

WILLIAM STEAD ON JOHN REDMOND.

Mr. William T. Stead, editor of the Review of Reviews, and one of the foremost English critics of men and events, has just published a most laudatory criticism of Mr. John Redmond, M.P., leader of the Irish Party in a series of publications which Mr. Stead is issuing, entitled "Coming Men on Coming Questions."

The tribute which Mr. Stead in an introductory article pays to Mr. Redmond's ability as a statesman and leader—the sense in which the editor of the Review of Reviews uses the word "politician"—is all the more remarkable because for several years previous to Mr. Redmond's selection as leader of the Irish Party, Mr. Stead was one of his most relentless and unsparring critics.

"There are many things doubtful about the Parliament that is about to be elected," says Mr. Stead in his article. "But two things are certain. One is that the Unionists will be in a minority in the next House of Commons. The other is that the Nationalist Irishmen will come back as strong as they have ever been; that is to say, they will be in a majority of more than 5 to 1 over all other Irishmen in the House."

JOHN REDMOND THE FIGHTING CHIEF OF THE IRISH PARTY. "And of these four score stout-hearted fighting men, John Redmond is the fighting chief. His undisputed supremacy is emphasized rather than impaired by the solitary howl of 'Tiger Tim,' the outcast orator, the discredited Thersites, who roams outside the camp."

"If only the Irish had not been forced by one hundred years of wrong into an attitude of irreconcilable opposition to the British empire and the Government thereof, Mr. Redmond would have had a better chance than most men to be Prime Minister. He has the qualities of the post. He is a gentleman. He is the greatest of our modern parliamentarians. He is an admirable debater, a superb leader, a man of dispassionate intellect, of sound sympathies and of splendid courage, and he has around him a group of colleagues, half a dozen of whom would grace any cabinet."

"The Irish team," said an observer, who did not disguise his hatred, "is too strong for any of the English ministers to tackle." The self-inflicted ostracism of some of the most capable representatives of the people is one of the many sacrifices which afflict us as the indirect result of home rule.

"Fortunately, no self-denying ordinance forbids an Irish Nationalist leading the opposition, and it will be long remembered, to Mr. Redmond's credit, that, from 1900 to 1902, it was he, and no other, who was the real leader of the only opposition offered to the Government on the subject of the war in South Africa."

LEADER OF THE ONLY EFFECTIVE OPPOSITION. "In those black years he proved himself to be not only the chief of the Irish National party, but the leader of the only effective opposition that existed in the House of Commons at that time. In that position he occupied a place in the British Constitution only second in importance to that of the Prime Minister."

"It is true that at that time national prejudices somewhat obscured the truth from the English and Scotch. But in the House of Commons the members in 1900 began to realize where the centre of power lay. Repeatedly, in the course of the debates, Mr. Balfour referred to Mr. Redmond as if he, and not Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, were the real leader of His Majesty's opposition. Therein Mr. Balfour pays homage to facts."

"In the midst of the debris of the shattered party which then littered the Liberal benches in the House of Commons we should have looked in vain for any leadership had it not been for the presence of Mr. Redmond

at the head of the Irish Nationalists. Here, at least, we had an organized, disciplined party, obedient to its leader, undistracted by any internal feuds, thoroughly united in principle and capable of constant attendance at the House.

A GREAT POSITION FOR SO YOUNG A MAN.

"English, Scotch and Welch Liberals in the constituency, who were sick at heart over the spectacle of paralytic impotence presented by the disorganized and distracted ranks of their own representatives, began to recognize in Mr. Redmond the only leader of a Parliamentary party in the House who, upon the great issue of the hour, represented their views and was not afraid of giving them free, full and bold expression in debate. Hence, while nominally only the leader of the Irish National Party, Mr. Redmond was really, at that time, the only leader of the opposition to the Government in the country. It was a great position for so young a man."

"Mr. John Redmond is the first Irish leader who has given the world any token of the possession of the qualities which made Mr. Parnell so famous. It is true that his position is largely due to Mr. Dillon. But he is fortunate in having in Mr. Dillon a colleague who was, in other days, sufficiently self-sacrificing to allow no personal feelings to stand in the way of attaining the great object which he had set before him."

"When 'Tiger Tim' was read out of the party with bell, book and candle, the Irish Parliamentarians became once more a fighting unit. Mr. Redmond, then called to supreme command, displayed qualities with which he had hitherto not been credited. His readiness in debate, his self-control, his keen appreciation of the vital points in Parliamentary strategy speedily made him a power in the House of Commons."

THE ABLEST PARLIAMENTARIAN IN THE PRESENT HOUSE OF COMMONS.

"One of the greatest of our imperial statesmen, who watched the proceedings in the Parliamentary arena from the distant post in which he was serving the empire, declared four years ago, that, in his opinion, Mr. Redmond was the ablest Parliamentarian in the present House of Commons."

"Mr. Redmond is a politician first, a politician second and a politician third. As an individual entity he is almost unknown to any except his intimates. But he has brought keen intelligence to the study of the science of politics. He has given his mind to it, and spent days and nights in acquiring knowledge of all the niceties and rules of Parliamentary procedure."

AN EFFECTIVE, FLUENT AND ELOQUENT SPEAKER.

"He is embarrassed by no fear of mutinies in his rear, and he is conscious of being armed with the mandate of the Irish race. As a speaker he is effective, fluent and eloquent."

"Incongruous though it may appear to some unreflective persons, it is clear enough that the only possible imperialism which can keep the empire together is imperialism of the Home Rule stripe. Imperialism of the John Bull jingo strain would speedily wreck the empire. The homage paid by the colonial premiers in coronation year to the Irish Nationalist leaders was significant."

Mr. Stead then quotes from a description of Mr. Redmond in 1901 by Mr. W. M. Crook, former editor of the Echo, in the course of which Mr. Crook said: "Fifty years hence it will not seem, as it does to-day, the language of friendly exaggeration to write: 'Politically, John Redmond is the lineal descendant of his great countryman, Edmund Burke.' The passion for freedom and passion for justice are the guiding stars of both."

Mr. Stead proceeds to say: "Let no one imagine from this tribute of Mr. Crook's that John Redmond is other than a grim, irreconcilable Irish fighter, as staunch as in the days of yore, when he fought for the lost cause of Mr. Parnell against over-

whelming odds. It would be difficult to phrase more ruthlessly the Irish intransigents' point of view than did Mr. Redmond when, addressing a mass meeting at Maryborough, Queen's County, Oct. 20, 1901, he made the following significant declaration:

HAS NO FAITH IN ANY ENGLISH PARTY OR IN ENGLAND.

"His guiding principle in life was perfectly simple. He had no faith in any English political party or in English benevolence toward Ireland or in the possibility of any class of the population getting justice in the smallest particular from mere reason, or argument, or persuasion. His policy was to make English Government in Ireland difficult and dangerous. If the people wanted any instalment of justice, they must make themselves a trouble and a danger to the Government."

After giving a brief biographical sketch of Mr. Redmond, Mr. Stead concludes: "He is a brother of Willie Redmond, and he has travelled far and wide among the Irish beyond the sea. He knows personally most of the leading men in the Anglo-Irish-American world, and has a great opinion of President Roosevelt. He says: 'I look forward with hope to the future for President Roosevelt. He is a strong man, thoroughly American, with no absurd Anglomaniac about him. He is a true friend of Irish freedom and proud of the Irish blood that flows in his veins.'"

"Finally," Mr. Redmond says, "I am a member of the Gaelic League. My children are learning Irish. I am with the movement heart and soul." Few higher tributes than this have ever been paid by a man who perhaps beyond any other writer of his time in England has the faculty of dissecting character and presenting the strong and weak points of public men in cameo-like sentences.—John O'Callaghan, in N.Y. Freeman's Journal.

Gifts to Catholic University.

J. Pierpont Morgan Contributes \$10,000 to the Cardinal Gibbons Fund, which is Aided by Several Senators

An interesting portion of the sixteenth annual report of Mgr. D. J. O'Connell, rector of the Catholic University, is the list of names which makes up the Cardinal Gibbons fund, which includes J. Pierpont Morgan, who gave \$10,000; Senator Aldrich, who gave \$2500, and Senators Geo. P. Wetmore, of Rhode Island; Winthrop M. Crane, of Massachusetts; John F. Dryden, of New Jersey; Thomas Kearns, of Utah; Vice-President Fairbanks and Cornelius N. Bliss, each of whom gave \$1000. The fund has reached \$82,943, and is led by Cardinal Gibbons, who contributed \$11,000.

Mgr. O'Connell records that a fund of \$150,000 and two annuities, amounting to \$5582, stand against the assets, which he gives as \$1,225,304. The rector explains that the figures do not include the claims of the university property formerly owned by Thomas E. Waggaman, the former treasurer, who went into bankruptcy, or the values of securities given it by him. From Mr. Waggaman, however, items aggregating \$54,475 are recorded among the assets. They include interest on various notes and money from sale of property.

Catholic Truth Society of Ireland

The Catholic Truth Society of Ireland has, as its President, His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam, pointed out at the annual meeting, a splendid record, and has done inculcable good in that country. His Grace of Tuam urges that the boxes in the churches should be kept constantly well filled. Incidentally he made a very interesting announcement to the meeting that the pilgrimage to Croagh Patrick, of which he has written so fascinating an account, will be repeated this summer, and that this year Mass will be celebrated in a small chapel erected at the extreme peak of the mountain, surely the most lofty ecclesiastical edifice in Ireland.

THE REPUBLIC'S DANGER

Divorce the Greatest Evil of the Times.

New York Herald—"The fact that there were 60,000 divorces in this country last year is appalling to every good churchman and citizen," said Archbishop Farley. "This record may be looked upon as a national calamity, and I cannot speak in terms too strong on the subject. Divorce is without question one of the greatest evils of the day. Any measures that can be taken to minimize this evil I would gladly sanction and welcome."

The head of the Catholic Church in New York is a man of most pleasing personality. While he is extremely short in stature, and inclined to stoutness, he is still invariably dignified in manner and, what would seem impossible with his height, impressive in mien. Few men have ever been blessed with such a musical voice as the Archbishop possesses. His almost whispered words were quite as distinct as the full-voiced speech of many a larger man. As he talked he tapped his gold-rimmed spectacles against the fingers of the hand on which gleamed the Bishop's ring. A fringe of white hair showed under his purple skull cap, and threw into strong contrast the healthy glow of his face. Around his neck hung the heavy gold chain of his office, with the massive crucifix attached. His eyes are brown and clear and steadfast and look directly and searchingly at the person to whom he is talking.

"Do you fear that the divorce evil is likely to increase?"

"There is no doubt that it is increasing, and increasing at an enormous rate. I fear almost untold evils may result from it. So serious is the situation that it threatens the foundation of our society. If this terrible thing keeps on there is no telling what the result will be. Our national life is already honeycombed by this insidious evil. In fact, the walls of society have already begun to totter, if they are not actually falling under its attacks."

"What, in your opinion, is the reason for this alarming increase of divorces—there are too many hasty marriages?"

"Yes, I think it is unquestionably the reason. People are prone to rush into the marriage state without giving it due thought or consideration. They do not appear to realize that it is a holy and sacred contract, and that those who enter upon it are called upon to make and keep it sacred. People do not think enough nowadays. They do not take life seriously enough. There is an unfortunate general tendency to do things in a hurry and without any thought of the consequences. This tendency is noticeable in many other things than in the marriage contract, but in the marriage contract it is more conspicuously harmful than anywhere else."

"Do you think that early marriages have a tendency to result in divorce suits?"

EARLY MARRIAGES ENCOURAGED.

"No, I could not say that and I do not think that. The Catholic Church encourages early marriages for the best reasons. I doubt very much if the simple fact that the parties are married when young in years has any effect whatever on the unhappiness which results in divorce. It is to be blamed entirely to hasty marriages and to a slighting regard for the marriage contract."

"Have you any plan in mind which would tend to lessen the evil?"

"Yes. There is a proposition put forth by an association of Catholic ladies that I heartily approve, and which, I think, if it can be carried out, will result in much good. This plan is a united agreement to ostracize all divorcees. The divorced woman is very apt to be a woman whose main interests in life are wrapped up in society. Now, if society will only ostracize her, as it would any disreputable woman, I am firmly of the opinion that fewer married women would be willing to lay themselves open to this condition."

"Do you think that marriage be-

tween Protestants and Catholics are apt to result in divorces?"

MIXED MARRIAGES NOT ENCOURAGED.

"It is certainly a temptation toward divorce. It is a form of marriage that the Church does not approve or sanction, but occasionally it cannot be helped. I have celebrated marriages of this kind myself many times, but I have always done it unwillingly. I have now decided not to do it any more, although I do allow the priests to do it. While the Church does not approve of these marriages, at the same time the Church is reasonable and fully realizes that there are occasions when it would be unwise to forbid the marriage of a Catholic and a non-Catholic."

"Would not a uniform divorce law in the various States of the Union put a check upon divorce?"

"Undoubtedly it would. The present code of divorce laws, where in some States one can obtain a divorce for almost any reason or without any reason at all, is no more or less than a sweeping invitation for divorce."

"Would you then advocate some form of a general divorce law for all the States?"

"I could not advocate a divorce law of any kind. The Church does not believe in divorce, and consequently it does not sanction any divorce law. But as a priest I would gladly welcome any change that would minimize the evil."

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH REASONABLE ON ALL QUESTIONS.

"Certainly not. The Church sanctions separations. It believes in a divorce from bed and board when it is shown that the persons are morally and mentally unfitted to each other. The Church is reasonable. It does not insist that a bear and a hyena should be caged together. That would be an uncalled for and unnecessary cruelty."

"What the Church does not sanction or believe in is the divorce as it is known in this country, which is that after the contracting parties have been given their freedom by the courts they are at liberty to marry again. It is not the separating of married people that does such harm. It is the fact that they only separate to marry others and throw off the sacred bond of matrimony as thoughtlessly as they would an old garment. When two persons are married they are married until death. Nothing else can divorce them."

"I would like to correct a slight error that has appeared in the public prints to the effect that I said in the course of my address to the graduating class of the College of St. Francis Xavier that the United States Cabinet had taken up the question of divorce and purposed to deal with it. Of course, I did not say any such thing, as it is quite obvious that I have no means of knowing the secrets of the Cabinet. It is quite out of my province to be posted on what they propose to do. What I did say was that Secretary Taft, who is a member of the Cabinet, is strongly opposed to divorce. That in itself is a very good sign."

"It is a very cheering thing to know that President Roosevelt has taken such a firm stand on this matter. What he has said on the subject has been forcible and clear. His address a short time ago to the Mothers' Association left no room for doubt as to his exact feelings. Coming as it did from a layman it is all the more to be commended."

"Are you in sympathy with what the President said concerning race suicide?"

"Most assuredly. No President since Washington's time has had a more beneficial effect on the conditions of society and the family than President Roosevelt, has had by means of his outspoken and frank utterances on the subject. He not

only preaches the doctrine he believes but he exemplifies it in his own life, and his own family stands as a striking illustration of what he has said concerning race standards.

THE MOST IMPORTANT QUESTION BEFORE THE COUNTRY.

"We should give heartfelt thanks to the President for his manly denunciation of race suicide. Since he came out with it the eyes of the nation have been opened to the evil. It is a great question, the most important before the country. It is a question of morals and religion. Our faith holds that a large family is a blessing, and as a rule Catholics have large families because they are taught that marriage is a holy state and they must bring up their children in the fear of God."

"Any violation of that end is criminal, mortally criminal. No Catholic can be a practical Catholic who does not take this view of the obligations contracted in the sacrament of matrimony."

"As far as the question of economics goes the theory opposed to large families is founded on falsehood, for even the poor find their greatest happiness in their numerous progeny. I have spent many years among the poor and those who work and in my experience it has been the rarest thing to see a dark look greeting a new birth. The man of faith feels that another soul has been born to inherit heaven, and he would feel himself guilty of a heinous crime for it to be otherwise."

"Look at France. Its population has fallen below what it was ten years ago, and that condition is traced by its own rulers to this very cause—a violation of the laws of marriage. This condition exists entirely in the infidel portions of France. The widespread evil is the result of Voltaire's teachings. It is that country's curse and the people's shame."

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE SACREDNESS OF MARRIAGE.

"This race suicide question is not a new one. It is as old as religion. The Church has always taught the sacredness of marriage and there can be no other answer to the problem than a faithful observance of God's commands."

"Co-existence with the divorce evil are all the other evils of immorality and impurity of life. As one increases and thrives so do the others. The mere fact that there were 60,000 divorces in this country last year is not the sum total of the evil that that implies. It means a proportionate increase in immorality of all kinds."

