

**Gardien de la Salle**  
de Lecture  
Feb 19 1906  
Assemblée Législative  
Montreal

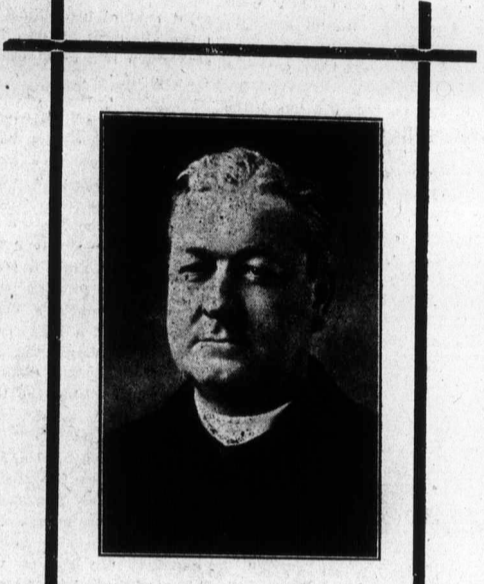
Church as a  
and  
Mont-  
real bore  
Gregory O'Bryan, S. J. From every  
part of the city people had flocked  
to the Gesu. Almost all the priests,  
both pastors and curates, of the Eng-  
lish-speaking parishes of Montreal,  
representatives of all the religious  
orders, filled the sanctuary; while  
nuns of various congregations were  
seen throughout the church. The  
occasion was felt to be a solemn  
one. By the death of Father O'Bryan  
the clergy of Canada have lost one  
of their most conspicuous figures,  
the Jesuit order in this country prob-  
ably their best known member; the  
faithful in general a missioner whose  
powerful and manly eloquence has  
been heard in almost every part of  
Canada; the Catholics of Montreal,  
and especially the Irish Catholics, a  
priest whom they loved and of  
whom they were justly proud.

Like at least two others of his  
fellow Jesuits, Father Kenny and  
Father Connolly, Father Gregory  
O'Bryan was a native of Halifax, N. S. He was born there on April  
28th, 1858, being thus but scarcely  
over 49 years of age when he died. He studied for a time at the Grand  
Seminary in Montreal, but felt him-  
self called to the religious life and  
in August, 1879, he entered the  
Jesuit novitiate at Sault au Recollet. In the novitiate with him at  
this time were five of the men who  
at some time or other were associ-  
ated with him in the work at Loyola  
College: Frs. Kavanagh, Devine,  
Devlin, Fox and Cotter. After his  
two years' noviceship and a further  
year spent in literary studies, Fr. O'Bryan was sent to St. Mary's  
College on Bleury street. A year  
later we find him in England at  
Stonyhurst for his philosophical  
studies. In 1885 his superiors sent  
him to St. Boniface, Man., to be  
one of the pioneers in opening this  
Jesuit College. He began his theo-  
logical studies in Montreal, but  
was sent to complete them in Ire-  
land at Milltown Park, Dublin, where  
he was ordained priest.

## Death of Rev. Father Gregory O'Bryan, S. J.

### One of Canada's Most Distinguished Scholars—Rector of Loyola College—Remarkable Pulpit Orator.

for a word; his difficulty lay in choosing amongst the many which came crowding to his mind. The dominant note in Father O'Bryan's character as a missioner was his utter self-forgetfulness. A fellow-missioner relates to us how Father O'Bryan always insisted on



THE LATE REV. FATHER GREGORY O'BRYAN, S. J.  
Photo by Gordon.

making his companion rest while he would rise in time to say the earliest Mass and to hear any stray confession, and this after having preached several times the day previous and having spent six and eight hours even till late at night in the confessional. Indeed it was surprising how little sleep he seemed to require.

But his health was being gradually worn out. Twelve years ago he fell ill in Halifax, and the physician then warned him that he had but ten more years to live unless he relaxed from this mode of life. Father O'Bryan was then but thirty-seven. At forty-seven he was condemned by frequent attacks of heart disease to give up forever the missionary's life. In the meantime he did not spare himself. He would accept no holiday, refuse no mission: the good was waiting to be done, the grain was white for the harvest and he simply could not, even for a time, seek quiet and rest.

In 1896 a different field of work opened before him. A college for English-speaking boys was opened in Montreal, and to Father O'Bryan was entrusted the work of organization. The great missioner became an administrator, to break loose every now and then to preach a mission or give a diocesan retreat. In 1902, the Rev. A. E. Jones being named Rector of Loyola, Father O'Bryan was once more free to go on the missions, and he availed himself of his opportunities to the full.

Early in 1905 his friends noticed that the great missioner showed unmistakable signs of fatigue. His heart had weakened under the strain. In August, 1905, Father O'Bryan was once more Rector at Loyola, but this time chained to his post. This was the most trying period of his life. To a man of his boundless energy and activity, to remain quiet in his room or on the same flat not to go up stairs, not to walk fifty yards from the door, not to speak in public even to the boys more than a few words—under pain of risking an attack of heart disease, each one of which caused intense pain and any one of which might prove fatal—this was his purgatory. His ardent, impetuous nature, chafing at all obstacles, carrying all before it by main strength, had to adapt itself to the narrow bounds of college life, and to the detailed monotony of college routine.

ed to form, and he delivered it with all the energy of his ardent soul. But this speech fatigued him greatly. "I shall have to give up speaking altogether," he repeated sadly.

On Thursday, the day of his death, he set out for Sault-au-Recollet to attend the funeral of an old friend and fellow novice, Father Daniel Fr. Angus Campbell, S. J., come out from Scotland to give missions in Gaelic through Nova Scotia, arrived, and Father O'Bryan saw him off on the noon train for the east. In the afternoon he attempted to go down to the Place Viger Hotel to bid good-bye to another old friend, Mr. Thomas Kenny, ex-M. P. for Halifax, a sufferer from the same disease that was so soon to prove fatal to himself, and whom he had administered a few weeks ago. Father O'Bryan seemed in his usual health all evening, went to supper with the community, and to prayers in the chapel. A little later his great friend, Dr. McCarthy, came in to have a chat, and after examining him advised him to remain quiet, as he had over-exerted himself. Towards half-past ten Father Doyle, hearing him cough, got up and came as he had often done before to listen at his door whether all was well. He found him seated in an armchair in the middle of his room. A feeling of suffocation had come upon him, and he had got up out of bed. "I am not well at all," he replied to Father Doyle's query. "Then I shall see for the doctor." "No, do not disturb him. It is only a difficulty in breathing." But Father Doyle persisted and the doctor was summoned. A second doctor was called when the injections administered took no effect.

As soon as Father O'Bryan learnt that he was in danger, he asked for the Last Sacraments and made his last confession. Almost immediately afterwards he was seen to be sinking rapidly. The rest of the community were hastily aroused. Father O'Bryan was conscious almost to the last breath; calm and collected, though gasping for breath, he replied to the questions put to him; gasped out pious ejaculations, and quietly ceased to breathe while his brethren, kneeling around him, recited the prayers for the dying.

It was only during the seven o'clock Mass next morning that the boys were told of the death of their Rector, when they were asked to offer the indulgences of their communications or this feast of the Sacred Heart for the repose of his soul.

His body, clothed in purple vestments, remained exposed till Monday morning. An almost continual stream of visitors came to pray before the remains.

On Monday morning at eight o'clock the funeral procession started for the Gesu, the boys of Loyola College leading the way.

At the Gesu, the office for the dead was recited by the assembled clergy and the boys of St. Mary's College. Father Doyle said the Mass—a low Mass, in accordance with the custom of the Jesuit Order. As has been said, the church and sanctuary were filled. Several priests came from Ontario and more would have come had the notice of the funeral appeared in the Ontario papers.

After the service the remains were conveyed to the Sault for interment. Several members of the local clergy, and Fathers Brady (Hamilton) and Corbett and McRae, Cornwall, and representatives from the different Jesuit houses, students of Loyola College; with the relatives of the deceased and a few intimate friends followed the bier. Rev. Father Bourque, Rector of the Novitiate, received the body, and a choir of novices sang the Benedictus, as the body was lowered in the grave.

Thus was simply laid in his last resting-place one who was much loved and will be long regretted. He died young, but he worked hard and accomplished much.

To the brother priests of Father O'Bryan the True Witness extends its sympathy in their loss of a true friend and adviser; to Loyola College, a rector of deep culture; to the Jesuit order, a godly priest and to the sorrowing relatives a brother whose distinguished manner, courtesy and kindness of heart had endeared him to countless numbers with whom he had come in contact. May he rest in peace.

## Abbey's Effervescent Salt

Clergymen Need Just such a Tonic as Abbey's Salt. It gently regulates stomach, liver and bowels—helps appetite and digestion—strengthens and invigorates the whole system.

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## The Canadian Automobile Co.

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### Resolution of Condolence.

