

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, JULY 2, 1908

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Gardien de la Salle
de Lecture
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Assemblée Législative

Note and Comment.

Every Christian nation has its patron saint. Canada is almost a nation. It is high time we Canadians had a day, besides our civil holiday, Dominion Day—in which we might unite in celebration just as some of us assemble each year to honor St. George, St. Patrick, St. Andrew, or St. Boniface, and the lands where they are held as patron saints.

St. John the Baptist is the patron saint of our French-Canadian brethren. Why he was chosen we do not know, but we know of no reason why he should not be patron saint of all Canada, and there is no other at present who is brought forward to take his place.

It could not assuredly be displeasing to our Protestant fellow-countrymen that we celebrate a day in his honor, when they are so willing to take part in festivals of the same kind, according to the tenacity of their ancestors. If they search the Scriptures, as they should believe they are bound to do, they will find it nothing unusual to have saints and angels keeping watch over cities and nations. And whether they do or not search, whether they believe or not, they show at least a little honor to some saints. And they cannot object to the Baptist's title of saint. Our Lord's words are too strong for that. And none should object that he is the patron saint of only the French-Canadians. We should be sorry to lose these people. They were our first Canadians. They have been true to their traditions, and they give an example to all who wish to be true Canadians. Now that it seems that the country which they and their immediate successors reclaimed from the wilderness may take another complexion from the influx of foreigners, it is time that we paid the first settlers the compliment of adopting for the whole country the patron, St. John the Baptist.

The Daily Witness says that Le Verite, of Quebec, publishes a "strange" article in the course of which it says that an insult has been offered the Catholic Province of Quebec by the issuing of invitations to France to participate in the Tercentenary festivities. Why, there is nothing strange about this clerical organ taking umbrage at what was certainly an insult. What business has godless France to be represented at a celebration commemorative of Catholic zeal and Catholic faith? Surely the Briand, and Clemenceau would not feel at home, being confronted at every turn by the odious emblem they have had removed from France's schoolrooms and court houses—the Cross.

"Canned sermons" are the latest innovation apparently in Chicago. This will allow the preacher by means of a phonograph to hear him to the seashore and mountain secure in the comforting thought that his fatherly voice may be heard every Sunday. The Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones says: "It's a brilliant idea, one that makes for the comfort of the preacher and does not deprive the worshipper of the religious stimulus afforded by the advice of the pastor." We have heard something about canned meats being indigestible, sometimes having fatal results. Wonder if canned sermons are hard to digest.

Among those on the list of birthday honors are Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, who was created a Privy Councillor, thus making the fifth member at present of the Privy Council of Great Britain and Ireland who is a Canadian, the others being Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Sir H. E. Tachereau, Sir H. S. Strong, Sir Charles Tupper and Sir Richard Cartwright. It was only on June 15 that Sir Charles was notified of his appointment by the Imperial Government as one of the four representatives of Great Britain on the permanent board of arbitration of The Hague.

Our Holy Father the Pope has been weeding out his garden again, if we can believe the press despatches, and thrown the weeds into the next lot. The Daily Witness does not seem to like this, but, all the same, will pick up the weeds and plant them alongside the thousands of others who have come over the fence at different periods, and new forms of Protestantism will spring up to cement the union among Christian bodies that is so much desired, and still more talked about, and again still more unlikely to be accomplished.

In the Holy Land, the Benedictines are renewing the glorious traditions of their order. They have now establishments in the Valley of Jahosaphat, on Mt. Thabor and a short distance from Jerusalem on the road to Jaffa, where they possess the Church of Abou-Gosch. A few weeks ago the Patriarch of Jerusalem, amid imposing ceremonies, blessed the new Abbot, Rev. Benedict Gardiar. The new Church of Abou-Gosch was also solemnly consecrated.

Toronto is planning to celebrate the seventy-fifth anniversary of its incorporation next year, and members of the City Council are already suggesting plans for a big demonstration.

The new Spanish prince was christened on Monday. Eleven names were given him, one of them being Jaime, by which he will be known.

Chinese Celebrate Archbishop's Feast Day.

Gratitude is a leading characteristic of the Chinese, and this was exemplified to the full on Monday evening last when the Catholic members of the Chinese colony in this city took advantage of the feast day of His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi and tendered him a banquet in the parish hall of St. James Church. The event, however, had a double object, inasmuch as while honoring the Archbishop they were honoring a great friend of theirs in the person of Bishop Merel, of Canton, China, who has been in the city for a few weeks. Bishop Racicot, the clergy of St. James Church, Rev. L. Cotter, S. J., Rev. Fathers Martin and Luke Callaghan, were among the invited guests. The menu was got up in real Chinese style, and can be seen by the following: Swallows' Nest Soup, chop-suey, liche, and the many delicious viands which only the Chinese know how to prepare and serve. The hall was tastefully decorated with bunting and flags. After justice had been done to the good things, Goon Hu You, speaking for his compatriots, in his native tongue, thanked His Grace, their Lordships and the other priests for the interest they had taken in their welfare. The speech was translated by Bishop Merel, who also expressed his gratitude, and spoke at some length taken of his friends of the Chinese colony. His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi replied feelingly, being deeply touched by their testimony of gratitude, and spoke at some length upon the work of the Chinese Catholic Mission in this city. He assured them that he always took a deep interest in them, and said that everything would be done to advance their welfare. The work that Rev. Martin Callaghan did for them was eulogized by His Grace, for it was he who first organized missionary work among the Chinese, and who so disinterestedly gave his time for their instruction. His Grace then asked Father Martin to say a few words, which he did, saying how happy he was to have been able to have done any good for them, and he urged them to be faithful to the lessons they had been taught.

An Unusual Proposition.

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement in another column by which they can procure good, solid, instructive and most interesting reading. Everybody's Magazine should be in the homes of all our readers.

For a short time the offer will be carried out, and new subscribers should take advantage of the club rate. Anybody not acquainted with Everybody's can become so by sending fifteen cents for a sample copy. Do it now.

If you are already a subscriber to the True Witness, get a friend to subscribe to it and join him for Everybody's.

Worms cause fretfulness and rob the infant of sleep, the great nourisher. Mother Graves' Worm Expeller will clear the stomach and intestines and restore healthfulness.

The Sin and Shame of France.

(From the Charleston News and Courier.)

France is not doing so well in its spoliation of the Catholic Church in that country. The Pope stands firm. He could not do otherwise. The latest compromise proposed by M. Briand offering to transfer to committees whose composition he defined some \$12,000,000 in the aggregate, bequeathed for the maintenance of infirm and aged priests and for the saying of Masses for the repose of the dead, has been rejected by the Holy Father. There was a disposition on the part of a good many representatives of the French Episcopate and priesthood to accept this proposal, but as the New York Sun expresses it, "the head of the Catholic Church has once more preferred poverty to dependence and integrity of faith to insurance of a patrimony."

The Church stands undismayed by the assaults that have been made upon it. It has happened, as it has often happened before, that persecutions have quickened the piety of the people, and that out of their own store they have provided the means of conducting the ordinances of religion. Where there has been any division of the stolen funds of the Church the division has been so long that the State has received little or no benefit from it. In the Commune of Lyons, for example, the spoils of the Church divided amongst its inhabitants amount to about a centime a head. In the Department of the Rhone the distribution of the money of the Church has been equivalent to about three cents a head, and it is estimated that upon the completion of the so-called liquidation of the Church's property at the close of half a century, it will be found that each French citizen will have been benefited to the extent of just fifteen cents. In the meantime the Government will find it necessary already, to greatly increase the taxes of the people for the support of educational institutions now required to take the place of the religious establishments in which formerly the people were educated.

We are very much gratified, as all other right-thinking men must be gratified, at this result. France is finding out that "honesty is the best policy," that stealing will continue stealing whether it be done in the name of the State or by individuals. The question of Church and State in France is not alone a question between the Roman Catholic Church and France, but it is a question that affects all other religious communities whatsoever. The conditions would be the same, and our protest would be as vigorous against the infamy of the State, if the dominant religion of France were Presbyterian instead of Papal. There may have been abuses in the administration of the affairs of the Catholic Church, but never before in these modern times, we believe, has that State prospered which has despoiled any religious establishment of its possessions.

BOUNDARY OF NEW PARISH OF ST. ALOYSIUS.

The bounds as officially set for the new St. Aloysius parish, of which Rev. M. L. Shea is pastor, are as follows: On the southeast by the St. Lawrence River, on the southwest by the middle of Harbor street, from the St. Lawrence River to the centre of Sherbrooke street, and thence to the tracks of the Canadian Pacific Railway, from Sherbrooke to Nolan streets, on the northeast by the middle of Sherbrooke, Nolan and Sherbrooke streets, from the centre of Harbor street to the northeast limits of the municipality of Maisonneuve, on the northeast by the north-east parts of the parishes of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin (Hochelaga), of the Holy Name of Jesus (Maisonneuve), of Saint Clement (Viauville).

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.

At a meeting of the St. Gabriel T. A. & B. Society, held on Sunday, June 7th, 1908, the following resolutions of condolence were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, It has pleased the Almighty God, in the exercise of His infinite wisdom, to remove from our midst, by the cold hand of death, Mr. Hugh Dumphy, son of our esteemed fellow member, Mr. Hugh Dumphy;

Be it resolved, That we, the members of St. Gabriel T. A. & B. Society, in meeting assembled, do hereby tender to Mr. Hugh Dumphy and the other members of the family our sincere sympathy in this, their sad hour of affliction.

Be it further resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, spread upon the records of the Society, and sent to the True Witness for publication.

W. H. O'DONNELL,
R. J. LOUIS CUDDHY,
E. J. COLFER,
Committee on Resolutions.

Loures Latest Wonder.

The world is used to miracles at Lourdes, says The Messenger, but it is now reading with more than ordinary amazement about the last one that occurred at the grotto. It will be of especial interest for Americans to know that Mrs. Beljany Storer sends the account of it.

The subject of the cure was Marie Borel, who was suffering from ailments that can only be described in medical Latin. In English the account would shock—it will suffice to say that on the morning of the 21st of August last she was immersed in the pool; in the afternoon the dressings of all her horrible and fetid wounds were removed, and there was scarcely a stain upon the bandages. On the following day she was again immersed, and all the internal perforations and distortions and hardenings which she was suffering ceased, and she sat up, and has been well ever since.

The doctors solemnly affirm that "we must acknowledge the intervention of a supernatural power and confess that we are in the presence of a supernatural fact."

The singular part of it is that she had scarcely any hope of being cured, and was told by the few who were held enough to get near enough to her, for her presence was almost unbearable, that she was foolish to have come.

The morning of her cure she promised that if she got well "she would give her life to God and the poor." She is now about to enter a religious order of nursing sisters.

ELOCUTIONARY CONTEST OF ST. ANTHONY'S JUVENILE T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

The closing exercises and junior elocutionary contest of St. Anthony's Juvenile Total Abstinence Society took place on Friday evening at St. Anthony's hall in presence of a large number of parents and friends. Rev. Father T. F. Heffernan presided. Among those present were ex-Ald. Kinsella, M. Curran, T. M. Reynolds, Librarian and Statistician of the Catholic Commission, F. Hogan and Messrs. James Easton and H. J. McBellev, delegates from the Total Abstinence Union of Canada.

The proceedings opened with a pretty solo and chorus entitled "The Wind and the Harp," given by the boys of the Archbishop's Commercial Academy. Master Joseph Cahill recited, "The Licking Mother Gave Me"; ten boys in costume recited "McDonald's Charge" in capital style, followed by ten junior boys reciting "The Baseball Pitcher," and "Spring Fever." The junior elocutionary contest was participated in by nine boys and all did well. The Choral Union, under the direction of Miss M. E. Donovan, sang "My Bonnie," Master Herbert Lowton singing the solo, "Gloria to God," with Cantwell Dupuis as soloist; and by request the full choir rendered "John Burn's Body." Master Raymond McDonnell read an address to Miss M. E. Donovan while Master Cantwell Dupuis presented a handsome bouquet of flowers on behalf of the members of St. Anthony's Juvenile Society. Rev. Father Heffernan presented the silver medal won by Master James O'Shaughnessy at the barriers meet held lately at the M. A. A. grounds.

Mr. Fred Hogan, Chairman of the dramatic Section announced the result of the Elocutionary Contest as follows: 1, Master Joseph Corcoran, 39 points out of a possible 40; 2, Patrick Scullion, 31; 3, Frank McDonnell, 29; 4, Raymond McDonnell, 27. The last named was the youngest of the competitors, being only nine years of age. For a junior boy his recitation, "Concert," was well given. Master McDonnell also won a silver watch at the Belmont School for his work in elocution during the year.

Masters Hector Roberge, Arthur Feron and Thomas McCaffrey gave a fine rendition of the "Saracen Brothers," in costume.

