

HOUSE AND HOME

CONDUCTED BY HELENE.

She had been talking pleasantly to two or three women. She had said her good-byes all cheerful and bright, and, after they had disappeared, one woman turned to another and said there is a rainbow in the tear; What seemed eternal once is little more.

Then one long day, the fearful thing, O Heart, To fear—kind God!—in all this life is Fear.

Maurice Francis Egan.

HAIR POWDERS.

A woman of tact is one who feels that the story to hurt your feelings is essentially bad form, and inconsiderate of the feelings of others.

A woman of tact is one who is courteous to old people, who laughs with the young, and who makes herself agreeable to all women in all conditions of life.

A woman of tact is one who makes her good morning a pleasant greeting, her visit a bright spot in the day, and her good-bye a hope that she may come again.

TIME ALWAYS TELLS.

It really does not count for much what the world thinks or says of us. The world is usually mistaken. Often a is so involved as to feel compelled to bear false witness. It has raised this man or that to some pedestal, and rather than acknowledge its own blindness, it goes on holding him there despite his unfitness for the place. But time always peels off the veneer and shows us what really exists under the shell.

CHEAP IMITATIONS.

Father Pardon, S. J. has no sympathy with Catholics who actually fancy themselves "liberal" temporizing with Catholic truth, saying: "Cheap imitations of Christianity are springing up every day, just like cheap imitations of Joe-like cheap imitations of Joe-wry. They appeal to those who cannot afford to take the real article. Christ did not come into the world to propose His religion, but to impose it, for the Apostles said: 'We do not speak in our name but in the Lord's.' It is the same with the clergyman of to-day. Some Catholics wish to believe as little as is absolutely necessary. They try to minimize the Gospel, and from such springs the modernist. We are accused of being narrow minded in not rejecting some truths and accepting others, yet our answer should be: 'We can be as broad as Christ, Christianity alone will keep nation from tottering. Look at pagan Rome, which from the mightiest of nations fell in the course of time. Such is the condition of present countries. If they reject Christianity they shall share a like fate."

LIFE'S LITTLE THINGS.

A wild bird's song is a little thing—lost in the depths of a frowning sky. And yet as it falls on a listening ear and leaves its message of melody earth's green seems brighter and life is sweeter all through an autumn day.

The coo of a babe is a little thing—meaningless sound from a vacant mind:

But 'tis the only sound that all nations heed—the one clear language that all races know.

A mother's love is a little thing—too soon, alas, forgot!

But it typifies the blind human kind and love and trust and hope divine that bear with patience calm and sweet and the wilful wrongs in these lives of ours.

A passing smile is a little thing—lost in a world of toil and care.

And yet the soul with gloom oppressed and the life grown weary with burdens hard will happier be in the afterglow of a smile that is warmly kind.

A kindly word is a little thing—a breath that goes and a sound that dies.

But the heart that gives and the heart that hears may know that it sings and sings and sings till at last it blends with the wild bird's song and the coo of babes in what men call the celestial choir.

YOUR OLD FRIENDS.

Hold fast to your old friends. You can find new friends every day, but not old ones. Old friends are tried and true, while new ones at best are uncertain. "A faithful friend is the medicine of life and immortality, and they that have found him have found a treasure."

Grief cannot last, and joy is like a star.

That sails a moment through the murk of night, Grief and dread care and all last year's delight Fade to gray shadows dimly seen afar:

For wonder comes the morning's triumph car Of the New Day, fair, shining to the sight,

Filled with young hopes and rose-buds, red and white—

What wonders in their petals hidden are!

Some Delicious Salads.

TOMATO SALAD WITH SHRIMPS.

Take six good-sized tomatoes, cut in halves and scoop out the seed and juice. Cover with French dressing and allow to stand for half an hour. Pick a part can of shrimps, cover with finely shredded lettuce leaves mixed with mayonnaise. Place the tomatoes on curly lettuce leaves, put the shrimps, mixed with the dressing, on top of the tomatoes and as a garnish around them.

SPRING SALAD

In a salad bowl put first a layer of fresh crisp water cress, then a layer of thinly sliced cucumbers which have been soaked in cold water fifteen minutes, then a teaspoonful of minced chives, then another layer of cucumbers and around the edge a light border of cress. When ready to serve pour a French dressing over it and stir until well mixed. This is often served with a fish course.

OYSTER SALAD.

Pick over and parboil one pint of oysters. Drain, cut into quarters, drain again and marinade with a French dressing. When ready to serve, put them in the center of a bed of shredded lettuce or watercress, sift over them the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs and garnish the border with rings or fancy shapes of the whites.

CELERY AND NUT SALAD.

Put one cupful of shelled English walnuts in a saucerman, add two slices of onion, one-half of a teaspoonful of salt, one bay leaf and one blade of mace. Cover with boiling water and boil for ten minutes. Throw into ice water until chilled, drain and dry on a towel. Cut into inch pieces sufficient well blanched celery to measure one pint. Mix with nuts, marinade with a French dressing, turn into the salad bowl, sprinkle with a teaspoonful of chopped parsley and garnish with mayonnaise and white celery tips.

+

OUTLINE TUCKS.

Some of the broadstucks in the new linen tailored blouses are sewn in with the outline stitch in mercerized cotton. This is merely the back stitch used on the right side of the material, and in contrast of shades it presents many possibilities. Many women wisely prefer mercerized cotton for the purpose because it washes so much better than does the less twisted silk.

+

SMILE AND WAIT.

One of the hardest, and yet one of the most useful lessons we can ever learn, is to smile and wait after we have done our level best.

It is a finely trained mind that can struggle with energy and cheerfulness toward the goal which he cannot see. But he is not a great philosopher who has not learned the secret of smiling and waiting.

A great many people can smile at difficulties who cannot wait, who lack patience; but the man who can both smile and wait, if he has that tenacity of purpose which never turns back will surely win.

The fact is, large things can only be done by optimists. Little successes are left to pessimistic people who cannot set their teeth, clench their fists and smile at hardships or misfortunes and patiently wait.

Smile and wait—there are whole volumes in this sentence. It is so much easier for most people to work than to wait.

+

HOW TO AVOID DISAGREEABLE ODORS IN COOKING BY GAS.

If there is a constant smell of burning when cooking is going on examining the burners. They are probably filled with sediment from "boil overs." This especially applies to the housewife whose kitchen is more or less dark, for unless that is an unusually light place it is difficult to see sufficiently well to keep the burners perfectly clean, says Forgetmenot.

For the woman whose troubles arise from the odor of cooking the remedy lies in having a small pipe between the range and the chimney to carry off the odorous gases. A large bowl of water placed near will also help to prevent odors of cooking penetrating the house.

The smell of gas when a rubber tube is used—no leak being apparent—is usually caused by the tube itself having become saturated with gas. New tubing is the only remedy.

The lighting of the burners is a very simple matter if properly understood. Turn on the gas for six seconds before applying the match. This permits the air to escape from the pipe and makes the burner show a clear blue flame from the first. If a white flame appears on first lighting turn off the gas immediately and try again. The dull, roaring sound means the gas flame has leaped back inside the supply pipe.

When having the gas range put in be sure to see that the supply pipe is large enough to allow sufficient gas to enable all the burners to be used at the same time. This is very necessary. It is annoying to discover you can't boil two kettles when the oven is in use. See also that the oven is large and commodious and that there is plenty of room on the top for boiling, frying, etc. It is poor economy to use a gas range that is too small. On the other hand, should your family be small and large joints things unknown don't have a "gas" for short!

GOT HIS PAPERS.

A PROSPEROUS BUSINESS MAN

down town tells with enjoyment of his struggle to get naturalization papers after his arrival in this city from Ireland. He had studied up, on the suggestion of a relative who had preceded him in gaining citizenship, and when the judge asked him who would succeed the President in the event of the death of the chief executive he promptly answered: "The Vice-President, sir."

Then the judge asked: "In case of the demise at the same time of both President and Vice-President, upon whom would fall the duties of office?"

This was further than the applicant had delved, and he shook his head. Thinking his language had not been understood, the judge impatiently asked, "Who would get the job?"

"The Vice-President, sir."

To argue from the other side? To say he had delved, and he shook his head.

Even the judge had to smile as he said curiously, "Application granted." —The Philadelphia Record.

gestion from a relative who had preceded him in gaining citizenship, and when the judge asked him who would succeed the President in the event of the death of the chief executive he promptly answered:

"The Vice-President, sir."

Then the judge asked: "In case of the demise at the same time of both President and Vice-President, upon whom would fall the duties of office?"

This was further than the applicant had delved, and he shook his head.

Thinking his language had not been understood, the judge impatiently asked, "Who would get the job?"

"The Vice-President, sir."

Then the judge had to smile as he said curiously, "Application granted." —The Philadelphia Record.

TAKE YOUR CHOICE.

Have you ever almost ran into some one on the street, and then dodged from side to side for half a minute, vainly endeavoring to pass, while the other person by

(The above letter, in the Daily Mail, is a copy of a letter written by a woman to her husband.)

Such was the recent experience of a young man in Portland, Maine. He and a strange young woman had been going through this performance for several seconds, when his unwilling vis-a-vis staggered him by a yawn:

"Well, hurry up! Which is it to be—a waltz or a two-step?" —Woman's Home Companion for April.

WHERE THE SHINE CAME FROM.

"Well, grandma," said a little boy, resting his elbow on the old lady's stuffed-hair arm, "what have you been doing here at the window all day by yourself?"

"All I could," answered dear grandma, cheerily; "I have read a little, and prayed a good deal, and then looked out at the people. There's one little girl, Arthur, that I have learned to watch. She has sunny brown hair, her brown eyes have the same sunny look in them, and I wonder every day what makes her look so bright. Ah! here she comes now!"

"That girl with the brown apron?" Arthur cried. "Why, I know that girl. That's Susie Moore, and she has a dreadful hard time, grandmama."

"Has she?" said grandma. "Oh, little boy, wouldn't you give something to know where she gets all that brightness from, then?"

"I'll ask her," said Arthur, promptly, and the grandma's surprise he raised the window and called: "Susie, oh Susie, come up here a minute; grandma wants to see you."

The brown eyes opened wide in surprise, but the little maid turned at once and came in.

"Grandma wants to know, Susie Moore," explained the boy, "what makes you look so bright all the time?"

"Why, I have to," said Susie. "You see, papa's been ill a long while, and mamma's tired out with nursing, and the baby's cross with her teeth, and if I didn't be bright who would be?"

"Yes, yes, I see," said dear old grandma, putting her arm around this little streak of sunshine. "That is God's reason for things; they are, because somebody needs them. Shine on, little sun, there couldn't be a better reason for shining than because it is dark at home."

THE FAIRY'S GIFT.

"Too bad that tooth isn't out," said Aunt Lizzie.

She was seated in a small old-fashioned rocking-chair that sort of surrounded her, and which was called by the children the "nut chair."

If anything can amake the beauty of the country more striking, it is the deformity and oddity of the city which it surrounds, and which lies hemmed in by ramparts amid this delicious scenery, like a hog in armor upon a bed of roses."

HE'D BEEN THERE.

A minister of the gospel one Sabbath announced to his flock that he would have to leave them, as he was called to another field.

"How much more salary do you expect to get there than here?" asked one of the deacons.

"Three hundred dollars," remarked the minister, with some hesitation.

"I do not blame you for goin'," remarked the deacon, who had been a worldly man in his time, "but you should be more exact in your language. That isn't a 'call,' it's a 'raise.'"

"I do not blame you for goin,'" remarked the deacon, who had been a worldly man in his time, "but you should be more exact in your language. That isn't a 'call,' it's a 'raise.'"

The names bestowed upon some of the small Southern negroes remind one of those of the old Roundheads—Hope-above Williams, Have-faith-to-be-saved John Michell, and so on. Not long ago a visitor in Richmond was having his shoes polished by a little coal-black specimen about eighteen inches in height, but possessed of gleaming white teeth and rolling eyes.

"What is your name?" the visitor idly asked. "Gen. sah," was the reply, accompanied by a grin of startling proportions.

"Gen? I suppose that is an abbreviation of General?" the visitor, who had some idea of the fondness of negroes for titles, inquired.

"No, sah, don't know as tis," was the reply, "abbreviation" evidently being too much for him. "Mah sho' enough name am 'Genesis-XXX-33. So shall-my-righteousness-answer-me-in-time-to-come-Washington Carter," an' day des calls me 'Gen' for short!"

+

GOT HIS PAPERS.

A prosperous business man downtown tells with enjoyment of his struggle to get naturalization papers after his arrival in this city from Ireland.

He had studied up, on the suggestion

BOYS AND GIRLS

a Pause in the Day's Occupation.

THE OTHER POINT OF VIEW.

To be a little girl of ten seems nice enough to boys and men.

I wonder if they've ever tried

To argue from the other side?

I don't suppose they'd ever guess

The stiffness of a starched white dress.

I wonder how they'd like the books,

Let alone the way it looks.

They'd never sit at home and sew

And watch their brothers come and go.