The following resolutions were adopted at a meeting of Division No. 1, Ancient Order of Hibernians, held June 7, 1907:

Whereas, Deep consternation fills the hearts of the members of this Division on learning of the sudden death of their beloved chaplain, the Rev. Gregory O'Bryan, S. J.; and whereas, Through the demise of our "Soggarth Aroon" the order in general, and Division No. 1 in particular has suffered an almost irreparable loss in the death of one who, by his sterling qualities, and zeal aided towards the elevation of our people to the higher standards of principle, religious zeal and nationality, and who by his kindly advice and encouragement endeared himself to every member of our order;

Resolved, That a solemn Requiem Mass be offered up for the happy repose of our deceased friend and brother, and that our charter be draped in mourning for three months;

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread on the minutes of this meeting, and copies sent to the press for publication.

## Brennan's Summer Goods

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### Sacred Heart Church Destroyed

Ottawa, June 10.—The Church of the Sacred Heart at the corner of Cumberland street and Laurier avenue east, was totally destroyed by a fire which broke out about 5.45 this evening, and the work of destruction was completed within an hour. It was a comparatively recent structure, and additions were even yet in course of construction. The fire is believed to have originated at the front entrance of the church on Cumberland street, the unfinished portion. The flames were discovered by Rev. Father Duchaussois, of the Juniorate of the Sacred Heart, where the priests and instructors reside, across the street, and he rang in the alarm. Within ten minutes the fire brigade was on the scene, but though thirteen streams were soon playing on the fire, nothing could avert the destruction of the church, one of the finest in the city. Nothing now remains of the once handsome structure but the stone walls, and these at some parts are

so damaged that they will have to be demolished. The total loss is placed at \$150,000, with insurance of \$90,000, while on the church was a debt of over \$100,000.

Father Jeanotte is the priest of the parish. The loss is a heavy one to the congregation, but doubly so to the Oblate Order, which owned and erected it, and which had not yet recovered from the blow sustained in the loss of the Ottawa University, a few years ago.

The fire brigade did good work in confining the fire to the church, as the wind was very high and the embers were carried some distance. The house of Dr. Chabot, immediately east of the church, was in peril, but was saved by the exertions of the firemen.

The dome of the university took fire, but the flames were quickly extinguished by the use of the college hose by the students.

The Church of the Sacred Heart was the one St. Wilfrid and Lady Laurier attended.

### PERSONNEL.

Rev. Fathers McPhail and Holland are at Renfrew holding mission services. They go from there to Mount St. Patrick, Killaloe and Barry's Bay.

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

Nothing in Carlyle's lurid pages burns with a fiercer light than his pathetic plaint over his dead wife...

DRESSER SCARFS. Spatch work is used on the attractive new bureau and dresser scarfs.

BE WARM-HEARTED AND GENIAL. If you wish to be loved and have friends, throw away your reserve and your suspicions.

FASHION NOTES. Heavy kid gloves in one of the dark brown shades are correct for traveling.

Border effects on both blouse and dress patterns are prime favorites. Hand embroidery is lavished with-out stint upon sheer materials of all kinds.

The Eton continues a favorite model for spring and summer wear and may be developed in the material of the skirt or a different material, but it must match the skirt in color.

KIDNEY COMPLAINTS

The kidneys form a very important channel for the outlet of disease from the system, carrying off accumulations of poisons from the blood.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS will cure you. Mrs. Frank Foss, Woodside, N.B., writes: "I was a great sufferer with backache for over a year, and could get nothing to relieve me until I took two boxes of DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS."

NEWMAN'S STYLE.

I have been going through Newman's Apologia for the twentieth time, and as usual have fallen completely under the spell of that incomparable style.

To revert to Newman's literary genius, he seems to me to be one of the few masters of English prose. I used to think in the old university days, that Newman's style was best tested by the fact that if one had a piece of his writing to turn into Latin prose, the more one studied it, the more masterly did it become.

Three little things which all agree.



The kettle the teapot & BLUE RIBBON TEA.

and of Ruskin is a white art, like the art of sculpture. I find myself every year desiring and admiring this kind of lucidity and purity more and more.

There was no appreciation of the sentiment of the present, no realization of what it might involve merely the gratification of the desire to have something that cost a great deal of money.

SUFFERED FROM HEART AND NERVE TROUBLES FOR THE LAST TEN YEARS.

If there be nerve derangement of any kind, it is bound to produce all the various phenomena of heart derangement. In MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS is combined treatment that will cure all forms of nervous disorders, as well as act upon the heart itself.

THE SIMPLICITY OF CHILDHOOD.

"It is the hardest thing imaginable," said a judicious mother, "for me to keep my little children away from the contaminating influence of the artificial conditions that exist in society."

ance who are absolutely cold-blooded in their discussion of their toys and presents. One of them received a gift of a beautiful doll. She unwrapped it, her eyes dancing with delight.

"I think this must have cost a good deal of money." "There was no appreciation of the sentiment of the present, no realization of what it might involve merely the gratification of the desire to have something that cost a great deal of money."

TIMELY HINTS.

To prevent stoppers of smelling bottles getting fixed rub them lightly with vaseline. Coffee is best when made in a pot which merely allows the water to pass through the pulverized berry.

To remove skins of cooked beets, let them lie a few minutes in cold water and the skins will slip off easily. Boil three or four onions in a pint of water, apply with a soft brush to gilt frames, and flies will keep off them.

LITERARY REVIEW.

Donahoe's for June. "From Chancellorsville to Bull Run" is the title of a very interesting feature of Donahoe's Magazine for June; "The Making of a Member," by T. M. Kettle.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

HE OBEYED.

In his "Autobiography" now running in the "North American Review," Mark Twain recalls an incident in connection with a visit to the White House in the days of President Cleveland.

WHAT IS DYSPEPSIA?

There is no form of disease more prevalent than dyspepsia, and none so peculiar to the high living and rapid eating of the present day mode of life.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

will cure the worst case of dyspepsia, by regulating the bowels, and toning up the digestive organs. Mrs. Geo. H. Riley, West Liscombe, N.S., writes: "I suffered for years from dyspepsia and could get no relief until I started to use BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS."

Advertisement for THE BISSELL DISK HARROW, featuring an illustration of the harrow and descriptive text about its efficiency.

Advertisement for Remarkable Invention FOR THE CULTURE OF HAIR, featuring an illustration of a man's head wearing a cap and descriptive text about the Evans Vacuum Cap.

Advertisement for 60 DAYS' FREE TRIAL! The Company's Guarantee. An EVANS VACUUM CAP will be sent you for sixty days' free trial.

Advertisement for OUT BY featuring an illustration of a woman's face.

SPRING WAKING. A snowdrop lay in the ground, "Come out," said the sun!

THE SNOWDROP SIGHED, FOR HER NAP. And there wasn't a bird here! But she popped out of a white night-cap!

BE COURTEOUS, BO. "I treat him as well as me," said Hal. His mother had just him because he did not at amuse or entertain a boy who had just gone home.

HER V

CHAPTER I. - TWO FRIENDS-COUSIN OF. Our story begins in a orchard, where a little flower daisy-faced girl of five, with eyes, very much the color above her head, was dressed in the whitest of frocks, the cleanest of blue dresses, confined with sash. All around her the apple blossoms were down from the trees, very snow, and the cuckoo was again and again, as if it were tired of saying, how glad it was to see her.

Advertisement for LUBY'S PARISIAN HAIR RENEW, featuring a large illustration of the product bottle and descriptive text about its benefits for hair.

# Our Boys and Girls

## BY AUNT BECKY

### SPRING WAKING.

A snowdrop lay in the sweet, dark ground, "Come out," said the Sun, "come out!" But she lay quite still and she heard no sound; "Asleep," said the Sun, "no doubt!" The snowdrop heard, for she raised her head, "Look spry," said the Sun, "look spry!" "It's warm," said the Snowdrop, "here in bed." "O fie!" said the Sun, "O fie!" "You call too soon, Mr. Sun, you do!" "No, no," said the Sun, "Oh, no!" "There's something above and I can't see through," "It's snow," said the Sun, "just snow." "But I say, Mr. Sun, are the robins here?" "Maybe," said the Sun, "maybe." "There wasn't a bird when you called last year." "Come out," said the Sun, "and see!"

The Snowdrop sighed, for she liked her nap. And there wasn't a bird in sight. But she popped out of bed in her white night-cap; "That's right," said the Sun, "that's right!" And, soon as that small night-cap was seen, A robin began to sing. The air grew warm, and the grass turned green. "Tis spring!" laughed the Sun, "tis spring!" —Isabel Eccleston Mackay, in St. Nicholas.

