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Vol. LVI., No. 19

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1907

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Even "Sacre Coeur" Is Despoiled.

Magnificent Basilica Object of Atheists' Loot—Built by Catholics At Great Sacrifice.

(By E. L. Aron.)

When the visitor to Paris, strolling along the boulevards, glances up one of the intersecting streets toward the north, he sees far above him what seems a snow-white mirage, if the atmosphere is clear; if the day is hazy, what looks like a portion of a glorified Turner painting set in the sky above the city. What he sees is the Basilica of the Sacre Coeur.

Aside from the Acropolis at Athens no city has planned or possessed a nobler monument upon so appropriate a site. To the foreigner Montmartre means a place to go at night to see the Moulin Rouge, the cafes of Hell and Heaven, the "Dead Rat" and similar "show places" which are supposed to be typical Parisian—probably because no Parisian ever sets foot in them.

The Parisian goes to certain other tiny little theatres and cafés-antiques which the tourist knows nothing of, and revels in songs, monologues and "reviews," in which the most mordant wit and stinging satire are aimed at every form of Philistinism. But over all the merry-making at Montmartre towers in the moonlight the white basilica, a symbol of what the Butte Montmartre really means to Paris.

Montmartre, the hill that rises more than three hundred feet above the Seine, is called so, some say, because when Paris was the Lutetia which Julius Caesar loved a temple of Mars stood on the height dominating the distant island, where another temple stood, which now is Notre Dame. That derivation is legendary, however.

There is far better proof that it is the "Mount of Martyrs" and not the "Mount of Mars." Because it was here that St. Denis, the first Bishop of Paris, and his companions paid for their faith with their lives.

Henry of Navarre won his right for the throne because he was able to hold this hill. Here was the last struggle of Napoleon's soldiers with the allies. Here the Commune began when the cannon were seized by Clemenceau's friends in 1871, and the communards lost the chance to destroy all instead of a part of Paris when they lost Montmartre.

HOW IT WAS BUILT.

The Parisian may be cynical, irreverent, careless and pessimistic, but he loves his city. And among the things sacred to the most sacrilegious Parisian, because it is linked with the city's whole history, is the "Hill of Montmartre."

Since St. Denis means more to France than St. George does to England, the Catholics of this country always felt a peculiar interest in Montmartre. But it was only a little more than thirty years ago that their feeling took the concrete form of the most stately of modern monuments.

The plans were big to begin with. They provided for a column-borne dome 260 feet high, with a campanile a hundred feet higher behind it, among other features of a grandiose Byzantine structure. But borings of the subsoil were not foreseen.

The result was that when the whole crown of the height was found to stand upon a deep stratum of treacherous clay it was necessary to spend 3,500,000 francs upon a system of substructure and foundations that even American architects and engineers find worth studying. To do this practically all the land and buildings on the slopes of the hill had to be bought.

monument of which all France should be proud. Then came the question of replacing these millions spent for the unforeseen foundation needs. The money was forthcoming in a way somewhat impressive when it is remembered that France is not a country of millionaires. How it was done I could not have understood unless I had seen the other day a Parisian, who is not a sentimentalist, at one of the beautiful columns that uphold the dome and heard him say: "This is ours. This is the column the Stanislaus College put up. They can't take this away unless they turn Sacre Coeur into a quarry."

That was the way the Basilica was built. The church funds were supplemented by schools and colleges and private benefactions, and something like \$8,000,000 or \$9,000,000—dollars, not francs—was spent. Whether it was a wise and praiseworthy expenditure is a question for economists to settle. The noteworthy feature of it all to an American is that I have found not one of its past or present possessors who regrets a penny of the cost.

GRABBED BY THE STATE.

This distinction must be drawn, because Sacre Coeur de Montmartre no longer belongs to the people who paid for it and built it. It is the property of the State. Not the great building only, nor the land upon which buildings stand which are used or usable for church purposes. All the property on the slopes, bought to make the foundations possible, pays its rents to the Government.

In this case, as in the case of Notre Dame and the Madeleine, there has been no overt act of dispossession of that part of the property actually used for religious exercises. These exercises still continue in the basilica. But they continue during a truce, by tacit consent, and without a vestige of legal right, title or authority.

Therein lies the difficulty of enabling Americans to understand the existing situation in France. The Catholics still hold religious services in the Sacre Coeur of Montmartre. Therefore, say the Socialists, there has been no spoliation. How long they will be permitted to hold them is a matter which Parliament can settle at will on any day it pleases.

But talk about Mark Tapley! For cheerfulness in making the best of bad things, commend yourself to the present-day Frenchman. The comment I have heard—not once, but often—is that actual instead of practical complete confiscation of the Sacre Coeur is apt to come later than elsewhere, "because it is so far away from the business and fashionable portion of Paris that it is not suitable for a museum or a Ministry building."

In other words, the integrity and sanctity of this superb monument depends mainly upon its being a sort of suburban white elephant for the Government.

For a final word about the Basilica of Montmartre it is appropriate to jot down a note in the "album of incoherence," in the list of absurd inconsistencies and incongruities which the American observer is forced to collect in France.

The Sacre Coeur is despoiled, secularized and confiscated by the existing law. By a law adopted by special vote in the Chamber of Deputies during the presidency of MacMahon, France of the Third Republic is the one nation of the earth to-day which by vote of its popular representatives is identified with a religious order. For France by act of Parliament was then consecrated to the Sacre Coeur.

Are your coms harder to remove than those that others have had? Have they not had the same kind? Have they not been cured by using Holloway's Corn Cure? Try a bottle.

Office Boy—There are two men in the office, sir, who wish to see you, one of them is a poet and the other a deaf man. Editor—Well, go out and tell the poet that the deaf man is the editor.

Fete Dieu.

Large Procession and City's Streets Thronged.

The Fete Dieu celebration which took place last Sunday, was carried out with as much splendor as usually characterizes this great feast. The day, although cloudy, was favorable for the celebration. The procession followed a short route, so much so that it almost overlapped, as while the clergy was just leaving Notre Dame, the head was already at Victoria Square, on the way back. A temporary altar had been erected in the porch of St. Patrick's, at which the benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by Bishop Racicot. The Mount St. Louis Cadets, who supplied the guard of honor, gave military honors at the benediction.

It was about 10.30 when the procession got under way. Long before that the streets were crowded with visitors and sightseers, but mostly by those who paid reverent attention to what was passing before them. Whole masses of people knelt as the Host was borne past them. The singing of canticles by church choirs as they walked along, the waving of banners that bore religious inscriptions, the appearance of so many members of the clergy, the number of nuns, who were in charge of orphans and of pupils, all tended to give the celebration its proper setting.

Low Mass was celebrated in Notre Dame at 9 o'clock, and promptly at that hour the members of the Bar, wearing their official gowns, were seen coming towards the church. They were headed by four judges wearing gowns and three-cornered hats. First was Chief Justice Taschereau, then Mr. Justice Curran, Mr. Justice Lafontaine, and Mr. Justice Guerin. Among the members of the Bar who were present were the following: Messrs. P. B. Magnan, K. C., and ex-batonnier; S. Beaudin, K. C., F. J. Bisailon, K. C., A. Bonin, K. C., C. Bruchesi, L. J. Loranger, P. Lacoste, J. C. Lamothe, V. Martineau, L. A. David, A. Lacoste, J. P. Landry, A. Ouimet, L. Coderre, J. Dubreuil, J. Mathieu, J. Jenet, E. Beaulieu, A. Vallee, J. St. Mars, J. Rondeau, M. Bissonette, M. Leblanc, and A. Daoust, and A. Pilon, criers.

After mass the legal gentlemen were shown out into the spacious garden, which is hidden from Notre Dame street by the high walls, and there they remained until the clergy had emerged. Then the judges and lawyers were shown back into the church and took their places behind the canopy under which Bishop Racicot carried the Host. He was immediately followed by Archbishop Bruchesi, attended by numerous clergy.

The procession began to move towards St. Patrick's, which fact was made known to those outside by the ringing of the bells in the towers of the church. At that time the important part of the procession was under way, but long before that the different societies had begun to march, and the first section had practically covered the route, as they were again in sight of the church.

The squad of police was in charge of Lieut. Landriault. The men wore dress uniforms with white helmets and gloves. The parishes that took part in the procession were: St. Helen's, Cathedral, St. James, Notre Dame, and St. Patrick's.

We have no hesitation in saying that Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is without doubt the best medicine ever introduced for dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera and all summer complaints, sea sickness, etc. It promptly gives relief and never fails to effect a positive cure. Mothers should never be without a bottle when their children are teething.

