

The True Witness



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THE TORCH OF LIGHT AND CIVILIZATION

In a recent address the Right Rev. John Gallagher, D.D., of Goulburn, Australia, told in the following eloquent and forcible words what the Church has done for civilization. He said:

The Catholic Church remained not a mere antique, not merely in the decrepitude of old age—not merely as strong as she was in the year of the Hegira, when Mahomet fled from Mecca to Medina, but having renewed her youth like the eagle, went forth with all the energy of her pristine vigor, carrying together with the cross of the Saviour and the Book of His Gospel, her other ten thousand instruments of beneficence and enlightenment, to the limits of the world.

Hardly had she appeared on earth, when all at once, before the light of her teaching vanished the dark clouds of Grecian and Roman mythology emblazoned though they were by the fancy of their poets, though art had illumined them with countless forms of beauty, though the pen of the historian had woven them into the records of those countries which were loved so well. She it was that dashed from their pedestals those idols, which by falsities and lies had allowed the greatest part of mankind to forsake God, their Creator.

Having shown how the pagan philosophers were vanquished by the simple teachings of Jesus Christ, Bishop Gallagher said that for the first three centuries of her existence the Roman emperors had, aided by the strength of their thirty legions, striven to extinguish the light of her teaching in the blood of her martyrs, ignorant as they were that already on one of their seven hills, the Vatican, a humble fisherman had established a throne, and that from this throne his successor should, for all ages, rule over an empire larger in extent, more docile in obedience, more steadfast in its loyalty, than had ever been subject to the sword of Imperial Rome.

When the eagles of the empire retired below, and a blade of grass refused to grow before the tread of Attila and his Huns, was it not a successor of the fisherman—St. Leo the Great—worthy predecessor and namesake of the still greater Leo, who had just been taken from them—whose calm dignity and heroic bravery stayed the progress of the barbarian and saved from his fury, to be the seed-plants of new ages of progress, the last relics of an expiring civilization? Let them run their fingers down the pages of history for six centuries more and come to the year 1080.

When, about these days, a successor of Mahomet, pursuing the traditions of his race, had subjected to the obedience of the Koran and the sword every nation outside of Europe that was known to the civilization of the Old World, every knee that bent in profane homage to Allah and his prophet from the Pillars of Hercules to the walls of Bagdad, and the proud Sultan threatened to feed his war horse from the oats of the Vatican gardens on the altars of St. Peter's.

Was it not a priest and saint, Peter the Hermit, who, at the bidding of another successor of the fisherman, Urban II, made the churches and cathedrals of Europe ring with the thunders of an indignant and enthusiastic eloquence that reached to the very hearts of the people and called forth their faith and chivalry from the banks of the Thames and the Seine, the Tiber and the Rhine to cross over barbarous lands and dangerous seas to rescue the sepulchre where the body of their Lord had been laid, and to save once more the religion, the civilization, and the liberties of Europe?

And so on down the centuries. They would notice that in his whole discourse he did not speak of their Holy Mother, the Church, merely as a divine institution founded by their Lord Jesus Christ for the salvation of souls.

He did not speak of the Church only in her doctrinal and sacramental system, as the guardian and infallible interpreter of revealed truth and sole authorized dispenser of the mysteries of God, for in that sense there was no institution with which she could compare. He merely spoke of her in her external and mundane and secular aspect, as the preserver of ancient civilization, the defender of civil and spiritual freedom, as the fashioner and moulder of Christian society. And from that point of view they would bear with him if he adduced one or two additional examples of what he meant.

When their Holy Mother Church set about the work which her Divine Founder had given her to do, she found woman in a degraded state, little else than a vile instrument of the lust and despotism of man. To-day, whether as a cowering dove she seeks an asylum for timidity and weakness in "those deep solitudes and awful cells, where heavenly pensive contemplation dwells," or as a Sister of Charity crowns her virginity with the sacrifice of youth, beauty and accomplishments, to the moulding of young souls; or as a daughter, wife or mother throws around the domestic hearth the sweet aroma of Christian piety and womanly love, she owed nearly all her dignity, all her supernatural elevation, to the sublime teachings and sacramental graces of their holy Catholic religion.

The Church preferred, nearly four centuries ago, to lose the wealth, the greatness and the power of that mighty empire on whose domain the sun was said never to set, rather than to concede to the guilty passions of a licentious King, Henry VIII, for the dissolution of the marriage bond and the rights of his lawful wife, the good Queen Katherine of Aragon.

The elevation of woman, then, from a position of lowliness, of degradation, of contempt, to the high and proper place which she now occupies of being the equal, the companion and the consoler of man, was, too, a work of social regeneration, the memory of which should not be allowed to die.

But then, some say "we willingly admit all you claim for the old religion. She exercised a mighty influence for good in the past. She kept the torch of learning ablaze during the darkness of the Middle Ages. She formed Christian society almost as we have it to-day, its laws, its customs, its institutions, its liberties, its civilization. But her time is past. Her period of usefulness is gone. She is fallen, never to rise again, that gave laws to nations. Her lot now is to be consigned as a beautiful relic of a glorious past, to some museum of antiquities."

Ah! they had not read her past history, or the history of the world correctly; they do not gauge her future destiny aright, who argue thus. She was still producing saints in plenty, whose aureola of glory was as bright in heaven as that which surrounds the brow of Agnes, or Ambrose, or Augustine; still refuting the theories of a false philosophy with a logic as convincing and a diction as winning as that which refuted the sophisms of Julian the Apostate; still battling for the rights of the Church and spiritual freedom with the same heroic courage with which St. Thomas a Becket met Henry II of England; still confronting hostile kings with the same zeal with which Henry IV. of Germany was met by Hildebrand; still tending the garden of knowledge with the same assiduous care, pruning down the prurient sprouts, cutting off the rotten branches, and nursing the tender buds of promise with the same unceasing watchfulness with which she gathered up and preserved its scattered seeds during the long and dreary years that succeeded the northern invasion.

She was still sending forth to the limits of the world, with the glad tidings of salvation to those who sat in darkness and in the shadow of

death, missionaries with heads as clear and hearts as warm, and souls as enthusiastic in her cause as were those who with Augustine first proclaimed the truths of Christianity to the fair Saxon youth on Kentish strand, or with St. Patrick when he first lighted the Paschal fire in the halls of Tara.

Let them go to the observatories of China, and they would find them there watching the motions of the heavenly bodies, and explaining to that mysterious people the nature and the attributes of the great Being who made these bodies out of nothing, who appointed the courses in which they should revolve.

Go to the mines of Siberia, and they would find the Polish confessors and martyrs exhorting, suffering for the faith. Sail to the islands of the ocean and they would find the countless worshippers in spirit and in truth, whom their labor and their zeal were forming for the Eternal Father there.

Or, take the wings and fly to the very limits of the world, to the far West land, where the Sioux, the Shawnee, or the Blackfeet dwell—or where the McKenzie pours its majestic waters towards the frozen ocean, and there—

"On the western slope of the mountains Dwells in his little village the black-robed chief of the mission, Much he teaches the people, and tells them of Mary and Jesus, High on the trunk of a tree that stands in the midst of the village, And o'ershadowed with grapevines, a crucifix fastened, Looks with its agonized face on the multitudes kneeling beneath it; This is their rural chapel."

That which "the black-robed chief of the mission" was doing for his children "beyond the western slope of the mountains," in America and in every land, that same thing they were striving to do for the people in Australia, and it was to take the Crucifix from "high on the trunk of a tree" and place it in a church that they were gathered there that day.

TEACH IRISH TONGUE AT ENGLISH COLLEGE

An honors class of Celtic has been recently established in the Faculty of Arts of the Victoria University at Manchester, England, Irish and Welsh languages are both taught and they are placed on the same level as ancient classics for degrees of honor. Evening classes in Irish have been in existence in Manchester under the school board for the past four years. There were over a hundred students in two of them last year. The action of the Manchester University authorities in this particular is in odd contrast with that of the three Queen's Colleges in Ireland maintained at public expense under direct control of the Castle administration.

These colleges at their foundation were provided with chairs of Irish, but no more. Students might take lectures, if a sufficient number enrolled themselves in any college, but they received no credit for any proficiency acquired in that study. The chairs have remained, literally a name, during the fifty years since their foundation. A significant fact in this connection is that at Belfast Queen's College the Chair of Irish Language, with a salary of £120 a year, was actually filled by a Catholic for several years. He was the late John O'Donovan, and the only person of his faith allowed a chair in what was called the National College of Ulster. It may be added there were no pupils.

A Cure for Costiveness.—Costiveness comes from the refusal of the excretory organs to perform their duties regularly from contributing causes usually disordered digestion. Parnee's Vegetable Pills prepared on scientific principles, are so compounded that certain ingredients in them pass through the stomach and act upon the bowels so as to remove their torpor and arouse them to proper action. Many thousands are prepared to bear testimony to their power in this respect.

MORALITY OF HYPNOTISM

Catholic Attitude Stated by a New York Carmelite.

Is hypnotism unlawful? May I place myself safely under the influence of the experimenter?

These are questions, writes the Rev. Felix A. McCaffrey, O.C.C., of New York, in the Freeman's Journal of that city, which one very often hears nowadays, and it is with the purpose of giving a few of the pros and cons for and against hypnotism, and consequently allowing would-be inquirers to act in some way for themselves that I have been induced to pen the following lines.

Hypnotism is produced by passes, contact and fixation. The subject is told to gaze fixedly at some object at a short distance from and above his eyes, or to stare into the eyes of the operator, or to listen to the monotonous tick of a watch, or else some passes are made in front of the face and chest of the subject. After a time he gradually falls into a drowsy condition just like that preceding or on ordinary sleep.

This is one method of producing hypnosis. Others utilize the simple suggestion of the idea; for instance, the subject is told to "Gaze fixedly at me, and think of nothing but of going to sleep. You feel your eyelids heavy; you are very drowsy; your eyes grow more and more fatigued; they wink; your sight is becoming dimmer and dimmer; your eyes are closing; you cannot open them! Sleep!" If the operation is successful, the patient passes into the hypnotic state, from which he is usually awakened either by passes in the opposite direction or by blowing on his face, or by an emphatic "Awake!"

Such are the different methods employed in accordance with the different views which they hold regarding hypnosis by the doctors of Paris and those of the Nancy Schools.

According to the former as represented by Charcot hypnosis, at least in its deeper stages, is a nervous disorder found only in hysterical patients, and exhibiting itself in three stages of cataleptic, lethargic and somnambulistic trance.

According to the Dr. Bernheim and his followers of the Nancy School, hypnosis is not a nervous disorder, but a state claiming close affinity to natural sleep. They explain away the nervous disorder theory of the Paris School by attributing it to the fact that those who advanced the opinion confined their investigations chiefly to the neurotic patients of the Salpetriere hospital, and assert that the three stages insisted on by Charcot may be explained by suggestion and imitation.

Hypnotism is now extensively employed on the continent as a therapeutic agency in the curing of diseases. It may not (in time to come for as yet it may be said to be only in its infancy) fulfil all the expectations which its most sanguine exponents hope for it; but it undoubtedly deserves recognition in medical circles on account of the many cures which have been thoroughly investigated by the most eminent scientific men.

Although sometimes exhibiting effects which appear to be at least suspicious, we are assured by authority that hypnotism is no longer to be regarded as a superhuman gift; for almost all its effects as far as known at present can be explained by our knowledge of physiology and psychology. The reason given for its never attaining the status of a universal therapeutic agency is on account of the number of persons suitable as subjects.

On the point of suitable subjects practitioners are by no means agreed. Bottey gives only 80 per cent as susceptible; Morselli, 70 per cent; Delboey, over 80 per cent; while Bernheim denies the right to judge of hypnotism to all hospital doctors who cannot hypnotize at least 80 per cent of their patients, and Force fully agrees with him. (Moll, "Hypnotism," p. 47.)

Were this a scientific treatise we might discuss some of the remarkable phenomena which follow from hypnotism, such as illusions and hallucinations; the inhibition of voluntary muscles; exalted sensibility; amnesia and defined suggestions, etc., but this is not our purpose, and we will proceed to the question:

Is hypnotism lawful, and may one safely subject oneself to the influence of the experimenter?

Well, it is admitted on all sides that hypnotism when practised by the unskilled unauthorized exhibitor, is attended with serious results both to the body and mind. It undoubtedly has power of doing good when employed by the skilled physician, but the employment of it by these irresponsible and unscrupulous charlatans is likely to bring it again into disfavor. Cases are extant where subjects experimented on by such have been rendered lunatics, or had their nervous system severely damaged. Crimes have been committed by persons who have been hypnotized.

A person who is hypnotized is capable of receiving beneficial suggestions; so he is almost as liable to receive impressions for evil; and it is quite possible for him while under the influence of hypnotic sleep to be impressed with the belief that he is to commit some act after he has awakened from this sleep. Consequently continental Governments have rightly and wisely prohibited the exercise of this power except by those who are skilled and duly authorized.

Again; frequent hypnotization brings on a horrid hypnotic habit, and renders the patient more or less subject to the will of the experimenter, a consequence which may often be attended with serious damages. Wundt, in his lectures of "Human and Animal Psychology," describes hypnotism as "a two-edged instrument. . . . It must be looked upon not as a remedy of universal serviceability, but as a poison whose effects may be beneficial under certain circumstances. . . . It is a phenomenon of common observation that frequently hypnotized individuals can, when fully awake, be persuaded of the wildest fables, and thenceforth regard them as passages of their own experience."

But, where hypnotism is employed for illicit purposes, or in connection with superstitious practices, as spiritism, clairvoyance and occultism, then it is evidently immoral.

Discussing the question, is hypnotism ever lawful? Genecot tells us that its use is altogether unlawful if means, in themselves bad, are employed to produce hypnosis, or if supernatural or unworthy effects are sought ("Theologia Morala," vol. I, 255 et 55.)

But as employed by medical men of standing and skilled scientists, it is in all probability free from superstition, and lawful; for he says that although many of the phenomena which arise from hypnotism cannot as yet admit of sufficient explanation there exist probable reasons why we should attribute them to natural powers. And, the Holy See has not condemned it when thus used, but only its abuse. For instance, in the Encyclical Letter of August 4th, 1856, we find the distinction drawn between its use and abuse, and those are reprehended who, without having sufficiently studied the subject, boast of having the power within themselves of divining, etc. Besides, since 1856, no document has been issued in which the Holy See repudiates the use of hypnotism; although it cannot be ignorant of the fact that it has been employed by many skilled and Catholic doctors, with moderation, 'tis true; and for good reasons.

Nevertheless, even when all sign or symbol of superstition is wanting it is unlawful for anyone to subject himself to the influence of the hypnotiser without grave cause.

MENEELY BELLS.

A contract has just been made with the Meneely Bell Company, of Troy, N.Y., for a chime of ten bells for St. Joseph's Church, Albany. This set of bells will be an exact duplication of the much admired chime in St. Peter's Church, Troy. That in St. Peter's Church, Albany, just over the hill, has long sounded in the homes of the parishioners of St. Joseph's Church, and its melodious music has increased the desire for a chime in their own tower. This new set of bells will be much like the chime which is now being manufactured by the Meneely Bell Company for the nearly completed Christian Science Church in Boston, Mass.

French Villagers Devise Ingenious Plan to Frighten Government Officers.

The townspeople of Cominac, France, devised a novel plan to defeat the attempt of the authorities to make an inventory of the property of the Cathedral there.

Being notified that a government inspector was coming to make an inventory, they bought three black bears from a travelling showman. The animals were kept without food for two days in an adjoining cellar. They were released in the cathedral, hungry and angry, when the inspector reached town.