I should not even like to say

That they would bear it for a day.

They do not know how hard it seems

To be a girl still in one's dreams,

To feel that one can never be

A drummer boy, or go to sea.

Our brothers say we're hard to please

Because we long for things like these,

They think it is a pleasant life.

To wait until you're someone's wife.

(The above letter, in the Daily Mail, is a copy of a letter written by a woman to her husband.)

S
e Day's Occupation.
the floor to the ceiling,
in the middle.
part was where Aunt
sewing and work bas-
and peanuts were always
the many children who
their way home from
it was Betty's doll
furnished with beds,
that had once be-
at Lizzie.
d the room and seated
my chair. She was six
apparently her doll need-
of attention for she
and her auntie's remark,
one had been to Aunt
hours before with a won-
her face and had said,
don't know what I
tooth is so loose I
have her go to bed for
swallow it, and she
touch it." "I am
with me a little while
what I can do," an-
Lizzie.

silence in the room.
wed, placing her threads
window sill, and watch-
she stood on the sofa
tightly up to examine a
picture of a barn-yard
coming from the fields
small boy with very blue
receiving a hearty wel-
chickens, ducks,
noisy dog. A barefoot-
umping water into a
the extremely red cows
to look at this pic-
years before Betty's
ed to look at it, too.
it had been bought
grandmother when she
animal had been point-
olly was put to sleep
poned pillow with a
vers embroidered on
wishes that tooth was
I, I don't! It will
minute; anyone could
pain for the fairy's
O auntie, what do
sparkled and her
for she loved fai-
k at your tooth. I
, and I will tell you
ned to me when I was
just as loose as
crying, for I didn't
Uncle Henry, who was
in college, told me if
my hands behind my
put a thread around
ould let him give one
come out. Then before
I must put my tooth
under the kitchen stove
would come in the
it away and leave a
him pull it out, aun-
find the money?"
teathlessly.
did."
the fairies would
It's a long time since
the girl."

there's the least
I will ask your
me undress you, and
tooth on the iron
she might let you
in, and we could go
in the morning before
and see if the fairies
oney!"
body! I will run
a, and if she says
you put the thread
they had learned about creeds.

Any person (no matter what his
creed may be, provided that he is
honest) hearing such a store of stupid
and wicked nonsense, should
make use of his intelligence, and, reflecting,
should naturally enquire: "Do the Biblical Societies of London
which send abroad these delegates of the 'pure gospel,' and who
pay them large sums of money, know
to what a rascally use the money is
devoted?"

For the sake of their honesty I
think they do not know.

After having conversed a while
with us, these poor Indians realized
that they had been duped into believing
such falsehood against us. They
were willing to accept our teachings
of the Faith and their confidence in
the minister was seriously shaken.

It is impossible for a writer who
respects his readers as well as himself,
to relate in this narrative the shocking
immorality which the white men of this station indulged in
and the loose doctrine of the Anglican
minister which allowed them to do so without reproof. There were,
however, some Catholics amongst the Indians gathered there. Three little
children were brought to our tent
for baptism, and I administered the
Sacraments to an old woman who
was dying.

But to successfully attempt the
conversion of these poor stray souls
and to bring them back to faith and virtue,
it is most expedient to meet them out of that focus of lies and of
corruption. To our vanguard Mission-
ary of St. Francis Xavier, as I said in
my last narrative, is reserved that

his Venetian origin-
winged lion, "con-
evangel," in which
words: "Pax tibi,
a seen everywhere in
st conspicuously, of
on, on the top of the
al Palace, and in the
of St. Mark's, of
ant pontiff was pa-
cade of years. There
sort of fitness in
s. It is told in a
by the Rev. Albin
plain to the Marshal
that Cardinal Sa-
Cardinal Sarto (now
accept the pontificate
had been elected, and
inclined to refuse, said
Who has aided you in
the gondola of St.
you in guiding well
er!"

' Worm Exterminator
worms from the sys-
tem to the child, be-
while fully effective,



The EDISON PHONOGRAPH

THE most wonderful thing about the Edison Phonograph is its versatility. It is equally good in entertaining a crowd of friends or in helping you pass a few hours by yourself. It has just as many moods as you have. It is just as good in rendering a plaintive ballad as it is in rendering a lively waltz.

The new model with the big horn is now at all dealers'. You should see and hear it or write for a descriptive booklet.

WE DESIRE GOOD, LIVE DEALERS to sell Edison Phonographs in every town where we are not well represented. Dealers should write at once to National Phonograph Co., 100 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J., U. S. A.

A Journey of Good Hope Mission to Alaska Territory.

(By Rev. Father A. Lecorre, O.M.I.)

I resume the account of our journey which I interrupted to devote a few grateful lines to the dear memory of the old Indian woman, so zealous for the propagation of the faith.

We pitched our tent outside, close to the log fences of the trading post; we had to wait there for the departure of the squad of Indian porters. The Hudson Bay Co. sends these porters, as soon as the boat arrives from Portage, to the most remote stations beyond the Rocky Mountains with a supply of merchandise. They would guide us through that difficult passage, which, with our young Indians, we were to attempt for the first time. In two days we would be ready to start.

Meanwhile we devoted our leisure time to visiting and conversing with the few Indian families who had their lodges around the post where they were waiting for their winter's supply of tobacco and ammunition.

As our young men knew both the Louche and the Hare-skin languages they could help us as interpreters. These poor people related to us the calamities and the absurdities which the minister had uttered against our religion and against ourselves. This was nearly all that they had learned about creeds.

Another time, a pack slipping from the back of its owner ran down from steep declivity at full speed, but large gusts of wind, so common up in these summits, and which might sweep away a man himself, if he were not upon his guard. Now they send after it a "diving balloon" of the latest make, to catch the deserter in its whimsical dance over ravines and valleys.

Another time, a pack slipping from the back of its owner ran down from steep declivity at full speed, but large gusts of wind, so common up in these summits, and which might sweep away a man himself, if he were not upon his guard. Now they send after it a "diving balloon" of the latest make, to catch the deserter in its whimsical dance over ravines and valleys.

Another time, a pack slipping from the back of its owner ran down from steep declivity at full speed, but large gusts of wind, so common up in these summits, and which might sweep away a man himself, if he were not upon his guard. Now they send after it a "diving balloon" of the latest make, to catch the deserter in its whimsical dance over ravines and valleys.

Another time, a pack slipping from the back of its owner ran down from steep declivity at full speed, but large gusts of wind, so common up in these summits, and which might sweep away a man himself, if he were not upon his guard. Now they send after it a "diving balloon" of the latest make, to catch the deserter in its whimsical dance over ravines and valleys.

Another time, a pack slipping from the back of its owner ran down from steep declivity at full speed, but large gusts of wind, so common up in these summits, and which might sweep away a man himself, if he were not upon his guard. Now they send after it a "diving balloon" of the latest make, to catch the deserter in its whimsical dance over ravines and valleys.

Another time, a pack slipping from the back of its owner ran down from steep declivity at full speed, but large gusts of wind, so common up in these summits, and which might sweep away a man himself, if he were not upon his guard. Now they send after it a "diving balloon" of the latest make, to catch the deserter in its whimsical dance over ravines and valleys.

Another time, a pack slipping from the back of its owner ran down from steep declivity at full speed, but large gusts of wind, so common up in these summits, and which might sweep away a man himself, if he were not upon his guard. Now they send after it a "diving balloon" of the latest make, to catch the deserter in its whimsical dance over ravines and valleys.

Another time, a pack slipping from the back of its owner ran down from steep declivity at full speed, but large gusts of wind, so common up in these summits, and which might sweep away a man himself, if he were not upon his guard. Now they send after it a "diving balloon" of the latest make, to catch the deserter in its whimsical dance over ravines and valleys.

Another time, a pack slipping from the back of its owner ran down from steep declivity at full speed, but large gusts of wind, so common up in these summits, and which might sweep away a man himself, if he were not upon his guard. Now they send after it a "diving balloon" of the latest make, to catch the deserter in its whimsical dance over ravines and valleys.

Another time, a pack slipping from the back of its owner ran down from steep declivity at full speed, but large gusts of wind, so common up in these summits, and which might sweep away a man himself, if he were not upon his guard. Now they send after it a "diving balloon" of the latest make, to catch the deserter in its whimsical dance over ravines and valleys.

Another time, a pack slipping from the back of its owner ran down from steep declivity at full speed, but large gusts of wind, so common up in these summits, and which might sweep away a man himself, if he were not upon his guard. Now they send after it a "diving balloon" of the latest make, to catch the deserter in its whimsical dance over ravines and valleys.

Another time, a pack slipping from the back of its owner ran down from steep declivity at full speed, but large gusts of wind, so common up in these summits, and which might sweep away a man himself, if he were not upon his guard. Now they send after it a "diving balloon" of the latest make, to catch the deserter in its whimsical dance over ravines and valleys.

Another time, a pack slipping from the back of its owner ran down from steep declivity at full speed, but large gusts of wind, so common up in these summits, and which might sweep away a man himself, if he were not upon his guard. Now they send after it a "diving balloon" of the latest make, to catch the deserter in its whimsical dance over ravines and valleys.

Another time, a pack slipping from the back of its owner ran down from steep declivity at full speed, but large gusts of wind, so common up in these summits, and which might sweep away a man himself, if he were not upon his guard. Now they send after it a "diving balloon" of the latest make, to catch the deserter in its whimsical dance over ravines and valleys.

Another time, a pack slipping from the back of its owner ran down from steep declivity at full speed, but large gusts of wind, so common up in these summits, and which might sweep away a man himself, if he were not upon his guard. Now they send after it a "diving balloon" of the latest make, to catch the deserter in its whimsical dance over ravines and valleys.

Another time, a pack slipping from the back of its owner ran down from steep declivity at full speed, but large gusts of wind, so common up in these summits, and which might sweep away a man himself, if he were not upon his guard. Now they send after it a "diving balloon" of the latest make, to catch the deserter in its whimsical dance over ravines and valleys.

Another time, a pack slipping from the back of its owner ran down from steep declivity at full speed, but large gusts of wind, so common up in these summits, and which might sweep away a man himself, if he were not upon his guard. Now they send after it a "diving balloon" of the latest make, to catch the deserter in its whimsical dance over ravines and valleys.

Another time, a pack slipping from the back of its owner ran down from steep declivity at full speed, but large gusts of wind, so common up in these summits, and which might sweep away a man himself, if he were not upon his guard. Now they send after it a "diving balloon" of the latest make, to catch the deserter in its whimsical dance over ravines and valleys.

Another time, a pack slipping from the back of its owner ran down from steep declivity at full speed, but large gusts of wind, so common up in these summits, and which might sweep away a man himself, if he were not upon his guard. Now they send after it a "diving balloon" of the latest make, to catch the deserter in its whimsical dance over ravines and valleys.

Another time, a pack slipping from the back of its owner ran down from steep declivity at full speed, but large gusts of wind, so common up in these summits, and which might sweep away a man himself, if he were not upon his guard. Now they send after it a "diving balloon" of the latest make, to catch the deserter in its whimsical dance over ravines and valleys.

Another time, a pack slipping from the back of its owner ran down from steep declivity at full speed, but large gusts of wind, so common up in these summits, and which might sweep away a man himself, if he were not upon his guard. Now they send after it a "diving balloon" of the latest make, to catch the deserter in its whimsical dance over ravines and valleys.

Another time, a pack slipping from the back of its owner ran down from steep declivity at full speed, but large gusts of wind, so common up in these summits, and which might sweep away a man himself, if he were not upon his guard. Now they send after it a "diving balloon" of the latest make, to catch the deserter in its whimsical dance over ravines and valleys.

Another time, a pack slipping from the back of its owner ran down from steep declivity at full speed, but large gusts of wind, so common up in these summits, and which might sweep away a man himself, if he were not upon his guard. Now they send after it a "diving balloon" of the latest make, to catch the deserter in its whimsical dance over ravines and valleys.

Another time, a pack slipping from the back of its owner ran down from steep declivity at full speed, but large gusts of wind, so common up in these summits, and which might sweep away a man himself, if he were not upon his guard. Now they send after it a "diving balloon" of the latest make, to catch the deserter in its whimsical dance over ravines and valleys.

Another time, a pack slipping from the back of its owner ran down from steep declivity at full speed, but large gusts of wind, so common up in these summits, and which might sweep away a man himself, if he were not upon his guard. Now they send after it a "diving balloon" of the latest make, to catch the deserter in its whimsical dance over ravines and valleys.

Another time, a pack slipping from the back of its owner ran down from steep declivity at full speed, but large gusts of wind, so common up in these summits, and which might sweep away a man himself, if he were not upon his guard. Now they send after it a "diving balloon" of the latest make, to catch the deserter in its whimsical dance over ravines and valleys.

Another time, a pack slipping from the back of its owner ran down from steep declivity at full speed, but large gusts of wind, so common up in these summits, and which might sweep away a man himself, if he were not upon his guard. Now they send after it a "diving balloon" of the latest make, to catch the deserter in its whimsical dance over ravines and valleys.