Rev. Father Heffernan gave the closing address complimenting the performers on their work, and thanking all those who helped in the work of the society during the year. He paid a glowing tribute to the work of Miss M. E. Donovan in connection with the Choral Union. God Save Ireland brought the proceedings to a close.

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CONCERT.

The weekly concert in aid of the Catholic Sailors' Club took place as usual last evening.

Despite the fact that Dominion Day was being celebrated, and the extreme heat of the evening, still a large audience was in attendance.

The entertainment was in the hands of Mr. Edward Morgan, and the chair was occupied by Capt. Eavens. The programme was a fine one, bringing together many old and welcome friends. Messrs. Drinck and Fitzgerald, as well as Messrs. Shipley, Bailey, Cousins, Burns, Williams, Lewis, Solly, Fevish, Boston and the well known and welcome friend, John Cameron, all did their parts in finished style.

The next concert will be in the hands of Dominion Council, Knights of Columbus, when a very pleasant time may be looked forward to.

Urges Unity in Celebrating Quebec Tercentenary.

The following article on the necessity for hearty support from both French and English for the Tercentenary celebration is taken from a recent issue of Le Soleil, of Quebec: "Recruiting for the Pageants is progressing favorably. Since the Zouaves and Knights of Columbus have taken the matter up, our people have begun to understand that it is their duty to take part in them. And why should they not do so? The July festivities will be French in character, and a glance at the programme suffices to show this.

"The historical representations which will be the chief features of the occasion will bring before our eyes scenes from the courts of Francois I., Henry IV., and Louis XIV. We will also see the arrival of Mgr. de Laval, the Mere de l'Incarnation, the Jesuit Fathers, etc. Surely no one can see anything English in these. "But," some will say, "what have Wolfe and Montcalm to do with all this? They were not with Champlain when he founded Quebec." Most assuredly not. Mgr. de Laval and the Mere de l'Incarnation were not there either, yet they will be represented in these tableaux.

"It seems to be forgotten in some quarters that our country has a double origin, first French, then English. It is since the days of Wolfe and Montcalm that we have become British subjects. Providence has called the two races to live together beside one another, so let us make the best of the situation. Mistrust and misunderstanding will not make us a great people. What we need is union and harmony, better knowledge of one another and more mutual esteem. Our English-speaking compatriots are doing us a fine example in citizenship. They are taking an active part in preparing for our fetes and are ready to participate in the thoroughly French scenes above mentioned. We thank them and hope that their example may serve as a spur to our fellow-citizens of French descent.

"Another scarce-crow which some have endeavored to set up in the Battlefields Park. This is very wrong. What harm will it do anyone if we avail ourselves of this occasion to dedicate these scenes of heroism on which each of the two races was in turn victor and vanquished? Was not the last victory gained at Sainte Foye by the brave de Levis? Once more, what harm can come from honoring those heroes? Moreover, looking at the matter from a purely material view point, it must not be forgotten that millions of dollars will be given to make the park, which will be the finest in America, and will still further enhance the charms of the Ancient Capital.

"We will mention one significant fact in order to show the delicacy of sentiment which animated His Excellency the Governor-General in organizing these fetes. Complaint has been made in some quarters because the festivities, which had been fixed for next year, were afterwards changed to coincide with the founding of Quebec. Does anyone ask the reason? It is because His Excellency did not wish the Champlain fetes to fall on the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Battle of the Plains. We should at least give the Governor-General credit for his delicacy of feeling.

"It is evident then that we have no reason for holding back. We should take a prominent part in the festivities, and thus show our admiration for our forefathers, as well as our patriotism and national spirit."

REV. PETER HEFFERNAN GOES TO ST. ANTHONY'S.

As was rumored some time ago, the Rev. Peter Heffernan has been named to succeed his brother, the Rev. T. F. Heffernan, at St. Anthony's, the latter becoming pastor of the new parish of St. Thomas Aquinas. Father Peter has been a very earnest worker, and his departure from St. Patrick's, where he has labored since shortly after his ordination, will be a source of much regret to the parishioners but whose good wishes and prayers will follow him to his new field, where it is hoped much success will crown his work.

REV. FATHER ARPIN, S. J., DEAD

The Rev. Father Arpin, S. J., died on Wednesday morning, at the novitiate of the Immaculate Conception, at the age of 69 years. He was a native of the parish of the Presentation. After his entrance into the Jesuit order, he worked as a missionary at Fort William, and was afterwards bursar at St. Mary's College. In 1887 he was the founder and first pastor of the important parish of the Immaculate Conception in the north-east end of the city. The funeral service will be held in the Church of the Immaculate Conception to-morrow morning at eight o'clock.

OBITUARY.

Mr. C. M. O'LOUGHLIN.

The death occurred rather suddenly on Tuesday morning of Mr. C. M. O'Loughlin, second son of the late Mr. M. J. O'Loughlin. Deceased had been out at Ste. Agathe for a short holiday and while there suffered a sunstroke so severe that meningitis ensued, causing his death after a week of intense suffering.

A particularly sad feature, and one which makes the blow the harder for his mother to bear, was her absence from the city, only arriving here after his demise. Of a bright and large-hearted disposition, deceased was much beloved by all who knew him, and the extreme suddenness of his passing away makes the sorrow more intense. The large number of handsome floral and Mass offerings testified to the high esteem in which deceased was held.

A solemn requiem Mass was celebrated at St. Patrick Church on Thursday morning, the Rev. James Killoran, assisted by the Rev. T. O'Reilly and Rev. F. Singleton as deacon and sub-deacon. Rev. Gerald McShane received the body at the door. A very large concourse of friends joined in the funeral cortege, members of the C. O. F. were also represented in good numbers. Deceased leaves to mourn his loss his mother, two sisters and two brothers, to whom the True Witness offers its deepest sympathy. May his soul rest in peace.

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Whereas it has pleased the Almighty God, in the exercise of His infinite wisdom, to remove from our midst, by the cold hand of death, Mary Wheeler, wife of our esteemed fellow-member, Mr. Michael McCarthy;

Be it resolved, That we, the members of St. Gabriel T. A. & B. Society, in meeting assembled, do hereby tender Mr. Michael McCarthy and other members of the family, our sincere sympathy in this, their sad hour of affliction.

Be it further resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, spread upon the records of the Society, and sent to the True Witness for publication.

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ST. ANN'S.

The pilgrimage for women and children to Ste. Anne de Beauport will take place on July 4. The boat will leave at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, returning to the city on Monday morning. Everything is being done to ensure the comfort of the pilgrims, and it is expected that a very large number will avail themselves of this opportunity to visit the famous shrine.

DRAWING FOR CHAIN AT ST. ANTHONY'S VILLA.

The drawing for a gold chain took place at St. Anthony's Villa July 2. Rev. Father Celestine Joseph, O. F. M., presided. The lucky number drawn by him was 1824. Holder of said ticket is requested to call at St. Anthony's Villa, Dorchester st. west.

Externally or Internally is it Good When applied externally by brisk rubbing, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil opens the pores and penetrates the tissue as few liniments do, touching the seat of the trouble and immediately affording relief. Administered internally, it will still the irritation in the throat which induces coughing and will cure affections of the bronchial tubes and respiratory organs. Try it and be convinced.

THE MADONNA OF US ALL.

How sweet the bells at evening call Her children home to pray— Beyond the hills the habitation Salutes her Queen of May.

And thou great Notre Dame in whom The thousands kneel in prayer, With beatific love she reigns Above all splendor there.

Beneath her feet the angels stand, Christ girdled is her throne. Her beauty floods all heaven, and All heaven is her own.

Je vous salue, Oh! spouse of hope, Madonna undefiled, Thy love for us is fathomless Maria, mother mild.

I know you hear the habitation, His prayer is just the same, From o'er the hills he calls to you, Maria, that gentle name.

Ring sweetly out old bells and bring Her children home to pray. Je vous salue, Marie, great queen Madonna of the May. —REV. P. T. O'REILLY.

HOUSE AND HOME

CONDUCTED BY HELENE.

"Be careful that you do not fall in love with misery, daughter," warned a wise mother. Thinking how miserable one is because of a trial or a disappointment, how one ought to be pitied, putting on a sad or pensive or distressed air—what is this but a kind of falling in love with misery, coddling it, making it one's closest companion? A hundred times better is it to remember that misery is not the soul's true inheritance, and to resolve not to be overcome; then to turn the attention to duties, to find the blessings one has. Nothing is lost, and much is gained, by trying to be brave and triumphant, to keep one's misery out of others' sight and out of one's own sight. The little vexations—even the greater ones—are like some other things—if kept in the dark, they lose their strength. It has been said of one whose life is long-drawn-out suffering: "He works his woes up into fun." That's a masterful way of treating one's woes—worth trying.

A RULE OF THREE.

Three things to govern—temper, tongue and conduct.
Three things to cultivate—courage, affection and gentleness.
Three things to commend—thrift, industry and promptness.
Three things to despise—cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude.
Three things to wish for—health, friends and contentment.
Three things to admire—dignity, gratefulness and intellectual power.
Three things to give—aims to the needy, comfort to the sad and appreciation to the worthy.

HOME MANAGEMENT.

A managing woman is quite a term of reproach, but it ought not to be so, for every wife and mother should try to be this. The fact is that women feel this pretty generally, but a good many have not the tact and wisdom they need to help them in their work.

Management when recognized is always rather resented both by children and grownup people as an indignity, but a tactful woman never lets it be seen and peace and happiness are assured under her reign. She studies the disposition of her husband, children and dependants and wins rather than drives. She is gentle and courteous, and requests and suggests far more than she commands.

The great secret of successful management at home is to keep your own temper and to take care not to upset any one else's. In the control of her servants the good mistress gives praise where it is deserved and gives credit for good intentions even when the performance has not been wholly satisfactory. If sometimes it is necessary to administer a reproof she chooses a time when she can do so pleasantly.

WHITHER GOEST THOU?

Whither goest thou? You go to your work in the morning, but will you return, or will you, perhaps, be brought back as a corpse in the evening? Who knows? The warm and fine weather is a great temptation for some Catholics to miss holy Mass on Sundays and to go on excursions. It's a jolly crowd that goes, but how often has hilarity been turned into sadness of the worst kind. Railroad wrecks are not so uncommon, and the spiritual wrecks are even of more frequent occurrence. Did you ever think of that, how terrible it must be for a Catholic to miss holy Mass, go on an excursion, have a good old time, getting drunk, cutting up, talking and acting as though they never had heard of the Christian religion, and after such a day, to get wrecked, killed, and go before the judgment seat of God?

Whither goest thou! To-day you may be rich, and to-morrow you may be on the road to the poor-house. What is your health, your strength, your courage? Nothing at all when you come face to face with the messenger of death. The giant Goliath died, the mighty kings of this world had to pay the tribute of their life to this all-destroying messenger of God, who calls whom he pleases and when he pleases. Should you not, then, be prepared? Ask yourself this question every morning: "Whither am I going? I am a child of God; am I on the right or wrong way back to God?" If you are on the wrong road, go back my friend, to the Good Shepherd, and He will receive you with open arms and make you one of His own here and crown you eternally if you remain true to Him. Will you do it, and do it now?

A PRAYER.

O God, my Master, God, look down and see
If I am making what Thou wouldst of me,
Fain might I lift my hands up in the air
From the defiant passion of my prayer;
Yet here they grope on this cold altar stone,
Graving the words I think I should have known.
Mine eyes are Thine. Yea, let me not forget,
Lest with unsoftened tears I leave them wet,
Dimming their faithful power, till

they cannot see
Some modest, plain task that can be done for Thee,
My feet, 'that ache for paths of flowery bloom,
Halt steadfast in the straitness of this room,
Though they may never be on errands sent,
Here shall they stay and wait Thy full content,
And my poor heart, that doth so crave for peace,
Shall beat until Thou bid its beating cease,
So Thou, dear Master God, look down and see
Whether I do Thy bidding heed.
—Alice Brown, in Westminster.

DARK DAYS.

There is no journey of life but has its clouded days; and there are some days in which our eyes are so blinded with tears that we find it hard to see our way, or even read God's promises. Those days which have a bright sunrise followed by sudden thunderclaps and bursts of unlooked for sorrows, are the ones which test certain of our graces the most severely. Yet the law of spiritual eyesight very closely resembles the law of physical optics. When we come suddenly out of the daylight into a room even moderately darkened, we can discern nothing; but the pupil of our eye gradually enlarges until unseen objects become visible. Even so the pupil of the eye of faith has the blessed faculty of enlarging in the dark hours of bereavement, so that we discover that our loving Father's hand is holding the cup of trial, and by and by the gloom becomes luminous with glory.

A FEATHERED TALE.