The inspector, with a military escort, arriving at the cathedral, was surprised to find his entry not resisted, but he no sooner was inside than the door was shut and fastened from the outside. The inspector hardly had time to speculate upon the meaning of this before he saw the bears hastily shuffling down the center aisle to investigate the newcomers.

Thereupon the men frantically tried to reopen the door. Amid derisive laughter they made a bee line for the nearest confessional and clambered on top of it, while the soldiers ran helter skelter in every direction seeking shelter, which they found in the side chapels.

The townspeople then negotiated with the inspector through a window and obtained a ready promise that he would quit if he was released.

The showman captured his bears, which were fed while the inspector and his escort escaped. The animals are being kept in a cellar against the next attempt at taking an inventory.

The ministry held its first council at the Elysee palace Wednesday. Minister of the Interior Clemenceau presented a dispatch announcing that 600 peasants had attacked a detachment of troops engaged in manœuvring in Fougères, a department of Ille et Villaine, under a misapprehension that the troops came to take inventories of church property under the church and state separation law. A captain, lieutenant and ten soldiers were injured and the detachment retired precipitately. The Minister of Justice was ordered to prosecute the offenders.

Catholics in Scotland.

According to the new Catholic Directory for Scotland, Mother Church can claim half a million of children in that country, with a handful over. Of these 380,000 belong to the Archdiocese of Glasgow. Thus almost exactly three-fourths of the Catholics of "Alba" are dwellers by the banks of the Clyde and the subjects of Archbishop Maguire. In 1878, the year of the Restoration of the hierarchy, there were but 360,000 lieges of Rome in all the six dioceses of Scotland. There were then 272 priests in the country; now there are 525, well nigh double that number.

The figures given for the missions reveal an increase of ninety in the twenty-eight years. They now stand at 230. But the total number of places that are hallowed by "the clean oblation offered in My name" is larger than this by 150, as in some parishes there are several "stations" having each their weekly or monthly Mass. Of religious houses Scotland possesses sixty-five, and, of these, fifty-two are occupied by nuns. Far less than a century ago there was not a religious in the land. Yet the remaining thirteen do not favorably compare, in point of number, with the monastic institutions that, in the Stuart days, studied the country. One day the reign of the cloister will return. The overwhelming majority of Glasgow Catholics, and in a slightly less degree, of Edinburgh's 62,000, are from St. Patrick's Land of Fire by birth or extraction; and love of the cloister has ever been a tradition with the Celt. Meantime it is the reign of the Hearth.

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

Catholic women attending plays of a doubtful character shock not only Catholics, but non-Catholics as well.

DON'TS ON DRESS.

- Don't expect your hair to shine unless you brush it well every night and morning.

OLD EMBROIDERED HANDKERCHIEFS.

The next time an embroidered handkerchief wears out take a sharp pair of scissors and cut the embroidery carefully out of the linen as close to the embroidery as possible.

LEARN TO LET GO.

The person who wants to be healthy morally, mentally and physically must learn to let go, writes Evelyn Pickens in Medical Talk.

That little difference that exists between yourself and your neighbor, that you argue and bicker every time you meet, drop it and let it go.

That little hurt that you got from a friend, perhaps it wasn't intended, perhaps it was, but no matter, let it go.

habitation within your thought or memory. Sweep them out of your mind and you will be surprised what a clearing up and rejuvenating effect it will have on you.

But the big troubles, the bitter disappointments, the deep wrongs, the heart-breaking sorrows, the tragedies of life, what about them?

It is not so hard after you once get in the habit of doing it—letting go of these things. You will find it such an easy way to get rid of the things that mar and embitter life that you will enjoy letting them go.

HOW TO USE ALMOND MEAL IN WASHING.

Use almond meal for washing the hands in place of soap, and the skin will not get dry and wrinkled. It is the soap that takes out all the natural oil.

SHUN ALL SHADES OF LIES.

It should be pointed out to children that a lie may be told by silence, by equivocation, by the accent on a syllable, by a glance of the eye attaching a peculiar significance to a sentence.

TIMELY HINTS.

When ripping up the seams of an old skirt, if the ripping is started from the bottom the goods are much less likely to tear at the edges.

Dates are excellent for people with consumptive tendencies, are very easily digested and contain an abundance of sugar.

Malic acid is peculiarly helpful to the body, and apples, pears, plums, peaches and cherries all contain it.

Potatoes, the old standby, contain all the inorganic elements of the body except fluorin.

Tomatoes are among the fruits rich in potash, especially good for the blood and with a marked action on the digestive operations.

Lemons are excellent for curing colds or allaying feverishness. Their

CAUGHT COLD ON THE C.P.R.

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

"It is twelve years since Psychine cured me of galloping consumption." The speaker was Mr. A. E. Mumford, six feet tall, and looking just what he is a husky healthy farmer.

If Mr. Mumford had started to take Psychine when he first caught cold he would have saved himself a lot of anxiety and suffering.

PSYCHINE 50c. Per Bottle

Larger sizes 81 and 82—all druggists. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, Limited, Toronto.

citric acid supplies the blood with a cooling agent, making this fruit a febrifuge. Oranges act in the same way, but with slightly less strength.

RECIPES.

Broiled Herring—For instance, herring is universally baked, but many cooks insist upon always frying it, with bread crumbs, and people have come to believe, many of them, that this is the only edible way of cooking the fish.

Broiled Herring with Mustard Sauce.—Choose fresh herring with soft roes, cut off head, clean, but do not open. Dip them in olive oil, season well with salt and pepper, and leave them to absorb in seasoning for at least an hour.

Salmon is the housewife's comfort. Salmon cutlets in papers is an unique way of serving this fish that will meet with favor.

Spiced oysters should be made the day before they are required. Place a hundred with their strained liquor into an earthenware jar, add half a nutmeg grated, eighteen cloves, four blades of mace, a teaspoonful of allspice, a dash of cayenne pepper, one teaspoonful of salt and two table-spoonfuls of strong vinegar.

FUNNY SAYINGS

THE MASTER'S MISTAKE.

Archdeacon Sinclair tells a good story of the famous Dr. Keate, as headmaster of Eton.

He was so great a disciplinarian that he earned the sobriquet which will ever cling to that other great schoolmaster, Bushy of Westminster, and was called the "Flogging Keate."

Finding, one morning, a row of boys in his study, he began as usual to flog them. They were too terrified at the awful little man to remonstrate until he had gone half-way down the row, when one plucked up courage to falter out:

"Please, sir, we're not up for punishment—we're a confirmation class."

A BOTTLE INSTEAD OF A GLASS

He was a young and smart looking Scots clergyman, and was to preach a "trial" sermon in a strange church, says Tatler. Fearing that his hair might be disarranged or that he might have a smudge on his face, he quietly and significantly said to the beadle, there being no mirror in the vestry, "John, could you get me a glass?"

John disappeared, and after a few minutes returned with something under his coat, which, to the astonishment of the divine, he produced in the form of a bottle with a gill of whiskey in it, saying, "Ye mauna let on about it, meenister, for I got it as a special favor; and I wadna hae got it ava hadna told them it was for you."

ANOTHER FANCY NAME.

A clergyman, in baptizing a baby, paused in the midst of the service to inquire the name of the infant, to which the mother, with a profound courtesy, replied: "Shady, sir, if you please."

"And pray," asked the inquisitive pastor, "how happen you to call the child by such a strange name?" "Why, sir," responded the woman, "if you must know, our name is Bower, and my husband said as how he should like her to be called Shady because Shady Bower sounds so pretty."

BOTH HAVE WHEELS.

A class of little girls at school was asked the meaning of the word "philosopher."

Just before the collection was taken up one Sunday morning a negro clergyman announced that he regretted to state that a certain brother had forgotten to lock the door of his chicken house the night before, and as a result in the morning he found that most of the fowls had disappeared.

Take me to some lofty room, Lighted from the western sky, Where no glare dispels the gloom, Till the golden eve is nigh;

A LONELY HEART.

Morning after morning the priest comes forth to renew the oblation of the spotless victim. A few there are who, with bowed heads and lowly hearts, kneel about the altar.

SHE DIDN'T SLEEP WELL.

A woman who lives in an inland town, while going to a convention in a distant city, spent one night of the journey on board a steamboat.

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS

are mild, sure and safe, and are a perfect regulator of the system.

They gently unlock the secretions, clear away all effete and waste matter from the system, and give tone and vitality to the whole intestinal tract, curing Constipation, Sick Headache, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Coated Tongue, Foul Breath, Jaundice, Heartburn, and Water Brash.

Price 25 cents or five bottles for \$1.00, at all dealers or direct on receipt of price. The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

THE POET'S CORNER

GOSSIPING OF SPRING.

Into a winter wood At the crest of the morn I went. The pine tree stood like a tent Of ermine feathery soft;

A gentle whispering Seemed wafted from tree to tree, Like a broken melody Chorded tender and low;

Then came a truant crow With a lusty, rusty note, And a squirrel, sleek of coat, With his chirrup ever glad,

After the clangor of battle There comes a moment of rest, And the simple hopes and the simple joys

After the victor's paean, After the thunder of gun, There comes a lull that must come to all

Then what is the happiest moment? Is it the foe's defeat? Is it the splendid praise of a world That thunders by at your feet?

Nay, nay, to the lifeworn spirit The happiest thoughts are those That carry us back to the simple joys

A simple love and a simple trust And a simple duty done, Are truer touches to light to death Than a whole world's victories won.

Take me to some lofty room, Lighted from the western sky, Where no glare dispels the gloom, Till the golden eve is nigh;

Morning after morning the priest comes forth to renew the oblation of the spotless victim. A few there are who, with bowed heads and lowly hearts, kneel about the altar.

Soon it is all over. One by one the people silently steal away. The priest reverently departs. And he who wept is once more alone.

Oh, may we not well imagine him saying: "Man, man, why do you thus carelessly pass me by? Why do you thus leave me alone? Is it for this I consented always to remain on earth? This loneliness crushes me.

Hard indeed must be our hearts if we turn a deaf ear to this appeal of our loving Saviour.

Uncle Walter, with his little niece Ruth in his lap, was about to telephone a message to a distant city.

"I am in Uncle Walter's lap—don't you wish you were?"

WHERE THE WORKS OF SEARCHING THOUGHT.

Chosen books, may still impart What the wise of old have taught, What has tried the meek of heart Books in long dead tongues that stirred

Loving hearts in other climes; Telling to my eyes, unheard, Glorious deeds of olden times: Books that purify the thought,

Should'st thou behold a brother falling low, His battle's ebb thou seest; but its flow—

Of banded foes that fierce against him came, His prowess long sustained, his yielding slow;

Whose eye alone not purblind is nor dim; Perchance a swifter than thy brother's fall,

Along a woodland streamlet's side He walked in budding April hours, And by the winding pathway spied Two white unfolding flowers.

Ab, but remembrance keeps no room For blossoms dead; his heart will dream Of the sweet flower he left in bloom Beside its native stream!

Weak, Tired and Depressed People Need a Tonic at This Season to Put the Blood Right.

Spring blood is bad blood. Indoor life during the winter months is responsible for weak, watery, impure blood. You need a tonic to build up the blood in the spring just as much as a tree needs new sap to give it vitality for the summer.

When tempted oft to go as Rebellious temper has its He kneels with sweet up An angel robed in human My angel guide.

He holds me from the pain He purities my soul within And, tho' my heart may pain, Tells me no cross, no crown My angel guide.

He does my every footstep And leads me with a hand To realms of peace—to God My angel guide.

It will Prolong Life—Dr. Spanard, lost his life in of Florida, whither he was purpose of discovering the "Fountain of perpetual youth" to exist in that then unknown. While Dr. Thomas' oil will not perpetuate will remove the bodily pain make the young old in time and harass the aged timely graves.

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OUR B...

Dear Girls and Boys:

The never-falling signs are with us—the merry-go-round folks here and there bent on marble playing, rasping voice of the crowd we all are, I am sure. My welcome to the corner, Joseph C. is still an inveterate just beginning to think little friends from Kowloon had forgotten me when letter came. I have yet to divulge my little piece of recompense, for the contributor to the Corner, of my little friends seemed ed. Love to all my nieces phews.

Dear Aunt Becky: I promised to write an all about St. Patrick's day did not go, for it was to my father and sister went a lovely time. There was Mass at ten-thirty, and a sermon preached by Father L. there was a lovely dinner evening there was a very cert; the hall was crowded dear Aunt, my sore leg tired, so I will have to close. From your loving nephew, JOS.

Dear Aunt Becky: May I enter your club reading the letters every have taken the True Witness since I can remember. I ten years old, and have there and two sisters. My farm, My papa keeps a snow is about all gone but you had any new suggestions haven't. I am in the Miss our teacher's name is Fouhey. I got the prize in last term. I spent St. Patrick's at home; it was a stormy day in my mamma's birthday gave her a pretty fruit dish sister gave her a vegetable remain, hoping to see my print. Your niece, St. Cyr, April 1st, 1906

As I have not written long time, I thought I would you a few lines and I hope my letter in print next week and my brother have felt write to you. I saw their in print this week. As getting short, I will close good-bye. From your loving nephew, J.

Love to all my little cousins and my brother, Kouchibouguac, March

MY ANGEL GUIDE He walks beside me all the And tells me what to do. And when my wicked thoughts He gently points up to the My angel guide.

When tempted oft to go as Rebellious temper has its He kneels with sweet up An angel robed in human My angel guide.

He holds me from the pain He purities my soul within And, tho' my heart may pain, Tells me no cross, no crown My angel guide.

He does my every footstep And leads me with a hand To realms of peace—to God My angel guide.

It will Prolong Life—Dr. Spanard, lost his life in of Florida, whither he was purpose of discovering the "Fountain of perpetual youth" to exist in that then unknown. While Dr. Thomas' oil will not perpetuate will remove the bodily pain make the young old in time and harass the aged timely graves.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS BY AUNT BECKY

Dear Girls and Boys: The never-falling signs of spring are with us—the merry groups of little folks here and there, intently bent on marble playing, and the rasping voice of the crow. How glad we all are, I am sure. Maple is most welcome to the corner. I am sorry Joseph C. is still an invalid. I was just beginning to think that my little friends from Kouchibouguac had forgotten me when Julia's letter came. I have not yet to divulge my little plan, rather recompense, for the regular contributor to the Corner, as not one of my little friends seemed interested. Love to all my nieces and nephews, AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky: I promised to write and tell you all about St. Patrick's day, but I did not go, for it was too stormy. My father and sister went. They had a lovely time. There was a high Mass at ten-thirty, and a nice sermon preached by Father Doyle. Then there was a lovely dinner. In the evening there was a very nice concert; the hall was crowded. Well, dear Aunt, my sore leg is getting tired, so I will have to come to a close. From your loving nephew, JOSEPH C. Granby, March 26.

Dear Aunt Becky: May I enter your club? I enjoy reading the letters every week. We have taken the True Witness ever since I can remember. I am fourteen years old, and have four brothers and two sisters. We live on a farm. My papa keeps a store. The snow is about all gone here. Have you had any new sugar yet? I haven't. I am in the fourth reader. Our teacher's name is Miss Cora Healey. I got the prize in arithmetic last term. I spent St. Patrick's day at home; it was a stormy day. Today is my mamma's birthday. I gave her a pretty fruit dish and my sister gave her a vegetable dish. I remain, hoping to see my letter in print, Your niece, MABEL. St. Cyr, April 1st, 1906.

Dear Aunt Becky: As I have not written you this long time, I thought I would write you a few lines and I hope to see my letter in print next week. I guess I and my brother have forgotten to write to you. I saw three letters in print this week. As news is getting short, I will close, saying good-bye. From your loving niece, JULIA R. Love to all my little cousins by me and my brother. Kouchibouguac, March 24.