Another time, a pack slipping from the back of its owner ran down from steep declivity at full speed, but large gusts of wind, so common up in these summits, and which might sweep away a man himself, if he were not upon his guard. Now they send after it a "diving balloon" of the latest make, to catch the deserter in its whimsical dance over ravines and valleys.

Another time, a pack slipping from the back of its owner ran down from steep declivity at full speed, but large gusts of wind, so common up in these summits, and which might sweep away a man himself, if he were not upon his guard. Now they send after it a "diving balloon" of the latest make, to catch the deserter in its whimsical dance over ravines and valleys.

Another time, a pack slipping from the back of its owner ran down from steep declivity at full speed, but large gusts of wind, so common up in these summits, and which might sweep away a man himself, if he were not upon his guard. Now they send after it a "diving balloon" of the latest make, to catch the deserter in its whimsical dance over ravines and valleys.

Another time, a pack slipping from the back of its owner ran down from steep declivity at full speed, but large gusts of wind, so common up in these summits, and which might sweep away a man himself, if he were not upon his guard. Now they send after it a "diving balloon" of the latest make, to catch the deserter in its whimsical dance over ravines and valleys.

Another time, a pack slipping from the back of its owner ran down from steep declivity at full speed, but large gusts of wind, so common up in these summits, and which might sweep away a man himself, if he were not upon his guard. Now they send after it a "diving balloon" of the latest make, to catch the deserter in its whimsical dance over ravines and valleys.

Another time, a pack slipping from the back of its owner ran down from steep declivity at full speed, but large gusts of wind, so common up in these summits, and which might sweep away a man himself, if he were not upon his guard. Now they send after it a "diving balloon" of the latest make, to catch the deserter in its whimsical dance over ravines and valleys.

Another time, a pack slipping from the back of its owner ran down from steep declivity at full speed, but large gusts of wind, so common up in these summits, and which might sweep away a man himself, if he were not upon his guard. Now they send after it a "diving balloon" of the latest make, to catch the deserter in its whimsical dance over ravines and valleys.

Another time, a pack slipping from the back of its owner ran down from steep declivity at full speed, but large gusts of wind, so common up in these summits, and which might sweep away a man himself, if he were not upon his guard. Now they send after it a "diving balloon" of the latest make, to catch the deserter in its whimsical dance over ravines and valleys.

Another time, a pack slipping from the back of its owner ran down from steep declivity at full speed, but large gusts of wind, so common up in these summits, and which might sweep away a man himself, if he were not upon his guard. Now they send after it a "diving balloon" of the latest make, to catch the deserter in its whimsical dance over ravines and valleys.

Another time, a pack slipping from the back of its owner ran down from steep declivity at full speed, but large gusts of wind, so common up in these summits, and which might sweep away a man himself, if he were not upon his guard. Now they send after it a "diving balloon" of the latest make, to catch the deserter in its whimsical dance over ravines and valleys.

Another time, a pack slipping from the back of its owner ran down from steep declivity at full speed, but large gusts of wind, so common up in these summits, and which might sweep away a man himself, if he were not upon his guard. Now they send after it a "diving balloon" of the latest make, to catch the deserter in its whimsical dance over ravines and valleys.

Another time, a pack slipping from the back of its owner ran down from steep declivity at full speed, but large gusts of wind, so common up in these summits, and which might sweep away a man himself, if he were not upon his guard. Now they send after it a "diving balloon" of the latest make, to catch the deserter in its whimsical dance over ravines and valleys.

Another time, a pack slipping from the back of its owner ran down from steep declivity at full speed, but large gusts of wind, so common up in these summits, and which might sweep away a man himself, if he were not upon his guard. Now they send after it a "diving balloon" of the latest make, to catch the deserter in its whimsical dance over ravines and valleys.

Another time, a pack slipping from the back of its owner ran down from steep declivity at full speed, but large gusts of wind, so common up in these summits, and which might sweep away a man himself, if he were not upon his guard. Now they send after it a "diving balloon" of the latest make, to catch the deserter in its whimsical dance over ravines and valleys.

Another time, a pack slipping from the back of its owner ran down from steep declivity at full speed, but large gusts of wind, so common up in these summits, and which might sweep away a man himself, if he were not upon his guard. Now they send after it a "diving balloon" of the latest make, to catch the deserter in its whimsical dance over ravines and valleys.

Another time, a pack slipping from the back of its owner ran down from steep declivity at full speed, but large gusts of wind, so common up in these summits, and which might sweep away a man himself, if he were not upon his guard. Now they send after it a "diving balloon" of the latest make, to catch the deserter in its whimsical dance over ravines and valleys.

Another time, a pack slipping from the back of its owner ran down from steep declivity at full speed, but large gusts of wind, so common up in these summits, and which might sweep away a man himself, if he were not upon his guard. Now they send after it a "diving balloon" of the latest make, to catch the deserter in its whimsical dance over ravines and valleys.

Another time, a pack slipping from the back of its owner ran down from steep declivity at full speed, but large gusts of wind, so common up in these summits, and which might sweep away a man himself,

The True Witness

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

Is published every Thursday by

The True Witness P. & P. Co.

Montreal, P. Q.

P. O. BOX 1138

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE

Canada [City Excepted], United States and Newfoundland . . . \$1.00

City and Foreign \$1.50

Terms: Payable in Advance.

NOTICE.

When a change of address is desired the subscriber should give both the OLD and the NEW address.

SUBSCRIPTIONS will be continued until order to stop is received and all arrears paid up.

Send remittances by Money Order, P. O. order or registered letter.

NOTE WELL.—Matter intended for publication should reach us not later than 5 o'clock Wednesday afternoon.

CORRESPONDENCE and items of local Catholic interest solicited.

THURSDAY, MAY 7, 1908.

Episcopal Approbation.

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

+ PAUL,
Archbishop of Montreal

NOTICE.

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

THE MONTH OF MAY.

The year has sorrow enough to try the strong and discourage the weak. Yet we cannot help feeling that it has a month of joy—the sweet month of our Blessed Mother. Every one of its thirty-one days brings more and more glory to God, more help to the struggling Church because millions of souls are around Mary's throne in deep prayer, and deeper love for the Immaculate Mother of God. What golden light this month throws over the rest of the year! What a hoard of treasure more precious than gold or silver is heaped up by devout souls during its spring days for the autumn and winter of life! It is the harvest-time, or, more correctly, the seed time when we sow in our hearts closer imitation of our dear Mother, more confidence in her and more childlike affection for her. She is God's sweet gift to us. There is a pleasure in receiving gifts—pledges of something beyond their own value and seals of union between rational beings. What a pleasure it becomes for us to receive gifts from God. Our whole life is one unbroken chain of golden gifts from Him. Everything we have and everything we are is His. The dignity of the Giver is so wonderful, His knowledge of us so transparent, that it is still more marvelous He should give us aught at all. His gifts are so admirable and mysterious in themselves, so like Himself, so reaching and loving in their purpose, that we have the double effect of magnanimous exaltation and deep humiliation. They raise us up to make us love God and they humble us on account of our unworthiness and ingratitude. All God's gifts are of huge importance for time and eternity. What is true of God is true of Jesus, for He is God and His gifts are the choice superadded gifts of sanctification and salvation. He has given us many gifts; for He did not spare Himself. But there is one immense, choice gift He gave—one that was and is part of His own Heart. It is the grace to love His dear Mother. It is the grace which will help us to love our Lord most. Nothing will make us so like Him; nor will anything make Him love us so much as earnest devotion to His blessed Mother. What happiness, therefore, will May bring if it finds us fervent and regular in these sweet devotions whose hymns and prayers are going up to Heaven from the children of the Church to their dear Mother. A week has already gone by—what have we done? Let us ask of our Lord the grace so dear to His Sacred Heart, a special love for the blessed Virgin. It will be such joy and

courage to us in trial, such consolation in sorrow and such a bright dawn of a happy eternity.

A TIMELY WARNING.

What is rarely seen, yet what is doubly welcome, is an editor of The Toronto Globe advocating the policy of the Holy Father against the Modernists. What we like about it is the manly courage which prompts the Rev. Mr. Macdonald to go forth and speak to young men of the dangers of modern philosophy. It is a long time since Mr. Macdonald won our esteem for his outspoken candor against the disreputable Margaret L. Shepard. Fearless and a lover of fair play, he did service to the peace of the community in helping to drive this creature off the stage and to quiet the feeling which her calumnies had aroused.

Mr. Macdonald now occupies the editorial chair upon the Toronto Globe, much to the advantage of our daily contemporary and not without a wider influence. Coming more directly to the point we were agreeably surprised to read a brief report of an address by the Rev. Mr. Macdonald to the Y.M.C.A. of Chicago. Briefly told it was a warning to young men not to dabble in philosophy unless they had a great amount of faith. The danger which philosophy presents is its subtlety and its self-appointed finality. By philosophy our friend evidently means natural philosophy, for no other is recognized as having claim upon intellectual energy. All else our modern materialists would classify as poetry, figments of the brain. What, therefore, will be the correction of such misleading science whose principles are unsound and whose term is not half-way on the road to human perfection and universal truth? Faith, replies the Rev. Mr. Macdonald. Very true—but let us be sure that faith as understood by this gentleman, a Presbyterian minister, is the same as taught by Catholic doctrine. There's the rub. When Protestantism charged faith to confidence, withdrew it from the realms of thought and made of it mere sentiment, then the truths of faith were no longer matters for scientific investigation and explanation. Faith was abandoned as a subject-matter of study. Philosophy had the field. We know how it was cultivated in that dark, sceptical eighteenth century. Hume, the Scot, took the torch from Locke the Englishman and passed it on to Kant the German, each one adding new flame to it. The nineteenth century dawned with scepticism darkening the whole sky, and revolution destroying the ramparts and cities of civilization. Nor is there in this twentieth century a bright lookout: religion scorned, authority defied, materialism worshipped and knowledge captive to the senses. We agree with our friend that philosophy should be dropped and faith resumed; and we are glad to welcome the Rev. Editor of the Toronto Globe as striving to do in an unofficial way what Plus the Tenth is doing authoritatively, setting religion above science, condemning false philosophy and not allowing it to sit in judgment upon revelation and supernatural truth. One difficulty lies in following the good advice of our friend: the self-sufficiency of private judgment and the danger it threatens to the constancy and stability of religious thought. Give us the Catholic Church for guidance, protection and experience. The reverend gentleman ought to draw nearer our great Pontiff, Plus the Tenth.

REFLECTIONS UPON A CENTURY
A century is not long when looking at the Church as a whole; but it is a vast stretch in its life in the New World. Here are Philadelphia, New York, Boston and Louisville or Bardstown celebrating with fitting pomp and pride the hundredth anniversary of their establishment as dioceses. They are putting on the dignity of age—and will now pass for antiques in the ecclesiastical museum of America. Of course they are young, mere children, compared with our own Quebec which is twice their age and more. It is not only the century, it is the growth of the Church within these hundred years. The diocese of Baltimore, which had been erected in 1789, was raised to an archdiocese in 1808 with the above-named dioceses as suffragans. Let us proceed in order. Philadelphia, whose celebration came first, boasts of a Catholic population of over a million—and a half—against fifteen thousand a hundred years ago within the same area. New York runs up to two millions when a century past there were only five hundred Catholics in the city. Boston will no doubt present a similar showing. Bardstown was transferred to Louisville in 1841. Its growth is not in the same class as the strength of her eastern sisters.

