fine bells, suitable for Church or School, in first-class order, very cheap. THE IMPERIAL WASTE & METAL Co., 7 Queen street, Montreal.

"A Catholic Press Agency" is a necessity for the day and times. Very pious and zealous brethren are wont to confess to the inadequacy of our Catholic weeklies; they might, then, get to work, after having put empty talk aside, and give us what Mr. Leteux is clamoring for. We say "they" might get to work, but we hope that right-thinking people among us will take up the work in "their" lieu and stead.

Following is Mr. Leteux's letter: Sir,—Is it not time we had a properly organized Press Agency? And is not the coming first Catholic Congress a fitting opportunity of inaugurating it? The number of articles, letters, etc., crammed full of errors, historical, theological, personal and inferential that figure in many high-class sober journals, requiring far more time and detailed knowledge than any ordinary priest or layman can possibly have, however willing and eager to take up the cudgels, is tremendous. These articles, etc., are not abusive, not glaringly false, but constantly producing impressions and "atmospheres" that foster prejudices and religious fog. They mostly pass unnoticed by us, and yet are the only religious ideas which the great, busy, reading public imbibe. And yet it is precisely that public, for whose conversion we daily pray, and who thus are poisoned mentally, daily and weekly. I am urged to put this matter before you by a typical example in The Spectator of May 21, 1910, entitled "Anglicanism and Modernism."

It is full of these inferences, distortions of history, personal details, etc., calculated, I feel sure, to do immense harm from our point of view.

A secretary who would pounce on these things and keep in touch with our expert writers on all matters ought to do immense good, and not be very expensive.

I am, Sir, yours impatient to help but unable, C. LETEUX, Hemsworth.

Cardinal Gibbons 49 Years a Priest. Cardinal Gibbons last week quietly celebrated the forty-ninth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood at his country home, at Minor Mills, Md. He celebrated a mass at a private chapel in his home. There were a few guests in his honor at dinner.

On July 23 Cardinal Gibbons will be 76 years old. He received many letters and telegrams of congratulations from ministers in all parts of the country. The Cardinal received minor orders at old St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, in 1861. One of those ordained with him was Bishop Foley of Detroit. On June 30, 1887, Archbishop Gibbons was consecrated Cardinal in the same cathedral where twenty-six years before he had been ordained priest.

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Cowan's Nut Milk Chocolate A chocolate confection of rich milk chocolate and fresh shelled walnuts. Simply exquisite. In 1/2 and 1/4 pound cakes. The Cowan Co., Ltd., Toronto.



Two Little Maids.

Little Miss Nothing-to-do, Is fretful and cross and so blue; And the light in her eyes Is all dim when she cries, And her friends, they are few, oh, so few.

Little Miss Busy-all-day Is cheerful and happy and gay; She isn't a shirk, For she smiles at her work, And romps when it comes time to play.

I Will Not Say.

The story of a little Boer boy who refused to betray his friends, even on the threat of death, is told by an English officer as an illustration of deeply-rooted love of freedom and of the Boer war.

"I was asked," said Major Seely, M.P., "to get some volunteers and try to capture a commandant at a place some twenty miles away. I got the men readily and we set out. It was a rather desperate enterprise, but we got there all right. I can see the little place yet, the valley and the farm-house, and I can hear the clatter of the horse's hoofs. The Boer general had got away, but where had he gone? It was even a question of the general catching us, and not we catching the general. We rode down to the farm house, and there we saw a good-looking Boer boy and some yeomen. I asked the boy if the commandant had been there, and he said in Dutch, taken by surprise. 'Yes,' where has he gone? I said, and the boy became suspicious. He answered, 'I will not say.'

"I threatened the boy with death if he would not disclose the whereabouts of the general. He still refused, and I put him against the wall and I said I would have him shot. At the same time I whispered to my men, 'For Heaven's sake, don't shoot.' The boy still refused, although I could see he believed I was going to have him shot. I ordered the men to 'Aim.' Every rifle was leveled at the boy. 'Now,' I said, 'before I give the word, which way has the general gone?'"

"I remember the look in the boy's face—a look such as I have never seen but once. He was transfixed before me. Something greater almost than anything human shone from his eyes. He threw back his head, and said in Dutch, 'I will not say.' There was nothing for it but to shake hands with the boy and go away."

The Stolen Cap-Strings.

Polly Ann had washed them and hung them over the branches of a little sassafras-tree to dry, and mamma herself had gone out to see the dear little cap-strings fluttering daintily in the gentlest of morning breezes. And had not Budge insisted on mamma coming out to see them go to sleep, just like "rock-a-bye-baby," in the branches of the tiny sassafras-tree? Budge wasn't four years old yet, but he was intensely interested in Baby Ned's things, and these were baby Ned's first cap-strings. How dainty they were, the soft linen ribbons with the bits of delicate lace on the ends. And all this on a bright, sunny morning in spring. Then Polly Ann went on with her work, and mamma took up her sewing-basket, and Baby Ned went to sleep in his carriage on the front porch, and Budge went out to his great, fine sand-pile to play, and the cap-strings went—well, they did go to sleep, for there was not now even the tiniest bit of a breeze to keep them awake.