### BE COURTEOUS, BOYS.

"I treat him as well as he treats me," said Hal. His mother had just reproached him because he did not attempt to amuse or entertain a boy friend who had just gone home. "I often go in there, and he doesn't notice me," said Hal again. "Do you enjoy that?" "Oh, I don't mind! I don't stay long." "I should call myself a very sel-

fish person, if friends came to see me and I should pay no attention to them." "Well, that's different; you're grown up." "Then you really think that politeness and courtesy are not needed among boys?" Hal, thus pressed, said he didn't exactly mean that; but his father, who had listened, now spoke: "A boy or man who measures his treatment of others by their treatment of him has no character of his own. He will never be kind, or generous, or Christian. If he is ever to be a gentleman, he will be so in spite of the boorishness of others. If he is to be noble, no other boy's meanness will change his nature." And very earnestly the father added: "Remember this, my boy—you love your own self every time you are guilty of an unworthy action because some one else is. Be true to your best self, and no boy can drag you down."

### A DOG AND A PIG.

Here is a true tale of a dog and a pig. They were both passengers on the same ship and became warm friends. They used to eat their cold potatoes off the same plate, and but for one thing would never have had any trouble. This was the fact that the dog had a kennel, and the pig had none. Somehow the pig got it into his head that the kennel belonged to whichever could get into it first; so every night there was a race. One rainy afternoon the pig found it rather unpleasant slipping about the deck, and made up his mind to retire early. But when it reached the kennel it found the dog inside. Suddenly an idea flashed upon it; and trudging on to where their dinner plate was lying, it carried it to a part of the deck where the dog could see it and, turning his back to the kennel, began rattling the plate and munching as though at a feast. This was too much for Toby. A good dinner, and he not there? Piggy kept on until Toby had come around in front of him and lushed his nose into the empty plate. Then, like a shot, it turned and ran and was safe in the kennel before the dog knew whether there was any dinner on the plate or not.—Sunday Magazine.

"Did he?" The pretty lips pouted and said, "Naughty papa. I wanted to tell you myself." "Well," observed Guy, coolly, "the secret I know may not be the one you know." "Oh, it must be," said the little one, with conviction. "Well, tell me, then I shall know," suggested practical Guy. "Stoop down ever so low, and let me whisper it into your ear," and down went Guy's head, till the brown and gold of their hair mingled.

"Well, tell me, then I shall know," suggested practical Guy. "Stoop down ever so low, and let me whisper it into your ear," and down went Guy's head, till the brown and gold of their hair mingled. "Cousin Olive is coming," were the words she whispered to him. "Whew! Why, that's just the same as mine. How jolly 'twill be, won't it?" said he, jauntily. "It won't be jolly. You're a great silly boy to say 'twill be jolly," and the small hand slipped itself out of his, and the little lady walked apart. "Well, you are a goose not to know that three are better than two," observed Guy, comically. "I'm not a goose; two is nice, three isn't. And yours is only a piece of a secret. Papa told me more than that," said the small coquetish creature, drawing a little nearer to him. "Very likely," returned the boy, lightly, "because 'tis all yours—all coming to you, you know."

"Tisn't a nice part that papa didn't tell you," she informed him, linking her hand in his again. "Isn't it? Let me hear it," and Guy smiled down patronizingly at the sober little face. "Papa says I mustn't be a baby any longer, but be a young lady, and have lessons." "Well, that isn't half a bad plan; because you can't always be a baby." "I'm not a baby. I'm almost as big as you," and, by dint of standing on tip-toe, her head reached his shoulder. "Oh, are you?" laughed Guy; "you'll have to puff out a great deal before you'll be as big as I am, like the frog when he tried to be an ox."

"I shan't puff; ladies don't do such things; they grow," protested little Ellie. "But about the lessons?" said the boy. "Yes, and about Cousin Olive—about both," agreed Ellie, and looked up into his face for him to say more. "Well, who is to teach you?" "I don't know," was the child's answer, with a sober shake of the head. "Marjory?" "No, I think not. Marjory has taught me my letters, you know, but papa says I must learn to play the piano, and Marjory doesn't know music, for I asked her before I came out, and she said no." "And I should say taught if I were you, and not taught," suggested Guy. "That's because you are a boy," returned Ellie, slightly. "And is Miss Olive to have lessons, too? I say Miss Olive, because she comes from London—doesn't she?" "Yes; so papa said."

the outer world. Basil just Guy's age, Harold next older, and Duke—Marmaduke—rejoicing in his twelve years of schoolboy dignity, and bearing himself somewhat haughtily, as in keeping with his name, the younger people were wont to say, with sly shrugs of their shoulders, behind his back. As for Marjory, she told him, "If you want to play duke, Master Duke, be a true duke, and don't show your dukelike in lordling it over your inferiors in age and station."

Marjory had promised the children's mamma, when dying, that she would try to fill her place as well as another can fill a mother's place—which is never, perhaps, filled to the full—and not let them miss her. Right well had she fulfilled her trust, training them up in the way they should go, and ready, if need were, to lay down her life for them. That was four years ago she had taken this upon her: "When I was a wee toddling thing. And I can remember it!" so Ellie was wont to say in the early days of her dawning powers of memory, and she clung to the belief now.

Guy was an only child, doing lessons as yet with his father, just stepping into Latin and other difficult lore and learning. His mother was just a sweet-faced lady, a feminine picture of what her boy would be some day—brown-eyed, brown-haired, ruling her household with the gentle sway of love. To this kind friend the children thought they should like to go with their secret, which was a secret no longer, because, as they said, four knew it—papa, Marjory, and their two selves. Only they must first run in and ask Marjory's leave to go; and perhaps she would have something nice for their luncheon: she often had. Little Ellie dined with her father at six o'clock, but now, as he told her that very morning, all would be changed: she and Olive must dine in the nursery at one, and come down to him in the evening.

This his small daughter told Guy as they went through the garden round by the drawing-room, the glass doors ajar to let the merry breezes wander in. "And I don't like it a bit. I shan't feel a bit big when I don't dine with papa," were her words. "Oh, you'll be growing bigger every day whether you feel it or not, you know," was Guy's response. "Perhaps Marjory may have some gooseberry fool for us, she has sometimes," suggested the little lady, going from topic to topic like a butterfly flitting from flower to flower. And she was right; Marjory had some gooseberry fool, and such delicious bread, ready on the nursery table, by the time they had mounted up the stairs and entered the room. "Oh! gooseberry fool! gooseberry fool!" cried Ellie, with a pretty jig on her feet, catching sight of the dainty. Then both children lay aside their hats, and, springing into the chairs, Marjory had placed for them, chatted and munched in high glee. "Ah, Miss Ellie, these brave times will have an end when Miss Olive comes," remarked the nurse. "I wish she wasn't coming," said outspoken Ellie. "Oh, fie, dear! she has no other home but here," returned nurse. "Then where has she lived always until now?" "With her aunt. Now her aunt is going abroad, and she is coming to us."

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## HER WILFUL WAY.

By the Author of "Dolly's Golden Slippers," "Claimed at Last," etc.

CHAPTER I.—TWO LITTLE FRIENDS—COUSIN OLIVE. Our story begins in an apple orchard, where a little fluffy-haired, daisy-faced girl of five, with blue eyes, very much the color of the sky above her head, was wandering, dressed in the whitest of white sun-bonnets, the cleanest of brown holland dresses, confined with a blue sash. All around her the petals of the apple blossoms were drifting down from the trees, very like pink snow, and the cuckoo was crying again and again, as if it would never tire of saying, how glad it was that summer time was come again, so it might fly across the seas once more, and visit its old friends and its old haunts. Ellie, or Ellie, as she was generally called, could only remember a cuckoo coming to the orchard this year and last; dear little mite of a sunbeam, her memory could carry her no farther back into the past. Her father was a doctor, living at the back of the small town of Marsdean, in a quaint old house with a bowery garden at the back, where white, miles, sweet-williams, and all sorts of old-fashioned flowers which Marjory loved grew and blossomed in all sorts of unlikely places, as if they were playing hide-and-seek with some one. Then there was the garden seat not far from the beehives, and a stile over which the little maiden could scramble into the orchard, and beyond the orchard a copse, a tangle of sunshine, shadows, and sweet sounds, where the doves cooed by day and the nightingales sang by night. But about Ellie herself—some one was calling her. "Ellie! Ellie! Come here, I want you." It was a boy's voice, clear and ringing as a bell. I came from the way of the bushes.

"If you want me you must come here," piped back the little maiden, with a pretty babyish toss of her small, white-hooded head. And in answer thereto, a boy of seven, brown-eyed, brown-haired, rosy-cheeked, and sunburnt, in a suit of grey and a straw hat, vaulted over the barrier stile from the garden, and came bounding through the shower of apple blossoms towards her. "Why didn't you come?" asked he, ere he reached her. "Because a gentleman ought not to ask a lady to come to him and do things," said the demure little puss. "Thow! You are high and mighty this morning," laughed the boy. "I wanted you to come and sit on the garden seat and be cosy." "And I wanted to walk about," she told him. "Well, come then, let's walk about," complied the other, essaying to take her hand. "No, not that hand; this one," said the fair wee thing, snatching away one rosy hand and offering him the other. The boy obediently took it, and together they went straying away. "I know a secret," remarked the little lady, pursing up her rosy lips mysteriously. "And so do I," said the boy. "We may as well call him Guy, for that was his name—Guy Rainsford, the only son of Mr. Guy Rainsford, of St. Edmund's parish, which included a scrap of the town of Marsdean, in which stood the home of Ellie, and was part town, part country. "Your secret can't be so nice as mine. Boys' secrets are so silly," returned the little wisp, nodding her head and giving a skip. "Well, mine isn't a boy's secret. It's a man's; your papa told it me."