A woman once repeated a piece of gossip about a neighbor. It flew from mouth to mouth and soon all the town knew the story, which caused the person affected a great deal of unhappiness. One day the woman discovered that the tale she had told was not true, and in the greatest sorrow she went to the rabbi to ask in what way she could make atonement, and repair the wrong she had committed.

The rabbi heard what the woman had to say, and he told her to go to the market, have a fowl killed, pluck it on the way home, and drop the feathers one by one, as she went along.

The woman was surprised at this curious means of atonement, but she did as the rabbi instructed, and on the following day came to him again to report that she had carried out his behest. "Now," he said, "go and collect all the feathers and bring them to me."

The woman went along the road she had traversed on the previous day, but she found that the wind had blown the feathers away, and after an all-day's search she was only able to bring two or three.

"You see," the rabbi said to her gently, "it was easy to drop the feathers, but it is an almost impossible task to bring them back. So it is with gossip and slander. It is easy to spread false reports about thy neighbor, but it is impossible to make good the wrong thus committed. Go thy way and avoid gossip."

You see the point, don't you.—Jewish Outlook.

TO WHITEN HANDKERCHIEFS.

To keep handkerchiefs a good color instead of dampening them in the usual way before ironing try this method: In two quarts of tepid water put five drops of blue and a small piece of lump starch. Pour in a basin. In this mixture dip each handkerchief separately, thoroughly wetting it and then squeezing it as dry as possible. When all the handkerchiefs have been treated in this way spread them out smoothly on a clean cloth or towel until they can be ironed.

IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?

This wonderful bit out of a man's and his mate's life together is finer than all the fine words that one might think up, and bring out of the secret fairy places where the shapes and faces of words live that might tell.

Every Betty dreams, in the best and sweetest deep-down place in her heart, of Some Day when she will have a little child of her own. It's one of her Castles in Spain.

And every man is a Wisher of Wishes. And the wish that lies always against his heart—his Castle in Spain—is that he may father a human thing and live again in its life, and leave it to fight, and do the things he himself, maybe, has not done.

And when their biggest dream their Castle in Spain—comes true, why then they have done the most wonderful thing that a Man or a Woman can do.

At this little time of their first new days and months end years of their Kiddie's life, their own lives are as perfect as folks' lives can be this side of the edge of the world before they go out and over the moon into the dark. Because here he begins the infinite selfishness that lives only in the heart of a mother or father—an selfishness that no one can lay hold of, or encompass or measure, or even tell of, and that children do not ever realize.

For fathers who are proud—as pathe-

etically ashamed of ridicule as

when they were gay Billys—go in scuffed, worn shoes, and fringed sleeves, and work doggedly, patiently, through all the long years, till some of the Kiddies have lunged out and can help.

And each of these years has many days, and endless hours in all the days.

And a mother, who still grows gay-hearted over a hint of pretty things to tie at her throat, or pin in her hair or trail behind her, puts away all of the fancies of pretty things, and does beautifully without them that there may be more for the Kiddies.

So here, in the wonder of the new days of the first Kiddie, begins the living over of their lives, that have suddenly and strangely gone from them, in the very little and funny life they have created.

They hang over the high-railed little bed, with its blue quilts and buttoned pillows, in the dusk time when the birds go swinging home over the land and the air sniffs sweet of twilight; and they talk with husband and child, and they make little tales of what the soft breathing thing, with its Teddy bear under its chin and its eyelids moist, inside the high railing, will do.

He will always conquer—him. "I will send him here; I will send him there"—His Dad enthralls in a whisper.

"We can save and maybe we can give him"—the mother nods back. And they build castles again—all ways Castles in Spain, in the twilight, till their planning mounts into the very sky—into the gold of the sun—and it shines there with blinding light.

And the mother haps, "Won't we be proud!" And the father wags his own and ventures that he's got a "good head."

And the two of them whisper so, and dream aloud, and always the planning is of some sacrifice, with nothing for their own selves in it, and all for the smaller life.

And sometimes the grown and finer William kisses the tender fingers of his Betty and can't think of any other thing to say but "You; you. Dear, you."

And the Kiddie breathes, and dreams of ogress, and princesses, and white swans, and golden apples, and

ten times a year if I'd taken to counting over the things I'd got to do and the time I was going to take, when the family was altogether and expected to keep everything going straight. I just kept saying to myself, "take your time, Susan, you can't do but just so much in a day, so don't trip yourself up hurrying."

WOMEN WHO MARRY AT THIRTY-FIVE.

A German doctor lays it down as a well established fact based on close observation that women who do not marry until thirty-five or thereabouts invariably achieve matrimonial success. Why women of this particular age should make more successful marriages than those who fall victims to love's young dream is fairly obvious. When a young woman marries between thirty and forty she either does so for companionship, choosing her mate accordingly, or from need, in which case she also chooses with a certain amount of care. She has no wild dreams of unalloyed bliss—London Lady's Pictorial.

MOTHER.

What music to the mother-heart so dear
As lisping baby-lips when first they cry:
"O mother." Rich reward for every tear,
For travail's fear and care and painful sigh.
But what to Thee, who mother, still a maid;
Could'st clasp Thy child and hear that sweetest name
From lips that breathed and, lo! this world arrayed
In beauty, filled creation's starry frame.

O Mary, by that tenderest of all sighs,
Allow me, though a sinner, still thy child,
To call on thee; and let those loving eyes
Which smiled on Jesus, soothe my passions wild.
—Paul Rohr, S.J., in Union and Times.

Had Weak Back

Would Lie In Bed For Days And Was Scarcely Able to Turn

Liniments and Plasters Did No Good But DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS Cured

Mrs. Arch. Schnare, Black Point, N.B., writes:—For years I was troubled with weak back. Oftentimes I have lain in bed for days, being scarcely able to turn myself, and I have also been a great sufferer while trying to perform my household duties. I had doctors attending me without avail, and have tried liniments and plasters but nothing seem to do me any good. I was about to give up in despair when my husband induced me to try Doan's Kidney Pills, and after using two boxes I am now well and able to do my work. I am positive Doan's Kidney Pills are all that you claim for them, and I would advise all kidney sufferers to give them a fair trial.

Doan's Kidney Pills will cure all kinds of Kidney Trouble from Backache to Bright's Disease, and the price is only 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

stung, and this chronic pun artist is no exception to the rule.
On one occasion when about two days out from New York he approached a group of sailors who were washing the forward deck, and, singing out a big, rawboned Irishman who was experiencing his first taste of sailor's life, he gravely asked, "Can you steer the mainmast down the forecastle stairs?" "Quick as a flash came the reply, "Yes, sorr; I can if you will stand below and coil it up."—Philadelphia Ledger.

AN ENTHUSIAST.
Towne—Oh, yes, he's quite an enthusiast. He goes in for things in earnest. Browne—Yes, if some goose chase he'd speak of himself afterward as a sportsman.—Philadelphia Press.

TOUCHED.
Mrs. Homespun—The comic papers say you fellows never work. Weary Waffles—Yes'm; de comic papers also say dat mother-in-laws is a nuisance when everybody knows dat dey are de most sweetest an' angelic dw mortals an'—Mrs. Homespun—You poor, dear man! Come right in this minute, I will broil a chicken for you.—Judge.

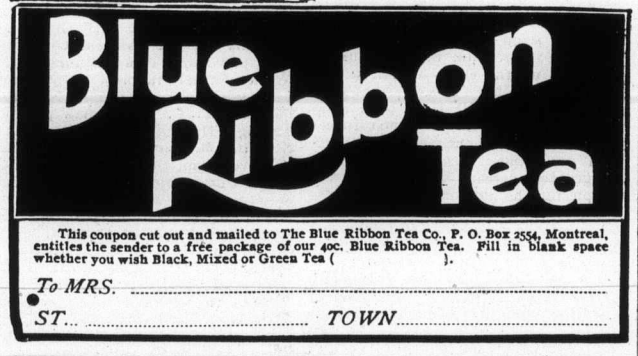
A VALUABLE SERVICE.
"Why," ruminated the boy, with innocent and solemn eyes, "I'm just past Redemption."
Mama—Here comes your father. See how cross you've made him. Now go and tell him you're sorry. Tommy—Say, pop, I'm sorry you're so blamed cross.—Philadelphia Press.

HIS PENALTY.
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"What sin did Adam commit?"
"He ate forbidden fruit."
"Right. Who tempted Adam?"
"Eve."
"Not really Eve, but the serpent. And how was Adam punished?"
"The girl hesitated and looked confused. A little 8-year-old raised her hand and said:
"Please, pastor I know."
"Well, tell us. How was Adam punished?"
"He had to marry Eve."

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GLORIES AND GLOOMS.

The students of Yale university have invented some new slang descriptive of important conditions which affect the lives of young men. Here are some additions to the Yale vernacular:
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Blue Ribbon Tea

This coupon cut out and mailed to The Blue Ribbon Tea Co., P. O. Box 234, Montreal, entitles the holder to a free package of our excellent Blue Ribbon Tea. Fill in blank space whether you wish Black, Mixed or Green Tea.

To MRS. _____

ST. _____ TOWN _____

FUNNY SAYINGS.

A western editor is said to have hit upon a plan to keep subscribers paid up which "takes the cake." Every time a delinquent subscriber is mentioned in his paper his name is inverted. For example: "nohJ send and his wife are spending a few days in Chicago." Every other subscriber understands what it means, and there is a grand rush to get "right side up" again.

Two newsboys sat in the gallery of a theatre at which "Hamlet" was being played. It being the first time they had seen a play, they were held breathless with excitement. In the last scenes, after Hamlet had killed Laertes and the King, the Queen had died of poison, and Hamlet of a poisoned wound, the younger of the two could contain himself no longer. Turning to his chum of the streets, in rapturous tones he said: "Oh, Bill, what a time that must hev been for sellin' extry specials!"

The scientists are finding out many things about ancient nations, some of which may be true and some not. Inference is often advanced as a fact. Guesses grow into possibilities and possibilities into certainty. Dr. M. G. Kyle tells a story which illustrates one method of argument. An Assyriologist boasted to an Egyptologist that "the Assyrians understood electric telegraphy because we have found wire in Assyria." "Oh," said the other "we have not found a scrap of wire in Egypt, therefore we know the Egyptians understood wireless telegraphy."

SHE EXPECTED VISITORS.

Mr. Subbubs—Do you expect any visitors to-night, my dear?
Mrs. Subbubs—Well, considering that Bridget's going to leave, Willie's got the measles, the cellar is flooded and the grocer hasn't called for two days—yes, I do—Ally Sloper's Half Holiday.

The girls from a convent school near Chicago attended Mass at the village chapel where they were seated opposite a class of little boys who were under instruction for First Holy Communion. Occasionally the girls would have a whispered conversation with the boys in spite of the watchfulness of the vigilant Sister in charge.
One day a grave academician in cap and gown whispered to a little boy, "I used to study in a catechism like that."
"I can't remember my answers to Father B—," whispered the lad.
"How far are you?" questioned Miss Cap-and-gown.

THE CHANGE OF A COMMA.

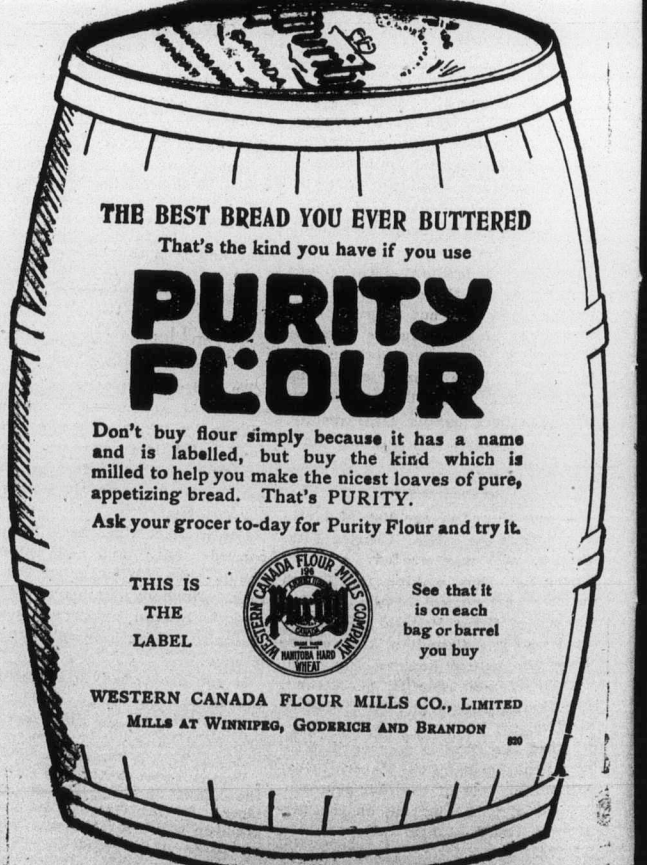
"Whenever she asks me to do anything," soliloquized Mr. Meecker pensively, "I always go and do it, like a fool."
"Yes," said Mrs. Meecker, who happened along in time to overhear him. "Whenever I ask you to do anything you always go and do it like a fool."—Chicago Tribune.