MY ANGEL GUIDE. He walks beside me all the day, And tells me what to do and say, And when my wicked thoughts arise He gently points up to the skies— My angel guide. When tempted oft to go astray Rebellious temper has its sway, He kneels with sweet uplifted eyes— An angel robed in human guise— My angel guide. He holds me from the path of sin; He purifies my soul within, And, tho' my heart may ache with pain, Tells me no cross, no crown I gain— My angel guide. He's ever whispering at my side; He does my every footstep guide, And leads me with a hand of love To realms of peace—to God above— My angel guide.

It Will Prolong Life—De Soto, the Spaniard, lost his life in the wilds of Florida, whether he went for the purpose of discovering the legendary 'Fountain of perpetual youth,' said to exist in that then unknown country. While Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil will not perpetuate youth, it will remove the bodily pains which make the young old before their time and harass the aged into untimely graves.

The Tragedy of Little Red Tom

(By Henry Van Dyke.) He was the youngest of the family, a late-comer at the feast of life. Yet the rose-garlands on the table were not faded when he arrived, and the welcome that he received was not colder, indeed it was probably several degrees warmer, because he was so tardy, so young, so tiny. There was room for him in the household circle; joyous affection and merry murmurs of contentment greeted his coming. His older brothers never breathed a word of jealousy or unkindness toward him. He grew peacefully under the shelter of mother-love; and it would have been difficult to foresee, in the rosy promise of his youth, the crimson tragedy in which his life ended.

How dull, how insensible to such things most men and women are! They go their way, busily and happily, doing their work, seeking their daily food, enjoying their human pleasures, and never troubling themselves about the hidden and intricate sorrows of the universe. The hunter hunts, and the fisher fishes, with inconsiderate glee. A man kills a troublesome insect, he eats a juicy berry or a succulent oyster, without thinking of what his victims must feel.

But there are some tender and sensitive souls who are too fine for these callous joys. They meditate upon the tragic side of all existence, and to them there will be nothing strange in this story of the Tragedy of Little Red Tom. You have guessed that he was called 'red' on account of his color. It was a family trait. All his brothers had it; and strange to say, they were proud of it.

Most people are so foolish that they speak with ridicule, or even with contempt of this color, when it is personally evolved. Have you ever asked yourself why it is that the cold world alludes derisively to a 'red-headed boy,' or a 'red-headed girl'? The language is different when the locks are of another hue. Then it is a 'black-haired boy,' or a 'golden-haired girl.' Is not the very word 'red-headed,' with its implied slur upon an innocent and gorgeous color, an unconscious evidence of the unreasonable prejudice and hard insensibility of the human race?

Not so the family of Tom, the redder they grew the happier they were, and the more pride their mother took in them. But she herself was green. And so was little Tom, like all his brothers, and he made his first appearance in the world—green—very green. Nestled against his mother's side, sheltered by her embracing arms, safe and happy in the quietude of her maternal care, he must have looked out upon the passing show with wonder and pleasure, while she instilled into him the lessons of wisdom and the warnings of destiny.

'Grow, my little one,' we can imagine her saying to him, in her mysterious wordless language, 'your first duty is to grow. Look at your brothers, how big and round and fat they are! I can hardly lift them. They did what I told them, and see what they have become. All by growing! Simple process! Even a babe can understand it. Grow, my Tommykin, grow! But don't try to grow red; first, you must grow big.'

It is quite sure, and evident to every mother-heart, that Tommy's mother must have told him something like this, for this is precisely what he did—obedient, docile, clever little creature! Who can trace the subtle avenue by which intelligence is communicated from the old to the young, the treasured lore of the ages handed down from one generation to another? But when we see the result, when the little one begins to do what its parents and grand-parents have done, is it not evident that the teaching must have been given, though in some way beyond our ken? If Tommy's mother had not taught him, there is at least an even chance that he would have tried to grow red before he grew big. But he laid her lesson to heart, and day by day, week by week, his rotundity expanded, while his verdancy remained.

It was a very beautiful life that they lived in the garden; and if the thoughts and feelings that unfolded there could be known, perhaps they would seem even more wonderful than the things which the old German gardener cultivated. Away at one end were the beds of old-fashioned flowers, hollyhocks and phlox and stocks, crocuses and calliopsis,

calendula and campanula, fox-gloves and monks-hoods and lady-slippers. At the other end were the strawberry-bed and the asparagus-bed. In between, there were long rows of all kinds of vegetables and small fruits and fragrant herbs.

Who can tell what ideas and emotions were produced in those placid companies of leguminous comrades? What aspirations toward a loftier life in the climbing beans? What high spirits in the corn? What light and airy dreams in the asparagus-bed? What philosophy among the sage? Imagine what great schemes were hatched among the egg-plant, and what hot feelings stung the peppers when the raspberries crowded them!

Tommy, from his central place in the garden, must have felt the agitation of this mimic world around him. Many a time, no doubt, was he tempted to give himself up to one or another of the contiguous influences, and throw himself into the social tide for 'one glorious hour of crowded life.' But his mother always held him back.

'No, my Tommykin, stay with me. It is not for you to climb a pole like a bean or wave in the wind like an asparagus stalk or rasp your neighbors like the raspberry. Be modest, be natural, be true to yourself. Stay with me and grow fat.' When the sunshine of the long July days flooded the garden, glistening on the silken leaves of the corn, winking the potato blossoms, unfolding the bright yellow flowers of the okra and the melon, Tom would fain have pushed himself out into the full tide of light and heat. But his mother bent tenderly over him.

'Not yet, my child; it is not time for you to bear the heat of the day. A little shade is good for you. Let me cover you. It is too soon for you to be sunburned.'

When the plumping afternoon showers came down, refreshing every leaf and root of every plant, Tom shrank from the precipitate inundation.

'Mother, I'm all wet. I want to come out of the rain.' But the mother knew what was good for him. So she held him out bravely while the streaming drops washed him; and she taught him how to draw in the moisture which she gathered for his nourishment.

In late August a change began to come over his complexion. His verdant brilliancy was 'sickled o'er' with a pale cast of thought, whitish, yellowish, nondescript. A foolish human mother would have hurried to the medicine closet for a remedy for biliousness. Not so Tom's wise parent. She knew that the time had come for him to grow red. She let him have his own way now about being out in the sunshine. She even thrust him gently forth into the full light, withdrawing the shelter that she had cast around him. Slowly, gradually, but surely, the bright crimson hue spread over him until the illumination was complete, and the mother felt that he was the most beautiful of her children—not the largest, but round and plump and firm and glowing red as a ruby.

And then—the mother-heart knew that the perils of life were near at hand for Little Red Tom. Many of his brothers had already been torn from her by the cruel hand of fate and had disappeared into the unknown.

'Where have they gone to?' wondered Tom.

A WOMAN'S BACK IS THE MAINSPRING OF HER PHYSICAL SYSTEM. The Slightest Backache, if Neglected, is Liable to Cause Years of Terrible Suffering.

No woman can be strong and healthy unless the kidneys are well, and regular in their action. When the kidneys are ill, the whole body is ill, for the poisons which the kidneys ought to have filtered out of the blood are left in the system. The female constitution is naturally more subject to kidney disease than a man's; and what is more, a woman's work is never done—her whole life is one continuous strain. How many women have you heard say: 'My, how my back aches!' Do you know that backache is one of the first signs of kidney trouble? It is, and should be attended to immediately. Other symptoms are frequent thirst, scanty, thick, cloudy or highly colored urine, burning sensation when urinating, frequent urination, puffing under the eyes, swelling of the feet and ankles, floating specks before the eyes, etc. These symptoms if not taken in time and cured at once, will cause years of terrible kidney suffering. All these symptoms, and in fact, these diseases may be cured by the use of

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

They act directly on the kidneys, and make them strong and healthy. Mrs. Mary Galley, Auburn, N.B., writes: 'For over four months I was troubled with a lame back and was unable to turn in bed without help. I was induced by a friend to try Doan's Kidney Pills. After using two-thirds of a box my back was as well as ever. Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.50 at all dealers, or sent direct on receipt of price. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.'

That pain in the Back is Kidney Trouble GIN PILLS WILL CURE IT

A strain or severe cold, or a dozen other causes may have started it—but the Kidneys are at the bottom of it. Backache (especially in the "small" of the back) means Kidney Disease. Plasters and liniments give some relief, but they never cure. Lots of people, with swollen hands and feet, are treating themselves for rheumatism, when, in fact, their sick kidneys are causing the pain and swelling. GIN PILLS cure that pain in the Back every time, because they cure the Kidneys.

St. Joseph's Home, St. Cloud, Minn. June 29th 1905. I received the Gin Pills safely and am taking them every day I have suffered intensely from kidney trouble for many years. Since I took your pills, I have a very good appetite and sleep soundly. I feel no more pain. Enclose please find money order for \$1 for which please send me two boxes of Gin Pills. FATHER BONIFACE, Moll, O. S. B.

If you have tried plasters, liniments and doctors, save your money and try GIN PILLS, FREE. Write us your name and address, and in what paper you saw this offer, and we will send you a free sample box of GIN PILLS. These famous Pills for Sick Kidneys are sold by all druggists at 50c a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50. THE BOLE DRUG CO. - WINNIPEG, MAN.

dered Tom. But his mother could not tell him. All that she could do was to warn him of the unseen dangers that surrounded him and prepare him to meet them.

'Listen, my child, and do as I tell you. When you hear a step on the garden path, that means danger, and when a thing with wings flies around me and comes near to you, that means danger too. But I will teach you how to avoid it. I will give you three signs.

'The first sign is a rustling noise that I will make when a bird comes near to you. That means droop. Let yourself down behind the wire netting that I lean on, and then the bird will be afraid to come close enough to peck at you. The second sign is a trembling that you will feel in my arms when the gardener comes along the walk. That means snuggle. Hide yourself as close to me as you can. The third sign—well, I will tell you the third sign to-morrow evening, for now I am tired.'

In the early morning of a bright September day, while the dew was still heavy on the leaves and the grass and the gossamer cobwebs glistened with little diamonds, a hungry robin flew into the garden, and Tom heard the signal 'Droop!' So he let himself down behind the wire netting, and the robin put his head on one side and looked at Tom greedily, and flew to find a breakfast elsewhere.

A little before noon, when the sun was shining broadly and the silken tassels of the corn were shivering up into make-believe tobacco for bad little boys to smoke, there was a heavy step on the garden walk, and Tom felt the signal 'Snuggle!' Then he hugged as close as he could to his mother's side, and the gardener with his sharp knife cut off all Tom's surviving brothers and put them in a box full of vegetables. But he did not see Tom, hidden close and safe.

How glad the mother must have been, and how much Tom must have loved her as he remembered all her wise lessons. It was a long, beautiful afternoon that they spent together, filled with pleasant reminiscences, touched by no shadow of gloom, no dream of parting. A golden afternoon—the last.

Just before sunset a fair creature, clothed in white, came into the garden. She moved for awhile among the flowers, her yellow hair gleaming in the low rays of the sun, her eyes bluer than forget-me-nots. Who could think that such a creature could be cruel or heartless? Who could dream that she would pursue her pleasure at the cost of pain to the innocent? Who could imagine that she would take life to feed her own?

Gently and daintily she came down the garden walk, past the raspberry patch, past the tall rows of corn, past the egg-plant and the peppers, with steps so light that the ground hardly felt them, with bright eyes glancing from side to side—yes, with all these, and also with a remorseless thought in her heart and a basket half full of cut flowers on her arm.

No signal to droop or snuggle came to Tom. The third signal—ah, that he had not yet learned! So he basked his rosy sides in the sunlight as the lovely apparition drew near to him. She looked at him with delight. She put out her delicate hand to embrace him. Then, without a tremor, she tore him ruthlessly from his mother's grasp, from the home that he loved, and dropped him in her basket.

'You are just what I wanted to fill up my tomato salad.' That night, as she sat at supper, with her father and mother, and her brothers and sisters, she was smiling and serene, for the table was well furnished, and the feast was merry. There was white bread that had been ground from thousands of innocent blades of wheat, once waving in the sunlight, and a juicy fish that had been lured and unwillingly drawn from the crystal waters. There was a brace of grouse that had grown plump and savory by feeding on the spicy berries in the woods. And there was Little Red Tom, in the centre of the salad, deliciously sliced, surrounded by crisp lettuce leaves and dressed to the queen's taste.

Are there not some who would have shed tears at that sight, and lamented even while they ate? But do you suppose the young girl was one of that kind? Do you imagine that she had played a part in a tragedy? Not a bit of it. She was simply grateful that her salad was so good, and glad that the others liked it.—Outing.

MARY AND RUTH.

Two young girls, Mary and Ruth, met out at the park one day late in August, and Mary said: 'I'm so glad vacation is nearly over. I want to go back to school.'

'Where are you going to go to school this next term?' 'Why, back to the Sisters, of course. Ain't you?'

'No. I want to go with Amy and Jennie. Mamma says I may. They are so stylish.'

'But you haven't made your first communion yet.' 'Well, I don't care. I don't want to have to be studying the catechism all the time. And then, some of the girls in the parochial school are so poor. I want to meet only nice people.'

'And do you call 'nice people' only those who wear fine clothes?' asked Mary, indignantly.

'Well,' said Ruth, defiantly, 'fine clothes help. And when I grow up I want to marry a rich man, and live in a fine house and keep servants.'

'You're in a hurry,' replied Mary. 'Thinking of getting married and you only eleven years old. I'm not going to get married at all. I'm just going to stay at home and be papa's and mamma's girl.'

'My, how good you are!' sneered Ruth. 'Well, I guess I can be as good as you are, without going to church every day and studying the catechism all the time.'

And she went home without saying another word. When school opened, Mary went back to the Sisters and Ruth went to a public school.

During the year Mary was prepared for her first holy communion, received it, and was confirmed. She was as happy as a girl could be. In school she was a favorite with the teachers and pupils, and at home she was dear to her parents because she was obedient, gentle, truthful and industrious.

Toward the end of the school year Ruth was taken sick with scarlet fever and died before she received the sacraments. Her mother, who was not a Catholic, said that she feared to distress the child by summoning the priest, lest he should tell her she was about to die.

So Ruth did not realize her earthly ambition. Mary is still at home, the joy of her parents, and is happy with them. Every one who knows her loves her, because she is so kind and good.

JUST A WORD.

Don't shun the truth under any circumstances. Don't imagine a thing is so simple, because you think so. Don't trust any person who can not win the love of a child. Don't forget that the world is older than you are by several thousand years. Don't worry about your father because he knows, so much less than you do. Don't forget that for several thousand years the world has been full of as smart young men as yourself. Don't blow the packing out of your cylinder-head trying to dazzle other people with your wisdom. Don't be too fresh to keep from spilling without being put in a cool place.

A lady writes: 'I was enabled to remove the corns, root and branch, by the use of Holloway's Corn Cure.' Others who have tried it have the same experience.

BUSINESS CARDS. M. J. MORRISON, Advocate, ROOM 587 - - TEMPLE BUILDING

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

Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the social agent receive authority for some one to make entry for him. The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans: (1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years. (2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother. (3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land. Six months' notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent. N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for. W. W. CORY, Deputy Minister of the Interior.

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NOTICE.

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THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1906.

IRELAND AND THE LIBERAL GOVERNMENT.

Some of the most amazing feats of editorial wisdom appear from time to time in The Globe of Toronto. An article on Tuesday upon the "Condition of Ireland" is an average sample.

This is the reason, plainly expressed, why the Campbell-Bannerman government has won the confidence of the Irish party in Parliament.

The Globe next says that Wm. O'Brien has endorsed Mr. Redmond's position in addressing his (Mr. O'Brien's) own party in Ireland.

But more information, per The Globe, awaits us.

"Mr. Redmond was able to assure his Manchester audience that there is an exceptional absence of crime in Ireland."