But after luncheon when mamma went out to get the drowsy little cap-strings they were gone. Polly Ann said she had not touched them, and as the tiny sassafras tree was just beyond the sand pile, Budge stoutly declared that no one could have carried them off without him seeing them—not even Budge, Mrs.

Timmons' "dish-rag" poodle dog, who lived down the road a wee bit. And Mr. Wind did not take them away because he himself had been asleep all morning. The yard was hunted from fence to fence until there was not a square foot that had not been carefully scanned, and mamma even looked through every room in the house, though she knew it was useless. After every corner, indoors and out, had been searched, mamma gave up, and the mystery deepened—the cap-strings were gone. So the summer days went by, and the little cap-strings that went to sleep in the tiny sassafras tree were forgotten.

One bright October day, when the maple-leaves were showing their gorgeous reds, and the tall tulips poplars were dressed in beautiful yellow, and the chestnuts were trying to imitate the graceful poplars' dress, mamma heard a queer little shout from the front yard, where Budge was at play under the rusty-yellow-leaved chestnut trees. Going to the front porch where baby-brother Ned was sleeping, mamma met Budge running to the front steps with something in his hands, his eyes shining with suppressed excitement. "Look, mamma, look," he shouted, as he handed mamma an empty bird-nest he had found beneath a sturdy young chestnut-tree. And there, woven in and out in the nest, were the missing cap-strings where mamma robin had placed them after taking them from the tiny sassafras-tree. And who knows but maybe she expected to use them for her own little babies. At any rate, the mystery of the missing cap-strings was solved.—Ex.

Marjorie's Almanac.

Robins in the tree-top, Blossoms in the grass, Green things a-growing Everywhere you pass; Sudden little breezes, Budding out anew: Pine-tree and willow-tree, Fringed elm and larch— Don't you think that May-time's Plesanter than March?

Apples in the orchard Melowing one by one; Strawberries upturning Soft cheek to the sun; Roses faint with sweetness, Lilies fair to face, Drowsy scents and murmurs Haunting every place; Lengths of golden sunshine, Moonlight bright as day— Don't you think that Summer's Plesanter than May?

Roger in the corn patch Whistling negro songs; Pussy by the hearthside Romping with the tongue; Chestnuts in the ashes Bursting through the rind; Red leaf and yellow leaf Rustling down the wind; Mother "doing peaches" All the afternoon— Don't you think that Autumn's Plesanter than June?

Little fairy snowflakes Dancing in the flue; Old Mr. Santa Claus, What is keeping you? Twilight and firelight Shadows come and go; Merry chime of sleigh bells Tinkling through the snow; Mother knitting stockings (Pussy's got the ball) Won't you think that Winter's Plesanter than all? —Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Marcia and Paul.

Of course the plan was Marcia's. She was a big girl and knew all about Paul Revere and his midnight ride. But to Paul, little as he was, fell the important part of carrying out her plan. There were several reasons why he should take the part of Paul Revere. His name was Paul. His birthday was that very Saturday, April 19. He had a new messenger boy's suit and a wonderful new toy horse. The horse stood on a platform on wheels. It was so high that, when Paul sat on it, his feet touched the walk on either side just enough so that he could move the horse along at a great rate of speed. It was when Marcia first saw Paul in his new suit, thus mounted, that the plan popped into her head.

So all in a twinkling to Marcia and Paul the broad village street with the row of big, comfortable houses on one side and the famous Middlesex country, the brook, rippling through the fields back of the houses, was the Charles river; and the many relatives of Paul and Marcia who lived side by side in the long row of big, comfortable houses facing the park were the unsuspecting patriots. You must ride and give the

alarm," explained Marcia to Paul, "to everybody on the street from here to the corner—your mother and Aunt Lucy and Aunt Frances and Aunt Lily and Aunt Marcia. O, would you dare alarm Aunt Marcia?"

"Why not?" said Paul. "I'm not afraid of Aunt Marcia." "She's so dreadfully nervous," said Marcia, "and stiff and tall and old. When she kisses me, she just pecks. And her voice makes you feel just shivery all over. But she's really one of the patriots, Paul, and it wouldn't be fair not to warn her." "Course not," said Paul. "Well," said Marcia, "first, you know, you must lead your horse up and down the walk and watch every single minute for the lanterns on Old North Church. That's the big apple tree in your yard. I'll hang 'one if by land, and two if by sea.' And when you're just as sure as sure which way they are coming, you ride like mad and 'spread the alarm to every Middlesex village and farm.'" "What'll I say?" asked Paul. "The British are coming—be ready!" cried Marcia. "All right," said Paul, "go ahead, Marcia."

"If I hang one lantern, it's by land—remember, Paul—and two means by sea." "Where'll you get your lanterns?" "They're ready," said Marcia. "I found them in the barn." Marcia ran off toward Old North Church. Paul led his horse slowly up and down, his eyes fixed anxiously on the bellry. "One if by land and two if by sea," he said over and over. In a minute, out from the bellry, swung a big yellow Japanese lantern. Paul mounted his horse so as to be ready. A minute more—then beside the yellow lantern swung a fiery red one. "By sea," said Paul Revere as he dashed away.

