



The English Education Question.

SPEECH OF MR. BLAKE.

London, May 9.—Speaking in the course of the great debate on the Education Bill to-night in the House of Commons, Mr. Blake said: I may excuse myself for addressing the House by saying that I happen to have a somewhat prolonged experience upon this subject. For forty sessions, in three Legislatures, in different countries, I have witnessed and taken some part in the discussion of problems which arise in their concrete form by the association of a Protestant majority with a Roman Catholic minority. Long ago I found and took my ground upon general principles, and having adhered to that ground I was rather pained when I heard from the lips of the Minister of Education the other day a statement with reference to

the State. He seemed to have forgotten that, after all, the parent is a member of the State, and has contributed to the taxes of the State (cheers), has contributed to the rates and that it is out of his taxes and his rates that the State is maintaining the system of education, whatever it may be, which is made compulsory upon the parent. He calls not for a subsidy, but claims that he shall be assisted to perform the duty which the State has made compulsory and which the State has undertaken to perform according to its own fashion. In the debate of 1902 my hon. friend, the member for East Mayo, made

A COURAGEOUS AND MEMORABLE SPEECH.

He then pointed out that as an inevitable consequence of the measure a share of the public control would be demanded, and would be obtained, as the result of the system of public and compulsory education propounded in the Bill. The hon. member for East Mayo proposed an amendment in the direction of parental rights, but his voice was not listened to by those for whose interests the Bill of 1902 was passed. But, nevertheless, his voice spoke the truth, for we are now face to face with the position which has been rendered inevitable by concrete facts. A situation was created by the Bill of 1902 which has to be met and dealt with to-day, and therefore the hon. member for East Mayo's views has to-day been verified. It was, however, not so much the simple proposition, but it is the extent, the character, and the methods of interference and the inadequacy of the safeguards, in respect of which, we believe, the Bill is fundamentally vicious, and will trench unwarrantably on the rights of the minority for whom we speak. I am going to confine my remarks to some of the aspects of Clause 4 and the proposed alteration to a compulsory form which the right hon. gentleman deprecated most emphatically, while at the same time he averred that he did not believe it would make a difference in a single school, which meant that in every school area the clause would be put into operation. If it would be put into operation voluntarily what objection is there to making it clear and plain? If that is going to happen everywhere why not make it the law? We are strongly of opinion that it is essential to the security of the minority, which in various parts of the country will have to fight these battles under the protection of this clause that

THAT PROTECTION SHOULD BE MADE ABSOLUTELY OPERATIVE.

We believe this to be no less important to the whole community. We believe that to leave the question whether that clause should come into force or not, to the judgment of each Council or Local Authority which under the clause is to exercise judgment upon the question, would be to throw into the hands of the bigots and zealots and those who delight in religious controversy a firebrand ready to hand to be used for local purposes, for local elections, and this would create difficulties of all descriptions. Nothing could be more injurious to the peace of those communities than to leave this as a wholly permissive clause. In my own country of Canada after struggles of the most desperate character, involving the greatest extremity of bitterness between religious denominations and disturbing the general peace and progress of the country and all political combinations, I rejoice that an agreement was made between those provinces, under which

THE OVERWHELMING CATHOLIC MAJORITY

of one province agreed to respect the rights and sentiments of the minority by making equal laws for each. It was agreed that that should be made a fundamental element of the Constitution. I agree that there are not the same elements of finality. Such as you have you had better use,

and the first of these elements is to determine the initial question, and we know that it means that in the cases in which you determine that there ought to be the right given in certain circumstances that it shall be given. There is the suggested objection that there may be on some of the Local Committees cranks who will object, but whatever strength there is in that argument is infinitesimal compared with the evil of SENDING IT AS A FIREBRAND to the country and the bitter struggles which what you have proposed will create. Do what you think is right, and if you think this is not a right clause then reject it, but if you think it is right and just to the Roman Catholic minority that there should be such a provision, then use all your power to enact it. The view which the President of the Board of Education expressed in introducing this Bill rather added to than relieved my disquietude when the clause was read first, because he said: "I admit it is asking these minorities to trust in the generosity, the equitableness, and the fairness of the local authority." I daresay in many cases that will be justified, but I know not how far those other compliments to which I have referred may arise. The right hon. gentleman said: "Public opinion would view any obstructive withholding of the permissive privilege." What public opinion? The public opinion of the locality? If so, then the difficulty would not arise. Does he mean the public opinion of the public at large to be made operative by discussion in this House and another Act of Parliament? We know the difficulty of passing

AN ACT OF PARLIAMENT TO PROTECT A CATHOLIC MINORITY

against a Protestant majority, and it would not be very readily operative. The right hon. gentleman went on to say: "But they might truly say that it is left to their judgment, even in the case of a four-fifth majority whether or no, and, therefore, in canvassing, in election, in discussion each rural area has this question in its own hands." The right hon. gentleman also pointed out that although he believed in justice and generosity, the question was really in their own hands, and that it was for them in their own individual cases and with reference to their own community to judge and decide. Those difficulties that I felt and which I now entertain have been assigned in one sense by the right hon. gentleman's speech to the Jewish deputation, in which he said: "Assuming the provisions of Clause 4 with reference to non-provided schools to be illusory (and, of course, if they were illusory they would benefit more largely than any other body, but it was pointed out that it was not a complete protection, because it was not obligatory on the local authorities to ascertain the facts." So far the right hon. gentleman is accurate. The right hon. gentleman has imposed the duty upon the local authorities to make local inquiry for the purpose of ascertaining the facts—namely, the percentage of persons of one persuasion as compared with another. "If four-fifths of the parents of the children desire facilities it was an obligation upon the local authorities." These are ambiguous words. I don't know what obligation the right hon. gentleman means. "Of course," said Mr. Birrell, "the local authority, if so minded, might disregard the fair intention of the statute and obstinately hold aloof from doing anything further." Now, sir, the right hon. gentleman acknowledges that may happen. He has described his interpretation of the statute. It is the fair intention of the statute in any case in which the conditions prescribed by the Fourth Clause are found to exist, the local authority shall agree, then

WHAT IS THE DIFFICULTY

in saying that they shall agree? (Irish cheers). "He would take care," added Mr. Birrell, "that their view that a statutory obligation should be imposed upon the local authority to do its duty was put before his colleagues," and he went on to point out that there was some difficulty in dealing with local authorities, and he did not know what the remedy would be, and so on. If

the right hon. gentleman, with all the authority he has, and all the authority he may ask Parliament to invest him with—if this Imperial Parliament is unable to deal with the local authorities, how does he expect the poor Roman Catholics to deal with the Protestant majority in the locality affected? Then the right hon. gentleman said: "It was hard to believe that any great local authority could be so bigoted as to disregard this statutory duty, he would not say obligation, imposed upon them for the education of the country." Well, if it is a statutory duty

LET US MAKE IT PLAIN

it is a statutory duty. That is all we ask. Make it clear that it is what the right hon. gentleman describes it to be. If it is a statutory duty then they have to perform it. The right hon. gentleman at present left it to their free decision whether they should perform it or not. "He believes that no local authority would refuse to Jews, Roman Catholics or Churchmen the full advantages of the Parliamentary grant which Parliament intended them to receive. At the same time there was considerable substance in this point, and he would give it careful consideration." I am sure that the consideration has been given to this point, and I hope that the communication which the right hon. gentleman said he would make to his colleagues has been made, and we will be greatly relieved if we learn that this clause is to be made mandatory instead of permissive. The right hon. gentleman went on to deal with the question of the teachers. I am not, at this moment, dealing with that point. I am now dealing with the question whether Clause 4 should be mandatory or permissive, and I submit to the House that in the interest of the local authorities, in the interest of the Roman Catholic minorities, in the interests of the peace of the country, it is desirable not to draw this bone of contention into every place in which the clause may be applicable; but if Parliament has decided that it is the duty of the local authorities, on certain conditions, to use the clause, to make that plain and clear by stating it in the enactment (cheers). I now come to

THE PERCENTAGE LIMIT.

The number in each school is not shown, and we have only general results, of which we can only produce the average. The only true thing to say of the average is that it does not properly represent any one actual case. We cannot tell in how many of the schools there may be a quota above or below four-fifths, and the same observation may be made of the population limit of 5000. These are considerations that require careful study before they can be exhaustively discussed. I only mention them as considerations which it is necessary to take into account before we can realize the real importance, either of the percentage limit or the population limit suggested. To my mind, and I say it at once, the percentage limit appears to be too high. Again, as to

THE EXCLUSION OF RURAL AREAS.

I see no reason for the exclusion of rural areas. There exists a provision for the necessity of establishing a convenient possibility of access to another school as an element for the application of the fourth clause, and that convenience is bound to be ascertained by the local authority. If the convenience is not available in the rural area it will exclude the rural area, just as it excludes the urban, but if it is available in the rural area, then I see no reason why the rural area should be specially excluded from the operation of the clause. It seems as if the exclusion, as well as useless. It seems

A RESTRAINT WITHOUT ANY REASON AT ALL

for it. I, at all events, see no reason for it. Then I hold that there is as necessary an element of considerable importance in the question of the census proportion. It is known that the working population of this country includes, perhaps, more than their proportion of the Irish population.

Late Rev. Patrick O'Donnell.

(By Rev. John Roe, P.P., Harbor Main, in St. Bonaventure's Adelpham.)

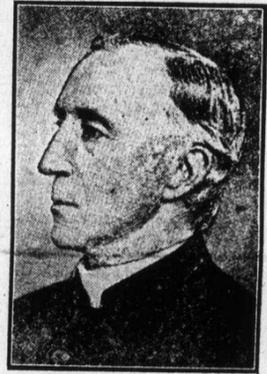
When it became known that the Rev. Patrick O'Donnell's life was ebbing fast away, and that the losing year would probably see his soul wing its flight, a wave of sympathy passed over the entire community, and his devoted friends were plunged in grief. The rev. gentleman's health had been failing for some years, but he still continued to labor on in the Master's service till death put a period to his career. It may be truly said that he died in harness—the last of the noble Old Guard—mort sur le champ d'honneur.

He breathed his last on January 16th of the current year at Dr. Jones' residence at Avondale, surrounded by friends for whom it was a labor of love to minister to his wants, both spiritual and temporal. The subject of this short obituary notice, the Rev. Patrick O'Donnell, P.P., of Harbor Main, was born of pious Catholic parents, on St. Patrick's Day, at Cahir, in the county Tipperary, Ireland, in the year 1837.

Rev. Mother Bernard of Witless Bay, Three nices in Newfoundland also joined the religious life, besides a large number of relatives of both sexes in other countries.

Among the many virtues which adorned the priestly character of the subject of this brief sketch, devotion to the interests of others was most remarkable; he was the most unselfish of men; he never regarded his own interests; he was generous to a fault, the soul of hospitality, and therecorded angel only can number his benefactions to the poor. It is not to be wondered at, then, that, notwithstanding his forty-two years in the ministry, he died penniless, his share of this world's goods was nil.

The obsequies were held at the parish church at Harbor Main, where a large concourse assembled, many of them from distant points: Right Rev. Monsignor Walsh, V.G., P.P., Brigus, was the celebrant of the Mass; Rev. William Veitch, P.P., Conception, deacon; and Rev. John March, C.C., Harbor Grace, sub-deacon. In the sanctuary were: Ven. Archdeacon C. H. O'Neill, of



REV. PATRICK O'DONNELL.

After a preparatory training in the local schools he was sent to the famous Trappist Monastery at Mount Melleray, in the County Waterford, where he acquired that exquisite taste for ancient classical literature for which he was so remarkable, and where his young heart was guided along the paths of piety by those good masters of the spiritual life. From Melleray he graduated to St. Patrick's College, Carlow. He came to Newfoundland in 1861 and entered St. Bonaventure's College, where he completed his course, and he was ordained by the Most Rev. John Thomas Mullock, O.S.F., in 1863.

His first appointment was to the parish of Harbor Main, which then included Holyrood and Conception, and in that parish he spent almost the whole forty-two years of his missionary career. He was assigned curate to the Very Rev. Kyrnan Walsh, P.P., V.G., and he continued in that capacity till the latter's death, Sept. 4th, 1868, when one of his own brothers, Very Rev. Jeremiah O'Donnell, was appointed P.P. of Harbor Main. Father Pat., as he was affectionately called, continued curate with Father Jeremiah until the latter's retirement from active duty in 1882, when, taking charge of half the parish, he removed to Conception, whilst Rev. J. V. Donnelly, the present respected incumbent of Bay de Verde, took charge of the remaining half with a residence at Holyrood. When Father Jeremiah surrendered the parish in 1884, he retired to Conception, where he resided with Father Pat. until his death in 1891. Father Pat. was appointed P.P. of Harbor Main later on, and so continued until the date of his lamented demise, January 16th, 1906.

The O'Donnell family was remarkable for the number and excellence of the members it gave to the services of religion. There were four brothers priests: Fathers Jeremiah, Richard, David and Patrick; and two sisters nuns: the late Rev. Mother Joseph of Renewals and the present

the Cathedral, St. John's; Revs. J. McGrath, P.P., Bell Isle; J. McDermot, C.C., St. John's; C. McCarthy, C.C., Witless Bay; J. V. Donnelly, P.P., Bay de Verde; J. Murphy, P.P., Holyrood, and J. Roe, P.P., Harbor Main. Dr. Murphy acted as Master of Ceremonies. After the Communion Archdeacon O'Neill delivered an able discourse on the life and labors of the deceased. He was listened to with rapt attention; tears were shed and prayers wafted to the throne of mercy in response to the eloquent words of the preacher, as he portrayed the noble qualities of him whose soul had "crossed the bar." The absolution followed, after which the coffin was lowered to its last resting place beneath the floor of the church, beside the remains of two predecessors, Revs. Kyrnan Walsh and Jas. Browne, and all was over.

The world is round me now, but sad and single I stand amid the throng with whom I mingle; Not one of all who can be to me The bosom treasure I have lost in thee.

—Mangan. True, the Christian religion points to fairer regions, where blissful scenes await the faithful soul, where tears are dried and the miseries of life lost in the beatific vision. Yet, the aching void, the rooted sorrow too deep for utterance, remain a heritage of woe to the bereaved ones. "Not all the preaching since Adam can make death other than death." When the gentle Jesus stood before the open tomb of his friend Lazarus, his tear-dimmed eyes bespoke the sorrow which filled His Sacred Heart. And Jesus wept. A sublime passage—God weeping over His dead friend! We sorrow, then, for our dear departed, but it is not the Gentle sorrow which knows no hope—we shall meet again.

May the soul of Rev. P. O'Donnell, and all the faithful souls departed, through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

A large amount of so-called haughtiness among children may be accounted for upon grounds which quite exclude the desirability of punishment for its correction, says a writer in the London Lancet. It may be due to the fact that the child has had insufficient sleep or is overtired after a long day's excitement.

