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The True Witness



Vol. LV., No. 47 MONTREAL, THURSDAY, MAY 31, 1906. PRICE FIVE CENTS

A Real Irish Philosopher.

D. P. Moran and His Work, "The Philosophy of Irish Ireland."

(J. M. Wall, in New York News.) Here comes a man into the public life of Ireland from the fringe of the crowd, as you might say, making his presence felt instantly with overpowering force. Few have heard of him until within recent years, and any effort at reminiscence concerning him earlier than that would be likely to go wholly unrewarded. But he was carefully noting things all the time, nevertheless, waiting for his turn to be heard, and now any sympathizer with Ireland, at home or abroad, who hasn't heard of him has missed the opportunity of his life.

His name is D. P. Moran, and the capital city of Ireland is his abode. I have called him a philosopher, for if he be not a philosopher, then the term is devoid of meaning. There is another Irish philosopher, dead now more than a hundred years, Bishop Berkeley that is, who had much to say on the "theory of vision"; but Moran's theory of vision, to my mind, is far more profitable reading for an Irishman, now or at any other time, than the abstruse disquisitions of the Protestant Bishop of Kilkenny.

There is awakened within me such an intellectual affinity toward the man who could produce such a work as "The Philosophy of Irish Ireland"—which I have read and re-read—that I would like to see an entire page in the Daily News, were that possible, in exploitation of the great good he has accomplished.

The wonderful grasp which Mr. Moran has of the underlying impulses of Irish life and his courage in proclaiming his views come like a tonic at a time when a tonic is the thing that is most wanted. He is a friend of Ireland, a Nationalist in the best sense of the word, who shows Irishmen their weaknesses, in tone of satire so searching that the guilty ones are obliged to admit their guilt or else sink away.

It is easier to discover the truth in any given line than to diffuse it; but to discover and diffuse it, as this man has done, and in the way he has done, is a landmark in the history of Ireland which no leader in the politics of the country, however influential he may be now or at any other time, can afford to ignore.

"The Philosophy of Irish Ireland" is a book of essays, written by Mr. Moran a few years ago, when the head as well as the heart of the nation was just beginning to awake to the significance of the new movement. They were contributed to a magazine. They come out now as a book and sell for a shilling, and have been selling so rapidly that a second edition was put on the market recently, and a third edition is likely to be called for at an early date.

Mr. Moran wasn't as well known then as he is now, but any man who can write as he does would force himself into prominence anywhere, any time. There is an inexpressible charm in being able to say this about a real Irish Nationalist who commits himself to literature for the good of his country; and the feeling grows more intense on knowing that it is true. There are many Irishmen at home and abroad of the caliber of Moran, but they have not as yet been heard from. The conditions are not ripe. It is their duty to make them ripe; but the hard labor and hard knocks they are sure to get—as Moran got—frighten them.

Genius is opportunity. And genius, we are more frequently told, is "an infinite capacity for taking pains." Looked at in either light, Moran is a genius. He is sure of every step of the ground, and his foot, wherever he has planted it, makes an indelible impression. His appeal is to Irishmen who think, never to those who shout and cheer. I can see his plume wave and hear him cry, "out defiantly from amid a mob, through 'There's the straight road.' Cross it and you are lost!" And the throng breaks and falls into line—now two, now ten, now a hundred, now a thousand, until all Ireland is marching

man I've ever known, for he has been abused, as who indeed has not who diverges from the beaten track and says things that we all know to be true and that every one of us has been unwilling or afraid to say. Knowing well Ireland and Irishmen—as well, I should fancy, as any man who ever penned a line on the subject—he welcomes the worst. You may fire at him as often as you have a mind to, but when the smoke has cleared away and he is seen still standing, don't be surprised if it happen to be yourself who is carried off on a stretcher. You are certain to be more careful next time.

That is one of the great wants in Ireland—full and free criticism of those who are friendly to the cause, but who yet differ; and this he emphasizes again and again. The criticism of those Irishmen who are unfriendly to the cause and are cheering for England all the time is not dwelt upon; for that, unhappily, we have always with us. When normal conditions are restored in Ireland, as they are certain to be when the line of thought which this brave man champions attains its fullest development, that trouble, he holds, will have disappeared with all the others, and the common welfare of a common country will become the ambition of all.

"The redress of political grievances," says Mr. Moran, "calls for the whole efforts of a few, the partial efforts of many, and for no effort at all beyond good will from the majority." There is nothing unsound in that; no, nor in this: "The view that the only way to be Irish is to be a Nationalist politician has all but made a corpse of the Irish nation. Politics is not one of the polite arts, and in no country does it attract the best class of the population. It follows from this that the quiet, accomplished and wealthy portion of the non-combatants in a political fight, not to mention the palpable snobs, are driven to associate nationality with a movement which, however ably and honestly managed it may be, is largely made up of wild talk, village demagogues, lip patriotism and petty tyranny." The tremendous latent forces that could be set in motion to bring Ireland up to date in the educational, industrial and economic world are not looked upon as nationality at all. And this, according to Mr. Moran, explains the "never-ending procession of Irish-born men and women, that year by year commit themselves to the capacious maw of West Britonism."

The conclusion here is not definite enough, and I would like to say something; but, unhappily, the space I have is definite enough, and so I am obliged to hurry on. Mere hatred of England he discounts as "a bad passion at the best and one that is absolutely unjustifiable on moral grounds, unless it be impersonal and complementary to a real desire to keep intact the distinctive character, traditions and civilization of one's own country."

What he says on unity is well said. Listen to this: "Unity of opinion on any subject, or unity of view as to political methods, is not a normal condition in an independent, thinking population." In England, he says, the "heckling," that is, cross-questioning of a Parliamentary candidate by the meanest of his constituents is one of the most attractive features of an election struggle and stimulates thought. In Ireland this would not be tolerated.

"A nation," he says, "must be inspired into unity; she cannot be drilled into it." National unity, to be of real avail must, he declares, "be the flower of a number of movements for the creation and fostering of the elements, spiritual and material, that go to the making of a nation. When the people go back into their normal traditions, get permeated by their own literature, create a drama, resurrect their customs, develop their industries, have a language to bind them together and a national personality to guard—then the free and full development of every individual will in no wise endanger or weaken any political movement."

Mr. Moran calls the roll of the principal efforts for independence since and including O'Connell's day, and says that in not one of them was any provision made to enable men and women born in Ireland to grow up Irish. "No Irish customs were given them to perpetuate, no

Irish language to glory in, no Irish drama to enjoy, no Irish pictures to buy, no Irish books to fill their libraries with, no traditions to swell them out with racial pride; but left to shift for themselves, they sought the little glories which their own nation denied them by buzzing about everything 'respectable' that came from England, and by saying 'steek' for steak. The convent school 'finished' young lady or the West British jackeen are really no subjects for satire either. They are melancholy monuments to the incapacity of those who took the molding of the country into their own hands."

This book has set Ireland a-thinking. The Leader, which he owns, and which is, after a fashion, a permanent weekly synopsis of the lessons the book lays down, has also set Ireland a-thinking. Its style, too, is followed by other Irish publications of more recent origin—a form of tribute to real worth and excellence, which is surely the most flattering of any.

When the battle is won, and therefore Ireland at length on her feet, erect and alone, what joy would not be mine could I but cast a ballot for D. P. Moran as her first minister of public instruction.

Protestant Mayor of Memphis Gives Lessons to Apostate Slanderer.

A few years ago, when the A.P.A. was rampant, the notorious "Father Slattery" was engaged by that un-American society to "lecture" in the Southern cities. It was arranged that the campaign of slander should begin in Memphis, Tenn.

The Catholic population of that beautiful, progressive city have always been remarked for the intelligence and patriotism, and are foremost in politics, education and business.

The coming of Slattery was announced by insulting posters. His press agent was ingenious and industrious. The columns of the local press were filled with accounts of the terrible things threatened by members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians and other Catholic organizations. Slattery was represented as a martyr, a victim of a modern Inquisition, and the right of "free speech" was to be utterly abolished.

The saddest thing about the affair was that Protestant ministers espoused the cause of the reprobate.

As the night of the lecture drew near the excitement grew intense, and at last even many Catholics believed that there would be trouble. Then the deputations began to invade the Mayor's office. The Chief of Police was a Catholic. He knew that apprehensions of violence were groundless. The other side pretended to be suspicious of him.

The morning Slattery was billed to arrive a deputation of ministers waited upon the Mayor. They were dreadfully in earnest. They insisted that a body of "trusted" special police should be appointed to guard the lecturer. The Mayor at last believed that the situation was alarming. He assured the ministerial deputation that he would give the matter his personal attention, and requested them to return in one hour. The Mayor was a man of superb culture and liberality, one of the leading citizens of Memphis and deserving of the confidence which all classes reposed in him. He at once sought the Catholic pastors and some of the leading Catholic laymen. When the ministers returned, his plans were made. He told them the course he intended to follow. He intended to take charge of "Father" Slattery himself. All reception committees and guards were to be dispensed with. He would meet the "lecturer" at the railroad station with his own carriage and make him his personal guest. The press heralded abroad that the Catholics were snubbed, that the "Reverend" Slattery had been saved from death by the personal interference of the Mayor. The Mayor, in his carriage, met Slattery at the depot. There were no policemen in evidence. The Mayor briefly explained the situation, promised him complete protection, and ordered his coachman to drive to different points of interest in the city, which he wished his guest to see. They first visited the educational institutions, public and parochial, then the churches, libraries,

Another Catholic King.

The heir to the Roumanian throne is a Catholic, and son of the late Prince Antoine of Hohenzollern, of the Catholic branch of that house. The present (who is the first) King of Roumania, having no direct heir, adopted his brother's second son to succeed him on the throne.

"Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator does not require the help of any purgative medicines to complete the cure. Give it a trial and be convinced.

IRISH LEADER DEAD

Michal Davitt Passes Away in Dublin.

Dublin, May 30.—A notable career closed to-night, when, after a long and painful illness, Michael Davitt died peacefully and painlessly at 12 o'clock in the presence of his eldest son, Michael, and his two daughters, who had devotedly attended him through his illness, and of many of his most intimate friends, including John Dillon. Shortly before his death Father Hatton had been with him. Mrs. Davitt, who had been in constant attendance on her husband until a few days ago, when she herself was taken ill, lies prostrated in the same hospital, too weak to leave her room.

The greatest sympathy has been displayed by all classes of society during Mr. Davitt's illness. To-day the hospital was besieged by anxious enquirers. John E. Redmond, leader of the Irish Party in Parliament, was a frequent enquirer by telephone from the House of Commons, and gave up his proposed continental trip over the Whitsuntide holidays in consequence of the condition of his friend, the father of the Irish Land League.

Among the callers at the hospital to-night was Lord Hemphill, on behalf of the Earl of Aberdeen, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and the Countess of Aberdeen.

Mr. Davitt retired from the representation of South Mayo in Parliament in 1899, but to the last took a keen interest in the politics of his country.

Death was due to blood poisoning, which followed two operations for necrosis of the jawbone, and spread so rapidly that all efforts to stay its course were unavailing. Mr. Davitt's illness began with an insidious attack of toothache, to which he paid no attention until John Dillon urged him to have recourse to medical advice.