Now Marcia had intended that Paul should ride wildly up and down the street crying, "The British are coming!" But Paul had been beautifully brought up—all the relatives said that. And to Marcia's surprise, as she watched, she saw him ride the whole length of the street quietly dismount, tie his horse and walk up to Aunt Marcia's side door. "Why, he's going in," cried Marcia, dancing up and down in great excitement. "What will Aunt Marcia say?"

Aunt Marcia's new maid opened the door. She had been there scarcely long enough to tell which was which among the grown-up Davises. She didn't know Paul at all. "Is Miss Marcia Davis at home?" asked Paul politely. "She is," said Marie. "Will you tell her, please, that the British are coming this very day—she must be ready."

Half way down the walk Paul remembered the rest of his message. He turned back to Marie still standing by the steps. "They're coming by sea," he said. "Ten minutes later Paul's mother was answering Aunt Marcia's call at the telephone. "The British are coming," said Aunt Marcia. "What—not-to-day?" gasped mother.

"Yes, a boy brought the message over. Marie didn't ask for the telegram itself. I don't know why. But it doesn't matter, for I was looking for them. Janet said almost any day in her last letter." "To-day?" said Paul's mother again. "And we're all torn up for repairs—and I've a dressmaker. But never mind, they're always welcome. They'll lunch with you, I suppose, and dine with me, as usual?" "So Janet's letter said. They come on the C. & N."

"The C. & N? How strange. But the car can go over for them and leave them at your house. How many of them come?" "All of them, probably. The message said simply that they were coming on the C. & N. to-day." Meanwhile, Marcia had explained to Paul that Paul Revere made as much noise as he possibly could, and that on this occasion Paul Davis should have the same privilege. So up and down the street he rode, screaming at the top of his lungs, "The British are coming—to arms, ye patriots!" And beside him raced Marcia, shouting quite as shrilly. None of the Davises had time to see or hear them, for Aunt Marcia's telephone had been busy, and by this time every one of them knew that the Britons were coming. They would spend most of their time with Aunt Edith and Aunt Marcia. But little visits would be made on all the relatives. So Aunt Lily and Aunt Lucy and Aunt Frances and Marcia's mother all wanted to be ready. Just before lunch-time Paul and Marcia hurried into Paul's house. "Marcia will stay to lunch," cried Paul. "You know, mother, it's my birthday."

"To be sure," said mother. "I'd almost forgotten it. There isn't much for lunch. The Britons are coming for dinner. The car has gone to the C. & N. station to meet them. It will leave them at Aunt Marcia's for lunch." "O mother," cried Paul, "and it's my only birthday for a whole year." Marcia was clinging to one of Aunt Edith's hands. "How do you know they're coming, Aunt Edith?" she asked. "Who told you?" "Aunt Marcia phoned—there's the car now." And mother hurried away.

"What did you tell Aunt Marcia?" gasped Marcia. "Did you say the Britons were coming?" "Yes," said Paul, "that's what you said, Marcia." "I said the British," wailed Marcia. "The Britons are Aunt Marcia's and your mother's very special-est friends. O dear! O dear! If only you'd told any of the other aunts or mother. O, what shall I do?" "They didn't come," said Paul's mother, coming back and dropping wearily into a chair, "after all our preparations. Henry says the train didn't even stop here. And there's no other till three o'clock. I don't understand."

"It's all my fault," cried Marcia. She threw herself into Aunt Edith's arms and sobbed out the whole sad story. Before she was through mother was laughing softly. "But I can't tell Aunt Marcia," sobbed Marcia. "She'll never forgive me—you know she won't, Aunt Edith."

Paul's mother looked sober. "I'll tell her," cried Paul. Before anyone could say anything he was off. He ran up the street and turned in at Aunt Marcia's. Cap in hand, he faced Aunt Marcia herself. "Twas all a mistake about the Britons coming," he began. "So it seems," said Aunt Marcia. "Marcia and I," Paul went on, "made up a new play about Paul Revere. I was Paul Revere, and I had to tell all the Middlesex people that the British were coming. You were the very first patriot. And I said 'Britons' instead of British. That's all—only I'm very sorry."

Aunt Marcia looked down, down, down, and met Paul's eyes looking up, up, up. Paul was such a little boy! "It was Marcia's fault," she said sternly, "and that stupid Marie's." "Marcia said British all right," cried Paul. "She's very bright. I said Britons. You mustn't blame Marcia, please. She feels dreadfully. And I don't really think 'twas Marie's fault, either. I was very positive about it, Aunt Marcia. She had to believe me." "How did the C. & N. get into it?" asked Aunt Marcia. "I said by the sea," explained Paul. "One if by land and two if by sea," you know, Aunt Marcia. Marcia hung two lanterns, so, of course, 'twas by sea."