This is unpardonable in a journal that pretends to accuracy of statement in its leading articles. There has been a normal absence of crime in Ireland for the past ten years.

unparalleled circumstance that Mr. Redmond referred to in his Manchester address was that in all the Assize towns throughout the west and south of Ireland without exception white gloves have been presented this spring to the judges.

"Ireland to-day," said Mr. Redmond, "is in a state of perfect peace." It suggests little short of malice on the part of the Globe to interpret Mr. Redmond's words as a declaration that there is at present merely "an exceptional absence of crime in Ireland."

The main point of the Globe's editorial is that if the Liberals give a Catholic University to Ireland, the Irish party will be content and abandon Home Rule on the one hand and the Catholic children of England on the other. The Irish party will do neither.

The decline and fall of John Alexander Dowie reminds us of the remarkably easy toleration of this day and generation for the pretentious profession of religion.

This Canada of ours allowed oceans of Dowieite literature to flood our mails as newspaper matter, and to be distributed in hospitals under the claim of religious freedom.

The general tone of Lord Dudley's letter denotes that he is another English convert to Irish ideas by reason of his official experience of actual conditions in Ireland.

The annual report of the Crematorium, Ltd., has been given to the public. Up to Feb. 28 last there were in all forty-five cremations.

"If men and women frequent their churches only in order to have transferred from pulpit or platform to the occupants of the pews some body's comments on the passing events of the day, then indeed have the churches outlived their destiny and hereafter the great cathedral of nature may do away with all more elaborate and more expensive ecclesiastical edifices.

A remarkable speech has been made in the British House of Commons by Mr. Samuel Butcher, one of the members for Cambridge, a man of world-wide reputation as a classical scholar.

school of divine truth where, not man's views, but the unchangeable word of God is proclaimed with authority, then indeed Christianity must not be churchless."

Contrasts have many times been drawn between the anti-Irish Irishman and the honest Englishman in regard to their attitude towards the Irish question. A striking instance of this kind was afforded to the Unionist party in Britain the other day, the parties concerned being the Earl of Dudley, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland under the Balfour administration, and Sir Edward Carson, a nominee of Dublin Castle in the same Government.

During a debate in the House of Commons the statement was made that Lord Dudley had avowed his determination when in Ireland to try and govern the country according to Irish ideas. At once Sir Edward Carson jumped to his feet and declared that Lord Dudley had made statements both ways.

Sir Edward Carson was unable to give proof for his statement to the contrary, but alleged a further imputation that Lord Dudley had once told him Ireland ought to be governed through the medium of the Catholic priesthood.

The announcement recently made of the death of Cardinal Calligari, Bishop of Padua, Pope Pius's early patron and friend, was happily unfounded.

The news of the death of Warren E. Mosher at his home at New Rochelle, N.Y., was received with surprise and regret by Catholics in all sections of the country.

Mr. Mosher was widely known as the founder of the Catholic Summer School of America and as the most ardent promoter of that phase of Catholic educational work that is carried on through the reading circle and the study club.

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was a particularly favorable moment for giving Ireland the educational rights she has so long been denied. There was now, he said, in Ireland the evidence of an awakening of a new intellectual life among the young men and of the lovers of learning, which has long lain dormant but has never been extinguished in the Irish character.

Some time ago we recorded with pleasure the success of the pupils of the Irish Christian Brothers in Newfoundland who competed for the Rhodes scholarship.

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Mr. Mosher was only forty-three years old at the time of his death. He was born in Albany, N.Y., and in his youth had only the most meager educational advantages.

Circle No. 1, in St. Columba's parish, Youngstown, was the first club organized. The project spread to the other parishes of the city and gradually to other sections.

While acting as a national delegate to a convention of the Young Men's Catholic Union of Washington, Mr. Mosher met Bishop Conaty, then president of the Catholic University, and unfolded to him and other prominent prelates his plan of organizing a Catholic Summer School.

Mr. Mosher was married in 1891 to Miss Catherine Farrell, of Lisbon, O., and is survived by his wife and six children.

Archbishop Ryan's Joke.

Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, has the following anecdote credited to him. All his sayings and witticisms have a value, the more so because they are so spontaneous and uttered on the spur of the moment.

"Well, Archbishop, if you saw me clad in my full canonical robes, you could scarcely distinguish me from the Archbishop of Philadelphia."

THE CATHOLIC PRESS

The Fulfillment of a Prophecy Made Thirty Years Ago.

In the year 1877, M. Baudouin, of Paris, President General of all the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul, wrote a letter to the Very Rev. Canon Chordert, of Switzerland, containing a prophecy of which we can say that it has literally been fulfilled in our time in France.

"In my judgment, the faithful do not recognize how important the press is. We labor hard in building churches, and establishing monasteries and convents and encouraging orphanages and institutions for the poor, all of which are necessary wants; but we forget that besides these wants, there is another which is far more necessary than all of them, namely, the propagation of the Catholic press, at least in certain countries, amongst which I number France."

"If the Catholic press is not supported, encouraged and placed on the height which belongs to it, then will the churches be abandoned, if not burnt. The religious confraternities will be turned away, the more quickly, the more solidly they may have been founded, and even institutions of charity—yes, the schools, will be taken away from the religion that founded them."



Most housewives judge the purity of a flour by its whiteness. White somehow signifies purity. But while pure flours are always white, white flours are not always pure.

Royal Household Flour

is the whitest flour that is milled. It is also the purest. You may think the flour you are using is about as white as flour can be.

Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Ltd.

"Ogilvie's Book for a Cook," contains 120 pages of excellent recipes, some never published before. Your grocer can tell you how to get it FREE.

ligion is rampant; men who on all other questions are peace-loving and enlightened, become insane, raging, as soon as they hear anyone speaking about the Church.

"If this condition of things continues, it is certain that a fearful number of souls will be lost to religion. Therefore, the zeal of Catholics must be directed to put an end to this condition.

"On the other hand, if the Catholics of France, like those of Germany, at present would take up the support of the press as the first and most important of all their good works; if they devote each year two or three million francs for this object, then the condition would change very suddenly.

Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J., in his admirable translation of St. Thomas Aquinas' "God and His Creatures," gives the saint's argument from motion as follows:

"Everything that is in motion is put and kept in motion by some other thing. It is evident to sense that there are beings in motion. A thing is in motion because something else puts and keeps it in motion.

"In my judgment, the faithful do not recognize how important the press is. We labor hard in building churches, and establishing monasteries and convents and encouraging orphanages and institutions for the poor, all of which are necessary wants; but we forget that besides these wants, there is another which is far more necessary than all of them, namely, the propagation of the Catholic press, at least in certain countries, amongst which I number France."

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A Reasonable Theory about CANCER.

There is a peculiar condition of the blood that favors the growth of cancer and neither knife nor plaster will effect a permanent cure without the aid of a constitutional treatment such as ours.

PASSIONATI... With the Vespers of... Items of Interest... ORDINATIONS... FAREWELL LECTURE BY FATHER PLESSIS... A reasonable theory about cancer... There is a peculiar condition of the blood that favors the growth of cancer...

PASSIONTIDE.

With the Vespers of Saturday evening last that special season known as the Paschontide began. As its name implies, it is devoted entirely to the meditation and illustration of the sufferings and death of our Lord. The Church conducts herself as a disconsolate widow mourning the death of her Spouse. The time of penance is not slackened, Lent continues, is indeed deepened and intensified in spirit as the anniversaries of the great mysteries of Redemption are approaching.

The Church invites all her children to come with her to witness the great tragedy of Calvary, which stands out as the most interesting event to mankind, in all history, and culminates in the Redemption of the world. In her offices, sacrifices and ceremonies she strives to make us live with the great scenes of the Redemption before our eyes. The crucifix over the altar is veiled in mourning, recalling to our minds how our Lord kept hidden from His enemies these days until His hour should have come. Mary's image should have come. Mary's image also, as well as those of the saints, is veiled, for it is not fitting that the servants should appear while the Master is concealed. The penitential robes of violet are still worn by the Ministers in the sacred offices until the day itself of the great tragedy—Good Friday—shall have arrived, when the deeper symbol of mourning—black, used by men for their dead—is everywhere in evidence in the Church.

Our Lord is hiding these days, for He knows that the plot of His enemies to encompass His death is weaving thick and fast about Him. The presence of Lazarus, whom He had raised after four days in the grave, is causing no end of excitement. The people are fast coming to believe that Jesus must be the Messiah. This stimulates the priests and princes to hasten the project of His ruin. All the circumstances of His infamous trial and condemnation are gone over in detail in the offices of the Liturgy; but it is to the immediate phases of the Passion itself that our attention is mostly directed. The pervading character of the offices and ceremonies of these two weeks is intense grief at the sight of Jesus suffering, and indignation against those who are pursuing Him to death. The expressions of these feelings are taken mostly from the Psalms of David and the Lamentations of Jeremiah. The Lord Himself makes known to us the anguish of His soul through the mouth of David, while the Church shows forth the misfortunes that are to fall upon the executioners of Jesus by the expressions of Jeremiah weeping over the faithless city.

It is, of course, to be noted that the Church has always a purpose in view when she strives to excite our sentiments in a particular direction. What is her purpose now? She knows the danger in which her children always are while in this life of probation, and now she chiefly seeks to impress them with a salutary fear for their own salvation. Jerusalem's crying will no doubt strike them with horror, but they might well ask themselves are they entirely free from taking any part in it. It was the apostles of the Gentiles who said that by sin "we crucify again the Son of God and make a mockery of Him." Is not this enough to make men fear for themselves, especially when we know that much of the glory of our times is but superficial largely on account of being separated from this salutary fear.

Fearful indeed is the illustration of God's infinite Justice afforded us in the Passion of Christ. "He that spared not even His own Son" will He spare men if He finds sin in them after the signal favors granted them? This is the purpose of the Church to make us fear for ourselves, for this salutary fear is calculated to establish in us a firm hope and a tender love for God.

ORDINATIONS. Ordination ceremonies will take place at the Cathedral on the 8th and 15th April. Also on the 17th at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, and at the Little Seminary of St. Therese de Blainville.

FAREWELL LECTURE BY REV. FATHER PLESSIS. On Tuesday evening, April 24, Rev. Father Plessis, the lenten preacher at Notre Dame, will give his farewell lecture at the Monument National.

THEORY ABOUT... Condition of... growth of... cure without... Send 6 cents... booklet and... & Jury, Bow-

ST. BRIDGET'S NIGHT REFUGE.

Report for week ending Sunday, 1st April, 1906: The following people had a night's lodging and breakfast: Irish, 164; French, 58; English, 6; other nationalities, 5. Total, 228.

NEW ITALIAN CHURCH.

The wardens of the Italian church in this city held a meeting at St. Mary's College on Sunday, under the presidency of Rev. Father Carmello. They were called together to discuss the urgency of pushing the work of construction of the new church, and also the project of building a school for the colony.

THE CRECHE OF THE MISERICORDE.

On Tuesday afternoon there was the usual reunion of the lady patronesses of the work of the Creche. Dr. Severin Lachapelle gave a conference on infantile hygiene. This was followed by an instruction by the Rev. Abbe Dupuis, after which Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament took place.

LAVAL UNIVERSITY.

The didactic course and the public conferences on French literature finish this week. Professor Arnould closed the series by giving a representation last evening of the Passion Play as it is dramatized in Oberammergau and at Nancy. The distinguished professor could not have better crowned his conferences on the Christian drama.

RAILWAY CHANGES.

Mr. John J. McConniff has been appointed City Ticket Agent of the Intercolonial Railway, in succession to Mr. Joseph W. Bryson, who recently resigned to take up another line of business.

Mr. McConniff has had many years' experience in dealing with the travelling public. For a number of years he was the representative of the Grand Trunk and the Canadian Pacific Railways at the Windsor Hotel.

DEPARTURE OF OLD RESIDENTS.

Mr. Thomas McGarrity and his wife, who had been residents of St. Ann's ward for nearly sixty years, left on Sunday for Vancouver, B.C., where they will reside with two of their children who have settled there. The old couple, both of whom are over eighty years of age, felt keenly leaving their old home, where they had lived so many years. They celebrated the golden anniversary of their wedding two years ago. There was a large number of their old friends and neighbors at Windsor station to bid them farewell. Mr. McGarrity is one of the oldest members of St. Ann's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society.

REV. M. LEONARDO APPOINTED TRANSLATOR.

Rev. Father M. Leonardo, for many years the spiritual head of the Montreal Italian colony, has been appointed by the Canadian Government official translator of all documents in connection with the Milan Exhibition. Father Leonardo also continues his good work at the head of the Italian night school, where pupils ranging from 16 to 60 years are taught English and French. The scholastic year of Father Leonardo's school is divided into two terms, viz., from October to Christmas, and from New Year to March. There are a hundred names inscribed, and the average is well sustained, as the Italians are most anxious to learn the two prevailing languages of the country.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY OFFICERS.

The annual meeting of St. Patrick's Society was held on Monday, when the following officers were elected to the positions which they occupied last year: President, F. J. Curran; first vice-president, W. P. Kearney; second vice-president, E. J. Quinn; treasurer, W. E. Durack; recording secretary, T. P. Tansey.

The following were elected at this meeting: Corresponding secretary, Jno. Kahala; marshal, B. Campbell. Committee—E. G. McQuirk, M. DeLahanty, Felix Casey, Jas. Rogers, Jno. O'Leary, F. J. Greene, F. J. Laverty, Thomas M. Tansey, Dr. Walter Kennedy, John Power, J. M. Guerin, B. Wall, John Hatchett, M. H. O'Connor, William Davis, P. C. Shannon, T. W. Wright, D. Furlong.

Physicians—Dr. J. J. Guerin, Dr. E. J. C. Kennedy, Dr. F. E. Devlin, Dr. Frendergast, Dr. F. J. Hackett, Dr. O'Connor, Dr. Scanlan, Dr. E. J. Mallaly, Dr. H. Lennon, Dr. H. Donnelly, Dr. McAuley.

Sunday Observance Bill

Approved by His Grace

Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick, Minister of Justice, having solicited the opinion of His Grace the Archbishop on the Sunday Observance Bill, received the following reply:

With regard to the desire you have just expressed, I beg to give my opinion regarding your measure on Sunday observance, I hasten to say, in the first place, that I approve of the principle of the bill, as well as of the greater number of its clauses. Contrary to what has been written in several of the newspapers, I am of the opinion that the Government has the power, and is in duty bound to offer legislation on this matter. In doing this it in no way interferes in matters of conscience and religion; it does not restrain the liberty of worship, as it is recognized in Canada; it only gives its aid to the maintenance of a practice common to all Christian people. Our country is really a Christian one, and our governing bodies should keep this in view in framing legislation. If it were necessary to accept certain statements which have been put forth in the name of liberty of conscience, it would follow that the civil power would have to abstain from enacting all laws for the observance of Sunday, and would not have the right to prohibit on that day the carrying on of business or general work. There may be some people in our country who have reached this conclusion, but it is not true that the almost totality of our fellow-citizens admit that legislation on this point is a necessity? I admit that the measure presented to Parliament is perhaps severe on several points, but we must also add that there are very grave abuses to suppress, and that it is high time to act on the question. Without precise and firm legislation, our Canada will before long resemble certain European countries, where we find not a vestige of respect due to the Lord's Day. Your measure might perhaps be mitigated in several of its clauses but on the whole it seems to me that you have struck the right note. For my part, I have been obliged to prohibit in my diocese several of the things prohibited in the bill, which fact you no doubt have noticed in my last circular, a copy of which had been sent to your address. I consider it quite in order that all traffic, all sales, unless they refer to the necessities of life, should be prohibited on Sunday, and the same should apply to the running of freight trains, when they are not a real necessity. As to trains and steamers for the transportation of passengers, they should be, of course, less numerous on Sunday than during the week, but I would not demand their suppression altogether. It behooves us to accord to our people, and particularly to the laboring classes, facilities for leaving the city and making trips on Sunday which they could not, perhaps, make on any other day. I am, however, absolutely opposed to the organization of public excursions, whether it be with the object of making money or amusement, experience having proved that these excursions promote disorder and deplorable abuses. I approve entirely of the clauses of the bill which prohibit theatrical representations, concerts and tournaments given as public or paying entertainments. Of course the details of the measure may be the subject of discussion; it may be opportune also to make certain points clear in order that they may be well understood. For instance, let it not be forbidden to go to the country to take the fresh air, or to take a quiet hunting or fishing excursion. Once more, however, let me say that I look upon the law for Sunday observance as decidedly opportune, and I hope that such a law may receive the sanction of Parliament. When, however, you come to Montreal, I will be happy to talk the matter over with you.