"What am I in for?" "Wait, and you'll see," spoke the boy, out of his large experience. Then they linked hands together and sauntered here and there in the orchard, and Guy climbed an easy tree just to peep into a bird's nest—only to peep and come down again. Next they went and sat on the garden seat, and talked of Cousin Olive's coming, of lessons, and of the time that must elapse before Ellie's three brothers would be home for their holidays. That was a red-letter day to both children—the coming home of the three boys from

baby face. "Pshaw! Just as if a boy cared what a little chatterbox of a girl said of him," laughed Guy. But now, the gooseberry fool gone, they rose to go. "Bring her back before dinner-time, Master Guy," was Marjory's injunction. "All right, Marjory," was the boy's answer, as they trotted down the stairs. "May I go home with Guy and tell his mamma all about Cousin Olive, Marjory?" was the child's next question. "Yes, dear, but I doubt if she does not know all about it by this time." "Do you think Dr. Wenley has told her?" inquired Guy. "Very likely, Master Guy." "Then he's a tall-tale-tit, and his tongue must be slit, eh, Ellie?" "But Marjory said 'Fie! Master Guy, you ought not to say such things of your elders; and I don't know 'tis a wise thing to say of any one.'" "Boys aren't wise; they're always silly. And papa isn't a tall-tale-tit—he's just papa," protested Ellie, with the ghost of a smile leaping from her eyes and spreading over her

As for Guy, he dropped down on the floor boy fashion, at her side, and hugged his knees. "Now, Ellie, who is to tell?" he inquired, "you or I?" "I, of course," cause 'tis both mine," replied the little lady, throwing off her hood and laying bare her fair fluffy head. "No; Ellie, the first is mine, you know," objected Guy. (To be continued)

The True Witness AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

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

New Postal Regulations BETWEEN CANADA & UNITED STATES

At a conference recently held at Washington between postal representatives of the United States and Canada, the postage on newspapers passing from Canada to the States was not only increased to sixteen times the former rate, but it was decided to make Canadian publishers affix stamps to the papers instead of paying on bulk weight as formerly.

A HOUSE CLEANING SEEMS IN ORDER.

If one half the veiled charges and insinuations that are allowed to escape through the political gauze now and then are true, the sooner a house cleaning in our National household is inaugurated, the better it will be for the country and the dominant party.

The most serious charges, apparently well grounded, have been made against certain members of the country's higher councils and stand unrefuted. This country above all others cannot afford to let them stand unchallenged, and unless we mistake, will not allow them much longer to besmirch the national honor.

Our rapidly growing young country must have men of unblemished characters to guide her ship of state if she is to avoid the shoals of disaster and dishonor.

Canadian history has been freer than most countries in the matter of malfeasance in office, and her record must not be allowed to suffer. Procrastination in vigorously handling situations such as now appear to exist in some government circles has been rewarded by the overthrow of parties, empires and republics.

this is the reason that we thus call attention to a condition that to our mind it will be suicidal to longer harbor. Clean, unbesmirched records must be absolute requisites in public officials from the lowest to the highest, if honest government is to endure.

A GIANT WHITE RACE.

The discovery of a race of white giants is the somewhat startling claim made by Rev. Francis Barnum, S.J.

This new people is said by Father Barnum to be of unadulterated Caucasian blood. Immense in stature and muscular development, the members of the tribe are found in Northern Alaska, beyond the settlements of the Alaskan Indians, north of what is known as the Indian line.

Several years prior to the discovery of gold at Nome, Father Barnum was sent as a Jesuit missionary to Alaska. Preaching from village to village among the Alaskan Indians, but journeying northward always, he finally passed the Indian line, beyond which the population becomes strictly Eskimo.

Father Barnum, in his journeys toward the aurora borealis, came upon not the band of hardy hunters he had expected, but a race of purely white men of gigantic stature. These are of unadulterated Caucasian blood, without the faintest strain of Mongolian or American (commonly called Indian) ancestry.

AS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The scholarly editor of the Record, the official organ of the diocese of Louisville, Ky., realizes that sometimes it is difficult to get Catholic news, and in a recent issue of the Record, he has this to say:

"Pastor and parishes who keep aloof from publicity in their local or diocesan Catholic papers, whose ecclesiastical events are rarely seen mentioned or recorded in those papers, will never prosper much. They are like islands separated from the main continent. The Catholic world knows little about them, and thinks less. Their growth, if any, is from within, and not from without."

It is a fact that without news of the Church in its home city a Catholic paper is rather dull. Entertaining laymen and Catholic organizations often help by their contributions to make a Catholic paper all the more interesting and instructive.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

In connection with the allegation occasionally made that politics in Ireland are "dominated by the priests," and that Protestants would be unjustly treated by an Irish Parliament, some recent utterances of Most Rev. Dr. Boylan, Bishop of Kilmore, are instructive and interesting.

Replying to an address from the laity of the diocese after the consecration ceremony the Bishop said that what their forefathers were the present generation of Catholics is, true to their country and its holy religion. "But," continued he, "while they are true to their Faith and Fatherland they will not dishonor either one or the other by entertaining unkindly feelings towards those Irishmen and Irishwomen who differ from them in politics or religion."

When the British empire dissolves it will be because the colonies to which it has given birth have outgrown the tutelage of the mother country," declared Dr. Ernest Black, president of the Central Board of Health, of Western Australia, in Washington, the other day.

The backward summer weather has caused losses to Montreal retailers and wholesalers in wearing apparel, hats and shoes that run into the thousands. Stocks laid in by the department stores and small retail stores early in the Spring still encumber the shelves, and the wholesale houses are unable to collect for the goods they have delivered all over the country, for the reason that sales are as backward in other cities and towns as in Montreal.

The Holy Father has just sent a handsome offering of 100,000 francs to the Catholic Institute of Paris accompanied by a letter addressed to the Bishops who have the care of this renowned seat of learning. Great part of the sum will be devoted to the establishment of two Chairs in the Institute; one for the study of the Origin of Christianity, and the other for the History of Religions.

No one should choose the life-work for a young man. Leave that to his good sense and natural leaning. It does not follow that because the father has proved a worthy undertaker that the son will be better fitted for burying the dead than for any other occupation.

Uncle Sam is beginning to realize that Canada is well enough to sit up and take notice. Collier's Weekly, referring to some recent legislation, says: "Our fool treatment of Canada is another illustration of what our legislators can accomplish."

One hundred and fifty delegates from the different courts of the Catholic Order of Foresters in this city left by special train Monday evening for Valleyfield to attend the eighth annual convention of the Provincial Court of the Catholic Order of Foresters, which opened there on Tuesday.

The Provincial Chief Ranger, Mr. E. A. Greig, reported that the balance of our Printed modern English designs Cross Striped semi-transparent blue, yellow, green, etc.

nounced "Puck" for its caricatures of Pius X. This of course means that "Puck" is not to appear in the reading rooms of the Knights, in their homes or places of business. We do not think that the Knights will ignore the business end of the resolution.

What the Knights have done other societies and individuals should do. "Puck," to say the least, should be classed by Catholics among the "undesirables," not only for its recent, but also for its past offenses.

The argument that reaches the pocket is more efficacious than seeking to reach a conscience that is not. If "Puck" be free to insult the Pope and to caricature the Church, Catholics are free to "cut it out" from among the periodicals they read.

We often hear it said that the battle of eternal life is a hard one. We are told that it was a very difficult matter to be saved. True, it requires a strong, continuous, persevering effort on our part to work out our salvation. But when we take into consideration the countless mercies of God; the innumerable graces that are constantly bestowed on us, I say it is not a difficult thing to be lost. God desires our salvation.

Archbishop Keane for his advocacy of a closed Sunday. The one measure of Sunday closing has done more for temperance and morality than all the reformatory legislation that has been enacted in fifty years.

Archbishop Messmer, of Milwaukee, asserts that it is one of the proper functions of the pulpit to denounce civic unrighteousness and join with the forces of morality to stamp out abuses which menace the social life and health of the community as well as its spiritual well-being.

On the occasion of the laying of the corner stone of the fourth Cathedral of St. Paul, a few days ago, Archbishop Ireland was the recipient of many congratulations. The following telegram was received from the President:

"In this fortunate country of ours, liberty and religion are natural allies, and go forward hand in hand. I congratulate all those gathered to witness the laying of the corner stone of the new Cathedral of St. Paul. I congratulate those who are to worship in it, and I congratulate especially you personally."