"Well, you spread it thoroughly," said Aunt Marcia. "But I rather like you, Paul Revere. Come in and lunch with me. I'm prepared for all the Britons." "Thank you, Aunt Marcia," said Paul, "but I couldn't. This is my birthday, and Marcia is to lunch with me. She's waiting for me now." "Come in," said Aunt Marcia. Her voice was so sharp that Paul forgot wretchedly. What would Marcia think? Aunt Marcia went to the telephone. "Is that you, Edith?" she said. "Well, send that Marcia-girl over at once. The Britons didn't come, but Paul Revere is here. He'll lunch with me. And we both want Marcia."—Alice E. Allen, in Christian Register.

Lord of the glorious day, In which I fall and moan misund'stood— Thou who dust bid the strong sea ebb away, Commanding o'erwhere the great waves play, So failure here may rise to highest good— Remember me when billows whelm afar! Non omnis moriar.

Lord of the awful night— Slow-footed, silent, vast, mysterious— Watch Thou anear me, Shepherd Infinite! From scabbard Thou draw'st Thy white sword, Light, So from its body draw my tired soul thus, I weary for the morning stretching far— Non omnis moriar. —Charles J. O'Malley.

I could not at first be born But by another's bitter, walling pain Another's loss must be my sweetest gain; And Love, only to win that I might be, Must wear her couch forlorn With tears of blood and sweat of agony. Since then I cannot live a week But some fair thing must leave the daisied dell The joy of pasture, bubbling springs, and walls, And grassy murmurs of its peaceful days.

I cannot sure be warmed or lit, But men must crouch and toil in torturous caves, Rowed on themselves, while day and night in waves Of blackness wash away their sunless lives; Or blasted and sore hit, Dark life to darker death the miner drives.

Naked, I cannot clothed be, But worms must patient weave their satin shroud, The sheep must shiver to the April cloud, Yielding his one white coat to keep In shop and factory, For me must weary toiling millions swarm.

With gages I deck not brow or hand But through the roaring dark of cruel seas Some wretch with shivering breath and trembling knees Goes head'on, while the sea-sharks dodge his quest; Then at my door he stands, Naked, with bleeding ears and heaving chest.

I fall not on my knees and pray But God must come from heaven to fetch that sigh. And pierced hands must take it back to high; And through His broken heart and cloven side Love makes an open way For me, who could not live but that He died.

O awful sweetest life of mine, That God and man both serve in blood and tears! O prayers I breathe not but through other prayers! O breath of life compact of other's sighs! With this dread gift divine Ah, whither go?—what worthily devise?

If on myself I dared to spend This dreadful thing in pleasure lapped and reared, What am I but a hideous idol smeared With human blood that with its carrion smile Alike to foe and friend Maddens the wretch who perishes 'the while?

I will away and find my God, And what I dare not keep ask Him to take, And taking love's sweet sacrifice to make; Then, like a wave the sorrow and the pain High heaven with glory flood— For them, for me, for all a splendid gain. —Jane Ellice Hopkins.

Mr. Anthony Granecki, a Polish American, was in Ottawa recently, having come from Chicago as a special emissary to invite Sir Wilfrid Laurier to attend a Columbus Day celebration in the city of Chicago on Oct. 12th. Mr. Granecki bore with him a letter from the Chicago Chapter of the Knights of Columbus. The letter stated that it was the earnest desire and hope of His Grace the Archbishop of Chicago and of the entire Order of the Knights of Columbus, as well as of the Catholic laity at large of the Chicago archdiocese, that the anniversary of the landing of Christopher Columbus be celebrated in a fitting manner. The Pan-American nature of the gathering was emphasized. The hope was expressed that a representative of the United States, a Brazilian and a Canadian would be present. Archbishop Quigley of Chicago is to preside at the banquet, at which it was hoped Sir Wilfrid would speak. The Premier of Canada, if he attends, will be the guest of the Knights of Columbus of the State of Illinois. Oct. 12th has been declared officially a legal holiday in Illinois, and the demonstration next October is to be the first important observance under the auspices of the Catholic Church authorities in that State.

In view of the already arranged tour of Western Canada, to occupy some two months, Sir Wilfrid was compelled to state his inability to attend the celebration, but kindly suggested the name of Hon. Charles Murphy, Secretary of State.

"He may have told me to pull her hair," came the reply, between sobs, "but I thought of picking her in the shins all by myself."

Little Dorothy had gone to church alone and when asked to repeat the text, she said: "Don't get scared, you'll get your quilt." The mother happened to meet the minister a few days later, and told him what her daughter said and told text had been. "Well," he replied, "she had the idea in other words. The text was 'Fear not, for I will send you a Comforter.'"

Vicar's Daughter—I suppose the rain kept you from the funeral last Tuesday, Mrs. Blogg? Mrs. Blogg—Well, partly, miss; but to speak true, wot with the rheumatism and doin' away with the 'am and cake afterwards, funerals ain't the jaunts they used to be for me!—London Opinion.