It is reported from Quebec that the new organ to be published by L'Action Sociale Catholique will be issued in September. Valuable property has been purchased and the intention is to make it an up-to-date paper. Rev. Eug. Roy will be editor-in-chief.

Mount St. Louis Cadets

Brilliant Inspection on Champ de Mars.—Warmly Received in Quebec.

Mount St. Louis Cadets, comprising two battalions 475 strong, had their annual inspection on the Champ de Mars last Saturday. At the close Lieut.-Col. Pelletier, addressing them, said he was more than satisfied with the manner in which they had performed the various evolutions. He congratulated Sergt.-Major Phillips, drill instructor, on the success which had attended his efforts, and wished the cadets a pleasant time on their trip to Quebec, which took place on Monday.

The movements were gone through with almost automatic uniformity, and the work of the signalling corps was done with considerable smartness. All through the inspection the cadets fully maintained the high reputation they have won in the past for smart appearance and efficiency in drill.

Lieut.-Col. Poulier was in command. Battalion No. 1 was commanded by Lieut.-Col. Cousineau, with Major D. Jackson and Capt.-Adjutant E. Latourelle. Battalion No. 2 was commanded by Lieut.-Col. Farrell, with Major Lajoie and Capt.-Adjutant Laporte. In Battalion No. 1 the companies were in command of: No. 1, Capt. E. D. Dufresne; No. 2, Capt. Robert Roy; No. 3, Capt. Walter Coffin; No. 4, Capt. H. Lajoie. Companies forming Battalion No. 2 were commanded by No. 1, Capt. Dupuis; No. 2, Capt. Dubuc; No. 3, Capt. Limoges; No. 4, Capt. Orkeny.

CADETS IN ANCIENT CAPITAL.

That the Mount St. Louis Cadet Corps has greatly earned the distinction of being termed the best drilled cadet corps in the Dominion was the opinion of every resident of the Ancient Capital who saw the famous organization on its altogether too brief visit to the Ancient Capital on Monday. Here in the home of military precision and the traditions of the best drilled regiments of the British service, the young men and boys from the sister city made the biggest kind of a bit and earned for themselves the most complimentary comments of all.

The cadets arrived on a special train about ten o'clock, nearly 500 strong, with brass and bugle bands and signal corps. They were in charge of Sergt.-Major Phillips, their instructor, and Rev. Brother Symphonium, Superior of Mount St. Louis. Brothers John and Henry and other members of the Christian Brothers. They were also accompanied by Major Archambault, of the 65th regiment. The cadets were met at the station by Lt.-Col. A. Roy, D.O.C., and Major Brousseau, and the band of the R.C.G.A. They fell in front of the C.P.R. station in two battalions, one composed of young men and the other of the smaller boys of the college.

Cadet Lt.-Col. Commandant Porlier was in command. No. 1 Battalion was commanded by Cadet Lt.-Col. Cousineau, with Cadet Major D. Jackson and Cadet Adjutant Latourelle. No. 2 Battalion had Cadet Lt.-Col. Farrell in command, with Cadet Major Gerin-Lajoie, and Cadet Adjutant Laporte.

The cadets marched up to the Basilica, preceded by a detachment of police in command of Chief Trudel. After service in the Basilica they proceeded to the Archbishop's Palace where Mgr. Marois addressed them, and they then marched to the City Hall, where Mayor Garneau extended to them a very hearty welcome. The Christian Brothers' School was the next point visited, after which they went to the Parliament House. Here His Honor Lieut.-Governor Jette, who was accompanied by Premier Gouin, Lt.-Col. Roy, Major Brousseau and Major Sheppard, A.D.C., addressed a few words of welcome. Luncheon at the Drill Hall was next in order. All along the line of march in the morning large crowds of people greeted the youthful visitors, and all were much struck with the neat and smart appearance of

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

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

ALL DRUGGISTS, 25 and 60c. BOTTLE.

Buy a Cadillac!

Anyone at all interested in automobiles will find the Cadillac the most dependable of popular-priced cars, to which is added the incredibly low cost of maintenance.

We're selling these machines as low as \$1100 and recommend them for all sorts of service in town or country. There is more certainty of good value and thorough satisfaction in a "Cadillac" than in any other car in sight.

The simple fact that more Cadillacs were sold last year than any other car in the world carries its own argument.

The Canadian Automobile Co.

Garage, Thistle Curling Rink. Office, 342 Craig West.

Brennan's

Our lines of hot weather Men's Furnishing is complete. Wash Vests, fine French hisle thread underwear, and Half Hose.

PANAMA HATS. Sailor, Straws in the latest styles.

Clerical Collars, a specialty, (only at west store) at

BRENNAN'S

251 St. Catherine Street West, 7 St. Catherine Street East

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CONCERT

The concert of the present week given in aid of the Catholic Sailors' Club of our City, may certainly be looked upon as one of the greatest and most successful efforts yet put forward in behalf of that institution.

The evening's entertainment was under the patronage of Miss Shenidan, and as proceedings were opened every thing pointed to a most enjoyable event.

The chair was occupied by Dr. Rodgers, and the programme was one well deserving of success and encouragement.

Mention is due to Miss Sheridan and Miss Stafford as well as to Messrs. Hennessey, Dwyer, Dr. Scanlan, Robt. Gordon, Dewar, Kelly, Shedden, Greenwood and the members of the orchestra who certainly spared no effort to make the evening all that could be wished for.

Towards the close of the evening, the chairman, in a few well chosen words tendered a vote of thanks to the patroness of the evening's work and then announced that next week's entertainment would be given by Prof. Corey and his pupils; and judging from what has already been offered from the same source a rare treat is certainly in store for those who are in the habit of frequenting the weekly concerts of the Catholic Sailors' Club.

"Yes," said the reformed cannibal chief, "I used to eat every missionary that came out here."

"That was before you got religious, eh?" queried the new missionary.

"No, before I got indigestion."—Catholic Standard and Times.

HOME INTERESTS

Conducted by HELENE.

To be able to meet an emergency in life, no matter what it may be, is a form of self-reliance that every woman should train and develop herself for. It expresses itself in an ability to make quick decisions, and having done that, acting without doubt and hesitation, straining at every point to justify the action by bringing it to a successful finish. More than half the women in the world fail, not only in important, but trivial things, because they are afraid. Necessity in some form obliges them to make a decision, and of their obligation to do this they have no doubt; but as there is always the possibility of another way being better than that decided upon, they waver, go ahead half-heartedly, and in the end either fail entirely or achieve only partial success, because they lacked self-reliance. They were not sure of themselves, either of their ability or wisdom, and neither is strengthened. Self-reliance does not preclude doubt of one's infallibility, but it does mean faith to do whatever has been undertaken. A self-reliant woman does not say, "I cannot," but "I will," even if at the time she does not know how she will accomplish the task. But her very faith in herself is a help; she trains herself to be alert for anything that may further the end, and her self-reliance begets the confidence of others.

WALKING A LOST ART.

Time was when everybody walked and thought it no disgrace. For then walking was only a degree slower than the quickest means of locomotion, and by that token respectable. But who thinks of walking now? If you go into a shoe-shop where fifty styles of fine foot-gear are offered, you won't find a shoe you could walk a mile in without being crippled, and though you call for the best grade of stockings, they are worn through the first time you put them on if you go afoot. Nobody who is anybody is expected to walk any more. The trolleys and the devil wagons have made walking intolerably slow, and the air-ships, when they come, will doubtless abolish it for good and all. And that is progress. The voice which clamors for stockings that will wear or shoes that are easy is a voice out of the past, the echo of dead traditions.

MEAN GIVING.

"I can't bear to have her do the least thing for me," said one girl to another. "She is always throwing it at you so afterward. It seems impossible for her to forget her kindness."

To forget one's own kindness is one of the crowning graces of generous people. Those who are really great in kindness keep no mental ledger account of them. It is only the person rather niggardly of favors who remembers them afterwards.

"I think they're pretty mean if they're not willing to do so, after what we did for them last year," is not an uncommon expression of opinion. It has a reasonable sound at first. Yet it is neither more nor less than the expression of a spirit that in its kindness and generosity is merely trafficking and bargaining. It is unsatisfied unless it gets back as much or more than it gives.

One has no right to bestow a favor at all unless he can do it with absolute freeness. To refer to a favor bestowed is like taking back a gift—giving it over again in such a way as to humiliate the recipient. Give greatly, freely, nobly, or do not give at all.—Selected.

THE PROPORTIONS WRONG.