After a year of careful investigation in regard to every criminal, the Massachusetts State Bureau of Statistics of Labor, reported to the Legislature that 75 per cent of the adult paupers in the State of Massachusetts were addicted to the use of liquor, and that 40 per cent attributed their pauperism to their own intemperate habits.

The Western Watchman says that since the lid was put on the jails are fast being emptied and we could well spare one-half our police judges.

One of the events of the summer season is promised when the festival and baseball games will be given for the benefit of St. Michael's Church, New York. The affair promises to be the most unique in the history of outdoor sports, the game being arranged between Catholic priests of the archdiocese and being umpired by His Grace Archbishop James H. Blenk.

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There are a number of varieties of corns. Hollowna's Corn Cure will remove any of them. Call on your druggist and get a bottle at once.

Catholic Order of Foresters in Convention.

One hundred and fifty delegates from the different courts of the Catholic Order of Foresters in this city left by special train Monday evening for Valleyfield to attend the eighth annual convention of the Provincial Court of the Catholic Order of Foresters, which opened there on Tuesday.

Upon arrival at Valleyfield a procession was formed to the Cathedral Church, where Mass was celebrated by the Bishop of Valleyfield, and French and English sermons given.

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ance remaining on hand in May, 1907, was \$12,813.84, compared with \$10,238.88 two years ago.

The report of the Provincial Secretary, who has been in office for twelve years, showed that the present membership was 20,565, as compared with 18,419 in May, 1905, an increase of 2146 members.

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invites the Fraternal Societies allowed on Saturdays 4 times a year.

Mount St. Louis Literary U

The closing meeting of the '9th instant. A very interesting programme was gone through.

The citizens' meeting proved the most interesting item of the programme. The meeting was to discuss the question: "Should the Montreal Street Railway system be extended so as to take in Royal Park?"

The vote was taken they had sided at the meeting. He equal to the task, though a ho was seemingly embarrassed.

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Special lot of English Long White and Cream Louisiana, White and Mescaline, \$1.00 Black and White Foulard, Navy and White Foulard, in less 25 per cent.

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## Mount St. Louis Literary Union.

The closing meeting of the Union was held in the College hall on the 9th instant. A very interesting programme was gone through. Rev. Father McCrory, of St. Michael's College, presided. Among those present were Rev. J. Broseau, chaplain of the college; Rev. Brother Symphonium, director of the college; Rev. Bro. Rhagninus, purveyor of the college; Messrs. Ford, Homes, M. Gauthier, A. O'Neill, of Montreal and Messrs. Fontain, Marcotte and Williams from the United States. Mr. R. King read a very carefully worded essay entitled "A Lazy Student Reproached by His Books." It was severely criticized by Mr. F. O'Leary. The cornet solo of Mr. E. Desaulniers showed much taste and talent on his part. The citizens' meeting proved to be the most interesting item on the programme. The meeting was called to discuss the question: "Should the Montreal Street Railway system be extended so as to take in Mount Royal Park?" Messrs. O'Callaghan and Doucet brought out strong arguments in favor of the question, while Messrs. Hammill and Delahanty held opposite opinions and handled the question so well that when the vote was taken they had a majority of 12. Mr. D. Jackson presided at the meeting. He proved equal to the task, though at times he was seemingly embarrassed as to

how to handle such a restless and noisy assembly. The clarinet solo by Mr. J. Casey was excellent. He received well deserved encores. Mr. H. McD. G. Bellew acted well his part as president of the Union. The Union is indebted to him for the interest he has taken in its welfare. In the course of his short address he thanked Father McCrory, an old pupil of the college, for so kindly presiding and also the many kind friends who by their presence testified to the esteem in which they held Mount St. Louis College. Everyone regretted the absence of Mr. Jas. Hughes, the worthy vice-president. Mr. H. Doucet's essay was a work of great merit. It is to be hoped that Mr. Doucet will continue his series of essays, which have proved so interesting during the past year. Mr. Jos. Kavanagh read a poem entitled Spring in splendid style. Messrs. Doyle and Emerson gave two very well chosen declamations. Cucumbers and melons are "forbidden fruit" to many persons so constituted that the least indulgence is followed by attacks of cholera, dysentery, griping, etc. These persons are not aware that they can indulge to their heart's content if they have on hand a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, a medicine that will give immediate relief, and is a sure cure for all summer complaints. Butterfly Suspenders. A Gentle man's Brace. "as easy as none." 50c

## Venerable Sister Theresa.

Celebrates Diamond Jubilee.

Ottawa, June 10. — The diamond jubilee of Sister Theresa, superior of the Rideau street convent, who has been sixty years a nun, was made the occasion of a unique demonstration this evening, when a great gathering of Ottawans, regardless of creed, presented the venerable lady with a purse containing \$3200, accompanied by an address. Miss Martha O'Hagan (Sister Theresa) was a girl in her early teens when a little company of Grey Nuns arrived from Montreal in 1845 to open a branch of their order at Bytown. She was the first English-speaking novice to apply for admission, and, being admirably qualified by her natural gifts, sound education and a fine presence to further the interests of the order, she was gladly received and at the end of two years permitted to take her first vows of poverty, chastity and obedience. In 1849 the young nun had already won the esteem and confidence of her superiors to such a remarkable extent that she was placed in charge of the new institute for young ladies. The wisdom of this choice has been abundantly demonstrated by the fact that to-day, after a lapse of sixty years, Sister Theresa, apparently as full of vim and vigor as ever, is still actively directing the affairs of the large establishment which has grown out of the infant school of 1849, and which, in a peculiarly literal sense, may be described as the splendid fruit of her own individual efforts. Lepers and Leprosy. There are many men who would gladly go through fire and water to save a fellow-creature, and men who, in the heat of battle, have performed deeds of desperate daring, but such acts, brave though they be, pale into insignificance when compared with the calm courage displayed by Father L. L. Conrardy, the greatest friend possessed by the lepers of the world. "The main object of my mission," said Father Conrardy, "is not to expend money in endeavoring to cure

lepers, because that is an impossibility. What I strive to do is to get them set apart from other persons. The Chinese Government does nothing for the poor leprous wretches of Canton, who are allowed to wander about at their own sweet will, thereby disseminating the disease at an alarming rate. There are in the Province of Canton at present over 30,000 lepers and 10,000 in the town of Canton alone." The Reverend Father will lecture at Karr Hall, No. 468 St. Catherine street, west, on Thursday, the 13th instant, at 8.15 p.m. Subject: "The Lepers of Molokai and Canton, China." Admission, 25c.

## Correspondence.

ENFORCE THE LAW. To the Editor True Witness: Sir,—It is time that something should be done to put a stop to the awful practise of using profane language which certain individuals who congregate at lacrosse matches and ball games are in the habit of doing, to the disgust of respectable people and the detriment of the young. Is it to be wondered at that language is heard from the mouths of lads not over fifteen years of age that would bring the blush of shame to the cheek of any man with a particle of self-respect in his make-up, when hardened old villains with the whiskey bottle in their coat pocket from which they quench the thirst caused by the very demon in his effort to bring destruction to the souls of all with whom those human monsters come in contact, are allowed free scope to give vent to the vile corruption of their corrupt hearts. Our young boys are being poisoned daily by this awful curse found on all sides, but more especially at the ball game and the lacrosse match, where these scoundrels congregate and blaspheme the Holy Name with impunity. Why is this state of affairs allowed to continue? Have the directors of our athletic organizations no regard for the morality of the young or respect for the old, that they allow such conduct on their grounds to go unpunished? Are police so scarce that there are not enough to patrol the stands at lacrosse matches and other such ga-

therings, not as ornaments, but as representatives of law and order who will be ready to make a few examples in their endeavor to put a stop to a filthy habit. Respectable men, when in future you see the whiskey bottle being passed around and hear the vile language uttered by the wretch who gloats in his villainous, notify at once the club authorities and if they fail to take action leave the grounds as a protest, and publish the incident, that those guilty of neglect of duty may receive the just condemnation which their negligence deserves. The directors of lacrosse matches and ball games owe it to the respectable people who patronize them that they will see to it that nothing will be allowed at their respective grounds to wound the feelings of decent people.

ORDER. Montreal, June 10, 1907.

## THE SHAMPOCK LACROSSE CLUB.

Editor True Witness: Sir,—In your last issue I notice a little well-deserved praise for our worthy Montreal Shamrocks. All power to you! I most highly congratulate you on giving them the compliments which they certainly deserve. No paper really seems to stick up for our dear Shamrocks and for this reason your article of the 6th inst. has caused all the more joy to all Irish hearts. In your tenth "Notes of the Game" you make a statement which will, I hope, be thought over by our antagonistic friends. The Shamrocks have always been remarked for their clean play. Of course they are pardonable should they sometimes, through excitement, forget themselves. Hoping you will continue to encourage them. I remain, A TRUE WITNESS READER AND SHAMROCK ENTHUSIAST. Toronto. Do not delay in getting relief for the little folks. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is a pleasant and sure cure. If you love your child why do you let it suffer when a remedy is so near at hand? Wear Trade Mark D. Suspenders guaranteed: 50c.