Children may be restless or restive as the direct result of being undertired. They may have been confined at home for the whole day owing to the inclemency of the weather, and as a consequence the only apparent outlet for their restrained physical energy is found by annoying those who have charge of them.

There are also some cases in which an incipient physical or mental disorder may manifest itself by symptoms which very strongly resemble wilful perversity unless the possibility of the onset of an illness is borne in mind. It is notorious that ill-timed punishment in these cases at times has precipitated a severe attack. Stuttering and shyness are also likely to be aggravated by being noticed. A deaf child is often inattentive and has been occasionally classed among the mentally defective.

It has been said that many children have been punished for the faults of their teachers. This is undoubtedly true when such faults exhibit themselves as a continually close atmosphere in the schoolroom or a prolonged strained and cramped attitude of the pupil's body while he is seated at work. Frequent periods of exercise in the open air are essential in order to arouse the circulation and to stimulate the mind if a mischievous disposition is to be combated.

LIVING IN MASQUERADE.

"Didn't you have a pleasant time at Cousin Maria's?" the grand mother was asked when she returned several days earlier than was expected from a long talk of visit. "Yes, oh, yes," but she breathed a little sigh of relief as she looked about her at the home belongings. Everything was nice at Maria's, and she and the girls as kind and hearty as could be, but it was all a front-door sort of life—just stud'ing' how things would look from the front door—and seemed like I wanted to get home again. I didn't mind sleepin' on a bed that had looked like a piano all day, nor keepin' my clothes in a box that was rigged up for a sofa, nor eatin' my meals from a table that slid out from what looked like a fire-place—yo see, they live in a flat, and Maria says all them things is conveniences; I s'pose they are. But both boys and girls work downtown, and when Anna packed her patterns and dress-making tools into something that looked like a music stool, and Lidv put up her dinner in a box that looked for all the world like a camera, seemed 'sif I'd got into a place where I didn't belong. I wanted to get back where things are real; where good, honest work ain't a thing to be ashamed of, and the food it earns is a blessin' to be thankful for."

A GOOD EYE WASH.

A good eyewash is made by simply dissolving a teaspoonful of boric acid in a pint of water that has been boiled. Strain and keep closely bottled. Sop the eyes with it morning and night and several times during the day, pouring a little in a saucer and applying it with a bit of clean, soft old linen. Always use a fresh rag and pour out fresh wash from the bottle every time you bathe your eyes, or buy an eye-cup in any drug store. This is invaluable. The eyes are a very important part of the face. Handsome eyes will make an otherwise homely face attractive.

HER CONFIDANT.

As one grows older it seems harder and harder to enter into the play

and fancies of the children around us, even if they are our very own. There are mothers who have such busy lives that any exertion that is not absolutely necessary is really an impossibility, but many are too lazy mentally and physically to keep in touch with their children, mothers who walk aloof that their children do not give them their confidence.

No child who had absolute confidence in her mother ever went very far wrong.

One cannot help being struck by the lack of sympathy between the average mother and daughter or father and son, especially as the children grow up, and the fault seems to be largely with the parents. They are so apt to be the parents, not the friends and companions to whom the children would go with even the silliness of youth and have them received as such, not as things of lasting importance, and to be referred to again and again after they have passed and are sinking into oblivion.

"Oh, I can't tell mother anything, she lays so much stress, so much importance, on every trifle, and never forgets it or lets me. I wish I had a mother I could tell things to," is the cry one hears continually from schoolgirls.—New York Press.

RECIPES.

Dundee Marmalade.—Wash the oranges and slice thin, peel the fruit, removing the seeds. To each dozen oranges add a bitter Seville orange and the juice of a lemon. Cover with cold water in an earthen dish, and let them stand over night. Boil gently the following day until the rind is entirely tender; then add a pound of sugar for each pint of fruit and boil until transparent. It should form a firm jelly.

Boiled Fish Sandwiches.—You may find it hard to believe that sandwiches made from boiled fish are good, but if when you have a bit of boiled halibut left from dinner you make a few for luncheon or tea you will find them very good. The fish should of course have the flavor that comes from boiling it in salted water with a bouquet of vegetables—say a slice of onion, a stalk of celery or a spring of parsley and half a dozen peppercorns. Break up the fish with a fork; then take a wooden spoon and rub it as fine as possible. Make it into a seasoned paste by adding a fourth of a pint of sweet cream, a tablespoonful of salt, a saltspoonful of white pepper or paprika and at the very last and gradually a tablespoonful of lemon juice. This amount of seasoning is for one and a half pounds of fish. Cut your bread very thin, spread the slices with a little butter and then with the fish. Lay between the slices before putting the two together a small, tender lettuce leaf.

Egg Plant Salad.—Slice the contents of an eggplant in very thin pieces and cut them into dice. Put them into a bowl with a teaspoonful of salt; mix well; place a weight over them, and keep in the ice-box for two hours. Dust another teaspoonful of salt inside the eggplant to draw the water out, and keep it on ice also. Meantime prepare these ingredients: Cut into small dice some canned tunny fish, sliced one stalk of crisp celery, add four finely-chopped hard-boiled eggs and a half-pint of blanched English walnuts. Make a highly-seasoned French dressing, and add the cut-up eggplant wiped dry. Fill the shell of the eggplant with this salad. Decorate the top with some white celery leaves.

FUNNY SAYINGS

"See here, Aunt Dinah, I sent two brand-new shirts of my husband's to the wash last week, and you have brought only one back. Now, what have you done with the other?" "Yes, Miss Lulu, ma'am, I was coming 'round to the question of dat dar shu't. You knows dat I ain't a pusson dat pretends to one thing and pretends to anudder, so I s'agwine to tell the truf 'bout dat shu't. It was dis-a-way. My ole man he up and died las' week, and de 'Burr'al Sassyist' dey didn't do nothing but covort 'round, an' I naber had anyting to lay dat man out in. So I helps mysef' to dat shu't for a fac'. An, oh, Miss Lulu, honey, I jes' wishes you could had seen how dat nigger sot dat shu't off!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

THE GODLESS WOMAN.

People instinctively shrink from the godless woman, for the godless woman is the one without heart and without affection. There is no light in her. There is no glory. Hers is a cold and rebellious spirit. She is discord in the sweetest harmonies of the universe. She is a wandering star; she is a motionless brook; she is a voiceless bird, the strings of her soul are never touched by the Infinite hand; she knows nothing of the goodness, of the truth, of the beauty of God, and those that love Him. Like the masculine woman, she has no place in the world.

TIMELY HINTS.

To clean bronze, make a stiff paste of powdered chicory and water. The paste is spread over the bronze and rubbed well over the surface by means of a stiff brush (an old stiff tooth-brush will answer), and then allowed to dry on the article. After drying, rinse off the powder with running water and dry in the sun. Cover a grease spot on the matting with French chalk and sprinkle benzine to evaporate and brush off the chalk, when the grease spot will have disappeared.

Those who love the scent of violets should place ground orris-root made into sachets among their linen. To clean and tighten up the cane-work of a chair, scrub it with hot water and soap, first on top and then on the under side of the cane. Turn the chair bottom upwards, that the

cane may be well soaked, and leave in the air to dry. A little turpentine added to the bath water is said to be good for rheumatism. A pinch of salt in a glass of warm water is good for bathing weak or tired eyes.

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A New England school teacher recited to her pupils "The Landing of the Pilgrims," then asked each of them to draw from his imagination a picture of Plymouth Rock. They all started to work except one little fellow, who hesitated, then at length raised his hand. "Well, Willie, what is it?" asked the teacher. "Please, ma'am, do you want us to draw a hen or a rooster?"

Beautiful Homes at Small Cost

Metal Walls and Ceilings mark a distinct advance in interior decoration. They are made in dozens of handsome designs, from the severely plain to the most elaborate. By merely changing the color scheme of painting, the house is re-decorated without any of the inconvenience, and at a small part of the cost, of wall papering. Metal Walls and Ceilings never crack nor peel, stay in perfect condition as long as the house stands, and are absolutely fire-proof. Those who intend to build or remodel their homes are invited to write The Metal Shingle & Siding Co., Limited, Preston, Ont., for a beautifully illustrated book on Art Metal Building Materials. Mention this paper.

HIS MOTHER AND DICKY.

She's a woman with a mission; 'tis her heavenborn ambition to reform the world's condition, you will please to understand.

She's a model of propriety, a leader in society, and has a great variety of remedies at hand. Each a sovereign specific, with a title scientific, for the cure of things morbid that vex the people sore;

For the swift alleviation of the evils of the nation is her foreordained vocation on this sublunary shore. And while thus she's up and coming, always hurrying and humming, and occasionally slumping, this reformer of renown, Her neglected little Dicky, ragged, dirty, tough and tricky, with his fingers soiled and sticky, is the terror of the town.—Tit-Bits.

WASTED MATERIAL.

A little lady—she had seen but four rosy summers—was taking a walk early in the morning recently with her mother, and as the two sauntered along, hand in hand, the attention of the child was attracted to an ash-box which had not been emptied by the dustman that morning, and on which was a full-sized cat asleep, basking in the sunshine. The little girl faltered in her walk, and for a few seconds looked interestedly at the pussy lying asleep. Through her mind was running the thought that anything which found its way to the refuse can was of no value.

"What is it, little girl? What are you thinking about?" asked the mother. "Why, mamma," answered the tot, "there is a perfectly good cat in that ash-box. Why do they throw it away?"

GIVE AND TAKE.

An English statesman on one occasion, when engaged in canvassing, visited a workingman's house, in the principal room of which a pictorial representation of King William, of pious and immortal memory, in the act of crossing the Boyne. The worthy man stared in amazement, and seeing his surprise the voter's wife exclaimed: "Sure, my husband's an Orangeman and I'm a Catholic."

"How do you get on together?" asked the astonished politician. "Very well, indeed, barring the twelfth of July, when my husband goes out with the Orange procession and comes home feeling extry patriotic."

"What then?" "Well, he always takes the Pope down and jumps on him and then goes straight to bed. The next morning I get up early, before he is awake, and take down King William and pawn him and buy a new Pope with the money. Then I give the old man the ticket to get King William out."

The First Sodality of our Lady.

Perhaps the first mention of such a body is found in a letter of the year 1549 to St. Ignatius. This letter was written, in the month of August, from Messina in Sicily by the celebrated Father Nadal, and tells of the formation of a society which much resembled two great bodies of our day, the Sodality of Our Lady and the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. As the letter has in these two connections a distinct interest, we give that portion of it which treats of what seems to have been the first Sodality of Our Lady: "As many as sixty devout persons have joined together seeking to form a society for the help of those confined in prison, and of the poor that are ashamed to beg, and they are asking us for some manner of guidance of themselves and in the said work, and it is seen that they are growing in numbers and strengthening themselves for the glory of our Lord and public edification. "The women are planning also to imitate the men in another similar Sodality."

Probably Father Nadal composed a rule for these societies, but it is unfortunately not extant. Probably too, the societies were really Sodalities of Our Lady, a statement which is justified by the fact that the society first mentioned, as is clear from the date of the letter and its contents, was established either on or shortly after the feast of the Assumption of the Mother of God into heaven.

No doubt it was the example of this body that led another Jewitt Father, Sebastian Cabarral, by Elder Mullan, S.J., in the Ecclesiastical Review.

THE POET'S CORNER

A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD STORY.

(Translated from the French by Mary E. Mannix, for the Ave Maria.)

One came to Philip Neri, head bowed down In self-abasement, striking loud his breast, His eyes bedewed with penitential tears. "Father," he said, "once in an evil hour, Not many days gone by, in jealous hate Of one I judged my enemy to be, I suffered my unhalloved thoughts to frame And tongue to speak a vile smallicious lie. The slander filled its lengthened measure well; Passed him with scornful brows or stood aloof They who of old had been his closest friends, And I rejoiced to see his face grow pale, And his lips tremble as each insult fell. Awfully I hugged the evil spirit close; Revenge was sweet, and hatred held its own. But soon my better angel bent his head, Shedding soft tears upon my hardened heart; Then from these eyes the midnight blindness fell, And in a burst of penitence and pain I saw my crime in all its hideousness; But when I sought to call it home again, Alas! though black and foul it had gone forth I knew it not in very truth for mine, Hailed and caught up and hurled as it had been By eager friends who call such monsters toys— Father, what shall my great atonement be? How can I unto him whom I have wronged, And unto God whose truth I have deformed, Make reparation for this mighty sin?"

One moment paused the saint, his gentle eyes Turned on the culprit with reproachful look, Reproachful, yet compassionate and kind, As sanctity must ever look on sin. At length, with slow and serious voice he said: "My son, go thou into the marketplace, Take thence a bird the archer has brought down, With dead, limp feathers waiting to be plucked; Take these between thy fingers, one by one, Gazing not in thy walk to right or left, Marking not which way this one floats, or that, But still pursuing thy appointed way Until the dead bird in thy hand lies bare; Then backward turning, stooping in thy path, Uplift each tiny feather lying low, Missing not one from out the scattered shower; Then will thy sin return to thee disarmed, Powerless as when its poison lay undrained, Then will thy reparation be complete."

"Father," the penitent replied, aghast, "How giv'at a task to do which mortal man May never compass within mortal bounds? What like a birdling's feathers, airy, light, Weightless upon the heaving, floating breeze? What like the autumn wind as swift

and strong What like that wind to spread itself afar Where sight and touch can reach it nevermore?"

"Thou sayest well," the patient saint replied, "And thus the breath of slander, wafted far Into the market-places of the world, Beareth its scent of plague, its poison touch, On waves that widen and return no more From the vast sea of everlasting death."

Even so, good friends and neighbors everyone, Read we the page, con we its lesson well; And, while we seek its moral otherwhere, Take heed lest haply it may touch ourselves.

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS.

I long for household voices gone. For vanished smiles I long, But God hath led my dear ones on, And He can do no wrong.

I bow my forehead to the dust, I veil my eyes for shame, And urge in trembling self-distrust, A prayer without a claim.

And so beside the silent sea I wait with muffled ear; No harm from Him can come to me On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His Islands lift Their fringed palms in air; I only know I cannot drift Beyond His love and care. —Whittier.

OUR LADY OF GOOD HOPE.

A Woman fair came joyously across the sun-lit hill. "I am," she said, "the dear earth's guest—the Lady of Good Will!"

"Alas!" I cried, "this wilderness is desolate and drear." "No, no," she answered, "not to me, the Lady of Good Cheer!"

"Behold," I said, "the weary hearts that struggle in the grove." "I know them and for them I live, the Lady of Pure Love!"

"But I can only see the sheep on yonder gentle slope." "And One who calls me 'Mary,' said the Lady of Good Hope.