Holloway's Corn Cure takes the corn out by the roots. Try it and prove it. AN EXAMPLE. A teacher was endeavoring to explain to her small charges the meaning of the word "congenial." "Now, children," she said, "two people are congenial who like to do the same kind of things, who do not disagree, and it is a very strong indication of congeniality when two people think the same thing simultaneously. Can any of you, now, give me an example of two people who are congenial?" "I can, Miss Mary," a little fellow shouted, waving his hand wildly. "All right, Tommy," Miss Mary smiled, delighted that so prompt an understanding should have been manifested, as there were several visitors present. "Tell us who they are and what proved it." "It's paw and maw," Tommy replied eagerly. "An' I know it, 'cause they thinks the same thing at the same time. Last night maw said she wondered how anybody with any sense could ever be fool enough to get married, an' paw said 'I was having the identical thought, my dear.'"—Detroit Free Press.

The Real Liver Pill—A torpid liver means a disordered system, mental depression, lassitude and in the end, if care be not taken, a chronic state of debility. The very best medicine to arouse the liver to healthy action is Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. They are compounded of purely vegetable substances of careful selection and no other pills have their fine qualities. They do not gripe or pain and they are agreeable to the most sensitive stomach.

K.C.'S Invite Sir Wilfrid Laurier to Chicago. Mr. Anthony Granecki, a Polish American, was in Ottawa recently, having come from Chicago as a special emissary to invite Sir Wilfrid Laurier to attend a Columbus Day celebration in the city of Chicago on Oct. 12th. Mr. Granecki bore with him a letter from the Chicago Chapter of the Knights of Columbus. The letter stated that it was the earnest desire and hope of His Grace the Archbishop of Chicago and of the entire Order of the Knights of Columbus, as well as of the Catholic laity at large of the Chicago archdiocese, that the anniversary of the landing of Christopher Columbus be celebrated in a fitting manner. The Pan-American nature of the gathering was emphasized. The hope was expressed that a representative of the United States, a Brazilian and a Canadian would be present. Archbishop Quigley of Chicago is to preside at the banquet, at which it was hoped Sir Wilfrid would speak. The Premier of Canada, if he attends, will be the guest of the Knights of Columbus of the State of Illinois. Oct. 12th has been declared officially a legal holiday in Illinois, and the demonstration next October is to be the first important observance under the auspices of the Catholic Church authorities in that State.

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As early b bells were su Mass, and a continuous the play be enter from editorial stat stage, forty d died albs, ing hues, and once we miss Josef Mayr, a cessor in this ner, a man o voices less ey but on the w wall. Oppose the chorus, w old friend of But alas, for sickness; his what we had years, though make one rea The opening him, and he l Mystery of S there is unfol Adam and Ev followed by t dy for Sin— demption, wh adore reveren steps of His t path of His t tory is won. Here let me vious occasion tableau, of v rule, two be Play, are to beautiful fer are the work director of the whom the play owes its great note here that for which an outside the v Jerusalem ite, followed by hi direction by hi They are espec their design, a follows closely Tissot. I det ments in the and Eve scene of the figures. Cross, which was, as usual, eye, but it is are great diff the tableau of bias, I missed, regrettable oc scene, as a re val drama, ha own, and Tol sented without WONDERE

Then the dramatic first great in stage, represent into Jerusalem scene, and nativity of the first glimpse of the Savior. From the depths riding on the amid the plauds and then they rus, 'Heil Dir, thorus is neither chus, as genuine moving mass of social effect is si is wonderful. The appearance represented by more striking when he was of a more beautiful face agree with one's character he reple able degree. He Masters would such a model, richer and firmer meanor denotes less of the weak St. John was r is almost too y but made a favo pecially coming representative a by his own wish part of Joseph also the unders tus.

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# Passion Play at Oberammergau.

## The Spectacle Not An Entertainment But An Inspiration.

(Church Times, London.)

As early as 5 a.m. the church bells were summoning the faithful to Mass, and services were going on continuously until 8 a.m., when the play begins. The Schutzgeister enter from either side of the wide editorial staff of the Montreal Daily stage, forty in number, wearing girdled albs, with cloaks of varying hues, and golden coronets. At once we miss the noble presence of Josef Mayr, as Prologus. His successor in this part is Anton Lenner, a man of less stature and a voice less sympathetic than Mayr's, but on the whole he did his part well. Opposed to him, as leader of the chorus, we had happily a very old friend of the Play, Jacob Rutz. But alas, for the ravages of time and sickness, his fine voice is not what we had known in previous years, though still good enough to make one realize what it had been. The opening words are spoken by him, and he bids us contemplate the Mystery of Sin and its origin, and there is unfolded the tableaux of Adam and Eve driven out of Eden, followed by the picture of the remedy for Sin—the Cross of our Redemption, which we are bidden to adore reverently, and to follow the steps of the Atoning One along the path of His Passion until the victory is won.

Here let me say that on previous occasions, these Old Testament tableaux, of which there are, as a rule, two before each scene of the Play, are to many minds its most beautiful feature. The groupings are the work of Ludwig Lang, the director of the carving school, to whom the play on its artistic side owes its great success. I may also note here that the costumes, the stuff for which are, of course, obtained outside the village (some even at Jerusalem itself), are also planned by him and made up under his direction by his sister in the village. They are especially rich in color, and their design, as far as one could see, follows closely the pictures of M. Tissot. I detected several improvements in the tableaux. The Adam and Eve scene showed better posing of the figures. The Adoration of the Cross, which immediately follows, was, as usual, very pleasing to the eye, but it is one about which there are great differences of opinion. In the tableau of the farewell of Tobias, I missed the dog. This is a regrettable omission, because the scene, as a relic of the old mediæval drama, has an interest all its own, and Tobias was never represented without his dog.