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## HYMENEAL.

STAPLETON—MCGEE.

At St. Patrick's Church, Rev. Father Martin Callaghan officiating, Miss Mary McGee, of Beauvoir, Que., was married to Mr. James Stapleton, of the Dominion Bank, Montreal, formerly of Quebec. The bride was gowned in white Duchess silk and carried a bouquet of white roses. Miss Mollie Millavy, of Beauvoir, the bridesmaid, was in white silk and carried pink roses. Miss Kathleen Stapleton, sister of the bridegroom, who acted as flower girl, wore white muslin, and carried a bouquet of white carnations. Mr. James Brown was best man.

## OBITUARY.

The funeral of Mr. George Clarke, of the Montreal Post Office, which took place from his late residence, 150 Lusignan street, at eight o'clock Tuesday to St. Anthony's Church and thence to Cote des Neiges Cemetery, was very largely attended. In the cortege were many members of the Post Office staff with whom he had been so long associated. At the church the celebrant of the Mass was Rev. Father J. E. Donnelly, assisted by Rev. Father Shea as deacon and Rev. Father Thomas Hefferman as sub-deacon. The chief mourners were Messrs. John Clarke and Leo Clarke, sons of the deceased; Mr. Michael Francis Clarke, father; Messrs. John Clarke and Francis Clarke, brothers, and Mr. John Moore, brother-in-law.

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Special lot of English Long Cloths, in 10-yd. pieces, \$1.85, less 10 p.c. Special lot of 42-inch, extra value, \$2.25, less 10 per cent. Special lot of Ends in Old Bleach Linens for skirts, costumes and blouses less 20 per cent. Large assortment of Dress Linens in light, medium and heavy weights, less 10 per cent.

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### Curtain Department

The balance of our Printed Linen Bed Spreads and Window Curtains, in modern English designs and colorings, less 50 per cent. Cross Striped semi-transparent Window Curtains, in light shades of blue, yellow, green, etc., less 50 per cent. Sample pairs of Long Lace Curtains and Sash Curtains, from 38 1-3 per cent. to 50 per cent. off. Special lines of Silk Tapestry Portieres and Window Shades, less 25 p.c. All materials of curtain materials, furniture coverings and cushion tops, less 25 per cent. Balance of stock, less 10 per cent.

### Wall Paper Department

Special lines of Wall Paper, from 20 per cent. to 50 per cent. The balance of stock, less 10 per cent.

### Optical Department

Full line of Eastman's Kodaks and Sundries. Special No. 2A Brownie, Picture, 2 1-2 x 4 1-4, \$3.00. No. 4 Folding Brownie, Picture, 4 x 5, \$20.00. Developing and Printing done on the premises at shortest notice. Eyes tested free of charge by qualified refractonist.

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**Erin's Flag.**

According to The Irish Independent of Dublin, Ireland has no national flag. It says that the green flag is a comparative innovation, and though destined to be the national banner of all Ireland some day, it is as yet little more than the ensign of the popular party.

Ireland's lack of a traditional flag is explained by her preference, in the days of her nationhood, for a multiplicity of contemporary kings, each with his own colors. Besides, the hereditary principle never fully prevailed. Monarchs were mostly chosen from the ranks of the minor princes, and each of them elected brought with him, and continued to use, his own standard.

Hence it happens that Ireland's oldest flag is (in the language of bulls) an English flag. After the English invasion the standard of Ireland bore three golden crowns on a blue field.

**A Great Triumph**

Gained by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

The Doctors of Mount Clemens Institute Prove the Value of These Pills in the Case of Mr. S. Harris, Government Inspector of Elevators at Hamilton, Ont.

From the Star, Dundas, Ont. We were much pleased to see Mr. S. Harris, the well known Government inspector of elevators of Hamilton, in Dundas the other day, greatly improved in health and appearance since the last time we met him. As is known to many of the Star readers, Mr. Harris has recovered from a long and severe illness, and is now quite able to attend his usual duties. From this long illness many predicted Mr. Harris would never recover, and the fact that he is once more able to go around very nearly as spry as he did before he was attacked, is little less than marvellous to them.

and went to Mount Clemens, Mich. As is customary with all patients, Mr. Harris had to undergo a thorough examination in order to determine if the system can stand this rigorous treatment. After several examinations had been made as to Mr. Harris' condition, the physicians there finally decided that he was not suffering from muscular rheumatism at all, but that his ailment was of the nerves, and told him that the baths would do him little or no good; that he required altogether different treatment. Mr. Harris placed himself in the hands of one of the physicians there, and what seemed quite strange to him, they did nothing for him but administer medicine in the shape of pills. Shortly after he commenced this treatment he began to improve perceptibly, and his appetite greatly improved. He began to walk around slowly at first, but soon was able to get around more than he could for a year previous. He was able to put on his coat and vest, and began to feel like his former self. His improvement was so rapid and perceptible not only to himself, but to others, that he was plying with all sorts of questions as to his wonderful recovery. The medical attendant was questioned as to the nature of the medicine which was being administered. Much to the surprise of Mr. Harris and other patients there, he was told that it was a well known Canadian remedy, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and was advised to continue their use for a time on his return home. Mr. Harris is loud in his praise of the wonderful curative qualities of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and consented to make his case public in the hope that he might benefit others similarly afflicted. Mr. Harris has long been a resident of Hamilton, being a well known builder of elevators, as well as Government inspector of the same, so that his prominence and well known integrity is evidence that he is sincere in the statements he made.

Christian Endeavor Society, in which I took an active part for more than two years.

In my eighteenth year I was confirmed in the Episcopal Church, which I afterwards attended whenever opportunity afforded. However, as we all know, Episcopalians are few in number in western towns of small population, hence I was not always able to do so, and in consequence I was present at the Sunday services of many other Protestant churches. Recently I married into the Catholic Church, after devoting many weeks of strenuous study.

Judging from my experience with the various Protestant religions. I think I can safely affirm that there is less of that feeling of animosity towards Catholics among the Episcopalians than among any other Protestant denomination, and I regret to say it more of it among the Methodists.

We read in the papers daily of ministers of various creeds and denominations who have fallen into sin, and no one would think of unjustly laying the sin of its minister at the door of his church. Yet, on the other hand, let a priest of the Catholic Church deviate from his course in the "straight and narrow way," and immediately he is held up before the public as a true example of the Catholic Church. Alas! It is sad indeed, nevertheless it is a fact. Even the pure, devout, self-denying Catholic sisters do not escape the slanderous tongues of the narrow-minded. The Catholic sisterhoods are a living example of self-sacrificing devotion to God. I, or any one, will never be able to give them all the praise and reverence due them.

**Sin of Prejudice.**

The great Archbishop Ireland, in his book, "The Church and Modern Society," has said: "May religious bitterness be forever banished from the land. Differ we do, differ we most likely shall on matters of religion. Need we on that account be at war with one another and forget the duties imposed by justice and charity? Why not assume that others are just as honest as we are and just as loyal to conscience as we are? Never should we attribute to others thoughts that they disavow, sentiments that they abhor. Never should we do unto others that which we would not wish them to do unto us."

A few Sundays ago I attended with a friend an Epworth League meeting at the Methodist Episcopal church. Let me state, here, that immediately after the singing of the first hymn, an article was read by a member of the league, vilifying the Catholic religion. And another of like kind, followed.

I do not know whether or not the whole evening was taken up with abuse of the Catholic Church (for I did not remain longer). But I do know that I carried away with me from that meeting wholly different feelings from those with which I had entered.

Many Protestants are as ignorant of the Catholic religion as a new-born babe, but their minds have been so poisoned from babyhood that they are ready to believe anything of the hated Catholicism. I know this to be a fact.

When a child I attended the Sunday schools, respectively, of the Baptist, Congregational and Presbyterian churches, and later a Methodist school, where the students were required to be present at a series of revivals. Following this, I became a member of the Congregational

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Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated. The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans: (1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years. (2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother. (3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon said land.

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# At Last

"O spotless maiden, hail to thee," rang out in rich, full tones from the music-room. Joseph Harrington paused on the stairs to listen. Never had he heard a voice so sweet, and he wondered who the singer could be. It was one of the last rehearsals for the Vincentian Hospital benefit concert. Joseph had come in late, and was on his way to Father Stephen's room for a book he had left there.

There had been much confusion this last week, caused by the sudden illness of the soprano. The manager had despaired of finding a substitute so late in an hour.