The event is no ordinary one: it is a subject of congratulation and a grave matter of reflection. If the increase has been stupendous the loss has been no slight affair. If there had been no leakage, if the growth had gone on apace and all who had landed upon the shores of America with their children kept the faith, where now we count the millions by ones and twos we should count them by fives and sixes. It is not, however, in increase of numbers merely that we may rejoice with these great dioceses. Numbers are gratifying when co-ordinated and systematic. Fortunately for the Church they for the most part came from one country, and it was still more fortunate that that country was Ireland. Catholic to the heart's core and schooled in persecution the Irish bore the inconveniences which a new and unprovided country necessarily presented in the scarcity of priests and of religious accommodation. The trials they found were nothing compared to what they had suffered for ages. Here, too, was an outlet for their faith and love of learning. They would give their children to God, their sons to the holy priesthood and their daughters to religious sisterhoods. So they did. They kept the faith with the same fidelity which had marked their history at home. The old missionaries passed away, making room for a stronger and more flexible organization. The Irish knit themselves to the Church in golden threads of generosity, and showed the world the moving picture of what a strong religious people could do in a free country. New York, which had from the beginning been a Dutch town, now became an Irish city. Philadelphia, the City of Brotherly Love—found within its walls brethren of a strange race, ready to build up the country with them and for them, but going their way on Sundays and holidays to the modest chapel where now stand hundreds of churches, the monuments of Irish faith and sacrifice. Boston, no less than the sister cities, has witnessed tremendous changes. What was once the home of Puritanism is now the animated centre of a Catholic majority; and the harsh spirit of persecution has yielded up its knowing principles. Many reasons besides increasing numbers contributed to bring all this about. The Church and its organization had the most important share in this marvellous development. It is due to the episcopate and the priesthood, and to the steady constant work effected by them, as well as the faith of the people that dioceses multiplied and became centres of Catholicity. No better example can be found in modern history of the aptitude of the Church to accommodate itself to new circumstances. The organization for religious purposes is simple—a bishop and priests enough to give Mass and administer the sacraments. That is not sufficient. Beyond these are the works of mercy, the most important of which is education. Then after dioceses sprang up and churches were built the clergy set themselves to the task of providing parochial schools for primary education. It was a difficult undertaking for the ratepayers were already contributing their share to the public schools. Broad foundations have been laid—and in the great majority of parishes, beside the Church is the school, the greatest support and consolation of the pastor. Nor have the other works of mercy been neglected. Orphanages for the young, homes for the aged are the refuge of thousands and the hearth where the zeal of countless religious is kindled. And if there is one class of institutions which did more heroic work than any other, and which helped most of all to break down prejudice—these institutions are the hospitals in the charge of the Sisters, the Sisters, too, who, leaving their wards went out into the battle-fields of the civil war. One thing more we may mention as largely contributing to the steady advancement of the Church. It is the assimilative power of the Irish. This has been brought out more prominently of late years when owing to their numbers and talent they have taken a share in the city politics of many other places than New York and Boston. Speaking the language of the country they were not, like other races, handicapped. They readily fell into line, wrought and fought for their adopted country with their ancestral strength and bravery. The Irish in those great dioceses may well look back with pride upon their deeds for Church and country. Neither Church nor country has been ungrateful. The former has taken maternal care of them, their spiritual and material wants; the latter has without being generous thrown many of its fields open to their cultivation and has left its local politics in their hands.

Other races and peoples are landing means of communicating direct with the Department of Justice, but at the same time it must be admitted Irish years ago. They will prove that they have some rights. If they competitors in the contests of labor are abused by officials, they should have some means of making their treatment known to the department of Justice. This is only one of the Portuguese. These have come to reasons which make inspection by a competent official necessary. The

duties of a warden are numerous and difficult; only a very fit, active and intelligent man should fill the position. How can the Department of Justice be informed whether these duties are fulfilled or whether the warden does little more than hold down a chair unless there is regular inspection by an inspector who is familiar with the language of subordinate officials and prisoners?

If it is a difficult thing to manage a community of well disposed persons, how much more difficult must it be to govern a community of dangerous criminals! If then the difficulty be so serious and the duties of office so important, just to the same extent is it important and necessary that the Inspectors appointed should see to the fulfilment of these duties and should be at least able to speak both the languages spoken by the prisoners, officials and chaplains.

There should be a Board of Inspectors, two of them speaking English and at least one of them a French-Canadian. One of these might reside in the further West so as to be within reach when necessary, as when riots occur in the British Columbia Penitentiary. This arrangement would save much money in travelling expenses. However, the principle thing and what we would insist on, and will, if necessary, continue to insist upon, is the appointment of an Inspector who speaks French, and who thus will be able to look after and understand the interests of those who speak French among the officials and prisoners of the different Dominion Penitentiaries.

MONTREAL STREET RAILWAY AND AMERICAN SILVER.

For a long time the Montreal Street Railway has issued cast iron orders to its conductors to refuse American currency for transportation on its cars. On the other side we see that the Government has made arrangements with the banks that they may get rid of the American silver nuisance. To be progressive, why do not all the street railways of Canada join in the movement, and instead of adopting the policy of refusing the American quarter and all denominations of its brother, why would they not issue orders to accept it.

The street railway companies would be the best collectors, and instead of putting poor people, having sometimes a solitary American quarter, off their cars and wounding the feelings of a well dressed lady tourist offering an American quarter in exchange for transportation, and blocking the platforms for want of the requisite king's head currency, they would help the movement more than any organization existing.

Their business would not suffer by it, and possibly it would increase, as when it would be known that the street railway accept American silver without kicking, many a person would spend part of his American quarter for a ride.

Then in accepting American silver the companies would lose nothing by it. Let the big heads of the Montreal street railway put on their thinking cap over this matter.

CITY AND DISTRICT SAVINGS BANK.

We publish in another column the annual report of this grand old institution, the City and District Savings Bank, the custodians of the savings of many of our readers. The financial statement is the most prosperous and satisfactory since its foundation in 1846, and it speaks highly for the able management of its directors and General Manager, Mr. A. P. L'Esperance. Everything is solid as a rock there. General Inspector Mr. F. G. Ouimet has the eye ready.

AGENTS WANTED!

—16x20 crayon portraits, 40 cents; frames 10 cents and up; sheet pictures, one cent each. You can make 400 p. c. profit, or \$36 per week. Catalogue and Samples free. FRANK W. WILLIAMS COMPANY, 1208 W. Taylor street, Chicago, Ill.

Bethmin Edition of Payson, Dunton and Scribner's System of Penmanship

SPECIAL FEATURES.

Simple in method, practical in plan, perfect classification of letters, leading to similarity of formation. Uniform and improved style of Capital letters. Classification of formation of each letter, grouped separately, numbered, and plainly illustrated by diagrams.

Special adaptation to School use, being especially designed for this purpose by practical subjects.

Published by

D. & J. SADLER & CO.,

13 Notre Dame St. West

MONTRÉAL.

Phone Main 8861.

J. J. GARLAND

GRAVEL ROOFING
and all kinds of Cal-
vanized Iron Work.

Damp Proof Flooring a Specialty.
Also Portland Cement Work.

27 & 29 St. James St. Montreal.

Wedding Stationery
Reception Cards
Announcements



Correct Form, High-Grade
Material, Best Workman-
ship, Prompt and Careful
Attention to Orders...

THE TRUE WITNESS
PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Bell Tel. Main 1817.

H. BOURGIE,
Undertaker
and Funeral Director.



1314 NOTRE DAME WEST

Coffins in wood and metal of all descriptions.

First class hearses for funerals and all accessories.

Subscription to the funeral society \$1.00 per year for the family.

Profit and Loss

To the Shareholders

Capital Stock (\$000,000)

Reserve Fund

Profit and Loss

Number of

Average and

Audited and

JAS. TASKE. A. CINQ-MARS,

O.L.A. CO.

The election clergymen held a contest in the College

were Mr. Justice Walsh and Mr. T.

winner of the first

Masson, '11, spoke

the Roman Senate

and third place was

spectively to Mr. T.

'11, Quebec Ter-

king's Own McGovern,

American citizen."

The contest refl-

upon those who b-

pups, the judges

difficulty in aware-

ed by all of them

were in attendance

keen interest in t-

essor John P. Ste-

chair. Instruments

with violin, 'cello

of evening.

RESOLUTIONS

At a meeting of

A. & B. Society,

April 5th, 1908,

solutions of condole-

ously adopted:

Whereas, it has

mighty God, in the

infinite wisdom, to

midst, by the cold

The Montreal City and District Savings Bank.

SIXTY-FIRST ANNUAL REPORT.

Montreal, May 5, 1908.
To the Shareholders,

Your Directors have pleasure in presenting the Sixty-first Annual Report of the affairs of the Bank, and the result of its operations for the year ending December 31st, 1907.

The net Profits of the year were \$165,046.88, and the balance brought forward from last year's Profit and Loss Account was \$7,620.49, making a total of \$165,667.42. From this amount have been paid two dividends to our shareholders, leaving a balance at credit of Profit and Loss of \$65,667.42 to be carried forward to next year.

The number of open accounts on December 31 last was 94,309, and the average amount due each depositor was \$211.15.

For the convenience of our Depositors in St. Henry, a new branch was opened on the 7th January last at 2010 St. James street, and its

Statement of the affairs of The Montreal City and District Savings Bank, on the 31st December, 1907.

ASSETS.

Cash on hand and in chartered Banks ...	\$1,661,432.34
Dominion of Canada Government Stock and accrued interest	2,547,845.83
Provincial Government Bonds	452,918.30
City of Montreal and other Municipal and School Bonds and Debentures	8,112,277.02
Other Bonds and Debentures	918,852.33
Sundry Securities	291,586.47
Call and Short Loans, secured by collaterals	7,216,440.84
Charity Donation Fund, invested in municipal securities approved by the Dominion Government	180,000.00
Bank Premises (Head Office and ten Branches)	\$475,000.00
Other Assets	\$ 18,542.25
	493,542.52
	\$21,907,395.65

LIABILITIES.

To the Public:	
Amount due Depositors	\$19,913,914.92
Amount due Receiver-General	93,341.86
Amount due Charity Donation Fund	180,000.00
Amount due Open Accounts	154,471.45
	\$20,341,728.23
To the Shareholders:	
Capital Stock (amount subscribed \$2,000,000)	\$600,000.00
Reserve Fund	900,000.00
Profit and Loss Account	65,667.42
	\$21,907,395.65

Number of open accounts 94,309
Average amount due each depositor \$211.15
Audited and found correct.

JAS. TASKER.
A. CINQ-MARS, Auditors.

Parish News of the Week

ORATORICAL CONTEST AT LOYOLA COLLEGE.

The elocution class at Loyola College held a contest on Monday evening in the College hall. The judges were Mr. Justice Curran, Mr. J. C. Walsh and Mr. T. J. Shallow. The winner of the first prize, Mr. Jean Masson, "Ili," spoke on "Caesar before the Roman Senate." The second and third prizes were awarded respectively to Mr. Albert McDonald, '11, "Quebec Tercentenary," and Arthur McGovern, '09, on "A great American citizen."

The contest reflected great credit upon those who had coached the pupils; the judges experiencing some difficulty in awarding prizes owing to the standard of excellence attained by all of them. Many parents were in attendance and evinced a keen interest in the contest. Professor John P. Stephen occupied the chair. Instrumental solos, a trio with violin, cello and piano added to the pleasure of a very enjoyable evening.

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.

At a meeting of the St. Gabriel T. A. & B. Society, held on Sunday, April 5th, 1908, the following resolutions of condolence were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, it has pleased the Almighty God, in the exercise of His infinite wisdom, to remove from our midst, by the cold hand of death, Mr. C. P. Monahan, father of our esteemed member, Mr. Patrick Monahan;

Be it resolved, That we, the members of St. Gabriel's T. A. & B. Society, in meeting assembled, do hereby tender Mr. Patrick Monahan and the other members of the family our sincere sympathy in this, their sad hour of affliction;

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

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

FIRST CATHOLIC SAILORS' CONCERT OF THE SEASON.

As time rolls on and the last vestige of winter disappears, we are tangibly reminded of the fact that our port has again opened its doors to the commerce of the world, the beginning of which was proven last night by the first concert of the season.

About the usual hour the doors of the club-room were thrown open, and in comparison to what was usually seen, a small but very friendly audience put in an appearance. The

programme was a good one. In this connection mention is due to Misses Renighan, Lynch, a tiny tot of presumably five years old, and Messrs. Lenely, Ryan, Fox, Palmer, Rodden, Dennison, Burke, the boys of St. Patrick's School choir and others. It is expected that the next concert will be in the hands of Mrs. P. S. Doyle, and let us hope that the spirit of former years will again show itself in this great and noble cause.

AUXILIARY BISHOP NAMED FOR QUEBEC.

The Rev. Paul Eugene Roy, director of the "Action Social" in Quebec, has been appointed auxiliary to His Grace Archbishop Begin. The consecration is fixed for next Sunday, May 10. The newly named auxiliary is not yet fifty years of age. He was born at Berthier, and his family has given five sons to the priesthood, and one sister is a religious in the Hotel Dieu, Quebec.

CENTENARY CELEBRATION IN NEW YORK.

A full account by our representative of the grand celebration which took place in New York last week in honor of its centenary will be given in our issue of next week.

MR. DEVLIN TO SPEAK.

The Hon. Mr. Devlin has accepted an invitation of the Rev. Abbe Marcus, of Fitchburg, Mass., to deliver an address there, on the occasion of the St. Jean Baptiste celebration, which will take place on July 4.

SLEEPING DRAUGHTS AND SOOTHING MIXTURE.

A wise mother will never give her little one a sleeping draught, soothoing mixture or opiate of any kind except upon the advice of a competent doctor, who has seen the child. All these things contain deadly poison.

When you give your baby or young child Baby's Own Tablets you have the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine does not contain one particle of opiate or narcotic, and therefore cannot possibly do harm—but always do good.

Mrs. Geo. M. Kempt, Carleton Place, Ont., says:—"I have given Baby's Own Tablets to my baby since he was two weeks old. He was a very small thin baby, but thanks to the Tablets he is now a big, fat, healthy boy." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

History of the Church.

(Continued.)

It was not because Holy Church found fault with her children for studying heavenly bodies; she simply wished to banish superstition and replace it by a real science.