Michael Davitt was of Irish-American parentage, though born in Ireland. His father, Martin Davitt, was a County Mayo man, who settled in Pennsylvania, and returned to Ireland, where Michael was born in 1846. Martin Davitt was evicted during the troubled times of 1852, and moved to England, where in 1856, as a boy of 10, Michael started to work in a Lancaster cotton mill, and in the following year his right arm was torn off in the machinery. Subsequently he was employed as a newsboy, printer's devil and assistant letter carrier. He joined the Fenian Brotherhood in 1865, and speedily became a leader in that organization. So active did he become that in 1870 he was arrested, charged with treason-felony, and after a celebrated trial in London was sentenced to 15 years penal servitude.

Seven years later he was released on ticket of leave, and at once allied himself with the late Charles Stewart Parnell, with whom he founded the Irish Land League in 1879.

In the following year, 1880, Mr. Davitt made a tour of the United States, where he founded the Auxiliary Land League organization. Returning to England in 1881, he was re-arrested under his ticket of leave and sent back to penitentiary, being released in 1882.

For some time after that Mr. Davitt travelled over the world, lecturing and otherwise promoting the Irish cause, and in 1895, while in Australia, was elected by acclamation for East Kerry, sitting in Parliament until 1899, when he resigned. During his active career Mr. Davitt travelled through the United States, Canada, Australasia, Egypt, Palestine, France, Italy and Switzerland. He also visited South Africa during the Boer war, which resulted in his book, "The Boer Fight for Freedom." Other of Mr. Davitt's publications were: "Leaves from a Prison Diary," "Defence of the Land League," "Life and Progress in Australia," "Within the Pale," and "The Fall of Feudalism in Ireland."

Father Hemphill, the missionary, was the first discoverer of coal in America, the site of the primitive mine being in the vicinity of what is now Ottawa, Ill. It was not until nearly a century and a half later, however, that this discovery was made of practical use.

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

Do you older sisters, who grow impatient sometimes over the oft-repeated request, "Please tell me a story!" realize the chance for usefulness this gives you? How many of us carry through life a helpful lesson taught us in our childhood by means of some simple tale? If you want to show the beauty of generosity and kindness, how much better you can do it through a story than by an abstract presentation of the truth. One little book, "Black Beauty," has done more to bring about the proper treatment of horses than whole volumes could have accomplished by grave discussions of the subject. Do not trown or shake your head the next time you hear a little voice say, "Please tell me a story!" If you learned to use the art of story-telling better, you would save the need of many a reproof, besides making the path of right plainer before the little feet which so easily go astray.

CHILDHOOD MEMORIES.

Nothing sweetens the sorrows of our riper years like the memory of a happy childhood. The man who wounds the hearts of his children with frowns and cruel words, or staggers into the door of home with curses and blows, is a murderer—a murderer of laughter and love and happiness. The woman who deserts her home for the hollow pleasures of the social world, and neglects her innocent and helpless children for any reason, is a robber, and unworthy the name of mother. The man who wanders to the ends of the earth and meet new faces and new friends on the way; he may rise to wealth and glory, or fall to the very depths of poverty or degradation, yet the memory of paternal love and watchfulness which guarded the thoughtless boy and shielded him from harm, never ceases to beckon his spirit back to the happy fireside of the blessed past, and in every word of his mother's un-forgotten prayer he hears the rustle of an angel's wing.

MIRRORS AND GILT FRAMES.

Water should never be put on gilt frames. They should be wiped with dry cloth or chamois. This applies to all metal and lacquered goods. After a lacquered bed has once been wet and polished it must be continually polished, so the best plan is to keep it dry as long as possible. Roaches are deadly enemies of mirror backs and yearly ruin many millions of dollars' worth. For this reason the old silver back mirror is passing away, and the new ones are coated with a composition which is proof against roaches and insects, but which does not give as fine a reflection as the other sort.

GIRLS IN THE BUSINESS WORLD

The post of stenographer or business clerk, as undertaken by women, requires the acquisition of several important points, both in regard to the temperament and education of the aspirant. Merely saying "I mean to be a stenographer," will in nowise gain success in this department, unless it is followed by a determination to gain that proficiency which is essential for such duties. Were this a matter more seriously regarded by young women who are desirous of earning their living in this way, the labor market would not be overcrowded, as at the present moment, by so many inefficient workers. Points essential for a business

woman are: Good education, with a head for figures; perfect knowledge of shorthand; perfect knowledge of typewriting, a good idea of book-keeping; tact and common sense; punctuality, with orderly and methodical habits; quite and polite manners; complete discretion as to not talking of business outside the office and surroundings. A good, sound English education is absolutely necessary to all women who wish to become clerks, which should also comprise a neat handwriting, with a training in the art of composition, and punctuation. Bookkeeping is often required; and to be able to write and translate French, German and even Spanish is a very great help, thereby greatly increasing the value of a clerk in whatever office she may be.

Although these details may not all be wanted at one time, a woman is better able to cope with the difficulties of her post if she has had a thorough training in all parts of a business life, so that she is not found wanting when called upon to undertake them. Shorthand is indispensable. The instruction takes time, and requires plenty of patience and application, but the theory can be mastered by an ordinary pupil in three months, if it is persevered with every day. After this comes working up speed, the time for which varies according to ability. Perfect silence on all business subjects is a golden maxim, and should be learnt and remembered by all who wish to succeed in a business career. No matter how trivial the matter may appear, no mention by word or look concerning the business of the employer should ever be uttered outside the office.

THE CHILDREN'S MISSION.

God sends children for another purpose than merely to keep up the race—to enlarge our hearts, to make us unselfish and full of kindly sympathies and affections; to give our souls higher aims and to call out all our faculties, to extend enterprise and exertion; to bring around our firesides bright faces and happy smiles and loving, tender hearts. My soul blesses the great Father every day that He has gladdened the earth with little children.—Mary Howitt.

HOW TO CLEAN BRUSSELS CARPET.

To clean and brighten Brussels carpets take a fresh beef gall and break it into a clean pan, says a writer in Ladies' World. Pour one-half into a very clean bucket and add about three or four quarts of lukewarm water. Take a coarse cloth and, having brushed the carpet well, rub it hard with the cloth thoroughly wet with gall water. Only do a small piece at a time, and have ready a dry, coarse cloth, with which rub the carpet dry. Thus proceed until the whole carpet is cleaned. A few drops of carbonate of ammonia in a little warm rain water will change discolored spots upon carpets, and, indeed, any spots, whether produced by acids or alkalis. If one has the misfortune to have a carpet injured by whitewash this will immediately restore it.

AIDS TO BEAUTY.

Simple aids to beauty are apt to be forgotten in these days of facial massage, electrolysis and lotions for the skin, and yet there are a few which still receive the indorsement of the best authorities. One of these, and one which helps to do away with the necessity of buying cold creams, is the constant use of rain water on the face. A famous skin specialist who commanded enormous prices when beauty doctors

were fewer and farther between was asked just before she died what was the greatest beauty aid which she could truthfully recommend. She answered, "Eau de ciel." Even now this remains one of the best and simplest remedies for the skin, and yet it is one which nobody takes the trouble to preserve. A woman past middle age, who has a skin as pure as a girl's, manages to keep a small barrel always full. In the winter snow is melted, and in the summer between rains she uses the meltings from the refrigerator. The rain water that is caught outside is filtered through a coarse canvas fastened loosely on the barrel so that the water drips through it. This is kept and pure by being exposed to the air and never bottled in tight jugs. Another thing which a physician stipulates as being one of the things essential to both beauty of face and figure is to abstain from dopes of all kinds, beginning with alcoholic drinks, tea and coffee and extending to all nerve or sleeping medicines.—Chicago Tribune.

TIMELY HINTS.

Simple tincture of benzoin is most deliciously fragrant, and a few drops added to the water in which you bathe will soften same, and benefit your complexion.

When stitching thin silk or any goods inclined to pucker place a strip of paper on the underside and stitch through. The needle cuts the paper, and it is easily pulled away, leaving the seam free of any inclination to pucker.

When washing lace, do not blue it, but give it a final rinsing in skim milk. This will give it the creamy tint so much admired, and also a slight stiffness.

A satisfactory way of preventing fish from tainting a refrigerator or any of its contents is to wrap the fish closely in a cloth wrung out of cold water. This will also prevent it from becoming hard and dry.

We all have yellow handkerchiefs and doilies that are the bane of our lives because of that dingy, ugly hue caused by an injudicious use of soap or from old age, perhaps. Wash in the usual way with clean, soft water and any good soap, and then soak overnight in clean water in which you have put cream of tartar (a teaspoonful to every quart of water). Rinse out next day, and when these articles are dried and ironed you will not recognize them as the dirty, ugly things you began to work on.

Warm water in which an onion has been boiled will restore the gilding to frames. Dry quickly with a soft clean cloth.

RECIPES.

Pastry Cases for Fish.—A good way to make pastry cases in which to serve oysters, crabs, fish, etc., is to use the small earthen bowls that are sold to bake muffins in. Turn these upside down, cover them with pastry, prick with a fork and bake until a pale brown. Remove from the oven, and when cold take the pastry off the bowl, being careful not to break it; turn the other way up, fill the cases, heat and serve.

Ordinary poached eggs arranged on toast are delicious covered with white sauce or with tomato sauce. A minced green pepper is a tasty addition to the tomato sauce.

Indian Curry.—Cut the flesh from a raw fowl into small pieces. Sprinkle with a spoonful of curry powder and a little flour, and fry in boiling hot butter until brown; turn into a saucpan. Slice two onions, chop the heart of a head of cabbage, and a head of lettuce, fry in butter, put in the saucpan with the meat. Add half a dozen stoned raisins, one chopped apple, one ounce of grated coconut, a teaspoonful of brown sugar, a small tablespoonful each of curry paste and chutney, the juice of half a lemon, and sufficient stock to half fill the saucpan. Let simmer very slowly, keeping well covered for two hours. Take up in a heated dish, and serve with boiled rice. Rabbit, or other game may be used instead of the fowl.

Egg Slaw.—Shred cabbage very fine and place in a salad bowl or deep dish. For every three cups of cabbage allow two cups of vinegar, one and one-half teaspoonful of salt, half teaspoonful of pepper, three teaspoonful of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, three eggs and two tablespoonful of cream. Place vinegar and seasoning over the fire. Beat eggs well, add hot vinegar to them and stir constantly until mixture thickens. Then add the cream or the same quantity of olive oil after removing from the fire. Pour, while hot, over the cabbage. Garnish with rings of hard boiled egg and serve.

FUNNY SAYINGS

P. O. PEOPLE MUST BE QUICK-WITTED.

The following was sent from Newtown, N.S.W., intended for the parish priest of St. Ann's Church, this city. It reached its destination O. K.: Parish Priest Muntry Hall St. Ann's Market, America.

THE APPRECIATIVE HUSBAND.

"I declare," complained Mrs. Duzzit, "I certainly shall have to punish the children."

"What have they been up to now?" asked Mr. Duzzit.

"They have simply upset my sewing-room. Nothing is where it should be. Needles, spoons of thread, scissors, darning balls, and everything have been poked away in the most unexpected corners. I had to search all afternoon to find a card of buttons. It is perfectly exasperating."