Evidently they had at last succeeded, and Joe Harrington was more than glad of the golden promise in that rare young voice. They had all worked too hard for this concert to see it a failure.

He entered the music room a little curious to see the new acquisition. Smiles greeted him on all sides, for he was a general favorite. Smiling in return, he glanced from face to face, seeking the stranger. When he found what he sought he caught his breath in sharp surprise.

Over by the organ, facing him, a tall, slender girl was standing, listening attentively to the instructions of the organist. Her face was as rarely lovely as some pictured saint, a clear-cut oval in its frame of dark hair. But it was not her beauty alone which so caught and held the attention. There looked from those sad, clear eyes a white young soul, troubled, but unsullied.

A low prelude on the organ and that voice rang out again, filling the room with its thrilling sweetness.

"O spotless maiden, hail to thee, who deign'st our guiding star to be." The breathless hush was the best applause. The face of the singer was lifted up, and her eyes saw some lovely vision. "To point to heaven's felicity."

As the last low Ave Maria died softly away the listeners came back to earth with a sigh.

After the rehearsal Joseph Harrington was presented to the fair young singer, and talked with her a while. To his surprise, he found that she was not a Catholic. She had been educated at Immaculate Conception Academy, she said, and to that fact was due her presence there that evening.

To his cousin, Sister Ignatia, teacher of music at the academy, Father Stephen had written of his dilemma about a soprano for the concert. Sister Ignatia had told him of this old pupil of hers, who had graduated some years before, and whose home was but a short distance from St. John's Cathedral.

Mary Kingsley proved to be an earnest, eager worker, as anxious for the success of the concert as those who had been interested from the first.

During the rehearsals and in the days that followed Joseph Harrington met her frequently. As he came to know her better he found that the admiration he felt from the first was more than justified. Her beauty of face was no mere accidental physical perfection, but the outward semblance of the beauty within.

There was a nameless, mysterious something about her which he found himself constantly trying to solve. She was so frankly fond of pleasure, so girlishly gay and light-hearted, yet reserved and quaintly dignified. But it was not that, either. It was an unattractive something, a fleeting expression, a look in her eyes, now there, now gone, puzzling, baffling.

Her voice as he had first heard it rang ever in his ears. He had heard others sing that Ave Marie, but no one else put into it that indefinable expression of childlike confidence and loving tenderness that made it a veritable prayer.

He never saw her look quite so lovely as she did when she sang that song. He asked her once what it was she saw that made her face light up and her eyes grow bright. "Is it some girlish dream of 'heaven's felicity'?" She smiled and shook her head. Her answer was so puzzling as everything else about her.

"I see a little convent chapel, dimly lit and shadow-filled; a flower-bedded shrine and a statue of a lovely, slender woman, crowned with stars, a crescent moon beneath her feet. I sing to her. Do you know, Mr. Harrington, no flowers have ever withered so sweet as the flowers that bloom in her shrine. Their fragrance comes such as I sing."

"But you are not a Catholic, Miss Kingsley."

"No," slowly, was it regretfully? And there came into her eyes that look he could not understand. Words failed before it, and for a time they were silent. Then they spoke of other things. He would not force her confidence.

Suddenly one day he realized that he loved her. She had not been out of his thoughts since that evening he entered the music room, seeking the owner of that lovely voice.

When he asked her to marry him and she accepted he half hoped that she would speak of their difference of religion, but she did not. Looking into those pure, earnest eyes, he was willing to wait, confident that in a short time there would be no difference.

When he spoke of his religion he found no occasion for argument or dispute. Mary listened attentively, sometimes eagerly, and seemed as conversant with the subject as he was.

He often thought that she was going to surprise him by telling him she was already a Catholic, but their wedding day passed and his hope was unrealized.

Nor did she avail herself of the many opportunities that presented themselves during the first five years of her married life. Her home life was peaceful and happy, but she herself was often restless and discontented. She tried to conceal it from her husband, but his loving eyes saw more than she thought.

So it was that when a mission was given at St. John's in the September of the fifth year after they were married he urged her more than was his wont to attend the exercises. She put him off from day to day, and when the night of the closing exercises came was apparently still indifferent.

He found it hard to leave her alone that evening, lingering as long as he could, hoping to the last moment that she would change her mind. She felt the silent pleading in his parting kiss, and when he was gone sank down for a moment into the nearest chair in an abandon of bitter thought.

All about her were the evidences of his care for her comfort, luxuries even, that he delighted in giving her. What were all these to a troubled spirit?

Across the gloomy silence stole the sound of a bell, ringing out its tuneful summons from the tower of St. John's. Mary arose hastily and went to the piano. Her fingers ran rapidly over the keys in an accompaniment, and she tried to sing. It was no use. The words ended in a sob. Rising again, she paced up and down the room. Suddenly the signs of struggle vanished from her face, replaced by the calm of decision. Hastily donning her wraps, she hurried to the church.

She entered and sank breathless into the last pew, just as her husband began to sing the "Veni Creator." She listened with mingled feelings of pride and pleasure to his rich baritone, and the words of the hymn had a new meaning for her.

"What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Mary started. She leaned forward and drank in eagerly the words of the priest. She forgot the crowds of people about her, forgot all things save the burning message straight from the lips of the speaker to her own heart. It was no flowery flight of eloquence, but an earnest, forceful appeal from a true soldier of Christ. Behind his words lay the strength of a life lived in the manner he presented to his hearers as the only one worth while.

Mary Harrington's doubts and fears fell away from her, and her restlessness and agitation were stilled to a firm and holy purpose.

As Joseph came down the stairs from the choir loft, still thrilled with the beauty of the service just concluded, his eyes fell on an upturned face in the outstaring crowd below—the beautiful, eager face of his wife.

With a little cry of surprise he hurried to her.

"Mary, you here—alone?"

"Take me to him, Joseph, now, this very night. I must speak to him."

"Take you to whom, dear—to—?" he began doubtfully.

"To that priest who preached. It is not too late. Don't you think we can see him to-night?"

Wondering, but rejoicing, he led

the way to the sacristy. They found that Father Casgrain had gone to the rectory, so they followed and in a few moments he joined them in the reception room.

Mary found his presence as inspiring as his words had been, and the silence of years was broken.

She told him that she had known the Catholic Church to be the true one since she was a girl at school, but had not had the strength to put her belief into practice.

Seeing the look of surprise on her husband's face, and the very evident interest of the priest, she told at once the story of what had so long been her heart's secret.

"I shall have to go back many years to make clear to you both the influences and circumstances that have shaped my life.

"You have often heard me speak, Joseph, of the time our home, up to that so happy, was broken up by my father's disappearance. He had gone to California, the gold fever being then at its height. He had great hopes of increasing his fortune.

"For a time we heard from him regularly, then suddenly his letters ceased. All mother's efforts to learn of his whereabouts were fruitless. She was heartbroken. I was only twelve, but I remember it all as if it were but yesterday.

"That my sister Angela and myself might not be neglected during the many times mother was necessarily absent from home, she placed us at Immaculate Conception Academy.

"What a terrifying mystery those words were to my youthful imagination—Immaculate Conception." Then half to herself: "And the unutterable beauty of the solution.

"Those years at the convent were peaceful and happy, as well as momentous ones, for me. I used to wonder sometimes why my mother sent us there. I knew from things I had heard them say that both my parents were prejudiced against the Catholic religion.

"I was a dreamy, romantic child, given to weaving stories about every incident of my daily life. The idea that I had been sent to the convent for some special purpose, yet unexplained, became a favorite theme with me. Little did I guess in those days what the real purpose was.

"When I was told that a statue I much admired in the chapel was

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Do not be humbugged into taking something the unscrupulous druggist says is just as good.

Mrs. Ed. Stringer, Hemmingford, Que., says: "I have used Dr. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY with excellent results. I always keep it in the house as it is the best cure for Diarrhoea that can be had.

that of the Immaculate Conception, I went there frequently and knelt at the shrine as the other girls did. It seemed the best place to study out all that so puzzled me.

"That shrine and the lovely statue had a peculiar fascination for me. Particularly did I love to be alone there at dusk.

"Gradually things that had seemed so mysterious were mysteries no longer. I read and studied every book I could find that treated of the religion practised by those about me.

"And it was in that dear old convent chapel, about a year before I graduated, that my last doubt fell away, and I saw with the clear light of faith. How happy I was—for a time.

"Then came temptation. I tried a thousand times to tell Sister Superior to write my mother, but ever my courage failed me. Oh, I have been such a coward!

"When mother came to visit us and I looked at her sad face, I told myself that I would be an ungrateful daughter to repay all her kindness by adding to her sorrow. She had lost one dear one; it would kill her to lose another. From her point of view, I would indeed be lost to her. That I ascertained by judicious questioning.

"It never seemed to occur to her that Angela or I could in any way be influenced by our surroundings. She had not the faintest notion of the real truth. Nor indeed has she to this day:

"You see, I have been weakness myself.