In the meantime, accept, dear minister, the assurance of my sincere and devoted sentiments.

PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

March 29.

In Nature's Storehouse There are Cures.—Medical experiments have shown conclusively that there are medicinal virtues in even ordinary plants growing up around us which give them a value that cannot be estimated. It is held by some that nature provides a cure for every disease which neglect and ignorance have visited upon man. However this may be, it is well known that Parmelec's Vegetable Pills, distilled from roots and herbs, are a sovereign remedy in curing all disorders of the digestion.

His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi

Denounces Public Balls.

Last week a retreat for the Italian colony was held at the Church of the Gesu. The sermons were generally preceded by a discussion between two Italian priests, during which questions of theology, public morals and the teachings of the Church were brought out in a manner which never failed to instruct and interest the faithful.

On Thursday evening His Grace the Archbishop presided. Frequenting of theatres, attending Mass on Sundays, divorce, and balls and reunions were the questions treated by the preacher. Public balls were condemned without mercy, and no respectable woman, it was averred, could frequent them without risking her reputation. Balls given for charitable purposes were little better than others, and were, in fact, condemned.

Five times the law of divorce had been attempted in "our dear Italy," but each time it had been frowned upon, and he prayed that God would long make Italy remember that marriage was a sacrament.

When the discussion on these subjects, which had been carried on in the Italian tongue, was concluded, Mgr. Bruchesi advanced to the communion rail and delivered a stirring allocution in the same language, and with a force and eloquence that delighted his "children" from Sunny Italy. He referred to the eloquent addresses which had been delivered during the retreat, and to the instruction contained therein. He spoke of the Italian pastor as a most devoted man, and noted the progress that had taken place. In fact, a new church was contemplated, and a site had been secured on Dorchester street.

Referring to the event of the evening, His Grace said it reminded him of the Gesu at Rome, and added that they appreciated the kindness of the Jesuit Fathers. He had listened to the words of wisdom touching public balls, and he expressed the hope that no public ball would ever take place in the Italian colony. His episcopal authority had condemned them, and as good Christians he knew they would obey. He also expressed the fervent hope that the Italians would soon have their own church, and spoke of the great pleasure he would then feel in visiting them.

His Grace then gave the Benediction.

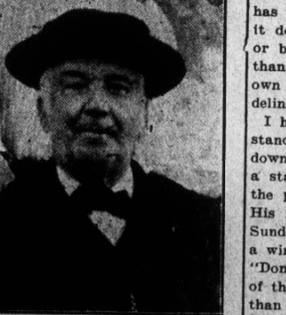
OBITUARY.

THE LATE MR. JAMES SCULLION.

On March 21 Mr. James Scullion passed away suddenly at his home, 42 Anderson street, at the age of 73 years. Though he had been under the physician's care for a few months, he had been able to be out to within a day or two of his demise, in consequence of which his family were quite unprepared for the sudden end.

A native of Rosegiff, Bellaghy, County Derry, Ireland, the late Mr. Scullion married Miss Sarah Kearney, a young Irish girl, and came to Canada in 1853, settling in Montreal. He was a trader until five years ago, when he retired.

As a member of St. Patrick's parish, a warm-hearted Irishman, and a thorough believer in athletics,



The Late Mr. J. Scullion.

Mr. Scullion was a very well known man. He was a strong Shamrock lacrosse admirer and was one of the organizers of that great team in the early '70's. In 1877, when the team won the championship, Mr. Scullion was president and captain.

Mrs. Scullion predeceased him by 14 years. Five sons and three daughters survive, also thirty grandchildren. The sons are Messrs. W. J. Scullion, of the Island Revenue; P. J., of the Santa Fe Railway, New Mexico; Ed. J., with Messrs. S. Davis & Sons, and Tom, with the Bell Telephone Company. The daughters are Mrs. James McGovern, Montreal; Mrs. M. P. Kelly, of Albuquerque, New Mexico, and Miss Kate, at the homestead.

BELL TELEPHONE MAIN 1883 G. J. LUNN & CO. Machinists & Blacksmiths, SCREWS, PRESSES, REPAIRS OF ALL KINDS. CHATHAM WORKS. 134 Chatham Street, MONTREAL.

RUINS OF ST. PAUL'S.

Origin of Macaulay's Phrase In an Eighteenth Century Poem.

It has long been understood that the real inventor of Macaulay's famous New Zealander was Horace Walpole, who, in a letter to Mason, written in 1774, said: "At last some curious traveller from Lima will visit England and give a description of the ruins of St. Paul's, like the editions of Balbes and Palmyra." But Mr. Bertram Dobell writes to the London Academy giving the idea of an earlier date. He finds it embodied in this old title page:

Deaths are Mrs. James McGovern, Montreal; Mrs. M. P. Kelly, of Albuquerque, New Mexico, and Miss Kate, at the homestead.

To the family and friends of the deceased the True Witness tenders its sincere sympathy.

DEATH OF A CENTENARIAN.

On Saturday last an old lady named Miss Alice McGarrigill, who has lived for the last seventy-one years in this city, died from bronchitis at the Home of the Little Sisters of the Poor. She was born in Donegal, Ireland, the daughter of John McGarrigill and Jane Murray, of Donegal, and came to Canada when a young girl, where the greater part of her life was spent in Montreal.

DEATH OF A RELIGIOUS.

The Sisters of the Congregation de Notre Dame have lost one of their oldest members in the person of Rev. Sister St. Flavien, who died last Saturday at the Mother House at the age of 75 years, having spent 54 years in the religious profession. The funeral service took place on Monday morning at 8 o'clock in the community chapel, Father Giro, P.S.S., officiating.

MISS ELLEN KELLY.

The death occurred from pneumonia yesterday morning of Miss Ellen Kelly, sister of Mr. William Kelly, Drolet street. Deceased had only been ill about a week, and her almost sudden death came as a shock to her friends. Miss Kelly had been a member of the Third Order of St. Francis. Her funeral service takes place to-morrow, Friday, morning, to St. Patrick's Church, at 7.30.

CHURCH MONEY.

The Priest and His Pay and the Chronic Grumblers.

Pert young Catholics—and grouchy old ones, too—ofttimes affect to be caustic at the expense of their pastor's money-getting proclivities. The fact that churches have to be built, to say nothing of schools and houses for priests and teachers; that the Church has to be maintained and priests and teachers fed and clothed—all this seems to make little or no impression on the dense skulls of the grumblers, who give nothing or about that themselves, and try to quiet their consciences by railing at the priest because he is obliged to perform the never agreeable duty of asking his congregation for funds with which to defray the oppressive expense account which stares him in the face day by day and disturbs his sleep at night. The carpenter do not realize that the money the priest has to raise is not for himself; that it does not go into his own pocket or bank account; that more often than not he has to go deep into his own meager funds to make good the delinquencies of his people.

I have heard of more than one instance where a person put his name down for a stained glass window or a station and then refused to keep the promise he made to God through His representative and snugly sat Sunday after Sunday, looking through a window which bore the inscription "Donated by Mr. John Blank." Some of these days a priest who is braver than his fellows will tack on the inscription "and not paid for," and Mr. Blank will be less conspicuous. Such people eventually become the most pronounced fault-finders with every effort their pastor makes to raise funds for the Church.—Catholic Citizen.

In its initial stages a cold is a local ailment easily dealt with. But many neglect it and the result is often the development of distressing seizures of the bronchial tubes and lungs that render life miserable for the unhappy victim. As a first aid there is nothing in the handy medicine line so certain in curative results as Dickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the far-famed remedy for colds and coughs.

WHICH ARE YOU?

According to the Talmud, there are four kinds of pupils—the Sponge, the Funnel, the Strainer, and the Sieve. He who taketh up everything, good and bad, is the Sponge; he who taketh in at one ear and letteth out at the other is the Funnel; he that letteth go the wine and retaineth the lees is the Strainer; he that letteth go the husks and retaineth the good flour is the Sieve. Which are you, Sponge, Funnel, Strainer or Sieve?

AN INSPECTOR STORY.

A mite of four went home to her mother and said, "The gentleman's been to-day, they call him the spectre, and he said his lessons to us, so we helped him, and he said 'em ever so nice. He seemed so glad when we helped him." A nice inspector, evidently.

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Some Experiences of Father Charlebois, O.M.I.

Rev. Father Charlebois, O.M.I., the Indian missionary at Duck Lake, Sask., Canada, writes:

Last week I was called to see an old sick Indian. He was in a very small log hut. I could hardly stand up in it, the roof was so low; there were two little windows in it and the cold breeze was blowing through the cracks in the hut. He was lying on the bare floor with a thin blanket for a quilt. His wife was sitting on the floor near him, for there was no chair. She had on an old torn shirt. Some children around her were nearly naked. The poor old man was in great pain.

"Nota, Nota," (Father, Father), said he, "I am going to die; try to make my soul live. Long ago I loved the war and I killed people, but since I know God, since the holy water of Baptism was poured on my forehead, I never did it again. I wish to see God, I put my life in His hands. He can do with me what He wills."

I gave him the sacraments and prepared him for death. I sent them all some clothing. Yesterday I carried some clothes to a very old blind woman. She is not able to work. She was delighted to get them. "Winakoma, winakoma," (thanks, thanks) she kept repeating, "tell the good people who sent these that they are charitable to the poor, like the Son of God. I thank them and I will pray for them from my heart."

Another family to whom I brought clothing were in terrible distress. The man and his wife are blind. He is very intelligent. "Look, Father," he said, "how poor we are; my wife and grandchildren and myself. We have nothing to protect us against this awful cold. When I was young I could kill the buffaloes. When the half-breed rebellion broke out in 1885, I was the only one who refused to take part in it. I did not want to fight nor kill any one. I was loyal to the white rulers of the Government. Now I and my family are wretched and naked, but those who sent us this clothing have kind hearts, for they relieve our misery. I hope they will give us more for next winter."

These few instances will give my benefactors an idea of how much good they can do by giving me clothing for my Indians. I will be glad to get any kind of good wearable garments for men, women and children. Civilized people like to change their garments when the season changes, and if they will send me those cast-off clothes I can do much good with them. Ship them to me in a strong bag by freight only. Be sure to mark it "Charity clothing," and put your name inside and outside of the bag. Try to get as much as possible among your friends.

Some charitable persons may prefer to send me offerings of money. I will be happy to receive it and will remember them before God's altar. A letter addressed to me at St. Michael's School, Duck Lake, Sask., Canada, will reach me.

Those who have never visited this immense country would wonder if I told them of my experiences. Here are a few. One June day in 1895 I started from my mission at Cumberland to go to see my Bishop at Prince Albert. I took three half-breeds with me, as they were good oarsmen. There are numerous marshes and rivers here, and it took us eight days to get there. Our provisions were nearly gone as we arrived there after great hardship and danger. We had left only three little ows which the men killed on the river shore. When we heard the engine whistle we knew that we were approaching Prince Albert. I was glad to get to the Bishop's house. Two of my brother priests welcomed me with great joy, for we had not met for a whole year. They made me take off my hat and they threw it into the fire because it was all burnt up from the boiling sun; my poor old hat, which had done me such good service; and as for my shoes, they would not let me cross again over the threshold of the door with them. They made me put on a new pair which they gave me. The good Bishop Pascal treated me with the tenderness of a father for a son. After a few happy days I started to return to my lonely mission. Bishop Pascal and the priests and brothers came to see us embark in our little canoe, named the "St. Joseph."

It was a perilous journey, for on the way back we had to pass over dangerous rapids. We had a sand parting after a joyous meeting. My Bishop and his companions waited on the shore to wave us out of sight as our little boat sped away on the Saskatchewan River. Before long we were in the country of the savages. In the morning I said Mass on the

shore in a tent and I begged the protection of God and His Blessed Mother. God guarded us, for our little barque went safely over the most dangerous point of all. This was an immense rock in the rapids on which, the previous summer, a steamboat had struck and been sunk. I uttered a fervent "Deo Gratias" as we went by. On we floated with the current for two days and two nights; then a contrary wind arose, and we lost a day as we had to put into a bay for safety. At last I arrived at my lonely mission.

When I go to my Indians I bring pictures to instruct them. One shows the death of the just man, one the death of the sinner; another is a picture of heaven, and one shows that of the devil and of hell. The Protestant and pagan Indians also come sometimes to see them, although the minister forbids the Protestants to come near me. They crowd into the cabin or tent; then I tell them about the Catholic religion. Once when I showed some squaws the pictures they were greatly moved and said, "Is this, then, the one we are serving?" Then an old pagan squaw spoiled the good impression they had received by saying, "I saw the devil in a dream. He was at the door of the house of the man of prayer, and he told me not to go in there for he was going to carry him off to hell." It is such enemies as these pagans and also some Protestants, that a priest has to contend with. Satan does all in his power to keep the pagans in their superstition and ignorance. I beg of my readers to help me and the Indians by their prayers for us.

One winter day I went to visit the savages on their hunting grounds. It was very cold, and I had a Protestant guide with me and some good dogs to draw the sleds, and I wore my snowshoes. The night came on as we reached a large lake which we had to cross to get to an encampment of Indians. Both myself and the dogs were exhausted, the guide continued ahead and I lost sight of him on account of the falling, powdery snow. Here, then, I was alone on the lake, the dogs lost track of the Indian's footsteps. I tried to hasten them, but my shouts were all in vain. They stopped short, and I was so weak that I could not go on. I felt as if I would drop with fatigue. I lay down on the sled and recommended myself to the care of the Blessed Virgin and my guardian angel. There was occasionally some light from the moon, then again a great darkness. After awhile the dogs moved on and I followed them on foot. I had confidence that the Holy Mother of the missionary would not desert me. I was not mistaken. She directed the steps of the dogs straight to an Indian encampment where my guide had already arrived. It was 9 o'clock in the evening. I was too sick to eat any food, instead I took a large dose of Painkiller, rolled a blanket around me and soon lost consciousness and remained so until daybreak, when to my great surprise I awoke refreshed; it was a new Father Charlebois.

We continued our journey and reached a camp where I met one of my first converts from Protestantism. He welcomed me to his tent. It was very low and small; I could not stand upright in it without striking my head against the poles which upheld it. For a bed we had pine branches. I wished to say Mass but it was impossible to do so, there was no table, not even a little space where I could place my portable altar. Neither could I hear confessions, for we were all huddled together. I told them that on my way back I would say the Mass in a larger tent. We went on, my

Worms derange the whole system. Mother Graves' Worm exterminator deranges worms and gives rest to the sufferer. It only costs 25 cents to try it and be convinced.

Yours in the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary Immaculate, FATHER O. CHARLEBOIS, O.M.I., St. Michael's School, Duck Lake, Sask., Canada.