### WONDERFUL GROUPINGS.

Then the drama opens with the first great movement upon the stage, representing Christ's entry into Jerusalem. It is a wonderful scene, and naturally excites the curiosity of the audience to catch the first glimpse of the representative of the Savior. He comes slowly on from the depths of the great stage riding on the ass led by St. John, amid the plaudits of the people; and then he bursts into a fine chorus, "Heil, Dir, heil Dir." But the chorus is neither sung in time nor tune, as generally happens with the moving mass of people, and the musical effect is spoiled. But the crowd is wonderful. The appearance of the Christ, as represented by Anton Lang, was even more striking than ten years ago, when he was only aged 25. He is now of a more suitable age, and his beautiful face and majestic head agree with one's conception of the character he represents to a remarkable degree. How many of the Old Masters would not have revelled in such a model! His voice, too, is richer and firmer, and his general demeanor denotes more strength, and less of the weakness of suffering. The St. John was new. Alfred Berling is almost too young, being only 19, but made a favorable impression, especially coming after so notable a representative as Peter Rendl, who, by his own wish, is taking the minor part of Joseph of Arimathea; he is also the understudy for the Christ.

The interest of the Play, from a purely dramatic point of view, begins at once with the Saviour turning out of the Temple those engaged in an unholy traffic in His Father's House. The traders—four or five men who take a leading part all through the Play—seek revenge, and opportunity is given them for realizing it by the High Priests, who maddened by jealousy at the influence which Christ has with the populace, seek His capture and death. This, in brief, is the story of the plot in the first part. Its development is worked out in several scenes in which, of course, Judas is a prominent figure. When the plot succeeds and the capture of the Saviour in the garden is realized, a second plot in the drama is developed, and occupies the second part. This is concerned with the difficulty of the High Priests to persuade the representatives of the temporal power to carry out their sentence of death. When Pilate's scruples are at length overcome, and the Saviour is given over to His enemies, the second part ends, and the closing scenes are taken up with the Via Dolorosa and the Crucifixion.

### TELLING SCENES.

In the first part the scenes which most tell with the audience are the trial at Bethany and the scene in which the

Upper Chamber. In the former we see the representative of the Blessed Virgin Mary for the first time. There is always a difficulty with this part, because owing to a rule at Oberammergau, no married woman is allowed on the stage. Consequently, the Blessed Virgin is, as a rule, taken by far too young a woman. This was specially marked on the last occasion. This year the part is assumed by Ottilie Zwick, daughter of Johann Zwick, the representative of Judas. Fraulein Zwick was very human, and spoke her brief lines sympathetically and without exaggeration. Of the latter scene, which to many is the most beautiful of the whole play, I can only say it is one to be seen and not described. Herr Lang was dignified in all his movements, and as there is more action than words in the scene, it will be realized that he was fully cognizant of the beauty of the act he was representing.

The first part closes with the scene of the Agony in the Garden and the Betrayal. In the former we get quite beyond the limits of human representation, and the question arises whether it were not wiser to omit the actual scene of the Agony, but there it is, all shown, even to the ministry of the Angel. The character of Judas, who figures prominently at this period of the play, is again played by Johann Zwick. There is something very sinister about his look, but he has no great powers of real acting. It is fortunate, for any one with real dramatic power would make of the character something altogether alien to the general style of acting at Oberammergau. Their conception of the art is more by way of simple declamation than a psychological study of character. The only attempt of this sort that I could see was in the part of Herod, whose brutal cynicism was admirably shown by Hans Mayr, son of the late Josef Mayr, who is taking the part for the first time.

### SINGERS IN FINE FORM.

Before I go further, I must say a word as to the music. This, it will be remembered, is all the composition of Richus Dedler, the village organist, who, with Daisenberger, the parish priest, about a century ago, revised the Play as we know it to-day. It is all extremely simple and characteristic of the music of the period, Haydn and Mozart, whose mass music is often heard to-day in the village church, being largely drawn on by the composer for his inspiration. The Schutzgeister, who are responsible for its rendering, are excellent this year, and I would particularly commend the female voices, which, unlike their male companions, seemed influenced by the weather. The beautiful song of the Lament of the Bride, which comes just before the farewell at Bethany, was sung by a very fresh young voice. As usual, the hidden choir at the time of the institution of the Last Supper was very effective, and the fine musical introduction before the choice of the people for Barabbas, "Seht! Welch ein Mensch!" was given with great spirit. It is only fair here to give a word of due praise to the orchestra, who, scarcely sheltered from the cold and rain, pluckily stood to their task, and it would be ungenerous to pass criticism on some of their efforts. The players are all of the village, and are conducted by Herr Ludwig Wittmann, who is not an Ammergauer, but is the instructor of music in the village.