"Art thou indeed the Mother Maid?" I whispered half in prayer, "Dear child," she answered tenderly, and passed me in the air! —Coleta Ryan.

A COMMON PRAYER.

Lord, when the mists lie on my world, And autumn leaves beneath my feet, Or when the war-flag is unfurled, And I am threatened with defeat; When I wait fearfully to see What shall betide me, I lift my heart and hope to Thee— Guard me and guide me.

Lord, when my duties are a host, And clamorous calls my way pursue, When fear and panic judge me lost, Then intervene and help me through. I am not weak, but very strong, With Thee beside me, And prayer is changed to joyous song— Guard me and guide me.

until lately has been regarded as the first Sodality. For it was in the same country of Sicily that this zealous man used to gather together the best of his pupils every Saturday after class to do honor to Our Lady. They engaged in a few devotions and he spoke to them of the greatness and the mercies of their Heavenly Queen and Mother. His example was followed by several of his fellow-teachers. The results in the school were marvelous.

Such was the modest origin of that splendid system which now covers the world, and which, in the words of the great Pontiff, Benedict XIV., "has wrought good untold in all orders and ranks of men."—Rev. Elder Mullan, S.J., in the Ecclesiastical Review.

Useful at All Times.—In winter or in summer Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will cope with and overcome any irregularities of the digestive organs which change of diet, change of residence, or variation of temperature may bring about. They should be always kept at hand, and once their beneficial action becomes known, no one will be without them. There is nothing nauseating in their structure, and the most delicate can use them confidently.

M. Revellat, Mayor of Ladat, in the diocese of Albi, France, has been suspended from his functions because he "excited resistance against the inventory of churches." So, also, has been M. Dubernard, Mayor of Bas.

OUR

Dear Girls and Boys:

How sorry I was to find D's illness! I thought real brave little woman serves very rapid recovery all the nieces and they read her letter with me in hoping that she able to run around again pathize with Mary D. appointment about the of her first communion, seems to take pride in d May altar. Agnes Mc happy interest in nature flowers, birds and her love. Annie O'N. the girl, and takes kind work. Clare speaks of catch a squirrel. I would he would have done with member, little ones, the animals must never be ly. It is mean and con unkind to the tiny angel God's creatures. And Clare should never send a plot. It is not much rewrite it and have the of knowing that it is p sentable. I think Joh start out canvassing for Witness." He says th has to wait until the t the paper to school a aloud to them. That course, that there are s cribers in that section hope John will see his tain subscribers for us give him a good comm fact, any one who does line for us will be well I hope Ethel D. is quit and will be a regular c Why, of course, Harry right in to the corner. the merrier, you know, quite a large family of chickens. Many than exceedingly kind invit some day your venerabl start out on a so-ca tour and visit all o nieces and nephews. Wo be a contract? Josep every time when he horse Kit and speaks of a drive.

Good-bye, dear little Your loving, AUN

Dear Aunt Becky:

It has been a beautiful The men are working and the flowers are all The boys go in their b school now. Last night home from school my I went picking May f two lovely big bunches go gather them every school, and when we co give them to the teach puts them in water. I much pleasanter to live than in town in time. When the days g we do not feel like wor can go to the woods. many beautiful things flowers, the trees, the squirrels. While the sun down its melting rays a scarcely a breath of air are cool and sweet, with grass on which to rest. give a sweet perfume, a are singing very happily all tired feeling away. N a rabbit will run across and the squirrels play seek in the trees. Oh, it is to go to the wood your troubles just for on Well, dear Auntie, I g close with lots of love sins and also yourself. Your loving niece AGN

Lonsdale, May 18.

Dear Aunt Becky:

As it is Friday, I am write again. I had to from school for two day to plant potatoes. I di to Catechism last Sund was raining. I have to to catechism, but my

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys:

How sorry I was to hear of Winnifred D's illness! I think she is a real brave little woman and deserves very rapid recovery. I am sure all the nieces and nephews when they read her letter will join with me in hoping that she soon will be able to run around again. I sympathize with Mary D. in her disappointment about the postponement of her first communion. Winnifred E. seems to take pride in decorating her May altar. Agnes McC. takes a happy interest in nature, the pretty flowers, birds and trees sharing her love. Annie O'N. is a busy little girl, and takes kindly to outdoor work. Clare speaks of trying to catch a squirrel. I wonder what he would have done with it. Remember, little ones, that the dumb animals must never be treated cruelly. It is mean and cowardly to be unkind to the tiny animals, who are God's creatures. Another thing, Clare should never send a letter with a blot. It is not much trouble to rewrite it and have the satisfaction of knowing that it is perfectly presentable. I think John C. might start out canvassing for the "True Witness." He says that his class has to wait until the teacher brings the paper to school and reads it aloud to them. That means, of course, that there are very few subscribers in that section. Now I hope John will see his way to obtain subscribers for us and we will give him a good commission. In fact, any one who does work in this line for us will be well remunerated. I hope Ethel D. is quite well again and will be a regular correspondent. Why, of course, Harry T. can come right in to the corner. The more the merrier, you know. Joseph has quite a large family of goslings and chickens. Many thanks, dear, for exceedingly kind invitation. Perhaps some day your venerable aunt will start out on a so-called pastoral tour and visit all her dear little nieces and nephews. Would that not be a contract? Joseph has me every time when he mentions his horse Kit and speaks of giving me a drive.

Good-bye, dear little ones. Your loving, AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky:

It has been a beautiful week so far. The men are working in the fields and the flowers are all in blossom. The boys go in their bare feet to school now. Last night when I came home from school my brother and I went picking May flowers. We got two lovely big bunches of lilies. We go gather them every Friday at school, and when we come back we give them to the teacher and she puts them in water. I think it is much pleasanter to live in the country than in town in the summer time. When the days get so warm we do not feel like working, and we can go to the woods. There are many beautiful things to see, the flowers, the trees, the birds and the squirrels. While the sun is pouring down its melting rays and there is scarcely a breath of air, the woods are cool and sweet, with the green grass on which to rest. The flowers give a sweet perfume, and the birds are singing very happily. It takes all tired feeling away. Now and then a rabbit will run across by your side and the squirrels play hide and seek in the trees. Oh, how pleasant it is to go to the woods and forget your troubles just for one short day! Well, dear Auntie, I guess I will close with lots of love to all cousins and also yourself. Your loving niece, AGNES McC. Lonsdale, May 18.

Dear Aunt Becky:

As it is Friday, I am going to write again. I had to stay home from school for two days last week to plant potatoes. I did not go to Catechism last Sunday, for it was raining. I have to go a mile to catechism, but my sister and

Aggie McCulloch go with me. We had an awful thunder and lightning storm here last Saturday night. A church near Deseronto was burned. We watched the fire until it was nearly out. We are having very warm weather here those last three days. Our teacher gives a nice book for a present to whoever goes the most days to school. But I did not try, for my mother was sick in the winter and my sister and I had to stay home from school for a while. I guess as my letter is getting rather long I will say good-bye. Your loving niece, ANNIE O'N. Lonsdale, May 18.

Dear Aunt Becky:

Even a little boy like me can find work to do on a farm. I drive the cows to and from the pasture for my father. My cousins and I were coming from putting the cows over in the field and we saw a squirrel up a tree and we tried to get him, but he got away in a stone pile. We thought we would be late for school so we had to leave him. I guess that is all for this time. Your loving nephew, CLARE B. Lonsdale, May 16.

Dear Aunt Becky:

As it is two weeks since I wrote to you I thought I would write again. You must be surprised to get all the letters from this section in a bunch. I will tell you our plan. Whoever intends writing to Aunt Becky writes his or her letter during the week. Friday we bring our letter in an envelope and one cent to school. Then the teacher takes charge of them, putting as many letters as possible in one envelope. By this means we save our coppers and envelopes, and can afford to write very often. As none of us take the paper, the teacher brings it to school and reads all the letters and gives each his letter. But as she does not get the paper till Saturday we have to wait patiently till Monday. So you see, dear Aunt Becky, we have to write before we see our last letters. Saturday evening, May 12, we had a terrible electric storm and I was out in the most of it driving the cows from pasture. I was all wet and when I got home I had to change my clothes. Well, this is getting to be a very long letter, so I had better "ring off." Do you allow slang, Aunt Becky? Your loving nephew, JOHN C. Albert, May 17.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I have been very sick since I wrote to you, but I am going to try and write to you every week. The blessing of the bell at St. Agnes Church takes place on Sunday at 3 o'clock. Bishop Racicot is going to bless it. Hoping you are well, I remain, Your little niece, ETHEL T. Montreal.

Dear Aunt Becky:

Will you receive me as one of your little nephews. I would be so pleased to become one. I go to school every day, and at night we have to write an account of every thing that happens during the day. The next morning when we go in the Brother reads it out to the whole class. I think this is all for this time. I remain, Your nephew, HARRY T. Montreal.

Dear Aunt Becky:

What a pleasure it is for us little boys to have such a nice Aunt to write to and receive answers every week. The weather is beautiful for the last two days, just what farmers want. I have ten little goslings and twenty-two chickens and many more eggs to hatch. We are not going to raise any turkeys this year. I also have three calves. I would be pleased to have you come out this summer and spend a week with us then I could show you all my pets and give you a ride after my favorite horse, Kit. Good-bye. JOSEPH. Granby, May 19.

Dear Aunt Becky:

Sunday is a lovely day. My sister and I picked a lot of flowers for our May altar to-day. We have a cousin going to school in St. Boniface, Winnipeg. He made his first Communion the 6th of May. Our Aunt sent us some flower seed from the West, and we planted it and they grew up beautiful flowers. I suppose the reason M. Edna M. did not write was that she had so much work to do for her little brothers and sisters. How glad she must be that she is not in Calgary now. That would be lonesome for them all. Good-bye. From your loving niece, WINNIFRED A. E. Warden, Que., May 20.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I was so glad to see many letters in the Corner last week. We have a new cousin in Magog, but we do not know her name. She was born on the very day that grandpa died last year, May 8th. We do not go to school now, but we study our catechism and music. We do not study very much. The Bishop was to confirm our little cousins on the 11th, but he was taken sick. I hope when I am to be confirmed the Bishop will not be sick, but will be right on hand, as it must be a great disappointment. Our first Communion was put off, and we felt very sorry. From your affectionate, MARY E. D. Warden, Que., May 20.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I asked mamma to write you for me when she read my letter and all the little cousins' letters in the Corner this morning. I am sure Aunt Becky will wonder why I could not read them myself. Well, dear Auntie and cousins, you will be surprised to know that I am in the hospital and just over an operation for appendicitis. Although the True Witness was here last Thursday, I was only able to have the letters read to me to-day. If you remember in my last letter I said I had been ill for six long weeks in February and March, and that was my third attack of appendicitis, and last week I had another, and the doctor ordered me to come to the hospital, where I was operated on Tuesday at 2 p.m., the 15th May. I was very ill afterwards from the chloroform, and sore side. I am still lying on my back, but not suffering apart from thirst. Oh, Auntie, I was thirsty! I told the nurse that when I'd go home I would sit by the sink and drink all day, and on my way home I am to get out and drink at every little brook. Well, Auntie, I wonder if there are any of the little cousins like me. I have my appendix in a bottle on the shelf. There is a sweet little bird in my room, and he sings all the day long so sweetly. Miss Wilson named the bird "Winnie" after me. I attended Harold's first Communion and confirmation before entering the hospital, and I will never forget the grand ceremony. There were 29 little boys, all dressed alike; they sang and prayed all during Mass, and the music was grand. All the parents communicated and received a special indulgence. The altar was beautifully decorated and lighted up by electric lights; Rev. Mother St. Bonaventure, who is Superior of St. John Berchman's School, of the Good Shepherd Convent, is our aunt, and Harold loves to be with her. She sends Harold to the hospital to see me; I have my mamma with me all the time, and I see many friends who bring me toys and flowers, but I am not yet well enough to play with the toys. I hope Edna and Winnifred will write again. My love to you and all the cousins. I am very lonesome for my papa and my little sisters.

Your little niece, WINIFRED D. Grounlin's Hospital, Quebec.

"To-morrow I'll do it," said Bennie; "I will, by and by," said Seth; "Not now—pretty soon," says Jennie; "In a minute," says little Beth.

O, dear little people, remember that, true as the stars in the sky. The little streets of To-morrow, Pretty Soon, and By and By. Lead one and all. As straight, they say, As the king's highway, To the city of Not at All. —Youth's Companion.

MARY AND JANE.

"Evelyn Mabel," said little Mary Ford, thoughtfully. "Evelyn Mabel," repeated her little sister Jane, who was sitting close beside her on the front doorstep. "Edith Lillian," said Mary, this time with a little questioning note in her voice; again Jane repeated her sister's words. "Why don't you say a name?" asked Mary anxiously. "You haven't said a single name yet. And every name I say you just repeat it after me. You'll have to make up your own name, Jane."

"But you think of all the prettiest names. Mary. Won't it be lovely to have nice names? Mother said whatever names we selected could be our own names. I think I shall be Daisy May." "Daisy May!" repeated Mary scornfully. "That's worse than Jane. I have about decided that my name shall be Victoria Ardell." "My!" exclaimed Jane admiringly. "That is lovely! Now you think of one for me, Mary."

Mary brushed back her dark curls and turned her black eyes toward the flowering vines on the lattice work porch. "Jessamine Florence," she said, suddenly. "There, Jane, isn't that lovely?" "Yes, indeed!" answered Jane happily. "Now let's go and tell mother. I guess she'll be real pleased."

The two girls ran down into the garden, where their mother was picking currants. "Well, Imogene Clare," said Mrs. Sprague, as Mary ran toward her, "have you and Agnes Louise come to help me pick the currants?" The two little girls stopped and looked at their mother in astonishment. "What is it?" questioned Mrs. Sprague.

"Why, you called us Imogene Clare and Agnes Louise," said Jane, reproachfully. "But you told me this morning that you had decided those were the prettiest names and that you had chosen them for your own," said Mrs. Sprague. "Oh, mother, but that was this morning, and now we've thought of much nicer names!" explained Mary, eagerly. "Mine is Victoria Ardell and Jane's is Jessamine Florence."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Sprague. "Well, it's rather hard to remember, you see, because yesterday Victoria Ardell's name was Celeste Madeline, and Jessamine Florence's name was Elinore Ermine. I thought your names had been settled." "Don't you think that Victoria Ardell is nicer than any name?" questioned Mary.

"Why, if I say that what will Jessamine Florence think?" said Mrs. Sprague. The two little girls walked soberly back to the front doorstep. "I don't want mother to call me Jessamine Florence," said Jane, with a little quiver in her voice. "It's a lovely name," insisted Mary. "I don't care. When she says Jessamine Florence or Elinore Ermine, or any of those made-up names I feel just as I did when we went over to grandmother's to stay all night."