AN IDEAL HUSBAND.

The Man—And you really think you have an ideal husband don't you?
The Matron—I know I have. Why, he treats me as if he were a candidate for office and I was a voter.—Chicago News.

A READY ANSWER.

The captain of a schooner that trades between New York and Savannah is noted for his wit, and on every occasion that offers he loosens his shafts of humour, to the chagrin and embarrassment of its target. Sooner or later the stinger gets




THE BEST BREAD YOU EVER BUTTERED
That's the kind you have if you use

PURITY FLOUR

Don't buy flour simply because it has a name and is labelled, but buy the kind which is milled to help you make the nicest loaves of pure, appetizing bread. That's PURITY.
Ask your grocer to-day for Purity Flour and try it.

THIS IS THE LABEL



See that it is on each bag or barrel you buy

WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO., LIMITED
MILLS AT WINNIPEG, GODBRICH AND BRANDON

In the

On the Sunday of the Epiphany of the exercise pageant, in the Spanish. We had he not a given us that given Venice, his Adriatic. He for the "forrest" "pazienza," pat...

We first met of his in the Vi Jack, knowing a lian, immediately flict them on the most affable as his praise of told him with p tain to secure a when he returned University.

We met him o ther we had jou music of the more frequently in at the foot of th his companions th Jack grew ver so did I, and hours we spent i are indeed to-da mory.

One afternoon our stay in the across himself ar the Tre Fontane, reason why the v tain had a differ "St. Paul, you headed near here and could not the executioner's Apostle's head it and in each place "A very pretty Jack, signing h "No, tenebris dear American, if if you will taste will find them temperature.

We told him w shortly and wou see His Holines "E difficile, it he, "but after yo gto it I will try the "biglietti d' To say we wer putting it mildly side ourselves w "Then, after y must go to Venic San Salvatore, c covered gondola and bear the musi angeli, the musi Angels.

"I hope it wor of the old woma every morning "Acqua acetosa, forty care notes "Maché, Signor is the music of the you hear 'Santa Venite all'agle Santa Lucia, San "Well, I guess ter woman must geta decaduta," been thumping m in the hotel libr "It really mus place," said I.

"St. Signorina. Rome is historicc ate Venice it is and one who ha never appreciate "Venia, Venet non te pretia." "Why, it's a lit Jack, "compared and we have buil Doge's palace or for Lido, why whole business u Bridge."

I could see his dancing as Jack or, to use his ow lying."

"E uno bello p country," said Ja years more we in here and start an on the Campus the Palatine, and establishment in Just then the band beckoned his "I like that y Jack, "and I w him a little pres sive."
"Wait," said I, Venice, and both a nice souvenir o "But you know sent at the Prop and I am just dy is like."
"Well, Marie,"

Mama—Here comes your father. See how cross you've made him. Now go and tell him you're sorry. Tommy—Say, pop, I'm sorry you're so blamed cross.—Philadelphia Press.

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In the Basilica of the Old World.

On the Sunday within the Octave of the Epiphany we were invited to attend the exercises held in the Propaganda, in the broad Piazza di Spagna. We knew Marzio well, for he had not a few weeks previous given us that glowing description of Venice, the Venice, the "Bride of the Adriatic." He would get the tickets for the "forestieri," but "pazienza," "pazienza," patience, patience.

We first met him with a number of his companions in "camerata" form in the Villa Borghese, and Jack, knowing a few words of Italian, immediately proceeded to in-liaise with the poor Venetian. He was most affable and over-generous in his praise of Jack's Italian, and told him with practice he might be able to secure a professor's chair when he returned to some American University.

We met him on several occasions, sometimes on the Piazza Hill, which we had journeyed to hear the music of the municipal band, but more frequently in the little church at the foot of the hill where he and his companions were wont to make their evening visit.

Jack grew very fond of him, and so did I, and the many pleasant hours we spent in Marzio's company are indeed to-day a delightful memory. One afternoon towards the end of our stay in the Eternal City we ran across himself and a few others at the Tre Fontane, and he told us the reason why the different temperature.

"St. Paul, you know, was beheaded near here, for he was a Roman and could not be crucified. When the executioner's sword severed the Apostle's head it leaped three times and in each place a fountain arose."

"A very pretty tradition," said Jack, teasing him. "No, signore Americano, no my dear American, it is the truth, and if you will taste the waters you will find them all different as to temperature."

We told him we were leaving Rome shortly and would give anything to see His Holiness. "E difficile, it is difficult," said he, "but after you come to our Poliglotta I will try and secure for you the 'biglietti d'ingresso.'"

To say we were delighted would be putting it mildly, for we were beside ourselves with joy. "Then, after you leave Rome, you must go to Venice and see my church San Salvatore, and ride in the large covered gondola on the Grand Canal and hear la musica, la musica, die angeli, the music, the music of the Angels."

"I hope it won't be like the music of the old woman who cries out every morning under my window 'acqua acetosa,' and gets in about forty grace notes of the 'acetosa.'"

mother and mine and the entire Eaton family are told to begin preparations at once, we might be able to be ready for to-morrow afternoon."

"I had to laugh, for Jack Winslow was an irresistible young man, and one with whom you could never remain angry for he would never allow you that 'once and awhile for pleasure.' We grew up together and were always friends. I went to his birthday parties, he went to mine. Our summer cottages were near one another, and, in fine, 'his people were my people.'"

"Oh, Jack," said I, "when I left Smith's after graduation I was just crazy to write a novel."

"You must have been crazy to think of such a thing. I had that dream once, but an editor beyond the Rockies dispelled the clouds thus: 'Dear Sir: The editor regrets he cannot use your manuscript. So many things enter into the refusal, such as lack of space, other articles on the same subject, etc., etc., that we really cannot give specific criticism to your article. However, the return of a manuscript does not necessarily imply lack of merit or unfitness for publication. Thanking you for your courtesy in submitting the same to us, we are

Very truly yours,
The Editor."

"How perfectly kind of them, and I bet it was a real thrilling—love story, Jack."

"Well, it had Laura Jean Libbey beaten a mile, and as for a plot, Bertha Clay was a 'dead one' when my 'plume tranchant' got working."

"Oh, Jack, I wish you would stop using slang. Only the other evening when we were at the pension Bellovini on the Via Sistina you made use of some horrid college expressions, and I saw an English lady level her glass directly at you and mutter something to her companion."

"She was no lady to level her glass at me; she should have raised it Delsartian like to her ruby lips (if she was an artist, and most of them are) and say 'Drink to me only with thine eyes.'"

"Young man, you are a 'parvenu.' I bet he will have that word in his book."

"Oh, I do so admire authors, Jack. An author never dies, you know, he just departs."

"No, he never dies a natural death, he generally gets murdered or chloroformed."

"I mean what the quotation says, 'an author departs,' he does not die."

"I bet a woman is the perpetrator of that quotation, Marie. Pope says 'authors, like corns, grow dearer as they grow older.'"

"Well, Jack, you are really terrible, and I will say no more."

"When we arrived at the large door of the Propaganda Jack said something in Italian to the portiere and we were allowed to enter."

I shall never forget that afternoon and how pleased Marzio was when Jack told him after it was all over that it was magnificent.

Here we heard speak or chant in their own languages Greeks, Syrians and I couldn't tell how many from Senegambia who was not applauded the least, for, though his Wolof was understood by hardly any one, his powerful and pathetic voice made a wonderful impression on the whole audience. Jack had some verses recited at the exhibition given him by Marzio, and I have preserved them or "but them akeep," as Jack would say.

Made a Bishop of his Reverence."

At last we came to the throne room. Here we waited, and indeed I was nervous, but for what reason I do not know, for I was being afforded a privilege that is not granted to everybody. Finally we were called into the next room, where Leo XIII was ready to receive us.

Above the great golden throne shone a triple crown and there was the azure shield, the silver bar and the Cypress tree of the Pecci family.

As we came forward to be presented and salute the Pope, he held out his thin white hand on which gleamed a large emerald. It was the fisherman's ring, the sign of apostolic authority.

I touched his hand, but Jack reverently pressed his lips to the gold cross on the crimson velvet slipper.

It only lasted for a minute or so and as he gave us his blessing I knew and felt I had been face to face with the most exalted personage of modern history.

"Oh, Jack, your religion must be wonderful. I wish I were a Catholic."

"Come now, Marie, all have gone, and the Eaton's and the rest are going to drive outside the walls to San Lorenzo, where another holy personage rests, awaiting the judgment awaiting, Pius IX., let us take a last look at old St. Peter's."

"Why, hello! there is Father Adriano, who spent so many years in America, and a delightful type of a man and priest."

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Weakness is the word which best describes the condition of most people in the Spring. It may be bodily weakness, tired, draggy feeling and lack of energy and vigor.

Or it may be weakness of the heart, the nerves, the stomach, liver, kidneys, bowels or other vital organs. Wherever the trouble may be located, the cause is the same, failure of the blood to supply proper nourishment for the maintenance and restoration of the cells and tissues of the body and its organs.

Stimulants only give temporary relief. What is absolutely necessary is rich, red blood such as is found by the use of Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food, to nourish the organs back to health and vigor so that they can derive nourishment from the food.

Because of its blood-building qualities Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food is marvelously successful as a Spring restorative. 50c. a box, at all druggists, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto, Ont. Portrait and Signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., on every box of the genuine.

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CHERRY.

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oung woman of un- s.

a young woman of age attractiveness.

—A young woman and charm are ir- rel guest for college "poach," "pippin."

TERED

name which is f pure,

try it.

at it ch barrel y

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Surprise
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THURSDAY, JULY 2, 1908.

In vain will you build churches, give missions, found schools—all your works, all your efforts will be destroyed if you are not able to wield the defensive and offensive weapon of a loyal and sincere Catholic press.

Episcopal Approbation.
If the English Speaking Catholics of Montreal and of this Province consulted their best interests, they would soon make of the TRUE WITNESS one of the most prosperous and powerful Catholic papers in this country. I heartily bless those who encourage this excellent work.

NOTICE.
Correspondence intended for publication must have name of writer enclosed, not necessarily for publication but as a mark of good faith, otherwise it will not be published.

THE LAMBETH CONFERENCE.
At the Pan-Anglican conference, sitting in Lambeth Palace, England, were gathered representatives of the Anglican communion from all parts of the English-speaking world.

WHENCE THE EVIL?
When we say that Socialists—a large portion of them, at least—require Christians to deny some of their dogmatic principles, we are thinking of the doctrine of original sin.

ANENT SOCIALISM.
While we are speaking of the Socialist's desire that money, or land, or both, be evenly distributed among mankind, might we ask how long could this continue even were it feasible.

subserve the principles of those who deny its fundamental doctrines, or who, at least, profess one way or another that Christ's religion has failed.
Our Divine Master, when on earth, went about doing good—material good—feeding the hungry, healing and curing the maimed and the diseased; spiritual good—teaching divine truth to the ignorant, elevating the fallen, and consoling the poor and afflicted and the persecuted with the hope of reward in an everlasting home beyond the grave.

There is another body—and the largest body—of professing Christians, under one head, teaching with "power and authority," and in the name of Christ. Therefore, true to its mission, not failing, it has from Apostolic times made it a duty to feed the hungry, shelter the homeless, visit those in prison, build hospitals, redeem slaves, guard women's rights and marriage laws, found free schools, endow universities, reward scholars, encourage the fine arts, and (our enemies notwithstanding) foster and promote true scientific research.

OUR NATIONAL HOLIDAY.
Dominion Day—the 1st of July—the real day to celebrate in our own country, must remind us that Mrs. Canada is now advanced in years (It is forty-one years since Confederation.)

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.
We celebrated last week, in a modest way, the feast of St. John the Baptist. We love him as the cousin of our Divine Lord, and the forerunner of His mission.

VACATION TIME.
There is no doubt that change and variety from time to time are good for mortal beings. Accordingly, whether from falling health, or for preservation of health, or to follow the example of our neighbors,

we must snatch a few days or weeks from each year and tie ourselves to places where more conventionality is required, or else to where there is scarcely any at all. Catholics ought to remember, however, that there is no vacation from the service of God. He is always God, and our Creator, and takes no holidays in showering His benefits upon us.

What each State needs is good families, and for these no better model can be found than the Holy Family of Nazareth. There we find parental authority maintained and respected, and obedience proffered from One by Whom "kings reign and princes decree justice."

Another class of people who are forced to spend their vacation somewhere are our students—attendants at our colleges or convents. Of them we exact a high standard. We concede to them a high degree of intelligence, and we expect them to be models to the community in which they live, and the community always expects them to imitate the example of those under whose supervision they have spent the greater part of the year.