The great crowd of visiting Frenchmen have left Rome for home with their fourteen new Bishops. Before going they had a very special and solemn audience with the Holy Father. Probably every Frenchman in Rome was present in the Sala Regia. The Holy Father sat surrounded by the new Bishops. Cardinal Mathieu addressed the Holy Father in the name of those present (over a thousand priests and laymen) with words of gratitude for the Holy Father's Encyclical and the consecration of the new Bishops. "Yesterday's ceremony," he said, "will be a unique memory for those who were privileged to see the Vicar of Christ consecrate the new pastors of Catholic France. In a little while they will go forth, like so many Bonifaces and Chrysostoms, to fight the battles that are to be crowned with victory. Those are the saviors of France," said His Eminence, pointing to the prelates, "and they are about to clear the way in which all Catholics of France will march for the triumph of their faith." Pius X's reply was brief, but very touching. He had been having confidence in the immaculate Virgin, he obedient to their Bishops and to the Holy See, close up their ranks and stand united around their pastors, and the victory would certainly be theirs; and he repeated once more, that in all their trials and sufferings he would ever be with them in spirit, praying for the return of religious peace to their distracted country.

Every Hour Delayed IN CURING A COLD IS DANGEROUS.

You have often heard people say, "It is only a cold, a trifling cough," but many a life history would read different if, on the first appearance of a cough, it had been remedied with

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP.

It is a pleasant, safe and effective remedy, that may be confidently relied upon as a specific for Coughs and Colds of all kinds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Pains in Chest, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Quinsy, and all affections of the Throat and Lungs.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is put up in a yellow wrapper. There is no other brand of this kind of syrup in the world. Demand Dr. Wood's and get it.

RAINY RIVER MAN HAD TROUBLES

Till Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured his Kidneys.

Then his Rheumatism and Other Pains Vanished once and for all—His Case Only one of Many.

Barwick, Ont., April 2.—(Special.)—That Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure Rheumatism, or any other disease resulting from disordered Kidneys, is the experience of many of the settlers in this Rainy River country. The case of William John Dixon, of this place, is a fair sample of the work the great Canadian Kidney Remedy is doing.

"I had Rheumatism so bad I had to use a stick to walk. I had pains in my back and right hip, and I had no comfort in sleeping. I could no more than dress or undress myself for nearly two months and I was for nearly three weeks I could not lace my right shoe. My brother advised me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, and I did so. After taking three boxes I could walk around and lace up my shoes and do my work. Six boxes cured me completely."

Dodd's Kidney Pills are the sure cure for sick Kidneys. Sick Kidneys are the cause of nine-tenths of the ill the human family suffers from.

"SHOOTING STARS."

Many of us, in watching the heavens on a still, clear night, have seen what we call "shooting stars." In certain periods of the year these flying balls of light are quite common—so much so that we catch ourselves wondering where they all go to; and what the results would be if one should fall at our feet. These "shooting stars" are all forms of meteorites, only they never reach the earth because of the fire which consumes them. They are masses of burning gases, fluids and solids, the extraordinary speed at which they are travelling and the effect they fly consuming them ere they come within measuring distance of the earth, as an astronomer explains for the benefit of New York Times readers.

The meteorites of larger body which fall upon the ground are of particular interest to students of the earth, because they give to us almost direct evidence regarding the composition of the interior of our own globe. Visitors at the museum gaze at the great lumps of dark-brown metal, read the information card, and wonder perhaps at the labor and money spent to transport such weights thousands of miles from some far away hole in the ground to New York city. Only the more observant notice the pitting, hollowing and channelling along the sides of the objects, caused by the tremendous friction of the densely compressed air through which the meteorites passed at the rate of many metres per second on their way to earth. What must have been the light effect when meteors like these fell! It is recorded that when the Athens meteorite appeared in 1873 all of Greece was momentarily lighted. Imagine, then, how great and dazzling must have been the illumination within a radius of one hundred miles when the Willamette weighing nearly fourteen tons, came to earth in Oregon.

The Crime Against Children. Boys in highway robbery, girls in wine-rooms and dance halls. These are the spectacles that are sending sword thrusts of pain and grief into parental hearts all over the land this winter and every winter and every season of every year in this and every land, and perhaps especially in this land, where parental authority is apt to relax and filial reverence to decline and youthful blood run riot in quest for excitement, adventure and fun. Every city is agitated over its wild boys and wild girls. What is to be said, what is to be done?

In one of those powerful drawings with which John T. McCutcheon occasionally searches the secret heart of American life, the Chicago Tribune points out what it calls "the root of the boy burglar evil." Father and mother are portrayed at home, reading accounts of juvenile highwaymen in the evening paper, and wondering where "Willie" is. The lesson is implied, but it is plain; a boy's parents should know where he spends his evenings and know that he spends them in right and proper ways.

Sociology has run to seed in the propensity to attribute every individual action to the tendency of society. Not the drunkard is censurable, but only the saloon; not the man who gambles away his week's wages, but only the cards and the green table; not the girl who yields to some insistent ruffian, but the four walls and the furniture that were the scene of her ruin; not the boy that joins a bevy of evil companions, but the policeman on his block, or the yellow journal, or the divorce laws, or the straight front corset, or woman's clubs.

No boy is ever caught in the meshes of the law under the impression that he was behaving himself. No girl is guiltless and innocent of heart who goes into a private room and drinks liquor with a strange man. That sound principles are not more fully understood and practiced by our youth is the fault of the father and mother, engrossed in business or pleasure to the exclusion of parental duties, such as the old Jewish, German, and Puritan fathers were wont to discharge with such fidelity and good results.

Children do not form a character and mold a destiny by chance. They must be trained; and there is no more crying need of the hour than the sense of parental responsibility. Men who look after their business with sedulous exactness, and women who have studied American leads and antique rugs and Italian marbles and Parisian modes with infinite patience and care, discharge the solemn obligations of fatherhood and motherhood in a careless and haphazard sort of way. Out of such betrayal of the most sacred of trusts come the awful ruin of young lives. There are girls so trained that the world could corrupt their virtue, and boys to whom a saloon and gambling house on every corner would be no temptation.—Indianapolis Star.

EARN CASH In Your Leisure Time

If you could start at once in a business which would add a good round sum to your present earnings—WITHOUT INVESTING A DOLLAR—wouldn't you do it?

Well, we are willing to start you in a profitable business and we don't ask you to put up any kind of a dollar. One proposition is this: We will ship you the Chatham Incubator and Brooder, freight prepaid, and

You Pay No Cash Until After 1906 Harvest. Poultry raising pays. People who tell you that there is no money in raising chicks may have tried to make money in the business by using setting hens as hatchers, and they might as well have tried to locate a gold mine in the cabbage patch. The business of a hen is to lay eggs. As a hatcher and brooder, she is out-classed. That's the business of the Chatham Incubator and Brooder, and they do it perfectly and successfully.

The poultry business, properly conducted, pays far better than any other business for the amount of time and money invested. Thousands of poultry-raisers—men and women all over Canada and the United States—have proved to their satisfaction that it is profitable to raise chicks with the

Chatham Incubator and Brooder. "Yours is the first incubator I have used, and I wish to state I had 66 chicks out of 62 eggs. This was my first lot; truly a 100 per cent. hatch. I am well pleased with my incubator and brooder. Trust, McArthur, Chatham, B.C."

"My first hatch came off. I got 170 fine chicks from 150 eggs. Who can beat that for the first trial, and so early in the spring? I am well pleased with incubator, and if I could not get another money could not buy it from me. Every farmer should have a No. 1 Chatham Incubator.—F. W. RAMSAY, Dunnville, Ont."

The incubator you furnished me works exceedingly well. It is easily operated, and only needs about 10 minutes attention every day. R. McFERRIN, Moon Jaw, Assa.

The Chatham Incubator and Brooder is honestly constructed. There is no humbug about it. Every inch of material is thoroughly tested, the machine is built on right principles, the insulation is perfect, thermometer reliable, and the workmanship the best.

The Chatham Incubator and Brooder is simple as well as scientific in construction—a woman or girl can operate the machine in their leisure moments. You pay us no cash until after 1906 harvest.

Send us your name and address on a post card to-day. We can supply you quickly from our distributing warehouses at Calgary, Brandon, Regina, Winnipeg, New Westminster, B.C., Montreal, Halifax, Chatham. Address all correspondence to Chatham, 311

The Hanson Campbell Co., Limited Dept. 299, CHATHAM, CANADA. Factories at CHATHAM, ONT., and DETROIT.

Let us quote you prices on a good Fanning Mill or good Farm Scale.

SO SOCIETY DIRECTORY

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY—Established March 6th, 1856; incorporated 1868; revised 1840. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P.; President, Mr. F. J. Curran; 1st Vice-President, W. P. Kearney; 2nd Vice, E. J. Quinn; Treasurer, W. Durack; Corresponding Secretary, W. J. Crowe; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, at 3.30 p.m. Committee of Management meets in same hall on the first Tuesday of every month, at 8 p.m. Rev. Director, Rev. Jas. Kiloran; President, J. H. Kelly; Rec. Sec., J. D'Arcy Kelly; 13 Valen street.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, Branch 26—Organized 18th November, 1898. Branch 26 meets at New Hall (Inglis Building) 2381 St. Catherine street. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 1st and 3rd Fridays of each month at eight o'clock p.m. Officers: Spiritual Adviser, Rev. J. P. Kiloran; Chancellor, J. M. Kennedy; President, J. H. Madden; 1st Vice-President, W. A. Hodgson; 2nd Vice-President, J. B. McCabe; Recording Secretary, R. M. J. Dolan, 16 Overdale Ave.; Asst. Rec. Sec., E. J. Lynch; Financial Secretary, J. J. Costigan, 825 St. Urban st.; Treasurer, J. H. Kelly; Marshal, M. J. O'Regan; Guard, J. A. Heston; Trustees, W. A. Hodgson, T. B. Stevens, D. J. McNeill, John Walsh and Jas. Cahill; Medical Officers, Dr. H. J. Harrison, Dr. G. H. Merrill and Dr. E. J. O'Connor.

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CHAPTER XVII. She thought it best to refuse the offer, and did so in time. The squire's blessing and command to start for that night and leave his fate, as he was under the that the executioners of the governments were without for his head, and were only down rushing in upon his own wakefulness.

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CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

Mrs. Buck had tea on the table when they returned, and was ready with all sorts of questions about their drive and business, which Ruth eluded for an hour and which Mrs. Winifred laughed at without answering at all, while Mr. Buck was snubbed for endeavoring to put a stop to the flow of his wife's questions. Sara's perseverance would have succeeded in eliciting every particular of the afternoon but for the unexpected appearance of Billy from the whist party in a state of speechless delight. There was a beaming smile lodged in every wrinkle of his countenance as he opened the door and appeared among them, waving his hand as if to accompany unuttered speech and looking oceans of benevolence on every one about him. Mrs. Buck and her family vanished like mist before him and went speedily home, and Ruth felt a strange misgiving as to the total results of the afternoon's council when a part of it was so speechlessly affected. She thought it best to return home at once, and did so in time to receive the squire's blessing and paternal command to start for New York that night and leave him to his fate, as he was under the impression that the executors of the rascally governments were without thirsting for his head, and were only prevented from rushing in upon him by his own wakefulness.

CHAPTER XVII.

Although Ruth began to talk of her trip to the city in midwinter of that year, she made no preparations until midsummer. They had heard previously of Florian's election to the legislature in the fall, and were all elated over the event, while the squire fretted a little over their separation because it would have been such a pleasure to face the rascally governments as a father-in-law of one of its representatives. When Ruth was finally ready to leave Clayburg it was so early in the season that, instead of setting out at once to Mrs. Merrion's, they passed through Brooklyn and went to a quiet resort on the ocean, where they stayed until late in September. By that time the Merrions had opened house for the fashionable season, and Ruth was received with open arms by the vivacious Barbara. "The first thing I shall do," said Mrs. Merrion—"and oh! how fortunate you came along as you did, Ruth, for I was making my head ache with plans for something new and striking for my first event, and couldn't find anything to suit—the first thing I shall do is to have a music party and make it the earliest and best of the season. How can it be otherwise with such a star as you, so unique and so new." Ruth looked at Mrs. Merrion to see if the lady was in earnest in using such language, and found that she was. In earlier days, when Barbara Merrion was a girl at Clayburg, she had been noted for her beauty, brilliancy and boldness. It was the possession of these qualities which had won for her as a husband a wealthy nonentity in the shape of Mr. Merrion, whose dull faculties had been quickened under the spell of the girl's dashing presence. Although a relative, Ruth had no affection for her of a lasting nature. There seemed such a want of thoughtfulness, and even of good principle, in her disposition that no amount of respectability and correct conduct could make up for it in her eyes. And yet Mrs. Merrion was a model of behavior and very popular. How any one could pretend to be the star of an assemblage with her petite figure and shining hair, Barbara's features were small but of so fine and exquisite a type that they seemed unreal at times. The delicate nose and dark eyes showed a high spirit and reckless though trained disposition. Beside her Ruth felt like a slow, heavy being, a robin beside a humming-bird, and felt, in looking at herself in the glass, that a plainer woman never entered a ball-room. While preparations were being made for her debut she and Ruth set out to look for Florian, if possible. Mrs. Merrion was not acquainted with him, the squire discovered to his own intense disgust and astonishment. She had known him in a distant way as a

she had never patronized, or spoken to, simply because he was a boy of her own age and not "eligible." "Pshaw!" said the squire, "you don't mean to tell me that you've lived ten years in Brooklyn and are unacquainted with the handsomest and smartest fellow in New York City? Now, I didn't think it of you, I didn't." "Why, Mr. Pendleton, qu'en voulez-vous?" She had a silly habit, but a very pretty one in her mouth, of using French phrases to any extent. "Kan vully-vo!" repeated the squire. "What nonsense! Don't be flying yer nasty French at me. I say it's queer—don't you, Ruth?—not to know Florian, the best, the smartest—" "How can I know them all?" said Barbara plaintively. "There are so many clever, desirable people come and go, and these cities are so large. But if you will bring him to lunch at three or dinner at six I shall be happy to know him." "Of course you will," said the squire, with a loud sneer. "But I won't bring him; you won't know him, since you didn't look on him before. Why, he and Ruth were going to be married once." "Why, father!" said Ruth, with an emphasis that startled the squire into such a consciousness of his blunder that he got angry. "Are you ashamed of it?" said he. "No; but then it's unnecessary to speak of such things to every one," said Ruth disdainfully. "Just as you say," snapped the squire. "But I'll bring him over, Barbary, and you can see just what a fool Ruth can make of herself once every five years." "Not oftener?" said Ruth maliciously. "Now, if Barbara could see—" "What a fool I can make of myself once a day, you want to say? Well, say it and be hanged," said the squire. "But I know a good man when I see him, and I'd hang on to him if I was a woman. So I'll bring him, Barbary, shall I?" "By all means," said Barbara sweetly; "and perhaps we may arrange matters so that Ruth may not be so hard-hearted another time."