Often the housekeeper is years in learning, says Harper's Bazar, the reason why it takes a long time to freeze her cream is because the proportions of ice and salt are wrong. All creams should become solid in fifteen minutes after they are put into the freezer; if they do not, then the trouble is in the mixture around the can.

It is necessary, of course, that the mixture to be frozen be perfectly cold before it is put into the freezer.

If a custard is used, this can be made and put on ice an hour or so before it is needed; if cream is to be whipped, it may be chilled before it is beaten. The ice should be all in bits as large as an egg, of regular size; the salt should be neither too fine nor too coarse, but that which comes in bags, called 'ice cream salt.' The freezer should be put into place with the cover on when all is ready; the broken ice should be measured in a large dipper or bowl, and two measures of ice mixed quickly with one measure of salt and put into the pail, and so on. After it is packed it must stand, empty and covered, for fifteen minutes; then the cream may be put in, and it must stand ten minutes to chill, when the turning is to begin and last fifteen minutes. The dasher is to be taken out, the cream scraped from the sides and packed down, the freezer repacked and left covered for two hours in a cool place, with a heavy cloth dipped in salt water over it.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

During the American civil war there was a woman in Maine who received a letter which ran thus, "Willie is sick; he is dying." The mother read the letter, and looking to her husband, said, "Father, I must go to Willie."

"No, wife, you cannot go," he replied. "You know that there is a line of bayonets between you and Willie."

She did what a Christian mother always does when her boy is in peril, she spread the letter before the Lord and prayed all night. Next morning she said, "Father, I must go to Willie. I must."

"Well, wife," he said, "I don't know what will come of this, but of course if you will go there is the money."

She went to Washington, and the man in the executive mansion, who had a heart as tender as a woman's—Abraham Lincoln—brushed away a tear as he wrote, and handing her a paper said, "Madam, that will take you to the enemy's lines, but what will become of you after you get there I cannot tell."

She took the paper and came to the line picket, she handed him the pass, and he looked at it and at her, and said: "We don't take that thing here."

"I know it," she said; "but Willie, my boy, is dying in Richmond and I am going to him. Now shoot!"

He did not shoot, but stood awed and hushed in the presence of a love that is more like God's than any other that surges in the human soul in its deathless unselfishness.

All that mother thought of was her boy. Smuggled through the lines she went down to the hospital. The surgeon said to her, "Ma'am, you must be very careful; your boy will survive no excitement."

She crept past cot after cot, and knelt at the foot of the one where her boy lay, and putting up her hands prayed in smothered tones, "O God, spare my boy."

The sick man raised his white hands from under the sheet; the sound of his mother's voice had gone clean down into the valley and shadow of death, where the soul of the young man was going out in its ebbing tide. Raising his hand, he said: "Mother, I knew you would come."

That boy is a man to-day, saved by a mother's love.

IRISH POETS OF TO-DAY.

I would put Mr. Yeats in the first rank of contemporary poets, in the first rank of English lyric poets of all ages, because he seems to me to have struck a new note of great distinction in poetry, to have found a new music, to have made poems of high beauty out of his dream of life. Spenserian and Pre-Raphaelite exteriorly some of his earlier poetry is, and there are suggestions of Blake and Shelley in it, but by The Countess Cathleen (1892) he had found himself, and since then his whole thought has been to put his interpretations of the old legends of Ireland into English poetry, to write lyrics that shall be as much the ex-

Three little things which all agree.



The kettle the teapot & BLUE RIBBON TEA.

pression of Irish life as are Irish folk-lyrics, to hold his dreams in verse.

If it is always twilight in the Ireland of Mr. Yeats, it is twilight over bog, or mountain, or sea-shore; in the Ireland of Mr. Russell's poems glories of sunrise or of sunset make you forget the country, or night blots out all sight of hut and river and wood—of places associated with man. You are conscious only of the skies, sometimes flashing with auroral colors, but oftener gold and black with myriads of stars burning out of their dome. Mr. Russell thus symbolizes the littleness of man, the briefness, the unimportance of his doings, and the greatness of eternal things. Man is always put over against the sweep of constellation beyond constellation, of star-world beyond star-world. All that is important for man to do here on earth is to prepare for the hereafter.—Prof. Cornelius Weygandt, in The Book News Monthly for May.

STATIONERY STYLES.

Square envelopes are out. The oblong is the favored shape. Note paper measures six inches each way. The initials no longer occupy the centre top. Bordered stationery shows a pretty edge, of cadet blue, say. But the latest wrinkle shows a sheer white paper lined with old rose.

For Diarrhoea, Dysentery AND ALL Summer Complaints DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY IS AN INSTANTANEOUS CURE.

It has been used in thousands of homes during the past sixty-two years and has always given satisfaction.

Every home should have a bottle so as to be ready in case of emergency.

Price 35 cents at all druggists and dealers. Do not let some unprincipled druggist humbug you into taking so-called Strawberry Compound. The original is Dr. Fowler's. The rest are substitutes.

Mrs. G. Bode, Lethbridge, Alta., writes: "We have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry and found it a great remedy for Diarrhoea, Summer Complaint and Cramps. We would not like to be without it in the house."

TIMELY HINTS.

Before stuffing a pillow with feathers, wax the inside of the tick and the down will not work through. Dishes made from eggs and milk should not be kept for a second day, especially during the warm months. Fish, even if perfectly fresh when cooked, is by far more dangerous than stale meat. Beef and mutton keep longer than either fish or white meats.

Lemon juice and salt will remove iron rust. Cover the spots with salt and then moisten with the lemon juice. Place the garment in the sun, and when dry repeat the process. Rinse well before washing.

Always wear a large apron when working with gasoline and remove it when through. This is a necessary precaution on account of the inflammability of the fluid.

Dry sand will extinguish burning oil, and where lamps are used a pailful of sand should be always in readiness in case of accident. Water is useless, as it only spreads the flames.

Remove spots or finger marks on white woodwork with a cloth wrung out of warm water and dipped in prepared chalk.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

FAITH CURE.

"Tommy," said his Sunday school teacher, "your cold is much better than when I saw you last."

"Yes'm," answered Tommy. "I cured it by prayin'."

"By praying? I am glad to hear you say that."

"Yes'm. I asked the Lord to take it away from me and give it to Dick Bingo, and Dick's got it, all right."

WHAT SHE LEFT OFF.

A teacher in a certain Sunday-school had been impressing on her girls the need of making some personal sacrifice during Lent. Accordingly, on the first Sunday of that penitential season, which happened to be a warm spring day, she took occasion to ask each of the class in turn what she had given up for the sake of her religion. Everything went well, and the answers were proving highly satisfactory, until she came to the youngest member. "Well, Mary," inquired the teacher, "what have you left off for Lent?" "Please, ma'am," stammered the child, somewhat confused, "I—I've left off my leggins."

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?"

AND THEY ALL LAUGHED.

A certain foppish curate in England made himself somewhat amusing to his vain sermons in the pulpit. One Sunday when speaking on the creation he proceeded thus: "Yea, my beloved brethren, He who made this huge world, made the little grain of sand. He who created the vast and fathomless ocean made the tiny rain drop. He who created you, my dear brethren, made the blades of grass; and He who made me, made a daisy!" (and then his congregation laughed.)

SAID THE BOY IN THE CORNER.

"Explain," said the teacher to the class, "the difference between the quick and the dead."

"The quick," answered the boy in the corner, "is them that gets out of the way of the motor cars, and the dead is them as doesn't."

SOME IDEAS OF HIS OWN.

It was Dick's turn to read his composition in school. He arose, walked up in front of his teacher's desk, and after making his bow unrolled a sheet of foolscap and begun:

"Cows: "Cows is a very useful animal. Cows give milk, but as for me, 'Give me Liberty or give me death.'"

One day the office boy went to the editor of the Soaring Eagle and said: "There is a tramp at the door and he says he has had nothing to eat for six days."

"Fetch him in," said the editor. "If we can find out how he does it we can run this paper for another week?"—Exchange.

Little Bobby wrote an essay on bees as follows: "The bee is a queer sort of insect, that gives people a few pointers they don't appreciate. The queen bosses the hive, just as ma bosses our house. The drone bee is like pa; he doesn't care much about work. There are other kinds of bees, including political bees quilting bees and husking bees. There is a kissing bee in our parlor every Sunday night, and I get a nicker to tell about it. When it comes to choice of bees, give me a kissing bee every time."

His Lordship Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester, N.Y., says that there are between five and six thousand Catholic students in the non-Catholic universities of the United States.