"My dear, the children didn't do that. I did it."

"You? What possessed you?" "I thought I was doing you a kindness. After you straightened up the papers and books in my desk so beautifully, I thought it was no more than right that I should return the compliment by putting your sewing room in similar shape."—Life.

"The Elizabethan ruff is likely to return," said Ma Twaddles, looking up from the fashion paper she was reading.

"If it does," responded Pa Twaddles, with energy, "you set the dog on him—do you hear?"

As an example of the ability of the juvenile scholar to evolve an unexpected meaning from his text, a correspondent relates that the following question was put to a history class: "What misfortune then happened to Bishop Odo?" The reply came quite readily: "He went blind."

An explanation was demanded, and the genius brought up the text book. "There, sir," triumphantly, "the book says so." The sentence indicated by an ink-stained digit read: "Odo was deprived of his See."

THE POET'S CORNER

SONG OF THANKSGIVING.

I offer Thee Every flower that ever grew, Every bird that ever flew, Every wind that ever blew, Good God!

Every thunder rolling, Every church-bell tolling! Every leaf and sod! (Laudamus te.)

I offer Thee Every wave that ever moved, Every heart that ever loved, These Thy Father's well-beloved, Dear Lord!

Every river dashing, Every lightning flashing, Like an angel's sword! (Benedicimus te!)

I offer Thee Every cloud that ever swept O'er the skies, and broke and wept In vain, and with the flowerlets slept, My King!

Each communicant praying, Every angel staying, Before Thy throne to sing! (Adoremus te!)

I offer Thee Every flake of virgin snow, Every spring the earth below, Every human joy and woe— My Love!

Oh Lord, and all Thy glorious Self, o'er death victorious, Thronged in heaven above! (Glorificamus te!)

Take all of them, O darling Lord, In Thy Blessed Sacrament Loved— Adored

Multiply each and every one; Make each of them into millions— Into glorious millions, Into gorgeous millions, Into golden millions—

O Glories, glorious Son! And then, O Dear Lord, listen, Where the tabernacles glisten, To those praises, Holiest One! —From the Ancient Irish.

"HOLD MY HAND!"

Last night I was wakened,—a little cry Came up from the crib which stood quite nigh;

'Twas followed by pitiful words of fright, And a baby voice came through the night: "O father, hold my hand!"

With tender love, I stretched my arm To shield my darling from any harm

The dreams had summoned her rest To pain, But still these words rang in my brain: "O father, hold my hand!"

And soon she was sleeping in perfect rest, With my hand held close to her baby breast;

And I thought of the faith of the little child,— Of the call in the night when dreams were wild: "O father, hold my hand!"

Then I prayed that I might be e'en as she, When the end of life shall come to me,— Prayed for that faith in a Father's love,

A Devout Scientist.

It is not often that we find science combined with faith, and it is therefore pleasant to learn that the eminent astronomer, Prof. Schiaparelli, of Milan, the discoverer of the much discussed canals of Mars, is a good Catholic, and has done considerable service to religion. When traveling in Upper Egypt, he was struck by the miserable condition in which the Italian Franciscan missionaries were living, and, on his return home, he did not rest until he brought about the foundation of a national association for the help of Italian missionaries, an association in which he co-operated, and still co-operates with all his power.

It is by its assistance that the Franciscan missionaries are enabled to maintain themselves in many parts of Africa, where the sisters, more especially, do a work of incalculable

Which would cry to the Infinite One above: "O father, hold my hand!" —Edwin Carlisle Litsey, in Ave Maria.

LITTLE BROWN HANDS.

They drive home the cows from the pasture, Up through the long, shady lane, Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat field,

That is yellow with ripening grain. They find, in the thick waving grasses, Where the scarlet-tipped strawberry grows,

They gather the earliest snowdrops, And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the hay in the meadow, They gather the elder-bloom white, They find when the dusky grapes are purple

In the soft-tinted October light. They know where the apples hang ripest, And are sweeter than Italy's wines, They know where the fruit hangs the thickest,

On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate seaweeds, And build tiny castles of sand; They pick up the beautiful sea-shells, Fairyarks that have drifted to land.

They wave from the tall, rocking tree-tops, Where the oriole's hammock nest swings, And at night-time are folded in slumber

By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strong— eat; The humble and poor become great; And from those brown-handed children

Shall grow mighty rulers of State. The pen of the author and statesman,

The noble and wise of the land, The sword and chisel and palette, Shall be held in the little brown hand.

—Mary H. Krout.

After this exile, not while groping here In this low valley full of mists and chills,

Waiting and watching till the day breaks clear Over the brow of the Eternal Hills— Mother, sweet dawn of that Un-setting Sun,

Show us thy Jesus, when the night is done.

After this exile, when our toils are o'er, And we, poor laborers, homeward turn our feet;

When we shall ache and work and weep no more, But know the rest the weary find so sweet—

Mother of Mercy, pitiful and blest, Show us thy Jesus, in the Land of Rest.

After this exile: winter will be past, And the rain over, and the flowers appear;

And we shall see in God's own light at last All we have sought for in this darkness here—

Then, Mother, turn on us thy loving eyes, And show us Jesus, our Eternal Prize. —Frances Janette Partridge.

OUR BY

Dear Girls, and Boys: How quickly the weeks for writing to the O'N. has a lovely gar-

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Dear Aunt Becky: I was so glad to see the True Witness that would write again. O went up to the mount and we went up to th mountain I wanted t May flowers for our We have a very prett cated to the Blessed V night at four o'clock emm Benediction, and t dren sing. My sister received a child of Ma sorry to hear that W so ill, and I hope she this time.

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As ever your n Granby, May 26.

Dear Aunt Becky: To-day being Ascensio we had no school. Af Mass this morning the thing I can do is to w Aunt. I am busy eve ter school hours transp flowers. The names o are poppies, petunias, a and heliotrope. I have of asters in the middle and daisies at one side at the other side. The petunias are purple a some pink. Heliotrope blue blossom. I have keys to feed. We are g bare feet now. I wish the True Witness, for I lovely paper. The cou where we live is beautif the trees all in blosso summer time when the ripe and pick and I go tree and pick our hands eat them. I like very our letters in print eve school is nice now since it cleaned, and flowers dows. I'm in the thir d am not going to try f book at holidays. I g letter is getting rather say good-bye.

Your loving n

Lonsdale, May 24.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys:

How quickly the week comes round for writing to the Corner. Annie O'N. has a lovely garden, I judge from the description and variety of flowers she has named. She wishes they subscribed to the True Witness at her home. Well, Annie might procure this pleasure by getting four new subscribers, for which we will send her in return the True Witness for one year. Stella M. says she and her brother will make their first communion next month. Best wishes for a very happy day for both little ones. Stella also prides herself in her garden. Undoubtedly she has a fine collection of flowers. Agnes McC. is another contributor who should do some work for us. She says she is always glad when her teacher brings the True Witness to school and reads out of it to the class. If any of my nieces and nephews really would like to do some canvassing, by letting me know I will send full particulars as to how to go about the work. How nice of Ethel to take such an interest in Our Blessed Lady's altar, and how pleased the dear Mother must be to receive the affection of her little ones.

All my girls and boys are not in line this week. What is the matter? Your loving, AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky: I was so glad to see my letter in the True Witness that I thought I would write again. On Sunday I went up to the mountain with papa and we went up to the top of the mountain I wanted to pick some May flowers for Our Lady's altar. We have a very pretty shrine dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. Every night at four o'clock we have solemn Benediction, and the school children sing. My sister has just been received a child of Mary. I was so sorry to hear that Winnifred D. was so ill, and I hope she is better by this time.

Hoping you are well, I remain, Your little niece, ETHEL T. Montreal.

Dear Aunt Becky: I was disappointed last evening, when we did not get the True Witness, as it comes always on Friday, but I hope it will come to-day. We had a little rain last night, which makes everything look nice. The apple trees are nearly in blossom. I was seven years old on Wednesday last. I got some very nice presents. Hoping you and all the cousins are well. As ever your nephew, JOSEPH. Granby, May 26.

Dear Aunt Becky: To-day being Ascension Thursday, we had no school. After being at Mass this morning the next best thing I can do is to write to dear Auntie. I am busy every night after school hours transplanting my flowers. The names of my flowers are poppies, petunias, asters, pansies and heliotrope. I have a big bed of asters in the middle of the yard and daisies at one side and poppies at the other side. The blossoms on petunias are purple and white and some pink. Heliotrope has a pale blue blossom. I have no little turkeys to feed. We are going in our bare feet now. I wish we did take the True Witness, for I think it is a lovely paper. The country around where we live is beautiful now with the trees all in blossom. In the summer time when the cherries are ripe my sister and I go out to the tree and pick our hands full and then eat them. I like very much to see our letters in print every week. Our school is nice now since we have got it cleaned, and flowers in the windows. I'm in the third book, but I am not going to try for the fourth book at holidays. I guess as my letter is getting rather long I will say good-bye. Your loving niece, ANNIE O'N. Lonsdale, May 24.

Dear Aunt Becky:

Well, you must be a loving Aunt to offer a prize to the one who will write every week. I and my brother Vincent are going to get first Communion in June. I was very sorry to hear that Edna lost her mother. The trees are in blossom now and they look so pretty. I have a lot of pretty flowers in my yard. I have bachelor buttons, wild cucumber, morning glories, bridal rose, poppies and asters. I have four beds. The morning glories are on the front of the house. They are two inches high now. I will soon have to put up strings or wire for them to climb. The scholars are going to the woods to-morrow to get May flowers. It is lovely weather here. The month of May is always pleasant. Well I guess I will close for this time, as my letter is getting long. I remain, Your loving niece, STELLA M. Lonsdale, May 25.

Dear Aunt Becky: I am always so glad when the teacher brings the True Witness and reads all the letters. I went home from school with my friend Stella Wednesday night. She lives about two miles east of the school. Thursday afternoon we went to Kingsford and when we were coming home we picked some May flowers. We were playing ball in the evening. Isn't it so pleasant in the summer time when all the rivers and brooks are opened. The city girls can talk of their parks and gardens, but they are not to be compared to our pleasant woods and fields. How lonesome I would be if all the flowers should die and the rivers dry up! Life would hardly be worth living. A river leads a very happy life. If it could only speak what stories it has passed, of the different plants growing along its bank, and people it has seen or met along its way. Well, dear Auntie, I guess I will close with lots of love to everybody. Your loving niece, AGNES McC. Lonsdale, May 25.

MY LITTLE DREAMS. I love to see the little dreams Come trotting to my bed, They shake me by the hand and say: "Hallo, you sleepy head!" And then they do the greatest things, We just have lots of fun. But somehow, in the morning, I Forget just what was done.

DROPPED STITCHES. One of the hardest duties that come to us is the remedying of mistakes. Every one knows how much easier it is to continue in a certain line of work than to stop and make needed corrections. But one wrong figure in the column which reaches the length of a page in the ledger will make all our calculations vain. Before to-day's work can be successful, we must take up the stitches we dropped yesterday. Doubtless many of our readers could with profit copy the example of the young girl of whom the following tells.