Jane nodded her head. The two little girls ran down the path again. "Oh, mother!" said Jane, with a little skip. "We've got the nicest names now." "You can remember these just as easy," said Mary, "and they are to be our truly names always." "Yes, always," said Jane. "Why, then I must remember them!" said Mrs. Sprague. "Now, what are they?" "Mary and Jane," said the little girls together.

IN A MINUTE.

"Yes, in just a minute, mother!" Ten, fifteen minutes pass, and no signs of moving. "Bessy, dear!" begged mother, nervously, "it is almost tea time, and you know papa can't wait tonight. He said he would have to catch that night train for New York." Bessy jumped up at this with great promise of alacrity. But her eyes were still glued to the paper she had been reading, and which she held open before her at arm's length as she walked. The result of this whole-souled devotion to literature was a sharp bump and recoil as she came in contact with the edge of the kitchen door, which stood partly open. The shock sent her whirling to one side, where she managed to trip over Baby Nell's dolly-cart and came down in a general collapse, among her fragile treasures. "Go 'way, bad girl!" screamed Nell, kicking and pounding her feet and fists. "You've broken the noses all off my walnut babies, and—there! there! see what you've done!"

"Oh, baby mine!" cried Bessy, repentantly, "sister didn't mean to!" And there are several valuable minutes consumed in pacifying the injured householder and ascertaining damages. "Bessy, dear!" said mamma in despair, "there comes papa now! Set the teakettle in and spread the cloth before he gets here, so there'll be a look of supper about it." "Bessy" is a photograph of a girl in a family where I have been visiting. There are so many girls just like her that I am not in the least afraid of Miss Bessy's discovering any particular likeness. In fact, she was "written up" long, long ago, in an old, old book. We have the real, old-fashioned kind of boys and girls still—the kind that used to say, respectfully, "I go, sir!" and went not.

Now, how much better is that than saying "I won't!" out and out, so that at least people may know what to expect of you. Then mother can set the table herself if it must be done promptly, and attend to your manners afterwards. Then the fire won't turn pale with hope deferred and go out in gray ashes while your highness prepares to get ready to begin to get that long-promised hod of coal for it; nor father go himself to drive the cows home; nor the hired man say wicked words when he comes up from the broken pasture fence to find you as well as the hammer; nor "the twins" wait despairingly through an hour-long minute while the day travels westward and playtime is over and the poor little dolly-cart goes to rack and ruin. "Don't say, 'In a minute!'" It is a foolish word, a shiftless. Say, "This minute!" and live up to it. The world is aching for this kind of "minutemen." Enlist at once! There's room in the ranks, and promotion for all but deserters.

MADE TWO HEARTS HAPPY.

How little it costs to make hearts happy! A writer tells a pleasing incident which took place recently in a city street-car, and which carries its own lesson. The car remained at a standstill for so long a time that every one wondered if something were wrong. It was soon seen, however, that a sturdy little urchin was very tenderly helping a lame child aboard, and, as the car moved on, his cheery "good-bye" called a smile to the cripple's wan face.

The latter seated himself so that he could look out of the window, and every few minutes he waved his hand at some one on the street. The other people in the car became curious, and, looking out, saw a little fellow running along the sidewalk, keeping pace with them. "Who is that?" asked a lady of the lame boy.

"Why, that is Jim!" was the proud response. "Yes, dear; but who is 'Jim'?" "Why, Jim's my brother, of course!"

By this time everyone was listening and smiling in sympathy. "Oh, I see," said the lady; "that's the boy who helped you on the car. But why does he not ride with you?" "Why," he said, "we only had a nickel, and Jim said I must ride. You see," he added after a pause, "I can't walk very well, but Jim, he can run fine!"

"See! what is this?" the lady said. With eyes big with delight, the child caught up a 5-cent piece that had miraculously appeared in the torn little cap which lay on the seat between the lady and himself. Then, with frantic gestures, he hailed "Jim," who boarded the car at the next corner.

THE CHARITY OF MARY. Beyond all charity is the charity which the Mother of God most mercifully showed to us when she willingly gave up her Son to die for us. As God's love to man is shown supremely in that He gave His only begotten Son to die for us, so the charity of Mary is displayed most conspicuously in her willing offering of her only Son, which she made first in the temple and afterward on Calvary. She was content to behold His bitter sufferings, she acquiesced in them all, because at no other price than those sufferings could our souls be saved. And in reward for this all surpassing charity on the part of the Mother of God she has become an unending channel of grace to men. Let us love Mary, who loved us so much as to give for our sake what she loved infinitely better than herself.

THE BLIND MOUSE. One day while sitting under a shady maple tree by the roadside reading a book, the soft rustling sound made by the wind blowing through a field of tasseled wheat caused me to look up. To my great surprise, I saw two large field mice slowly crossing the road to the wheat field. One mouse had his eyes tightly closed and seemed totally blind, while the other mouse was cautiously leading him along by a small stick which they both held in their mouths.—Selected.

It would be hard to say who was the happiest on that car during the remainder of the trip, but, surely, the boys thought that they were.

FLORA McFLIMSEY'S TRUNK. This is a very amusing game and serves to exercise the memory as well. It serves for a veranda game, a rainy-day game, or an evening game. The leader begins by saying that Miss Flora McFlimsey, having decided to spend the summer at Newport, and having nothing to wear, was obliged to pack her trunk with the following articles, saying, for instance, that:

The first thing she put in was a bundle of letters. The player who sits next to the leader then repeats what article the leader gave and adds another, as: The first thing she put in was a bundle of letters, and the next her grandfather's clock. The next player takes up the tale and repeats from the beginning, adding another article, as: The first thing she put in was a bundle of letters, the next her grandfather's clock, the next a volume of Shakespeare.

Such it goes around the circle, each one repeating the articles already mentioned and adding another. If anyone fails to repeat the list correctly he drops out of the game. When each has added an article the one who can repeat the list from beginning to end in order is the winner. This is a game at which old and young can play together and is one which always amuses.

SOME FAMOUS BOYS. A boy used to crush the flowers to get their color and painted the white side of his father's cottage in Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineer gazed at as wonderful. He was the great artist Titian. An old painter watched a little fellow who amused himself making drawings of his pots and brushes, easel and stool, and said: "That boy will beat me some day." So he did, for he was Michael Angelo. A German boy was reading a blood and thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself: "Now this will never do. I get too much excited over it. I can't study so well after it. So here goes!" And he flung the book out into the river. He was Fichte, the great German philosopher.

GROWTH. "Throughout the earth the gospel preached by nature to man is that of growth. This is the glorious marvel that is ever with us. Seed grain climbing to waving harvest, acorn springing up to towering oak; black coal crystallizing to diamond, and flint gathering the heat of the earth till as opal it meets the dawn with tints pure as its own; while on every lowliest grass blade is written the story of the Ascension."—Ruskin.

The True Witness and Catholic Chronicle... 25 St. Antoine Street, Montreal, Canada.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE. Canada (city excepted), United States and Newfoundland... \$1.00

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NOTICE.

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THURSDAY, MAY 24, 1906.

THE MARATHON HERO.

Montreal athletes on Monday gave a rousing reception to William Sherring, of Hamilton, Ont., the winner of the Marathon race at the Olympic games at Athens.

—When all Canada joins the exultant city of Hamilton upon the victory won by one of her young sons it is meet that we also express our congratulations.

—When all Canada joins the exultant city of Hamilton upon the victory won by one of her young sons it is meet that we also express our congratulations.

would call in classic days a barbarian had won the coveted trophy. Nor were the Greeks even second.

LITERATURE AND THE CATHOLIC FAITH.

Senator Foggazzaro, of Rome, according to an infidel school of critics, cannot be a great author and a good Catholic.

One of the largest and most politically influential papers published in Rome made a bitter attack on Foggazzaro, asking why he has not resigned, or is not dismissed from his office.

WHY THIS "ANGLO-SAXON" ROAR?

William Sherring, the young Irish-Catholic from the city of Hamilton, who returned to his home this week from the victory of Marathon, ought to make rapid progress in the study of practical philosophy.

Sherring told a newspaper reporter in New York that if he had not won the race he would have been compelled to walk home.

The same thing occurred in Toronto, where Irishmen were excluded from the aided list of athletes sent to Athens.

Since his signal victory Sherring has been proclaimed an "Anglo-Saxon," an "American" and what not.

All this is characteristic. Sherring is not at fault. Wherever he has been correctly reported he has declared his obligations to his Irish friends in Hamilton, whose claims to recognition are drowned in the roar of "Anglo-Saxon" self-laudation.

THE RED FLAG.

The parish priest of St. Hubert, the Rev. Abbe Baillarge, recently had a letter in the Patrie in which he strongly condemned the recent Socialist demonstration in this city.

We had occasion to express in a previous article on this subject our surprise at the municipal authorities' apathy in dealing with this serious matter; and now that there is question of a notorious anarchist coming to address his sympathizers we again ask has not the Mayor the right to forbid revolutionary demonstrations.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Monstrance presented to the Duke of Norfolk as a wedding gift from the Catholics of the British Isles was the suggestion of the Duke, says the London Tablet.

The death of Nora Hopper (Mrs. Chesson) leaves a void in the literary world. Among contemporary women poets she had few equals.

Father Martin, the head of the Jesuit Order, whose death took place in Rome recently, was a native of Spain, where he was born 60 years ago.

Butterfly Suspenders. A Gentleman's Brace, "as easy as none." 50c.

A 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.

But outside hope 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 GOD bless and prosper your endeavors in establishing a Mission at Fakenham.

"ARTHUR, Bishop of Northampton." Address—Father Gray, Hempton Road, Fakenham, Norfolk, England.

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

ST. GABRIEL'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY.

The first two evenings' entertainment given by the Alabama Minstrels, under the auspices of the St. Gabriel's Young Men's Society, in the Sarsfield Hall, on last Thursday and Friday evenings, was certainly a great success.

Each evening's programme consisted of one and a half hours' entertainment, introducing all the mirth-making possible by the thirty or more minstrels who took part therein.

The Ollo, introducing the coon-songs and stick-twirling of Mr. T. P. Murphy, proved to be both exciting and interesting.

The double trio, entitled "Tell us, Pretty Ladies," also met with great favor, and was well calculated to form a fitting preparation for the closing laughable farce, entitled "The Nigger Night-school."

At this point it would be totally unfair did we fail to mention the name of an old friend, without whose genial presence and pleasing personality much would certainly have been left to be looked for.

On the whole, the two evenings were of a nature to thoroughly reanimate the old-time spirit of the place, and while the greatest credit is due the young man for their maiden effort, we sincerely hope that it only speaks to us of a condition of things really come to stay.

Wear Trade Mark D. Suspenders, guaranteed. Price 50c.



There cannot be different degrees of purity any more than there can be different degrees of honesty.

If a man be honest, that is all he can be. There is no superlative.

One flour cannot be purer than another. It can only be more nearly pure.

In these times when all flour manufacturers are claiming purity you should remember these two things:

Actual purity in flour can only be secured by the use of electricity.

Royal Household Flour

is the only flour, made and sold in Canada, that is purified by electricity.

You can get Ogilvie's Royal Household Flour from your grocer.

Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Limited, MONTREAL.

"Ogilvie's Book for a Cook," contains 130 pages of excellent recipes, some never before published.



TENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB.

The annual report of the Catholic Sailors' Club just to hand announces that the work of the past year has been most satisfactory.

NEW COURSES INAUGURATED BY CATHOLIC SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

Saturday afternoon was the occasion of the inauguration of the gymnastic and manual training courses recently instituted at the Commercial Academy by the Catholic School Commissioners.

The visitors were first of all shown the manual training department, where a class of pupils under the instruction of Prof. Michael was at work.

The playground was the scene of the other exercises. Pupils from the Plateau, Sarsfield, Olier, Champlain, Edward Murphy, Belmont and Montcalm schools gave an exhibition of

J. J. GARLAND. GRAVEL ROOFING and all kinds of Galvanized Iron Work. Damp Proof Flooring a Specialty. Also Portland Cement Work.

June Weddings. Just a few days left in which to decide about the present for the June bride. Let us help you with a few suggestions.

D. & J. SAILLIER, Catholic Publishers, 13 West Notre Dame St. The efficacy of Bickie's Anti-Consumptive Syrup in Curing coughs and colds and arresting inflammation of the lungs, can be established by hundreds of testimonials from all sorts and conditions of men.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

ASCENSION DAY. To-day was observed as a day of obligation. Solemn Masses were celebrated in all churches.

ARCHBISHOP BRUCHI. OOMES MEMBER OF SOCIETY.

Archbishop Bruchesi, elected to President Johnst. wa., on Wednesday, and came a member of the city.

PERMIT FOR BUILDING. That portion of Rosenex to this city will have its own church. The Rev. Brien, pastor of which bears the title of St. Joseph's, took out a building permit Monday morning for the site of a church and school to be erected on the corner of St. Joseph and St. Louis streets.

DOMINICAN MARY. In Rome on Sunday last, the beatification of Dominican martyrs, St. Peter Diaz, decapitated 1857; Mgr. Melchior G. Pedro, hacked to pieces 1858; Mgr. Hieronymus and Mgr. Valentino B. decapitated on Nov. 1, 1858, and were canonized on Oct. 1, 1889.

RECEPTION INTO CHURCH. MARY SODALITY. A very impressive ceremony was held in St. Ann's Church, on the occasion of the reception of fifty young ladies into the ranks of the Children of Father Fortier received members. Rev. Father was the preacher. All the members of the Society, numbered 100, were preceded by their banner in a procession around the church.

CONSECRATION OF CHURCH. HAMMOND, ONT. Rt. Rev. Bishop Gabrielsburg, assisted by Rev. Burns, of Watertown; O. Cantor; Garand, Clayton and Sullivan, of Richmond, Ontario, dedicated a new Catholic church in Hammond yesterday. The church was built through the efforts of the Father Crowley, of Richmond, Ontario, and his pastor.

OTTAWA MONUMENT. The Monument National home of the French-Canadian, fraternal, literary societies of Ottawa, was Sunday with a solemn benediction by the Rev. Father Lalonde, delivered a brief address relating the promoters on completion of their work, and that the central idea of the monument makes for good citizenship.

ST. MICHAEL'S. Next Sunday will be the anniversary of the opening of St. Michael's parish. The event will be celebrated with appropriate exercises. The Rev. pastor, Rev. Father Lalonde, will be celebrating high Mass at 10.15, assisted by Rev. Father Deacon and sub-deacon. Rev. Father Lalonde will give the special interest in taking year's services owing to his having succeeded in obtaining satisfactory school legislation during the past session.