"My last days at the convent were comparatively happy, for I had convinced myself that once at home I would tell mother all and be baptized, whatever happened.

"But when that time came I had less strength than before. None of our friends were Catholic, and I dreaded the curiosity and ridicule that I fancied my change of religion would excite.

"Mother's careworn face and absorption in her sorrow was a constant reminder of our peculiar loss. I longed with all my heart to do something to restore her happiness. Daily it became more difficult to do that which my conscience kept urging, for I thought it might banish all hope of happiness from her.

"I used to put my hands over my ears to shut out the sounds of the bell of St. John's ringing for services. To me those deep tones said, 'He that loveth father and mother more than me, let him come to me, over and over again, as the bell at the convent used to do.

"One day I happened to be passing the church, and could not resist the impulse to enter. I went to Our Lady's altar and wept out all my bitterness at her feet.

"Memories of the old days came over me, and I prayed as I had not prayed since then. I recalled the novenas made at the convent before special feasts or for particular requests.

"In a sudden access of fervor I resolved to make a novena for my father's return. I promised that if within a month from the day the novena closed he was restored to us, or if we heard something definite concerning him, I would make an open profession of the faith in my heart.

**Stomach Troubles**  
of Long Standing  
When Doctors' Treatment Failed  
this Severe Case was  
entirely Cured by  
**DR. CHASE'S**  
**KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS**

Doctors failed to cure Mr. De Courcy because they were satisfied to treat the stomach instead of getting at the cause of the trouble in the liver and bowels.

The most complicated and deep-seated digestive troubles yield to Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, because of their direct and combined action on the liver, kidneys and bowels. We are continually receiving such letters as the following in regard to the failure of mere stomach treatment:—

Mr. Patrick De Courcy, Midgell, lot 40, P.E.I., writes:—"For some time I had stomach trouble, and was scarcely able to do anything at all. I was treated by doctors, but they did not seem to do me much good. A friend advised me to try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and I did so, to very great advantage, for my old trouble has disappeared, and, though past middle age, I feel young and hearty again. I have great confidence in Dr. Chase's medicine."

Another interesting case of liver derangements and stomach troubles is that described in this letter:

Mrs. James Montheith, Saurin, Simcoe County, Ont., writes:—"I have used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for liver complaint, biliousness and terrible sick headaches, and have found that they are more effective than any treatment I ever tried. They cleanse the system thoroughly, remove the cause of pains and aches, and make you feel fresh and strong again. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are also excellent for stomach troubles."

By means of their direct and specific action on the liver—causing a healthful flow of bile—they regulate and soothe the action of the bowels and ensure good digestion in the intestines. At the same time they stimulate the kidneys in their work of filtering poisons from the blood.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all druggists, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto.

WHEN YOU ASK FOR  
**SURPRISE**  
A PURE  
**HARD SOAP.**  
INSIST ON RECEIVING IT.

"Well, the nine days' prayer was said, and in perfect confidence I waited the answer.

"You know, Joseph, for you have heard it often, the story of my father's return, but you don't know that that Sunday evening of his coming home was the last day of the month following the close of my novena. Neither could you imagine that the wife you think so brave could be such a coward in an hour like that.

"When I realized that it was really father, when I saw mother in his arms, her dear, pale face lit up with joy, my first thought was one of intense gratitude that my prayer was answered. Then I remembered my promise. All my happiness vanished. How could I break up that home a second time? I asked myself that question in bitter anguish a thousand times in the days that followed.

"Then, to still my torturing conscience, I took a foolish step. I induced Angela to become an Episcopalian, and we were received into that church. It was the next thing to the Catholic Church, I told myself, but it was no use. I was more miserable than ever.

"I went into society more than formerly, and was very gay. People thought I was happy because of father's return. Oh, if they could have known how wretched I was!

"It was about that time that Father Stephen asked me to sing at the Vincentian benefit concert. And then, Joseph, I met you.

"When I knew that you loved me—it seemed so wonderful. I told myself that God had wanted me to wait for this; that I would not worry that it was according to His will that things had so happened.

"In all my life I was never so happy as I was in those days just before we were married. They were golden days, full of golden promise for both. Yours have all been kept, Joseph, but mine—mine—" She dropped her head on her folded arms with a tearful sob. Her husband was at her side in an instant, consoling arms about her. Father Casgrain wisely left them alone for a while.

"Joseph," she said brokenly, "can you ever care for me again after tonight?"

"My darling, how can you ask? Have you not been the dearest, sweetest wife that ever man had? You used to puzzle me so when I first knew you, Mary, but since we have been married, since the years have drawn us closer together, I have read more of your thoughts than you have guessed. Mother has prayed so hard for you, dearest. I think that she, too, understands something of what has been troubling you. You are very dear to her, sweetheart."

"You have been so good to me, both of you, so beautifully good and kind."

When she was calm again, and Father Casgrain had returned, she told what remained of her story.

"When we were married I found, to my grief and despair, that the habit of concealment and delay was too strong to break. There was the dread, too, of having my husband know what a weakling I was.

"Then Our Blessed Lady once more held out a beckoning hand, and I did not follow.

"You remember, Joseph, the time I was so ill, and you all thought I could not possibly live. Your mother had sprained her ankle, and so could not come to me. But she sent her own scapulars, and told the nurse to put them on me. Mary will take care of you," was her message. And she did. In that hour the crisis was safely passed, and I came back to life—and to my old ways.

"And why did I change to-night? I don't know, except that suddenly extraordinary strength was given me.

"When my husband had gone to the church, father, I tried to put away all thoughts of the mission and think of him alone. But my thoughts could not but follow him,

and they led me here again and again. Then the bell rang out with the old dreaded reiteration. I tried to sing, to drown the sound, but it was no use.

"I felt an unutterable longing to be where Joseph was, to be with him always. There came a sudden terror, a fierce conviction that we should not be together through eternity; that he alone would be saved. Then I fled to the church. The manner of my going I cannot remember. You see, it was human love which led me, after all."

"Thank God, my child, that it has led you to Him at last. And you wish to be baptized—"

"As soon as possible, father: tomorrow if I may. I will not be content till that is accomplished. I have put it off so long."

All arrangements being made, Joseph and Mary, too unutterably happy for words, went out into the dim, deserted church, to kneel for a while before the altar, where long ago Mary made the promise that was to be fulfilled at last.—Anna Ceolla Doyle, in the New World.

No Alcohol in it—Alcohol on any other volatile matter which would impair strength by evaporation does not in any shape enter into the manufacture of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Nor do climatic changes affect it. It is as serviceable in the Arctic Circle as in the Torrid Zone, perhaps more useful in the higher latitudes, where man is more subject to colds from exposure to the elements.

## Struggling Infant Mission.

IN THE DIOCESE OF NORTHAMPTON, FAKENHAM, NORFOLK ENGLAND.

Where is Mass said and benediction given at present? IN A GARRET, the use of which I get for a rent of ONE SHILLING per week.

Average weekly Collection...3s 6d.

No endowment whatever, except HOPE. Not a great kind of endowment, you will say, good reader. Ah, well! Who knows? Great things have, as a rule, very small beginnings. There was the stable of Bethlehem, and God's hand is not shorted, I HAVE hopes. I have GREAT hopes that this latest Mission, opened by the Bishop of Northampton, will, in due course, become a great mission.

Best outside help is, evidently, necessary. Will it be forthcoming? I have noticed how willingly the CLIENTS OF ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA readily come to the assistance of poor, struggling Priests. May I not hope that they will, too, cast a sympathetic and pitying eye upon me in my struggle to establish an outpost of the Catholic Faith in this—so far as the Catholic Faith is concerned—barren region? May I not hope, good reader, that you, in your zeal for the progress of that Faith, will extend a helping hand to me? I cry to you with all earnestness to come to my assistance. You may not be able to do much; but you CAN DO LITTLE. Do that little which is your power, for God's sake, and with the other "littles" that are done I shall be able to establish this new Mission firmly.

DON'T TURN A DEAF EAR TO MY URGENT APPEAL.

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

ARTHUR.

Bishop of Northampton.  
Address—Father H.W. Gray, Hampton Road, Fakenham, Norfolk, England.

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

This new Mission will be dedicated to St. Anthony of Padua.

**FACTORY.**

**PROPERTY—Established 1856; Incorporated 1840. Meets in 29 St. Alexander's street, on the first Monday of the month last Wednesday.**

Rev. Director P.F. President, 1st Vice-President, 2nd Vice, E. W. Durack; Secretary, W. J. Secretary, T. P.

A. & B. 30. The second Sunday in St. Patrick's street, at 3.30 of Management all on the first month, at Rev. Jas. Kilbride, J. P. Gunning; Donnell, 412 St.

A, BRANCH 26. November, 1883. 's Hall, 92 St. every 2nd and each month for businesses, at Killoran; Char- Killoran; Char- Killoran; Char- Killoran; Char-

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