Cynthia woke in the morning with the feeling that the sky must be gray and the rain falling, whereas the sunbeams were pouring into her room in the most friendly fashion. After a moment's reflection she knew what the trouble was. She had dropped so many stitches the day before, and the first work of the new morning must be to take them up again.

It was still half an hour to her usual rising, but Cynthia sprang out of bed and dressed in haste. When she came downstairs she found that Effie was up, too, poring over her books and slate. She had come to Cynthia for help the previous evening, and Cynthia had scolded and said that, after her hard day's work, she wasn't going to spend her leisure fussing over examples. Now, however, she sat down on the sofa, and, pressing her cheek against Effie's, looked over the straggling figures.

"I see what's the matter!" she exclaimed, triumphantly, after a moment. "You made that five almost like a three, and you called it three when you came to add." And Effie's

brow cleared instantly, and one little wrong had been set right. Cynthia helped her mother put on breakfast. A pair of quick, strong feet and two helpful hands accomplished considerable in a very short time. As she sat down to table she reflected that this was a better way than scolding because the real was five minutes late, as she had done the day before. She left the house early and was at her office in time to arrange her desk which was in an unusual state of disorder. While she was thus occupied, another girl entered, a sullen-faced girl in a shabby dress, who cast a resentful glance at Cynthia, and took her place at an adjoining desk without saying a word.

Cynthia hesitated a moment, then turned in her chair. Her face was flushed. "Miss Page," she said, "I'm ashamed of making such a fuss yesterday about your hanging your coat on my hook. It really didn't make a bit of difference. I was just cross, and I hope you'll forgive me." The sullenness went out of the other girl's face, and a certain shame took its place. "That's all right," she said hastily. And then she added, as if it were not easy to make the admission, "If I hadn't felt hateful I would have used my own hook. It's just as convenient."

The clock struck eight. The work of a new day was beginning. Cynthia looked around and signed. "All this time spent in taking up dropped stitches," she said to herself. "To-day I must be more careful."

PETER AND HIS SHEEP. "Please, Mr. Joynes, there's a little boy at the back gate to see you." "At the back gate? Bring him in, Peter."

"He won't come in, sir; says he's awful busy and hasn't got time." "How big is he?" "About as big as my fist, sir," said Peter.

The good-natured gentleman went out to the back gate. "Well, countryman," he said pleasantly, "what can I do for you?"

The small boy—for he was a very small boy—took off a soft, dirty hat and held it behind him. "I came to tell you, sir, that Bray's got to be killed."

"Bray, my big Newfoundland dog? And who sent you here with that information?" asked the gentleman, losing all his pleasant looks.

"Nobody sent me," the boy answered stoutly. "I've come by myself. Bray has runned my sheep for free days. He's got to be killed."

"Whete did you get any sheep?" asked Mr. Joynes.

"My sheep are Mr. Ransom's. He gives me fifteen cents a week for watching 'em."

"Did you tell Mr. Ransom that Bray had been runned them?"

"No, sir; I tell you."

"Ah, that's well. I don't want to kill Bray. Suppose I give you fifteen cents a week for not telling Mr. Ransom when Bray runs his sheep; how would that do?"

As soon as the little shepherd got the idea into his head he scornfully rejected it. "That u'd be paying me for a lie," he said, indignantly. "I wouldn't tell lies for all the money in the world."

When he said this Mr. Joynes took off his own hat, and reached down and took the small, dirty hand in his. "Hurrah, herdsman!" said he. "I beg your pardon for offering you a bribe. Now I know that the keeper of Mr. Ransom's sheep is not afraid of a man four times his size, but that he is afraid of a lie. Hurrah for you! I am going to tell Mr. Ransom that if he doesn't raise your wages I shall offer you twice fifteen cents, and take you into my service. Meanwhile Bray shall be shut up while your sheep are on my side of the hill. Will that do? All right, then. Good morning, countryman."

AGAINST THE RULE. "In the world of gentlemen and gentlewomen, among the things that stain character and reputation, and close the doors of good society are: a lie, a broken promise, a slander of a woman, an anonymous letter, a failure to pay one's debts, cheating at cards, violation of the laws of hospitality by repeating or reporting anything best kept secret, learned either as host or as a guest."

BRINGING SOMEBODY HOME. A delightful place for the children can be made of home by exercising always a delightful hospitality towards the children's friends. Make them think that they can bring somebody home any time, even if everything is not in readiness, as if the grown-up guest.

It takes little to please children, who feel most of all the sympathy and friendliness with which their attempts at conversation are received, especially at the dinner table by the little friend's mother, and by the less well known father, of whom they are almost sure to be a little shy, and to whose talk with the other grown-ups "over their heads" they are particularly sensitive. Said a girl whose home had always been a gathering place for all her friends and all her proteges from childhood: "Mother always treated everybody I brought home as if he or she were the only person on earth. And even to this day she is never put out if we invite company and forget to mention it."

In homes where so much freedom is impossible the warm welcome and gracious reception which she would accord to an older guest can at least be forthcoming from the mother. She who does this will be in closer touch with her children, and find her task easier when the time comes for her social guidance to be exercised.

When a great man was asked as to what one thing he most attributed his success, he answered: "To the simple admonition of my father to be 'a man.' When I started to the country school he said to me, 'Jim, be a man.' Good-by, Jim, be a man,' and when I left home for my life work, he said, 'Well, Jim, be a man,' and when dying he gave me his feeble hand and said, 'Farewell, Jim, be a man,' and in trying to follow that brief injunction of my good father, in all places and circumstances, I have attained to all the success that God has given me."

TEN THINGS TO REMEMBER. 1. Remember that everything that is alive can feel. Sometimes there are too many insects, and they have to be killed. When they must die, kill them as quickly and mercifully as you can.

2. Remember that cruelty grows, like other sins, if not checked.

3. Remember that to take pleasure in seeing animals hurt or killed shows something terribly wrong in our nature.

4. Remember your pets, if you keep any, and see that they do not starve while you live in plenty.

5. Remember that cats and dogs want fresh water always where they can get at it.

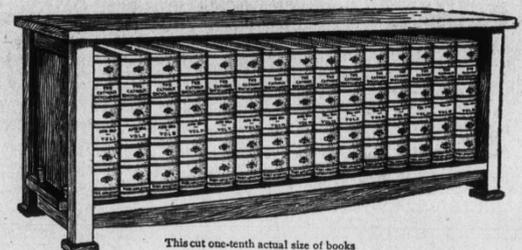
6. Boys who drive donkeys and horses should remember that they must go slowly when they have loads to drag, and that the poor animals are made of flesh and blood. Blows will make them weak and less able to work. Angry words frighten and wear them out. Use the whip as little as possible, and encourage them with kind words.

7. When you feel inclined to throw stones at living creatures, stop and think: "How would I like to be bruised, and to get my bones broken 'just for fun'?" The boy who hurts or teases small, weak animals, robs nests, or gives pain to gentle creatures, is a coward.

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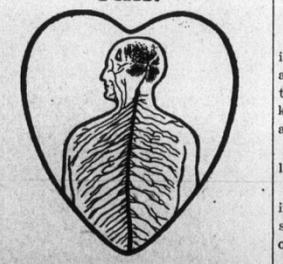
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8. Remember that the girl who wears feathers in her hat, taken from a bird killed on purpose, is doing a cruel thing. 9. Remember that though animals cannot talk like men, they can understand much that we say. Learn to govern them by kind words instead of blows. 10. Remember that every kind deed we do, and every kind word we say makes us better than we were before. Just the Thing That's Wanted.—A pill that acts upon the stomach and yet is so compounded that certain ingredients of it preserve their power to act upon the intestinal canals, so as to clear them of excreta, the retention of which cannot but be hurtful, was long looked for by the medical profession. It was found in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which are the result of much expert study, and are scientifically prepared as a laxative and an alterative in one.

Father M. Callaghan's Remarks Anent Consecration of St. Patrick's Church.

On Sunday last, Father Callaghan made some timely remarks regarding the coming consecration of St. Patrick's Church, which to the older parishioners will bring back pleasant memories of a day that is gone, and to the younger members will be instructive as well as interesting. The pastor spoke as follows:

There is a quantity of miscellaneous matter in which you are concerned to which I would like to draw your attention. It is both the time and the place to do so.

St. Patrick's Church was blessed in 1847—the year of the typhus fever, which caused a considerable loss of life and occasioned a rare display of Christian heroism. It was blessed by Bishop Prince on the 17th day of March. Rev. J. J. Connolly was the first priest who took charge of this church, and had Rev. Patrick Dowd as his immediate successor. He preached on the day it was blessed. He was the second individual of Irish Celtic origin—the first being Father Phelan—who was ordained a priest on the island of Montreal. He hailed from the Diocese of Waterford, and died in Boston. I recollect having seen him several times and having listened to his melodious voice during the office of Vespers. He had for an assistant Rev. Father McMahon, with whom I dined a few years ago in the Catholic University of Washington—an institution of which he has been considered the most liberal benefactor.

St. Patrick's Church will be consecrated on the 26th day of the coming June by His Grace Paul Bruchesi, who since the day he became the Archbishop of Montreal, did in the most telling way all that he could for all those who spoke the English language and submitted to his authority.

You might wish to know what is the difference between a church that is blessed and a church that is consecrated. I shall be brief in telling you. There is a difference in several ways. By being blessed or consecrated a church is withdrawn from the dominion of Satan and dedicated to the worship of the Most High. A church must be at least blessed. If it is not, the sacrifice of the Mass should not be celebrated within its precincts. Once blessed it is proper that it should be consecrated when there is no obstacle in the way.

You can hardly compare the ceremonial for the blessing with that for the consecration; the ceremonial for the latter being most imposing in grandeur, diversified in detail and rich in symbolism. A church may be blessed by a simple priest. It is necessary that he should be delegated by the Bishop of the place. It is a bishop and only a bishop who can by his ordinary jurisdiction consecrate a church. The consecrator has to be the bishop of the place. He can delegate the bishop of any other place to consecrate a church within the limits of his diocese. Several bishops may participate in the consecration. The leading role is reserved for the bishop of the place where the church is built. A simple priest can be empowered by the Pope to consecrate any church in the world. There is no fast prescribed for the day previous to the blessing of a church. Fasting is obligatory for the eve of a day when a church is to be consecrated. A church may be blessed without being free from debt. This is not so when there is question of consecrating it. When it is consecrated it cannot be employed for profane purposes of any description. A church which is merely blessed can be alienated but never a church which has been consecrated. It would be nothing less than the crime of sacrilege to sell, exchange or mortgage it.

St. Patrick's Church is minus the faintest shadow of indebtedness. It was only a month ago the title deeds were deposited in the vault of the presbytery. This church was purchased in 1885 from the Fabrique of Notre Dame for the sum of \$124,390, bearing interest at 4 1/2 per cent. This sum was paid by instalments. The first payment was made in 1887 by Father Dowd, and the last by myself on the 1st day of October, 1902. I then handed the Fabrique of Notre Dame a cheque for \$10,387.50. Our church debt would be still unextinguished were it not for the donation of \$20,000 on the part of James McCreedy and for the kindness with which we were treated by the gentlemen of the Seminary.