EXHIBITION OF WORK. DENNIS ACADEMY. An exceedingly fine exhibition of needlework and painting was held at St. Denis Academy last evening under the direction of the Congregation of Notre-Dame. Visitors were charmed with the excellence of the display. Veritable works of art were on view. A black and white screen embroidered with water lilies and a red and white screen with a blue and white design were particularly noteworthy. L. D. Roseman, of Burke, Ontario, has been following the course of study at the above named academy.

ST. GABRIEL JUVENILE SOCIETY. This promising young society held its regular monthly meeting Sunday afternoon. After the business had been gone over, the executive committee called into session in order to receive reports. The meeting was in charge of the Rev. Father Lalonde, who gave the Easter Monday night gave

ITEMS OF INTEREST

ASCENSION DAY.

To-day was observed as a festival of obligation. Solemn high masses were celebrated in all city churches.

ARCHBISHOP BRUCHESE BECOMES MEMBER OF ROYAL SOCIETY.

Archbishop Bruchesi was presented to President Johnston, at Ottawa, on Wednesday, and formally became a member of the Royal Society.

PERMIT FOR BUILDING CHURCH.

That portion of Rosemount annexed to this city will very soon have its own church. The Rev. Father Brien, pastor of the parish which bears the title of St. Philomena, took out a building permit on Monday morning for the construction of a church and school to cost \$11,000.

DOMINICAN MARTYRS.

In Rome on Sunday last the Holy See decreed the beatification of four Dominican martyrs, Mgr. Joseph Mario Diaz, decapitated on July 20, 1857; Mgr. Melchior Garcia y San Pedro, hacked to pieces on July 22, 1858; Mgr. Hieronymo Hermisilla and Mgr. Valentino Berrio Ochoa, decapitated on Nov. 1, 1861. All had been martyred in Mexico.

RECEPTION INTO CHILDREN OF MARY SODALITY.

A very impressive ceremony was held in St. Ann's Church on Sunday, on the occasion of the reception of fifty young ladies into the Sodality of the Children of Mary. Rev. Father Fortier received the new members. Rev. Father Holland was the preacher. All the members of the Society, numbering over 600, preceded by their banner, formed in procession around the church.

CONSECRATION OF CHURCH AT HAMMOND, ONT.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Gabriels, of Ogdensburg, assisted by Rev. Fathers Burns, of Watertown; O'Driscoll, of Canton; Garaud, Clayton; and Crowley and Sullivan, of Rossie, dedicated a new Catholic church at Hammond yesterday. The church was built through the energy of Father Crowley, of Rossie, who is its pastor.

OTTAWA MONUMENT NATIONAL.

The Monument National, the new home of the French-Canadian national, fraternal, literary and athletic societies of Ottawa, was opened on Sunday with a solemn benediction by Archbishop Duhamel, assisted by the Rev. Father Lalonde. His Grace delivered a brief address, congratulating the promoters on the completion of their work, and reasoning that the central idea of such institutions makes for good citizenship.

ST. MICHAEL'S.

Next Sunday will be the fourth anniversary of the opening of St. Michael's parish. The event will be celebrated with appropriate services. The Rev. pastor, Father Kiernan, will be celebrant at the high Mass at 10.15, assisted by deacon and sub-deacon. Rev. Father Ethelbert will give the instruction. Special interest is taken in this year's services owing to the parish having succeeded in obtaining most satisfactory school legislation during the past session.

EXHIBITION OF WORK AT ST. DENIS ACADEMY.

An exceedingly fine exhibit of needlework and painting was held at St. Denis Academy last week, under the direction of the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame. Visitors were charmed with the excellence of the display. Very remarkable was a screen embroidered on black satin representing a pond covered with water lilies and bulrushes. This was the handwork of Mrs. L. D. Roseman, of Burke, Idaho, who has been following the course of fancy work at the above named Academy.

ST. GABRIEL JUVENILE T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

This promising young society held its regular monthly meeting last Sunday afternoon. After the general business had been gone through with, the executive committee was called into session in order to consider special reports. The sub-committee in charge of the concert on Easter Monday night gave a report,

which was received as progressive. Arrangements were put on foot for a picnic during the coming summer, and items of general interest were freely discussed. On the whole, this thriving young institution is to be congratulated upon its success and we hope in the near future to see its ranks swelled to a much greater extent.

BLESSING OF BELL AT ST. AGNES CHURCH.

The pretty little Church of St. Agnes was the scene of an imposing ceremony on Sunday last, when a bell, the gift of Mr. Daniel Ford, was solemnly blessed. More than a thousand persons were present, great numbers being unable to obtain admission. His Lordship Bishop Racicot officiated pontifically, in the absence of the Archbishop, who was on his pastoral tour. The church was brilliantly illuminated with hundreds of electric lights. After the blessing Mgr. Racicot, with his usual eloquence, spoke a few words on the significance of the ceremony just witnessed. He felicitated the congregation, who by their gifts had contributed to the erection of the church. The new bell received the names of Pius, Paul, Agnes, Daniel, Margaret Mary. During the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament the Rev. J. E. Donnelly preached from the text: "Every creature is sanctified by the word of God and prayer." The Rev. W. J. Casey, pastor of St. Agnes, took up the collection, which spoke highly for the generosity of the parishioners.

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

Absolute necessity of a religious education was emphasized by the Right Rev. Mgr. Archambault, Bishop of Joliette, at an entertainment given in his honor at Mount Saint Louis Institute Saturday afternoon.

His Lordship quoted four Protestant authorities to show that there was a greater percentage of crime in the United States with their national schools than in any other land. Lay teachers, he said, had done, and were doing, a noble work, but the palm should be given to the clergy and the religious communities. His Lordship, therefore, urged the students to love and respect their church and obey her dogmas and laws.

His Lordship said that the act of Leo XIII. in canonizing Jean Baptiste de la Salle was really the glorification of Christian education in the schools.

The programme was principally of a musical nature, and was followed with interest by a large number of relatives and friends of the students. Calisthenic and gymnastic exercises by the students also formed part of the programme. Recitations were given by Messrs. Arthur Lortie and Victor MacCosham.

THE CATHOLIC SAILORS' CONCERT.

The Catholic Sailors' concert of last Wednesday evening was a decided success in every respect. Shortly after eight o'clock the chair was taken by Mr. Phelan, secretary of the Club, who, in a few well chosen words, welcomed those present, when a well filled and refined programme was opened and carried to a very successful issue. The recitations of Miss Rowan, the duet of Mrs. Marchison and Mr. Drysdale, the recitation of Mr. Walsh, the sweet, young, child-like voice of little Miss McCaffery, the splendidly trained baritone of Mr. Drysdale, as he favored his audience with a song alone, together with numbers from Mr. L. Walsh and our friend Mr. Geo. Grimes, brought the share taken by the city talent to a close.

There was singing and fancy dancing furnished by seamen Corbett and Power which showed much activity and fine training; and was thoroughly enjoyed by all those present. On the whole, the evening was a thoroughly enjoyable one, and we hope ere long to be favored by the many old familiar faces who have not yet put in an appearance, so that this year may be made a record one in the history of this grand institution.

AID ASKED FOR JESUITS IN CALIFORNIA.

At the Immaculate Conception Church on Sunday last, a letter was read from the Superior of the Jesuits of California asking for aid to rebuild St. Ignatius Church and College, destroyed by fire during the late seismic disturbance. The Jesuits went to California in 1843, at which time persecution in Spain compelled many of them to find homes in foreign lands. They were the first religious to go to California, then in the midst of the gold

fever. After many hardships they were able to build St. Ignatius Church and College, and only recently celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of those institutions. The monetary loss on the buildings is \$800,000, but the loss of the library of the College, one of the best in the world, and the famous paintings in the church is irreparable. The loss falls wholly on the Jesuit Order, as only parish churches are assisted out of the general fund. The total loss to Catholics in California is upwards of \$6,000,000. A collection will be taken up in all the Churches of the Order next Sunday.

SAILORS' OFFICIAL OPENING.

The official opening of the Catholic Sailors' Club for the present season, its tenth year, took place on last Saturday afternoon. About 4.30 o'clock, amid a gathering of the elite of our fair city, the imposing figure of Sir William Hingston appeared on the platform, and with all that stately dignity for which he has been remarkable, formally opened the proceedings. After paying a short tribute to the president of the Club, unavoidably absent through very severe illness, he called upon the secretary and treasurer to give their reports, which were found to be most satisfactory. A concert consisting of several well-rendered vocal and instrumental selections followed. The ladies then served refreshments and stirring speeches of encouragement and congratulation were made by Rev. Father Malone, chaplain of the Club, and Messrs. Bell and McKilloh, members of the Protestant Sailors' Club showing the admirable spirit existing between the two bodies. Although much has been done during the past ten years for the embellishment of the Catholic sailors' quarters, yet the debt on their home is still in the neighborhood of \$28,000, as shown by the report. Therefore it behooves our people to rally around the standard of this worthy institution and continue to show the brave sailors that if they are able to face the dangers of the sea whenever called upon to do so that their stay upon land, at least in our port, will be made as comfortable as circumstances will allow.

THE GYMKHANA.

Few, if any, of the numerous and appreciative audience which gathered together inside the immense expanse of the Arena on last Friday evening were prepared by the pictures displayed to the public for what they really witnessed. As the visitor entered, nothing unusual either in the appearance of the place or its surroundings seemed to meet his eye; soon, however, the entertainment commenced, when a long programme, as exciting as it was interesting, was carried out, showing plainly, as it did, what skilled training can accomplish in the physical development of both man and beast. The vaulting, the tandem riding and all the other exercises were splendidly done, and reflect much credit upon those under whose management they were directed.

It may not be out of place to here bring to the public notice the efforts put forth in our schools to interest the pupils in physical culture, and in this particular, Prof. Scott and his boys deserve great credit for the manner in which their part of the evening's work was accomplished.

On the whole, great praise is due to the promoters of the event; and we hope to have the pleasure of again meeting them under as favorable circumstances and crowned with as great a success as that which now rewards their grand and worthy efforts, which were for the benefit of the Notre Dame Hospital.

COLORS PRESENTED TO NEW C. P. R. VESSEL.

A group of Irish Canadians all residing in this city, both Catholic and Protestant, have presented a set of colors to the Empress of Britain. The colors will be seen on the new St. Lawrence greyhound the day after she reaches the port of Quebec. Mr. Geo. A. Drummond and Mr. B. McNally, who represent respectively the Protestant and Catholic group of gentlemen having the matter in hand, have already purchased the colors on the other side.

The movement on the part of Montreal Irishmen was undertaken as a compliment to Sir Thomas Shaughnessy and the Canadian Pacific directors who have given the name of the Empress of Ireland to one of their new Atlantic steamers.

Constitutional Cure for Cancer.

Painless. Can be used in your own home without any one knowing it. Send 6c (stamps) for particulars. Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE PRICES

May 23. Flour—Manitoba spring wheat patents, \$4.60; strong bakers, \$4.10; winter wheat patents, \$4.20 to \$4.40; and straight rollers \$3.90 to \$4.10 in wood; in bags, \$1.85 to \$1.95; extra, in bags, \$1.35 to \$1.50. Rolled Oats—\$2.10 to \$2.15 in bags of 98 lbs. Cornmeal—\$1.35 to \$1.40 per bag; granulated, \$1.65. Mill Feed—Ontario bran in bulk, \$20; shorts, in bags, \$20 to \$20.50; Manitoba bran in bags, \$19; shorts, \$20. Hay—No. 1, \$9.50 to \$10 per ton on track; No. 2, \$8.50 to \$9; clover, \$6; clover mixed, \$6.50. Oats—No. 2, 42c per bushel; No. 3, 41c; No. 4, 40c. Peas—Boiling, in car load lots, \$1.05 to \$1.10 per bushel. Potatoes—65c to 70c per bag. Beans—Prime pea beans, \$1.65 to \$1.70 per bushel; hand picked, \$1.80 per bushel. Honey—White clover in comb, 13c to 14c per pound section; extract, 7c to 7½c; buckwheat, 5½c to 6c. Maple Syrup—60c to 65c per 9 lb. tin; maple sugar, 8½c to 9c per pound. Provisions—Barrels heavy Canada short cut pork, \$23.00; light short cut, \$21.50; barrels clear fat back, \$22.50; compound lard, 7½c to 8c; Canadian pure lard, 11½c to 12½c; kettle rendered, 12½c to 13½c; hams, 13½c to 15c, according to size; breakfast bacon, 17c to 18c; Windsor bacon, 15½c to 16c; fresh killed abattoir dressed hogs, \$10.25; alive, \$7.60 to \$7.65 per hundred pounds. Butter—Choicest creamery, 19c to 19½c. Eggs—New laid, 16c to 17c per dozen. Cheese—Colored, 11c to 11½c; white, 11½c to 11c. Ashes—First pots, \$5.25 to \$5.37½; seconds, \$4.75; thirds, \$3.70; pearls, \$6.50 to \$6.75 per hundred pounds.

DAIRY PRODUCE.

The butter market continues to show an easy feeling, and it was said that it would be hard to find a buyer willing to pay 20c even for finest creamery. Actual quotations are hard to get, as business is mostly confined to small lots, but from 19c to 19½c is about the ruling figure. Cheese is holding about steady on the local market, but some cheese has been bought lately on the country board at a higher price than it will bring in Montreal. The export business is fairly heavy, with a good enquiry from the British market. Locally, white is quoted at 11½c to 11c, and colored at 11c to 11½c.

GRAIN MARKETS.

There is no change in the flour situation, and prices are holding steady on an increasing volume of business. Some large shipments have passed through for export account, and dealers report an active demand from outside markets. Rolled oats are firm, but the demand is quiet. Prices are unchanged at \$2.10 per bag. The enquiry for bran and shorts continues to be good, and the scarcity of the supplies on spot gives a firm tone to the market. Oats are firm and strong at the recent advance, and No. 2 white are quoted at 42c; No. 3 at 41c, and No. 4 at 40c per bushel. The baled hay situation is unchanged, and the domestic and foreign demand keeps prices at a high level.

Death Seemed Near.

Three Doctors Baffled But Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Came to the Rescue.

Just a few months ago the home of Mr. James Beers, of Emerson, N. B., was filled with sorrow. It seemed that death would claim the life of their bright little girl. To-day this gloom is changed to joy. The little one is no longer ill, but is now bright, active and happy. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills brought this change after three doctors had failed. Concerning this illness and cure, Mrs. Beers says: "At the age of six my little girl became very ill. At different times for the next year and a half three doctors treated her without benefit. She was terribly run down and her blood was nothing but water. Then dropsy set

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CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB ALL SAILORS WELCOME Concert every Wednesday Evening All Local Talent invited. The finest in the City pay us a visit. MASS at 9.30 a. m. on Sunday. Sacred Concert on Sunday evening. Open week days from 5 a. m. to 10 p. m. On Sundays from 1 p. m. to 10 p. m. ST. PETER and COMMON STS.