Florian had long been aware of Ruth's intention to visit Brooklyn, although he had not yet learned of her presence in the city. After Ruth had packed her trunks and stirred all Clayburg to its depths by her calm announcement of being absent a year or two, Mrs. Buck gave her reverend husband no peace until he had arranged a business trip to New York for himself and family. They had numerous invitations from clerical brethren there, and the bishop's wife in particular had urged Mr. Buck to bring Sara into the spiritual circles of New York because of the edifying effect a Catholic convert would have on the general brethren. Mr. Buck, knowing the exact calibre of his convert, was not anxious that his friends should get too close a view, for Mrs. Buck was given to disclosing details of domestic life that reflected sadly on her rightful position in his own household. However, he felt obliged to grant her this favor, and they transferred themselves in August to New York, and were domiciled at his lordship's residence very pleasantly. She called on Florian in the very next day after her arrival, and was received so kindly, and even tenderly, and was so delighted with his very fashionable boarding-house and madame and her daughter, that it went deeply to her

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heart not to be able to accept his invitation to remain. However, she dined there with her husband, and Florian found himself very high in the estimation of certain of the boarders when it was known that he had a sister an Episcopalian by conviction and the wife of a minister and that he seemed to think so highly of her and her husband and his bright nephew. He felt a little pleasure in it, too. It gave the family the appearance of being liberal and added much to his popularity. Then he dined in turn at the bishop's and was treated with the highest distinction; and although it was nothing new to him to receive such treatment, it was at least new in that quarter. Sara was there a week before she thought of Ruth. "Oh!" said she suddenly one day, "have you seen Ruth since she came here? I haven't, and never thought of her." It was such a shock to Florian to know that she was in the city that his color came and went like a school-boy's and he was unable to speak for a moment. "She left Clayburg at the beginning of August to come to Mrs. Merrion's. She said she was to be gone a year or two. Ever since she got literary notions and wrote a book or two nothing would do her but New York, it seems; and the squire was willing to humor her, and didn't object himself, for he likes a good time and thinks of getting it here without having every soul in the town aware of it." "And so Ruth is here," said Florian meditatively. "Yes, yes," said Sara, "and she is to make her appearance in polite society, her debut; and I am sure she will create a sensation beside that chit of a Barbara Merrion with her bold ways. Ruth's eyes were always grand, and she looked one through and through. Then she was so truthful, and it will be splendid to see those big, truthful eyes piercing some little liar of a flirt looking for a favor."

"Your language," said Mr. Buck reprovingly. "Oh! nonsense, Dunse." Mr. Buck was christened Dunstan, and Sara thus abbreviated it. "We are in New York now, and the warden's ears are miles away. I do envy her. Oh! to come out once, to make a debut in pink silk, lace, roses and diamonds I hate the humdrum life of Clayburg! I thought to get out of it by marrying, but Mr. Buck will die there, and I too, I suppose." "And so Ruth is really here," said Florian, with a heavy sigh. He was face to face with his destiny, and it was not inviting. He had not heard Sara's chapter. "Why, yes," said the minister's wife, "she's here, though why the squire has not been over is a mystery. He thinks so much of you. And he has the idea that this trip is to bring about your marriage with Ruth." "Pshaw!" said Florian, smiling, and oh, so pleased. "That matter is dead and buried, and monumented long ago." "But this is a world of resurrections," said Mr. Buck cheerfully. "You are not such a bad fellow after all," thought Florian. "And you're not the same Florian," said Sara. "Oh! you can't imagine how you've changed for the better. But Ruth has changed, too, and when she has society running after her, the great and the handsome and the rich, you will find it hard to overtake her. Lose no time, Florian, at the start, and look and act and speak your best." At which advice Florian smiled. "She isn't such a match for a great man like you, Florian, after all," she said, "when you can have your pick, as Madame Lynch told me, of the greatest and finest ladies; and then you're not rich, and women mostly take the rich men

and leave the poor ones for tight corners. I wouldn't be a tight-corner husband for the whole world." And she looked vindictively at Mr. Buck, who cowered and trembled at her refined personality. "But every one knows how much you did think of her, Flory," continued Sara, as she prepared to leave; "and it wouldn't be any surprise to know that you married her. Indeed, some think she came down on purpose to arrange the matter, but I know better. You wouldn't mind her religion now, of course. You've got over that, as I always told Dunse you would when you got older and saw more of religions that weren't your own."

Florian felt that this chatter was cutting him deeply somewhere and bringing blood, but he said nothing and he was glad when his visitors were gone and he could think over the matter alone. Ruth was in Brooklyn, then? What was he going to do about it, and who should his heart beat faster with a feeling of dread and delight mingled? Her coming had no meaning for him, as he had long ago determined. But he could not help thinking of her, and picturing out the details of their first meeting, and weaving visions of days to come. What a new thing his life would be if the persuasions of the old days should prevail with her and their lives go on as he had dreamed, together! He was not able to reason the matter calmly just at that time, and when he happened to meet Frances in the sitting-room on his return he was more gracious to her than he had been since the production of Paul's drama a year ago. This was because of his own exaltation of soul. There was a subdued brilliancy in his manner and his conversation, and he felt like the opium eater, just raised above the common things of the world, and yet seeing still through so rare and beautiful a medium. Ruth was the medium, and because of her this young woman of delicate feature and common mind seemed exalted into an angel. He remembered, too, that she was Ruth's alternate. If Ruth failed him—and was it not likely?—he would make an effort for this girl's heart and hand.

Inquiry showed that Ruth was not in the city and the Merrions had returned from a summer tour octy a day or two before. He could not hope to see her for a month yet, and in the press of business he began to recover his old calculation and was soon roaming over the ground on which he stood. It was not safe. What did Ruth care for him now? And how could he with any consistency think of a marriage with her, a Protestant, whom he had rejected once because of her Protestantism? The latter question he did not discuss with himself because it depended so much on the first, and really he did not think it a matter of as much importance as formerly. It was done every day among his fellow-Catholics. It was a sort of local necessity, so few were his co-religionists and so many the other side. He had been a little stiff and severe in these matters when in the backwoods under Pere Rougevin's direction, and Ruth herself had been no better. He really thought the question beyond discussion. Custom had already settled the matter. The real difficulty was Ruth's own feelings. Did she any longer care for him? He was a different man from the young fellow of three years ago, more polished, more cultivated, influential, looked up to and flattered. These things might have an effect on Ruth, and then she would see how faithful he had been in spite of his surroundings, how true to the old love, how hopeful; and love begets love, the poet says. The squire, coming round in late September, found him in the midst of a cloud of unsatisfactory thoughts. "How do, boy?" said he, poking through the half-open door his red, jovial face, and speaking as unconcerned as if he had seen Florian an hour past. Florian jumped as if shot, and paled, while the squire roared and squeezed his hands again and again, and turned him around to look at him, and was full of delight and surprise at the changes he saw. The noise the old man made attracted another red jovial face to the door. "Friends, b'y?" said Peter, recognizing some affinity in the squire. "May I come in?" "Certainly," said the squire. "Friend of yours, Flory?" "Yes," said Florian, vexed, but glad of the intrusion, too. "This is Peter Carter, journalist, a great man in his way." "Not at all, man," said Peter, wringing the squire's hand fiercely, while Pendleton said: "You've heard of old Pendleton, if you're a journalist—got mixed up



with the two governments in Mackenzie's rebellion." "Didn't I report the whole thing?" said Peter with enthusiasm—"the pursuit, the capture. Why, man your life hung on a thread." "Hough? yes," cried the delighted squire, hugging his thick throat with both hands; "but here was the thread my boy—here was the thread." "Right ye are, my hearty!" roared Peter in return, "an' I'll warrant there's a throat inside that won't stand drought long—hey, b'y?" "Right!" said the squire, seizing Peter's hand again; "you're the right sort, I see. But then I am temperate, you know—strictly." "And one would say so to see ye," said Peter, "and the same o' me. Would ye mind taking a drink at Florian's expense?" "Jes' as you say, sir." And Florian placed the bottles on the table, rejoicing to hear the fearful coughing in which the two old men indulged before scorching their throats with their brandy. "Here's to old Ireland," said Peter, raising his glass. "May her blood never get thinner than her potheen." "Good!" answered the squire with a roar; "and here's to old England and be damned to her!" "Better yet, Florian, this is quite an Irishman ye have for a friend, if I might judge from his sentiments—hey, b'y?" "Irishman!" said the squire. "More Irish than he is with his cool, political blood that'll stand anything and smile. I've known that boy, Carter, since he was born, almost, and he was jes' as cool then as he is now. Not enough blood in him to like anything weaker than liquid fire, and that only heated him. I tried to marry him to a daughter of mine once, but she wouldn't stand it—no, sir, wouldn't stand it."

"'Twas a great pity, now," said Peter seriously, for it struck him as being a handy way of getting rid of Florian's pretensions to Frances. "He might be raising a family for the services of the state by this time, and in securing votes for himself when he runs for the Presidency in twenty years or so. Ye missed it, b'y, didn't ye now?" "Rather," said Florian with an inward groan. "Let me fill your glass again." "But never mind, Carter," said the squire, with a knowing wink of the highest confidence—"never you mind; I can arrange matters when I take 'em in hand, an' I'm going to take 'em." "As Mr. Pendleton has but just arrived," said Florian in despair, "and I have some matters to discuss with him, would you mind leaving us alone for a while?" "Nonsense, b'y!" said Peter gaily. "Never leave the bottle half-full." As there was no help for it, Florian put away the brandy with a smile, and with the remark that at any time they would be pleased to see Peter, and Mr. Pendleton would be happy to improve his acquaintance.

"Happy!" said the squire, "delighted! Haven't met your equal, Carter, since I came to New York! You shall have an introduction to Mrs. Merrion's music-party! We'll get in some quiet room and play whist and drink punch till morning. What do you say?" "Your heart's in the right place, my b'y," said Peter, "and your throat, too, an' both guide your head. Same way with Peter. I accept; I'll go if a thousand stood in the way and I'll help ye mend matters, an' give ye the benefit o' my experience in the town; an' if ye want a hand in the little matter—" "Good-morning," said Florian abruptly, almost pushing Peter outside the door, where he stood for some time indignant, and thought of going back to fling defiance in Florian's face; but as that might imperil his chances of improving the squire's acquaintance, he refrained and withdrew. "A first-class character," said the squire, "a real one, too. Where did you pick him up? A sort of Irish exile, hey?" "Yes; but rather a spongy sort," said Florian, who was not at all as patient with Peter as the poet was

"Spongy—that is, receptive. Ah! I understand. I'm glad to hear it. But then you're to come over to lunch, Mrs. Merrion said, and you must be introduced to get a bid to the musicale, you know. Ruth's just dying to see you, and so is Barbary, because she's surprised to know there is a famous man in New York that doesn't bow down to her and attend her parties. Skittish creature—you recall her when she married Merrion before she got into long dresses—but almighty nice if she wants to be. And now, Flory, I just ache to see you use your points well. Ruth's tired of things generally, and if you try rightly you are going to win this time, if you want to. Why, I swear I never thought of asking you that, but then of course you do—of course you do." "It's not well to think of it," said Florian, who did not wish to give the garrulous squire even a hint of his own feelings. "I am a politician; love does not enter into my calculations of marriage as it once did." "No, I s'pose not," said the squire dubiously and grief-stricken; "but then I might have known you'd be changed, and more particular, now that you're famous." "It isn't that," said Florian—"oh, no, not that. I think very much of Ruth, but then I would not trouble her over again with a suit that would not be to her liking." "If that's all we'll arrange it to her liking, my boy."

But for all his cheerfulness the squire felt more doubtful about his pet project than he had at any time since its conception. They went at once to Brooklyn, and arrived in time for lunch, and the meeting, which in Florian's mind was to have been a masterpiece of subdued emotion and passion, turned out as ordinary as could be desired. "How do you do, Ruth," said the handsome politician, with some relief in seeing how little changed Ruth was. "I am very well, Florian, but I find it hard to recognize you," was the frank reply as she pressed his cold hands with her warm ones and gazed so calmly into his twitching face. "It is Florian," she said, again, "but oh! how changed. Barbara, let me introduce you to my friend Mr. Wallace. Florian, Mrs. Merrion."

He hardly saw the beautiful fairy that bowed to him, but the fairy saw him with all her eyes and pronounced him a perfect man; saw, too, what simple Ruth did not, that he was agitated at the meeting, and judged, from the squire's beaming delight and Ruth's ordinary manner, that the romance blurted out by the squire was long ago ended much against the wishes of these two men. But Ruth was susceptible, and Florian was society's ideal of a model man—cold, impassioned, beautiful, and polished, and a genius, perhaps with a great destiny. What might not come of a new understanding, and the new lives that both had entered on? Never was a meeting of old friends so ordinary. The lunch had no brilliancy, save from that which Barbara lent to it, and Florian's eyes were feasting on Ruth and his ears drinking in her words, although he did not fail to pay that attention to Mrs. Merrion which habit gives to the true society man. It piqued Barbara a little and gave her the usual resolution which the disappointed coquette makes on such occasions, that Florian should pay with interest at some future time for his neglect of her. When he was going he received his invitation to the musical party. "And there is a poet-dramatist in the same house with you," said Barbara, "that you must invite also. We leave out no celebrities." "Paul Rossiter," said Florian. "Do you know him?" "No," said Barbara archly; "I depend on you for an introduction." "And there's Mr. Carter in the same house," said the squire—"a noted journalist. I must have an invitation for him." "By all means," said Barbara. "Madame Lynch has a faculty of getting around for the most unique people. I wish I had it."

(To be continued.)

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Views of an Evangelist and a Dramatic Critic—Two Kinds of Dangerous Plays, the Immoral and the Flippant.

Mr. William B. Sage, the able and clear-sighted dramatic critic of the Cleveland Leader, makes some wholesome and suggestive comments on the remarks of an English evangelist, the Rev. Dr. Reuben A. Torrey, on the moral influence of the stage.

"My position is that the theatre is a safe place for the Christian to stay away from. I do not speak from hearsay or from theory, but from knowledge. I formerly attended the theatre, and know it."

"I want to be understood as not for a moment declaring that all actors are impure and immoral, and I think that Clement Scott went too far. But take the life of most of them. They seem to think that they are exempt from all canons of morality, and put their belief into practice."

"Most plays are directed at the domestic relation, and are subversive of and invidiously attack the domestic state. Theoretically, the theatre can be made an educational influence and a force for good in the life of a people, but in practice it cannot."

"My observation is that the morals of the stage are worse now than they ever were, and I know what I speak of. I know a young woman, pure and good, who went on the stage. I went abroad, and when I returned I found that she was playing parts calling for men's attire."

"I have frequently received letters from actors drawing my attention to the many noble men and women of the stage, but in each instance these men and women were dead."

"Once in London I met the greatest actor in Europe, and we had a long talk upon this very question, and when we were finished I was more satisfied than ever of the impossibility of the stage."

"There is nothing for a Christian to do but to stay away from the theatre. Its atmosphere is bad, and it raises questions in the minds of young people that are unnecessarily dangerous. I believe in relaxation and amusement for people, but not those of the theatre. In my congregations I have had theatregoers and non-theatregoers, and the latter always enjoyed life more quietly and peaceably than the former."

Commenting upon Mr. Torrey's views, Mr. Sage says: "There is food for thought in much that Dr. Torrey says. Indeed, if I am not much mistaken, much of the criticism he makes has been in our minds also, and no one can accuse us of antagonism to the stage."

"We can pass over without much comment his remarks upon the unwholesome atmosphere of the stage and its pernicious effect on the youthful mind. All it needs is the qualification 'sometimes.'"

"We can guard against these brazen, fleshly plays, however. The honest-minded writer about the stage will point out their dangers. The greater evil lies in the subtle undermining of character which follows upon laughing attacks made upon domestic life."

"If you have witnessed any of the farces that have been popular in the past score of years, you will recall that they have all been variants of one theme. And that was the hoodwinking of a wife by a lark husband."

"The changes that have been rung on this one idea show greater ingenuity than morality on the part of the dramatists. They have not only put the husband in a single situation—an entanglement, more or less serious, with a woman—but they have found a thousand and one ways of extricating him from it."

"The danger of such plays lies in the way that the audience receives it, quite as much as that in which they are presented. The complications are always so humorous that they convulse the auditor. And when you laugh at evil you condone it."

"I am not a prude, and I don't wish to be preacher, but there is a great danger here, and a growing one. The whole social situation doesn't make, as it should, for the sanctity of married life and its preservation. The follies of the world have too great a grip upon both husband and wife. They do not try to double harness as smoothly as they did; they do not try to get

each other's gait, as was once the case. "Under such conditions it is a positive evil to have the stage make mock of marital misdemeanors with all of its misplaced eloquence and ingenuity. It is like touching a torch to tow in some cases. In all it is destructive."