They lent us \$22,000 without interest. I returned them \$2000 and they cancelled the balance of \$20,000 at the transferring of our boys from the premises of the St. Lawrence school to the building situated on the corner of Lagachetiers.

St. Patrick's Church is our absolute property. We own it in the eyes of the law and in the eyes of the highest ecclesiastical authority. When it will have been consecrated there will be no other English-speaking church in a similar position upon the island or in the Province of Quebec or perhaps Ontario.

The custom of consecrating a church is not the product of modern times. It can be easily traced to the days of the Apostles—may, to the remotest period of the pre-Christian epoch. The Catholic history of Montreal is teeming with interest and edification. It has a chapter on the English speaking Catholics most deserving of being studied, remembered and rehearsed. Always have they challenged the profoundest respect and the most genuine admiration. Nobody is inclined to refuse them this twofold homage. It would be a flagrant injustice to assert or imagine that they have exerted little or no influence in promoting the prosperity in religion of which in all honesty our city can boast. Largely have they contributed towards the preservation, progress and prestige of our faith. By the English-speaking Catholics I understand principally all the Catholics of Irish birth, parentage or descent. In this connection I would be sorry to exclude or ignore all those who with the blood of other nationalities in their veins, have identified themselves with the Montreal Irish Catholics by worshipping at the same altar and by co-operating in the furtherance of the same objects. To what a magnificent class of people I am alluding! I would be pleased to see a class as good or even better. Where shall I find it? Nothing low, narrow or selfish could be detected in the complexion of their character. Have they not been supernaturally grand, lofty in their ideals, sound in their principles, deep and strong in their convictions, pure in their motives and spontaneously generous in their advocacy of every cause worthy of being upheld?

It is with the view of preparing you for the due celebration of the day St. Patrick's Church will be consecrated that I shall emphasize a few authentic facts consigned in our annals. You may derive much profit from what I shall relate.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century there was no sign or vestige of the Hibernian element in Montreal. Towards the end of the second decade the number of Irish Catholics did not exceed fifty adults. Since then it increased during an interval, at first slowly, and afterwards rapidly. In 1848 it reached 12,000. The Irish who settled upon the island fringed with the lippid waters of the St. Lawrence left the land of their ancestors with eyes streaming with the tears of sorrow and with bosoms convulsed with the sobs of regret. No longer could they dwell in a country where they saw all their aspirations crushed and had to undergo without any fault of theirs all sorts of hardships, in a country where they felt irrevocably doomed to inactivity, poverty, ignorance, slavery and persecution, though of all countries upon the planet we inhabit no other country was so dear, or could be so dear to their hearts. On bidding a most reluctant farewell to the green hills and smiling valleys, to the fertile fields and sparkling rivers, to the picturesque shores of sweet Innisfail, they confidently hoped that beneath a new sky, in a new atmosphere, and in a new land they would improve their condition. Were they disappointed? No. How could they be disappointed? Were they not the most desirable and should they not be the most welcome of exiles and immigrants? Were they not ambitious, industrious, indomitable in courage, law abiding in disposition, and virtuous in an uncommon degree? Did they not combine all the qualifications which should entitle them to the confidence of the community into which they were admitted, and which could not but reflect the most dazzling lustre upon the flag of any nation?

From the day of their arrival until the year our church was blessed all their spiritual wants were supplied. Nothing they could have desired was denied them. They attended the Notre Dame Church, the Bonsecours chapel, and the Recollet chapel. They were served by priests conspicuous for their learning, piety and zeal. Rev. John Richard Jackson was the first English speaking priest who had them under his special care. He claimed the State of Virginia as the residence of his parents, the place of his birth and the scene of his boyhood. Two centuries may dispute him—the

eighteenth and the nineteenth. He was a Protestant minister when he crossed the frontier. He fancied he was called to dispel the darkness of Popery which like a pall hung over the fair form of Ville Marie; and to spread the noonday light of the Reformation. Little did he suspect that he was intended by heaven to be like the Apostle of the Gentiles, a vessel of election. He went to see Father Roux, of the Sulpician Seminary, who refused to his satisfaction all his objections and impressed him with the divinity of Catholicism. The grace of conversion was offered him, and like Princess Ena of Battenberg, he accepted it readily and cheerfully. He became a priest in 1813 and thirty-four years afterwards he sacrificed himself on the altar of charity and duty. He died from the contagion he contracted whilst administering to those who were stricken down with the typhus fever. I was told by the priest who baptized me that fresh in his mind was the day when from a window in the old Seminary he saw Father Richard with a satchel in his hand passing through the gate and making his way as best he could to the Hotel Dieu Hospital, which was then close by.

The same day in October, 1843, he married two Irish brides, who during the nuptial Mass, took up a collection in aid of St. Patrick's Church. I was acquainted with one of the brides. Father Richard had an invaluable assistant in the person of Father Phelan. It happens I am a Phelan on the maternal side. He was from the County Kilkenny. So were both my parents. He did not spare himself in providing for the welfare of the flock to which he was assigned, and he won for himself, by the eminence of his merit, the signal honor of being appointed to the episcopal see of Kingston, Ontario, in 1843, the year when the corner-stone of St. Patrick's Church was laid and blessed. Rev. Patrick Morgan worked conjointly with the two priests I have mentioned. He was a cousin of Father Dowd. He was only five years in the priesthood when he took the typhus fever and died from the plague. He had scarcely passed the meridian line of life. He was greatly appreciated for the superiority of his attainments, and was thought to be destined for a long career of exceptional usefulness.

At the departure of Father Connolly for the United States, Father Dowd succeeded him as the director of the Irish congregation. He became the first pastor of St. Patrick's Parish when in 1873 it was canonically erected. At his death he was replaced by Rev. J. Quinlivan. The canonical parish of St. Patrick was enlarged and civilly constituted in 1903. I was then retained in the capacity of Pastor, though the Sulpicians divested themselves of all responsibility and Archbishop Bruchesi assumed the direct and exclusive control.

What shall I say of Father Dowd and Father Quinlivan, or of the priests who assisted them in the discharge of their functions? Could I be too loud in their praise? What little I might say is that the two pastors in question, as well as their curates, proved equal to the times in which they lived and did not lack anything that was calculated to sanctify their own souls or the souls of all those with whom they were brought into contact. They enhanced the sacerdotal dignity. They kept unswerving and intact all the traditions of our race. Their names will never perish. They are treasured in the memory of your hearts and emblazoned upon the pages of history.

What shall I say of the people to whom they devoted all their energies and resources? Nothing could surpass, if equal, their loyalty to the Sogarth Aroon. What shining examples! Never were they so much pleased as when multiplying testimonials of affection, docility and veneration.

On approaching the consecration day, thank God for having scrupulously watched over the children of St. Patrick and over their posterity from the beginning till the present hour. We have now a population of almost 40,000, and besides the parish of St. Patrick we have six other parishes entrusted to priests who are both esteemed and cherished—no less a credit to themselves and to their relatives than to the Archdiocese and to whatever portion of the Irish flock they look after.

Be not oblivious of the past. Revive and perpetuate it. Be grateful to your predecessors. In no small measure do you owe them the spirit which is animating you and the manifold advantages which you are enjoying. In a stained glass window of this church you can see the portrait of a personage without whom you would not have the kind of parish to which you belong—without whom I might not be its privileged pastor—without whom there would be no such things as the St. Bridget's Home and the

St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum of today, a personage whose most ardent and constant wish was that the two institutions which he founded, fostered, protected and patronized in all kinds of ways would be inseparably united to St. Patrick's parish. This personage is Father Dowd, who should never be forgotten in your prayers or in the prayers of subsequent generations.

Steadfastly cling to your church. Let nothing detach you. Love each inch of the ground upon which it is built, each stone in the walls, everything from the foundation to the steeple. Who could be jealous of St. Patrick's Church? Who is not proud to see and enter it? How solid the construction, how spacious the nave, how elegant the architecture and exquisite in taste the ornamentation! How singularly devotional! Prefer it to every other church. Whether you reside at a short or long distance, frequent it at least on holidays, Sundays and on all important occasions. Never be without a pew or at least a sitting. Stand by your parish. It may have had to suffer from being dismembered, invaded by foreigners or rendered less residential. Do not be uneasy or alarmed. Proclaim it still as the banner parish. Always will it remain the banner parish if you show yourselves the right thing and the right way.

On the day of your baptism you were consecrated to God, transformed into His living temples, the temples of His predilection upon earth. On that day you promised to have nothing to do with your arch-enemy, with his pomps or works. You then pledged yourselves to make common cause with our Lord, to believe only what He taught, and to observe whatever He commanded. Beyond the grave have you been prepared the home of homes, a mansion of unspeakable bliss and unfading splendor which when you will occupy it you will never run any risk of forfeiting. May the Sacred Heart of Jesus put you in possession of this home, of this mansion of mansions! Rest assured that heaven will be yours for all eternity if you persevere till the end in loving His Father and your Father and in accomplishing the will of His God and your God.

UNIFORMITY OF SCHOOL TEXT BOOKS DISCUSSED BY COMMISSIONERS.

At Monday's meeting of the Catholic School Commissioners the question of the uniformity of text books was taken up.

The Rev. Father O'Meara, referring to the recent letter of the Attorney-General, in which the opinion was given that the law imposed upon the commissioners the obligation to have a single series of text books in all the schools under their control, argued that eight schools only, Plateau, Montcalm, Champlain, Sarsfield, Belmont, Olier, Edw. Murphy, St. Joseph, are under the control of the Board, and as uniformity of books exist in those schools, he moved "that the statu quo be maintained concerning the use of books in the different schools under control of and the schools subsidized by the board."

Mr. Camille Piche opposed such a solution, and remarked that in the face of a positive declaration as to the board's duty in the matter, the statu quo would be nothing less than a defiance of the law and a refusal to obey, without any excuse.

Father O'Meara insisted on the legality of his motion. He remarked that out of the fifty schools in which the commissioners are interested only eight are under their control, the forty-two others, kept by religious communities, being simply "subsidized" by the board. His motion, he said, was based on that distinction.

Mr. Piche admitted that the text of Hon. Mr. Gouin's letter, taken in a literal sense, favored Father O'Meara's interpretation, but he could not approve such a settlement of a question the solution of which is awaited with the greatest interest by the public. Mr. P. G. Martineau, who first raised the question, was absent from this meeting, and he should be given an opportunity to express an opinion on the subject, and it would be better to adjourn the discussion for a special meeting.

Canon Dauth invited Mr. Piche to propose an amendment in that sense but the latter refused, saying that he did not wish to take any part in a motion in favor of which he could not vote, and declared that he would simply retire.

After Mr. Piche's departure, Mr. Sempie remarked that, in the absence of four members of the board, Messrs. Martineau, Laporte, Vallieres and Piche, it seemed preferable to adjourn the discussion.

All. Gallery said that there was no use voting for the statu quo, since

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abstention from deciding on the question of uniformity constituted a maintenance of the statu quo. It was finally decided to adjourn the discussion to a special meeting.

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Send 6c (stamps) for this little book that tells of the wonderful cures made by our painless home treatment. Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont.

LEAVING FOR MISSION WORK IN THE KLONDIKE.