RIEL'S MOTHER LAID TO REST. In the family burying ground, beside the historic old St. Boniface Cathedral, Winnipeg, under the shade of an ancient elm, the remains of Mrs. Julie Riel, mother of Louis David Riel, the leader of the two Red River rebellions, were laid to rest on Tuesday morning. As the bells of St. Boniface, of which Whittier so sweetly sang, tolled for the dead, one could easily imagine that there was no noisy Winnipeg across the Red, and that the voyager, the trapper and the Indian still floated in their canoes along the river. Mrs. Riel was buried beside the red granite shaft which marks the spot where the body of her famous son lies, in the plot where reposes the dust of the other members of the family. There was a large number of friends and relatives and old timers present to pay their respects to the memory of Mrs. Riel, and the Cathedral was crowded at the service which preceded the funeral. The solemn requiem was held at 9.30 o'clock. Rev. Father Dugas, vicar-general, officiating.

COWAN'S COCOA THE MOST NUTRITIOUS & ECONOMICAL THE TRUE WITNESS is printed and published at No. 25 St. Antoine street, Montreal, Canada. The True Witness P. & F. Co. Patrick F. Cronin, printer.

The Pope and Scripture Study.

The following is a translation of the Apostolic Letter of Pope Pius X. on the method to be observed in ecclesiastical seminaries in the study of Sacred Scripture.

Pius X., Pope. For Perpetual Remembrance.

The Biblical Question has, perhaps, never been of such importance as it is to-day, and it is therefore absolutely necessary that young clerics should be assiduously trained in the knowledge of the Scriptures, so that they may not only know and understand the force and character and teaching of the Bible, but that they may be skillfully and rightly trained in the ministry of the Divine Word, and able to defend the books written by the inspiration of God from the attacks of those who deny that anything has been divinely handed down to us.

I.—The instruction in Sacred Scripture to be imparted in every seminary should embrace: first, the principal ideas concerning inspiration, the canon of the Scripture, the original text and the most important variants, the laws of hermeneutics; secondly, the history of both Testaments; and, thirdly, the analysis and exegesis of the different books according to the importance of each.

II.—The curriculum of Biblical studies is to be divided over the entire period during which ecclesiastical students pursue their course of sacred studies within the walls of the seminary; so that when the course is finished each student may have gone through the entire curriculum.

III.—The Chairs of Scripture are to be filled according to the condition and the means of the different seminaries, but always in such a way that no student shall be deprived of the means of learning those things of which a priest may not lawfully be ignorant.

IV.—Since, on the one hand, it is not possible to have a detailed exposition of the whole of Scripture given in school, and on the other, it is necessary that the whole of Scripture should be in some sense known to the priest, the professor shall take care to have special treatises or introductions for each of the books to prove their authority when occasion requires, to teach the analysis of them, but he will, at the same time, dwell at greater length on the more important Books and parts of Books.

V.—With regard to the Old Testament, he will make use of the latest results of research in illustrating the history of the Hebrew people and their relations with other Oriental nations; he will treat of the main features of the Mosaic Law; and will explain the principal prophecies.

VI.—He will take especial pains to imbue his students with zeal to study and understand those psalms which they recite daily in the Divine Office; he will select some of those psalms for interpretation in order to show by way of example the method to be followed by the students in their private studies to interpret the others.

VII.—Treating of the New Testament, he will explain briefly and clearly the special characteristics of each of the four gospels, and the proofs of their authenticity; he will also illustrate the general character of the entire gospel story, and the doctrine contained in the Epistles and the other books.

VIII.—He will pay special attention in treating of those parts of both Testaments, which concern Christian faith and morals.

IX.—He will always remember, especially in treating of the New Testament, to conform to the precepts he explains those who are afterwards by their words and their example to teach the people the doctrine of salvation. He will, therefore, in the course of his instruction, explain to his students the best way of preaching the gospel, and will stimulate them, as occasion may offer, to observe diligently the commands of the Lord Christ and the Apostles.

X.—The more promising students are to be instructed in the Hebrew tongue, in Biblical Greek, and whenever possible, in some other Semitic language, such as Syriac or Arabic. "It is necessary for Professors in Scripture, and it is becoming in theologians to know those languages in which the canonical books were originally written by the hagiographers, and it is of the greatest im-

portance that these languages should be studied by ecclesiastical students, and especially by such of them as aim at obtaining academic degrees in theology. And efforts should be made to have chairs in all academies for other ancient languages, and especially the Semitic." (Encyclical, "Providentissimus.")

XI.—In seminaries which enjoy the right of conferring academic degrees it will be necessary to increase the number of lectures on Sacred Scripture, and consequently to go more deeply into general and special questions, and to devote more time and study to biblical exegesis, archaeology, geography, chronology, theology and history.

XII.—Special diligence is to be shown in preparing select students for the academic degrees in Sacred Scripture according to the rules laid down by the Biblical Commission—a matter of no small importance for securing suitable Professors of Scripture for the seminaries.

XIII.—Every Doctor in Sacred Scripture will be most careful never to swerve in the least in his teaching from the doctrine and tradition of the Church; he will of course make use of the real additions to our knowledge which modern research supplies, but he will avoid the rash commentaries of innovators; so, too, he will confine himself to the treatment of those questions which contribute to the elucidation and defence of the Sacred Scriptures; and finally he will be guided in his plan of teaching by those rules, full of prudence, contained in the Encyclical "Providentissimus."

XIV.—Students should endeavor to make up by private study what the schools fail to supply in this branch of sacred learning. As lack of time will render it impossible for the professors to go over the whole Scriptures in detail, they will by themselves devote a certain portion of time every day to a careful perusal of the Old and New Testaments—and in this they will be greatly helped by the use of some brief commentary to throw light on obscure passages and explain the more difficult ones.

XV.—Students are to undergo an examination in Scripture, as well as in other parts of theology, to show the profit they have derived from the lessons, before they are allowed to pass into another class or to be initiated in sacred orders.

XVI.—In all academies every candidate for academic degrees in theology will be asked certain questions on Scripture relating to the historical and critical introduction as well as to exegesis; and will prove by examination that he is sufficiently acquainted with the Hebrew tongue and has a knowledge of biblical Greek.

XVII.—The students of Sacred Scripture are to be exhorted to read not only interpretations of the Scripture, but good authors who treat of subjects connected with this study—for instance, the history of both Testaments, the life of Our Lord and the Apostles, and books of travel in Palestine—from all of which they will easily acquire knowledge of biblical facts and customs.

XVIII.—To further this object efforts will be made to supply each seminary, as far as circumstances will permit, with a small library in which books of this kind will be at the disposal of the students.

This is Our will and our command.

USED MEN AT THE OFFICE UP AND TIRED OUT

Every day in the week and every week in the year men, women and children feel all used up and tired out.

The strain of business, the cares of home and social life and the task of study cause terrible suffering from heart and nerve troubles. The efforts put forth to keep up to the modern "high pressure" mode of life in this age soon wears out the strongest system, shatters the nerves and weakens the heart.

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Cardinal Gibbons.

A much Beloved Prelate of Simple Habits

Although so many distinguished prelates and eminent ecclesiastics were present at the ceremonies attending the celebration of the Cathedral centenary, says a writer in the Baltimore News, the most conspicuous figure was naturally Cardinal Gibbons. To Baltimoreans he is a familiar figure, but among the strangers attracted to the city by the anniversary were doubtless some who had never seen the Cardinal.

The Cardinal will be 72 years old next July, but he scarcely suggests an age that may be called advanced even in these days of deferred maturity. His step is light, and his body as active as it was twenty years ago; his sight and hearing are, in the ordinary sense, perfect, although he wears glasses to read with, as he did when he was much younger; his mind is unclouded.

It is by system that the Cardinal manages to accomplish so much, for his duties are multitudinous. The course of his daily life seems on the surface simple enough. He rises every morning about 6.30 o'clock and celebrates a Low Mass at 7; then comes breakfast, the reading of the newspapers and attention to correspondence. His mail is heavy; letters and newspapers, pamphlets and books come from all parts of the world and from all sorts of people.

Cardinal Gibbons stops audiences about noon and goes out for his walk before dinner, dropping in to talk with business men or stopping some times at book stores. The principal meal of the day at the residence is served at the old-fashioned hour of 1.30 p.m. When the Cardinal has eaten it—and he is very abstemious, as his appearance shows—he lies down to rest until about 3.30. A distinguished French lady who visited the Cardinal recently came away with her friend much concerned. Her companion inquired as to her anxiety. She confessed that after seeing the Cardinal she was satisfied that he did not get enough to eat. Madame Rhea, the actress, who called upon him when she was last playing in Baltimore, was deeply moved at his thin cheeks and attenuated frame, and believed he would not live six months. Poor Madame Rhea, who was the picture of health, has been lying in the cemetery in her native village with grass waving over her for a number of years, while the Cardinal goes about his daily work as energetically as ever.

In the afternoon he sees visitors again, and as the sunset approaches takes his walk, according to the Roman habit. Much has been said of the Cardinal's habit of walking, and it is really one of the reasons why he has always enjoyed such excellent health, and finds himself now, at nearly 72, with limbs as vigorous as they were when he was less than 50. He does not walk as far as he once did, but for a man of his years he does wonders. His pace is rapid—more rapid than one would think observing him as he passes; and this is because he takes a rather long stride. He has never had any illness of consequence; once he underwent a slight operation, and long ago he had malarial fever in Italy; he was also inconvenienced from drinking the water at the time of the election of the present Pope.

The fact is rather curious and probably unparalleled, that a Protestant minister—Rev. B. Cressy, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Springfield, Ohio, once devoted an entire sermon to Cardinal Gibbons. The sermon was delivered on Sunday evening, August 10, 1890, and the text was: "Can there be any good thing come out of Nazareth? Come and see." The minister opened his sermon by holding up to the congregation a copy of the Cardinal's book, "Our Christian Heritage," and upon this volume and the teachings of the Cardinal and of the Catholic Church the sermon was founded. For more than an hour he talked, to the surprise, the entertainment and perhaps the edification of his congregation, of the American prelate and his moral and religious ideas.

New York's Archbishop at Night Workers' Mass.

On Sunday, May 7, Archbishop Farley celebrated Pontifical High Mass at 2.30 o'clock in the old St. Andrew's Church, in Duane street, on the occasion of the fifth anniversary of the founding of what is popularly known as the "Night Workers' Midnight Mass." This is the first time in this country that an Archbishop ever took part in a service of this kind at such an hour.

The early Mass itself is also remarkable in the history of the Catholic Church. A century or two ago, in Piedmont and other parts of Italy, there were services at early hours on Sundays which were known as "Hunters' Masses," and some years ago a Jesuit priest conducted early services for the fishermen in a Newfoundland town. But the former was abandoned many years ago, and the latter only lasted a few months.

The services at St. Andrew's, which begin at 2.30 o'clock every Sunday morning, were begun to be held on May 5, 1901. A few months previous to that time a committee of printers went to Father Luke Evers, the rector of St. Andrew's, and made the suggestion of a Mass for night workers on Sunday morning. Father Evers immediately called upon the late Archbishop Corrigan, and placed the request for an early Mass before him. The Archbishop forwarded the request to the Vatican with his approval, and the necessary dispensation was at once granted.

Since then the services have been conducted every Sunday morning by Father Evers, who is also the chaplain of the Tombs. The result has been so satisfactory to the Catholic authorities that similar services have since been instituted at the Franciscan Church, on West Thirty-first street, in this city, and in Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburg and Chicago. Archbishop Glennon, of St. Louis, is about to start a similar movement in his diocese.

Although the services on the 7th inst had not been advertised at all, beyond the announcement in the church itself for the two previous Sundays, more than 1800 persons were present. Admission was by ticket only, and the main body of the church was reserved entirely for the men who attend every Sunday and their male friends. The galleries were crowded with women, many of whom had come from adjoining cities. A number of clergymen were on the altar and seated in the sanctuary. There was a choir of nearly one hundred voices, including a quartette; the choir from the Church of Our Lady of Victory, and fifty singers from Damrosch's People's Chorus. Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, ex-provincial of the Jesuits, delivered the sermon.

The Archbishop, in full canonicals, began the Mass shortly after 2.30 o'clock, and it was just 5 o'clock when the services were brought to a close with the singing of the thanksgiving hymn, "Holy God, We Praise Thy Name," in which the entire congregation joined. Just before the Offertory Father Evers made a short address, in the course of which he expressed the gratitude of the night workers to the Archbishop for his gracious act of getting up at such an early hour and conducting such a long service.

It was hardly expected that the Archbishop would make an address, but just before he pronounced the Apostolic Benediction His Grace faced the congregation and spoke in a very feeling manner for fifteen minutes. He said that while he did not wish to detain the people any longer, he could not restrain the impulse to express his gratification at the wonderful scene he had witnessed. Father Evers had previously said that the congregation felt honored by the presence of the Archbishop, but His Grace declared that he was the one who had been honored by the invitation to be present. He congratulated the men on the success of the early Mass, and said they deserved praise, particularly because the movement was of their own initiative entirely.

Such movements usually were suggested from the sanctuary, but in this case the suggestion came from the pews. He had watched the progress of the early service with particular interest, and had been greatly pleased with its success. In about a month, the Archbishop said, he would be in Rome on a visit to the Holy Father, and one of the things he would have to tell him would be the remarkable scene he had witnessed on the occasion of the fifth anniversary of the institution of the early Mass at St. Andrew's.

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But the character furniture almost too away from the bookman. On the desk manuscripts, and an beside them suggested book was the Imitatio At the back of the desk cifix; the pictures were character, and one was miraculous picture; the either controversial or pure Catholic devotion collected that these intended for his eyes, hastily to the outer air

CHAPTER XXIV.—

What new freak was meditating, and was that and seclusion she had Where had she gotten? He had never spoken t iligious matters, and aware of any Catholic who would lead her to and doings. Evident would spoil Mrs. Men doing her any good, an with a jealous pang, h incident resembled Ruth? He had been her nears was unable to make an impression upon her, w poet comes along, s words, and forthwith she Who could be the stran instance?

While he was discussi and gloomily wondering future results, Mrs. Me ed, her cheeks very red ly walk, and with many gies for her delay. He curiously and remarked which had almost come upon her. Forme have thrown the blame delay on his shoulders, tained her position wit ance of truth, reason ness. Now she was a culprit awaiting a well- ness. She was losing was really painful, and so immediately. "I suppose it's the so said, with a touch of t ness; "it makes everyth clinging. You can har when the wind is blo land now," said he. " to see you so changed, are not ill."