"How about the present condition of American literature? Do you think that it has a tendency to lower the standards from what it should be?"

OUR DAILY NEWSPAPERS FILLED WITH STORIES OF CRIME.

"The main danger in that direction that threatens the public at present is through the columns of newspapers that do not hesitate to print articles of a demoralizing nature. The newspapers of this great metropolis reflect the daily lessons of life for the people, and many of them do not discriminate between lessons that are on the side of morality and those that flaunt immorality. The home and the family should be protected against these newspapers. It is greatly to be deplored that in the struggle to print all the news a great deal of matter is printed which should never be made public. Crime and debauchery are almost daily put before the eyes of every one who can read, be he young or old."

"Are you of the opinion that the agitation among Protestant churches against divorce will result in lessening it any?"

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It is the little pleasures which make life sweet, as the little displeasures may do more than afflictions can to make it bitter.

A philosophic truth does not become popular until some eloquent soul has humanized it or some gifted personality has translated and embodied it. Pure truth cannot be assimilated by the crowd; it must be communicated by contagion.—Amiel's Journal.

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

Procession Sunday, which marks an important period of the ecclesiastical year, has come and gone; this Dominion of ours has celebrated its thirty-eighth birthday; the children have been let out from school, and we each and all are fulfilling our self-appointed or imposed tasks with the regularity of a wheel revolving on its axle, some with the grace born of a contented spirit, others submitting half-heartedly to the inevitable. But whether the task is congenial or not depends on the energy we expend. And still there is the exception to this last for we see repeatedly the man who toils incessantly, dealing honestly by all men, goes under in the mad rush for first place, for man is by nature selfish and it is not in him to extend a hand to a weaker brother, rather, he will push on, not because he is the weaker one's superior, mentally or physically, but his self-confidence will gain for him what he would otherwise lose, and the other after years of untiring exertion will see himself left behind because he had not the moral courage to assert himself, in his case putting the lie to the well known axiom, the "survival of the fittest."

FASHIONS.

White shoes with black heels and black bows are new. There are breakfast jackets of blue or pink crepe for half a dollar. Pale yellow hyacinths look wonderfully well on a white horsehair hat. The modish woman is wearing suede gloves in preference to the glace finish.

The trick of putting a lining underneath a white blouse that will bring out the tone of the gown is quite a fashionable trick and a very pretty one. Red lined coat suits, for instance, carry pale pink muslin slips under white lingerie blouses. For this reason bobbinet has come into favor for shirt waists. It washes perfectly and does not pull out of shape like many of the muslins.

White serge coats made three-quarter length, loose fitting, have collars and cuffs of velvet. Blue is the most popular color for these collars and cuffs, all shades of blue being used, with the favorite an indescribable one, neither bluet nor gray blue, but just between the two. Very attractive is a matinee jacket of crepon or liberty silk elaborately tucked. These jackets are worn over lawn skirts trimmed with deep lace ruffles headed with beading run with colored ribbon.

Nothing is prettier to freshen up a young girl's white tub frock than broche suspenders, made of dainty pompadour ribbon. The suspenders cross back and front and fasten with smart bows to a girle of the same ribbon. Suspender frocks are decidedly youthful, but this summer they are worn by maid and matron alike in voile, cloth and taffeta silk. These gowns are not exclusive style, but in some instances are very pretty when the suspender idea is a little hidden with shirings and indented broche-like pieces. Worn over soft lingerie waists the effect is very good. The gown itself is made in princess lines—that is, the skirt and girle are cut in one. With these frocks goes a tiny bolero jacket, which is put on for appearance more than protection.

TIMELY HINTS.

In sewing on buttons have the knot of the thread on the right side directly under the button and see if the button does not stay on longer. Enamel paint must be washed with clean warm water, using very little soap or sand on the finger marks or soiled places; then rub vigorously with a flannel cloth until the wood feels hot, and the lustre will be restored.

To renovate pearls, boil some bran in water and add a small quantity of salts of tartar and alum. Wash the pearls in this mixture, rubbing them gently between the fingers one at a time. Rinse in warm water and wipe dry. Leave to cool in a dark place. A box of cedar dust should be kept in every kitchen. Should any disagreeable smell arise from cooking, put a little of the dust on to the hot part of the range, and the scent given out will purify the air immediately.

To keep the small pieces of table silver from being all scratched in the washing fold a dish towel in the bottom of the pan before putting the silver in. Only a few at the time must be washed.

To polish the silver, make a paste of whiting and vinegar; wash the pieces first, and rub with this paste while wet; lay on a large wafer, and set in the sun to dry. Then rub with a soft flannel cloth, rinse in very hot water and dry thoroughly; finish with a chamois. A soft brush should be used to get the whiting out of all carvings. Any drug store keeps the whiting, and a pound costs very little and will last a long time.

To save the wear of stockings, take a new piece of wash leather and gum it inside the heels of shoes. This will, by preventing friction, save the heels of stockings immensely. Mothers of boys and girls should take advantage of this hint, for it will spare them many stitches.

The following formula is an excellent cement for closing leaks in iron pipe: Five pounds of closely powdered iron borings, two ounces powdered sal ammoniac, one ounce sulphur and enough water to moisten. This cement hardens rapidly; it must be used as soon as mixed and rammed tightly into the joint or leak. The sulphur may be left out and the cement will set even more firmly, but will require a longer time to harden.

Those subject to sore throat will find the following preparation simple, cheap and highly efficacious when used in the early stage: Pour a pint of boiling water on thirty leaves of the common sage and let the infusion stand for an hour. Add vinegar sufficient to make it pleasantly acid and honey to taste. The mixture should be used as a gargle twice a day. There is no danger if some is swallowed.

RECIPES.

Jamaica Jelly is made of good, canned pineapple. First, soak one ounce of gelatine in half a pint of cold water for a couple of hours, and if not properly dissolved stand the basin containing it over a saucpan of boiling water, then add all the liquid from the tin of pineapple, the juice of two lemons and the thinly peeled rind of one, four ounces of loaf sugar, and half a pint of boiling water. Strain through a jelly bag and if necessary clear with the whipped whites and the shells of two eggs. Have a quart mold filled with cold water, turn this out, pour in a little jelly, lay on it a few slices of fruit, cut small. Allow this to set, then add more jelly and pineapple till the mold is filled. Stand for six hours before turning it out on a dish.

Ham Salad—Mince cold boiled ham; take enough rich sweet cream to set the mince, a saltspoon of strong, ground mustard, the same of sugar, a pinch of cayenne and a tablespoon of tomato catsup mix these ingredients with the ham, turn into a salad bowl and garnish with parsley.

Delmonico Potatoes—Chop cold boiled potatoes into bits the size of a pea. Make a white sauce of one tablespoonful each of flour and butter creamed, a dash of pepper, half a teaspoonful of salt and two cupful milk. When this has cooked until thick, add to each cupful of sauce a generous cupful of potato and pour into a baking-dish. Sprinkle buttered bread-crumbs on top and bake in a moderate oven till they are a delicate brown.

Cherry Roll—Make a rich crust; roll in two long strips; have ready cherries that have been partially cooked and well sweetened. Drain off the juice and spread the cherries on the crust; fold it over and bake until brown. To make the sauce, warm together one and one-half cups of sugar and a heaping tablespoonful of butter. When ready to serve, mix the beaten white of an egg and half a cup of the cherry juice. Flavor with lemon extract.

Pineapples are plentiful and cheap at this season of the year and may be used in a variety of ways to cajole the capricious hot-weather appetite. A pineapple omelet is delicious and may be made to advantage in a chafing dish. Beat four eggs with a teaspoonful of lemon juice and a heaping tablespoonful of butter. When it begins to bubble pour in the eggs. When they are firm and nicely browned on one side place in the middle two heaping tablespoonful of pineapple grated fine and sweetened with sugar. Fold the omelet, turn on a hot dish, dust

some powdered sugar over it and serve at once.

Pineapple fritters are made by stirring thin slices of the fruit, which has previously been pared and soaked in lemon juice and sugar, into a batter prepared as follows: Beat the whites and yolks of four eggs separately. Stir with the yolks a cupful of flour and a little salt; beat the mixture well, and add two tablespoonfuls of cream, and last, stir in the well-beaten whites. The batter should be thick enough to drop from a spoon. Bring a quantity of lard to a boiling point, and fry therein the slices of pineapple dipped in latter. When they are of a delicate brown drain on blotting paper and serve on a napkin with powdered sugar.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS IN THE HOME.

The typical American home of today is sadly lacking in the treasures most necessary for it to possess, viz: Love, peace and harmony, inspired by a love for the divine from whom all blessings come.

A great deal of all this is woman's own fault; she plays the roll of the martyr in often willingly sacrificing her own best interests to husband and children, and in due time she will have developed a tyrant—a "lord of creation," who will not only accept her sacrifices, but will eventually demand them, and the children encouraged by the example are apt pupils and in due time learn to say their "little speech."

How much different the result, and how much happier for all concerned if the wife and mother would assert her rights, occupy her own place in the home, and have the courage to speak her convictions.

I have in mind a woman of the easy, "soft," give-up disposition, who, to please husband and children, not only always cheerfully yields to their desires—(reasonable or otherwise)—but when a question of vital importance where her own future was concerned arose, actually chose what she disliked and abhorred with her whole heart and soul—and as a consequence her health, already undermined, became seriously affected.

Was she wise? No, a thousand times no. Of how much more value it would have been to her family if she had the courage to have made her "little speech."

It is a woman's place to set the standard for herself in her own home as well as in the outside world, and if she does not demand her rights there, and is willingly trampled upon by her own loved ones, what can she expect from others?

It is a moral and religious duty she not only owes to herself, but her husband and children, and it is as true in her home as in the outside world, that others generally accept us according to the standard or estimate we place on ourselves—just the same as we accept the goods from the merchant, at the value he places upon them.

"Revolution" is necessary in many homes to establish woman as queen thereof, where she may wear in her crown, the gems of purity, love, virtue and religion, and also maintain her royal sphere as though "born to the purple." This is the first and most necessary step towards "woman's rights," and this being accomplished in the home, her position in the outside world will follow as the night the day and adjust itself in a corresponding manner.—Men and Women.

A GOOD WIFE.

(From the Catholic Mirror.)

A good wife to a man is wisdom, strength and courage; a bad one is confusion, weakness and despair. No condition is hopeless to a man where the wife possesses firmness, decision and economy. There is no outward propriety which can counteract indolence, extravagance and folly at home. No spirit can endure long bad influence. Man is strong, but his heart is not adamant. He needs a tranquil mind, and especially if he is an intelligent man, with a whole head, he needs moral force in the conflict of life. To recover his composure, home must be a place of peace and comfort. There his heart renews its strength and opens forth with renewed vigor to encounter the labors and troubles of life. But if at home he finds only jealousy and gloom, is assailed with complaints and censure, hope vanishes and he sinks into despair.

A GREAT TEMPTATION.

The summer resorts by the seaside are open and already the hotels are well filled. There is no more delightful, healthful and wholesome recreation for our worthy people, their means and leisure permitting, than to take a ten days off, hit themselves to see old ocean's wonders and take

in the invigorating draughts of the salt sea breeze. A great mistake is made, however, by those who go to the seashore, and this is to make their visit one of dissipation, long hours at social functions, and what is far worse promiscuous tipping at all hours. When, recently, we referred to the growing spread of the love of drink among women, so shameful and abhorrent in the sex, we might with truth have said that the odious habit is too oftentimes acquired at the seaside resorts. What some would not do at home they give way to in the absence of restraint, painfully and palpably shown in these vacations. "But nobody seems to mind it here," "Nobody!" Most excellent woman, are you not somebody, a mother, a daughter, nay, a Christian, a child of Mary Immaculate? Respect yourself. Let not the pleasant hour of your deserved rest be the one to teach you a wretched habit.—Pittsburg Catholic.

Especially pretty and dainty for a luncheon for young girls or a bride elect are forgetment decorations in palest blue, white and green. Broad bands of satin ribbon should extend from the four corners of the table, crossing in the centre and hanging in loose fringed ends at the corners. A wicker basket either of the natural color or enameled in white and filled with forgetmenots, some of which are allowed to droop over the sides of the basket to the sprig, forms the prettiest centre piece. If the luncheon is a small affair and you have enough individual vases of the same style, instead of laying a cluster of forgetmenots at each place have the flowers in water, the vase standing at the right of the plate. Tie the small bouquets with narrow blue satin ribbon, and on one of the loose ends fasten the name cards. Tie the sandwich rolls with pale blue ribbon, use dishes in plain white, white and gold, or blue and white, if you have them, and be sure that the bonbons and other little dainties are in the prevailing color.

A HOME MADE DENTIFRICE.

A mouth wash to keep the gums healthy and firm is made as follows: Take two teaspoonful of tincture of myrrh, one teaspoonful of spirits of camphor and two pints of hot water in which have been dissolved two ounces of borax. Put a wineglassful of this mixture into a tumbler, fill it with water and use it when cleaning the teeth.

COOLING DRINK FOR THE SICK.

To assuage thirst and appease feverishness apple tea is a capital drink for sick people. It is made by slicing raw apples into a jug, filling the jug with boiling water, as in tea making, then sweetening to taste. When cold, this apple tea will be found pleasingly tart and refreshing.

In a home where there is but one servant, or perhaps none at all, the girl visitor can make herself useful in a number of ways. Of course she should care for her own room, and should keep it in good order. Many a girl who would be shocked at the idea of allowing her hostess to make her bed for her, distresses that careful housekeeper beyond measure by her untidiness in her own room. The girl visitor who hangs her dress over the backs of chairs, and leaves her shoes standing in the middle of the floor, and adorns the top of her dresser with curling tongs and brushes, may feel quite satisfied when she has shut the door on the disorder. But the chances are that the lady of the house has a picture of the untidy room ever present in her thoughts, and that it is as actual a discomfort to her as a nail in her shoe. Keep your room neat. Hold yourself rigidly to the resolve that you will not leave it till the order is beyond criticism. Naturally your hostess will not be willing that you should work an undue amount of time not beyond your strength. But many a busy housewife would find it a great relief if the girl visitor just starting for a walk, should think to ask: "Is there anything I can do for you?" Often it would be just as easy to include a necessary errand in the stroll that would otherwise be aimless. It is by such little acts of thoughtfulness that the girl who is a guest makes a warm spot in the heart of her hostess.

SHE WOULD CURE HIM.

"My husband is so poetic," said one lady to another on a street car. Whereupon an honest-looking woman, with a big market-basket at her feet, interjected with, "Excuse me, mum, but have you ever tried rubbing his joints with hartshorn liniment?"

... FOR ...
Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic, Stomach Cramps, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Seasickness, Summer Complaint, and all Looseness of the Bowels in Children or Adults.
DR. FOWLER'S
 Extract of
Wild Strawberry
 is an instantaneous cure. It has been used in thousands of homes for sixty years, and has never failed to give satisfaction. Every home should have a bottle so as to be ready in case of emergency.
 Mrs. GEORGE N. HARVEY, Rosemeath, Ont., writes: "I can recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry as the best medicine I have ever used for Diarrhoea, and all summer complaints. I always keep it in the house and praise it highly to all my friends."

Pope and Daughters of Mary.

A Rome correspondent writing on May 26, says: For several days past at the museums and churches in the city, groups of young girls accompanied by nuns were to be seen. They were all well dressed, and were evidently strangers to Rome, though many of them spoke Italian. Their presence here was accounted for by the fact that an international pilgrimage of the Daughters of Mary, which was promoted and guided by Mademoiselle Maze de la Roche, had come to Rome. Yesterday morning they assisted at the Mass celebrated by His Holiness Pius X. in the great Hall of Beatification above the vestibule of the Church of St. Peter. At seven in the morning the Pope entered the Hall, accompanied by a number of Monsignors and members of his Noble Guard. The Sistine Chapel choir, under the direction of Rev. Lorenzo Perosi, sang several motets of great beauty, and admirably executed, and for the first time an "Ave Maria Stella," for four voices, and a "Regina Coeli laetare," also for four voices, written by Perosi for the occasion.

There were no less than three thousand Daughters of Mary present at this ceremony. When the Mass was ended the Holy Father, after the customary thanksgiving, took his place upon a throne, with the Cardinal Vicar and the members of the Pontifical Court standing beside him. He delivered then a discourse in his own fervent and impressive manner, congratulating those present on the testimony of their affection to the Immaculate Virgin they had given by coming to salute her in that same Temple where fifty years ago the great Pontiff Pius IX. proclaimed her Immaculate Conception. He congratulated them on their devotion, and recalled to their minds that since they had given their names to a pious sodality, they should at the same time satisfy all the obligations which it imposes.