Soil and forest and mines are calling for capital and labor, and these supplied, the mechanics' shops and the places of manufacture also need skilled workmen.
The schools are open and colleges are not difficult of access. Freedom of worship is guaranteed to all.

There is no compulsion, but should we not fly our flag on Dominion Day—our own flag: the British flag bearing the Canadian arms?

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SURROUND YOURSELF



With a liberal supply of Fine Furnishings. We have anything you want in Men's wear, everything is the latest and the prices are lower than other stores.

BRENNAN'S
2 Stores: 251 St. Catherine St. West
7 " " East

The New Dry Goods Store.
New Summer Stock Now Ready
Tel. East 3256.
James Cuddy & Co.
706 St. Denis Street, near Roy
Late of Notre Dame East.
Your Patronage Cordially invited.
New and Up-to-date Dry Goods and House Furnishing.
James Cuddy & Co.
706 ST. DENIS, near Roy.

him further that he was bold enough to preach the Words in a manly way, to rebuke hypocrites, to call sinners to repentance and preparation for the kingdom of God, and to insist on even the soldiers doing their duty and being content with their pay. He is the only man who merited or received eulogy after death from our divine Saviour. The words were few and they were not pronounced at the obsequies of this fearless champion of truth and virtue.

A Sinking, Hollow, "All-Gone" Sensation at the Pit of the Stomach.
"THAT IS DYSPEPSIA"
A remedy which has rarely failed to give prompt relief and effect permanent cures even in the most obstinate cases, is

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS
It acts by regulating and toning the digestive organs, removing costiveness, and increasing the appetite, and restoring health and vigor to the system.

A Famous Ursuline.
Marie Guyard, in religion Mother Marie of the Incarnation, not only laid sure and deep the foundations of the Ursuline Order in Canada, but she left letters and memoirs that historians drew upon for reliable information of the early days of Canada.

AGENTS WANTED!—16x20 crayon portraits, 40 cents; frames 10 cents and up; sheet pictures, one cent each. You can make 400 p. cent profit, or \$86 per week. Catalogue and Samples free. FRANK W. WILLIAMS COMPANY, 1208 W. Taylor street, Chicago, Ill.

Stocks and Comm

Montreal Stock
A continued spirit pervades the atmosphere of Wall Street, and through the past week are steadily spreading over the country, Scotia and Iron under considerable pressure dropping to 42 1/2. Securities were very weak and prices were steady at 125. Bonds were steady at 100. Coupon, \$1000 selling at 125. At which price 125. The common stock 15-1-2 with small sales. Prospects of a still further coal case are set firm. Great hold its own at 100. Pacific steady at 100. Power, Richelieu is security should move a prospect for the two are about the brightest of the company. We refer our readers list for comparison of tions of last week.

Penmanship
Simple in method, practical in plan, perfect classification of letters according to similarity of formation. Uniformity and improved style of Capital letters, and Clear description of the formation of each letter given separately on the covers, and especially illustrated by diagrams. Absence of unmeaning words and superior selection of sentences. Perfect and progressive grading. Thorough drill in natural models. Copies written and full of life. Superior quality of materials used and excellence of manufacture. Special adaptation to School use, being prepared for this purpose by practical teachers daily employed in teaching the subject.

J. J. GARLAND
Gravel Roofing and all kinds of Galvanized Iron Work.
Damp Proof Flooring a Specialty. Also Portland Cement Work.
27 & 29 St. James St. Montreal.

H. BOURGIE, Undertaker and Funeral Director.
1314 NOTRE DAME WEST
Coffins in wood and metal of all descriptions. First class hearse for funerals and all accessories. Subscription to the funeral society \$1.00 per year for the family.

ST. ELMO RESTAURANT
Corner McGill and RECULLETT
A. E. Finlayson, Proprietor.
Now is the time for a good hot dinner and not only hot but the best 25c meal in the City. Give us a call, lots of room.

Provision M
In sympathy with strength in the foreign Canadian bacon and t advance in prices a t has developed in the for live hogs and pro another rise of 20c to 100 lbs. The demand sales of selected lots v \$6.85 to \$7 per 100

Stocks and Commerce.

MONTREAL STOCKS.

Tuesday.
A continued spirit of dullness still pervades the atmosphere of our local market, and transactions for the past week are of the retail variety, spread over the whole list. Today's Scotch and Iron stocks were to-day considerable pressure, the former dropping to 42 1/2, while sub-stocks were very weak and Iron essentially lower than parity. Bid quotations were steady at 75 1/2 bid except on \$1000 selling at 76. Pre-coupon, \$1000 and lower at 59, ferred was weak and lower at 59, at which price 125 shares were at old. The common came out at 15 1/2 with small sales of 50. The prospectus of a settlement of the Steel Coal case are still further off. De-livered held its own at 42 1/8. Cana-rian Pacific steady at 160, as well as Power, Richelieu is inactive. This security should move actively as the prospects for the two next months are about the brightest in the history of the company.

Montreal Stock Exchange.

STOCK	Sellers	Buyers
Bell Telephone Co.	138	134
Can. Converters	160 1/2	170
Canadian Pacific	42 1/2	45 1/2
Detroit Electric Railway	42 3/4	45
Dom. Coal Com.	100 1/2	105
Dom. L. & S. Tel. Co.	15 1/2	15 1/2
Dom. L. & S. Tel. Co. Pfd.	59 1/2	59
Dunlop Common.	100	95 1/2
Edison Electric	25	20
Havanna Electric	75	80
Illinois Tel. & Ck. Co.	110	110
Inter. Coal Com.	112 1/2	115 1/2
Lake of Woods Com.	86	85 1/2
Laurentide Paper	112 1/2	115 1/2
Mackay Com.	113 1/2	115 1/2
Mexican L. & H.	55 1/2	55 1/2
Minn. & St. Paul Pfd.	109 1/2	109 1/2
Montreal L. H. & Power	93 1/2	93 1/2
Montreal S. & N. D.	170	170 1/2
New S. R.	15 1/2	15 1/2
Mag. Islands Dev. Co. Com.	15 1/2	15 1/2
Marconi Wireless	65	59 1/2
Montreal Loan & Mortgage	138	138
Montreal Steel Works	138	138
Montreal Tel. Co.	42 1/2	42 1/2
Nipissing	110	110
Ohio	108	105 1/2
N. S. Steel & Coal	35	32 1/2
N. West Land	75	73 1/2
Ontario Mills Com.	45 1/2	45 1/2
Ogishville	131	131
S. John Electric Ry.	69 1/2	91
Toledo	103 1/2	103 1/2
Tri. City Pfd.	95 1/2	95 1/2
Trin. City Pfd.	75 1/2	75 1/2
Windsor Hotel	85	85 1/2
Windsor Hotel	159	159
Windsor Hotel	159	159

BANKS	Bid.	Asked
B. N. A.	150	150
Commerce	100	100
Hamilton	150	149
Hochelaga	137	137
Mercantile	152	152
Molson's	196	196
Montreal	230	235
National	270	270
New Brunswick	280	277
Ontario	130	125
Quebec	130	125
Standard	219 1/2	217
Toronto	140	133
Union	140	133

COTTONS	Bid.	Asked
Can. C. Cot. Co.	50	47
Dom. Textile Com.	42 3/4	42 3/4
Montreal	110	103 1/2

BONDS	Bid.	Asked
Bell Telephone	103	99
Can. Converters	97 1/2	92
Dominion Coal	77	75 1/2
Dominion Cotton	99	99
Edison Electric	81	80 1/2
Havanna Electric	81	80 1/2
Illinois Tel. & Ck. Co.	109	107 1/2
Inter. Coal Com.	109	107 1/2
Lake of Woods	109	107 1/2
Laurentide Paper	109	107 1/2
Mackay Com.	109	107 1/2
Mexican L. & H.	109	107 1/2
Minn. & St. Paul	109	107 1/2
Montreal L. H. & Power	109	107 1/2
Montreal S. & N. D.	109	107 1/2
New S. R.	109	107 1/2
Mag. Islands Dev. Co.	109	107 1/2
Marconi Wireless	109	107 1/2
Montreal Loan & Mortgage	109	107 1/2
Montreal Steel Works	109	107 1/2
Montreal Tel. Co.	109	107 1/2
Nipissing	109	107 1/2
Ohio	109	107 1/2
N. S. Steel & Coal	109	107 1/2
N. West Land	109	107 1/2
Ontario Mills	109	107 1/2
Ogishville	109	107 1/2
S. John Electric Ry.	109	107 1/2
Toledo	109	107 1/2
Tri. City Pfd.	109	107 1/2
Trin. City Pfd.	109	107 1/2
Windsor Hotel	109	107 1/2
Windsor Hotel	109	107 1/2
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PROVISION MARKET.

In sympathy with the recent strength in the foreign markets for Canadian bacon and the late sharp advance in prices, a stronger feeling has developed in the local market for live hogs and the price worked another rise of 20c to 25c per 100 lbs. The demand is good, and sales of selected lots were made at \$8.85 to \$7 per 100 lbs., weighed

Stocks and Commerce.

off cars. There is also a much firmer feeling in the market for dressed hogs and the inside price for this week is \$9.50 per 100 lbs. The demand for hams and bacon continues good, and an active trade is passing. We quote:
Pork—Heavy Canada short cut mess pork, in tierces, \$32 to \$32.50; heavy Canada short cut mess pork, in barrels, \$21.50 to \$22; selected heavy Canada short cut mess pork, boneless, \$22 to \$22.50; Canada short cut clean pork, \$21 to \$21.50; very heavy clear fat back pork, \$22 to \$22.50.

MONTREAL LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Receipts for the week ending June 27 were 3757 cattle, 784 sheep and lambs, 2299 hogs and 785 calves.
The supply for local consumption Monday consisted of 1000 cattle, 150 sheep and lambs, 1250 hogs and 200 calves.
The market for cattle was easier and declined 1/4 per cent. Choice export steers sold at 6 1/2 to 6 3/4 and good at 6c to 6 1/4; good butchers stock, 4 1/2 to 5c; lean cows, 3 1/2 to 4 1/4 and inferior 3c; 1 1/2 to 2c per pound.
Sheep prices are easier. Selected stock 4c to 4 1/4c. Yearling lambs, 4 3/4 to 5c. Spring lambs—short supply, prices \$3.50 to \$5 each. Offerings of calves are smaller. Choice stock \$8 to \$10 and common \$2 to \$5 each.
Hogs are dearer in price, \$6.85 to \$7 per 100 lbs. weighed off the cars.
The continued preference for Canadian stock by British consumers is likely to keep this market firm, if not higher.

Loyola College Closing

Graduating Class, 1908: The degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on M. Augustine Downes, Walter A. J. Merrill, Joseph C. B. Walsh, Michael T. Burke, T. Sargent Owens, Vincent J. McElderry.
The degree of Bachelor of Science was conferred on Leo T. Lynch.

DAIRY PRODUCE.

CHEESE.

The local cheese market was stronger to-day in sympathy with the high prices paid in the country Saturday. Westerns are quoted 12 1/4 to 12 3/4 and Easterns 12c. Cheese sold at the boat 11 3/4c.
BUTTER.
The local butter market is easier. Increased receipts are the cause. Finest creamery is quoted at 23 1/4 to 23 1/2 in round lots and 24c to grocers. Boat offerings sold at 23c.

Flour, Grain, and Hay Markets.

The foreign demand for new crop Manitoba spring wheat was fair to-day and bids came unchanged from Saturday to a trifle higher. There was also some enquiry for old crop wheat for July-August shipment, but as bids showed no improvement little if any new business resulted. The local and outside demand for Manitoba feed wheat continues slow, but as the offerings are not large prices rule steady at 71c to 72c for No. 1 per bushel ex-store. There is a steady demand for American No. 2 mixed corn at 77 1/2c per bushel, ex-store. There was no change in oats, for which the demand continues slow. We quote:
Eastern Canada No. 2 white oats, 49c to 50c; No. 3, 47 1/2c to 48c; No. 4 at 46c to 46 1/2c; and rejected at 45c to 45 1/2c, and Manitoba at 46 1/2c to 47c per bushel, ex-store.
There were no new developments in the local flour situation, business being still quiet and prices unchanged.