"What nonsense!" she have been coming and the summer, and never before. Why should you now? I am happy eno should be different at from what one is in the until I resume my posi city—if I ever do—" "Oh! if you ever do Florian in mock amaz "Well, well! Ruth went into a convent an not surprised. Why sh the same?" "Oh! by all means, suited for it."

"Have you any ne city?" she said. "Yes; I am going to She turned upon him wide, startled eyes, an him, a faint pallor crep trembling lips. "Well," said he, deli people are married; wh I be?" She did not speak at turned to the window over the plunging sea.

"It is hard to know w do the strangest things "they seem to vie with "In foolishness, you r every, I have not dreamt avery yet. I am wa your questions about t you seem to have for natural curiosity. To I hardly know who she "No? Have you fall with an ideal?" "I have not fallen in I am to marry as a p sity. I shall marry a care for, of course, and for me."

"It is not essential marriage," she said, casm, then took a look darkening face from un sy hat. But he was t not gazing, and missed "I know that, but I your advice. I am in the wisdom of asking a to be my wife—I sha much of her in return a condensation. I would embitter her life by mands which she could

CHAPTER XXIV.— But the character furniture almost too away from the bookman. On the desk manuscripts, and an beside them suggested book was the Imitatio At the back of the desk cifix; the pictures were character, and one was miraculous picture; the either controversial or pure Catholic devotion collected that these intended for his eyes, hastily to the outer air

SOLITARY ISLAND

A NOVEL

BY REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH

CHAPTER XXIV.—Continued.

But the character of this furniture almost took the breath away from the honorable gentleman. On the desk lay a few manuscripts, and an open book beside them suggested copying. The book was the Imitation of Christ. At the back of the desk hung a crucifix; the pictures were of a pious character, and one was a copy of a miraculous picture; the books were either controversial or works of pure Catholic devotion. As he recollected that these things were not intended for his eyes, he withdrew hastily to the outer air.

What new freak was Mrs. Merrion meditating, and was this the quiet and seclusion she had spoken of? Where had she gotten these ideas? He had never spoken to her on religious matters, and he was unaware of any Catholic acquaintances who would lead her to such thoughts and doings. Evidently this freak would spoil Mrs. Merrion without doing her any good, and he thought, with a jealous pang, how much this incident resembled Ruth's conversion. He had been her nearest friend, yet was unable to make any religious impression upon her, when a strange poet comes along, speaks a few words, and forthwith she is all theirs. Who could be the stranger in this instance?

While he was discussing the point and gloomily wondering over its future results, Mrs. Merrion returned, her cheeks very red after a lively walk, and with many meek apologies for her delay. He looked at her curiously and remarked the change which had almost imperceptibly come upon her. Formerly she would have thrown the blame of her own delay on his shoulders, and maintained her position with saucy defiance of truth, reason, and politeness. Now she was a meek, quiet culprit awaiting a well-deserved sentence. She was losing her chic. It was really painful, and he told her so immediately.

"I suppose it's the sea air," she said, with a touch of the old archness; "it makes everything damp and clinging. You can hardly stand up when the wind is full of salt."

"But the wind is blowing off the land now," said he. "It pains me to see you so changed. I hope you are not ill."

"What nonsense!" she cried. "You have been coming and coming all the summer, and never noticed it before. Why should you notice it now? I am happy enough, and one should be different at the seaside from what one is in the city. Wait until I resume my position in society—if I ever do."

You can tell me whether she is capable of sustaining the burden of becoming Mrs. Wallace. You know Miss Lynch?"

"De Ponsoby's daughter? Oh, quite well; and she is of your own religious belief, too, which is an advantage."

"Perhaps it draws me to her out of many indifferent fair ones, and she is very beautiful."

"And very good, I know—pious as an angel, without losing a woman's vivacity or interest in worldly matters."

"Her piety I consider a drawback. Women are not like men in these matters. If moved at all they are carried too far, and they mount a mere ceremonial observance and call it standing on principle. Such women are dangerous."

"Very true. But Frances Lynch will not be dangerous unless you come within reach of her claws."

"You think she has claws, then?"

"Nature always provides her weak children with ugly means of defence, and the weaker the animal the uglier its weapon. Then, you know, woman has a tongue, but that is nothing."

"Oh! yes, it's a great deal. But I came to you for advice. You know the kind of a woman I need. Do you think she is the woman? I am not egotistic. I have not won her, but I shall try to win her if you can make my doubts certain, like the good fairy you are and always have been."

"If I do I shall ask a service at your hands," she answered softly.

"Well, my advice is, never mind so much the general fitness of the lady to be your wife. If she is a lady such as Frances Lynch is, she will be well able to hold the first place in your house. Follow your heart first—"

"I did follow it once," he interrupted, "and you know how it ended. I shall not try again. The first part of your advice seems sensible though. It agrees exactly with what I had thought."

"And the last part, not agreeing with what you had thought, is not sensible. That is fair reasoning."

"Never mind. Shall I take it for granted that you distinctly encourage me to offer myself to Frances?"

"Why, no! That is most unjust. Are you trying to make me responsible for your marriage?"

"Forgive me, but in my haste I misunderstood your meaning. I understand now. You think, as I do, that the lady would be an admirable wife for any man, and therefore for me. Well, the next time you see me it will be at the feet of Miss Frances. I thank you for your very kind advice. Perhaps I might be useful to you in return."

"Perhaps so," she said shyly. Florian was in despair. These manners were not Mrs. Merrion's, and while they became her, as everything did, they did not please him so well as the ordinary sauciness and defiance. If the oratory was the cause of it he would like to abolish it. He waited for some time after her last words before speaking. "I have something to show you," she said reluctantly. He knew it was the oratory and she led the way there. He was now at liberty to express his surprise, while she stood blushing.

"I see it all," he said; "this is the meaning of your desertion of the fashionable world, of your loss of old-time cheerfulness and your increase of melancholy. Who would have believed it?"

"You seem to pay great attention to my moods."

"If you are to pay attention to women you must watch their moods, for their moods are themselves. I don't like to believe that this summer's mood is you. Perhaps it will pass before winter."

"Oh! I hope not, I hope not," she said earnestly. "Would you not wish me to become a Catholic?"

"It is natural, I suppose, to wish it. But it does not suit every soul to get the faith. I hope it will not do you any more damage. I would like to be of service to you and to advise you. The first thing I advise is, don't enter a convent. It's the worst place for a convert."

"I will not, if you say so," she answered mildly, and the bell ringing for tea, they changed the conversation. It was pleasant to Florian how much at ease he felt with Mrs. Merrion, and he thought with some regret of the change which his marriage would make in their present happy relations. He was meditating on this as they walked down



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the beach towards the dock when the hour of departure came. He had offered her his arm, and they had stopped to gaze on a vessel disappearing seaward with its colored lights twinkling through the twilight. The sea was moaning heavily at their feet.

"It makes me sad," she said, "to see a vessel going off like that into the depths of the darkness and the sea. It pictures our lives, doesn't it? Our destiny carries us off out of the old happy paths into the new unknown ones, and we have only the colored lights of past memories to brighten the way. If this could but last forever!"

"It is too beautiful to last forever," he answered.

And they went on their way in silence down the moaning beach.

CHAPTER XXV.

The train which one summer evening rushed into the Clayburg depot with the crashing importance of a special express carrying the highest dignitaries of the land had Florian and the count in one of its coaches. When the old, familiar landmarks which he had known and loved as a boy began to appear, and when for the first time in eight years he saw the strip of bay over which he had sailed so often, and sniffed the fresh-water breeze, lily-scented, a scale seemed to fall from his eyes and a hard crusted shell from his body, and all at once he began to renew old sensations and to feel light as a boy again. "I can tell you it affects me, count," he said, "to come back to these old scenes which twenty-odd years of life have made dear to me."

"It always does," the count answered; "but it's an amiable weakness, and should be discouraged in diplomatists and statesmen."

Florian began to gather his traps together before they had reached the depot, and the count was annoyed.

"What's the need of hurry?" he said pettishly.

"If I know this place," Florian answered, smiling, "there will be a crowd at the station, and one glimpse of me would ruin our night's rest. There would be an immediate reception, hand-shaking till midnight, speeches and a band till morning—"

"That will do," said the count, seizing his baggage; "let us rather return to New York than endure such a trial. This America is awful, awful in its hand-shakings."

When they arrived at the depot both were standing on the last platform, and they jumped off on the opposite side as soon as the train stopped. A small boy standing near was about to rush away when Florian seized him by the collar and pressed a dime into his hand.

"Where do you live, Tommy?" he said kindly.

"Up there," said Tommy, pointing off into the distance.

"Well, git thar," said Florian, "and don't come back for ten minutes."

As the boy disappeared the count said: "I do not understand this bribery."

"He was stationed at this end of the train to notify the loungers of our attempt to escape without being seen."

"Ah! I see you are up to all the tricks of the natives."

"I am one of them," said Florian, with a surge of tenderness in his voice; "it all comes back to me like swimming. I shall give you a sail to-morrow."

They left the bustle of the depot behind them, and on reaching the top of the short hill Florian made the count look at the twilight beauty of the scene. Vladimir was not an admirer of scenery, but he looked and saw the waters covered with long, shifting lights from

the west where a faint, red glow shone, and the distant islands, visible only by the lights of dwellings there. A feeble moon threw silver flashes where the darkness was deepest. The long line of docks was a forest of masts with their red and green and white lights showing like stars against the sky, and over the hubbub of the travellers at the depot could be heard occasionally the singers in their boats far out on the calm river.

"The stillness is quite oppressive," said the count, with a shiver, as they turned into the garden of Wallace's home.

"It's a place to make you think," said Florian pointedly.

"Heaven save me from that!" laughed the count. "It is the one glory of my life, and its joys, that of all men I can think least."

Florian entered the house without any ado, and left his valise in the square room which once belonged to him. To the servant who came to inspect the intruders he gave the message for his mother that Florian had come home. The count was a trifle curious when he heard the hurried, timorous step in the hall, and he watched Mrs. Winifred closely as she appeared dressed in plain black, with her white, pointed cap lying across her smooth hair. She was in an exceedingly nervous state, and hardly noticed Vladimir's title, calling him Mr. Countrenski a moment after the introduction. Preparing two rooms for the gentlemen, and seeing them retire to brush off the dust of the journey gave her an opportunity to settle down into her usual placidity, which she did in Linda's room, where she sat crying and murmuring to the darkness, "O Linda! he has come back again."

The count was so delighted at not finding in Florian the faintest resemblance to his mother that he grew eager to begin work at once.

"I have still less resemblance to my father," said Florian. "But it would not do to scare my mother by broaching so abruptly an important matter. The idea of trying to prove her son the property of another woman! Your object would certainly be frustrated by such haste. You would get no information at all."

When they went down to the parlor Sara had arrived and was in ecstasies over the presence of her honorable brother and a count. Mrs. Winifred did not know whether he was French or Italian, but thought Florian muttered something about an embassy.

"Oh! he's from Washington," said Sara. "How delightful!" And the curtsy she made before Vladimir was a marvel of grace and dignity. The count devoted himself to her the whole evening, and left Florian to prepare his mother for the examination of the morrow, which he did with great tact and delicacy. For Mrs. Winifred, on hearing of the horrors which the count had prepared for her, was stupefied by fright and despair, muttered "yes" and "no," and "seemingly" and "certainly" to Florian's consoling explanations, and altogether behaved so absurdly as to leave the impression of success on the great statesman. She was quite prepared for the ordeal, laughed in her soft, deprecatory way at the notion of losing her son to a Russian prince, and even expressed a wish to undergo an examination that evening. But Florian demurred and took the count off to smoke a cigar, while his mother fled again to Linda's room to cry her eyes out in consternation.

Billy came home at ten o'clock precisely and found two manly strangers chatting pleasantly on the veranda. One of them took his hand and shook it warmly, saying: "Hallo, father! Wake up to the dignity of a count and a Congressman on your veranda!"

It was very sudden, and in the



FOR WASHING LINEN

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"SURPRISE"

It makes towels and all such material white, clean and sweet, without any harm from harshness.

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SURPRISE SOAP

succeeding five minutes Billy ejaculated "divil!" two hundred times at least, following this discharge with a brigade of questions as to the how and when of their arrival. He did not at all wish to go to bed that night—was bound to wake up the village and have a bonfire, or at least get out the squire and have a night of it; but Florian vetoed these resolutions, and quieted him by agreeing to a public reception before his departure.

"Congressmen are scarce in this town," he said to the count in explanation of his father's enthusiasm. "and counts, Russian ones at least, an equal rarity."

"Fortunate town!" said the count knocking the ashes off his cigar.

Mrs. Winifred, after the gentlemen had retired, urged Billy to go to the squire and assist in laying plans for a public reception the next day. "And stay there to-night," she said, "that you may be up the earlier to-morrow." In fear of disturbing the guests the delighted old boy stole out on tiptoe.

The moon was shining clear and full when Florian and Vladimir reached their rooms, and the low-lying islands were distinctly to be seen. Florian called his attention to them.

"Not that you may admire their beauty," said he, "for I begin to perceive that you have other ideas of beauty, but to tell you of a certain old fellow who haunts these islands, and whom we shall visit to-morrow. He lives there solitary, fishing and hunting and reading Isaac Walton, and is full of a homely but keen philosophy, half-human, half-barbaric, which is really unique. He has an idea that politics will be my ruin."

"And looks through a man at the first glance, I suppose."

"No, he is not too acute and observant, but I think he can draw blood even from an elegant attaché. One must be thick-skinned to avoid a wound. It sounds like truth, too."

"If it has the ring it must be the metal," said the count.

As the count had asked the favor of being made acquainted with all the circumstances of Florian's birth as soon as possible, the examination was held the next morning after breakfast. Mr. and Mrs. Buck were present, and with Billy, were informed of the reasons of the count's visit. Billy was highly amused, and Sara felt the inspiring charm of acting a part in a real romance. The count saw in the manner of each member of the family that fate was against him. Father and mother might have shown a little agitation and so have given a hope that their astonishment was but assumed. Billy, however, chuckled constantly, and Mrs. Winifred was as placid as usual.

"Seemingly," said she, with great composure, "we lived behind Russell's Camp for a number of years."

"We might have been there yet but for your tinkering," Billy snapped, with a sudden and vivid recollection of damages sustained in leaving the camp.

"Thank Heaven we are out of it, the horrid place!" said Sara. "I would never have met Mr. Buck there nor anybody; and where would you be now, my blessed Florian?"

"The Protestant brat!" barked the grandfather, patting the child's head with secret tenderness.

"It was there Florian came to us, and Sara, and Linda, and one younger child who died before we left the place. Seemingly, none of the children were baptized in a church."

"How could they be?" Billy jerked out. He was in a chronic ill-temper before strangers. "There wasn't a church in fifty miles."