The Council of Trent, while forbidding the reading of ois superstitious astrology, made exception of natural astrology or astronomy, which would treat not only of the course of the stars, but also of their natural influences on the seas, the temperature of the air, the return of certain diseases—observations useful to navigation, agriculture, and medicine. The Church, more than anybody else, had a special interest in desiring that the course of the sun, the moon, and the stars should be exactly known; for it is upon this knowledge that she regulates her feasts, principally the most solemn of all, Easter. Thus we see that the greatest popes, bishops and councils were extremely interested in this important question. It is a pope, Gregory XIII., who has rendered service to all peoples by correcting the errors and incertitudes which crept into the calendar and giving them an exact one. It is a cardinal, Nicholas de Cusa, who was the first among modern scientists to revive the ancient opinion that the earth moves around the sun. Again, a canon of the Church, Nicholas Copernicus, will establish this system on both figures and experiment, and so become the father of modern astronomy.

It might, perhaps, be asked at what place and in what season of the year the two great luminaries, the sun and the moon, first made their appearance. We will give the most probable opinion in answer to this question. We have seen that the lesser luminary, that is to say the moon, was made to preside over the night. Now, she presides literally over the whole night only when she rises at the moment the sun sets; that is to say, at the time of full moon. It is most likely, therefore, that she appeared for the first time in that phase. Again, we have seen in another conference, that God made two great luminaries, the sun and the moon, to separate light from darkness, day from night, and that by even halves as the Septuagint version has it. Now the night and day are equal only when the sun's light falls directly on the middle of the earth's surface, which is the equator, or in other words, at the time of the equinox. We may believe, then, that the sun and the moon were created, or at least made brilliant, at that epoch. But there are two equinoxes, one in the spring and the other in the fall. At which of these periods did the great luminaries appear? It was said just before this passage in Genesis: Let the earth produce the green herb and the trees bearing fruit, each one according to its kind. Now vegetation belongs to Spring more than to any other season of the year; we have reason, then, to conclude that the sun and moon were given light, that they shone for the first time at the time of full moon in the spring equinox. At least this was the opinion of the bishops of Palestine and surrounding countries as assembled in council at the end of the second century at Cesarea, by order of Pope Victor, to regulate the question of Easter tide in the very spot where Christ Himself celebrated that feast. The acts were preserved for us by a holy astronomer of the seventh century, who has lately been canonized, St. Bede. He made the observation that at the same time of the year, that is to say the spring equinox, great events took place: the children of Israel came out of the slavery of Egypt, as from a dark prison, under the guidance of Moses and Aaron, two heavenly bodies, to become a free nation and take possession of the promised land; Christ, God and Man, prefigured during so many centuries by the paschal lamb, having been sacrificed for the deliverance of mankind, cries from the tomb and the darkness of death, calling all men to the freedom of God and to the promised land of heaven.

Thus the great feast of Christians, Easter, which always comes when nature is being renewed, calls to our minds the early youth of the world, the freeing of the children of Israel by Moses, and the freeing of all nations by Christ. The two great luminaries placed in the expanse of the heavens, indicate to us the epoch of this feast. They served as a sign for the ancient pasch and the feasts of the new moon. But there is to be a final solemnity, announced by the sun, moon, and stars, to all peoples of the earth: the great Easter, the grand passage from time to eternity. The powers of the heavens shall be moved, the stars shall fall from heaven, the sun will be darkened, the moon will not give her light, the elements will be dissolved, not to be annihilated but to form new heavens and a new earth. When we shall see the first sign of this last solemnity when we must raise our heads, then our redemption will be at hand, then will appear the Sun of justice to be darkened no more, then we shall see, by the eternal light, the divine harmony of the Catholic history, the human fragments of which we are trying to assemble.

The two great luminaries placed in the expanse of the heavens, indicate to us the epoch of this feast. They served as a sign for the ancient pasch and the feasts of the new moon. But there is to be a final solemnity, announced by the sun, moon, and stars, to all peoples of the earth: the great Easter, the grand passage from time to eternity. The powers of the heavens shall be moved, the stars shall fall from heaven, the sun will be darkened, the moon will not give her light, the elements will be dissolved, not to be annihilated but to form new heavens and a new earth.

When we shall see the first sign of this last solemnity when we must raise our heads, then our redemption will be at hand, then will appear the Sun of justice to be darkened no more, then we shall see, by the eternal light, the divine harmony of the Catholic history, the human fragments of which we are trying to assemble.

At the voice of God the earth was clothed in a mantle of green, starred here and there with flowers, the heavens were clothed with a mantle of hue, flowered with stars. Must the sea alone remain sterile? Listen.

"And God said: let the waters bring forth the moving creature that hath life and fowl that may fly above the earth in the open firmament. And it was so done."

Few words certainly, but who will tell us the marvels without number

that they contain? Who will go down into the river beds and into the abysses of the sea and there study the inhabitants? We only know a few of them, but in those few how many things there are that surpass our understanding and confound us! That sponge, for example, which we use for many purposes, do we know who made it for us? It is the moving house which certain seafarers build on the side of the rocks. And the coral whose beautiful hue we so much admire is the ruin of a stony hive built by little insects in the form of a tree trunk at the bottom of the sea.

And those precious pearls are the drops of sweat from an oyster left after forming its shells which are at the same time its house, its clothing and its bones. And that mantle on

which the royal mantles pride themselves, is distilled in the shell of a little snail. Solomon owed the purple of his royalty to a reptile, and with all his magnificence he will not compare with the flowers of the field.

The inhabitant of another shell will teach navigation. The nautilus, a reptile with eight arms, builds out of its own substance a couch in the shape of a boat, puts enough water in it to serve as ballast, raises two of its arms, spreads the skin that joins them to the wind, lengthens two others to serve as oars, puts out another for a rudder, and so sails the seas, he, his boat, pilot and crew, all in one. This is not all. Is there no storm coming? Is there an enemy near at hand? This industrious argonaut furls his sails, unships his oars and rudder, fills his boat with water and sinks into the sea. When danger is past he capsizes his boat, forms a vacuum and ascends again to the surface, where he again sets sail and continues at the wind's pleasure. When will man find a way of escaping from the tempest?

is second to none in the City. We have the most ample and modern equipment for first-class, artistic printing. We offer to those requiring such work, quick and correct service. We respectfully solicit the patronage of our readers

THE TRUE WITNESS

JOB

PRINTING

DEPARTMENT

WEAK TIRED WOMEN

How many women there are that get no refreshment from sleep. They wake in the morning and feel tired than when they went to bed.

They have a dizzy sensation in the head, the heart palpitates; they are irritable and nervous, weak and worn out, and the lightest household duties during the day seem to be a drag and a burden.

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

are the very remedy that weak, nervous, tired out, sickly women need to restore them the blessings of good health.

They give sound, restful sleep, tone up the nerves, strengthen the heart, and make rich blood. Mrs. C. McDonald, Portage la Prairie, Man., writes: "I was troubled with shortness of breath, palpitation of the heart and weak spells. I got four boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and after taking them I was completely cured."

Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25, all dealers or the The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

After being evicted twenty years ago from the Coohee, County Wexford, tenants have been restored to their homes. The tenants have received free grants with which to start farming anew. It is said that their rents are greatly reduced.

Pilgrimage Party Nearing Completion.

Only a few more berths remain open on the steamship Carpathia carrying the Pilgrimage party leaving New York, July 16.

Any person desiring an audience with the Holy Father and to see Europe in a substantial manner, should lose no time in addressing the management, McGrane's Catholic Tours, 187 Broadway, N. Y. City.

TENDERS.

TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Dredging," will be received until Friday, May 15, 1908, at 4:30 P.M., for dredging required at the following places in the Province of Quebec:

Lac-Eau-Couer River, Blanche Shoals, Batiscan, Chateauguay River, Dorion, Fraserville, Godefroy River, Hay Island, Hudson, L'Assomption River, Maskinongé River, Nicolet, Port St. Francis, Rivière Ouelle, Rivière du Loup (en haut), Rivière Jesus, St. Francis River, St. Pierre les Bœufs Landing, St. Maurice River, St. Lambert, St. Placide, Saguenay River, Vaudreuil, Yamaska River.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenders.

Combined specifications and form of tender can be obtained at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa. Tenders must include the towing of the plant to and from the works. Only dredges can be employed which are registered in Canada at the time of the filing of tenders. Contractors must be ready to begin work within twenty days after the date they have been notified of the acceptance of their tender.

The tenders should state their prices per Imperial gallon in cases and in barrels, delivered at the following places:—Sarnia, Ont., Port Dalhousie, Ont., Kingston, Ont., Montreal, P.Q., Quebec, P.Q., St

"Do Not Forget Me."

(By Florence Gilmore.)

Hemm'd in on all sides by gently sloping but picturesque hills, Nazareth lay, calm and quiet, bathed in a glow of spring sunshine which glorified its homely poverty, and seemed to smile lovingly on its tiny gardens and fertile meadows. Despite the beauty of the surrounding country, and probably wholly unconscious of it, a small party of Roman soldiers who were encamped on its outskirts chaffed at the delay that held them prisoners in a poor dull village of despised Galilee.

Towards evening on the third day of their enforced inaction one of the officers, Martius by name, wandered idly through the town and beyond it into the lovely valley below where he met a feeble old man carrying a heavy axe and a rudely made drawing knife, accompanied by a child, a boy of ten or twelve years, who was burdened with a saw which seemed too heavy for his slight strength. They were toiling slowly and weary up the rough road that led to the village. Obeying a kindly impulse, the gruff soldier accosted them.

"You have more than your share of the loads. Let me help you," said in an instant he had relieved the old man of his axe and the child of his saw.

With a deep but uncomplaining sigh of relief the former said: "The God of our fathers will bless thee. We have come a long way and are well nigh worn out."

They walked on in silence for some minutes. Martius not knowing what to say and feeling very uncomfortable in the company of two Jews, but he could not fail to notice the calm, patient face of the venerable old man and a certain distinction in his bearing remarkable in one who was evidently only a poor carpenter, and to admire his tender solicitude for the Child. Then his eyes wandered to the boy's face and lingered there. Rough, ambitious of military success, often though unintentionally cruel, all unaccustomed to children and their gentle influences—in spite of all this Martius' heart was moved to its very depths by the gentleness, the sweetness, the loveliness of the boy's exquisite countenance.

"Who art thou?" he stammered at length.

"I am Jesus," the boy answered, looking smilingly into his face.

A moment later he exclaimed: "See how beautiful our little valley is in the soft light of the setting sun?" then added in a low tone, "Is not the Father good to His little children?"

Martius looked about him with newly opened eyes, and realized for the first time in all his prosaic life that a lovely world this is.

Soon they reached the village street, its only one, where several of Martius' fellow-officers were gathered in a little group listlessly and discontentedly. Seeing him carrying heavy tools and in the company of two of the scorned Nazarenes they laughed boisterously.

"Well, Martius, what art thou doing now—going to turn Jew?" cried a chorus of loud voices.

Disregarding their ridicule though it was gall to the proud spirit of the Roman, he went with them to the very door of their humble little home. A lady, like his new-made friends, gentle and winning beyond anything Martius had ever dreamed of, was watching for them, and at the sight of her face the little Jesus eagerly ran ahead and kissed her lovingly.

"Didst thou miss us, Mother?" he asked. "Art thou not glad to have us home again?"

"Wilt thou not stay and sup with us?" asked the lady, sweetly; but Martius hating to tear himself away, yet dreading the taunts of the other

Romans, answered shortly:

"Oh, no, thank you, I must hurry off."

All three acknowledged his kindness so earnestly that he felt abashed at having won so much gratitude by so slight a favor. Taking his leave he turned for one last look at the Child who had so touched his hard heart, and He looked at Martius with great tenderness saying, "Do not forget Me."

Twenty-two years later Martius, mounted on a splendid charger and accompanied by a small body guard entered Jerusalem on the Paraseve; twenty-two years which had made of the rough, warlike officer in the prime of life, an old man of distinguished bearing, kindly in thought and deed despite his Roman blood and a long life spent in the brutal camps of the merciless Mistress of the World.

He found the city in a state of wild excitement. Men, women and children were all running in one direction, many shrieking in loud, discordant tones but what they said he could not understand except for an occasional word, "king" or "Caesar" or "blasphemer," which had no connection. Perceiving his curiosity one of his attendants said respectfully:

"Three criminals are to be executed on Calvary to-day."

Martius' interest died at once and longing to escape from such horrors he turned his thoughts to the official business he had in charge and the best means of promoting it. Soon, however, the density of the crowd and the unusual excitement to be read in every face and heard in every shrill voice, distracted him once more.

"Lucius," he said to a young man riding at his side, "surely all this means more than an ordinary execution. Find out all you can and bring me word."

"Sir," he reported some minutes later, "one of the condemned is called Jesus of Nazareth and claims to be the Son of God. Many of the Jews hate Him, and the death sentence was their work. They say that He has worked great wonders and His friends acknowledge Him as the Messiah the Jews talk of so persistently."