The Rev. P. Rivet, O.M.I., is about to leave for mission work in the Klondike. A very pleasant reunion of his friends and classmates took place at his brother's home. The young missionary was ordained in 1902, and goes out to the mission field full of zeal and hopes of a bountiful harvest.

Rome of 2000 years ago.

Some of the Wonders of the Column of Trajan.

Among the many marvelous monuments of Rome, one of the most interesting and remarkable is the Column of Trajan. It stands in the Forum of that Emperor—now mostly covered with houses—and marks the height of a tongue of land cut away by Trajan in order to open up the city at this point. It is 117 feet 7 inches in height; the pedestal is 17 feet 11 inches high, and the statue of the Emperor Trajan, with which it was crowned—now superseded by a colossal statue of St. Peter—is conjectured to have been 20 feet in height. The shaft is composed of 19 drums. From pedestal to capital this shaft of white marble is carved in bas reliefs, winding in spiral form around the column. These bas reliefs relate in a very clear and realistic manner the story of Trajan's war against the Dacians. From a close study of the arms, armor, uniforms, flags, eagles, bridges, forts and cities, modern students have been enabled to picture forth the whole military system of the Romans in the first and second centuries of the Christian era.

This column has just had attention again drawn to it. Signor Boni, whose notable discoveries in the Roman Forum may be described as "archaeology," has made investigations here, and has brought to light the tiny chamber in which, as he concludes, the bones of the Emperor Trajan were placed. Seeing how carefully Professor Boni proceeds in his process of discovery, it is very probable that further investigation may confirm his present statement.

The Emperor Trajan died at Selinunte, in Cilicia, on the 11th of August, A.D. 117. His ashes were brought to Rome, and, as a special mark of favor, the Senate permitted that the law against intramural interment should, on this occasion, be abrogated, and the remains of the great Emperor placed in the storied column to be erected in his honor. One tradition relates that these ashes were inclosed in the gilt bronze gold which was held in the left hand of the Imperial statue which crowned the column; another story has it that they were placed within an urn of massive gold which was hidden in a secret chamber or repository, within the base of the column.

It is the latter tradition that has guided Boni in his search. Keeping in mind the hints given by ancient writers, he examined the remains of the ancient entrance to the column, which is hollow—and within which a staircase of 145 steps, in marble, leads to the summit. Here he removed the plaster, and beheld a wall of rough tiles which closed the entrance and concealed the marble door posts. The threshold appeared, bearing the marks of the two bronze half-doors that swung upon their hinges—the impression of these still remains. The upper surface of the marble threshold is worn away, as if the doors were frequently swung to and fro. These and other signs induce Boni to regard it as a certainty that there existed here a sepulchral monument; and he hopes by further investigations to make it still more clear, by the evidence of new facts, that it was here the urn of the Emperor Trajan was deposited.

Few of the Roman Emperors have left so remarkable a memory on later ages as did Trajan. The column, which for eighteen centuries has been a wonder and delight to every traveler who visited Rome, must have been a brilliant spectacle when the scaffolding was removed from around it, and when it shone in all its beauty in the bright Roman sunshine. Patient investigators have examined the surface of this column and have discovered on it traces of coloring and gilding. Signs have been discovered of green, blue, red and gold. It is needless now to conjecture on what figures or spaces on the bas reliefs these colors were employed; suffice it to say that it is difficult for us now on looking at this weather-worn, bullet-bespattered surface, to picture to ourselves what it must have looked like in the brilliance of its harmonious colors in the light of a spring day.

The mediaeval mind surrounded the name of Trajan with strange legends, and even went the length of considering him worthy of being transferred from hell to purgatory. In that strange old book, "Mirabilia Urbis Romae"—"The Marvels of Rome, or a Picture of the Golden City"—he is understood to be the Emperor who was ready in his chariot to go forth to war, when a poor widow fell at his feet, weeping and crying: "Oh, my lord, before thou goest, let me have justice!" And he promised her that on his return he would do her full right; but she said: "Peradventure thou shalt die first." This considering, the Emperor leapt

from his chariot and held his consistory on the spot. And the woman said: "I had only one son, and a young man hath slain him." Upon this saying, the Emperor gave sentence. "The murderer," said he, "shall die; he shall not live." "Thy son, then," said she, "shall die, for it is he that, playing with my son, hath slain him." But when he was led out to death the people cried out that the young man should be given to the woman instead of her son, and this was done, and the woman departed with rich gifts from the Emperor.

It is this event, said to have been sculptured on a block of marble in the Forum of Trajan, and seen by St. Gregory the Great as he passed through it, that led this Pontiff to pray for the soul of the Emperor, and to procure his admission into purgatory; or, as Dante describes it: There the high glory of the Roman Prince Was chronicled, whose great beneficence Moved Gregory to his great victory; 'Tis of the Emperor Trajan I am speaking.

De Rossi, the great Christian archaeologist, related to the present writer that he had at one time contemplated writing the archaeology of the "Divina Commedia," and that he had collected many notes on the subject. He has conjectured that the widow of the legend was, as Nicholas says in his notes to the Mirabilia, in the original sculpture, a suppliant nation at the feet of an Emperor—a subject of which there are many specimens in Roman sculpture galleries. Thus Boni's discovery concerning Trajan awakens memories of an emperor held in high esteem in Rome throughout the ages.—P. L. Connellan, in the Dublin Freeman.

At Gray Gethsemane.

The little burying ground at the monastery of Gethsemane, in Nelson county, Kentucky, there is a narrow green mound, headed by a simple cross, which marks each grave within the enclosure. On the cross is a name and a date—nothing else to distinguish it from the other graves lying beside it in the stillness that rests over this quiet quarter of God's acre. Yet a hero sleeps there, and the heart that is now beneath the sod once beat to the martial music and knew not the meaning of fear, albeit it held a tenderness like that of a woman.

Father Blemill was chaplain of the Fourth Kentucky regiment—the famous Orphan Brigade of the Civil war—and will be remembered by his survivors as a hero and a martyr. His interest in and devotion to the men in his command were unflagging, and endeared him to Protestant and Catholic alike. No creed he knew where service could be rendered; none were sick or wounded but his gentle hands were ministering to them; no one down-hearted or distressed, but he was near with words of cheerfulness and sympathy. In every engagement his tall figure in its priestly garb could be seen where the fight was hottest, lifting the helpless, succoring the wounded, or sending a prayer to heaven above the roar of the musketry, for some spirit departing in the midst of battle. He was the regiment's idol, and his faithfulness to his calling and the cause which he espoused won the reverence and veneration of the sturdy soldiers, until there was not one who would not gladly have laid down his life for the warrior priest.

It was in the storm of battle that death came to him, faithful unto the end. It was during the bloody battle of Jonesboro, Ga., August 31, 1864. The assaulting column had found it impossible to move the Federal position and the order had

been given to retreat. Gen. Lewis was riding back in the midst of his broken and disordered regiment, seeking shelter from the storm of musketry and artillery that was still kept up. As he passed along, he saw Father Blemill kneel beside the prostrate body of Captain Gracie, of a South Carolina regiment, and lift his hands in prayer for the dying officer.

His experienced eye had probably seen that the man was wounded unto death, and, friend or stranger, his tender heart went out to him and he stopped to offer a supplication to heaven for the departing soul. At the instant a cannon ball from the enemy's ranks struck off the head of the heroic priest, and his limp body fell beside the one he would have prayed for. In the very act of asking mercy for a dying soul his own took flight. He died as he would have wished—his consecrated spirit seeking its Master straight from the field of battle and in the discharge of his duties as a soldier of the Cross.

They carried him to the rear, and after the storm of shot and shell had subsided they tenderly wrapped a battle-torn Confederate flag around the worn priestly dress, and with streaming eyes reverently buried him in a grave a hundred yards or so south of the little station at Jonesboro. Many years afterwards, when a branch of the Confederate Memorial Association was formed there, they exhumed the body of the hero priest and reinterred it in the Pat Cleburne cemetery.

Here it rested between Captain Gracie, for whom he had stopped to pray, when killed, and a soldier named Ignatius Blocks, until 1890, when the Benedictine Fathers, to whose order Father Blemill belonged, brought his remains to Nelson county.

Here, under the little white cross in the silent burying ground at Gethsemane, all that is mortal of this heroic soul has found its last resting place. Truly, it can be said of him that he fought the good fight, that he kept the faith, and that the love of him glows in the hearts of all who are left of the famous Kentucky Orphan brigade.

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Most of the troubles that afflict little ones may be traced to the stomach or bowels and if these are put right the child will get well and thrive well. Baby's Own Tablets will cure all stomach and bowel ailments, and all the other minor troubles of babyhood and childhood. And the mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine contains no poisonous opiate or harmful drug. Mrs. Wilbert McKenzie, Chelmsford, Ont., says: "My little girl was troubled with obstinate constipation to such an extent that we did not think she could live. She cried almost constantly and was wasting away. I got a box of Baby's Own Tablets, and in three days found a great improvement. I continued giving her the Tablets for nearly a month, and every trace of the trouble has disappeared, and she has since been a bright, healthy child and has grown nicely." You can get the Tablets from any medicine dealer or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

REDMOND FIGHTS IRISH LIQUOR EVIL.

It is commonly understood in Ireland that if a public man is getting well abused he is doing his work effectively. William Redmond, M.P., brother of the Irish leader, is in danger of coming into conflict with a section of his countrymen on the question of temperance. Mr. Redmond believes that indulgence in strong drink is one of the besetting weaknesses of the Irish people, and he is boldly supporting a bill in the House of Commons for the closing of public houses in Ireland on St. Patrick's day. The Irish whip, Patrick O'Brien, M.P., is blocking the bill, so there is imminent danger of another "split" in the party over the sale of beer and whiskey.

William Redmond is no half-hearted supporter of any scheme that appeals to his sense of what is right and just, and at the moment he is prepared in the interests of temperance to fight all the publicans in Ireland. He finds that in his own constituency, a little town of about 5000 inhabitants, there are no less than 110 public houses. The publicans protest against the aid of the British Parliament being invoked to close their public houses on St. Patrick's day, and Mr. Redmond retorts by asking them why they, as patriotic Irishmen, should be exploiting St. Patrick in the interests of the liquor traffic. He suggests that if there is any desire to "drown" the shamrock on the day in question, they should not desecrate it by soaking it in the products of a "pot-still."

The Emperor Francis Joseph as a Catholic.

Regularity of life and plain food combined with much exercise have been the main props to the Emperor's hale longevity. He is astir every morning at five o'clock, and, shortly after, on his knees at the daily Mass, which he never omits; then to his frugal breakfast, after which the business of the day begins. The priests of Vienna, and the workmen, whose avocations demand their presence in the streets at an early hour, watch for the light in the well known window of the Burg, and never fail to find it all through the winter season. Sometimes it is a little earlier, but seldom later, and often when the weather is milder the beloved figure itself may be seen leaning out of the window for a moment to drink in the morning air. In spite of his advanced age, Franz-Joseph has not yet modified his rule of life, laborious to a degree. His fidelity to the transaction of state business is as inflexible as his adherence to his devotions, and whoever has had the privilege of witnessing these, carries away the ineffaceable impression of a good man and true. The Emperor's strict observance of the solemn ceremonies of church feasts is well known. Last year it was supposed that the aged monarch would yield to the wishes of his ministers and the advice of his physician to refrain from assistance at the public procession of Corpus Christi owing to the danger of exposing himself uncovered to the rays of the burning sun—but the citizens of Vienna had a pleasant thrill on seeing their dear Kaiser, bare-headed among them as heretofore. Franz Josef will be indeed an invalid when he ceases to pay this public homage to the Monarch of Monarchs.