After the interval, which was cut short by half an hour on account of the weather, we behold the scenes in which the Saviour is hailed before the Council of the High Priests, then brought to Pilate, by him sent to Herod, returned to Pilate, and eventually condemned to death, after the long contest between the Governor and the High Priests. It is a very prolonged series of scenes, but helps one to realize, perhaps better than one did heretofore, the terrible sufferings of the night endured by the Savior. In the course of these scenes we get, perhaps, the most striking of all the wonderful crowds seen in the Play. Pilate has refused the death sentence required by the High Priests, unless he is persuaded that the people demand it also. Messengers are despatched to stir up the city, and presently we see emerging from different parts of the stage groups of men and women who are being worked up into a frenzy of passion by the leaders, until they all assemble outside Pilate's house, and it is only then that he acquiesces, after he has given them their choice—Jesus or Barabbas. The shout for Barabbas was terrific, coming from five hundred voices. The fury of the mob was well depicted, but the instruction to all to shout together as one voice is surely a mistaken one, even from a dramatic point of view. It spoils the realism of the moment, and does not help the audience to take in the precise words they utter.

### CHANGES IN PERSONNEL.

To the scenes which follow the condemnation, too fearful for some eyes to behold, yet necessary if one is to contemplate with fidelity those early hours of the first Good Friday, I need do no more than briefly refer.

and the fury of Peter at being suspected are very naturally shown. But why has the cook ceased to cook? It was the last remnant of the old mediæval play, and was quite harmless, and as it is Scriptural it might have been retained. The Peter was new to the part, and, if comparisons must be made, was not equal to the fine character study of Thomas Rendl in 1900. The latter had, however, become too old to resume so heavy a part, and has been given the lesser one of Simon of Bethany. I have said nothing yet of the Cataphas and Annas. Everyone who witnessed the last Play will recall the majestic presence and overpowering force with which Sebastian Lang, the church sacristan, presented Cataphas. Again, the Committee decided that his length of years precluded him from repeating that fine performance, but gave him the lesser role of Annas, and put Gregor Breitsanter in the more important position. The change is not a good one. Lang, instead of being the secret instigator and evil-counselor of Cataphas, is really the dominating character of the two. He cannot help it. His personality is such that he must take the lead, although he is quite unconscious of the fact. Breitsanter has not the commanding presence required of a good Cataphas, and he is overshadowed by his companion.

### BEST TABLEAU OF ALL.

As we approach the Via Dolorosa, the finest perhaps of all the tableaux is shown—viz., the Serpent in the Wilderness, in which several hundred individuals are grouped, and the chorus sing the fine chorale already alluded to: Pray now, and Christ we thank, That He the cup of suffering drank. The sun, which hitherto has just been seen, shone upon the stage, just as the Christ entered upon the stage bearing the Cross, and followed by the soldiers and the crowd. Here was room for mystical thought indeed. The light of the World led out to darkness and death by the ignorance and folly of the world, but Himself leading His people, as the Sun of Righteousness, by the only true way to health and life. I am always struck here by the episode of Simon the Cyrenian. Many commentators represent him as the unwilling bearer of the Cross, but in the Play the dramatist has given quite a different interpretation. He is seen coming from a distance on the reverse side of the stage from that on which the crowd enters. He has business in hand, and wishes to avoid the disturbance. But the soldiers spy him, and seize him, all unwilling, and compel him to take up the burden. But when he sees who is the sufferer for Whom he is to do this task, he recognizes One Who has done for him some good deeds in days gone by, and at once he takes up the Cross asking a blessing of the Savior. It is a touching episode. The meeting of the holy women follows, and here we get the second of the three entrances of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and it says much for the person who delineated her, that she again showed much restrained force. The beautiful legend of Veronica is also shown, and it is so beautiful that no apology is needed for introducing it.

### THE CRUCIFIXION.

The crowd disappears, the Schutzgeister returns to the stage, now clothed in black mantles, and, in the most impressive of all his addresses to the audience, he bids us contemplate the Crucifixion:

Come devout soul, with thoughts that glow, With mingled thanks, and ruth, and woe, With me to Golgotha, and see How there thy Savior bled for thee.

We hear the hammer doing its cruel work behind the curtain, and when the curtain is drawn aside, the crosses are before us with their burdens, the centre one not yet in position. It is raised before our eyes and the incidents around the Cross as known to us follow. The soldiers here, as in the early scenes of the scourging, etc., are more subdued in their manner. I cannot help thinking, and the crowd in the preceding scene was less fierce than I recall in 1900. It may be my fancy, but it seemed to be designedly so. Here is, in fact, a still further departure from the old mediæval Play. The words from the Cross are given full of meaning in each case. The "Eloi, Eloi" is placed fifth, between "I thirst," and "It is finished," not without justification. It is uttered with full strength of voice, as is also the last. The scene closes with the deposition from the Cross, which is beautifully shown in every detail, the picture of Reubens being taken as a model.