Instantly a recollection rose before Martius' mind, one that for many years had never been out of it, and which had often inclined him to mercy and gentleness—the vivid picture of a poor little town, beautiful with the riches of a prodigal nature, and of a child, a little boy, with a lovely face and tender smile, He had not forgotten.

And so Jesus claimed to be the Son of God. Could he be an imposter? He could see before him the clear eyes and holy expression of the Child of Nazareth and he slowly shook his head.

With thoughtful eyes he rode on, stopping at last at the gate of the governor's palace. Slaves came forward to care for his attendants, and another led away his horse, while the mistress, his own niece, hastened to greet him most affectionately, though looking pale and anxious.

"What ails thee, my child?" he asked, struck by the unwonted sadness of her usually happy face.

"Oh, Uncle Martius," she answered, the tears beginning to flow anew, "this very morning Pontius has condemned to death a great prophet, Jesus of Nazareth, who worked marvellous miracles. I was warned in a dream that He was innocent, but Pontius would not heed me, though he, too, knew that He had done no wrong. He was afraid to thwart the Jews who already hated him."

"Dost thou miss us, Mother?" he asked. "Art thou not glad to have us home again?"

"Wilt thou not stay and sup with us?" asked the lady, sweetly; but Martius hating to tear himself away, yet dreading the taunts of the other

ed them for the evening meal. He was white to the lips, nervous and irritable and the first glimpse of his wife's face angered him.

"When did Rome ever hesitate to sacrifice a worthless life?" he cried. "The Man is dead, and buried, too, by this time. That's the end of the matter. I want to hear no more of it. As to the darkness and trembling of the earth, that was a coincidence," and he turned the conversation to Martius' journey and to his business in the city though he seemed uneasy and was evidently making a great effort to keep his mind from the scenes of the morning the noisy rabble and the sleek suffering Victim of their diabolical rage.

Martius was silent. During many years of dealing with the Jews he had heard much of the Messiah, a great king, who was expected. "Was Jesus He?" He shook his head with unconscious emphasis at the thought of the gentle Child ever desiring any kingdom other than the hearts of His friends, but remembering his bearing towards himself, a stranger, he added—"we are all his friends."

Martius slept but little during the long night, and in its silent watch he heard Pilate in the adjoining apartment pacing back and forth, hour after hour.

The following day there was a solemn hush over Jerusalem, a silence that weighed heavily on the stout old heart. Night came but he was more wakeful than on the preceding one, and at last at the break of dawn he stole quietly from the palace and made his way to a garden near Calvary where Pilate said Jesus had been buried. As he drew near he saw three women leave the tomb and hurry off across the hills. He knew that it had been sealed with a heavy stone—how had they, frail and timid, forced an entrance?

His heart beat as he reached it and peered within. It was empty! Bitterly disappointed he turned to go and saw a young man standing beside him. "Is this where Jesus was laid?" he asked.

"Yes, but He is risen from the dead," the young man answered triumphantly, and was gone.

Martius stood he knew not how long, the prey of conflicting thoughts of bitter doubt and fond hope, then reverently entered the tomb, and kneeling for the first time in many years, humbly kissed the floor and whispered, "I have not forgotten Thee."

**SKIN ERUPTIONS
AND PIMPLES**

Disappear Under a Treatment with Dr. Williams' PINK PILLS.

There can be health and vigor only when the blood is rich and red. There are thousands of young men just approaching manhood who need the rich, red, blood that only Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can make. They have no energy, tire out at the least exertion, and who feel by the time they have done their day's work, as though the day was a week long. In some cases there is a further sign of danger in the pimples and disfiguring eruptions which break out on the face. These are certain signs that blood is out of order and that a complete breakdown may result. In this emergency Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the medicine these young men should take. These pills actually make rich, red blood. They clear the skin of pimples and eruptions and bring health, strength and energy.

Here is the experience of Adolphe Rolland, of St. Jerome, Que., a young man 19 years of age, who says: "For more than a year I suffered from general weakness, and I gradually grew so weak that I was forced to abandon my work as a clerk. My appetite failed me, I had occasional violent headaches, and I began to suffer from indigestion. I was failing so rapidly that I began to fear that consumption was fastening itself upon me. Our family doctor treated me but I did not gain under his care. I was in a very discouraging state when a friend from Montreal came to see me. He strongly advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I did so, and inside of three weeks I began to feel better; my appetite began to improve, and I seemed to have a feeling of new courage. I continued the pills till I had taken ten boxes, and now I am enjoying the best health I ever had. My cure surprised many of my friends who began to regard me as incurable, and I strongly advise other young men who are weak to follow my example and give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial." Bad blood is the cause of all common diseases like anaemia, headaches, neuralgia, rheumatism, sciatica, indigestion, all nervous troubles, general weakness and the special ailments that only women folk know. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the one cure, because they go right to the root of the trouble in the blood. They change the bad blood into good blood and thus bring health, strength and energy. You can get these pills from any medicine dealer, or by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

It is just as easy to get the BEST as to get the next best. The most skilful baking can't make good bread out of poor flour, but any housewife by using

WHEN YOU BUY FLOUR

It is just as easy to get the BEST as to get the next best. The most skilful baking can't make good bread out of poor flour, but any housewife by using

PURITY FLOUR

can bake bread that will come from the oven JUST RIGHT. If you want "more bread and better bread" bake with Purity Flour. Try it to-day. At all grocers.

THIS IS THE LABEL

See that it is on every bag or barrel you buy

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

819

For Irish University.

In Ireland, rumor has been busy about the nomination of the first president of the proposed new Dublin college which, together with the Queen's colleges at Cork and Galway will form the new Catholic University under Mr. Parnell's Bill. Dr. Denis Joseph Coffey, M.A., M.B., F.R.

U.I., whose name had been most generally put forward, is professor of physiology and dean of the faculty in the Catholic Medical school in Cecilia street, Dublin, and was one of the two Catholic members of the recent royal commission on Trinity college and the University of Dublin. Dr. Michael Cox, whom others name, is a member of the governing body of the Cecilia street School of Medicine, and a senator of the Royal University of Ireland. Of Dr. Windle, the president of Queen's college, Cork, one of the constituent colleges in the proposed university, it is sufficient to say more than that his name also has been much mentioned in connection with post which has a new justification for its creation in the existence of men able to fill it with so much credit.

Millions Cannot Sever Bond.

"What the millions of King Henry VIII could not accomplish, certainly the millions of Martin Maloney will not be able to do," said Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia, discussing the report that Helen Maloney's family regard Samuel Clarkson as her husband.

"With all his influence King Henry VIII tried to free himself from Catherine of Aragon, but history tells us that he failed, so far as obtaining aid from the Church of Rome. The Church stands to-day as it did then on this question. It will always stand that way to the end of time.

"There was either a marriage or no marriage at all. If there was a marriage, no power, not even that of the Pope, could ever bring about any further marriage ceremony for Miss Maloney which would be sanctioned by the Church. The Church recognizes only one, and all the subterfuges of clever lawyers are of no avail against the Holy principle for which our Church stands so far as the inviolate state of wedlock is concerned."

Thinks Italy Will Disestablish Church.

The disestablishment of the Catholic Church in Italy within a few years is predicted by Archbishop Messmer of Milwaukee. The Archbishop's statement on this subject was called forth in commenting upon an interview given by Rev. F. H. Wright, a missionary for the Methodist Episcopal church in Italy, in which he predicted a disestablished church in Italy within ten years, saying that there was a strong anti-clerical feeling in that country.

"I would not be at all surprised," said Archbishop Messmer, "to see a disestablishment of the church within a few years. Everything points to that event. The government is anything but friendly to the church, and from late indications I believe that it is intent on the same action that has already taken place in France."

"The government for years has been the enemy of the church. Catholics in Italy, by papal decree, are barred from voting on national questions, and there is no one in the government favorable to the Church."

"It is true that a large portion of the people of Italy seem to be drifting away from the Church, many of them into infidelity.

"This is due to two causes. First, to the fact that the universities and higher institutions of learning are all in the hands of the government.

"Infidels are appointed to professorships, and the work of the so-called German philosophers, which tend to infidelity, or, at least, to a denial of Christianity, are translated into Italian and taught in these institutions.

"Infidelity is being sown broadcast among the upper classes.

"The second reason for the religious indifference—and here I am speaking only of southern Italy—is the neglect of the clergy to give the people proper religious instruction.

"The people are ignorant of the principles of their religion. They do not understand it; they have gone to church from habit and not from principle, and consequently they have drifted away since this anti-religious sentiment has gone abroad in the land."

"This at least seems the only conclusion to be derived from the condition of our Italian immigrants coming from the southern portions of Italy.

"Those of northern Italy, in Venice and Milan and Turin, and down to Naples, are a different stamp of men.

"There are most excellent men there, some magnificent bishops. Why the Pope himself came from Venice, in which province he had done excellent work, both as bishop of Mantua and patriarch of Venice, and the present archbishop of Milan. Cardinal Ferretti, is one of the most progressive and efficient churchmen in the church at large."

IT RESTS WITH YOU

to say whether I am to succeed or fail. All my hopes of success are in your co-operation. Will you not then extend a co-operating hand? Surely you will not refuse? You may not be able to help much, indeed. But you can help a little, and a multitude of "littles" means a great deal.

Don't Turn a Deaf Ear to My Urgent Appeal

May God bless and prosper your endeavours in establishing a Mission at Fakenham."

ARTHUR, Bishop of Northampton.

Address—

FATHER H. W. GRAY,

Catholic Mission, Fakenham,

Norfolk, Eng.

P.S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation, and send with my acknowledgement a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart and St. Anthony.

THE NEW MISSION IS DEDICATED TO ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA.

Constant prayer and many masses for Benefactors.

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

THURSDAY, MAY 7, 1908.

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

7

Capt. Dudley Hobart's Double.

Part I.

Capt. Hobart entered the ballroom late, glancing around to see if his friends had arrived. Yes, the meagre array of elderly men and half-grown boys, so outnumbered by the female contingent, was augmented by several officers from the camp.

Undertaking to cultivate personal good will as well as Union sentiment by entering freely into the discussions of the neighborhood, he had set with chagrin the avoidance of the better class of women. Some of his confederates had broken down this aversion so far as to win very pretty and well-bred Tennessee wives.

Capt. Hobart did not purpose any such conquest, merely seeking the opportunity of convincing these exclusive damsels that a gentleman might be reared north of "Mason and Dixie's" line.

He had found it easy to ingratiate himself with the less exacting, and as a quadrille was forming, hastened to offer his arm to Miss Tennie Regan, a lively, showy girl who had not his small attentions with cordiality. She accepted, saying coquettishly, "You-uns won't care for dancin' with me any more after you git a show to take out Cousin Virginia Huntley."

"Miss Virginia Huntley! I thought she wouldn't condescend to go where she would meet Union soldiers," he said in astonishment.

"She's mighty bigoty an' above ownin' her pore kinfolks," said Miss Tennie, tossing her head; "I'm her third cousin, but sense she's went to boardin' school, she's been that high-minded that I ain't a-keerin' whether she speaks to me or not, but she undoubtedly is right pleasin' to me-to-night."

"Where is she?" asked Hobart, as he took his place in the set.

"On the side, at your left," whispered his partner, and he glanced furtively at the disdainful beauty, the oval contour of whose face, with its large dark eyes and long lashes, reminded him of an engraving of a Greek girl that hung in his mother's parlor; the effect was changed, however, by abundant light brown hair, doubtless golden-tinted in sunlight.

The sadness of the mouth troubled him. Ever since invading the South a woman's sorrow had conveyed to him a personal reproach.

"She's mighty apt to do somethin' contrariey to you-uns; she has allowed she'd glory in givin' an insult to every single solitary Federal she met up with," said Miss Tennie, piqued at his interest.

In the changing figure of the set he soon found himself balancing to Miss Huntley, who turned very pale but courteously gave him her cold hands.

"Your cousin was quite civil to me," he assured Miss Tennie, as he took her to her seat.

"Yes," was the reply, "she asked me to introduce you to her when we was goin' through Ladies' Chain."

I'm plumb outdone with her. I reckon she's puttin' up a job on you-uns."

"I'll risk it," said Hobart. "Take me over and present me to her," and in a moment he was bowing low as Miss Tennie said "Cousin Virginia, I want to make you acquainted with my friend, Capt. Hobart."

The officer asked with exceeding deference, "May I have the pleasure of the next quadrille, Miss Huntley?" and the lady in compliance laid a tremulous hand on his blue sleeve, whispering, "Let us walk around the room while the places are being taken."

She was evidently struggling with some strong feeling as they paced the long half-empty hall, and as they neared the door, she increased his amazement by saying in an undertone, "Cousin Robert, is it to revenge yourself on me that you come here, wearing this uniform?"

"You labor under some strange delusion, Miss Huntley, unless you are trying to play a trick on me," said the gentleman. "I devoutly wish I were your cousin, but that happiness has been denied me."

How Is Your Cold?

Every place you go you hear the same question asked.