THE POET'S CORNER

JUDGE NOT.

Judge not, the workings of his brain And of his heart thou canst not see;

What looks to thy dim eyes a stain, In God's pure light may only be A scar brought from some well-won field, Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

The look, the air, that frets thy sight, May be a token, that below, The soul has closed in deadly fight, With some infernal fiery foe, Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace, And cast thee shuddering on thy face.

The fall thou darest to despise— Maybe the angel's slackened hand, Has suffered it, that he may rise, And take a firmer, surer stance; Or, trusting less to earthly things, May henceforth learn to use his wings.

With hopeful pity, not disdain; The depth of the abyss may be The measure of the length of pain. And love and glory that may raise, This soul to God in after days. —Adelaide A. Proctor.

TILL TO-MORROW.

Be kind, dear love, and never say "Good-bye!" But always when we're parting— "Till to-morrow." So shall my lips forget to frame a sigh, And Hope smile fondly in the face of Sorrow.

For if, indeed, it be but little space Before our parted steps again are meeting, 'Twill cheat the hours to haste their lagging pace, If memory linger still on thoughts of greeting.

And if—O saddest chance!—God's pitying hands Should wide as life and death our paths sever, What dearer thought could mend the broken strands Than thus to wait, until we meet—forever! —Mary Elizabeth Blake.

IN THE GARDEN OF THE HEART

One summer morn my listless foot-steps led Me to a rose. A zephyr broke its rest

And, from the fragrant chalice of its breast, A sweet aroma on my spirit shed, Far out along the crimson-tinted west.

I gazed upon a gently-nodding crest Of pinks, and on their scented sweetness fed.

Though sweet the slender waking rose distills Its fragrance at the dawn; though incense fraught At eve, the drooping pink breathes on the air.

Yet sweeter is the scent, I thought, which fills A meek and contrite heart that's taught To cultivate the humble flowers of prayer.

NEW HYMN TO ST. JOHN BAPTIST DE LA SALLE.

Glorious Patron! low before thee Kneel thy sons with hearts aflame And our voices blend in music, Singing praises to thy name. St. John Baptist! Glorious Patron! St. La Salle, we sound thy fame.

Lover of our Queen and Mother, At her feet didst vow thy heart, Earth and all its joys forsaking, Thou didst choose the better part. St. La Salle, our glorious father, Pierce our souls with love's own dart.

Model of the Christian teacher! Patron of the Christian youth! Lead us all to heights of glory, As we strive in earliest ruth. St. La Salle, oh! guard and guide us As we spread afar the truth.

In this life of sin and sorrow, St. La Salle, oh, guide our way; In the hour of dark temptation, Father, be our spirit's stay! Take our hand and lead us homeward, St. La Salle to heaven's bright day. —Mercedee.

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The eminent Dr. I. N. LOVE, in his address to the Medical Board on the subject of Alopecia (loss of hair) stated that if a means could be devised to bring nutrition to the hair follicles (hair roots), without resorting to any irritating process, the problem of hair growth would be solved. Later on, when the EVANS VACUUM CAP was submitted to him for inspection, he remarked that the Cap would fulfil and confirm in practice the observations he had previously made before the Medical Board.

Dr. W. MOORE, referring to the invention, says that the principle upon which the Evans Vacuum Cap is founded is absolutely correct and indisputable.

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LUBY'S

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50 CENTS A BOTTLE.

OUR BY A

LITTLE CHILDHEART. Little childheart, little little form of airy grace Little lips of love and laugh the elf-smiles romp and Little wonder of the morn treasure of the night When the stars are in the and your eyes are starry

LITTLE CHILDHEART, little little dancer in the dew All the oldheart turns to for the dear delight of All the marvel and the me the wonders and the gl of The world of heavenly drift around you in the

LITTLE CHILDHEART, undef take my hand and wi trust Lead me down the laughi from the tumult and th Light and lead, O little o all the avenues of care With the glory of love's r ringslets of your hair! —The Bentztown Bard in more Sun.

THE KAISER AND THE GIRL.

A pretty story is told William I., the grandfath

The Secret

By Henry Frith, Author

CHAPTER XII.—Cont

A cheer greeted his succ then Uncle Manton crossed "Just wait until we retu cried. "We will only exam rock and come back." "Take care!" shouted hi "the water is rising, I th is certainly a movement in Look!"

To the surprise and ale present, the water—a mon fore so smooth and silver decided symptoms of agite seemed to rise in the cent great bubbles floated on face.

"There is a spring here," of the men to Ernest. "I have heard of it."

"It looks as if it were bo bled the boy. "Father, an any hot springs in New Ze "Yes, plenty, some mil and this place may, in so derful manner, be connecte them. We have heard of mountains' lately. There an eruption progressing so

Meanwhile the water wa and bubbling. Suddenly it a big lump in the centre, as if pumped underneath, up in a jet half the height opening!

"Come back! come back those on the higher ground Scout and Mr. Manton. " is rising; it is a hot spring But they could not retur water rose higher and flo causeway—a cloud of stea the cavern and nearly ex the lighted torches.

Any graven her father's terror. Ernest strong men pale, and everyone thoug Scout and Uncle Manton w concealed to death. They concealed in the steam, bu voices could be heard as th and bubbling of the lake Then everyone felt a disti ing of the ground.

"An earthquake!" they o us go. Quick, Mr. Belton, of this! The Maoris said coming."

Stephen, Ernest and som ran back, torches in han the main cavern, but Mr. another man did not mov Scout and Mr. Manton we back.

"Come, father," cried th "Escape while you can. silly, come here!"

"I will stay with papa, looking up in his face affe "I am not afraid to die her will pray for our safety."

Mr. Belton patted his cheek, and stopped to kiss "That's a brave girl," h will not desert the othera your uncle and the Scout will go. Run away, boys

Our Boys and Girls BY AUNT BECKY

LITTLE CHILDHEART. Little childheart, little mildheart, little form of airy grace; Little lips of love and laughter where the elf-smiles romp and chase; Little wonder of the morning, little treasure of the night, When the stars are in the heavens, and your eyes are stars of light!

THE KAISER AND THE LITTLE GIRL

A pretty story is told of Kaiser William I., the grandfather of the

present German Emperor, which deserves to be remembered. The Emperor visited a certain village, and the school children of the place took a prominent part in the reception which was given him. After it was over his majesty thanked the little ones for the pleasure they had given him, and then began to ask them some questions. Taking up an orange in his hand, he held it up and asked: "To what kingdom does this belong?"

The Secret of the Silver Lake

By Henry Frith, Author of "Under Bayard's Banner," "For King and Queen," etc.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

A cheer greeted his success, and then Uncle Manton crossed in safety. "Just wait until we return," he cried. "We will only examine the rock and come back."

Most of the young settlers did as he bade them. Two, with Stephen and Ernest, came back to the edge of the bubbling, heaving lake. The others, some sixteen in number, hurried away, and disappeared in the main cavern.

"There is a spring here," said one of the men to Ernest. "I think I have heard of it."

Conducted by the careful Scout, who did not appear much alarmed at the hot spring or at the trembling of the ground, Mr. Manton managed to pick his way back again to the higher part of the cavern, and rejoin the others. A hearty shaking of hands and loud congratulations succeeded.

"Come back! come back!" cried those on the higher ground to the Scout and Mr. Manton. "The water is rising; it is a hot spring!"

"The veins are there, sure enough. It is my opinion that, if worked, there would be a fortune in this mine. But we can consider that afterwards. Let us get out."

"An earthquake!" they cried. "Let us go. Quick, Mr. Belton, come out of this! The Maoris said it was coming."

They had one last glance at the Silver Lake which Amy had found, as the Scout declared. But as they paused to look back they beheld a

Stephen, Ernest and some others ran back, torches in hand, towards the main cavern, but Mr. Belton and another man did not move. The Scout and Mr. Manton were coming back.

Mr. Derragh certainly did have a hard time of it, winter before last. Caught cold, and it settled in his kidneys. First thing he knew, he was in bed with Rheumatism. He nearly went mad, the pain was so intense. The doctors gave him the usual treatment—and pretty nearly burnt his legs off with liniments and blisters—but the Rheumatism went right on aching.

"I will stay with papa," she said looking up in his face affectionately. "I am not afraid to die here, but I will pray for our safety."

Contracted a severe cold. Rheumatism followed and the sharp pains took me so often and were so severe that I had to take to bed. For several months I could get no relief, until I started to take "Gin Pills." In five days I was up and around the house. My pains are gone and I have not had a return of the old trouble since. I wish also to say that "Gin Pills" gave me the first painless passage of urine I have had in two years.