"How terrible," said Sara for the count's benefit, "to be deprived of the consolations of religion—"

One withering look from Billy ended this speech, and, in fear of an outbreak, Mrs. Winifred burst in with "Pere Rivet baptized our chil-

dren and took the records with him to Montreal, I suppose. I couldn't say where. But seemingly, it troubled me. For if Florian wished to be a priest, we had no certificate of baptism."

"Not much trouble to you now," sneered Billy; "he's a Congressman, the divil!—the very opposite of a priest. And your grandson, with a certificate handy, is to be a minister. Think of that count—think of that, sir."

"We moved here," said Mrs. Winifred patiently, "when Florian was about five years old, and here we have lived since."

"Are you satisfied, count?" said Florian then; and the count nodded in some hesitation.

"I must apologize to you," he said addressing the family, "for the trouble I have given you—"

"Oh! I assure you, count," Sara broke in, "it has been a very great pleasure. Just like a novel, indeed."

"I must thank you for the kind manner in which you have humored me. I am satisfied," laughing gaily, "that your son is your own. I shall never again trouble you in this way."

"But in other ways," said Sara, "we shall be so happy to serve you. Some troubles are real pleasures."

"Not such trouble as you, you divil!" said Billy.

"But such troubles as this," she answered good-naturedly, holding young Florian close to the wrinkled face; and the grandfather was forced to smile and chuckle in spite of himself.

The morning conference was broken up by the stentorian voice of the squire at the front gate welcoming Florian to the arms of his native town. At his back were a half-dozen of the democratic fathers of the village, anxious and happy to greet the lion of the fold, the standard-bearer of an elegant attaché. In the ranks of the Philistines, Count Vladimir shuddered at the grasp which each of the ancients in turn gave to Florian's hand and the pump-handle shake which followed, and kept two books in his hand during the ceremony of introduction.

"Glad to see you, count," said the squire. "You are a rare bird in this part of the country, but I met a dozen of you in New York when I was there. Boys, this is a real, live Russian count, imported from Moscow, and Florian's friend. He's to be included in the reception. You'll make a speech, count, of course."

The very decided refusal of the count was drowned in the clamor which all present raised in behalf of the speech.

"The ladies of the whole town will be present," said Sara, "and it would be too bad to deny them the pleasure of hearing a count talk."

"Is not this a republican country?" said the count.

"Oh! but you are a rarity," Florian replied, "and must be heard as well as seen. You are an exhibition as well as myself."

"It is the one thing of this country—self-exhibition," the count muttered in a disgusted undertone, but aloud he said blandly, "If the ladies wish it I am their slave."

"How delightful!" thought Sara, "He talks just like an earl."

The squire, by request of one of the elders, wished to introduce them singly to the count, but this calamity was prevented by Mrs. Winifred. She had been sitting quietly observant of the proceedings, and now tumbled into her son's lap in a dead faint, whereupon the elders gathered about her in a close-packed gang, and the count, having been caught between them with his protective books in his hands, got such a democratic squeezing as he had never before experienced. The squire, however, hustled out his friends, and left the family to attend to Mrs. Winifred.

(To be continued.)

OBSTINATE COUGHS AND COLDS.

The Kind That Stick.

The Kind That Turn To BRONCHITIS.

The Kind That End In CONSUMPTION.

Do not give a cold the chance to settle on your lungs, but on the first sign of it go to your druggist and get a bottle of

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

It cures Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Pains in the Chest, Hoarseness, or any affection of the Throat or Lungs. Mrs. Gosshaw, 43 Clarence Street, Toronto, writes: "I wish to thank you for the wonderful good Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup has done for my husband and two children. It is a wonderful medicine; it is so healing and soothing to a distressing cough. We are never without a bottle of it in the house."

Don't accept a substitute for Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, and price 25 cents, at all dealers.

ENTS SECURED

The English Education Question.

(Continued from Page 1.)

tion, which is from the necessity of the case migratory. It is one of the hardships of their lot that they cannot conserve home of their own.

EVERY FEW MONTHS A FRESH CENSUS

or a fresh inquiry, and if you find it is one below the four-fifths are you to disturb everything and upset everything, or do you propose that once established the right shall remain for a reasonable period?

A DIFFICULTY IN THE BILL,

in that it does not provide for an appeal to the central authority from the judgment of the local authority on the question of convenience of access.

EXCLUDED SCHOOLS,

if they prefer to retain what those who built them believed to be vital in their character as Catholic schools, shall continue to retain that character.

THE APPOINTMENT OF TEACHERS,

because that is the root of the whole matter. What is wanted is that a school shall retain its existing cha-

acter as a Church of England school as a Jewish school, or as a Catholic school. What must be acknowledged is that it cannot substantially and effectively retain that character unless the teachers are such as to give confidence to those who send their children to the school, and as long as that must be acknowledged it is plain that there ought to be more security for the parents' rights to have teachers such as will keep the school of the character which it now has, and which it is intended by the provisions of the act to retain.

A PARENTS' COMMITTEE,

with a negative or an affirmative voice in the choice of the teachers. Remember you are hoping to make provision for what will last, if not in perpetuity, for a considerable time. It is a provision by which the local authorities will perform not merely the displeasing duty of displacing teachers from year to year and from month to month and from week to week, but there will be numerous cases in which there will be places to be filled up because of teachers becoming old or dying or from other causes.

THE WORDS IN CLAUSE 4 WOULD REQUIRE STRENGTHENING.

He said: "With regard to the Jewish teachers the words of Clause 4 might require strengthening, but the intention was that they should be carried on just as they are now."

TAKING OVER NEW SCHOOLS

in the event of population increasing in districts, besides the natural growth of places by industrial enterprise. There are other changes such as by shifting of population, and while some towns have fallen away, others have grown, and in dealing in any way worthily with this question you must consider the rise of a new population, which would require the same right and protection as is given to existing schools by this clause.

SUFFERING WOMEN

who find life a burden, can have health and strength restored by the use of

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

The present generation of women and girls have more than their share of misery. With some it is nervousness and palpitation, with others weak, dizzy and fainting spells, while with others there is a general collapse of the system.

Mrs. D. O. Donoghue, Orillia, Ont., writes: "For over a year I was troubled with nervousness and heart trouble. I decided to give Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills a trial, and after using five boxes I found I was completely cured. I always recommend them to my friends."

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facts are at present insuperable defects. They are defects which affect the rights and consciences particularly as to the choice of teachers of those for whom we speak. They are defects which it is impossible for us to overlook. They are defects, therefore, which render it impossible for me, at any rate at this stage, to vote for

THE SECOND READING;

but I repeat the hope that in the continuation of the discussion in the tone adopted by the hon. member for the Scotland Division (Mr. T. P. O'Connor), in a temper moderate and firm, the day may come, at some later stage of the bill, that we may enter a different verdict upon the Bill (cheers).

MEDICINE FOR CHILDREN.

A medicine which keeps babies and children well, or restores them to health when they are ill, is a priceless boon to humanity. Such a medicine is Baby's Own Tablets. These Tablets cure all stomach and bowel troubles, allay the pain of teething and give sound, healthy, refreshing sleep.

OBITUARY.

MR. DAVID O'MEARA.

On Friday last the death occurred of Mr. David O'Meara, of Sherrington, Que., after a long illness, aged 55 years. The deceased, who was a brother of Rev. Wm. O'Meara, P.P., of St. Gabriel's Church, was one of the oldest citizens of Sherrington, and had occupied the principal confidential positions in that parish.

GOLDEN JUBILEE OF HAMILTON DIOCESE.

The impressive services in connection with the golden jubilee of the Hamilton diocese began on Saturday night, and were continued till Tuesday. A canonical reception was extended on Saturday night to Monsseigneur Donatus Sbarretti, Apostolic Delegate to Canada, which was participated in by the Catholic clergy of the city, the Archbishop of Toronto, the Archbishop of Kingston, and the Bishops of London, Peterboro' and Sault Ste. Marie.

A Soothing Oil.—To throwoil upon the troubled waters means to subdue to calmness the most boisterous sea.

To apply Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil to the troubled body when it is racked with pain means speedy subjugation of the most refractory elements. It cures the pain, heals bruises, takes the fire from burns, and as a general household medicine is useful in many ailments. It is worth much.

Remarkable interest is now being shown in the approaching visit to Dublin of Miss Maud MacCarthy, the famous Irish Catholic violinist, who on this occasion will make her first appearance on a public platform in her own country. A committee of Dublin citizens, representative of every section of the public, is being formed to ensure "cead mille failte" for this gifted Irish girl, whose genius, industry, and courage have even at this early age won her the enthusiastic approval of the people of many lands.

Biliousness Burdens Life.—The bilious man is never a companionable man because his ailment renders him morose and gloomy. The complaint is not so dangerous as it is disagreeable. Yet no one need suffer from it who can procure Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. By regulating the liver and obviating the effects of the bile in the stomach they restore men to cheerfulness and full vigor of action.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

PLEASANT WEEK-END OUTINGS

To River, Lake or Mountain

Good Going Saturday or Sunday, Returning Monday.

Table with 2 columns: Destination and Price. Includes Bedford, Cowansville, Joliette, Knowlton, Labelle, Lachute, Ottawa, Nominag, Quebec, Sherbrooke, and St. Johns, Q.

Rates to many other points on application.

TICKET OFFICE: 129 St. James Street Next Post Office.

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CHEAP WEEK END TRIPS

GOING—Saturday or Sunday by any train.

RETURNING until Monday by any train, as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Destination and Price. Includes Abenakis Springs, Beloeil, Bluff Point, Burlington, Cornwall, Highgate Springs, Massena Springs, Otterburn Park, Plattsburgh, Quebec, Rouse's Point, Sherbrooke, St. Anne de Bellevue, St. Hyacinthe, St. Johns, Vaudreuil, and Ottawa.

Also many other points.

*Good returning until Monday morning trains only.

CITY TICKET OFFICES: 137 St. James Street, Telephone Main 460 & 461, or Bonaventure Station

PIUS X'S PRESENT.

Since Queen Mary, the Future Queen of Spain is the First English Princess to receive the Golden Rose.

For the first time since Julian III., who was Pope from 1550-1555, a princess of the English royal family has received the golden rose. The future Queen of Spain, Princess Ena of Battenburg, has received the "Aurea Rosa" as a wedding present from His Holiness Pius X.

Queen Mary was the only woman of the English Royal family who had obtained a like distinction. The golden rose is valued at \$1500. It represents in its gold and its perfume the body and soul of our Saviour. This jewel dates from the reign of Gregory the Great. Urban V., in 1366, established the annual presentation of the Golden Rose to sovereigns, to churches, to communities which had merited the gratitude of the Holy See.

Of the number of those who have received the jewel may be counted Queen Joan of Naples, in 1360; Henry VI., of England, 1446; Henry VIII., Queen Mary, Frederic the Wise of Saxony, Charles III. of France and Gonzalvus of Cordova.

Boys in Sistine Choir.

A great change and a happy addition to the Pope's choir, the famous Sistine Chapel choir, will soon be the band of boys which Master Perosi is training in plain chant. Their young voices will be a bright note in the richness and depth of the grand old Sistine.

Advertisement for DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. Includes image of the pill box and text: "DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. CURES RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, DIABETES, GRAVEL, BILIOUSNESS, AND ALL KIDNEY DISEASES."

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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, \$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, \$5.85

CRASH PANTS, well made, perfect cut and style, most desirable for holiday wear \$1.16

WHITE DUCK PANTS for boating, tennis, cricket or any other outdoor sport, well made and well finished, \$1.05

50 000 Yards of Newest White Silks

Offering in a Sale at less than cost to manufacturers. The great popularity of White Silks for summer wear is the basis of reasoning for this sale. We have gathered more than fifty thousand yards, representing without question the most complete collection of wanted kinds in Montreal. And our introductory prices during this sale will establish new low records for under-price selling.

The Qualities are invariably the very best to be obtained, every yard being absolutely perfect in weave and texture. Comparison with kinds sold elsewhere will lead you here for your White Silk without question. The exhibit of them will serve as a standard of value.

Come where assortments are largest and best; where prices are no more than you ought to pay.

Table with 2 columns: Description and Price. Includes 3600 yards White Corded Habutai, 5000 yards White Habutai, 3700 yards White Figured Habutai, 5000 yards White Taffeta, 3500 yards Pure Silk Rough Shantung Suiting, 2200 yards White Louisiana, 1200 yards Pongee Silks, 1500 yards Fancy Louisiana.

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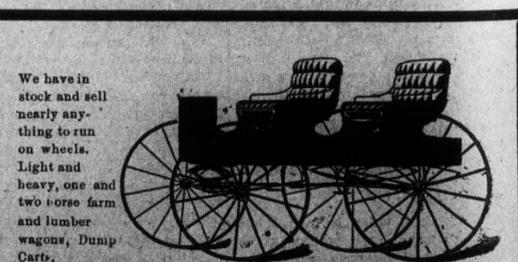
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21 ST. ANTOINE STREET MONTREAL



A Real D.P. Moran

(J. M. Wall, in New York) Here comes a man from the crowd, as you might say, whose presence felt instantly powerful force. Few men earlier than that to go wholly unrewarded, who has missed the opportunity.

His name is D. P. Moran, a man of the capital city of Ireland. I have called him a philosopher, but he is not a philosopher in the sense of another Irish philosopher, Berkeley, that is, who says on the "theory of mind, is far more profound for an Irishman, now other time, than the questions of the Prot of Kilkenny.

There is awakened an intellectual affinity man who could produce as "The Philosophy of Land"—which I have read—that I would like to see the entire page in the Da that possible, in explaining great good he has accomplished. The wonderful grasp Moran has of the pulses of Irish life is in proclaiming his vision at a time when the friend of Ireland, a the best sense of the shows Irishmen their tone of satire so scathing on their guilt or else sting.

It is easier to discern in any given line than but to discover and that this man has done a he has done, is a land history of Ireland while the politics of the ever influential he may at any other time, can ignore.

"The Philosophy of Land" is a book of essays, by Moran a few years ago head as well as the nation was just beginning the significance of the ment. They were contemporary magazine. They come book and sell for a second edition was put ket recently, and a third likely to be called for date.

Mr. Moran wasn't a then as he is now, but who can write as he forces himself into prominence, any time. There expressible charm in his say this about a real alist who commits himself to the good of the and the feeling grows on knowing that it is t are many Irishmen abroad of the caliber of they have not as yet from. The conditions are It is their duty to make but the hard labor and they are sure to get a—frighten them. Genius is opportunity, we are more frequently infinite capacity for ta Looked at in either lig a genius. He is sure of the ground, and his ever he has planted it, delible impress. His Irishmen who think, ne who shout and cheer, plume wave and hear, defiantly from amid a "There's the straight, it and you are lost!" An breaks and falls into the now ten, now a hundred thousand, until all Irish