Choice spring wheat patents, \$6.10 to \$6.50; winter wheat patents \$5.00 to \$5.50; straight rollers, \$4.40 to \$4.50; do., in bags, \$2 to \$2.10; extras, \$1.65 to \$1.75.
The demand for all lines of mill-feed is still somewhat limited, and the market is quiet with a steady undertone. We quote as follows:
Manitoba bran, \$22 to \$23; shorts, \$25; Ontario bran, \$19.50 to \$20; middlings \$25 to \$26; shorts \$24.50 to \$25 per ton, including bags; pure grain moullie, \$30 to \$32; and milled grades, \$25 to \$28 per ton.
Business in rolled oats continues slow and prices are unchanged at \$2.50 per bag of 90 lbs. The demand for cornmeal is also quiet at \$1.88 to \$1.95 per bag.
There was no improvement in the demand for baled hay, in consequence the market remains quiet and prices easy. We quote:
No. 1, \$10.50 to \$11; No. 2, \$9 to \$9.50; ordinary No. 2, \$8.50 to \$9; clover, \$7.50; clover mixed, \$7 per ton in car lots.

COUNTRY PRODUCE

A fairly active trade in eggs continues to be done and prices show no change. We quote: Selected at 18c; No. 1 at 16 1/2 to 17c, and No. 2 at 14c per dozen.
There is no change in beans, business being quiet and prices firmly maintained. We quote: Austrian stock at \$2.05 to \$2.10, and Ontario at \$2.15 to \$2.25 per bushel.
A firm feeling has developed in the market for potatoes, owing to the fact that supplies on spot have been well cleaned up, and prices have advanced. Green mountains are quoted on track at 80c to 85c; Quebec whites at 75c to 80c; with red stock quoted at 70c to 75c per bag in car lots.
The market for honey is dull and featureless. We quote:
White comb honey at 13 1/2 to 14c; 12 1/2 to 13c; clover at 11c to 12c; and buckwheat at 10c to 11c per lb.
The demand for maple products continues slow and prices show no change. We quote:
Maple syrup at 5c to 5 1/2c per lb. in wood, and 6c to 6 1/4c in tins. Sugar at 6c to 7c per lb.
The market for potash continues quiet, but prices show no further

Cobalt Stocks	Bid.	Asked
Cobalt Lake	.14 1/2	.16
Cobalt	.34	.36
Coniasag	.50	.52
Crows Reserve	.50	.52
City of Cobalt	1.45	1.50
Porter	.48	.46
Green Mountain	.10	.14
Kerr Lake	2.50	3.00
Little Nipissing	.27	.31
McKinley-Darragh	.70	.72 1/2
Nipissing	.48	.49 1/2
Nova Scotia	.14 1/2	.15 1/2
Peterborough	.14 1/2	.15 1/2
Right of Way	2.50	3.00
Silver Queen	1.00	1.00
Tremblay	.12 1/2	.13
Temiskaming	.38	.39
Empire Coal		
Lafosse Coal		

PROVISION MARKET.

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Latin-1 prize, James Flood; hon. mention, John Masson, Albert McDonald.
Greek-Prize, Stephen Kelly; hon. mention, James Flood, Albert McDonald.
Mathematics—Gold medal, presented by Mr. Fitz-James E. Browne, awarded to John Masson; hon. mention, Thomas Galligan, Albert McDonald.
French-Prize, John Masson; hon. mention, Albert McDonald, Adrian Fletcher.

History—Prize, Albert McDonald; hon. mention, Thomas Galligan, Stephen Kelly.
The following boys have during the year distinguished themselves by uniform application: John Masson, Stephen Kelly, James Flood, Thomas Galligan, Conrad Wolff.
First Grammar—Class standing—Prize, Charles Smith; hon. mention, Henri de Varennes, Bernard McCullough.
Religious Instruction—Prize, Bernard McCullough; hon. mention, Charles Smith, John V. Coughlin.
English—First prize, Charles Smith; hon. mention, Henri de Varennes, Bernard McCullough.
Latin—Prize, Charles Smith; hon. mention, Henri de Varennes, Charles O'Brien.
Greek—Prize, Charles Smith; hon. mention, Bernard McCullough, Henri de Varennes.
Mathematics—Prize, Charles Smith; hon. mention, Henri de Varennes, Bernard McCullough.
French—Prize, Henri de Varennes; hon. mention, Charles Smith, Bernard McCullough.

History—Prize, Charles Smith; hon. mention, Bernard McCullough, Henri de Varennes.
The following boys have during the year distinguished themselves by uniform application—Charles Smith, Bernard McCullough, Henri de Varennes, John V. Coughlin, Louis Lemieux.
Second Grammar—Class standing: First prize, James Freeland; second prize, Edmund Coughlin; hon. mention, Desmond O'Boyle, Edmund O'Reilly, Harold Kavanagh.
Religious Instruction—First prize, Edmund O'Reilly; second prize, Jas. Freeland; hon. mention, Desmond O'Boyle, Cyril Beck, Robert Laurier.
English—First prize, Edmund Coughlin; second prize, Desmond O'Boyle; hon. mention, Edmund O'Reilly, Cyril Beck, Harold Kavanagh.
Latin—First prize, D. O'Boyle; second prize, Edmund Coughlin; hon. mention, Edmund O'Reilly, Cyril Beck, Harold Kavanagh.
Greek—First prize, Edmund O'Reilly; second prize, James Freeland; hon. mention, Cyril Beck, D. O'Boyle, E. Coughlin.

Mathematics—First prize, Patrick Galley; second prize, D. O'Boyle; hon. mention, J. Freeland, T. Brady, E. Kirk.
French—First prize, E. O'Reilly; second prize, Cyril Beck; hon. mention, J. Freeland, H. Kavanagh, E. Coughlin.
History and Geography—First prize, H. Kavanagh; second prize, Cyril Beck; hon. mention, J. Freeland, E. O'Reilly, P. Galley.
The following boys have during the year distinguished themselves by uniform application—E. Kirk, E. O'Reilly, J. Kiely, J. Freeland, C. Beck, R. Laurier, D. O'Gallagher.
Third Grammar—Class standing: First prize, Adrian McKenna; second prize, Stanton Hudson; hon. mention, Peter Thornton, Chisholm Pearson, Austin Beck.

Religious Instruction—First prize, Seward Toddings; second prize, P. Thornton; hon. mention, S. Hudson, A. Robinson, P. Marion.
English—First prize, A. Robinson; second prize, S. Hudson; hon. mention, P. Thornton, D. McDonald, A. McKenna.
Latin—First prize, A. Robinson; second prize, A. McKenna; hon. mention, S. Hudson, P. Thornton, D. McDonald.
Greek—First prize, A. Robinson; second prize, P. Macdonald; hon. mention, D. McDonald, S. Hudson, C. Pearson.
Arithmetic—First prize, P. Thornton; second prize, A. Robinson; hon. mention, S. Hudson, L. Casey, R. McEachen.
French—First prize, E. Pratt; second prize, D. McDonald; hon. mention, A. Robinson, P. Macdonald, L. Casey.

History and Geography—First prize, P. Thornton; second prize, S. Hudson; hon. mention, A. Robinson, S. Toddings, R. McEachen.
The following boys have during the year distinguished themselves by uniform application—F. Macdonald, P. Marion, J. Caven, A. McKenna, A. Robinson.
Special Latin—Class standing—First prize, Leo Burns; second prize, Wilfrid Foley; hon. mention, Cerda Foley, Maurice Robillard, Francis McKenna.
Religious instruction—First prize, J. Galley; second prize, W. Foley; hon. mention, P. McKenzie, L. Burns, C. Foley.
English—First prize, L. Burns; second prize, C. Foley; hon. mention, W. Foley, J. Carlin, V. Walsh.
Latin—First prize, W. Foley; second prize, L. Burns; hon. mention, C. Foley, J. Carlin, F. McKenzie.
Greek—Prize, C. Foley; hon. mention, L. Burns, W. Foley.
Arithmetic—First prize, L. Burns; second prize, W. Foley; hon. mention, B. McPhee, M. Robillard, L. Bagnall.

French—First prize, W. Foley; second prize, L. Lavallee; hon. mention, C. Foley, J. Carlin, L. Burns.
History and Geography—First prize, C. Foley; second prize, V. Walsh; hon. mention, L. Burns, J. McCarthy, J. Carlin.
Prize for hon. mentions, J. Carlin.
The following boys have during the year distinguished themselves by uniform application—C. Foley, W. Foley, L. Burns, V. Walsh, L. Lavallee.
Latin Rudiments—Class standing—(Prizes given by a friend)—First prize, Edward Desbarats; second prize, Joseph Rochford; hon. men-

Get your Furniture and Building insured with Geo. H. Thibault True Witness Office Agent for the Northern Assurance Co'y of London, England

Over Half a Million Cash Unclaimed.

Mr. Fielding has issued a report of dividends, unclaimed balances and drafts or bills of exchange remaining unpaid in the chartered banks of Canada for five years and upwards prior to December 31 last year.
The Bank of Montreal heads the list with \$121,688 unclaimed balances, \$1,124 unpaid dividends, and \$3,988 unpaid drafts on bills of exchange.
Other banks with large balances lying unclaimed are: Bank of British North America, with \$54,379, and Canadian Bank of Commerce with \$53,266.
Those with the smallest amounts unclaimed are the Bank of St. Johns, with \$81.29, the Sovereign Bank with \$99.79, and the St. Stephen's Bank with \$306.78. The total figures show an increase in unclaimed balances over 1906 (the latter year being \$554,574), and 1907, of \$586,246.

Was Weak and Run Down WOULD VERY OFTEN FAINT AWAY

Mrs. J. H. Armstrong, Port Elmsley, Ont., tells of her experience with MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS.

She writes: "It is with gratitude I tell how your Heart and Nerve Pills benefited me.
"I was very weak and run down, had headaches nearly every day and very often would faint away, in fact, my doctor said that sometime I would never come out of the faint. It was through one of your traveling agents that I was induced to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and after taking three boxes I am glad to relate it has been a number of years since I had a fainting spell and scarcely ever have a headache. Too much cannot be said in praise of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, for in me they have effected a perfect cure."
Price 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Au Wiedersehen.

(From the German.)
The parting way upon life's battle field Is but a step; afar, each glittering shield Marks every soldier's fate, resolute Aims sure, we meet and part love in a breath— But Oh! the joy on that eternal shore, To be united there for evermore— Our cross must be the road, sweet-hearted our cross, All else were dark our strivings were at loss—
In night's dark casket seek the light that shines, That awful light on whom the world relies— Then in the sunset of His glory we shall meet for ever in His eternity. Why fear thee death? A slender thread thou art, That binds the past and present heart to heart— Our cross, sweetheart, our cross and His to bear, Shall lead us to God's heavenly kingdom there.
MAX WALTER MANNIX.

A Boon for the Bilious.—The liver is a very sensitive organ and easily deranged. When this occurs there is undue secretion of the bile and the acid liquor flows into the stomach and sours it. It is a most distressing ailment, and many are prone to it. In this condition a man finds the best remedy in Parnelle's Vegetable Pills, which are warranted to speedily correct the disorder. There is no better medicine in the entire list of pill preparations.

Live Agents Wanted

In every locality to take subscriptions for the True Witness.
Write for terms to THE TRUE WITNESS PUB. CO. 316 Lagachezine St. West, Montreal.

RESTAURANT

...of her arrival had to do with politics, or relief or consolation, or the consolation of the pen. She gives new arrivals, biographers, and characterizing Indian of the public reproved the Empire discouraged, a inspiration of nearly thirty- with more than any other of early Ca-

THURSDAY, JULY 2, 1908. BOYS' A LICENSE F...

A Question of Time.

(Jessie Reader, in The Messenger.)

"Yes, indeed," said the priest quietly; "evolution has had its day—scientists have already dropped it with the old verdict of not proven."

"You have not been reading much lately," suggested Father Louis, in answer to the look.

"No, not much, but I was not aware that I had fallen behind the times in my views. You will pardon me if I say that I find some difficulty in taking your sweeping assertions quite seriously."

"I don't think I shall have any difficulty in proving to you that Darwin's theory as far as man is concerned is quite discredited in the advanced realms of science. Zoology, as it widens the field of its researches, becomes more firm in declining to produce man's progenitor in the genus ape; the very dryest bones of palaeontology refusing to give even a suggestion of that missing link of the Darwinian chain."

"Psychology, too, has a word to say on the subject, which must be listened to nowadays. It is a word of disapproval, and an emphatic one at that. It seems to me that for the last half century scientists have been following a barren quest—where they have been questioning matter—where they should have looked for mind, the mind in the universe, the divine plan, the Creator working in His own Creation; some of them are already beginning to find this out for themselves."

"I am not in a position to disprove anything you say, Father," said Mr. Maitland, after a pause.

"When you are stronger I will bring you some of the latest reports I have from various centres. You can then form your own views. Like yourself, I have dropped behind—indeed, I have long ago dropped out of all active pursuit of science. I used to know all that was stirring. I ran about Europe a good deal in my young days, and I met most of the great scientists of my time. I have several very dear friends among them now, and they keep me supplied with the newest literature, which, by the way, I don't very often read," he added, laughing softly.