"The danger, too, does not lie alone in the way the masculine mind grasps it. There is also a perverse feminine education. It teaches the wife that what is sauce for the goose is also sauce for the gander. And it puts before young girls who are contemplating marriage—which means them all, for there is none predestined to spinsterhood—a false and unwholesome idea of the world. It makes them suspicious. It breeds a distrust that may in turn breed something worse."

"Now the average woman doesn't believe in man. It is part of her creed to hold him as wicked or full of potential wickedness. If she is a domestic body, loyal to her own fireside, she will exclude her own male relatives. But the rest of the world is tarred with a big black stick. When the stage emphasizes this belief, or this unbelief, rather, when it shows man as errant in his love and chortling over it, then it demands the denunciation of the layman, and the scourging of the clergy far more than in its open, flagrant fleshliness."

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Mrs. W. J. Macintosh, Clam Harbor, N.S., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for constipation, vomiting and colds, and have found them a splendid medicine. I give the Tablets all the credit for the splendid health my little one now enjoys. The wise mother will always keep a box of these Tablets on hand. They can be got from any druggist or by mail from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 25 cents a box."

AUTHOR and PLAYRIGHT.

Joseph I. C. Clarke, president of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick of New York, has dramatized the late General Lew Wallace's famous book, the "Prince of India," and is now in Chicago supervising its first production there. It is expected that the play will be the dramatic event of the year. Mr. Clarke wrote a play with Robert Emmet as its hero for the late Sir Henry Irving, but the English Government would not sanction its production in London.

Joseph Ignatius Constantine Clarke, editor and playwright, was born at Kingstown, July 31, 1846. At the age of twelve years he went to London with his family and in 1863 became a clerk in the Board of Trade. In 1868 as he was an ardent Fenian he resigned his position and went to Paris. Thence he came to the United States, where he has since resided. In 1873 he married Mary Agnes Cahill and has two sons. He served from 1868 to 1870 as assistant editor of the Irish Republic. In the latter year he joined the editorial staff of the New York Herald, and continued in its service until 1883, when he became managing editor of the New York Morning Journal, which position he held until 1895. From 1898 to 1900 he was editor of the Criterion. He then again joined the Herald's staff, and was until recently editor of its Sunday edition.

Mr. Clarke is the author of "Robert Emmet," a tragedy, "Malmor-da," a beautiful metrical romance, and of various plays. He is the author of the "Fighting Race," probably the best poem of the Spanish-American war, and a pronounced favorite of President Roosevelt, who also glories in a strain of Irish blood. "Rough Rider Bucky O'Neill," read at the last St. Patrick's day dinner of the Friendly Sons, sang of those of Gaelic birth or parentage, whose bravery, immortalized that regiment in the war with Spain.

IGNORANCE IS BLISS.

"Don't you think," asked Mrs. Oldcastle, "that everybody is affected more or less by environment?" "Yes," replied Mrs. Packenham; "if they're foolish enough to take such things, but I always turn down my glass and never touch it."

The Art of Listening

Criticism of opera, concert or drama has been confined hitherto to the character of the work, the quality of the performance, the accomplishments or lack of accomplishment of the artists. That some enlargement of this conventional field is possible and profitable is evidently the view of a writer in the Craftsman, who indulges in a lengthy criticism of the American opera audience. "The opera audience," she says (for it is a woman who writes), "is the least cultured musically of any American music-attending audience." Passing this by as an assertion difficult of proof even if true, there is little doubt that the ways and manners of audiences—not only in New York, but here and everywhere—often afford ample ground for criticism. Not because they are unmusical, as that is something they perhaps cannot help, but for various sins of omission and commission.

In analyzing the opera audience the Craftsman critic is undoubtedly right in assuming that "people go to the opera for many reasons besides love of music." They go because it is the fashion, to see one another, to gratify a curiosity, or, at the best, for the sake of a favorite singer. Others go as they would to a lecture, armed with books of "motives," scores and annotated programmes. Then there are those whose imaginations have become inflamed by the newspaper notoriety accorded to the principle singers, and who spend their time identifying and gossiping. It is charitable to assume that these people are enjoying the performance in their own way and do not realize that they are ruining the pleasure of others with different tastes. Finally, there is the frankly social element, which talks through the music and departs with silken rustle at the precise moment to spoil a climax.

All the sharp criticism directed against these things by the writer in the Craftsman is deserved, and might be applied with equal force to audiences other than those which attend the opera. There are unnecessary distractions at all musical gatherings. The art of listening stands in need of cultivation. Various writers have endeavored to tell us how to do this, but a more important matter still is how not to interfere with the listening of others. First, there are the tardy comers, most of whom would be just as many minutes late were the hour of beginning set at midnight instead of eight o'clock. Our ears are assailed by the general squeak of things—the door, the seat, the usher's shoes. There is the rustle of programmes, the dropping of umbrellas. The air of the concert room has a peculiarly stimulating effect upon the unfortunate afflicted with nasal and bronchial troubles. And the talker—or, rather, the growler—is in evidence at the symphony concert, the piano or the violin recital no less than at the opera, and with even more disturbing effect. Without specifying further, it is clear that anyone who goes to a concert and succeeds in hearing anything well must be a person of mental strength.

Then there is the matter of applause. Some music lovers maintain that all applause is to be condemned. They declare it to be a disturbing habit acquired by the unthoughtful from the antics of those who are naturally incapable of appreciation. Certain it is that under present conditions, applause is an utterly meaningless distraction. Like the gentle rain of heaven, it falls alike on the just and the unjust. It springs from the present-day habit of tenor and prima donna worship, the deification of the virtuoso, the exaltation of the interpreter above the composer. Does the spitting of gloves and pounding of feet betoken appreciation of artistic effort? Seldom, indeed, compared with the number of times it denotes the desire to force the artist to do more than he has agreed. Ill-timed, boisterous and often un-called-for applause is but another disturbing factor of the concert room. Let the Craftsman critic continue her good work. The field is a broad one. Reforms come slowly enough at the best, but without agitation they never come at all.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE PRICES

April 4, 1906. Flour—Manitoba spring wheat patents, \$4.50; strong bakers, \$4 to \$4.10; winter wheat patents, \$4.25 to \$4.50, and straight rollers, \$3.90 to \$4 in wood; in bags, \$1.85 to \$1.90. Rolled Oats—\$3.00 to \$2.05 per bag of 90 lbs. Pearl Hominy—\$1.95 to \$1.90 in bags of 98 lbs. Cornmeal—\$1.30 to \$1.40 for ordinary, \$1.50 for granulated.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM NEW YORK EXCURSION

April 12th, 1906. FROM MONTREAL Round Trip Fares \$10.68 Going date, April 12th. Return limit April 23. Trains leave at 8.45 a.m. and 11.10 a.m. week days, and 7.40 p.m. daily.

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Mill Feed—Ontario bran in bulk, \$20.00; shorts, in bags, \$20 to \$20.50; Manitoba bran, in bags, \$20; shorts, \$21.

Hay—No. 1, \$8 to \$8.50 per ton on track; No. 2, \$7.00 to \$7.50; clover, \$5.50 to \$6.00; clover mixed, \$6.00 to \$6.50.

Oats—No. 2, 39¢ per bushel; No. 3, 38¢; No. 4, 37¢.

Beans—Prime pea beans, \$1.60 to \$1.65 per bushel; hand-picked, \$1.75 per bushel.

Peas—Boiling, in car load lots, \$1.10 to \$1.15 per bushel. Potatoes—Per bag of 80 lbs., 60¢ to 65¢.

Honey—White clover in comb, 13¢ to 14¢ per pound section; extract, 8¢ to 9¢; buckwheat, 6¢ to 6½¢.

Provisions—Heavy Canadian short cut pork, \$21.50; light short cut, \$20; American short cut fat back, \$20.00; compound lard, 7¢ to 7½¢; Canadian pure lard, 11¢ to 11½¢; hams, 13¢ to 14¢, according to size; breakfast bacon, 16¢; Windsor bacon, 15¢; fresh killed abattoir dressed hogs, \$9.75 to \$10; country dressed, \$8.75 to \$9.25; alive, \$7.50 to \$7.75 for selects.

Eggs—New laid, 16¢ to 17¢ per doz; storage and limed, 13¢, nominal.

Butter—Choicest creamery, 22¢ to 23¢; undergrades, 20¢ to 22¢; dairy, 16¢ to 18¢.

Cheese—Ontario, 13¢ to 13½¢. Ashes—First pots, \$5.10; seconds, \$4.80 to \$4.95; third, \$3.70; first pearls, \$6.50 to \$6.60.

GRAIN MARKETS.

The flour market is moderately active, and there is a better tone in evidence, though prices are kept steady.

Rolled oats are easy in tone, and trade is quiet on the local market. Prices are rather unsettled, and the tendency is to buy only for actual requirements. Quotations to-day range from \$1.90 to \$1.95 per bag for small orders, and \$1.85 for wholesale lots.

Cornmeal is quiet and steady at \$1.30 to \$1.40 per bag. Oats maintained their firm position to-day in spite of a small enquiry and very light trading. No. 2 white, ex-store are offered at 39¢ per bushel; No. 3 at 38½¢, and No. 4 at 37½¢.

The hay trade is quiet and prices are unchanged.

VESTMENTS Challenge Ciborium

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Store closes at 5.30 daily. The Greatest Silk Sale Ever Planned!

Tens of thousands of yards of lovely silk will be offered at the lowest prices ever heard of in Canada.

Thousands of ladies—aye, men too, will join Dame Fashion's procession to The Big Store to participate in the greatest Silk Bargains it has ever been our good fortune to offer. The Company has just completed the purchase of three manufacturers' stocks of fine Silks, probably the largest deal of its kind ever brought to such a successful issue in Canada.

The price concessions were so liberal that we are enabled to hand the lovely textiles over to our customers at unheard of prices.

AT 39c—BLACK TAFFETA SILK—This is a beautiful, heavy, bright finish French fabric, usually sold for 50c. Sale price...39c

At 58c—Black Beau de Soie Lyon Fabrics, a very choice line for ladies' shirt waists, Regular 75c value. Sale price...58c

At 72c—French Chiffon Taffeta Silk, finest quality and a special spring importation. Regular 80c. Sale price...72c

At 37c—Black Louise Silk, with bright satin finish, a most desirable fabric for ladies' blouses. Regular price 45c. Sale price...37c

At 39c—Black Satin Merveilleux and French Fabric with beautiful miroir finish, this season's favorite. Regular 50c. Sale price...39c

At 62c—Black Paillette Silk, fine bright finish, special importation for ladies' dresses, 75c quality. Sale price...62c

At 54c—Fancy Louise Silk, in new Dresden designs and all the leading summer shades. Regular 75c. Sale price...54c

At 65c—Taffeta Silk, fine quality French fabric, in all the leading spring shades. Regular 75c. Sale price...65c

At 48c—New Satin, mirror finish, superior quality, in new gray, navy and purple. Regular 70c. Sale price...48c

At 33c—French Tamaline Silk, extra fine chiffon finish. A very choice line for blouses. Regular 50c. Sale price...33c

At 40c—Plain Beau de Soie, of extra value, in 20 leading shades for 1906. Regular value 55c. Sale price...40c

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DAIRY PRODUCE.

Receipts of butter during the week ending Friday, March 30, were 1402 packages, against 636 packages for the week previous, and 1240 packages for the corresponding week last year, and the exports for the past week were only 100 packages, from Portland.

Choice grades are still very scarce. New milk butter is coming in, and meeting with a good demand at 22½¢ to 23¢. Full grades have to be very fine to bring over 21¢, some nice lots having been placed at 20¢, with undergrades selling at 19¢.

Fresh-made separator butter, in small tubs, is in good demand at 21¢ to 22¢; rolls are selling at 19¢ to 19½¢; western dairy at 18¢ to 18½¢, and Manitoba dairy at 15¢ to 16¢. Quite a number of the factories in the Eastern Townships are opening up next week, and it is expected that the receipts from now on will increase, and in view of this, holders are anxious to work off their remaining holdings of last season's make.

The local market for cheese is quiet, and there are no further developments to note. Quotations are nominal at 18¢ to 18½¢ per pound.

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FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES. RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, DIABETES, GRAVEL, GOUT, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, SCIATICA, CALCULI, SANDS, STONES, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE URINARY SYSTEM.

GIVING A WOMAN HER RIGHTS. The car was full and the night was wet. The bell rang, the car stopped, and a lady entered. As she looked tired a nice old gentleman in the corner rose and inquired in a kind voice, "Would you like to sit down, ma'am? Excuse me, though," he added, "I think you are Mrs. Sprouter, the advocate of woman's rights."

LEIBIG'S FIT CUR

If you, your friends or relatives suffer from Fits, Epilepsy, St. Vitus' Dance, or other nervous diseases, write for a trial bottle and you will be cured. This is the only medicine for Fits, Epilepsy, St. Vitus' Dance, or other nervous diseases, sold only in bottles.

THE POPULAR

(Translated from the French Freeman's Journal)

For the first time since the election of the Church of Gaul the people of France have been made to realize the heart of Catholicism to the press, which carries remotest hamlet the news affecting the national life, especially to the revival of religious sentiment due to viced methods of taking the inventories, there is no French territory where it is known to-day that the Pope the head of the Catholic and that with him alone decision whether the law per 9, 1905, will have the law so far as the Catholic country are concerned. Of course, on many occasions course of our history, in the racter of supreme head Church, have intervened in tical and religious affairs. The election of Pippin the coronation of Charlemagne, pates with Philip the Fair cordat with Francis I., t agreements with Louis condemnation of the civil tion of the clergy, and, fin concordat with Napoleon, great events shed light on eign role enacted by the

But the people, the great citizens, the workmen in the peasants in their fields they ever had a clear perception of the authority so necessary Bishop of Rome? Have they realized the supreme position holds in our Catholic life the present for the great faithful the Pope has been living at a great distance from a foreigner whose residence late in the capital of Italy late clothed in white, were told in their catechism pastorals, of their Bishops the sermons of their parish holds on earth as head of the place of Jesus Christ. twice a year the priests mention for Peter's Pence. cases it was necessary to the Pope for dispensation. This people knew little more about the exercise of the gious sovereignty of the Roff. The parish priests put them were named by the Bishop, according to the ne was appointed by the go. The part enacted by the P never brought home to the The reading in the pulpit of occasional Pontifical Encycl not give a clear, well-defin sion of the true position Church of him who is right the Vicar of Christ. This ence of a Catholic people to the supreme pastor of of Jesus Christ, the Son and the Redeemer of the W often for us a cause of sor sometimes of religious app

To-day in the tragic brought on by the enactment law of the 9th of December is in the forefront. All e fixed upon him. None c him. His unquestionable intervene and the need for so are acknowledged by all he alone who has nominat new bishops for the sees le by M. Combes. In every c as a matter of right and ter of fact, possesses supren rity. He is placed over th as the bishops are over th

The people had heard the how at the birth of Christ this land the Bishops of R successors of St. Peter, th the Apostles, sent preache Gospel into Gaul to conver tion to the faith of Christ. this in the long vista of seemed like a legend or som tic story. Long ago the mission of the first Bisho of Gaul became for th merely a historical fact w bearing on the present. Th

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"I am sir," replied the lady calmly. "You think that women should be equal to men?" further queried the old gentleman.

"Certainly," was the firm reply. "You think that they should have the same rights and privileges?" was the next question.

"Most emphatically," came from the supporter of woman's rights. "Very well," said the kind old gentleman, sitting down again, "stand up and enjoy them."

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