Do you know that there is nothing as dangerous as a neglected cold?

Do you know that a neglected cold will turn into Chronic Bronchitis, Pneumonia, disfiguring Catarrh and the most deadly of all, the "White Plague," Consumption.

Many a life history would read different if, on the first appearance of a cough, it had been remedied with

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

This wonderful cough and cold medicine contains all those very pine principles which make the pine woods so valuable in the treatment of lung affections.

Combined with this are Wild Cherry Bark and the soothing, healing and expectorant properties of other pectoral herbs and barks.

For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Pain in the Chest, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness or any affection of the Throat or Lungs. You will find a sure cure in Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

Mrs. C. N. Loomer, Berwick, N.S. writes: "I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup for coughs and colds, and have always found it to give instant relief." I also recommended it to one of my neighbors, and she was more than pleased with the results."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup 25cts per bottle at all dealers. Put up in yellow wrapper, and three pine trees the trade mark. Refuse substitutes. There is only one Norway Pine Syrup and that one is Dr. Wood's.

pleasin' just to spite me. She's been a-holdin' a grudge agin' me an' so's her kinfolks on account of me not bein' a scholar."

"Miss Virginia is not trying to flirt with me, I can assure you; and I am not paying attention to anyone in the South. I like to dance and talk with you because you are pretty and lively, but the girl I love best is in the North waiting for me to come back. Don't you want to see her picture? I always wear it over my heart."

Miss Tenny eyed the photograph of Hobart's sister Blanche curiously. "She favors you some. I reckon she is your cousin. She's mighty pretty."

"No, much dearer than any cousin," he rejoined, ignoring the implied flattery.

Miss Tennie looked at him keenly; there was little resemblance between the dark brother and the blonde sister.

"I allow that when you-uns come down South an' leave your sweethearts back there, you put hit up to spark girls here just for devilmint."

"No," expostulated the officer, "we don't mean to make love, only to be polite and enjoy southern hospitality," seeing that she was regarding him steadily as if to satisfy some doubt. He asked, "Why do you look at me so sharply? Do I resemble anyone you know?"

"Yes, you-uns do favor Cousin Robert Elder a heap; hit plumb taken my breath away the first time I seen you, but when I heard the sound of your voice I sensed the difference. Cousin Robert never had them share Yankee ways of sayin' words."

She stopped, and after a third examination of his features said suddenly, "You-uns must be some of our distant kin in the North."

"That's my secret, but I might claim you as a cousin," said the captain gayly.

"You-uns ain't a-keerin' to own me sense Cousin Virginia's been showin' you countenance, but if you're willin' to be kin to me, I'm willin'," said Tenny, with a beaming face.

"Good-night, then, Cousin Tennie," and Hobart bowed in farewell.

As he rode back with his brother officers he was reticent as to his odd experience. "That girl is sincere. I cannot distrust the frankness of her eyes," he meditated, "but my double must be a contemptible doyle, unworthy of such love as hers."

Next day he wrote a long account of his adventure to his sister Blanchie and had just sealed his letter when an orderly reported that a lady desired to see him on private business. He flushed, expecting to see Miss Huntley, but instead appeared a decent woman of 60 in a tidy gingham sunbonnet and cotton gown.

When they were alone, she set down the large basket that she carried, and advanced and regarded him with solemn dark eyes; then she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him passionately, desiring to say, brokely, "Oh, Robert, Robert, son, how could you do your mammy like this hyar?"

He sought gently to disengage himself, but she held him fast till he said, "My dear madam, this is a very painful mistake. I am not your son."

She let him go, dropping on a stool, covering her face with her hands and rocking herself from side to side, sobbing out, "Oh, son, son, you're just as hard as Cousin Virginia said. I was so outdone with her for causin' you to be so jealous-hearted that I wouldn't never hold no manner of communication with her, not even when she was taken sick from givin' after you, but when she rode over early this mornin' and tolle me she had seed you with her own eyes, an' begged me to git you out of the settlement before somebody shot you in the back, I forgive her. I never knew the rights about'n the quarrel you picked with her; she said Harry had been bemeannin' her for takin' up with an ignorant somebody like you and her pa said you wasn't her equal whilst you kep a givin' her a heap of sour looks an' bein' so orderly you didn't want her to draw her breath only when you give her leave; an' then like a plumb fool you threatened to light off if she went to that dance with Harry's chum. You'd order known better, son. No Tennessee girl's goin' to take a dar' such as that thar, an' I ain't a blemish' her much for goin' with him when her brother was along. Then you struck out, and she's acted like she was your wider ever since, an' never give no countenance to any man that tried to spark her an' there's been heaps of 'em. You'd order git down on your knees an' ask her forgiveness for such triflin' actions."

"Is there no way of disabusing your mind of this error? It pains me to cause you grief. Ask your friend Mr. Stearns, if he does not know me to be an honorable Union officer."

"That is one of the strong proofs," she answered in the low soft voice that charmed him, "what would a Yankee care about my silly little Cousin Polly? That you saved her from marrying that drunken private with a wife at home, has made Uncle Tom so grateful that he will try to keep everyone from suspecting who you are."

Capt. Hobart rose flushed and discomfited. "The reel is ended, I must find a partner for the next dance. I hope, Miss Huntley, that you may realize your error, which is rather a dangerous one for me."

"Oh, Cousin Robert, won't you listen to me?" she entreated, but he shook his head and henceforth distributed his attentions impartially, escorting to supper Miss Tennie, who was quite irritated, saying, "Oh yes, Cousin Virginia and you-uns have been playin' hit mighty low down, lettin' on to me that you was strangers!"

"I pledge you my word of honor that this is my first meeting with Miss Huntley and she certainly expressed a very bad opinion of my character and of my uniform."

"You-uns think yourself mighty peart tryin' to pull the wool over my eyes that way. Cousin Virginia ain't a-settin' so comodious with a man that's only dancin' partner. I seed her puttin' her hand on to yours, when I've heard her say she'd as soon touch a snake as a Federal. I'm a-seein' what she's doin' of; she has heard that you've been a-settin' up to me right smart an' she's been

pleasin' just to spite me. She's been a-holdin' a grudge agin' me an' so's her kinfolks on account of me not bein' a scholar."

"Miss Virginia is not trying to flirt with me, I can assure you; and I am not paying attention to anyone in the South. I like to dance and talk with you because you are pretty and lively, but the girl I love best is in the North waiting for me to come back. Don't you want to see her picture? I always wear it over my heart."

Miss Tenny eyed the photograph of Hobart's sister Blanche curiously. "She favors you some. I reckon she is your cousin. She's mighty pretty."

"No, much dearer than any cousin," he rejoined, ignoring the implied flattery.

Miss Tennie looked at him keenly; there was little resemblance between the dark brother and the blonde sister.

"I allow that when you-uns come down South an' leave your sweethearts back there, you put hit up to spark girls here just for devilmint."

"No," expostulated the officer, "we don't mean to make love, only to be polite and enjoy southern hospitality," seeing that she was regarding him steadily as if to satisfy some doubt. He asked, "Why do you look at me so sharply? Do I resemble anyone you know?"

"Yes, you-uns do favor Cousin Robert Elder a heap; hit plumb taken my breath away the first time I seen you, but when I heard the sound of your voice I sensed the difference. Cousin Robert never had them share Yankee ways of sayin' words."

She stopped, and after a third examination of his features said suddenly, "You-uns must be some of our distant kin in the North."

"That's my secret, but I might claim you as a cousin," said the captain gayly.

"You-uns ain't a-keerin' to own me sense Cousin Virginia's been showin' you countenance, but if you're willin' to be kin to me, I'm willin'," said Tenny, with a beaming face.

"Good-night, then, Cousin Tennie," and Hobart bowed in farewell.

As he rode back with his brother officers he was reticent as to his odd experience. "That girl is sincere. I cannot distrust the frankness of her eyes," he meditated, "but my double must be a contemptible doyle, unworthy of such love as hers."

Next day he wrote a long account of his adventure to his sister Blanchie and had just sealed his letter when an orderly reported that a lady desired to see him on private business. He flushed, expecting to see Miss Huntley, but instead appeared a decent woman of 60 in a tidy gingham sunbonnet and cotton gown.

When they were alone, she set down the large basket that she carried, and advanced and regarded him with solemn dark eyes; then she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him passionately, desiring to say, brokely, "Oh, Robert, Robert, son, how could you do your mammy like this hyar?"

He sought gently to disengage himself, but she held him fast till he said, "My dear madam, this is a very painful mistake. I am not your son."

She let him go, dropping on a stool, covering her face with her hands and rocking herself from side to side, sobbing out, "Oh, son, son, you're just as hard as Cousin Virginia said. I was so outdone with her for causin' you to be so jealous-hearted that I wouldn't never hold no manner of communication with her, not even when she was taken sick from givin' after you, but when she rode over early this mornin' and tolle me she had seed you with her own eyes, an' begged me to git you out of the settlement before somebody shot you in the back, I forgive her. I never knew the rights about'n the quarrel you picked with her; she said Harry had been bemeannin' her for takin' up with an ignorant somebody like you and her pa said you wasn't her equal whilst you kep a givin' her a heap of sour looks an' bein' so orderly you didn't want her to draw her breath only when you give her leave; an' then like a plumb fool you threatened to light off if she went to that dance with Harry's chum. You'd order known better, son. No Tennessee girl's goin' to take a dar' such as that thar, an' I ain't a blemish' her much for goin' with him when her brother was along. Then you struck out, and she's acted like she was your wider ever since, an' never give no countenance to any man that tried to spark her an' there's been heaps of 'em. You'd order git down on your knees an' ask her forgiveness for such triflin' actions."

"Is there no way of disabusing your mind of this error? It pains me to cause you grief. Ask your friend Mr. Stearns, if he does not know me to be an honorable Union officer."

"That is one of the strong proofs," she answered in the low soft voice that charmed him, "what would a Yankee care about my silly little Cousin Polly? That you saved her from marrying that drunken private with a wife at home, has made Uncle Tom so grateful that he will try to keep everyone from suspecting who you are."

Capt. Hobart rose flushed and discomfited. "The reel is ended, I must find a partner for the next dance. I hope, Miss Huntley, that you may realize your error, which is rather a dangerous one for me."

"Oh, Cousin Robert, won't you listen to me?" she entreated, but he shook his head and henceforth distributed his attentions impartially, escorting to supper Miss Tennie, who was quite irritated, saying, "Oh yes, Cousin Virginia and you-uns have been playin' hit mighty low down, lettin' on to me that you was strangers!"

"I pledge you my word of honor that this is my first meeting with Miss Huntley and she certainly expressed a very bad opinion of my character and of my uniform."

"You-uns think yourself mighty peart tryin' to pull the wool over my eyes that way. Cousin Virginia ain't a-settin' so comodious with a man that's only dancin' partner. I seed her puttin' her hand on to yours, when I've heard her say she'd as soon touch a snake as a Federal. I'm a-seein' what she's doin' of; she has heard that you've been a-settin' up to me right smart an' she's been

pleasin' just to spite me. She's been a-holdin' a grudge agin' me an' so's her kinfolks on account of me not bein' a scholar."

"Miss Virginia is not trying to flirt with me, I can assure you; and I am not paying attention to anyone in the South. I like to dance and talk with you because you are pretty and lively, but the girl I love best is in the North waiting for me to come back. Don't you want to see her picture? I always wear it over my heart."

Miss Tenny eyed the photograph of Hobart's sister Blanche curiously. "She favors you some. I reckon she is your cousin. She's mighty pretty."

"No, much dearer than any cousin," he rejoined, ignoring the implied flattery.

Miss Tennie looked at him keenly; there was little resemblance between the dark brother and the blonde sister.

"I allow that when you-uns come down South an' leave your sweethearts back there, you put hit up to spark girls here just for devilmint."

"No," expostulated the officer, "we don't mean to make love, only to be polite and enjoy southern hospitality," seeing that she was regarding him steadily as if to satisfy some doubt. He asked, "Why do you look at me so sharply? Do I resemble anyone you know?"

"Yes, you-uns do favor Cousin Robert Elder a heap; hit plumb taken my breath away the first time I seen you, but when I heard the sound of your voice I sensed the difference. Cousin Robert never had them share Yankee ways of sayin' words."

She stopped, and after a third examination of his features said suddenly, "You-uns must be some of our distant kin in the North."

"That's my secret, but I might claim you as a cousin," said the captain gayly.

"You-uns ain't a-keerin' to own me sense Cousin Virginia's been showin' you countenance, but if you're willin' to be kin to me, I'm willin'," said Tenny, with a beaming face.

"Good-night, then, Cousin Tennie," and Hobart bowed in farewell.

As he rode back with his brother officers he was reticent as to his odd experience. "That girl is sincere. I cannot distrust the frankness of her eyes," he meditated, "but my double must be a contemptible doyle, unworthy of such love as hers."

Stocks and Commerce.

MONTREAL STOCKS.

STEEL AND COAL STRONG AND IN GOOD DEMAND.