Burdock Blood Bitters

Is the FOREMOST MEDICINE of the DAY.

It is a purely vegetable compound possessing perfect regulating powers over all the organs of the system and controlling their secretions.

terrible spectacle. The solid rock on which they stood seemed to roll like a wave under their feet. Thus in another second the wave was pushed up in one enormous billow of water, which lashed the sides of the fissure, and poured over the floor of the cave in a torrent, steaming and rushing like a boiling river!

They started away, Stephen holding Ernest by the hand, Amy clinging to her father, the Scout last of all. They had a few yards' start of the boiling flood, which rushed faster than they could run. But suddenly the floor of the cavern cracked almost under their feet—they bounded on—the crack widened out—the torrent of water fell into it like a cataract.

Turning to the left, they panted up the steep ascent, stumbling, falling, and bruising themselves and each other. They could not tell from one moment to another whether or not the roof would fall in, or the floor open and swallow them all up! Never was such a terrible race; yet no one felt tired or fatigued; all pressed on as quickly as possible, helping each other as well as they could, and avoiding the stalactites with difficulty in their hurry, and in the uncertain light given by the fast-expiring torches until a gleam of light was seen in the distance.

The light became more distinct, and as they approached it, the party walked more confidently, and regained their courage by degrees. The sun had withdrawn its light, a curious "thunder" haze appeared in the air; but when the explorers emerged from the cave they discovered the reason of the curious appearance of the sky. It was filled with dusty particles, high up; but every now and then small stones and ashes fell down to the ground.

"The volcanoes are in eruption. Come, Scout, lead us quickly out of this, or we shall be suffocated," cried Mr. Manton.

A dread silence fell on all the members of the party. The Scout was missing! What had become of him? They now recalled the cry they had heard when the floor of the cavern had opened, and each one remembered that the Scout had been the last of the party! Perhaps he had been injured by a falling stone; perhaps he was lying, scalded by the water, and unable to move, or crawling in pain to join them.

These were sad surmises and thoughts: so Mr. Manton, with two other volunteers, offered to return in search of the missing man.

"We must find him somewhere," they said. "After all, the air is really clear in the cave," remarked Mr. Manton.

"Wait for us here," he continued. "The worst is over now, I daresay. Just keep within the cavern, and if you hear us call, or fire a pistol, come to our help; we may want assistance."

For half an hour Mr. Belton and his children remained alone at the mouth of the cave. After that time they heard a shout and "coo-ee" from the bush. Mr. Belton replied as well as he could, and in five minutes a party, including Mr. Anderson and all those who had quitted the cave, came up—Anderson and his men on horses.

—Mr. Manton, the two brave young settlers, Arthur and Jasper, but no Scout. Mr. Manton spoke first. "We cannot find poor Bond," he said. "I am afraid he has been killed—carried into the fissure by the rush of water, and suffocated!"

The boys and Amy were particularly sorry. The former remembered his care and kindness and Amy was grateful to him for his protection in the camp. Mr. Belton owed him the lives of his children. Mr. Manton owed him riches in the silver cliffs of the wonderful lake which they had found. And after all these services, after all his kindnesses, the Scout was dead!

He recoiled and nearly fell. They made him a litter of boughs and carried him to Anderson's hut, taking turns all through the night. Amy and the boys were put on horseback and held there, they were so tired; and when the hut was reached they were lifted off in a "dead sleep," as Anderson declared.

But they were all safe, and in a few days recovered. Scout did not get well for some time. He was sent to Auckland, and there was kindly treated. When he recovered, he joined Uncle Manton in examining the Silver Lake Mine, which the "white gentleman" purchased and turned into a company.

I need hardly tell you the result. Under another name you may, perhaps, find the mine spoken of in the newspapers. But it made all our friends rich and prosperous. Stephen and Ernest had land purchased for them, and are doing well. Amy married a wealthy English gentleman, who met her in the colony and carried her off in his yacht to America, and to England again.

Things have altered since our young friends were in New Zealand. The natives are tamer and more civilized, but the burning mountains sometimes cause terrible destruction and have, within a few years, destroyed some of the cliffs of the once celebrated Silver Lake which the "White Queen" so curiously discovered.

And so ends my story. THE END.

MILBURN'S HEART and NERVE PILLS SAVED HER LIFE

Mrs. John C. Yensen, Little Rocher, N.B., writes: "I was troubled with a stab-like pain through my heart. I tried many remedies, but they seemed to do me more harm than good. I was then advised by a friend to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and after using two boxes I was completely cured. I cannot praise them enough for the world of good they did for me, for I believe they saved my life."

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A Medical Confession.

Our Episcopalian brethren have long had "confessionals" in their ritualistic churches, where "penitents" are so eager to lay bare the secrets of their consciences that they are accommodated with gas lights, so that they may see to read off their lists of sins and not miss any, says the New World. It remains for Boston—Puritan Boston—to inaugurate medico-ecclesiastical "confessionals." We see by the Literary Digest that Emmanuel Church there has instituted a "moral treatment of nervous disorders." An advisory board of trained neurologists assist the pastor in applying "suggestions" and the power of "a few simple, uplifting ideas" as healing agencies. The treatment is administered "in frequent meetings in private of the patients individually with the physicians and ministers. Here souls unbosom their troubles to a sympathetic ear; the precise cause

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of their wretchedness is laid bare; of the time and a person is it for the rest of the time; but unfortunately the priest, who alone has the power to forgive sins, is not invited to occupy a seat therein.

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

CORRESPONDENCE and items of local Catholic interest solicited.

THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1907.

New Postal Regulations BETWEEN CANADA & UNITED STATES

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

Our friends in the United States will kindly take notice when sending subscriptions and renewals.

THE MONTH OF THE SACRED HEART.

Besides the Indulgences already granted 'on May 30, 1902, by Pope Leo XIII. for those who celebrate the month of the Sacred Heart, his present Holiness, Pius X, has granted new and wonderful privileges to those who make the exercises of that month, in any church where this devotion is solemnly observed.

First, an extraordinary one, almost unequalled in the church's history. This gives to everyone who attends any public exercises during the whole month, or the greater part of it, a plenary indulgence to be gained on June 30th, "toties quoties," or every time that any one enters a church where the devotions of the month have been solemnly held and prays for the intentions of the Pope.

A second indulgence concerns priests. The privilege of the Gregorian altar is granted ad instar to all preachers of the month of the Sacred Heart, and rector of the churches where the month has been solemnly observed.

The third indulgence is of 500 days and may also be gained, during June, for every one who shall strive to spread the devotion by assisting at the exercises or inducing others to do so, and a plenary indulgence for every communion made during the specified time.

A GOOD OMIEN.

It is a good omen when we see the forces for righteousness, irrespective of creed, conferring to the end that better conditions may obtain

with regard to the deadly misuse of intoxicants.

The agitation for the better regulation of the traffic is as old as the hills. Statutory enactments when enforced have done much to ameliorate the evil, but the keynote for dismantling the foe was struck by His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi in his address before the Women's Temperance Union the other evening, when he said he would strongly urge that the efforts of good temperance workers be concentrated in the moral suasion of the young.

Teach the little girls and little boys on the benches of the country and city schools that it is degrading to acquire the habit of drinking strong liquors and these children will grow up temperance men and women and temperance fathers and mothers," said His Grace.

Here is a double weapon with which to fight the foe. The law and honest officials to keep the traffic within bounds, and the minds of the young to abhor it.

Conscientious officials can effect the former and right-minded parents and teachers the latter.

There is surely a rising tide of opposition to the saloon generally now spreading throughout the country, and we would warn those who are engaged in the dangerous business to accept and abide by reasonable limitations to it.

They may find out too late that they have awakened a sleeping giant, who will brush them ruthlessly aside.

MOUNT ST. LOUIS CADETS.

Mount St. Louis is rapidly perfecting herself as a military college of the first rank.

The efficiency of the cadets of this school is receiving the unstinted praise of the highest military officers of the Dominion, and the directors of Mount St. Louis in thus inculcating so successfully this discipline is right in line with the most modern and successful institutions of Canada and the United States.

Nothing makes for mental and physical strength in our young students so well as military training and discipline.

The recent manoeuvres of these young soldiers in this city and their magnificent performance and reception in the Ancient Capital, of which our news column speaks, stamp them at once as among the finest drilled cadets in Canada, and the reverend director and his corps of signally efficient teachers are to be highly complimented for their untiring zeal to make Mount St. Louis second to none.