"We are all children of Mary," said the Holy Father, "all brothers of Jesus Christ, and therefore we should have some confidence in the Virgin Immaculate, which raises our hearts to Him which through her pardons sinners and which animates our heart with the dearest hopes. She is our help and our comfort; witness of the works of the Redemption, she takes part in the sublime mysteries of our religion, offering the God Son victim to the Eternal Father to raise up again the sons of Adam eternally lost."

"You are children of Mary in a special way and you wish to be those of her predilection; you who are near to her, and are more particularly bound to her, should honor her the more. If we all should honor the Blessed Virgin you should do it in a particular manner, in forming your life to the image of Mary. This is your duty, you should imitate the Virgin Mother in a special mode by the family virtues and by your behaviour and your works." And so the Holy Father continued in his fervent discourse to these young girls, concluding by bestowing his Apostolic blessing upon them. This afternoon the members of this pilgrimage went to visit the facsimile of the Grotto of Lourdes in the Vatican gardens; and all the other Con-

gregations of the Children of Mary in the various parishes of Rome, and also other persons were admitted by special ticket. Here also came the sisters and the niece of the Pope. His Holiness came to the Grotto in a carriage, as on a former occasion. He was accompanied by the members of the Pontifical Court, and preceded by the Master of the Chamber. He ascended the high staircase to the platform which overlooks a great portion of the neighboring campagna beyond the city on this side, and bestowed his benediction on all present. Then a numerous group of the children of Mary sang together a hymn to the Blessed Virgin, the words written by Father Poletto, of the Servites, and the music composed by the Maestro Virginio Cappelli, director of the choir in the Church of the Annunciation in Florence, who directed the orchestra on this occasion. The music, which was very beautiful, was repeated by desire of the Holy Father. Then the Holy Father returned in his carriage to the Vatican. These, and such as these, are incidents which brighten the days of his Holiness in the midst of his great cares.

SICKLY CHILDREN.

More children die during the hot weather months than at any other season of the year. Their vitality is then at its lowest ebb, and an attack of diarrhoea, cholera infantum or stomach trouble may prove fatal in a few hours. For this reason no home in which there are young children should be without a box of Baby's Own Tablets, which promptly cure all stomach and bowel troubles. If the Tablets are given to a well child they will prevent these ailments and keep the little one well and strong. Mrs. Joseph T. Pigeon, Bryson, Que., says: "My little one was attacked with colic and diarrhoea, and I found Baby's Own Tablets so satisfactory that I would not now be without them in the house." These Tablets not only cure summer troubles, but all the minor ailments that afflict infants and young children. They contain no opiate or harmful drug, and may be given with equal safety to the new born baby or well grown child. There are imitations of this medicine and mothers should see that the words "Baby's Own Tablets," and the four-leaf clover with child's head on each leaf is found on the wrapper around each box. As you value your child's life do not be persuaded to take a substitute for Baby's Own Tablets—the one medicine that makes children well and keeps them well. Sold by all druggists, or you can get them by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Charity is generous; it runs a risk willingly, and in spite of a hundred successive experiences, it thinks no evil at the hundred and first. We cannot be at the same time kind and wary, nor can we serve two masters—love and selfishness.—Henri Frederic Amiel.

We cannot change yesterday—that is clear. Or begin on to-morrow until it is here: So all that is left for you and for me is to make to-day as sweet as can be.—Emma C. Dowd.

OUR E...

Dear Beys and Girls: Now that vacation time hope the letters will come goodly number. I am sure dems have been delightfully with June roses. I wish you happy vacations and hope from my old friends, but will be welcomed to the end. Your loving friend AUNT...

Dear Aunt Becky: Now that vacation has thought I would write to you thing looks nice. We have strawberries in our meadow sisters and I pick them that is fine, they are so new with cream and sugar. I'm going to have a big day in Saturday, July 1st. I am it. I will write you about week. No more this time. L...

Dear Aunt Becky: I got home from school. I have been boarding in a place in the village and a school in the Convent. I first Communion on May 27 were over one hundred of made it. It was just lovely did not have class that day. I met a lot of my cousins from States to come up this summer will write you what a good well. Trusting this will well. Your loving niece

Granby, June, 1905.

Dear Aunt Becky: I have been wanting to write some time. We have some in front of our house. The little yellow bird built her one of them and hatched the birds. They can fly. I suppose will soon fly away. We had hundred and sixty chickens. times feed them. It is fun them eat, they act so greedy raining to-day, so they have under cover. I was six years in May. I have written long letter for the first, so JO

Granby, June 26.

Dear Aunt Becky: I am a little boy nine years walk three miles to school and walk back again in the I have two sisters and one My brother is 16, he is the family. I am the young bear father died two years are very lonely without him takes the True Witness and for the letters first. I would to have a letter from some of my own age. I have come the United States and I'm British Columbia. I'm now with all good wishes corner.

From your loving nephew ARTHUR Tors Cove, Nfld.

Dear Aunt-Becky: Will you please admit a little foundlander to your corner in the little village of Tors miles from St. John's. I did school there for over a year I am home now. My brother and myself walk three school every day. It has very cold spring, but it is warmer now. The flowers are beginning to bloom. We have very pretty ones. My favorite little blue forget-me-not. I 12 years old in August. I brothers and one sister. My and one little sister are dearther is dead nearly two years we are very lonely without her have a telegraph and post office our house. My sister Katherine of both. I hope I will my letter in print. With best I am,

Your loving niece, MAGGIE

THROUGH DIFFERENT I Aunt Louise sat by the dining window, looking over some for luncheon, and wondering her two nieces, who had gone bicycle ride, would be back for the noonday meal. "They ought to be, it is me," she said, glancing up old-fashioned clock in the "They've been gone three hours hope they've had a nice ride

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Boys and Girls:

Now that vacation time is here, I hope the letters will come in in goodly number. I am sure your gardens have been delightfully fragrant with June roses. I wish you all very happy vacations and hope to hear from my old friends, but new ones will be welcomed to the corner also.

Your loving friend, AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky:

Now that vacation has come I thought I would write to you. Everything looks nice. We have lots of strawberries in our meadows. My sisters and I pick them every day that is fine, they are so nice to eat with cream and sugar. We are going to have a big day in Granby on Saturday, July 1st. I am going to it. I will write you about it next week. No more this time. Good-bye. LIZZIE C.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I got home from school on Friday. I have been boarding in a very nice place in the village and going to school in the Convent. I made my first Communion on May 25th; there were over one hundred of us that made it. It was just lovely. We did not have class that day. I expect a lot of my cousins from the States to come up this summer. I will write you what a good time we have. Trusting this will find you well. Your loving niece, ROSE.

Granby, June, 1905.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I have been wanting to write for some time. We have some lilac trees in front of our house. There was a little yellow bird built her nest in one of them and hatched three little birds. They can fly. I suppose they will soon fly away. We have one hundred and sixty chickens. I sometimes feed them. It is fun to see them eat, they act so greedy. It is raining to-day, so they have to stay under cover. I was six years old in May. I have written a rather long letter for the first, so good-bye. JOSEPH.

Granby, June 26.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I am a little boy nine years old. I walk three miles to school every day and walk back again in the evening. I have two sisters and one brother. My brother is 16, he is the oldest of the family. I am the youngest. Our dear father died two years ago. We are very lonely without him. Mother takes the True Witness and we look for the letters first. I would like to have a letter from some little boy of my own age. I have cousins in the United States and an uncle in British Columbia. I must close now with all good wishes to the corner. From your loving nephew, ARTHUR O'D.

Tors Cove, Nfld.

Dear Aunt Becky:

Will you please admit a little Newfoundland to your corner? I live in the little village of Tors Cove, 27 miles from St. John's. I attended school there for over a year, but I am home now. My brother Arthur and myself walk three miles to school every day. It has been a very cold spring, but it is getting warmer now. The flowers are beginning to bloom. We have some very pretty ones. My favorite is the little blue forget-me-not. I will be 12 years old in August. I have 2 brothers and one sister. My father and one little sister are dead. Father is dead nearly two years, and we are very lonely without him. We have a telegraph and post office in our house. My sister Katie has charge of both. I hope I will see my letter in print. With best wishes I am, Your loving niece, MAGGIE O'D.

THROUGH DIFFERENT EYES.

Aunt Louise sat by the dining-room window, looking over some currants for luncheon, and wondering whether her two nieces, who had gone for a bicycle ride, would be back in time for the noonday meal. "They ought to be, it seems to me," she said, glancing up at the old-fashioned clock in the corner. "They've been gone three hours. I hope they've had a nice ride, and

that Hilda hasn't let the disagreeables get the better of her, as she usually does. Ah, there they come now!"

The girlish forms passed the window swiftly, and, a moment after, the dining-room door opened, and the two girls came in, hot, flushed and dusty.

"Just in time!" said Aunt Louise, cheerily, studying the two faces that were so like, and yet so unlike. "What sort of a ride did you have?"

"Pretty good," answered Hilda, indifferently. "Only it was hot and dusty, and we rode up a hill that I thought would never come to an end."

"It was the loveliest ride we've had yet, Aunt Louise!" Grace cried, her gray eyes sparkling. "And I shall always say that Colorado is the place to ride. You get some variety here."

"Where did you go?" Aunt Louise asked, with a twinkle in her eye. She was used to these little differences of opinion between the sisters.

"We started out on the cycle path, and took the middle road for Silver Gulch," Grace began, but Hilda interrupted fretfully:

"It's like riding a tight rope to try to keep on that cycle path, it's so narrow!"

"It is rather narrow," Grace admitted with a rippling laugh, "but that is one of its beauties, because, when you ride along, those tall pink clematis brush against your handlebars, and you get the smell of the sweet clover."

"After we left the cycle path," said Hilda, taking up the story, "we took a road that was dreadfully dusty, and that hadn't a particle of shade, and before long we came to a hill, one of those long ones, you know, Aunt Louise, that take all your breath before you get to the top."

"Oh, Hilda, you've left out so much!" Grace exclaimed, her eyes fairly dancing. "Why, Aunt Louise, while we were riding along that road that Hilda says was so dusty and disagreeable, the meadow larks were singing in the fields at the side of the road, and the quails were calling 'Bob White, Bob White!' And all along the sides of the road there were great patches of wild sunflowers, and those big white thistles that look so much like poppies, and the pink clematis that stand up so straight and tall, and perfect banks of sweet clover. And when we got to the top of the long hill, there was a perfectly splendid view. Just under us was a beautiful valley, as green and fertile as any I ever saw. Beyond that we could see a low tableland, then the foothills, and, back of them, a few peaks of the range, with long lines of snow on their sides. The sky was a lovely deep blue, the regular Colorado blue, and the whole view looked like a picture!"

"How is it, Hilda," Aunt Louise asked, kindly, "didn't you see the birds and the flowers, the mountains and the blue sky, that Grace enjoyed so much?"

"I suppose I did," was the indifferent answer, "but I didn't pay much attention to them. I was thinking more about the road."

"That is, you were thinking more about what was hard and disagreeable than about what was pleasant. Isn't that so? Now, I don't believe that Grace really knew whether the road itself was good or bad, because she was looking out for the pleasant, beautiful things along the way. Believe me, Hilda, we are very apt to find what we are looking for, and so we ought to be very careful as to whether we look for the disagreeables or for the beautiful things. But, come, I won't preach any longer, for luncheon is all ready."

ALFRED KNEW HOW.

All was quiet in the invalid's room until a step was heard coming up the stairs. Then a faint voice called:

"Alfred, is it you?"

"No," answered another member of the family, looking in and approaching the bed. "But what is it you are wanting? Cannot I do it?"

"I only wanted to be lifted and turned a little," was the reply. "I think I'll wait a few minutes for Alfred to come. He knows just how."

Alfred was only a boy, a merry, healthy young fellow, full of his studies and outdoor pursuits, wanted on the ball field with his young friends; but he was no stranger in that sick room. He had thought it worth while to learn "just how" to

minister to the sufferer, and his strong, young arms were the chosen ones to lift the grandmother's wasted, pain-racked form many times daily. Was not that tender little service the very crown of manliness? It was Bayard Taylor who wrote: "The bravest are the tenderest."

THE MOTHERS' STRIKE. Such a dream I had! So dreadful That I never heard the lilt; For I dreamt that on a sudden The mamma's agreed to strike.

"We are fired," I heard them murmur; "Tired of working night and day, And not always hearing 'Thank you'! Such long hours and such poor pay!"

So they would not mend the jackets, Nor the holes in stockings small; No one ran to kiss the bruises When poor Tommy had a fall.

No one bound up wounded fingers, No one glued the broken toys, No one answered all the questions Of the eager little boys.

No one tied the little bonnets, No one brushed the little curls, No one basted dolly's dresses For the busy little girls.

No one heard their little troubles, No one held them on their lap, No one sewed on truant buttons, No one hunted Johnny's cap.

And there were no bedtime stories, And no loving hands to tuck Blankets soft 'round little sleepers, For their mothers all had struck.

Oh, so lonesome and so dreadful And so queer it all did seem! Aren't you glad, dear little children, It was nothing but a dream? —Elizabeth H. Thomas, in Youth's Companion.

WHEN THEY QUARRELED.

Alice and Bertha played in the same garden, because they were little sisters.

They were always playing in the garden, and everybody who passed by would say, "Hello, Alice!" and "Hello, Bertha!" and the little sisters would run to the fence and say, "Good morning! Good morning!"

But one day a very sad thing happened. Alice and Bertha had a quarrel.

Alice wanted to play that her house was under the pink rose bush by the fountain. But Bertha wanted to play that her house was under the red rose bush by the fountain. So Alice said that she wouldn't play at all. And Bertha said neither would she. They each walked around the garden alone. It was sad.

They thought the sun did not seem bright, and they thought the flowers were not pretty, and they did not like the little fountain, and they were very miserable and did not know what to do.

So Alice walked back to see what Bertha was doing. And what do you suppose that was?

Why, Bertha was walking back to see what Alice was doing.

Just then a little bird flew down and took a bath in the fountain. He splashed and splashed and splashed. Alice clapped her hands and laughed. Then Bertha did, too.

Alice and Bertha looked at each other and kept right on laughing and laughing.

"You may have your house by the pink rose bush, Bertha," said Alice. "Oh, no! You have yours there," "I tell you what," Alice said, "we will have our house there together."

The dreadful quarrel was over at last, and the two little sisters were happy again.—June St. Nicholas.

LIGHTING FIRES OF FRIENDSHIP.

Helen Parker paused a moment outside Miss Weston's gate, and then walked on. But she had no sooner gone a few steps than she turned back and went into the yard.

"I thought you might be here behind the vines of the porch," she said as she saw the little old lady at her sewing. "And so I couldn't pass without stopping."

"You are quite right, my dear," said Miss Weston. "Here I have been waiting all afternoon for someone to come in and tell me something pleasant. What have you been doing to-day?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Helen vaguely. "I went to see Miss Thatcher this morning, but I only stayed a few minutes. Somehow I always feel that she does not care for me."

Miss Weston looked up in surprise at the pretty girlish figure sitting near her.

"Why shouldn't she like you?" she asked. Helen shook her head. "I really don't know," she answered. "Perhaps

FATHER Koenig's FREE A VALID A. B. L. E. Book on Nervous Diseases and a sample bottle to any address. Poor get this medicine FREE! Koenig Med. Co., 100 Lake St., Chicago. Sold by Druggists at 25¢ per bottle, 50¢ for 2.

it's only her manner that seems stiff, but anyway she is always very cold to me."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Miss Weston as she snipped off a bit of her darning cotton. "You said the same thing to me once before about one of your classmates. I also said the same thing one time when I was a girl, and my mother answered, 'If the world seems cold to you, light a fire and warm it.' So I thought about it well, Miss Helen, and in consequence I have been busy lighting fires all my life."

Helen straightened herself in her chair. "But if I see that people do not like me, do you mean that I should try to make them?"

"Of course you should try to make people like you," said Miss Weston. "If I see that a person doesn't like me, I just say to myself, 'Now, look here, Mary Weston, there's something wrong about you or such a person would like you. Just see what is the matter.'" Miss Weston nodded her head as she spoke and nodded it so vigorously that Helen could not help smiling. "And I usually find," continued the old lady, "that I need to light a fire of good-will and friendship—for I do love to have friends."