The stock market closed strong and healthy. Sales have been fair and purchases well distributed. Steel and Coal were leaders. Steel sold at 18 1-4 on transactions of 265 shares. Coal jumped two points from 48 to 50, with sales of 325 shares. This shows that financiers are still in hope that the Steel-Coal difficulty will be settled soon. Canadian Pacific firm at 154 3-4 and 260 shares changed hands. Last week's report showing a material decrease in receipts has not affected the market. Detroit is very firm at 35 3-4, sales 138 shares. This stock is on the rise and will continue to do so. Twin firm at 87, sales 60 shares. Toronto Reids, from par last week has declined to 98 3-4 under small sales of 30 shares. Toledo, 14 7-8 with sales of 110 shares. Power steady and firm at 95 1-2 to 95 3-4, sales 116 shares. Lake of the Woods firm, Sales, 65 shares. Street, 182. Power declined to 95 in the afternoon session with small sales. We refer our readers to the tabulated column showing close of the market.

Montreal Stock Exchange.

	Sellers-Buyers
Bell Telephone Co.	130 128 1
Can. Converters	53 48 1
Canadian Pacific	155 154 1/2
Detroit Electric Railway	20 16 1/2
Dom. Cos. Com.	100 96 1/2
" Pfd.	96 90 1/2
Dom. J. & Steel Com.	174 164 1/2
" Pfd.	164 154 1/2
Duluth Copper	14 14 1/2
" Pfd.	19 19 1/2
Halifax Electric	98 96 1/2
Havasu Electric	100 98 1/2
Hawaiian Hotel	100 98 1/2
Illinois Trac. Pfd.	88 87 1/2
Inter Cos. & Cok.	75 75 1/2
Inter Coal Com.	100 95 1/2
Lake of Woods Com.	84 83 1/2
Laurentian Paper	114 111 1/2
" Pfd.	100 96 1/2
Mackay Com.	62 62 1/2
" Pfd.	65 65 1/2
Mexican L. & H.	46 46 1/2
" Pfd.	112 111 1/2
Minn. & St. Paul	95 95 1/2
Montreal L. H. & Power	183 180 1/2
Montreal S. R. x D.	183 180 1/2
New & R. Co.	100 98 1/2
Mag. Islands Dev. Co. Com.	100 98 1/2
Montreal Wireless	72 69
Montreal Loan & Mortgag.	100 95 1/2
Montreal Steel & Mfg.	125 118 1/2
Nipissing	138 135 1/2
No. One	100 95 1/2
N. S. Steel & Coal	52 52 1/2
" Pfd.	109 105 1/2
N. West Land	125 118 1/2
Ogilvie Mill Com	130 120 1/2
Pennant Ltd.	33 30 1/2
R. & O. Navigation Co.	80 79 1/2
Rio de Jan. L. & P. Co.	77 75 1/2
Sao Paulo	130 128 1/2
Shawinigan W. & P. Co.	65 65 1/2
St. John Electric Ry	95 95 1/2
Toledo	15 15 1/2
Toronto	99 98 1/2
T. C. I. Pfd.	84 82 1/2
Tw. City Pfd.	87 86 1/2
West India	200 198 1/2
Winnipeg	100 98 1/2
Windsor Hotel	100 98 1/2
BANKS	
B. N. A.	146 140 1/2
Commerce	160 154 1/2
Dominion	150 148 1/2
East. Township	137 135 1/2
Hamilton	165 160 1/2
Hochelaga	137 135 1/2
Imperial	165 160 1/2
Merchants	155 150 1/2
Molsons	235 225 1/2
Montreal	165 160 1/2
National	155 150 1/2
New Brunswick	121 122 1/2
Nova Scotia	222 220 1/2
Ottawa	201 198 1/2
Royal	127 125 1/2
Toronto	127 125 1/2
UNION	
COTTONS	
Can. C. Cot. Co.	50 45
Dom. Textile Com.	44 43 1/2
" Pfd.	85 83 1/2
Montreal	114 100 1/2
BONDS	
Bell Telephone	100 94 1/2
C. C. Cotton	93 92 1/2
Can. Converters	91
Dom. C. Cot.	97 95 1/2
Dominion I. & Steel	76 75 1/2
Halifax Tran.	100 97 1/2
Haw. Elec. Ry	83 70 1/2
Keweenaw Mfg.	100 95 1/2
L. of the Woods	104 100 1/2
Laurentide Paper	110 106 1/2
Mag. Is. Dev.	88
Met. L. & P.	82
Montreal L. H. & P. Co.	8
Montreal Ry.	8
Montreal Wireless	106
N. S. Steel & Coal	111 105 1/2
Pf. Co.	106
Rich. & Ontario	79 78 1/2
Rio de Janeiro	79 78 1/2
Sao Paulo	8 8
St. John Ry.	83 82
Textile A. B.	83 82
" C. D.	88 82
West India	103 101 1/2

FLOWER MARKET

There is no new feature in the local flower trade. The demand is steady, supplies are adequate and prices are firm:

Choice spring wheat patents, \$6.10; seconds, \$5.50; winter wheat patents \$5.50; straight rollers, \$5 to \$5.25; do., in bags, \$2.80 to \$2.50; ex-tras, \$1.80 to \$1.90.

Milled—A fair trade is passing, stocks are limited and prices are unchanged.

Manitoba bran, \$22 to \$23; shorts, \$23 to \$24; Ontario grain, shorts, \$22 to \$22.50; middlings, \$24 to \$25; shorts, \$25 to \$27 per ton, including bags, and pure grain moul- lie at \$22 to \$24.

Rolled oats and corn—A moderate volume of business is being done at firm prices.

Rolled oats, \$8.12 1-2 per bag; cornmeal, \$1.67 1-2 to \$1.75 per bag.

PROVISION MARKET.

The opening of navigation has done much to enliven the provision trade. Local packers are now busily engaged on orders to be delivered by boat. A good demand prevails, stocks are sufficient and prices are firm. Live hogs are selling at \$6.50 to \$6.75; abattoir fresh killed, \$9.75 to \$10.

Pork—Heavy Canada short cut mess pork, in tierces, \$31; heavy Canada short cut mess pork, in barrels, \$21; Canada short cut clear pork, all fat, \$20 to \$20.50; heavy short cut clear pork, lean on, \$20 to \$20.50; heavy Canada short cut mess pork, in half-barrels, \$10.75.

Lard—Compound, in tierces of 375 lbs., 8 1-2c; parchment lined boxes, 50 lbs., 8 3-4c; tubs, 50 lbs. net, 8 7-8c; wood panels, 20 lbs. net, 9c; tin panels, 20 lbs. gross, 8 1-2c; tins, 8 to 10 lbs. in cases, 8 1-2 to 9 1-4.

Pure Lard—Tiers, 375 lbs. 11 3-4c; parchment lined boxes, 50 lbs. net, 12c; parchment lined wood panels, 20 lbs. net, 12 1-4c; tin panels, 20 lbs. gross, 11 3-4c; tins, 8 to 10 lbs. in cases, 12 1-4c to 12 1-2c.

Dry Salted Meats—Green bacon, boneless, 11 1-2c; green bacon, flanks, bone in, 10 1-2c; long clear bacon, heavy, 80 to 100 lbs. 10 1-2c; long clear bacon, 40 to 60 lbs. 11c.

Smoked Meats—Hams, 25 lbs. and upwards, 12c; do., 18 to 25 lbs. 12 1-2c; do., 12 to 18 lbs., 13c; do., 8 to 12 lbs., 13 1-2c; do., large hams, bone out, rolled, 14c; do., small, 15c; Windsor bacon, backs, 14 1-2c; spiced rolled bacon, boneless, short, 11c; do, long, 11c; Wiltshire bacon, 50 lbs. sides, 15c.

COUNTRY PRODUCE

There is no change in the local potato situation. A steady and moderate volume of business is passing at firm and unchanged quotations. Farmers in the vicinity of Quebec who hold considerable stocks are hesitant in their offerings, as they expect better prices than are now being paid. A fair local trade is being done, but only small lots are being sold.

Car lots of red stock at 80c to 85c, and white at 90c to 95c per bag of 90 lbs., while in a jobbing way sales were made at \$1.05 to \$1.10 per bag.

EGGS UNCHANGED.

The receipts are rapidly increasing and the consumption is heavy. Local dealers expect, however, that the present high prices will be maintained throughout the week.

Fresh eggs in jobbing lots are selling at 18c to 18 1-2c per dozen; pure cases, 18 1-2c to 19c.

MAPLE PRODUCTS FIRM.

A steady enquiry prevails, stocks are adequate, but are not of the highest quality, and prices are necessarily low. The larger portion of syrup for sale on the local market is compound:

Maple syrup is selling in wood at 5c to 5 1-2c per lb., and in tins at 6 to 6 1-2c. Maple sugar is selling at 9c to 9 1-2c per lb.

POTASH AND PEARLS.

A moderate trade is being done. The demand is limited and prices are firm and unchanged.

First pearls, \$6.75 to \$7; first pots, \$6.25 to \$6.30; and seconds \$5.75 per 100 lbs.

HONEY QUIET.

Business at present is quiet as the maple products trade has displaced the demand for honey. There is no change in quotations:

White comb honey at 13 1-2c; dark at 12 1-2c to 13c; clover at 11c to 12c; and buckwheat at 10c to 11c per lb.

DAIRY PRODUCE.

Receipts of cheese are very light. A steady though limited local demand exists. The cheese factories in Quebec and Ontario are resuming operations, but the output so far has been very small. About one-third of last week's new make for export is held over for the steamer Latona, which sails for London next Saturday. Prices are unchanged:

New make is selling at 11 3-5c to 11 5-8c. Old make is quoted at 12 1-4c to 12 3-4c. Stocks of old cheese are so light, however, that prices are only nominal.

BUTTER FIRM.

The local butter market maintains a general firmness. A good demand exists, receipts are increasing and prices are firm without change.

Rounds lots are selling at 29c and to grocers it is selling at 30c per lb.

DAIRY PRODUCE.

Receipts of cheese are very light. A steady though limited local demand exists. The cheese factories in Quebec and Ontario are resuming operations, but the output so far has been very small. About one-third of last week's new make for export is held over for the steamer Latona, which sails for London next Saturday. Prices are unchanged:

New make is selling at 11 3-5c to 11 5-8c. Old make is quoted at 12 1-4c to 12 3-4c. Stocks of old cheese are so light, however, that prices are only nominal.

BUTTER FIRM.

The local butter market maintains a general firmness. A good demand exists, receipts are increasing and prices are firm without change.

Rounds lots are selling at 29c and to grocers it is selling at 30c per lb.

DAIRY PRODUCE.

Exporters paid 5 3-4c to 6c for steers and 5 1-4c for cows. Choice yearling lambs 7c to 7 1-2c; sheep 5 1-2c per lb. Spring lambs, offering small and lower grade, sales at \$3 to \$6. Calves \$1.50 to \$5 each. Choice beavers sold at 6c to 6 1-4c; good, 5 1-2 to 5 3-4c; fair, 5c to 5 1-4c; common at 4 1-4 to 4 3-4c, and lower grades at 3c to 4c per lb.

Market for hogs is stronger and prices are 25c per 100 lbs. higher than a week ago. Light receipts, stronger competition between buyers and increased values for bacon in England are the cause of rise. Closing prices for selected lots \$7 per 100 lbs. weighed off cars.

DAIRY PRODUCE.

Exporters paid 5 3-4c to 6c for steers and 5 1-4c for cows. Choice yearling lambs 7c to 7 1-2c; sheep 5 1-2c per lb. Spring lambs, offering small and lower grade, sales at \$3 to \$6. Calves \$1.50 to \$5 each. Choice beavers sold at 6c to 6 1-4c; good, 5 1-2 to 5 3-4c; fair, 5c to 5 1-4c; common at 4 1-4 to 4 3-4c, and lower grades at 3c to 4c per lb.

DAIRY PRODUCE.

Exporters paid 5 3-4c to 6c for steers and 5 1-4c for cows. Choice yearling lambs 7c to 7 1-2c; sheep 5 1-2c per lb. Spring lambs, offering small and lower grade, sales at \$3 to \$6. Calves \$1.50 to \$5 each. Choice beavers sold at 6c to 6 1-4c; good, 5 1-2 to 5 3-4c; fair, 5c to 5 1-4c; common at 4 1-4 to 4 3-4c, and lower grades at 3c to 4c per lb.

DAIRY PRODUCE.

Exporters paid 5 3-4c to 6c for steers and 5 1-4c for cows. Choice yearling lambs 7c to 7 1-2c; sheep 5 1-2c per lb. Spring lambs, offering small and lower grade, sales at \$3 to \$6. Calves \$1.50 to \$5 each. Choice beavers sold at 6c to 6 1-4c; good, 5 1-2 to 5 3-4c; fair, 5c to 5 1-4c; common at 4 1-4 to 4 3-4c, and lower grades at 3c to 4c per lb.

DAIRY PRODUCE.