PUBLIC SCHOOL ENGLISH.

"Why do the public school children speak and write such wretched English?"

In answering this question the New York Sun says:

"Since Jan. 1, the teachers employed by the city have been answering this question, unconsciously but none the less completely, in the letters they have been sending to the newspapers. These communications have revealed the fact that many of the instructors in the employ of the department of education are themselves grossly ignorant of the first principles of composition and careless in their use of words.

"Of the several hundreds of letters from teachers received by the Sun, very many have been unfit for publication without being practically rewritten. In some cases it has been actually impossible to find out what the writers were trying to say. Whole pages of manuscript have been absolutely meaningless. Dozens if not scores of teachers have sent to this paper communications which a properly instructed child of ten would blush to own. The letters of this description have been so numerous as to make us wonder if the majority of teachers, men and women, regard the accepted rules of capitalization and punctuation and grammatical construction as oppressive, to be resisted at any cost."

From such instructors, a child cannot learn the English language.

Undoubtedly the carelessness and ignorance displayed in these letters is shown by their authors in conversation in the classroom and outside. How can the pupils acquire anything else than bad forms of English.

ROOSEVELT AND IRISH POETS.

The editor of the Syracuse Catholic Sun thinks that President Roosevelt has some grudge against Irish-American poets. He says:

Once upon a time Dominick Murphy, at Washington, wrote a poem—something about bats flying in the twilight and red sunshine smouldering in the West. Roosevelt came into power and fixed him so he'd never do it again. He made him Consul General at Bordeaux and hustled him out of the country.

St. John Gaffney also wrote a poem once and soon as the President heard of him he put his mighty finger upon him and pushed him out of his native land into a consulship abroad.

Then there was James Jeffrey Roche whom we used to love. He was author of several volumes of poetry and the country was beginning to wake up to him. There's no telling how long he would have gone on bringing glory upon the Irish race in America, yet suddenly the President rose and in his might exiled him to Genoa as consul. He has since transferred him to Berne, in Switzerland, although Roche doesn't speak German enough to buy two glasses of lager.

For years Maurice Francis Egan, Professor of English Literature at the Catholic University, has ranked as one of the few real poets of the country. Catholics generally were proud of him, especially whenever they saw his name in the big magazines, which they did pretty often. Now he is done for, too. In an unhappy hour the President became aware that he wrote poetry—an offense that cannot be tolerated, apparently. He has just made Egan Minister to Denmark, where he'll have to speak Danish, of which he doesn't know a word.

Consider for a moment the far-reaching, inexplicable and undying hatred entertained by the President of the United States for the whole tribe of poets. Wherever he finds one of Irish birth or descent he makes him consul, or minister, or something similar, and sends him out of the country at once. A few weeks ago James Ryder Randall admitted that he had Irish blood in his veins. Almost any day, now, he is liable to find himself appointed ambassador to the Land of Dreams, Judge Donahoe, of Connecticut, is getting so prominent that he is apt to be stricken by diplomatic lightning at any moment. It is becoming clearly obvious that the President does not mean to leave an Irish Catholic poet in the country.

We don't know what the poets have done to incur his ill-will, but we certainly would not advise appointing a delegation to go and see. The whole batch would probably find itself appointed to Chowchow, Hangow, Hownow and other Chinese cities inside of an hour. There's nothing to do except bear it; but it is awful.

"Teddy" has the weakness of knowing a good thing when he sees it. We would advise brother O'Malley to keep well under cover or he may go the way of the others.

THE RED FLAG.

There is to be decided shortly in New York an interesting case involving the right of Socialists to wave the red flag upon the streets.

City Magistrate Crane has placed the well-known agitator, Feldman, under bail to keep the peace. Feldman was arrested the other day for preaching the doctrines of socialists and waving a red flag at the Crowd. He was arrested because he had no permit to speak in the public streets, and placed under bonds to keep the peace. The Court said: "This man is not charged with preaching socialism. The Constitution of the United States gives every man the free right of speech and the right to express his own opinions, provided he does not overstep the bounds of law and order. The use of a red flag in public halls or upon the highways tends towards breaches of the peace. It incites disorder and creates feelings of antagonism towards the Government. This will not be tolerated in this city or this country."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Fathers of the Sacred Heart, the order to which Father Damien, who gave his life for the lepers of Molokai, belonged, have established a foundation at Fairhaven, Mass., in

the diocese of Fall River.

Leprosy is not entirely unknown in this country, but how many people are aware that we have actually a leper colony so near Canada? Such is, nevertheless, the fact. A few people afflicted with this most loathsome disease are sequestered on Penikese Island, one of the Elizabeth group, about ten miles from Fairhaven. There are only five lepers isolated there—two Portuguese, two Chinese and one woman, who is almost cured.

In advocating the total abstinence pledge for the First Communion class, we are aiming to promote the social uplift of our people. At Boston, last week, Bishop McQuaid told of a young man whom he had confirmed and who had taken at his hands the total abstinence pledge till his majority. He had never broken it, said the bishop; and he added that this young man now fills the office of secretary of the great State of New York. He wished to see Catholics of this stamp rise to high positions in the public service, in business and in the professions.

From the beginning of the Tractarian movement to 1899, there have been received into the Catholic Church in England, 446 clergymen, 417 members of Parliament, 205 officers of the army, 162 authors, poets and journalists, 129 lawyers, 60 doctors, 39 naval officers, 39 Barons, 27 Peers. Total 1517.

From these conversions 158 have become priests in the various religious orders, while 290 have joined the secular priesthood.

445 of these converts came from Oxford, while Cambridge University gave the Church 213.

Says the Toronto Globe:—To those of us who believe that full home rule must come, the Birrell bill does not appeal very strongly. Mr. O'Callaghan's point, that the home rule which was denied to Irishmen had been given to the Boers, is one that must have struck everybody when it was announced that the Transvaal had been granted a constitution. When Home Rule was granted the

When Your Health Fails--What Then. Better to Guard Against Such an Emergency by Keeping Vitality at High-Water Mark by the Use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Good health is the capital of persons who earn their livelihood with brain and muscle.

In these days of strenuous life and keen competition there is no place for tired brains and weak bodies. Success is for the strong and alert—for those whose blood is rich and whose nerve cells are filled with vigor and energy.

It is not pleasant to contemplate what might happen with falling health, and for this reason it is well to heed the first symptoms of nervous exhaustion, such as brain 'fag,' headache, nervous dyspepsia, sleeplessness, failure of memory and loss of power to concentrate the mind. While Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has succeeded in curing many cases of partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, and the most severe forms of nervous prostration and exhaustion, it is not well to delay treatment until these stubborn and dangerous diseases set in.

At the slightest indication of waning nerve force begin the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and with a few weeks' treatment you will be able to restore the vitality of the body to high-water mark, remove the cause of nervous disorders, and prevent serious results.

Miss Mary Leitch, Coulson, Simcoe County, Ont., writes: "When I began the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food my nervous system was all run down, and I suffered terribly with nervous headache and sleeplessness. Sometimes I could not sleep for three or four nights in succession. By the use of several boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food these troubles were entirely overcome, and I consider this preparation an excellent nerve tonic."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Boers the British people, in refusing the boon to Ireland, have not left themselves a logical leg to stand upon.

When the compositors of an Italian paper struck, the proprietor, at his wits' end, went to the prioress of the convent. She was a woman of resource and suggested that her nuns should go to the printing office and do the work. And they did. In a few days they had become fairly expert, and the paper appeared only one day late. The nuns made one characteristic stipulation, that the money they earned should go to the support of the strikers' families.

Ottawa Free Press:—There is nothing too good for the Irish in the constituency of Nicolet. Only last December the county elected Mr. C. R. Devlin as its representative in the House of Commons at Ottawa—now the town of Nicolet has chosen Mr. O'Shaughnessy as its next Mayor. And the beauty of it is that while they are both Irish they are also both French—and better than all, both are thoroughly Canadian gentlemen.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier was once on an election tour in Ontario, and as the elections were bitterly contested, every effort was made to stir up race and religious prejudice. One day in Quebec a Liberal sent this telegram to Sir Wilfrid: "Report in circulation in this county that your children have not been baptized. Telegraph denial." To this the Premier replied: "Sorry to say report is correct. I have no children."

Some 10,000 persons attended the field military mass celebrated last Sunday on the parade ground in front of the marine barracks in the Brooklyn navy yard, in memory of the soldiers and sailors who have died in the service of the country. The custom of having an annual open-air military field mass was revived about five years ago by the veterans of the Spanish war.