### LASTING IMPRESSION.

Then follow the closing scenes. Prologus, and his companions, return in their robes of splendor, and we see the tableau of the Passage of the Red Sea by the Israelites, followed by the incidents at the grave. The one incident which is inherited from the old Play is the actual scene of the Resurrection. This might very well have been omitted, for it is quite unconvincing. The empty tomb, and the visit of the Maries, is all that seems called for. Last scene of all, which is even less justifiable, is the apotheosis of Christ. Who is seen ascending, with His enemies crushed beneath His feet, and all the Old Testament prototypes gazing up into the heavens as He slowly rises from their midst. The Prologus then in triumphant tones bids us rejoice, and return to our homes full of love for Him Who has loved you unto death, and now in Heaven loves you still. The chorus

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then sing "Alleluia," and the Play is over.

As we leave the theatre, the sun shines upon us, and upon the great cross standing erect upon the snow-clad Kofel. As we lift up our eyes to this unique sight, we lift up also our hearts in thankfulness to Him Who hath done so great things for us, and in gratitude also for that He hath given such gifts unto men to show us so vividly the marvels of His love.

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## The Sorbonne.

The recent lecture of Mr. Roosevelt, as well as the lectures of American educators in the Sorbonne, in Paris, has brought the name of that famous institution prominently before the American people.

The Sorbonne is often considered identical with the University of Paris. It is the most important part of the university, but the latter institution is several centuries older and has law, theological, medical and pharmacy schools outside the Sorbonne.

The Sorbonne, however, has approximately 10,000 of the 12,000 students in the university, and to a very large extent it is the university. American students never have flocked to it as they have to German universities, but in the last few years their number has increased.

The Sorbonne was founded in 1257 by Robert de Sorbon, from whom it derived its name. He was born Oct. 9, 1201, near Reims, and became a famous priest, the chaplain and confessor of Louis IX. He established the school in the district which has long been known as the Latin Quarter.

It was a place of residence and study for a long time, rather than a school where systematic instruction or lectures could be had by students. Shortly before his death in 1274 Sorbon added a college for philosophy and the humanities.

As the growing body of the seat of theological learning throughout the Middle Ages the Sorbonne faculty took an active part in the great questions that because of the times concerned both the Church and the State.

It demanded and supported the condemnation of Joan of Arc, says the American Ecclesiastical Review, it showed great hostility to unbelievers, censured many noteworthy books and writers and opposed the Cartesian philosophy.

But among the glories of the Sorbonne is its record of having encouraged printing in France and trained many illustrious men.

Cardinal Richelieu early in the seventeenth century reconstructed the buildings of the Sorbonne, and was so liberal a patron that he became virtually a second founder. From being the theological school almost wholly, the Sorbonne passed into a seat of the broader field of learning that included science and literature. In the revolution it went down with other French institutions of learning and in 1808 it became part of the University of France.

The scheme of enlarging the Sorbonne originated early in the nineteenth century; the new buildings have been constructed under the republic, being virtually completed in 1889. A vestibule 200 feet long and 12 feet wide leads to the principal entrance of the amphitheatre, the entrance being closed by a gate of bronze and forged iron. Three thousand persons can be seated comfortably in the amphitheatre, and the acoustics are so good that the lecturer can be heard clearly in every part of the hall, which is 157.5 feet long and 137.8 feet wide.

### Life's Sweetest Moments.

The best moments of our lives come so oddly, so unexpectedly, and so quietly and unobtrusively, that it is no wonder they pass unnoticed. We live on, and a new light is shed upon life's happenings. The moment we begin to think about it, to try to grasp our happiness with both hands, as it were, it is apt to take wings and fly away. Once we begin saying how happy we are the whole aspect of affairs is changed. The door is opened to the wrong sort of thoughts for perfect happiness. We remember the flight of time, the brevity of life, the changes that are bound to come—a thousand things disturb us. No, to be quite happy we must forget all else in the joy of the present moment.

Life's sweetest moments come unexpectedly, we have said. Of course, what pleasures there are carefully planned have ever come up to those which are the result of chance or happy accident?

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good man. Engaged lovers are not always so very happy. Means are lacking, perhaps, or health. Parents may be disappointing or relations troublesome. The hours we expected to have been full of bliss are marred by little worries. The perfect moment does not arrive. When and where shall be the sweetest moment of our life? Is it when the first-born child is laid in a woman's arms? Yes, that may be the best moment of all, but sometimes the tired arms are too feeble to hold the child.

Like wild flowers are sweetest moments, blessing us just when we are not looking for them. Such are the sweet moments of youth and childhood, so little known while they were there, so good to remember in the years to come.

Life's bitter moments, when we suffer them, are instantly recognized. We may conceal them from others, but never from ourselves. In this they differ greatly from our happiest moments. "That happy time when I was so miserable." It is only by looking back that we know when we really were happy or when we were miserable.

"The heart knoweth its own bitterness," sang the poet who of all poets best knew human nature. Equally true it is that the heart knoweth its own joys. Joy bubbles up sometimes from someone that no one understands but those who can dive into the heart's deep secrets. Sweet moments may come to quite old and to quite poor people, and people we think in need of help. Thank God for that. It is just as certain that there is such a thing as "greatly pining when the heart calls happy."—R. N. Raymond, McCall's Magazine.

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