"But, Father, how could you give it all up, and bury yourself in a monastery?"

"I don't think he will, I am a doctor myself—I studied medicine in London, in Paris, in Berlin and in those days I used to think in those days that I knew something of tuberculosis. Anyway, I have come here to help you, and I mean to do so. Will you suffer me so far?"

of them wear earrings, and father says they are Spaniards now as far as their looks go. I like them, but I don't think Priscilla has a very high opinion of them. She calls them 'a lot of haythings,' whatever that means, and always quarrels with them about the price of the fish."

"That's very interesting, Hubert," said Father Louis, adding mentally, "if that is true, Catholic traditions cannot quite have died out amongst them. Here will be a starting point for our apostolic work in England."

A few hours later a messenger knocked at the door of Redland Cottage, where he delivered a can of milk and a big basket. The children crowded round to see the basket unpacked, making appreciative remarks in the meanwhile. There were chickens in that basket, and eggs and butter, brandy, too, and old wine, and big purple grapes.

"Now daddy will get better," said Elsie. "Here be a friend fur uz," said Priscilla. "The Lord sent he fur uz."

"God sent him," said Reggie; "we asked Him to."

"I don't vind them no different from other children as have zous," she answered drily; "bless their little hearts; they won't vind I a tellin' them up a tale like that."

Mr. Maitland had rallied surprisingly. Every day for a fortnight a generous supply of milk and provisions had been delivered at the cottage, and with the nourishment and stimulant which he had so greatly needed he seemed to receive a new lease of life and energy. His doctor was greatly pleased with the improvement; he had met Father Louis in the land, on the day of the priest's first visit to Redland Cottage, and they had had a long consultation about the case.

"I will give you a free hand with him, Father," the doctor had said after their professional talk, "and I am only too thankful to have your co-operation; he has been a real anxiety to me, for he has been half-starved when he should have been having the most abundant nourishment and unlimited stimulants, and as he is as proud as Lucifer, I have not seen my way to helping him at all. I am surprised that you have been able to do so much with him; or rather, I should say, now I have had the pleasure of meeting you, Father, that I am not surprised; but it is a wonder he consented to see you, for he is a red-hot agnostic, and he seemed to me to be perfectly fanatic in his hatred of clergymen. I suggested one day that he should see the vicar—it has really been a case for charitable relief, you know—and he looked like murdering me there and then."

"He did not exactly receive me with rapture," said Father Louis drily, "but I am not very easily deceived."

"How do you do?" said Hubert politely, advancing to the stranger with outstretched hand.

"Ah, Hubert and Reggie, I suppose," said Father Louis smiling; "very glad to make your acquaintance."

"Did God get our wireless telegram?" asked Reggie. "We sent it the best way we could, but of course we were not sure it was all right."

"And have you come from the other side of the stars, and do they all wear these kind of clothes there?"

scares away, and I mean to do all I can for him for the sake of the children."

"Ah, yes, poor little souls," said the doctor thoughtfully. "Well, you may be able to save him, in the bodily sense, there is a chance for him if you can get that old wine into him for his soul—the doctor gathered up his horse's reins, and put his foot in the stirrup; then as he settled himself on his saddle he added rather mischievously, 'that would be a very bright jewel in your crown, Father,' and they both laughed, as they said good-bye with great friendliness."

It had been a trying fortnight for Father Louis, and although he had the satisfaction of seeing his patient getting daily stronger, and of seeing also how his visits had become a source of interest and pleasure to him in his lonely confinement, he was obliged to confess that as far as the man's soul was concerned he had so far done nothing; he had failed to evoke even the faintest sign of life from behind that thick, dark wall of atheism against which he daily flung himself with all the strength of his powerful will.

As for the sick man himself, these daily visits, the companionship of a finely trained mind, and the long and close arguments they often held together, were not only a real pleasure to him, but they acted as a mental stimulus as well, so that the stagnation of his mind passed off, his old mental habit immediately asserted itself, and the passive and indifferent unbeliever whom Father Louis had found on his first visit, had roused up once more into the fierce and aggressive agnostic. The priest had met him fairly on his own ground, and he had obliged him many times to lay down his controversial arms, overcome by a greater mind and wider knowledge; but in spite of these occasional triumphs, Father Louis in his own heart had to admit himself defeated. All his eloquence, all his patient argument had failed to enkindle even the tiniest spark of faith in that darkened and perverted mind.

"He is like a limpet on a rock," he said to himself one day, as he took his way, rather slowly, towards Redland Cottage, "he has shut himself down so tightly under a close, hard shell of materialism, neither the light of God, nor the ocean of His grace can penetrate it."

He talked to him of God, the God he himself knew and loved, he was listened to with amused tolerance, or with a scornful impatience. But now, he reflected, they had spoken enough of a 'First Cause' and an 'Origin of Matter,' he would talk no more of it, he would come now to the revelation of God, to the gospel of Christ, to the folly of the Cross; he would deliver the message of his Divine Master in spite of unwilling ears, and pray that some echo of the word of Life Eternal might find its way "through the deep cares of thought," and wake the deadened soul.

When he reached the cottage he found Mr. Maitland sitting up in bed—writing; he had a blotting pad on his knee, and an ink-stand on a table beside him. His face was flushed, his eyes ununusually bright, and he seemed elated and excited.

"Is this wise?" asked Father Louis as he entered. "I am sure you are not strong enough for such exertion; won't you let me write for you?"

"You should ask what I am writing before making such an offer," said the invalid, with a rather malicious smile. "I felt so much better last evening that I thought I would begin a series of articles for the journal I used to write for; the editor will be glad to hear from me again, I know, and I shall be glad of his cheque."

"And the subject of your articles?" asked Father Louis, with a sudden sinking of the heart.

"Popular Fallacies of Religion, and Their Effect on the Development of the Human Mind. Article one will deal with the evolution of the idea of God."

The old evil light had flared up again in his light blue eyes, it was the signal for a fight, and a fighting light as strong and keen leaped suddenly into Father Louis' dark-grey ones.

"Mr. Maitland," he said sternly, "you are putting your newly-found strength to a base and unworthy use, to an evil use; you are returning evil for good with an ingratitude one would not find in the lower animals—even in wild beasts. You know I have come to you as the servant of that God whom you insult; you know that it is in His name that I have succeeded you and yours, which has done you so much good—oh, shame upon you! At least let me finish my mission and begone before you begin your work again for the enemy of humanity, let the devil wait until I have done with you. I came to you because of your trouble and affliction, I have remained with you hoping to deliver your soul from the bondage of agnosticism and to bring you to the knowledge of your Creator and your God, your first beginning and your last end. In any case you are not strong enough for work; when you are I shall leave you."

"If I remember rightly," said Mr. Maitland, "I told you very plainly in the beginning that you would be wasting your time in attempting to convert me to your worn-out creed; I am sure you have meant well in the matter and I thank you, and you must not think me ungrateful for all you have done for me, for indeed, I am not ungrateful; you must remember, however, that you came here of your own free will, in fact, you took advantage of my weakness and helplessness to force your presence upon me; that I have come to regard you with a certain amount of what you call friendship is not to be mistaken for any tolerance of your religion or your calling."

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ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1866; incorporated 1863; revised 1840. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Chaplain, Rev. Gerald McShane, P.P.; President, Mr. W. P. Kearney; 1st Vice-President, Mr. H. J. Kavanaugh; 2nd Vice-President, Mr. E. McQuirk; Treasurer, Mr. W. Durack; Corresponding Secretary, Mr. T. P. Tansey; Asst. Recording Secretary, Mr. M. E. Tansey; Marshal, Mr. B. Campbell; Asst. Marshal, Mr. P. Connolly.

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THE TRUE WITNESS

Printing and Publishing Works. You say I came here of my own free will, said Father Louis. 'I am not so sure of that. What do you make of this?' He pulled a crumpled paper from his pocket, and handed it to Mr. Maitland. He watched him while he unfolded it, and read his children's message to the God he had decreed they should never know. He knew Hubert's writing, he could not doubt the genuineness of the document; he looked at it for a long time in silence, then he handed it back without a word—there was an irony in the whole circumstance, so obvious, there was nothing to be said; he tasted the bitterness of it in every part of his being.

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Synopsis of Canada North-West

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, excepting 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 must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situate. Entry by proxy may, however, be made on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

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 said land.

Six months' notice in writing should be given the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent. W. W. COLEY, Deputy Minister of the Interior. N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

TRULY A STRUGGLING MISSION

In The Diocese of Northampton, FAKENHAM, NORFOLK, ENGLAND.

This Mission of St. Anthony of Padua was started by me nearly three years ago by command of the late Bishop of Northampton. I had then, and I have now, no Church, no Presbytery, no Diocesan Grant, no Endowment (except Hope).

I am still obliged to say Mass and give Benediction in a mean upper room. Yet, such as it is, this is the sole outpost of Catholicism in a division of the County of Norfolk measuring 35 x 20 miles. The weekly offerings of the congregation are necessarily small. We must have outside help for the present, or hand down the flag. The generosity of the Catholic Public has enabled us to secure a valuable site for Church and Presbytery. We have money in hand towards the cost of building, but the Bishop will not allow us to go into debt.

I am most grateful to those who have helped us, and trust they will continue their charity. To those who have not helped I would say—"For the sake of the Cause give something, if only a little." It is easier and more pleasant to give than to beg. Speed the glad hour when I need no longer plead for a permanent Home for the Blessed Sacrament.

FATHER H. W. GRAY, Catholic Mission, Fakenham, Norfolk, Eng'd.

P.S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation, and send with my acknowledgments a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart and St. Anthony. (EPISCOPAL AUTHORIZATION) Dear Father Grey, You have duly accounted for the aims which you have received, and you have placed them securely in the names of Diocesan Trustees. Your efforts have gone far towards providing what is necessary for the establishment of a permanent Mission at Fakenham. I authorize you to continue to solicit alms for this object until, in my judgment, it has been fully attained. Yours faithfully in Christ, P. W. KEATING, Bishop of Northampton.

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BOYS' AND GIRLS a Pause in the Day's Occupation.

A LICENSE FOR PRINCE. "What's that noise in the hall? asked the mayor of his clerk, who had just entered the private office. "It's a little girl," was the smile, "not re ved, may be of a family, or any years of age, to the quarter section of 160 less. be made personally at office for the district and is situate. may, however, be in conditions by, an, daughter, bro of an intending home- der is required to per- tions connected there- one of the following six months' residence vation of the land in three years. (or mother, if ceased) of the home- upon a farm in the land entered for, the to residence may be such person residing or mother. tetter has his perma- upon farming land in the vicinity of his requirements as to be satisfied by rest- land. notice in writing of the Commissioner of lands at Ottawa, in- for Patent. W. W. GORY, rter of the Interior. ized publication of out will not be paid

STRUGGLING MISSION of Northampton, NORFOLK, ENGLAND. of St. Anthony of ed by me nearly three mand of the late Bishop and I have now, no Dio- , no Endowment ed to say Mass and give mean upper room. Yet, is the sole outpost of the County ring 35 x 20 miles. ings of the congrega- rily small. We must for the present, or haul of the Catholic Public ecur a valuable site of the Cause give some- ttle". It is easier and give than to beg. Speed hen I need no longer nament Home for the t. H. W. GRAY, kenham, Norfolk, Eng'd, rately and promptly smallest donation, and knowledge of a beau- the Sacred Heart and

MY DOLL. I have pleasant recollections of a doll in my collection. Of the many toys which cheered the happy long ago. Wax she was, with joints to bend her; golden curls and smile so tender. Showing teeth all small and even. white and pure as driven snow. When I awakened first to find her, near a tree which stood behind her. On a bright and Merry Christ- mas, in the happy days of yore. Long I gazed with joy enraptured, at the prize which I had captured. Thrilled by this darling's mamma. real and true forevermore. To my arms at once I pressed her, then disrobed, then quickly dressed her. And sweet names, both soft and tender, as mamma oft coo'd to me. Called her "honey-bunch," and told her, that through life I ne'er would scold her. And in her blue eyes, in my fancy, sweet approval I could see. Ah, the tender love I lavished, on this doll which time has rav- ished. Of all beauty, and now neglected, high upon the shelf it lies. Where by chance one day I found her, cried for memories which surround her. And again in strangest fancy, read approval in her eyes. -Margaret Goggin.

WATCH YOURSELF GO BY. Just stand aside and watch yourself go by. Think of yourself as "he" instead of "I". Note closely, as in other men you note. The bag-throated trousers and the seedy coat. Pick flaws: find fault; forget the man is you. And strive to make your estimate ring true. Confront yourself and look you in the eye. Just stand aside and watch your- self go by. Interpret all your motives just as though you looked on one whose aims you did not know. Let undisguised contempt surge

Common Sts. Published 1864. Brien, a Decorative Painter and Decorative Sign-Walker. Tinting. Orders promptly filled. Office, 61 Dundas Street, West, Montreal. Phone, Up 263.