Since the inception of the non-Catholic mission movement as it is now organized about the Apostolic Mission House, there have been given 1008 missions to Catholics; 1,456, 785 confessions were heard; 1468 missions to non-Catholics; 6257 converts received into the Church, 62,500 placed under instruction, to be received later by the parochial clergy.

BROTHER'S NOVIATE.

(Notre Dame, Indiana.) "Why canst thou hither, Bernard?" reads the scroll. Write large in letters bronze above the gate That bars the world from the Novitate. Where dwell the Knights that Holy Cross enroll; Each novice thus interrogates his soul The passing hour, and with a heart elate Resolves, in Jesus' strength, to meditate A higher, holier plane to reach the goal.

There is a claim within this halcyon home Surpassing in its wealth all earthly joy; And here beneath the shelter of this dome, Is plenitude of peace for which you sigh. Nor should the unworthy past forbid you plead, For Jesus ne'er will crush the bruised reed.

"Oh, papa, he says my love for him makes him feel strong enough to move mountains." "Yes, but is he strong enough to go to work?"—Philadelphia Press.

Penmanship
Dominion Edition of Pappson, Dunton and Seribner's System of Penmanship
SPECIAL FEATURES.
Simple in method, practical in plan, perfect classification of letters according to similarity of formation. Uniformity and improved style of Capital letters. Clear description of the formation of each letter given separately on the covers, and plainly illustrated by diagrams. Absence of unnecessary words and superior selection of sentences. Perfect and progressive grading. Thorough drill in and distinct ruling. Careful and natural models. Copies written and full of life. Superior quality of materials used and excellence of manufacture. Special adaptation to school use, being prepared for this purpose by practical teachers daily employed in teaching the subject.

J. J. GARLAND
GRAVEL ROOFING and all kinds of Calvanized Iron Work.
Damp Proof Flooring a Specialty. Also Portland Cement Work.
27 & 29 St. James St. Montreal.

Where to Dine in the City. ST. ELMO RESTAURANT
Corner McGill and Recollet A. E. Finlayson Proprietor.
Now is the time for a good hot dinner and not only hot but the best 25c meal in the City. Give us a call lots of room.

RELIGIOUS INSTITUTIONS
HAVING DESIGNS ENGRAVING DONE SHOULD APPLY TO LA PRESSE PUB. CO. PHOTO ENG. DEPT.
EXPERT ILLUSTRATORS. ENGRAVERS TO THE TRUE WITNESS.

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 9 a.m. to 10 p.m. On Sundays from 1 p.m. to 10 p.m. St Peter and Common Sts. More Laughter, Less Suicide.

The physiological benefits of laughter cannot be overestimated. It smokes up the diaphragm, sets the pulses beating to a lively measure, stimulates the blood corpuscles, enlivens the brain, and sometimes produces dislocation of the jaw when indulged in too heartily by a man with a large mouth. Used with discretion, laughter is as inspiring as a sea breeze, as refreshing as an August shower. Its moral effect is beyond computation. It has killed more ridiculous superstitions by its rollicking roars of unbelief than any other agency. What can be more derisive than a laugh? The man who laughs never kills himself. This is the reason so few Irishmen commit suicide.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
A very fine selection of TABLES, 75c to \$1.50 value to clear. 75c value to clear. 80c value to clear. 90c value to clear. \$1.10 value to clear. \$1.25 value to clear. \$1.50 value to clear. All the above are 6,000 yards, regular. 50 pieces, regular. Table Linens. 20% 10 per cent. discount.

The Sovereign
Current Accounts
ed at all Branches
conservative bank
Interest paid
Deposits.
Main Office
Uptown Branch

Toronto's Popular Pastor, Rev. P. H. Barrett.
Notable Address on His Departure.
Rev. Father P. H. Barrett, popular pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Toronto, for six years that city last Friday in Patrick's Church, Quebec. That Father Barrett endeared himself to the people of St. Patrick's is fully attested by the presentation to him of his departure, of the following address:
To Rev. P. H. Barrett: We, the parishioners of St. Patrick's Church, Toronto, with the deepest regret and that has so tenderly and Christianly, charity and bound you and us together out the past six years, you have continually offered to us the shepherd of his flock, and that you are able to us for the new field of your superiors have assigned in the city of Quebec. When you came to us, ago, you were not a stranger had returned after an absence of years and were already revered by us for the services you had rendered during a period of Knowing your business

CO
"During the past steadily ascending prices seldom before long period."
The above is an leading European contracts were all vance was manifested we were able then sale—in some cases manufacturers are asking
White and Cream I White and Cream White and Ivory Ed White and Cream 36" White Japanese 36" Cream Japanese 23" Cream Corded Black Peau de Soie Black Taffeta, 75c Black Taffeta, color Black Silk Poplin, Black Phantom Str Great Dress
A very fine selection of CIAL TABLES, 75c to \$1.50 value to clear. 75c value to clear. 80c value to clear. 90c value to clear. \$1.10 value to clear. \$1.25 value to clear. \$1.50 value to clear. All the above are 6,000 yards, regular. 50 pieces, regular. Table Linens. 20% 10 per cent. discount.

The Sovereign Bank of Canada.

Current Accounts and Savings Deposits received at all Branches at best rates consistent with conservative banking.
Interest paid 4 times a year on Savings Deposits.

Main Office: 232-236 St. James Street.
Uptown Branch: 2508 St. Catherine Street (cor. Guy.)

Toronto's Popular Pastor, Rev. P. H. Barrett.

Notable Address on His Departure.

Rev. Father P. H. Barrett, the popular pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Toronto, for six years, left that city last Friday night for St. Patrick's Church, Quebec.

That Father Barrett has greatly endeared himself to the parishioners of St. Patrick's is fully evidenced by the presentation to him on the eve of his departure, of the following address:

To Rev. P. H. Barrett:

We, the parishioners of St. Patrick's Church, Toronto, have learned with the deepest regret that the tie that has so tenderly and with true Christian faith, charity and devotion bound you and us together throughout the past six years, during which you have continually officiated as Rector of St. Patrick's and chief shepherd of its flock, has been severed, and that you are about to leave us for the new field of labor which your superiors have assigned to you in the city of Quebec.

When you came to us, six years ago, you were not a stranger, but had returned after an absence of six years and were already loved and revered by us for the self-sacrificing services you had rendered as our pastor during a period of three years. Knowing your business ability, de-

termination of purpose, and qualifications for handling men, we were led to believe that your superiors returned you to us six years ago in order that you should undertake and carry out the erection of the new St. Patrick's Church, for which your predecessor had been collecting funds in advance, and we welcomed you back not only because of your worth and zeal as a Priest of God and an able and wise administrator, but especially on that account.

It did not take you long after your arrival to size up the situation and lay out your course, but delays, unavoidable on your part, occurred in procuring the necessary permits, devising and selecting the plans and specifications, clearing the ground, and through the increasing price of material and labor so that about three years elapsed before the excavation work began.

In the three years that have passed since then you have accomplished wonders in having erected a fine stone edifice, which when completed will, we have reason to believe, excel and out-shadow everything in the way of a church edifice of its size and cost in the Dominion of Canada, and will be a lasting memorial to your zeal, ability and untiring energy.

When you arrived you found about nine thousand dollars on hand, and since then you have been instrumental in raising, through the subscriptions of the faithful and from other voluntary sources, without having

recourse to bazaars, entertainments, and other extraordinary means, the handsome sum of fifty thousand dollars. You have paid out these sums and about forty-two thousand dollars additional which you procured by way of loans, so that already there has already been expended on the edifice in round figures one hundred thousand dollars, and you have, we understand, about twelve thousand dollars on hand.

In addition to the above you have lately let the plastering and electric wiring contracts, which together amount to nine thousand dollars, and that work is already under way.

With the exception of the contract for the basement and the last two contracts the work was done, not under regular building contracts, but by a construction company on a commission basis, which entailed upon you a great deal of watchfulness, care, business activity and book-keeping, but which has given to the parish a much better and more permanent building than could have been hoped for under ordinary building contracts at the same cost.

Notwithstanding the great calls upon your time and efforts in the building operations, you have been able to guide the general affairs of the parish, preach many good enlightening sermons, offer up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and particularly to look after the welfare of the children in regard to both their spiritual and temporal education and training, and your administration of the parish as a whole has been most satisfactory.

Not only have you all these things to your credit, but you have been the spiritual guide, director and father confessor of the Sisters of St. Joseph through all these years and we are sure that you will always have, in life or in death, their prayers as a reward for your invaluable services and holy administration in their behalf.