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Recently Lady Aberdeen, wife of the Irish Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, made the suggestion that she would like to give a big garden party early in the summer, and wondered if it would be possible that Ireland could supply her for the occasion with every article she wore, from the tip of her toe to the crown of her clever head, of genuine home manufacture. She also asked if Dublin would undertake to dress every one of her guests, men as well as women. And Dublin replied "Rather."

This garden party will be the most original thing of its kind ever held in Dublin, and it certainly should give an extraordinary impetus to Irish trade. Lady Aberdeen has laid it down that each of her guests must pledge his or her word that everything he or she wears has not only been purchased in Dublin, but has been made in the county by Irish hands.

A Cure for Fever and Ague.—Par-melee's Vegetable Pills are compounded for use in any climate, and they will be found to preserve their powers in any latitude. In fever and ague they act upon the secretions and neutralize the poison which has found its way into the blood. They correct the impurities which find entrance into the system through drinking water or food and if used as a preventive fevers are avoided.

Province of Quebec, District of Montreal. Superior Court, No. 1322. Dame Margaret Morrow, of the City and District of Montreal, wife common as to property of David Parker, of the same place, and duly authorized to ester in justice. Plaintiff, Vs. David Parker, of the same place, hotel-keeper, Defendant.

Notice is hereby given that an action of separation as to property has been entered in the Superior Court, Montreal, by the plaintiff against defendant.

Montreal, 1st May, 1906. M. J. MORRISON, Atty. for Plaintiff.

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ANY unnumbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the Northwest Provinces, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less. Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the local agent receive authority for some one to make entry for him. The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:

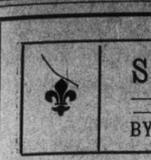
- (1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years. (2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother. (3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land. Six months' notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent. N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

W. W. CORY, Deputy Minister of the Interior.

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CHAPTER XXV.

"This never happened whole life," said Billy, as she began of returning life. Flashed to the count, who followed the garden.

"It's a good thing he said. 'That depu have kept us there till wish you to see the harmit friend.' 'Your mother—' he said. 'She is all right. mission' would make out, for she is very

They went down the dock below the depot minutes Florian had and hoisted the sale breeze. A few lounging the shore and watched ordinary human motte creatures as a polit count.

"Rustics are the s over," said Vladimir. myself in a Russian v ning and not draw her nation."

"But such colors! waving his hand to t taking a deep, delight feel like an old, dust-eaten volume opened, time for years to the fresh air."

"That is anything b feeling," said the c chilly. This water-w and heavy for the lun

"Not for me," said ting his hands to his giving a succession of a trick learned in days. An answer was in the distance to t to their left, and fina came shrill, tremulous or less distant.

"You see the streng ditions," said Florian. the war-cry of the boy ago, and the new gen forgotten it."

"Was that informl this morning a tradit count sarcastically.

"Washington went t fifty years ago," Flo "It is one of the me we advance our popul rage American rates a shake highly."

"I would feel like O had to ask such suffra "And you would fa lanus, no doubt. Now any taste for natural at this."

They had left the r entering the curved c passed into the Bay o "It is a bow," said we are the arrow. S shoot, heavenward." transformation scene passage, in which the ed their murmurs wi of the trees, widened into a glorious bay v ters slept in the sunl ver-white mist lingered. Even the indifferent co sed.

"Your hermit has ing," said he, "when rule leads to it."

"We shall see," Flo short run up the Can the river brought the ing-place. "This is dence," said he to th they anchored. To t ment of both, the her at home, but everyth old place, even the c Walton; and Florian s light the absence of c had been gone but a o

"This is the nearest eternity that man can has been no change h years, and I suppose t his brain and his hear some placid condition.

endures death with ph "Nonsense!" the cou the contrary, he is pared for so violent a me, a worldling, death incidents which make There is a risk in hol el. Now, this hermit Pose, is wildly virtuous;

"No, no. He is se serious, but not a dev "Then he has taken from a love of it, an a companion was stru lightning at his side d had already exhausted

"I would like to ha ver those insinuat take all your cynicis match him. Above al pises an indifferentist

SOLITARY ISLAND A NOVEL BY REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH

CHAPTER XXV.—Continued.

"This never happened before in her whole life," said Billy, with tremulous lips, as she began to show signs of returning life. Florian whispered to the count, who followed him into the garden.

"What do you call this?" said the count, holding up a delicate handkerchief between his thumb and forefinger. "Was it not one such that damned poor Desdemona?"

FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC A Wonder of the Universe. My nerves were very weak and at times I would be afflicted with melancholy spells...

thrust, said the priest, as they stepped ashore, "but more sincere and lasting, perhaps." A carriage was in waiting, and, all having entered, they took the last place in a procession of which the band had the first, and did it justice.

talking powers, and with considerable laughing, scattered homewards, while the tired and heated count was led into the dining-room and placed at his seat amid a hubbub too horrible for description.

nation at once to set about his wooing of Frances Lynch, and to propose as soon as convenient afterwards. The task which he contemplated was not irksome.

SURPRISE A PURE HARD SOAP. An illustration of a woman in a dress holding a basket of soap.

"Believe me," he said in a whisper, "you will never marry Frances Lynch while I live." With another bow, which was but an expression of polite scorn, Florian withdrew, leaving Peter to gloomy meditation in the parlor.

After a time Vladimir passed into a dreamy state in which he seemed to be the centre of a revolving machine. He rather liked it on the whole, and as the motion grew slower and slower he began to realize that the table was cleared, the Yankees satisfied, and Florian speaking in the midst of a great and pleasant silence.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS Turns Bad Blood into Rich Red Blood. No other remedy possesses such perfect cleansing, healing and purifying properties.

"I feel as if I had been through a campaign. If my greatest enemy had done this his revenge could not have been more complete. And this is the government of the people! O Coriolanus, Coriolanus!

Vertical text on the far left edge of the page, including names like 'RISON', 'WALSH', 'RILEY', 'WORTH-WEST', 'W. CORY'.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

MEETING OF LADIES OF ST. PATRICK'S PARISH.

A meeting is called of all the ladies of the parish for next Tuesday evening, at 8 o'clock, in St. Patrick's Hall. Important business in connection with the consecration will be discussed.

PRIEST MEETS WITH ACCIDENT.

A painful accident was sustained by the Rev. Romeo Neveu, of the Grand Seminary. He was engaged in pruning trees in the garden of the institution when the axe slipped, inflicting a bad wound in the leg.

BLESSING OF ORGAN AT JO-LIETTE.

On Sunday next the blessing and inauguration of a new organ in the Joliette Cathedral will take place. His Lordship Bishop Archambault will officiate.

J. P. MONCEL.

We call the attention of our readers to Mr. J. P. Moncel's advt. in another column. This gentleman is prepared to supply badges for pilgrimages, conventions, picnics, societies, etc. He also does first class work in stamping in gold on books, sample cases, ribbon, leather and card. Give him a call and kindly mention this paper.

DEATH OF A CLERIC DE ST. VIA-TEUR.

The Rev. Bro. Justin Louis Debru, of the Clercs de Saint Viateur at Outremont, died on Tuesday at the Hotel Dieu, at the age of 20 years, after a lengthy illness, of tuberculosis. He was a native of Canores, France.

D. & J. SAILLIER & CO.

The house of Messrs. D. & J. Saillier needs no introduction to the public. As usual it is carrying a high class assortment of goods, but specially directs the attention of the public, as seen in another column, to one portion of its stock, very suitable for wedding gifts. When purchasing at this establishment please mention our paper.

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CONCERT.

The usual weekly concert in aid of the Catholic Sailors' Club took place last night, and proved to be, as usual, fully up to the standard. The hall was tastefully arranged, and presented a very encouraging sight, as the evening's entertainment was begun. Mr. P. Wright made a fine chairman; and the way in which the several numbers were received proved beyond a doubt the grand spirit that reigns with so much intensity in favor of this noble work.

Special mention is due to Misses Menzies and Broderick, as also Mrs. Schmidt for their singing during the evening. The concertina solos of Messrs. Nagal and Patrick, the piano solo by Mr. Nicholson, the songs by Messrs. Mallon, Bell, Nicholson, James, Magal, Levis and Drysdale, the recitations by Messrs. O'Donnell and Bell, together with the singing of Messrs. Tierney and Watt, all blended together to make the evening a most pleasing one. At this point we certainly should not forget the part taken by the Scottish Orchestra Trio, who gave selections which were indeed works of culture of an altogether superior nature. It is understood that these gentlemen purpose favoring the sailors and their friends with an evening entirely under their own direction in the near future, and when this event takes place those who are in the habit of frequenting these weekly gatherings may certainly look forward to a grand treat.

On the whole, these entertainments only serve as another favorable occasion whereby the public of our city may show how much they appreciate the great work done by this club, and thereby give generously towards the support of an institution which has already done so much good, and for whose initiative there is such a grand and noble field of action in the near future.

OPENING OF DOMINION PARK.

An interesting feature of the new Dominion Park, which is to be thrown open to the public on Saturday afternoon, is that when the lights are lit at night and to a large extent in the afternoon, an electric power of fifteen hundred horse power will be used in the lighting and manipulation of the various enterprises in connection with gigantic amusements

of the park. To the general public this may not seem a remarkable proposition, but when it is told that it does not take more than this force to run the Montreal Street Railway, then the greatness of the enterprise managed by Mr. Donsey may be readily imagined. No such scene of electric grandeur has ever been known in Canada. But electric grandeur is only a minor factor in the greatness of the enterprise which has been arranged for the people of Montreal and district.

On Monday last several city aldermen paid a visit to the park. The occasion of their visit was the receipt of an invitation from the Mayor of Montreal to his first annual dinner, and a special car took them to Dominion Park to look over the grounds. Afterwards Alderman Gadsbould said:

"It is without exception to my mind the greatest attraction of its kind that the city of Montreal and indeed all Canada has ever known. We should be proud that capital, in the hands of Mr. Dorsey, has seen fit to give us what the great United States centres have had for the past few years. It is not a passing hour. It is a great national enterprise. It is something beyond which we have dreamed, and to my mind it means the inception of a class of entertainment that will mean much to the city."

Such words as these come from every one who has had a peep at the greatness of Dominion Park.

In a chat with Mr. Dorsey yesterday he said that while he felt that after months of advertising he ought to have opened the Park on Monday last, he was constrained from doing so by a series of circumstances, including the inability of many contractors to complete their work, and he therefore felt that until he was able to open the park in all its completeness he made the opening date a week later than he had intended.

THE MONTH OF MARY.

Great may we honor in this precious month
The one so grand above,
Who holds her hands out o'er our heads,
And gives to us her love.