Certainly, if anyone had them, it was Miss Weston, Helen thought, and she thought also that it must be pleasant to have people always glad to see one. Still, if others were cold and did not seem to want one's friendship! And at the word "cold" Helen remembered the rapidly spoken words, "If the world seems cold to you, light a fire and warm it."

It was a long walk from Miss Weston's house to her home; so Helen had plenty of time to think the whole thing out. And the result of her thought was that the next morning she took a great bunch of flaming nasturtiums to Elsie Thatcher.

"How beautiful they are!" exclaimed Elsie, "and how kind of you to bring them! I have been wanting some to plant."

But there was no painting done that morning, for Helen had lighted a tiny fire of friendship which so warmed the other's reserved nature, that she forgot her shyness and talked freely and happily. The effect of this fire was as pleasant to Helen as to her new friend, and when she started for home she said resolutely, "I will just see if I can't make people like me. I will see, as Miss Weston said, if I can't do something so kind or good that I will be worthy of their regard."

It isn't always easy, as Helen found out, to go more than half way, and it sometimes hurts one's pride to do so. We are all apt to imagine coldness on the part of one or another, though if we only knew it, this coldness is often but the sign of a shy or reserved nature. But there is always the "magical remedy," "If the world is cold, light a fire and warm it." It lies within our power to have warmth and sunshine, or cold and gloom.

Once we begin, as Helen did, to light the fires of friendship and good feeling, and see how by a word or a pleasant smile a world of coldness is thawed out, we ourselves will be made the happier for it.

DON'T STEAL BIRDS.

Young birds should never be taken from the nest unless one knows much about their feeding habits in captivity, and once taken and reared it is nothing short of cruelty to set them free again. For while in captivity many kinds of birds can be made perfectly happy, yet they will never have learned to find their own food, and if given their freedom the following fall or spring they will perish miserably. Cedar birds, vireos and warblers are very difficult to raise and should never be taken from the nest, but a song sparrow, robin, thrush or sparrow hawk if well cared for, will become tame and if given the run of an entire room will furnish unending amusement.—C. William Beebe, in Recreation.

WHY WASHINGTON WAS FIRST.

The class in history was discussing the cruel conduct of King George and the consequent revolution among the colonists in America. The teacher had just ended a very interesting discourse and then asked who was the first President.

"George Washington," said the whole class at once.

"Why was he chosen?" "Because Roosevelt wasn't born then," said a little five-year-old.

ST. ANN'S SCHOOL.

The closing exercises of St. Ann's School, which took place recently, were in keeping with those of former years. The programme was well rendered, each item evoking rounds of applause from the large audience present. Among those in attendance were: Rev. Father Rioux, P.P., St. Ann's; Rev. Father McPhail, Rev. Father Cullinan, Mr. Cecil Arden, Ald. D. Gallery, M.P., Dr. Mullally. At the conclusion of the prize giving Rev. Father Rioux addressed the pupils complimenting them on their success during the year. Rev. Father McPhail followed, and spoke at length on the parents' duty towards the children during vacation time. He strongly urged the parents to leave their children at school until they reached the graduating class, and thus be prepared to fight life's battle with success. Mr. Cecil Arden, Hon. Manager of the Catholic Emigration Association, of Hintonburg, Ottawa, spoke in the highest terms of the work of good old St. Ann's School, and felt proud at the way the boys rendered their programme, especially the fine singing and recitations. Ald. D. Gallery and Dr. Mullally also spoke in similar terms, and were glad to know that many of the graduates of the school were occupying good positions in the city to-day, and were proving their worth as regards a first class commercial education received at the hands of the Christian Brothers.

The following was the programme rendered:

Chorus—"Soft Fell the Dews" School Choir
Spelling Match Second Class
Solo—"My Dear Old Irish Home" P. Dunphy.
Recitation—Rienzi's Address J. Cloran.
Musical Review—Music Class, under the direction of Prof. P. J. Shea.
Fancy Marching Second Class
Recitation—The Seminole's Reply P. Dunphy
Typewriting and Shorthand—1st Class
Recitation—Spartacus to the Gladiators E. Harney
Chorus—"Hunters, Awake" School Choir

Distribution of prizes, Address.
SPECIAL PRIZES.
First Class.
Two silver watches, won by the two graduates, Masters E. Harney and H. Hyland.
Christian Doctrine, donated by Rev. F. Cullinan—1, P. Horan; 2, J. Baxter.

Irish History, donated by A.O.H.—1, C. O'Brien (gold medal); 2, M. Meehan (silver medal); 3, E. Costello (school prize).

Shorthand, donated by Mr. Cecil Arden—1, P. O'Reilly; 2, E. Costello.

Composition, donated by Rev. Father Rioux, C.S.S.R.—1, F. Liston; 2, C. O'Brien.

Music, gold medal donated by Mr. P. J. Shea—1, J. Cloran; 2, W. Harrold (school prize).

Shamrock pass, donated by the S.A.A.A.—P. O'Reilly.

FIRST CLASS.
Special Section.
Diplomas—E. Harney and H. Hyland.
First Division.
P. O'Reilly, W. Murphy, E. Costello, P. Horan, F. Liston, J. McCarthy, J. Cloran, C. O'Brien, D. Bahren, P. Dunphy.

Second Division.
J. Baxter, P. Gallery, M. Meehan, R. Hiller, D. Shanahan, F. Harney.

SECOND CLASS.
First Division.
L. Mahoney, M. McCormack, J. Leonard, G. McCrea, J. Dempsey, W. Carragher, P. Cherry, L. Gleason, C. Pegme, J. Tobin, J. Foley, G. O'Grady.

Second Division.
W. Russell, J. Ahern, H. O'Brien, R. Guilfoyle, J. Morey, P. Hyland, G. Wyer, E. Donnelly, T. O'Sullivan, H. Donohue, P. McGuire, L. Dempsey, W. Harrold, D. O'Sullivan, H. Askwith, F. Colligan.

THIRD CLASS.
First Division.
Ernest Meloche, Martin McNamara, Patrick Clarke, Edward Hiller, William Brady, James Connelly, Michael Cooney, Charles Hannon, Henry Gatten, James Delaney, John Norton, John Bracken.

Second Division.
Thomas Hamill, Hugh Carroll, John McMullan, Edward Mullins, William Sheedy, Denis Craven, John Ellis, Michael Welsh, Hugh Neville, James Coady, Matthew McGinn, Patrick Hargraves, John O'Reilly.

FOURTH CLASS.
First Section.
George Cawthorne, Michael Russell.

SURPRISE A PURE SOAP HARD SOAP

John O'Reilly, John Fitzpatrick, T. Smith, Thomas Prendergast, Henry Laniel, James Williams, Richard Sweeney, Patrick Lynch, Michael Tremblay, Theodore Cassidy, John Meehan, Leo O'Grady, George Lattimer, John McCown, Michael Roach, John Mitchell.

Second Section.
Frederick Hyland, William Fosbre, John Buckley, Bernard Cloran, Robert Finnell, Michael Norton, Norbert Ellis, John Walsh, Robert Cherry, Joseph O'Brien, Richard Cannon, Gerald Bahren, Ernest Manion, Roch O'Reilly, Charles Bracken, John Gallery, Peter Maher, William McCarthy, Joseph Merriman.

FIFTH CLASS.
First Section.
John Griffin, Richard Donovan, Robert George, Joseph White, Thomas Condon, Patrick McMorro, Thomas Sullivan, Joseph Wilkinson, John Purlong, Frederic McCarthy, Henry Miller, Austin Lovett, James Clancy, Patrick O'Brien, Francis Cooney, Louis Pigeon.

Second Section.
Edward Moynihan, Arthur Byron, George Rowan, Lawrence Corbett, Joseph Alleen, Patrick Condon, John Connolly, Patrick O'Donnell, Patrick McNichol, Emmett Roach, Edward McCarthy, Michael Donovan, Thomas Healy, Michael Hannon, James Birmingham, Michael Birmingham.

PRIZE DONORS.
Rev. Father Rioux, C.S.S.R., Rector of St. Ann's Church, Rev. Father A. Cullinan, Ald. D. Gallery, M.P., Hon. Dr. Guerin, Ald. M. Walsh, M.P.P., Prof. P. J. Shea, Mr. T. O'Connell, Mr. Cecil Arden, Mr. P. McCroly, E. J. Mullally, M.D., W. H. Delaney, M.D., Mr. Jos. Clarke, Mr. Wm. Scullion, Master E. Harney, Master H. Hyland, Mrs. A. Gallery, The S.A.A.A., the Ancient Order of Hibernians.

DEATH OF GLENGARRY'S DAUGHTER.

It seems wonderful to read of the death of a daughter of the highland chief who was the original of Fergus MacIvor in "Waverley." Mrs. Forbes, mother of Sir William Forbes of Pittsligo, who has just died at the age of eighty-four, was a daughter of Alexander MacDonell, the sixteenth chief of Glengarry, who was an intimate friend of Scott, and there are many references to him in Lockhart's delightful biography of his father-in-law. "Glengarry" was the last highland chieftain who kept up the ancient feudal customs as far as possible, and he always travelled in befitting state with a "tail" of clansmen in attendance.

He died in 1828, leaving his immense property heavily incumbered. His son and successor emigrated to Australia, and the estates of Glengarry and Glengouich were sold in 1840 for £120,000 to the late Lord Dudley, then Lord Ward, from whom they were afterward purchased by Edward Ellice ("the Bear"), and they now belong to his daughter-in-law, Scott described Glengarry as "savage and picturesque."—London Truth.

Education, properly understood, is that which teaches discernment in order that one may love or hate that which is really lovable or hateful —Abbe Roux.

The True Witness and Catholic Chronicle

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THURSDAY, JULY 6, 1905.

THE IRISH PARTY.

It is greatly to be regretted that fresh differences have broken out between Mr. William O'Brien and the Irish Party, leading to the rejection of the party pledge by Mr. Augustine Roche, Mr. O'Brien's nominee in Cork city.

CATHOLICS AND THE HOLLAND ELECTION.

A press despatch states that Dr. Kuyper has fallen in Holland as the first result of the election to the States-General. If this is so it must be owing to some change in the grouping of parties, because the Catholics came out at the head of the list.

THE LATE JOHN HAY.

Mr. John Hay, United States Secretary of State, has been called by death when his reputation as a diplomat was at its highest. There is no doubt about the sincere admiration entertained for his abilities by the leaders of his party.

RUBBING IT ON THEIR NOSES.

It will take a power of "celebrating" on the 12th July to make the Orangemen of Ontario forget how F. D. Monk, M.P., rubbed it on their noses. Revenge alone we can suppose was Mr. Monk's object in his amendment seeking to make provision for the use of the French language in the new Provinces, which was debated in the House on Friday last.

LIFE INSURANCE.

The revelations of dishonesty and corruption made in connection with the Equitable Life Society of New York will fill the minds of many heads of families with uneasiness, because the Equitable, though it may be a glaring example, cannot have monopolized all the corruption of insurance management.

TERROR IN RUSSIA.

Russia no longer pretends a determination to postpone peace until her arms have recovered some of their lost laurels. Beaten on land and on sea, red revolution, after the French type, has broken out all over the empire.

The death has taken place of the Right Rev. Monsignor M'Namee, P. P., V.F., Omagh, at the age of eighty-four. Deceased celebrated Mass in the Church of the Sacred Heart, Omagh, which was built owing to his exertions, on Friday, but took ill the same day.

On June 28 the Cathedral of St. John the Baptist, St. John's, Nfld., was the scene of brilliant festivities, an account of which we give elsewhere in this issue.

Possessed of great executive ability, a litterateur of high order, His Grace the first Archbishop of St. John's is well fitted to fill the exalted position in which he has been placed. Ad multos annos.

The comedy of anti-clericalism comes to the front occasionally in France. Recently the local municipality of Troyes, which possesses the power of regulating theatrical entertainments, had a company of comedians come along for the performance of "L'Abbe Constantin."

Seeing that Cardinal Moran has inaugurated a new movement to assist the Irish cause, there was but a single note at the last meeting of the New South Wales Home Rule Association, says the Sydney Freeman's Journal. That was that it should disband to enable its members to fall into line with the new development.

Salford, says a writer in the Manchester Guardian, may fairly boast that its education authority showed more tact than Manchester in dealing with the thorny question of taking the schools to church.

These ladies do not by any means intend to imply that they have not faith in the American girl's natural generous impulses and in her well defined ideas of right and wrong. They believe that if she be encouraged to seriously consider the questions of life and be true to the highest ideals of her nature she will outgrow any odium that may be attached to the name of 'the new woman' and in time play a wonderful part in the uplifting of mankind.

Impatience and human pride have destroyed or misled more souls than deliberate wickedness.

Some of the brightest crowns in glory will owe their lustre to the crowns of sorrow which were worn on earth.

THE REPUBLIC'S DANGER.

Divorce the Greatest Evil of the Times.

(Continued from Page 1.)

EVERY CREED AND RELIGION SHOULD FIGHT THE EVIL.

"Yes, I am in thorough sympathy with that movement, and I have great hopes from it. The Protestant Episcopal Church seems to have taken a decided stand on that question and one that cannot be too highly commended. It is not a question that is confined to the Catholic Church by any means. It affects every creed and every citizen. I am strongly in favor of co-operating with non-Catholics in the fight against the evil. In that very direction I suggested to the ladies composing the association called the Daughters of Faith, to whom I referred before, that they use every effort to co-operate with non-Catholic women in their battle against impure living.

THE HOLY FATHER APPROVES OF THE DAUGHTERS OF FAITH.

"I might mention that the Holy Father sent over a brief approving the scheme of the society to ostracize divorcees, and also suggesting that the women of the world at large co-operate with this New York society, whose founder is Miss Eliza Lummis. 'Miss Lummis has just prepared a little pamphlet, or manual, setting forth the objects of the society. This manual will soon be published and is to be distributed in as widespread a manner as possible. It will be circulated freely at the large summer resorts, like Newport, Narragansett Pier, Lenox, Bar Harbor, Saratoga and other fashionable resorts, with the idea of forming a large and efficient organization in the fall. The field of the society's work will not be confined to America by any means. It is the intention to extend it over Europe.

"In brief, the office of the society is to unite Catholic women, more particularly those of station and influence, in discountenancing the social usages and customs that are the evident cause of the spread of moral evil in society and in professing a higher spiritual standard as to the requirements of Catholic women in the world. It is high time that somebody sounded a compelling note of warning on this subject. It is an hour of sorest need. The morality of nations is in danger and the world is calling for the Christian woman to assert herself."

"Does this association consider that the American girl is not properly educated to realize the importance and sacredness of matrimony?"

THE TRAINING OF THE AMERICAN GIRL.

"The answer to that question can be found best by referring to this little manual I spoke of. The subject is taken up there, and it says there are many evidences that the training of the American girl has been so far somewhat theoretical and superficial—an education rather of books than of practice. The daughters of wealth have been more fully prepared for the uses of society than for home life. The advantages of a good establishment and social position may not be undervalued, but the American girl has been so thoroughly permeated with the idea that the most important and seemingly the only aim in life is to make an advantageous marriage that she has come to consider it not as the gate to success but its goal, and looks for nothing beyond it.

"These ladies do not by any means intend to imply that they have not faith in the American girl's natural generous impulses and in her well defined ideas of right and wrong. They believe that if she be encouraged to seriously consider the questions of life and be true to the highest ideals of her nature she will outgrow any odium that may be attached to the name of 'the new woman' and in time play a wonderful part in the uplifting of mankind.

SOCIETY ON THE VERGE OF MORAL RUIN.

"Miss Lummis also believes that the morality of this country has not kept pace with its enlightenment. Society is in consequence on the verge of moral ruin. Only a thorough realization of the true horror of this condition can arrest the evil that has in a comparatively short time overturned domestic peace and uprooted the safeguards of purity and honor."

"Would not the ostracising of all divorcees be an almost impractical rule to enforce? Would a woman have sufficient strength of character to ostracize her sister or her closest friend who had been so unfortunately

as to have gone through the divorce court?"

"Of course, it is a severe measure, but the case is desperate and desperate cases require heroic remedies. I cannot hope that the plan would be universally carried out. That would be expecting too much of weak humanity, but even though it were only partially enforced it would result in much good.

"What are the most direct and conspicuous evils resulting from divorce?"

DIVORCE SETS A PREMIUM UPON IMMORALITY AND IMPURE LIVING.

"The spread of general immorality, which is bound to follow in the wake of divorce, and the awful shame and degradation brought upon the children of the divorced persons. That is a feature of the case which I fear few stop to realize in all its distressing aspects. Not only are children humiliated, but the example set them by their parents, whom they should respect and revere, is one of the worst possible. If a parent regards the marriage contract lightly how then will the child regard it when he or she grows up? No thinking person can possibly question the statement that divorce sets a premium upon immorality and impure living."