Disintegration of the French Protestant Church.

(N.Y. Freeman's Journal.) While the Catholic Church, despite the bitter persecution to which it has been subjected in France, has in reality emerged from the trials of the past three years with renewed vitality and full of the brightest promise, the French Protestant Church has, says a writer in Le Christianisme (Paris), on the contrary, almost completely broken up, and remains to-day only a shadow of what it formerly was. French Protestantism of the hour is torn with dissensions, and there remains but a slender hope of its surviving the disestablishment crisis. There was a time when, owing to the anti-Catholic spirit which subsisted among the supporters of the Government, politicians were full of flatteries for the leaders of the Protestant Church in France. These leaders were more than once assured that the issue of the conflict might see the Protestant Church exempt from disestablishment, with the possible eventualities of its being grafted upon the nation as a tentative scheme of religion. It is hardly to be credited, but the leaders of French Protestantism were not deaf to the flatteries, and it was only on awakening from their disillusionment when the law of disestablishment came into whole- sale operation, that they turned to face the realities of the situation. The whole scheme of French Pro- testantism was torn with rivalries and unsettled doctrines. Consistories were summoned to meet in several of the great centres, with the object of bringing about something like cohesion. Finally it was agreed that a synod should be held at Rheims. This accordingly took place, but it was found that the younger Protestant clergy were wholly out of touch and sympathy with the older. The former, in as far as they really pos- sessed serious views, were strongly inclined to a very pronounced type of English High Churchism. Among the strange demands which they presented to the synod, was that in which the dissident party asked for "a change in the ordina- tion vow which should be more in keeping with the theological progress of the age"—which goes to show that the spirit of Modernism has affected the younger clerics in the French Protestant Church. They also asked a modification in the Confession of Faith, the residue of the original "deposit," when the new demands were taken into con- sideration, being wholly a minus quantity. Later a more harmonious synod was convened at Montpelier, when the modernists and the con- servative elements agreed to a set- tlement which should be based on a declaration of principles. This declaration states that "Jesus Christ is the highest gift of God, that is to say, as a redeemer, who through his person, his teachings, his holy life, his sacrifice, and his victory over death, communicates at all times to the children of our Heavenly Father the power necessary here upon earth to secure for right- eousness and for love the supremacy over that which is evil."

THE SACRED HEART. O, loving, tender Heart Divine Of Him Who is our Lord and King Thy wish is that all hearts be Thine That they unto Thy Heaven bring The sorrow that afflicts them here So Thy with them their grief may share. And, conscious that to them thou'rt near, Their cross they may more gladly bear!

WHERE THE WIND COMES FROM. How many boys and girls know how to find the direction of the wind? Of course, if it were blowing a gale any one could tell, but suppose only a gentle breeze were stirring—hardly enough to make the flicks weather- cock decide which way to point—then what would you do? In such a case a woodsman or hunter will thrust one finger into his mouth, wetting it well, and then hold it up in the air. The side which feels coldest shows from which direction the wind comes. The reason of this is plain: the more rapid movement of the air from one di- rection causes the moisture on that side of the finger to dry more quick- ly, thus giving the sensation of cool- ness.

DICKEY BOY. "Now tell me a 'tory,'" says wee Dickey Boy, When night pins her robe with a star; When hushed is the strife of the workaday life And troubled-tomorrow's afar. "Now tell me a 'tory,'" and cuddling close, His little head pressed o'er my heart, He smiles as he waits for the tale. Dad relates— "Let's see; now how does it start?" "It's about a big black bear," says wee Dickey Boy, As he cuddles closer to me. And thus well begun the bear story is spun To wee Dickey Boy on my knee. "P'ease tell it aden," murmurs wee Dickey Boy, But e'er the old tale is retold, Wee Dickey Boy's feet are soft pressing the street. That is paved with sweet Slumber- land's gold. Sometimes "Sing a song," is wee Dickey Boy's plea, And Dad's up against it for fair; For he lacks many things a man needs when he sings, Including the tone and the air. But to wee Dickey Boy Dad's a sing- er of fame, So Dad warbles of "birds in the pie—" "Dat's dood; sing aden," says Dickey Boy when He tries to rub sleep from his eye. Then of the old soldier with one wooden leg, And his comrade, the sailor, I hum Till his soft, happy sighs and his tired closed eyes Inform me the sandman has come. Then I kiss the sweet lips of my wee Dickey Boy. And down in my heart—"way down deep"— I know fairies and gnomes sing to him as he roams Through Slumbertown, county of Sleep.

SUMMER COMPLAINTS KILL LITTLE ONES.

At the first signs of illness during the hot weather months give the little ones Baby's Own Tablets, or in a few hours the child may be beyond cure. These Tablets will prevent summer complaints if given occasionally to weak children and will promptly cure these troubles if they come unexpectedly. Baby's Own Tablets should always be kept in every home where there are young children. There is no other medicine so effective and the mother has the guarantee of government analyst that the Tablets are absolutely safe. Mrs. E. LeDrun, Carillon, Que., says:—"Baby's Own Tablets are the best medicine I know of for regulating the stomach and bowels. I think no mother should be without this medicine." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A CURIOUS SOUVENIR.

A short time ago, Pope Pius X. gave an audience to a group of distinguished Americans. While they were conversing, the reverend gentleman took from a compartment in a nearby desk, a piece of paper, and handing it to one of the party, said: "By the way, allow me to present you with a little souvenir of my visit to Pius the Tenth." The recipient, upon examining his treasure, found it to be the return coupon of a railroad ticket from Venice to Rome. It was the one purchased by Cardinal Giuseppe Sarto to at-

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STOP HIM!

E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED WINNIPEG. TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL. PROTECT YOURSELF BY REFUSING SUBSTITUTES.

In the Basilica of the Old World.

(Continued from Page 3.) "Good night, Jack." "Good night, dear, I will bid you good-bye in the morning." Early next morning Jack Winslow packed up and was ready for the first train out of Rome. He slept little and looked tired and restless as he came into the dining room for his coffee. But there was another who had not found sleep, and she was waiting for him at the entrance. "I have stolen away, Jack, to say good-bye. Kiss me, and tell me you will never forget me, and that you will write often to me, and, Jack, I will wait for you."

"There, dear, and now you must return to your room at once. You know I love you, and when I say I will not forget you I mean it. I may have been a failure in a lot of things, Marie, but my love for you will last while there is a breath in this body." "Marie, Marie!" "Yes, mother, I'm coming, but goodness knows Louise has me bothered to death with questions in French, and it's auntie here and auntie there, and I'm sure I can't bicate myself."

"How long is it since we were abroad?" "Three years or more, I think, mother." "Well, that's what I told Mrs. Eaton, but she says it's only two. Have you heard lately from Mr. Winslow?" "No, mother, I have not." "Well, this perhaps may interest you, and at the same time show you how fickle men are. I suppose your new religion that the Sister of Charity taught you will help you in this as in other things." "Mother, I became a Catholic to please n-one but myself. I was not urged nor led into the belief but became one because I believed it to be the true religion and have found comfort and solace in it."

"Well, suit yourself, but read this." John Winslow, leading member of the great banking house of Winslow, Thompson & Sears, was married at high noon yesterday to Miss Elizabeth Connor, daughter of the late General Thomas P. Connor. The marriage was performed by His Lordship Bishop Keating, and was one of the social events of the season. Their honeymoon will be spent in Rome, Italy.

The paper fell from her hands; she reeled and fell in a faint to the floor. They carried her to her room, and there for weeks she lay in a semi-delirious state, muttering the words "Jack, Marie, and Cape Town." Time, they say, is a healer for all grief, "for never a tear bedims the eye that time and patience cannot dry."

Not so with Marie Osborne. She pined and faded away almost to a shadow. No letter had been given her although several came, but the doctor forbade anything that might create a high nervous tension. When she grew well her whole-time seemed to be absorbed in her little niece and in her she struggled and tried to forget the past, but the struggle was in vain. One evening, seated alone in the old parlor where many a pleasant hour was spent she let herself go back in thought to the day she first met Jack Winslow. How Ethel Ward had called him a tall, handsome fellow and one with a large, trustful eye. How Harold Fielding criticised everything he did and sneered at his going to church every morning. But then Fielding was always jealous of Jack, and it was only three months ago he had asked Marie to marry him and go abroad and forget the past. "No, never, for I have loved but one. If he has proven

faithless I shall never, and to give my hand without my whole heart to another would be but mockery of love." She had never changed the large picture Jack had given her of himself. There it stood on the easel before her, and there was the same serious expression of countenance that she always admired. She gazed on it with a frightened look. Her eyes became unnaturally bright and snapping and deep shadows had settled beneath them, her cheeks were worn and sunken; her mouth compressed itself in closing. At twenty-two she looked thirty-two.

And yet Marie Osborne was cut out for a beauty, one of the brilliant kind, with large clear black eyes and a complexion that contrasted well with her wavy hair. The head was well shaped, haughty and spirited if you will, but an indescribable something about the whole air of it that was enticing, captivating, and respectful. She had the carriage of a Jane de Montford and even in her sadness she was beautiful.

On this particular summer evening she was standing before the tall handsome youth in the picture. We could scarcely guess her thoughts, but surely none of hatred, perhaps of pity, for she was forgiveness itself. The door softly opened and a little voice cried: "Bon soir, Marie, how glad I am to be home. Chez nous, non douz, chez nous. Oh, have I said it right?"

"You are a perfect little French lady, Louise, but why home so early?" "Madame was ill, or better, perhaps, out of sorts, and dismissed the class much, and I'm sure I can't bicate myself." "How long is it since we were abroad?"

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though I wrote faithfully week after week. There was some one at the bottom of all this, and it was only the day before I sailed that I heard from the lips of that very one the circumstances. I am not married, Marie, I never was, and never will be unless—unless—well, let that pass. On his dying bed Fielding confessed to the theft of all my letters to you; how he called one evening and seeing a letter from me on your table opened it. He was a persona grata with your family. I for some reason was not. He is dead now, and "de mortuis nil nisi bonum," and nothing but good shall be said of him."

"Jack, Jack. Don't cry, dear; it is all my fault. I should have believed you, but, oh! the strain has been terrible, for if ever a girl loved a man I did you. Jack, I'm afraid I worshipped you." "She came close to him and would have knelt at his feet but the Jack Winslow of old returned in a second and he took her in his arms, saying: "My darling, it's all my fault, little one, but we will both forgive each other, won't we?"

"Yes, Jack, and love each other forever." "Oh, auntie, he is really the man in the picture, and now I know why you used to be so sad and would so often cry." "Hush, child. I really didn't know you were here. You must play something for Mr.—I mean Jack."

"Yes, dear, for you're my little girl too, ain't you?" She climbed on the piano stool and Marie put a piece of music on the rest. Clearly and with a real delicate touch for a child, Louise struck the first chords of "Home again, home again, from a foreign shore. And oh, it fills my heart with joy To see my home once more." "Is it good, Jack, to be home!" "Yes, dear, to be home and with you."

"My, ain't you tanned, Jack! Shall you have to go back?" "Yes, but not alone, for I will take good care this time that some one else will go with me, and if you don't say yes while I count three I'll marry that little Italian girl in Albano that you accused me of flirting with." "I'll go Jack, now, if you wish, for I love you, I love you, dear, I love you."

"Jack," said Marie one evening when they were all alone, "have you ever heard from Marzio?" "Oh, yes, dear, often." "Is he a priest now, Jack? If he was I thought he, well, you know what I mean." "Marzio is well, Marie." "But is he a priest, Jack?" "Now look here, Miss Curiosity, did you ever hear what Andrew Jackson said to Mr. Buchanan when he told him it was time to go and dress to receive Lady Wellesly?" "No, Jack, what?" "He said he knew a man in Tennessee who had made a fortune attending to his own business." "You horrid thing, you're just the same as of old, but I love you that way, in the same old way." "Marie, some day I will tell you all about Marzio, but not now." "Do you remember, Jack, our last night in Rome?" "Perfectly, dear." "When that sad night is mirrored in my mind, That night, my last in Rome, when thoughts arise Of all I loved, yet left perforce behind. E'en now in age the tear steals from mine eyes." "Oh, I wish we would some day go back, dear." "So we shall, Marie, and your copper solde theory will come true." "We shall live again those scenes of long ago, and both of us, low of one mind, of one heart and better, of one faith, shall kneel at the great tomb of Peter and ask with that Apostle's intercession, 'O Lord, bless us and guide us, for Thou knowest that we love Thee, and deign, O mighty Sovereign, to hear thy children's feeble prayer in this great citadel of Christianity, the Basilica of the World.'" MAX WALTER MANNIX. Padua, Italy.