She stands up o'er a holy light
To call to our reflection
That we are not left here without
A Mother of affection.

She throws on us her precious smile
Our troubles to release,
And makes us feel there is to come
A day of rest and peace.

She guides us in this world below
To seek her holy Son,
And tells us to say unto Him
"Thy holy will be done."

She watches us in all our cares
And leads us out of sin,
For she is filled with purity,
And one we must trust in.

She prays for all our earthly good
And leads us from all wrath,
So let us join together now,
And follow in her path.
T. J. M.

How Priests are Treated in France

A venerable old man of seventy-three years, an inhabitant of Saint-Christoly-de-Blaye, France, has received the following notice from the Procureur of the Republic at Blaye: "The Procureur of the Republic invites the person named Espanet, dwelling at Saint-Christoly-de-Blaye, condemned to twenty-four hours' imprisonment by judgment of the tribunal of simple police of Saint-Sevin, on the date of August 9th, 1905, to come and constitute himself a prisoner here; in default of which the judgment against him will be executed by armed force." Who is this "person named Espanet," and what fault has he committed? This redoubtable malefactor of seventy-three years is M. l'Abbe Espanet. He has lived for a considerable time in the district and is known to have done nothing but good to those around him. His crime is to have walked from the Church to the presbytery, in an orderly manner, with a few children who had just made their first Communion. This is the newly-devised "crime of procession," applicable to the Church only. For his he was led to prison between two gendarmes. With or without the Concordat the authorities could not entertain the thought of foregoing the pastime of harrying the clergy which is so dear to their hearts.—Catholic Times.

DIED.

ROONEY—At Norton Creek, Que., on May 22nd, Laura Hanratty, wife of Peter Rooney, at the age of 80 years.

A Dance in Donegal.

By reel, jig, and hornpipe the couples keep their blood gaily coursing from candle-light to cock-crow. Some of them will have strapped six or eight, or ten, miles of mountain and moor to the house of merry-making, will dance hard all night, tramp their long home-tramp by the morning light, and then begin a day's labor like giants refreshed—all this notwithstanding the fact that they did not break their feet between quitting home and reaching it again. In the course of the night, too, some of them will have danced jigs in rivalry to prove who could dance longest, and quickest, and best. The competition dance is always the most enjoyable, as well as the most exciting, event of the night arousing the enthusiasm of the whole house, including even the fiddler, to almost unbearable pitch;—for the fiddler, who is wont to be wholly wrapped up in his music, is by the excitement raised out of his seat, drawn into the arena, and around and around the dancing pair, his eyes upon their nimble feet, and hand fast flying so that one may see half-a-dozen bows instead of one, and half-a-dozen jerking elbows likewise.

During the night the only rest for dancer or fiddler is when one or other of the popular songsters of the company propose to delight the house with a ballad, and has his proposal hailed with vociferous applause. It may chance, too, that a rival singer following him, a singing contest unprovided for in the programme is suddenly started,—a contest that may engross their rapt attention till cock-crow awakes an entranced audience, warning them to bend their faces homeward, though they meet some other night at house agreed upon to conclude the contest.—Seumas MacManus, in Donahoe's for May.

HEROIC PRIESTS.

(New York News.)

To the magnificent heroism of two San Francisco priests, Father Philip O'Ryan and Father Charles A. Ramm, is due the preservation of the Cathedral and the entire section of the city of which that edifice is, as it were, the acropolis. Immediately after the recent earthquake, and at the early stages of the subsequent conflagration the two priests, together with members of the great temperance organization, the League of the Cross, joined a volunteer fire brigade. Soon afterward the cross on the summit of the Cathedral became enveloped in flames. The priests at once made a perilous climb, and turning on a stream of water on the blaze extinguished it. Those who witnessed the deed were loud in their praises of the clergymen, and engineers familiar with the topography of San Francisco were a unit in asserting that the prompt action of Fathers O'Ryan and Ramm alone saved a large part of what still remains of the old city.

Father O'Ryan was born in Ard-mayle, County Tipperary, of a family that has ever contributed generously to education, religion, heroism and patriotism. His boyhood days were spent under the Rock of Cashel, that magnificent antiquarian pile which is at once a testimony to Ireland's past glory and an inspiration to preserve and to perpetuate the virtues and qualities which produced that glory.

In his early years Father O'Ryan devoted himself to Gaelic athletics, being an earnest worker in the revival which has since accomplished so much for Ireland. An expert on the hurling and football fields, the clubs with which he played as a boy have since achieved a national fame, and have repeatedly held All-Ireland championships. He attended

A BAD CASE

KIDNEY TROUBLE

CURED BY

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Kidney Troubles, no matter of what kind or what stage of the disease, can be quickly and permanently cured by the use of these wonderful pills. Mr. Joseph Leland, Alma, N.Y.T., recommends them to all kidney trouble sufferers, when he says:—I was troubled with dull headaches, had frightful dreams, terrible pains in my legs and a frequent desire to urinate. Noticing DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS recommended for just such annoyances as mine, it occurred to me to give them a trial; so I procured a box of them, and was very much surprised at the effectual cure they made. I take a great deal of pleasure in recommending them to all kidney trouble sufferers.

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Daily. Daily except Sunday.

MONTREAL-BOSTON.
And points in

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TWO TRAINS EACH WAY DAILY.

LVE. MONTREAL 9:01 a.m., 3:40 p.m., 8:25 p.m.
ARR. BOSTON 8:25 a.m., 3:40 p.m., 8:25 p.m.

Cafe-Parlor cars and through coaches on day trains. Sleeping cars and through coaches on night trains.

FAST OTTAWA SERVICE.
LVE. MONTREAL 7:40 a.m., 7:40 p.m., 11:40 a.m., 11:40 p.m.
ARR. OTTAWA 12:10 p.m., 10:10 p.m.

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9.10 a.m. 10.00 a.m.

11.40 a.m. 12.30 p.m.

3.00 p.m. 3.50 p.m.

Leave Vaudreuil. Ar. Montreal.

10.20 a.m. 11.10 a.m.

1.30 p.m. 2.20 p.m.

4.15 p.m. 5.05 p.m.

This new service will be daily. Sundays excepted.

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Next Post Office.

ed the local primary schools and, after a preparatory course at the College of the Holy Ghost at Rockwell, not far from his home, he entered the archdiocesan seminary of St. Patrick's, at Thurles. Here he made his studies in rhetoric, philosophy and theology, graduating with distinction. After ordination and on electing to make the California mission his field of labor, he took a post-graduate course at the Catholic University at Washington, where he made a reputation not only for brilliancy of attainments but for soundness and depth of scholarship.

In appearance and disposition Father O'Ryan is the typical Tipperary man sketched by Davis:

Tall of form, his heart is warm
And his spirit light as any fairy;
But his wrath is fearful as the storm
That sweeps the hills of Tipperary.

No one has yet seen Father Phil, as he is lovingly called, living up to the description contained in the concluding couplet, though no one doubts that for just cause and on a proper occasion he would exhibit the warm, fiery blood of his Tipperary sires. This undoubtedly was the blood shown in the heroic deed which won for the priest a fame that will live forever in the story of the San Francisco calamity.

While Father O'Ryan is a polished writer and speaker and a man of undoubted force, in ordinary life he is simple, unpretentious and unassuming. No one who knows him was surprised to learn that he risked his life and acted a hero's part when the occasion demanded it. They also know that Father Phil will think less about it than anybody else, and that his fame will prove embarrassing, is but distasteful.

The Rev. Charles A. Ramm is a convert and enjoys fame as one of the most eloquent preachers on the Pacific coast.

What the Blessed Mother Looked Like

The Abbe of Oraini, dipping his brushes in the colors of tradition, has painted for us a picture of the Bride of the Holy Ghost. Accepting St. Ephraim's portrait, the reverend writer tells us that our Blessed Lady was a little above medium height; her color, slightly darkened by the sun of her country, had the rich tint of ripe ears of corn; her

THE S. CARSLY CO. LIMITED
THURSDAY, MAY 31, 1906.
Makers' Stock of Fine Whitewear
Sold at Less Than Cost Prices.
The most particular home sewer will find difficulty in producing equally good garments even then she will find it will cost her more than to purchase at Carsley's low prices.
Special Inducements for June Brides.
Particularly will this sale offer special inducements to those preparing trousseaux for June weddings. You are cordially invited to come and inspect the values. Some hints—
CORSET COVERS, good quality Fine White Cambric, made with round yoke and trimmed with seven rows of fine Hamburg embroidery insertion, neck also neatly trimmed with embroidery. Special 28c
CAMBRIC DRAWERS, exceptional quality, made in umbrella style, trimmed with clusters of tucks and fancy embroidery. These garments are well made and are worth in the usual way 45c. Special 30c
NIGHT DRESSES of Fine White Cambric, made with square yoke and trimmed with three rows of fine lace insertion and ten fine hemstitched tucks; sleeves new bell shape trimmed with fine lace. Regular 68c. Special 55c
LADIES' CHEMISES, made in short style of good White Lawn, trimmed in front with ten tucks and six rows of insertion, back is also trimmed with six tucks and four rows of lace insertion, neck and arm holes trimmed with lace and ribbon beading. Regular 79c. Special 68c
MEN'S FINE CLOTHING.
Man Tailored! Economically Priced!
To the critical buyer and smart dresser there's a wealth of meaning in offering such remarkable fine suits as these. Read these hints:
MEN'S OUTING SUITS, made of good Halifax Homespun, in fancy checks, overchecks and stripe designs, in gray, fawn and brown, single and double breasted style, very fashionable. Worth \$12.00. For \$7.98
TWO PIECE FLANNEL SUITS, just the thing for holiday wear, soft, light, cool and stylish, neatly made in fancy, mixed effects, three button style, single or double breasted; pants made with extra turn up at bottoms and belt loops. Regular value, \$7.50. Special \$5.85
LINEN CRASH VESTS, well made, latest cut, very stylish, finished with neat bone buttons. Price 93c
FANCY DUCK VESTS, in new designs, fawn and gray shades, fancy buttons; just the thing for a holiday outing. Price \$1.25
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hair was golden and waving; her eyes large and bright, with olive-colored depths; her eyebrows black and arched; her nose aquiline; her lips rosy; the shape of her face a delicate oval. . . . The young author of the Magnificat was not a stranger to the sublime inspirations of genius; nevertheless this brilliant side of her intelligence was never perceived, so adroit was she in concealing her gifts beneath her angelic modesty. The rich treasures of her mind and heart have been imperfectly revealed to the earth; they were the roses of Yemen, which the young Arab girl conceals beneath her veil, and the softened perfume of which is hardly perceived.
The beauty and intelligence of God's most beloved creature were inferior to her transcendent virtues, which the saintly writers of old never tired enumerating and extolling. "Mary was the masterpiece of nature, the flower of the old generations, and the wonder of the ages to come. Never had the earth seen—never will the earth see—so many perfections combined in a simple daughter of men. Attracted towards good by a sweet and natural inclination, her pure and innocent actions were like those coats of snow which are silently heaped upon the lofty summits of the mountains, adding purity to purity and whiteness to whiteness, until a dazzling cone is raised upon which the light loves to linger, but which forces man to turn his eyes away as from the sun."
DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

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