"Does not the agitation of the divorce subject do harm? Is it not a sort of stirring up of a foul pool?"

"That may be so. But it is much better to stir up the foul pool, much better to break the stagnation, than to cover it up and ignore it, while the evil spreads and undermines all that is good and admirable in our social life. Reform must begin where the evil starts—at the top. It lies with our cultured women, women of character, wealth and social position, to create a healthy sentiment, to put a check upon the laxity in the manner and morals of the time."

THE DEATH OF MR. DAVITT'S SISTER.

The Elmira Telegraph has the following:

Many of the elements that distinguished Michael Davitt among men were evident in his sister, the late Mrs. Mary Padden, whose death occurred Thursday. Many years ago her husband died, leaving her with seven helpless children and no income. When this misfortune came she did not throw down her hands and wait for help. She rolled up her sleeves and went to work in the world. She was not satisfied to get enough to eat for her children. She had great ambitions for them. She kept them at school, had them educated, and had two of her daughters fitted for school teaching. She continued her labors and erected for herself and her children one of the finest hotels in the northern part of the city. Mrs. Padden's life was a very busy one, yet she had time for works of charity, time to visit the sick, time to console the afflicted, time to help the needy, and time to give thought to and to prepare for that life into which she has now entered. Like her distinguished brother she had a very strong intellect and a mind of her own. She never accepted aid. But she gave a great deal of it to others. Mrs. Padden left us a remarkable family in the days when parents complain that they cannot control their offspring. She was a mild, calm, tactful woman. She was evenly balanced. She never complained. She saw the bright side of everything. She always had a good, kind, helpful affectionate word for her friends. She never lost interest in those she knew. She was solicitous about the welfare of all her acquaintances. She had a sweet smile, a kind and benevolent face. It was a face ever radiant with hope. A glance from it inspired you. Mrs. Padden was another Aspasia. She was proud of her children, and she had confidence in them. She was ever with them, and they were ever under her wing. She set for them noble examples and she left them a memory they can fondly cherish. There was no mother better than Mary Padden; no neighbor kinder; no friend more true. She died in her sixty-first year, survived by the following children—James A., Mrs. John Lally, Mary A., Sabina, Margaret, Bridget and Elizabeth.

New Papal Domestic Prelates.

The London Tablet announces that the Holy Father has been graciously pleased to number among his domestic prelates the Very Rev. Provost Dawson, of St. Wilfrid's, York, and Vicar-General of the Diocese of Middlesex; and the Very Rev. Canon Shanahan, of Thornaby, in the same diocese.

MGR. NUGENT DEAD.

Venerable Philanthropist of Liverpool, Who Recently Visited This Country.

Cablegrams from Liverpool, England, announce the death on Tuesday last of Right Rev. Mgr. James Nugent, the venerable philanthropist, whose zeal and self-sacrifice in behalf of orphans and outcasts have made his name a household word throughout Great Britain for nearly half a century.

Mgr. Nugent, who was in his eighty-fourth year, recently visited this country in company with Dom Gasquet, abbot-president of the English Benedictines. He visited many Western cities, and was about to begin his return journey when he suffered a severe rheumatic attack. After several months of rest and careful nursing he sailed for Liverpool, where he landed May 17. During the voyage he sustained a serious fall, caused by a sudden lurch of the vessel, and though recent reports were to the effect that he was slowly regaining his strength, the accident is supposed to have been the indirect cause of his death.

In the great Mersey seaport Mgr. Nugent, or plain Father Nugent, as he was more familiarly known, had for many years been the most prominent and most popular citizen, beloved by all classes and creeds. He first attracted public notice when he established a "Boys' Refuge," which he maintained out of his own private means, and when these were exhausted he raised the necessary funds by delivering sermons and lectures, the keynote of which was contained in the motto which he chose for this excellent institution, "Save the Boys!" A very forcible and eloquent orator, he drew large congregations and audiences at the sermons and lectures, and the results that have followed his great work in this direction have been most successful—refuge after refuge has been established, and thousands of homeless and friendless boys have been rescued from the dangerous life of the streets and slums, educated, taught useful trades and fitted to become, as the vast majority of them have become and are yearly becoming, honest, industrious and upright citizens, a credit to themselves and a glory to Mgr. Nugent.

But the boys' refuges were but a small portion of the lifework of this octogenarian priest. To do justice to his long career of practical charity and benevolence a bulky volume would have to be written. The founder of the League of the Cross, a total abstinence organization which has spread from Liverpool all over the United Kingdom, he spent the best years of his prolonged life in the ardent championship of the principles of temperance. Tens of thousands owe to his fervid advocacy of total abstinence their liberation from the thralldom of drink, and their consequent reconciliation with the Church, the resumption of the practice of their religion and the betterment of their social position.

In the cause of Catholic journalism he spent many a toilsome year and many a thousand dollars, until at last he placed the Catholic Times (formerly of Liverpool, but now of London) on the excellent financial footing which it now occupies as one of the most widely read and influential Catholic newspapers in the world.

But the labors in which he spent the closing years of his fruitful apostolic life were perhaps the most important of those that occupied his lengthy existence. They had for their most praiseworthy object—the attainment of which they have been successful—the establishment of night shelters and other houses for outcast and destitute women and girls, and of a home for those of them about to become mothers. His great sympathetic Irish heart was touched with tender compassion for these unfortunate people, many of them more sinned against than sinning. The initial expenses of founding and equipping this institution at West Dingle, Liverpool, were borne by himself.

Mgr. Nugent was one of the very few public men who have been honored with public monuments during their lifetime. On a prominent site in Liverpool is a statue of Mgr. Nugent, erected with money subscribed by citizens of all creeds and classes.

We must not be deterred by either the love or fear of riches, but accept what God places in our way, in a spirit of gratitude and with a determination to employ His gifts in accordance with what we know to be His will, seeking wealth, not as an object of selfish desire, but as a means to increase the merit of a useful life.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

St. Michael's parish garden party at the end of the grounds near the church.

St. Patrick's and St. Abstinence Societies will regular monthly meetings afternoon.

The Forty Hours' devotion in St. Mary's Church morning, and will close at solemn high Mass.

Nearly 500 Brothers and Sisters danced at the annual retreat at Mount St. Louis which opened last evening.

The annual picnic of the Catechism of Perseverance of St. Ann's parish took place at Bout de L'Isle, which enjoyable day was spent.

Last Sunday the St. G. A. & B. Society held a meeting. All arrangements made for the annual excursion to Burlington on Sunday.

The new catafalque presented by the parish of St. Ann's was used for the first time at the funeral service for the repose of the late Mr. W. P. Ryan.

On next Saturday afternoon the 25th pilgrimage of St. Anne for ladies and children will be to Ste. Anne de Beaupre. The staterooms have been everything points to a successful men's pilgrimage will August 12th.

ST. PATRICK'S PILGRIMAGE.

The annual pilgrimage of St. Patrick's parish will take place on the 11th of August. The Rev. Killoran is working hard for a success.

BISHOP McDONALD, OF HARVARD, IN GOOD HEALTH.

The many friends of His Right Rev. Ronald McDonald, Bishop of Harbor Grace, will be glad to learn that his joyous good health again, days ago conferred the next Archbishop Howley. Next Lordship will celebrate the 25th anniversary of his episcopacy.

APPOINTED SCHOOL SIONER.

His Grace Archbishop Br. O'Meara, Rev. William O'Meara, St. Gabriel's, to be a member of the Catholic School Board for the City of St. John's. Rev. Father M. Callaghan, term of office has expired. The members of St. Gabriel's Abstinence and Benefit Society on Father O'Meara's tendered their congratulations on his new appointment.

ST. GABRIEL'S LAWN SOCIAL.

The lawn social in aid of St. Gabriel's Church, which closed on Wednesday evening, was quite a success. During the week it received a cheque for a large sum in order to give the children a good time. Races, amusements took place, and the sum of \$1300 was realized.

The Rev. Pastor desires all those who labored to make it a success.

PILGRIMAGE TO STE. ANNE.

The pilgrimage for 1905 to Ste. Anne de Beaupre, on the part of Right Rev. Bishop Gagnon, will start on July 11th. A stop will be made at the shrine of Ste. Anne and his tomb, while the railroad ticket accepted, for return past Montreal, the beautiful metropolis, to the 17th in the pilgrimage will be by the fine steamer Beaupre, on the St. Lawrence River. The splendid boat has over 1400 and affords sleeping facilities for about 450 persons. The cabins will vary from \$8 to \$12 in location and number. Meals may be obtained on board for 25c. The price of rail tickets will be the same as for a round trip about one fare, half price. Everybody is cordially invited to make this pilgrimage. Those desiring should purchase them in advance.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST.

St. Michael's parish will hold a garden party at the end of July on the grounds near the church.

St. Patrick's and St. Ann's Total Abstinence Societies will hold their regular monthly meetings on Sunday afternoon.

The Forty Hours' devotion will be open in St. Mary's Church on Friday morning, and will close on Sunday at solemn high Mass.

Nearly 500 Brothers are in attendance at the annual retreat of the Order at Mount St. Louis College, which opened last evening.

The annual picnic of the girls of the Catechism of Penance class of St. Ann's parish took place Tuesday to Bout de L'Isle, where a very enjoyable day was spent.

Last Sunday the St. Gabriel's T. A. & B. Society held its monthly meeting. All arrangements were made for the annual excursion of the Society to Burlington on Sept. 4th.

The new catafalque presented to St. Michael's parish by a lady of the city was used for the first time during the week at a solemn requiem service for the repose of the soul of the late Mr. W. P. Ryan.

On next Saturday afternoon, the 25th pilgrimage of St. Ann's parish for ladies and children will take place to Ste. Anne de Beaupre. Nearly all the staterooms have been taken, and everything points to a record crowd. The men's pilgrimage will be held on August 12th.

ST. PATRICK'S PILGRIMAGE.

The annual pilgrimage of St. Patrick's parish will take place to Ste. Anne de Beaupre on July 15. Father Killoran is working hard to make it a success.

BISHOP McDONALD, OF HARBOR GRACE, IN GOOD HEALTH.

The many friends of His Lordship Right Rev. Ronald McDonald, the genial Bishop of Harbor Grace, Nfld., will be glad to learn that he is enjoying good health again, and a few days ago conferred the pallium on Archbishop Howley. Next year His Lordship will celebrate the silver jubilee of his episcopacy.

APPOINTED SCHOOL COMMISSIONER.

His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi has named Rev. William O'Meara, P.P., St. Gabriel's, to be a member of the Catholic School Board to succeed Rev. Father M. Callaghan, whose term of office has expired. The members of St. Gabriel's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society waited on Father O'Meara Sunday and tendered their congratulations on this new appointment.

ST. GABRIEL'S LAWN SOCIAL.

The lawn social in aid of St. Gabriel's Church, which closed last Friday evening, was quite a financial success. During the week the pastor received a cheque for a large amount in order to give the children of the parish a good time. Races and other amusements took place, and the children enjoyed themselves thoroughly. The sum of \$1300 was realized in all. The Rev. Pastor desires to thank all those who labored to make the affair a success.

PILGRIMAGE TO STE. ANNE.

The pilgrimage for 1905 from the Diocese of Ogdensburg to Ste. Anne de Beaupre, under the patronage of Right Rev. Bishop Gabriels, will start on July 11th. A reasonable stop will be made at the celebrated shrine of Ste. Anne and historic Quebec, while the railroad tickets will be accepted, for return passage from Montreal, the beautiful Canadian metropolis, to the 17th inclusive. The pilgrimage will be by rail to Montreal, thence to Ste. Anne on the fine steamer Beaupre, one of the best on the St. Lawrence River. This splendid boat has over 140 cabins, and affords sleeping facilities for about 450 persons. The price of cabins will vary from \$3 to \$5 according to location and number of beds. Meals may be obtained on the boat for 25c. The price of railroad tickets will be the same as last year. Round trip about one fare, children half price. Everybody is most cordially invited to make this delightful, educational, and spirit-refreshing pilgrimage. Those desiring cabins should purchase them in advance.

ORDINATION AT ST. ANN'S.

At St. Ann's Church last Sunday morning, His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi ordained five candidates to the priesthood. His Grace was assisted at the altar by Rev. Father Rioux, Rector of St. Ann's Church, Rev. J. B. Demers, Secretary, and Rev. Father Giroux, Montreal College, was master of ceremonies. In the Sanctuary were Rev. Fathers McShane, Notre Dame; Ouellette, St. James; Killoran and Polan, St. Patrick's; Cullinan, St. Mary's; Perrin, Montreal College; Breen, Pembroke, Ont.; McLennon, Diocese of Alexandria; Trudel, Rietvelt, Flynn, Fortier, St. Ann's. Rev. Father Strubbe preached on the sublime vocation of the priesthood. The candidates ordained were Rev. Fathers McCrory, Papi-neau, Hutchinson and Barsalou. After the ceremony a dinner was tendered the newly ordained priests and the visiting clergymen, at which His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi presided. On Monday morning Rev. James McCrory said his first Mass at St. Ann's Church, at which several of the city clergy assisted as well as a large number of friends and relatives. Rev. Father Barsalou said his first Mass at Marieville, his native parish. All the candidates are for the Archdiocese except Rev. Father Hutchinson, who goes to Dallas, Texas. Rev. Father McCrory is to be stationed at Cote St. Paul to attend to the spiritual wants of the English-speaking Catholics of that section, who of late years have grown in numbers.

PERSONAL.

Profs. J. J. McCullen, of the Belmont School, and D. O'Keefe, of the Sarsfield School, have left for a trip to New York.

Rev. Father Breen, of the Diocese of Pembroke, was in the city during the week.

HYMENEAL.

A quiet but pretty wedding took place on June 27th in the Archbishop's private chapel, the contracting parties being Mr. John McGrail, of the C.P.R., and Catherine Margaret, daughter of Mr. John Markum. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Martin Callaghan, in the presence of the immediate relatives of bride and groom. Immediately after the ceremony the happy couple left for Niagara Falls, Toronto and other western points, accompanied by the good wishes of their numerous friends.

IN THE LACROSSE WORLD.

The Capitals defeated the Shamrocks at Ottawa on Saturday last. The Capitals played a great game, while the big defence of the Shamrocks had an off day and consequently defeat followed. One occurrence marred the day's proceedings, a fracas on the field, in which players, officials, policemen and spectators got mixed up. Players must refrain from such exhibitions, otherwise Canada's national game will go down in disgrace. People turn away in disgust from such games where fighting and brutality, instead of good lacrosse, hold sway. There is no doubt about it but the boys in green are the greatest and most scientific lacrosse players the world over to-day, and can show it at any time and at any place. In the two matches played the Shamrocks scored 16 goals and Capitals 14, the match being decided by the largest number of goals scored. The beginning of the next series will take place August 26th at Ottawa, to be followed on Sept. 9 at the Shamrock grounds. At Cornwall the Nationals scored 4 goals to their opponent's none. The French-Canadian team is becoming a powerful factor in the fight, and are putting up great lacrosse, and will finish near the top of the list. Shamrocks still lead the senior league with three wins and no losses.

NOTES.

Little Hogan, the smart Shamrock home man, got seven stitches in his head as a result of the free fight on the field. Hoobin, the big home man of the Shamrocks, put up a great game and was responsible for many of the goals being scored by his side. "Spikie" Hennessy excelled himself and worked like a Trojan. Big Jim Kavanagh was at the fence for ten minutes together with "Iron man" O'Reilly, and young Mar- tin, which gave the Capitals a clear field to score. Better luck next time, Shamrocks. The Minto Cup will spend another season at the Club House, Mile End. The grounds were packed with spectators, the majority of whom sported the green and white colors.

BLESSING OF ST. MARY'S NEW ORGAN.

Last evening witnessed an important ceremony at St. Mary's Church, corner of Craig and Panet streets, one that will be memorable in the annals of the parish and form the last link of completion in the chain of restoration since the destructive fire of three years ago. The beautiful new temple is now grander than ever. The efforts of a zealous pastor and a sacrificing and generous people have seen their work crowned with success, the glory of that work being now completed. A few minutes after eight o'clock Rev. Canon Roy, Chancellor of the Archdiocese, assisted by Rev. Fathers Kiernan, Rioux and Brady, blessed the organ with the customary prayers, after which the instrument was sprinkled with holy water and fumigated with incense. After the blessing, Prof. J. D. Dussault, of Notre Dame Church, opened the first part of the organ recital with the following: (a) Nuptial March... De la Tombelle (b) Chanson d'Ete... Ed. Lenarrie (c) Caprice... Anonymous (d) Grand Chorus E flat... Guilman. Rev. Father J. C. Brophy, Professor of Theology at St. John's Seminary, Boston, preached the sermon. He took for his text: "Praise the Lord with psaltery and harp; praise Him with timbrel and choir; praise Him with strings and organs." (Psalm 150, vs. 3 & 4.) The Church, in her zeal for the honor of God, lays incessant claim to everything that can contribute to His service and worship. If anything is expressive of beauty, she dedicates it to Him; if anything is expressive of noble sentiments, she offers it to Him. In the house of God where He dwells, where His children gather to pay Him homage, she reunites all that the arts possess and genius can devise, to make His dwelling place worthy of His holy presence. She bids architecture rear massive walls and lofty dome, lift up column and arch, and hail the eye, and through the eye the soul, up to the very doors of heaven. She bids sculpture and painting adorn her walls with scenes from the life of her Saviour, of His Mother, of His Saints, or fix the glimpses and vision of paradise to inspire us and console us in our efforts. She takes from the arts whatever they have of the beautiful to give it to God. But there is one art her own, which she has not borrowed, but has given birth to the art of music. Bishops, priests and monks labored with the masters to perfect church music. The organ is the chosen instrument of the Church for divine praises. The Church with its accompanying tones chants its psalms, glorifying and magnifying God, imploring mercy. It is the voice of worship. We leave the voices of the world, of earth—all that is human and baser ambitions, to enter the hallowed walls of the Church which takes us to her bosom. She speaks to us of our Father, our Redeemer, our Saviour, the glories of Paradise. At the chanting of the Kyrie Eleison it is our voice crying for mercy. At the Gloria it is our voice rejoicing, and at the Credo it is our voice making open profession of our faith. It is thus that we lift our souls on high, above the sordid ideas of this world, an echo of the heavenly court of the city of God, where peace, joy and happiness dwell. This instrument is the voice of the parish. It will be heard on Sundays and holidays. It will be heard in joy and in anguish. The preacher congratulated both pastor and people for their zeal, devotedness, and generosity in restoring to its former beauty and even surpassing it, the Church which had been laid low by the destructive element three years ago. The last act of that work was inaugurated to-night when the dulcet tones of the new organ were heard. After the sermon solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was imparted by Rev. Father Corbell, assisted by Rev. Fathers Casey and White. The choir rendered the following programme in excellent style: Chorus—Cor Jesu. Sanctus and Benedictus—Wilson's 2nd Mass. Tantum Ergo—Baritone solo and chorus. Soloist, Mr. T. Emblem. Laudate Dominum—Wilson. In the Sanctuary were several priests, skilled musicians, who were loud in their praise of the new instrument, including Rev. Fathers Saue, Winnipeg; Legace, St. Joseph's; Cotter, S.J., Immaculate Conception; Jas. White, formerly of the Archdiocese of St. John's, Nfld., but now attached to the Archdiocese of Montreal. Rev. Fathers Cullinan, McCrory, Connolly, S.J., and Elliot,

of the Montreal Seminary, were also present. The instrument was built by Mr. Pepin, under the direction of Mr. Casavant, St. Hyacinthe. It has 42 knobs, 32 registers, 9 combination pedals, swell and crescendo pedal. The action is tubular pneumatic, and is worked by water motor. The True Witness congratulates Rev. Father Brady and his devoted congregation on the complete restoration of the church in the East End, which is a monument to our Irish Catholic people.

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB.

Last night's muster at the Catholic Sailors' weekly concert shows that these gatherings, far from losing, are still steadily gaining favor from the public of our city. The large new hall, so tastefully arranged and agreeably situated, was well filled by an eager and appreciative audience, ready to heartily applaud the efforts of those who so ably did their part to enhance the proceedings. Dr. F. J. Hackett occupied the chair. The first item on the programme was a song by Mr. John Forsythe, bringing out plenty of fun and an encore entitled a picnic scene, furnishing material for both laughter and applause. Messrs. Sanctuary, McWilliams and another seaman, whose name your representative was unable to obtain, owing to the prolonged ovation which greeted his performance, gave proofs both of an ample supply of pleasing wit and humor, and an ability to apply it to good effect at the proper moment. The clog dance by seaman McDonnell, of the ss Sovereign, and the sailors' horn-pipe by Mr. Kirwin, were received in the customary manner attendant upon such occasions. Our well-known friend, Mr. P. Fox, gave two fine songs, and was certainly applauded to the echo. Mr. S. O'Farrell, from the ss Manitoba, sang and acted the Mulligan Guards in good, happy style, much to the enjoyment of those present. Master E. Ryan's rendition of the song "Rocking" was very well received. Two recitations, one by Master T. McCaffery, entitled "The Sailor Boy" and one by Master M. Callaghan entitled "Defiance," brought to a close one of the most pleasing evenings yet spent with our friends the Catholic sailors.

SWEET MEMORIES.

(By Cecile Murphy.)

When the light is sweetly dawning,
And the flow'rs are opening few;
Pearly dew-drops, gently fading,
Feathered lyrics warbling, too;
Friend, I'm thinking then of you.
When the noon-day bells chime softly,
As I kneel in silent prayer;
With the scorching sun above me,
I am thinking of you there.
When above the stars are peeping,
By yond the blue sky one by one;
When all nature's soundly sleeping,
And I to my rest have gone,
In my breast, friend, I'm there keep-
ing
Mem'ries sweet of you till morn.
St. John's, P.Q.

RESOLUTION OF CONDOLENCE.

At a late meeting of St. Gabriel's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society the following resolution of condolence was adopted: That whereas it has pleased Almighty God to remove by death the wife of our esteemed fellow member and brother, Mr. Mulcahey; Be it resolved, that we tender to him our sincere sympathy in the hour of his affliction, and pray God to have mercy on the soul of the deceased. Be it finally resolved, that a copy of the said resolutions be forwarded to Mr. Mulcahey, and also to the True Witness for publication.
R. J. LOUIS CUDDIHY,
Rec. Secretary.

NO IRISH SUICIDES.

"The Irish," said a statistician, "never commit suicide. Practically never, I mean. That is to say, where you will hear of ninety suicides of Germans, Russians, Italians, Frenchmen and Americans, you won't hear of more than one Irish suicide, and maybe you won't even hear of that. The Irish are a hopeful and brave people. In the most heartrending distress they keep up their spirits, laughing, joking, declaring that better times will come soon. In Ireland suicide is an unknown evil. In the indomitable pluck, gaiety and optimism of the Irish, there is a lesson for us all to learn."

Beautiful Catholic Girl's Reverie In the Holy Name Cathedral.

The Lord is risen!—chants the choir,
Hosanna to His Kingly name,
He rose triumphant from the mire,
And broke the bonds of sin and shame.
Emerging from the grave's grey gloom
He put the Roman guard to flight,
He tamed the terror of the tomb,
As radiant sunshine conquers night.
The majestic organ's noble strain
Peels out in rapturous roundelay,
As throbbing with fierce God-like pain,
And cheers the laggard in the fray,
How fresh each virgin's roseleaf face
As pure as lilies drenched in dew,
Their lustrous eyes, their fair-like grace,
Sweet enthusiasts so staunch and true.
One trips demurely down the aisle
As artless as shy nut brown maid,
You watch the piquant, tender smile
The ashen wisp of silken braid.
As timorous as shy tender fawn,
That languid drops sweet savory grass—
And frankly greets the pure eyed Dawn—
You watch the soft eyed lassie pass,
So shy and virginal her air,
As pensive as some seraph bright,
The radiant halo of her hair,
As rich as sunshine to the sight,
She kneels so meekly in the pew
With eyes demure and dainty mien,
'Neath oriel windows' violet hue,
That filter radiance o'er the scene.
You like to see her roseleaf face
Blush like pale lily in the sun,
You mark the supple, girlish grace,
The high bred pallor of the nun,
You watch her violet dewy eyes,
The inky eyebrows' silken shade
That masks her glance of arch sur-
prise,
And sanctifies the tender maid.
Like some rich jewel in the gloom,
She seems to hide her beauty rare,
The swining censor's rich perfume
Spills incense on the tranced air.
Touched with Cecilia's tender grace
She dawns some truant from the skies,
You mark the pure patrician face,
The starry splendor of her eyes.
The boyish beauty of the priest,
Carved ivory crucifixes glow,
Rich splendid sculpture from the East
The sonorous Latin's stately flow,
The tapering spire that fronts the sky,
The big tabernacle's saintly gloom,
Lily browed Madonna's wistful eye
The baby Saviour's destined doom.
The sun seems dancing in the sky
Rejoicing on blithe Easter Day,
The swallows twitter poised and fly,
The seagulls drift o'er foaming spray,
And Nature decks herself in green
To greet the coming of the spring,
The balmy breeze blows soft serene
To hail the triumph of the King.
You linger round the stately place,
The high altar gleams like fairy-
land,
You see the Madonna's Raphael face,
The young Acolytes in boyish band,
You hear the rich Gregorian song
Like elfin strains from fairy seas,
The famished pilgrims eager throng,
The incense trailing on the breeze.
In the Sanctuary's ivory shrine,
The saintly prelate kneels and prays
I would such tranquil peace were mine,
A wanderer by unhallowed ways.
My musing fancy calls the past
Of boyish hopes and boyish fears,
Youth's radiant rainbow could not last,
Enshrouded in grey mist of tears.
The Lord is risen!—peals the chime,
The organ thunders forth his praise,
And surges like some sonorous rhyme
That swells like Homer's deathless lays.
How fresh, how soft each girlish song
That charms and soothes the spell-
bound ear,
That seems to banish grief and wrong
And brings the cynic's grudging
tear.
The belfry's chimers are pealing clear
In turret of the sculptured tower
As exorcising grief and fear
And wafting in blithe Easter hour,
Their crystal cadence soothes the ear
And seems to weave a honeyed spell
Their carols bring the angels near—
The Lord is risen—all is well.
"I am the Resurrection and the life,"
Thus spake the Lord to scoffing foe,
"Go sheathe your sword and cease your strife;
I banish grief and care and woe.
Condemned to death upon a tree,
Doomed like a thief to hang in pain,
My suffering set the nations free,
My sacrifice, the sinners gain."

All hail the glorious Easter morn
That tamed the terror of the tomb
Death's citadel was wrenched and torn,
The Easter lilies burgeon—bloom,
The Rising Sun of Christ's on high;
Its golden radiance warms the plain—
The Savior taught us how to die,
And how to rise again, and reign!
JAMES E. KINSELLA.
Registry Division Chicago Postoffice.

MONKS AND NUNS CAN'T TAKE GUESTS

(New York World.)
A despatch from Rome says the hotelkeepers have won a big victory, for which they have been trying for years, even under the reign of the late Pope, who always turned a deaf ear to their complaints. Pius X. has just issued a decree to all the houses kept by the religious orders in Rome absolutely forbidding that visitors to the Eternal City be entertained as guests in monasteries and convents unless they are connected with the orders in question. It has been customary from time immemorial for many Catholics from all parts of the world, who came to pay a visit to Rome, to seek their board and lodging while in the city at some one of the many religious institutions, which made it a practice to receive such guests in order to turn an honest penny. Excepting the convents under strict inclosure, and some of the larger male monasteries, there was hardly a religious institution of Rome which did not take in boarders. From an ecclesiastical point of view the practice involved great abuses, not only because it prevented the observance of the religious rules by monks and nuns, who were busy in entertaining their guests, but also because, in many instances, male visitors were received in institutions kept by female orders, occasionally giving rise to scandalous gossip. The hotelkeepers of Rome on their part felt that the competition in the business of keeping boarders was ruinous to them, as the rates paid in all such religious institutions by the temporary guests were much lower than those of hotels, and thus created a great demand for accommodation. Several times they had sent petitions to the late Pope, complaining about the matter, but their complaints had always remained unanswered. A few months ago a similar complaint reached Pius X., who promptly ordered an investigation, which disclosed that lay people were not the only offenders on this point, but that many prelates and Bishops and Cardinals from abroad made it a practice to stop at the houses of religious orders. By the new decree of the Pope even the prelates will hereafter be enjoined from such practice, unless they happen to have some ecclesiastical connection with the order in question, and in such a case their entertainment will have to be free of charge.

FONTENOY AND CULLODEN

Two eighteenth century battles had important and far-reaching consequences for the Gaelic-speaking peoples of the British Islands. Fontenoy was the most striking among a series of conflicts which impressed on successive British governments the necessity of repairing, in some degree at least, for the violated Treaty of Limerick. Ireland, disarmed and shackled by the Penal Laws, had still power, through her exiles, to avenge terribly her lost independence. The French colors at Fontenoy were borne to victory by the sons and grandsons of men who had faced the Williamites on every battlefield from Derry to the banks of the Shannon. It would not be too much to say that in the English rout at Fontenoy Catholic Emancipation had its beginning, not that the battle-music of the Old Brigade sounded the death-knell of the Penal Laws. Culloden might be termed another chapter of the same story—with a more disastrous ending. The victor at Culloden was the fugitive at Fontenoy. He triumphed over the Jacobite Highlanders through sheer force of numbers and artillery—and through these alone. To his cannon the Highlanders could oppose only their broadswords; to his numbers their indomitable courage. History has recorded the gallant fight they made; it contains no more stirring episode. A monument marks the spot where they fell. Impartial history has raised them a more enduring memorial in the admiration of succeeding ages.
HUBERT A. O'MEARA,
Ottawa, Ont.

ARCHBISHOP HOWLEY, OF NEWFOUNDLAND, INVESTED WITH THE PALLIUM.

Friday, June 23rd, will form an important date in the ecclesiastical history of Newfoundland. It will be remembered as a great event. In the first place it will mark the rapid strides which the Catholic Church has made in the Island by the Sea. In the second place it will commemorate one of the grandest and most imposing ceremonies ever held at the magnificent Cathedral of St. John the Baptist in the city of St. John's.

the Archbishop's Pastoral Letter dealing with the important event in the history of the Church in their midst, and reviewing at length the progress of Catholicity in the island since its discovery, giving interesting references to the religious associates of the early explorers, the almost forgotten episodes, in the early days, of the island home, the establishment of religious worship by the French, the coming of the Irish priests, the appointment of the first Bishop, the assigning of the diocese to the Province of Quebec and subsequent re-creation thereof; the creation of a second Bishopric, the first suggestion of Newfoundland being elevated to an Archbishopric nearly fifty years ago, and the subsequent steps towards that end which culminated in the present ceremony, caused a third diocese to be established and a primate's see to be resolved upon a year ago, the consummation being now witnessed.

Then a programme of music, vocal and instrumental, was gone through with which delighted all who listened. Those taking part were Misses Collins, Donnelly, Moore, Rawlins, St. John, Allan, Foley, Bertheau, Duffatt, and Morris. The operetta "Princess Ju Ju," also was thoroughly enjoyed. The recitation by little Miss Morris was much admired, the singing of "The Last Rose of Summer" by Miss Flynn was a treat, and a selection of Scotch airs was played in compliment to His Excellency and Lady MacGregor. The distribution of premiums marking the mid-summer vacation now took place. The magnificent Cathedral of St. John the Baptist in which the ceremony took place, is of the following dimensions: Extreme length, 246 ft. 6 inches; length of transept, 186 ft. The facade is 99 feet wide, and the towers are 150 feet high. The nave and transept are each 52 feet wide.

St. John's in the Episcopal Library. After the reception at the Library the Cathedral was illuminated and a display of fireworks took place. The ceremonies were brought to an end on Wednesday, June 28th, when His Grace dedicated the beautiful new Church at Bell Island.



RT. REV. RONALD McDONALD, Who Conferred Pallium.

gold medallists being Messrs E. Collins, B. Collins, K. Flynn, Belle Rawlins, M. Leitch, Blanche Allan, R. Foley, A. Grant, N. Moore and Rose Howlett. Several silver medals and other valuable prizes were distributed, and with words of praise and encouragement from His Grace this memorable day for the academy concluded.

and the ambulatories, 12 feet wide. The main altar stands nearly 50 feet high, and is supported by eight marble pillars. It is one of the greatest of its kind in North America, and last year was moved back so as to give more room in the sanctuary. The work of removal took three months. The foundation stone of the Cathedral was laid by His Lordship Bishop Fleming, on Thursday, May 20th, 1841. It was consecrated on the 9th of September, 1855, so in next September the 50th anniversary of its consecration will be celebrated. The church cost \$500,000, principally raised by the fishermen of the country, a monument to the zeal of the early Bishops and



THE INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL, Where the Ceremony was Performed.

the feast of the Cathedral parish, His Grace celebrated Pontifical High Mass, wearing for the first time the pallium. His Lordship Bishop McDonald and His Lordship Bishop McNeil, together with all the clergy present at the conferring of the pallium, were also in attendance. The full choir of the Cathedral rendered the music in excellent style. In the evening fireworks and illuminations took place. On Sunday afternoon, June 25th, His Grace carried the ostensorium in the procession of the Blessed Sacrament around the Cathedral grounds. On Monday morning, June 26th, a reception was tendered the Archbishop at the Convent, Torbay, and at 4 p.m. the boys of St. Patrick's School held a reception in his honor. On Tuesday afternoon the children of the Presentation Convent rendered a jubilee operetta at St. Patrick's Hall. In the evening at 7 o'clock His Grace received the citizens of

clergy of the diocese. The Cathedral at present is undergoing extensive repairs and has been fitted with new ceiling, pews and floors, electric light, etc. His Lordship Right Rev. Ronald McDonald, the senior Bishop of the Hierarchy in Newfoundland, who invested His Grace with the pallium, presides over a diocese which covers a large and scattered extent of territory, including the Labrador coast, and contains a Catholic population of 29,000. Bishop McDonald was consecrated at Pictou, N.S., August 21, 1881, where he was for years dearly beloved by Protestants and Catholics. This is his 24th year as Bishop of Harbor Grace, and little over a year hence will celebrate his silver jubilee. Right Rev. Neil McNeil, Titular Bishop of Nlopolis, now becomes Bishop of St. George's, who was consecrated in June, 1894, on the transfer of Bishop Howley to St.



ARCHBISHOP HOWLEY, First Archbishop of St. John's, N.F.

in the sanctuary, His Grace going to his throne, being attended by Rev. Fathers Born and Donnelly. His Lordship Bishop McDonald occupied a throne near the Archbishop, being attended by Rev. Fathers Murphy and Walsh. The pallium enclosed in a silver case, and covered with a white silk veil, was laid on the high altar. His Lordship, Rt. Rev. Dr. McNeil celebrated the Mass, attended by Rev. Fathers Sears and St. John. Rev. Dr. Alexander Howley acted as Master of ceremonies. At the close of the Mass, Rev. Dr. Kitchen ascended the pulpit and read

In the afternoon a reception was tendered His Grace by the pupils of Littledale Academy. Besides the Archbishop, Bishops McDonald and McNeil, and the clergy attended, and present also were His Excellency the Governor, Lady and Misses MacGregor, and Inspector Gen. McCowan, A.D.C. Bouquets were presented to His Grace and Lady MacGregor by little Miss Morris, and after a chorus of welcome by the pupils an address to His Grace was read by Miss Bessie Collins, after which he was presented with a bouquet and beautiful rosette worked by the pupils of the academy.

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COWAN'S Chocolate for Eating, Drinking or Cooking is the purest and best. John's. The Catholic population of the diocese of St. George's is 8561. His Grace Archbishop Howley is now in his 62nd year. He was born at St. John's, September, 1843. He was educated at St. Bonaventure's College at St. John's, and finished his studies at the Propaganda, Rome, where he was ordained by Cardinal Patrizini in 1868, after receiving the degree of Doctor of Divinity. He has labored long and well for the progress of the Catholic Church in good old Newfoundland, and his name and memory will go down to posterity as one of Newfoundland's greatest and most zealous prelates.

UTILIZING OSLER. Lady of the House (to tramp)—Shocking! A man of your age begging a dime, which you would squander for rum! Why, you must be sixty at least! Tramp (meekly)—Past sixty, mamma, and I want the dime to buy chloroform with. VERY SUGGESTIVE. The mother was expecting guests for the evening, and at eight o'clock the youngest son was told that it was bedtime. The little fellow persisted in sitting up for the occasion, pleading fear of the darkness. His mother assured him there was nothing to fear, saying he would not be alone, as the angels would be in the room to guard him. Finally the youngster reluctantly went to bed. An hour later a little figure appeared in the dining-room doorway, much to the amusement of the entire company, saying: "Mamma!" "Well, dear?" his mother said. "May I speak, mamma?" "Certainly, dear. What do you want?" "Mamma, are the angels in my room now?" "Yes, dear." "Are they in my bed, too?" "Oh, yes, yes, dear," answered the mother impatiently. "Well, then, mamma, the angels are biting me."

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

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. AND B. SOCIETY—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, at 3.30 p.m. Committee of Management meets in same hall on the first Tuesday of every month, at 9 p.m. Rev. Director, Rev. Jas. Killoran; President, J. H. Kelly; Rec. Sec., J. D'Arcy Kelly, 13 Vallee street.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—established 1868.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father McPhail; President, D. Gallery, M.P.; Sec., J. F. Quinn, 625 St. Dominique street; treasurer, M. J. Ryan, 18 St. Augustin street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 3.30 p.m.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, Branch 26—Organized 13th November, 1883. Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month at 8 o'clock p.m. Officers: Spiritual Adviser, Rev. J. P. Killoran; Chancellor, W. F. Wall; President, J. H. Maiden; 2nd Vice-President, J. M. Kennedy; 1st Vice-President, J. P. Dooley; Recording Secretary, R. M. J. Dolan, 16 Overdale Ave.; Assistant Rec. Sec., W. J. Macdonald; Financial Secretary, J. J. Costigan, 325 St. Urbain street; Treasurer, J. H. Kelly; Marshal, J. Walsh; Guard, M. J. O'Regan; Trustees, T. J. Finn, W. A. Hodgson, P. J. D'Arcy, R. Gahan, T. J. Stevens; Medical Advisers, Dr. H. J. Harrison; Dr. E. J. O'Connor, Dr. G. H. Merrill.

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THURSDAY, JULY 6, 1905. THE A... Ey M... John Landgrave ran up of his house very lightly of his age, for he was new and opened the street door with his latch-key. The key never kept up late in it was after twelve o'clock fayette square was white with coating of snow; and the of a cloud-obscured moon beautiful spot a pale, unear He pushed aside the curtain of the drawing-room window were sounds of carriage wheels hurrying homeward from dinners, and quite a large c leaving the White House. Landgrave threw off his and poked the fire in the gr spring into a glow and br of the darkness the face of a "Sibyl" which hung in ne-piece. Landgrave turned electric lights, and gazed masterpiece. He looked had and happy, as he stood centre of his exquisitely drawing-room; the curtain and into the room peered a despairingly watching him. back his chest, as he alwa when pleased or interested. glistened on the pearls in pausive shirt bosom and the seal ring on his little finger. "Sibyl" was his at last! At years his hopes had been and a collector in Vienna h weeks ago sent him the fam ily," the only work of the Titan—a work so precious great family of Redziwell h parted with it, in the eighte tury, when at fell one Christm on the beloved niece of the h Countess Agnes Lanskorons young Countess had always the picture, and trembled in sence. And indeed the face "Sibyl" was awful to look stern, revengeful. During the mas festivities she had been, game was going on, amid so laughter, locked in the room terrible face. There was a legend about this picture. T by!" was the avenger of the was said; and though the Countess was good and swe self; the splendid dowry whi was about to take to her had been wrung from the v Poles who cried aloud for but this was perhaps only a with no truth in it. At ar the picture had fallen, and on points of the gilded iron co the Redziwells, which adorne huge frame, had pierced the i the Countess. It was said strange letter had reached the Wisnowski, her betrothed, th morning: "Woe," it read, "d descendants of those that har poor or exile them from theo lies!" It was apparently wr blood. John Landgrave knew the to made the glowing picture valuable to him. The crown been restored; it shone, splen menacing, over the arms of th ziwells. "A tremendous weight," he "That picture would kill a And he chuckled. "I wonder young Countess was really and whether it was the curse killed and impoverished Poles brought the doom upon her. color! You'd think the pictu been painted yesterday. A eyes of the Sibyl! They are Well, old girl, you'd better those coals of fire on me—we live in a time of such terrors can't try it a second time!" He chuckled; then his rud grew a shade less ruddy, and b back to the dining-room for of brandy. He shivered. "That Sibyl is a terror, w doubt, and quite capable of thing!" He drew an arm-chair towa fire, threw himself into it, and his eyes on the threatening which seemed to palpitate wit "My niece will be in before he thought. "Charming They've been at the Ambass dinner and dance. Agnes is vorite—a little too pious, but her all the same." He closed his eyes for a m the pale face outside approach window. It was that of a w elderly, dark-eyed, and tall. H had been carelessly thrust said so preoccupied was she that s not notice it. She was well dr and there was an air of good ing and distinction about her; hastily thrust aside a lock o

THE AVENGING FACE.

By MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

John Landgrave ran up the steps of his house very lightly for a man of his age, for he was nearly sixty, and opened the street door very softly with his latch-key. The servants were never kept up late in his house, and it was after twelve o'clock. Landgrave threw off his overcoat and poked the fire in the grate. It sprang into a glow and brought out of the darkness the face of Dei Crog's "Sibyl" which hung in the chimney-piece. Landgrave turned on the electric lights, and gazed at the masterpiece. He looked hale, hearty, and happy, as he stood in the centre of his exquisitely furnished drawing-room; the curtain was up, and into the room peered a pale face, despairingly watching him. He threw back his chest, as he always did when pleased or interested. The light glistened on the pearls in his expansive shirt bosom and the great seal ring on his little finger. Titian's "Sibyl" was his at last! After many years his hopes had been realized, and a collector in Vienna had two weeks ago sent him the famous "Sibyl," the only work of the famous Titian—a work so precious that the great family of Redziwiel had only parted with it in the eighteenth century, when at fell one Christmas night, on the beloved niece of the house, the Countess Agnes Lanskoronska. The young Countess had always disliked the picture, and trembled in its presence. And indeed the face of the "Sibyl" was awful to look upon—stern, revengeful. During the Christmas festivities she had been, while a game was going on, amid song and laughter, locked in the room with the terrible face. There was a horrible legend about this picture. The "Sibyl" was the avenger of the poor, it was said; and though the young Countess was good and sweet herself, the splendid dowry which she was about to take to her husband had been wrung from the wretched Poles who cried aloud for justice; but this was perhaps only a rumor, with no truth in it. At any rate, the picture had fallen, and one of the points of the gilded iron coronet of the Redziwiels, which adorned the huge frame, had pierced the brain of the Countess. It was said that a strange letter had reached the Prince Wisniewski, her betrothed, the next morning: "Woe," it read, "to the descendants of those that harass the poor or exile them from their families." It was apparently written in blood. John Landgrave knew the legend—it made the glowing picture more valuable to him. The crown had been restored; it shone, splendid and menacing, over the arms of the Redziwiels. "A tremendous weight," he said. "That picture would kill a giant." And he chuckled. "I wonder if the young Countess was really killed, and whether it was the curses of the exiled and impoverished Poles that brought the doom upon her. What color! You'd think the picture had been painted yesterday. And the eyes of the Sibyl! They are alive! Well, old girl, you'd better not fix those coals of fire on me—we don't live in a time of such terrors. You can't try it a second time!" He chuckled; then his ruddy face grew a shade less ruddy, and he went back to the dining-room for a glass of brandy. He shivered. "That Sibyl is a terror, without doubt, and quite capable of anything!" He drew an arm-chair towards the fire, threw himself into it, and fixed his eyes on the threatening figure which seemed to palpitate with life. "My nieces will be in before one," he thought. "Charming girls! They've been at the Ambassador's dinner and dance. Agnes is my favorite—a little too pious, but I love her all the same." He closed his eyes for a moment. The pale face outside approached the window. It was that of a woman, elderly, dark-eyed, and tall. Her veil had been carelessly thrust aside, and she was well dressed, and there was an air of good breeding and distinction about her; she hastily thrust aside a lock of grey

Landgrave frowned. "So much the better. I will not have you marry a pauper. Celia West's husband was a rich fool; he leaves her a poor fool. If I hadn't got that money the Sibyl would have gone to New York with that splendid Italian screen I wanted. It's Christmas night; let's be jolly! The chafing dish and the oysters are waiting. You can send the carriage away; I'll see you home; but you're going to give a bachelor a really homely time for one night in the year!" Agnes hurried into the dining-room—she was to be the cook, and she was heartily glad to get away from the haunting picture. It was all over, she said to herself. George, the faithful, the dutiful, must give up his dream of entering the diplomatic service for which he was preparing himself. The foreclosure of the West mortgage had literally turned the once wealthy mother and her five children, daughters, into the street. George was now their only hope. He was twenty-four, and the eldest of his sisters was sixteen; it would be a long time before he could be free to marry; and, in the meantime, he must wear his life away in distasteful drudgery. Agnes looked at the pearls on her wrist—her uncle's gift—and wished that she could free herself from his tyrannical patronage. Mrs. Amberley, whose patient face still bore traces of her early beauty, remained with grace looking at the glowing Sibyl. "It cost not much under a hundred thousand," said Landgrave, with satisfaction. "And now that I've bought this house I expect to keep it in that place over the fire for many years to come. Constance, you haven't wished me a Merry Christmas," he said, suddenly turning to his sister. "I do with all my heart!" she answered, "with all my heart; and" she whispered, "I prayed for you with all my heart this morning at Mass." His lips curled. "Nonsense! Prayer is superstition, like the legend that this Sibyl avenges injustice to the poor—about Christmas time!" He laughed. "I've outgrown all superstitions!" "Don't you remember the Mass at Christmas in New Orleans, with father and mother?" "Yes," he interrupted coldly; "but I'm a man now. I've gone beyond all that sort of thing. There's nothing worth praying for now, anyhow," he continued, more amiably. "I've everything I want, through my own exertions. The Sibyl was hung today—the workmen finished the job at six o'clock. I wanted to have the treasure ready for display to-night." "It's a horrible picture—but splendid!" Grace said. "Uncle, why can't you help the Wests? This business of the mortgage has left them nothing. You know, too, how deeply George loves Agnes." "Come, enough of that!" Landgrave said, frowning. "Let Agnes speak for herself." The outer door slowly opened, and the woman who had waited so long entered the vestibule. Surely, Constance would speak and be listened to! Landgrave would call her in, to give her some good news. He could not resist on Christmas night the pleadings of his only sister and of those lovely girls! On Christmas night—the night of the Holy Family. His heart would relent when he knew that a word from him would enable her to keep her dear flock together! If she could only have those dear children under one roof until they were older. It was all she asked! Waiting, she heard the gentle voice of Constance speaking: "Give them a year in their house—only a year—it will help the poor things to get a start." "I can't afford it. Let them take their chances. Come, Constance, stop this!" "That fearful picture is trembling!" cried Grace. "I don't think it is safe, uncle!" Landgrave laughed; he was amused at her fear; it seemed in keeping with the legend of the picture. "Go, my dear," he said, good humoredly, "and help your sister with the oysters. The wine is cold enough now." Grace, with a look of contentment at her mother, went into the dining-room. "Now, Constance," Landgrave said, "we must have an end of this—end. I had to choose between buying this picture—the desire of every collector's heart—or the foreclosure of the West mortgage!" "Sell the picture, then!" cried Mrs. Amberley, clasping her hands on her brother's arm. "It bodes no good—acquired through the injuries of the orphan, it will be a curse!" "Yes, it will be a curse," echoed a voice behind them. Landgrave turned. His sister still held his arm. "Ah, Mrs. West," he said, "charmed to see you; but I do not receive

FAMOUS SURRENDERS.

A Record of Disasters Which Have Befallen Other Leaders.

(London Globe.)

The tragic element underlying every great surrender in history is not wanting at Port Arthur. Since the beginning of the bombardment last February the trend of affairs has been almost unbrokenly to the advantage of the Japanese, and it only remains to conjecture the spirit in which the gallant defenders of the fortress conveyed to the triumphant enemy their inability to continue an uneven struggle. The final act of the drama has been played out again and again in the world's records of capitulation, while the curtain has been wrung down repeatedly upon a heart-broken commander, a suffering and dejected garrison, a generous but inflexible conqueror; the story of one siege differs from the story of another most essentially in the matter of detail, and yet in the spirit of surrender lies a world of significance. Take the two disasters in the Franco-German war, of Sedan and Metz, and compare the genuine cry of despair from Napoleon III., who, "betrayed by fortune, had lost all, and placed in the hands of his conqueror the sole thing left to him—his liberty," with Bazaine's pompous address to his soldiers: "Vanquished by famine, we are compelled to submit to the law of war in constituting ourselves prisoners. At different epochs of our military history, brave troops, commanded by Massena, Kleber and Guvion St. Cyr, have experienced the same lot, which detracts not from military honor when, like you, they have gloriously performed their duty to the extreme of human endurance." This, when surrendering a fortress and garrison of the first order to a besieging army only slightly superior in numbers, while guns and ammunition were plentiful, and food supplies were at least sufficient for another week's consumption? Napoleon, on the other hand, made no attempt to conceal the finality of his disaster as he lingered in the garden of the Belgian weaver's cottage, where negotiations had been held, a broken, despondent figure, dressed in a jaunty red cap with a gold border, a black paletot lined with red, red trousers and white kid gloves. The note of inevitability was struck perhaps as fully by General Lee in the American civil war, although he had been saved the mortification of proposing a surrender by General Grant's letter: "The result of last week," he wrote to Lee, on April 7, 1865, "must convince you of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia in this struggle." Two days later a meeting was effected at Appomattox, and this surrender, of which the victory of Five Forks was the prelude, practically ended the war, the remaining armies of the Confederates laying down their arms one after another. Lee knew when the end had come. Not so Napoleon I., whose letter to the Prince Regent consequent on Waterloo can be regarded only as a diplomatic attempt to gain time for a fresh rally of forces. "Exposed to the factions which distract my country," he wrote, "and to the enmity of the greatest powers of Europe, I have closed my political career, and I come, like Themistocles, to throw myself upon the hospitality of the British people. I put myself under the protection of their laws, which I claim from your royal highness, as the most powerful, the most constant and the most generous of my enemies." A manly confession of defeat was that made by the Duke of Gordon at the capitulation of Edinburgh Castle in 1689 to the Earl of Leven. "Gentlemen and soldiers," he said, "I know not wherein I have been unkind to any of you, but if I have wronged any man in your ranks let him speak ere we part forever. Do not brawl with the newcomers, for you are too few to conquer and too many to sacrifice." Gen. Gordon's message of defiance was: "When you, Mahdi, order the Nile to dry up, and walk across with your troops, and come into Khartoum to me and take me, then I will surrender the town to you, and not before." Little as we know of the details accompanying the fall of Khartoum, it may be safely assumed that when the relief expedition reached that city to find it had fallen into the hands of the Mahdi two days previously, Gordon had surrendered nothing save his life. An unsatisfactory capture was that of Sebastopol, since the enemy had fled, leaving behind a smoking mass of ruins. Zutphen fell through a ruse, soldiers being introduced into the town appraised as Flemish countrywomen, their baskets filled with swords and loaded pistols. One of



DO YOU KNOW THAT BACKACHE IS THE FIRST SYMPTOM OF KIDNEY TROUBLE.

It is! and you cannot be too careful about it. A little backache let run will finally cause serious kidney trouble. Stop it in time.

TAKE DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.

They cure where all others fail. As a specific for Backaches and Kidney Troubles they have no equal. Here is what

MR. GEO. H. SOMERVILLE, of Stewarton, N.B., writes: "I was so troubled with a sore back I could not get out of bed in the mornings for over a year. I got a box of Doan's Kidney Pills and before I had them half taken I could see I was deriving some benefit from them, and before I had taken them all my back was O.K. and I have not been troubled since."

the most bloodless capitulations, considering the importance of the fortress surrendered, was that of Gibraltar, wrested from the Spaniards in 1704, our total loss in gaining this important acquisition to the Crown being 60 men killed and 216 wounded. On the other hand, Lucknow was the scene of dreadful bloodshed when the siege was raised by Sir Colin Campbell, no quarter being given. It was said that after the massacre of Cawnpore the soldiers divided among them the tresses of a murdered girl and swore that for every hair of her head one Depoy should die. At the surrender of the Bastille in the French revolution there was no fighting, the Governor de Launay, after making a hesitating defence, capitulating on a promise of safety for all the garrison. A picturesque surrender was that of Cetewayo, who was captured on Aug. 29, 1879, by Major Marter during the Zulu war. Troops had been pursuing the chief since Aug. 13, and he was finally tracked to a deserted kraal in the Ngoni Forest. Major Marter himself rode to the entrance of the hut and called upon Cetewayo to yield. "Enter," was the reply, "I am your prisoner." From motives of prudence Marter refused, again summoning the Zulu chief. Thereupon the unfortunate Cetewayo, weak, weary, footsore and very sick at heart, came forth from the kraal, and repulsing, with a remnant of dignity, the dragoon guardsman who ventured to lay a hand on him, said: "White soldier, touch me not—I surrender to your chief."

The capitulation of Cronje and his 4000 men on the anniversary of Marjuba Day, 1900, will be remembered as long as any incident of the Boer war. An onslaught made by the Canadians, who had entrenched themselves eighty yards from the Boer position in the river bed at Paardeberg, was greeted, not with a storm of musketry, as had been expected, but by the appearance of three white flags hastily thrust above the parapet of the Boer trenches. Then a horseman appeared, carrying another white flag, and intent on arranging a meeting between the Generals. Forth from the laager came presently two men, one mounted on a white pony, in his hand a sjambok, wearing a brown felt hat and a huge overcoat, nothing of his face visible but a thicket of hair and two sparks for eyes. This was Cronje, who had kept the British army at bay for ten days with no better shelter than could be afforded him by a deep river bed. "I am glad to meet so brave a man," said Lord Roberts; but he refused to accept anything short of unconditional surrender. Cronje's reply to the terms of the capitulation was short but effective; "Ja," he blurted out.

QUALIFICATIONS.

"No," said Miss Winthrop-Bradley Winthrop, "your ancestors did not come over in the Mayflower, as mine did, and I cannot marry you!" "Do you know why they did not?" replied Mr. Johnstone Smythe de Jones. "Well, I'll tell you. They were not the kind of people who travel on excursions." Saying which he strode haughtily from the room.—Washington Life.

WASTING ANÆMIA.

A Trouble that Afflicts Thousands of Young Girls—Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do only one thing, but they do it well. They fill the veins with new, rich, red, health-giving blood, which drives away all traces of anaemia, headache, backache, palpitation, nervousness, dizziness and despondency. The new blood they make brightens dull lustreless eyes, and brings the rosy glow of health to pale cheeks. In curing anaemia Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure the foundation of consumption as well. The new blood they actually make gives new strength and vigor to every organ in the body, and enables it to fight whatever disease attacks it. That is why they are the best medicine in the world for girls in their teens—or women in middle life—and to all those whose blood is weak, watery or impure. Miss Mary E. Pratt, Blyth, Ont., gives strong testimony to the value of these pills. She says: "I was a sufferer for over a year with anaemia. I was completely run down, had frequent headaches, spells of dizziness and palpitation of the heart. I doctored all summer and was no better than when I began. I had practically given up all hope of finding a cure when my brother advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I got six boxes, and when I had taken them I felt so much better that I got six boxes more, and before I had taken all these I was completely cured. I am more thankful than I can say for what the pills have done for me, as but for them I would not be enjoying good health to-day. I strongly urge all weak girls to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial." Miss Pratt's experience proves the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to every weak and ailing person. These pills can be had from any medicine dealer, or by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50c a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

Bluebell and daisies, Here at my feet, Mine for the stopping And wondrously sweet— And yet, upon a hill, a wild rose fair Makes me forget the climb; my heart is there. —Edward R. Peterson.

There is always some hope for the mind of a person who has the habit and love of reading. However slight may be his pretensions to genius or talent, the chances are enormous that he is a more cultivated man, better educated, and more thoughtful than the people whose talk is purely worthless.



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THE IRISH UNIVERSITY QUESTION.

It is evident that much time cannot be allowed to pass before a settlement of the Irish university question is arrived at...

There are in Ireland two universities, viz., the University of Dublin (Trinity College) and the Royal University. The University of Dublin was founded in the year 1591...

For the small body of Presbyterians in Ireland, numbering in all 443,000, provision is made in the University of Dublin, including instruction in their own faith.

The Royal Commission on University Education in Ireland was appointed in the year 1901, and the commissioners were men eminently qualified to undertake the task committed to them.

In the past, no doubt, religious rancor was the chief motive, but now at least, when we profess to act on the principle of religious equality, to afford equal opportunity to all, it is time to put an end to a state of things in Ireland that has been described by one of the Royal Commissioners as "intolerable."

With this information before them, the commissioners, in their report, recommended that the Royal University be reconstituted, that it shall become a federal university, with three Queen's Colleges as constituent colleges, and that a new college be established in Dublin upon lines acceptable to the Catholics to form a fourth constituent college.

Fruit-a-tives OR "FRUIT LIVER TABLETS" A pleasant liver laxative made from fruit with tonics added. Nature's remedy for constipation, headaches, biliousness, kidney and skin diseases.

things, but it goes without saying that the proposals of the commissioners do not establish equality, nor do these proposals for that reason afford any prospect of finality.

In England the seriousness of this question of higher education for the mass of the Irish people appears never to have been grasped. Out of 3,309,000 Catholics in Ireland—over 74 per cent of the entire population—there are only some 250 lay students in receipt of higher education in the colleges endowed by the state, or, in other words, one in every 13,000 of the Catholic population; while the Episcopalian Protestants, 581,000 in number, forming 13 per cent of the entire population, there were at the date of the Royal Commission in Dublin University alone 1000 students, or about one in every 580 persons of that denomination.

The smaller Protestant bodies in Ireland number less than 126,000 in all, and to these Dublin University and the Queen's Colleges are open. The only religious body in Ireland for which provision for higher education is not made by the state, such provision at least as they can accept, is the Catholic body, comprising 3,309,000 persons, or three-fourths of the whole population of the country, and it is in this connection with this body that what is known as the university question exists.

The Royal Commission on University Education in Ireland was appointed in the year 1901, and the commissioners were men eminently qualified to undertake the task committed to them. They appear to have taken much pains in acquiring information from those best fitted to give it, and also by personal investigation on the spot, and in the year 1903 they presented their final report. In the evidence placed before the commission it was pointed out that nothing short of equality with the provision made for their fellow-countrymen, the Protestant minority, would be accepted by Catholics.

In the declaration of the leading Catholic laity of Ireland presented to the Lord-Lieutenant in the year 1897, a similar claim is made. It was, in fact, made clear from the beginning that, if finality was to be arrived at, equality must be a condition precedent.

dence and judicial character all parties would have confidence. Having regard to the declaration of the Bishops, on what conceivable grounds can further delay in the settlement of the Irish University question be defended? The report of the Royal Commissioners has been before the government for two years; the report may not help them very much, but the voluminous evidence, and the documents which are published with the report, practically exhaust the subject. It is action that is now required.

The position of university education in Ireland constitutes a huge scandal which, for the credit of the country, if for no other reason, must be put an end to. Let us not, after the miserable series of failures in the past, revert to the practice of forcing upon an unwilling people a system that they refuse to accept, or will accept so long only as something better cannot be exacted by renewed agitation.

—George T. Lambert, in New World.

IRISH INDUSTRY.

An Irish Fair is to be conducted in September in Madison Square Garden. If the exposition comes up to the promises that are made—there is no reason to doubt them—a visit will be secondary in interest only to a trip to the Green Isle itself.

There is nothing improbable in the idea that people here may yet give an impetus to those Irish industries which have struggled along through the ages against the most adverse circumstances. A Philadelphia glass manufacturer is at this time investigating the possibility of reviving the ancient art glass works which in former years flourished in some parts of Ireland.

Better late blossoming with autumn fruit than early blossoming with summer blight. The galloway claims many a victim whose downward career began in disobedience to parents.

NEW IDEAS.

There never was a time in the world when stores were run as well as now—some stores!

Old-time merchants used to think it smart to get rid of old or worthless goods without the customer knowing it until she got home—and then there was no taking things back.

You see the difference here in a number of ways. For one thing we don't intend to allow weeding out the stocks low any goods to get old. We now, just for that reason. The rule of the new management is to sell all goods in their season.

In regard to purchases we refund money as cheerfully as we take it, providing the goods are returned to us in proper condition.

Those who can't get to the store can shop by phone.

This Store closes daily at 5:30 P.M.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED TOUR TO PACIFIC COAST, CALIFORNIA AND THE LEWIS AND CLARK EXPOSITION. PORTLAND, Ore. By Special Train, July 6th, 1905.

Round Trip Fare from MONTREAL \$160.50 QUEBEC \$185.50 Tickets good to return within ninety days.

PORTLAND, OLD ORCHARD. The Portland Sleeping and Parlor Car Service is now extended to Old Orchard.

Montreal-Ottawa and Valleyfield In effect June 18, 1905. Lve Montreal 8:40 a.m., 11:10 p.m., 7:00 p.m. Arr Ottawa 11:40 a.m., 7:10 p.m., 10:00 p.m.

MONTREAL AND NEW YORK. Shortest line, quickest service. Two night trains daily each way. One day train each way, week days.

CANADIAN PACIFIC LEWIS & CLARK, CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION, Portland, Oregon, June 1st to October 15th, 1905. \$75.50.

PORTLAND, OLD ORCHARD, Scarborough Beach, etc. Through Parlor and Sleeping Car Service. Trains leave Windsor Street 9 a.m. week days, 7:45 p.m. daily.

ST. ANDREWS-BY-THE-SEA. SLEEPING CAR SERVICE—Through Sleepers leave Windsor Street, 7:25 p.m., Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, for St. Andrews. Returning leave St. Andrews Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, arriving Montreal 8:05 a.m. next day.

Ticket Offices 129 St. James St. Windsor St. Station, Place Viger Stn.

Better late blossoming with autumn fruit than early blossoming with summer blight. The galloway claims many a victim whose downward career began in disobedience to parents.

S. CARSLY Co. LIMITED THURSDAY, JULY 6, 1905. JULY CHEAP SALE

The extraordinary economical opportunities of our clearance sale are well known by thousands of ladies in Montreal and other places near and far who have attended them on previous years.

July Sale of Whitewear.

The grandest collection of bargains our July Whitewear Sales have yet offered. Vast new stocks of pure white garments, made full and exemplifying the best quality and workmanship are ready for this remarkable event.

- LADIES' FINE WHITE CAMBRIC DRAWERS, made in newest styles, trimmed and tucked. Excellent value at 25c. July Sale Price, 16c. LADIES' FINE WHITE CAMBRIC UNDERSKIRTS, well made, cut full, deep flounce, trimmed with tucks. Regular 45c. Sale Price, 23c.

SALE OF SUMMER WASH FABRICS.

This special sale of Wash Fabrics that commences to-morrow is the greatest ever planned by The Carsley Store or any other store in Canada for that matter.

- FANCY DRESS MUSLINS, in a great variety of patterns and designs. Regularly sold at 12c. July Sale Price, 6c. ELEGANT NEW SHIRT WAIST MUSLINS, white ground with black, blue and brown spots, and stripe effects. Regular value, 15c. Sale, 8c.

S. CARSLY Co. LIMITED 1765 to 1783 Notre Dame St., 184 to 194 St. James St., Montreal

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Curtains, Rugs, Furniture, Beds and Bedding, all at low prices and large discounts.

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Vol. LV., No. 1

POPE PIUS X The Encyclical

FULL T

Venerable Brothers, and Apostolic Bless

The firm resolution we manifest of Our Pontificate to the work of restoring things in Christ whatever the Lord in His goodness has to grant us, awakens in the great confidence in the grace of God, without which given to us here below to anything great or fruitful salvation of souls.

At the same time it is the Our dearly beloved children, ed throughout the world, to Our words and make them effective, first, in their own persons, afterwards to aid in making them efficacious among others, each of us according to the grace conferred from God, and in a lighting his station in life a social duties he has to perform. All this according to that inflames his heart.

Here we wish to call attention to those manifold works for the good of the Church, of society, and of individuals, classified under the name of the Catholic Social Movement. These by the grace of God are flourishing in all places and abound in Italy. You, Venerable Brothers, readily understand how dear must be to Us and how ardent desire to see them strengthened. On several occasions, in personal conversation, we have, in personal conversation, as well as to their principal representatives in Italy, when they have offered Us the testimony of devotedness and filial affection, addition to this. We have put or caused to be published, by authority, various decrees with which you are familiar. It is true, some of these decrees, owing to circumstances causing Us much grief, with the removal of obstacles in the way of the more rapid progress of the Catholic Social Movement, condemning at the same certain undisciplined tendencies were creeping in, to the great of the common cause. In the time, we were eagerly awaiting opportunity of addressing to a word of fatherly comfort and exhortation, in order that the good of building up might be continued and broadened on a foundation free from impediments as we make it. It gives Us great pleasure to be able to do this by the of Ours, written for the consolation of all, as we are assured that words will be received and obeyed in a spirit of docility.