We appreciate very much your taking us into your confidence by asking us, at the outset, to elect a committee of four men of business experience as a Church Building Committee to advise with you in the letting of the contracts and during the progress of the work, and your continuing to confer with and con-

sult such committee in regard to the work to the present time.

You have placed a golden crown upon all your services, religious and otherwise, by affording us the extraordinary graces and blessings of a mission during the past two weeks. It was, indeed, a happy and beneficent thought and act on your part, and a splendid closing of your long and benign efforts on our behalf.

When we think of the precarious state of your health during the past four years, we wonder how you have borne up under such a strain of work and worry, and we appreciate all the more what you have done for us and ours.

We cannot let this opportunity pass without tendering our sincere thanks for the spiritual administrations and otherwise untiring assistance rendered you by the Good Fathers. Some of them have worn themselves out in service, Dear Father Hayden has gone to his last and great reward and beloved Father Dodsworth is an invalid in St. Michel's Hospital suffering from a serious malady. We are especially grateful to Father Doyle for the constant and trying services he has rendered as clerk of the works on the new Church and as spiritual director of St. Patrick's conference of St. Vincent de Paul Society. We are pleased to learn that he, Saintly Father Stuhle and the Children's Friend Father Derling are likely to remain with us for another term.

In conclusion dear Father Barrett, we thank you from the bottom of our hearts for all that you have done and suffered for us and our children. We pray our Heavenly Father to restore you to your one time health and vigor, and to spare you for many years to continue your salutary and efficient labors in his vineyard here on earth and that when it pleases him to call you to an accounting, He will be able to say, "well done, good and faithful servant, you have been watchful over many things entrusted to the kingdom of thy Lord." We crave your blessings upon every member of this Parish and on your friends throughout the City and ask you to accept the accompanying purse as a slight token of the regard in which you are held by the people of this

parish and your other friends in Toronto.

Whilst regretting more than words can tell your departure from amongst us we are glad to know that you are to continue a resident of this fair Dominion and that what is our loss will be the gain of the good people of St. Patrick's Parish in Quebec City.

Signed on behalf of your Parishioners and friends by the Committee.

WM. BURNS.
EDWARD J. HEARN.
JAS. J. O'HEARN.
T. J. CUNNERTY.
A. W. HOLMES.
J. J. NIGHTINGALE.
FRANK SLATTERY.
FRANK J. WALSH.
W. J. O'REILLY.
J. G. O'DONOGHUE.
P. J. COSTELLO.
J. J. LANDY.
T. GUAY.
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" F. J. WALSH.
ANASTASIA MURPHY.
HELEN C. COSTELLO.
MARGARET O'CONNELL.

DELICATE CHILDREN.

Baby's Own Tablets have done more than any other medicine to make weak, sickly children well and strong. And the mother can use them with absolute confidence, as she has the guarantee of a government analyst that the Tablets contain no opiate or harmful drug. Mrs. Laurent Cyr, Little Cascapedia, N. B., says:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets for colic, teething troubles and indigestion, and am more than pleased with the good results. Mothers who use this medicine will not regret it." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25c a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

MONTH'S MIND FOR MASTER
LEO CONDON.

Through the kindness of the Fathers of Loyola College, a Month's Mind Mass was celebrated for the happy repose of the soul of the late Leo Condon.

The Mass was celebrated by his

"STERLING"

The Trade Mark
Found on all Products of this Company

The Guarantee of Quality

Canadian and American Illuminating and Lubricating Oils, Prepared Paints, White Lead, Colors, Painters' Supplies, Varnishes.

Canadian Oil Co.

LIMITED
TORONTO.
Winnipeg, Ottawa, Montreal, St. John, Halifax.

former teacher, Rev. Father Cox, assisted by Rev. Fathers Doyle and Hingston as deacon and sub-deacon respectively.

The college choir rendered very nice music.

IT'S EASY TO WRITE WITH A FOUNTAIN PEN.

You're sure of a point always smooth, of a steady flow of ink, of a pen to which you are accustomed and of which both the flexibility and breadth of point are as you would have them.

It's easy to write with a Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen.

Be sure and get the genuine. Don't accept a substitute. For sale by best local dealers. L. E. Waterman Co., of Canada, Ltd., 136 St. James St.

Wear Trade Mark D. Suspenders guaranteed: 50c.

To Those of Sedentary Occupation.—Men who follow sedentary occupations, which deprive them of fresh air and exercise, are more prone to disorders of the liver and kidneys than those who lead active outdoor lives. The former will find in Farnelle's Vegetable Pills a restorative without question the most efficacious on the market. They are easily procurable, easily taken, act expeditiously, and they are surprisingly cheap considering their excellence.

COLONIAL HOUSE, Phillips Square.

GREAT ANNUAL JUNE SALE.

A FEW SPECIALS.

SILKS.

"During the past two or three years Silk Yarns have been steadily ascending until today they stand at respective levels seldom before surpassed and certainly not equalled for a long period."

The above is an extract from the "Draper's Record," the leading European Trade Journal.

This will not affect our prices in the least, as our contracts were all made when the first indication of an advance was manifested. The exceptional advantages which we were able then to obtain will be shown by us during this sale—in some cases prices will be lower than even the manufacturers are asking.

- White and Cream Louise, 75c and \$1.00, less 15 per cent.
- White and Cream Paillette, \$1.10, less 15 per cent.
- White and Ivory Etincelle, \$1.00, less 15 per cent.
- White and Cream and Ivory Messaline, \$1.00, less 15 per cent.
- 36" White Japanese, regular 75c, for 50c.
- 36" Cream Japanese, Lyons dyed, 75c, for 55c.
- 23" Cream Corded Japs, 65c, for 48c.
- Black Peau de Soie, 90c and \$1.10, less 20 per cent.
- Black Taffeta, 75c value, less 20 per cent.
- Black Taffeta, colored edge, guaranteed, \$1.10 value, less 20 p.c.
- Black Silk Poplin, 42", regular \$2.75, less 20 per cent.
- Black Phantom Stripe, 25", regular \$2.00, less 20 per cent.

Great Dress Goods Offer—French Tweeds.

A very fine selection of this season's materials laid out on SPECIAL TABLES, 75c to \$1.50 values.

- 75c value to clear at 54c
- 80c value to clear at 54c
- 90c value to clear at 60c
- \$1.10 value to clear at 74c
- \$1.25 value to clear at 84c
- \$1.40 value to clear at 94c
- \$1.50 value to clear at \$1.00

All the above are this season's goods.

Dress Muslins

6,000 yards, regular 18c and 25c, for 11c.

Irish Dimities

50 pieces, regular 25c for 16c—choice patterns.

Linen Department

20 PER CENT DISCOUNT OFF.

Table Linens, Table Cloths, Bedroom Towels, Table Napkins, 10 per cent. discount off Roller and Glass Towelling.

Art Gallery

Discounts in our Art Gallery ranging from 10 per cent. to 50 per cent.

Optical Department

Eyes tested free of charge by an experienced Refractionist.

Special lines of Eye Glasses and Spectacles, less 20 per cent.

Entire stock of Thermometers, Opera Glasses, Lorgnettes, Field Glasses, Aids for Hearing, Mathematical Instruments, Albums, etc., less 20 per cent.

Pyrographic Department

Entire stock of White wood, less 20 per cent.

Special Tables at Half Price. Pyro Outfits, less 10 per cent.

Sterling Silver Department

Toilet Sets, Manicure Pieces, Puff Jars, Whisks, Military Brushes, Photo Frames, Bon Bon Dishes, Flower Vases, Tea Caddies, Butler Dishes, Ladies, Forks and Spoons of all descriptions, Mustard Pots, Salts and Peppers, Tea Sets, Toast Racks, Candle Sticks, Sugar Bowls, Fruit Dishes, etc., etc., less 10 per cent.

Clock Department

Entire stock from 10 per cent to 33 1-3 per cent. discount.

Cutlery Department

Balance of Berry Spoons, Sugar Shells, Butter Knives, Pie Servers, etc., at very low prices.

Stationery Department

BARGAINS—\$1.50 and \$1.25 Copyrights for 50c each, including some of the very latest books.

Boys' and Girls' Books

A miscellaneous lot of Books ranging in price from 35c to \$1.00, for 25c. Special discount of 20 per cent. on regular stock of books.

Writing Paper For Summer

A neat box containing 24 sheets and 24 envelopes of good paper; regular price 35c, for 15c.

15 per cent. discount off all our regular stock of Stationery goods.

Ladies' Handbags

\$2.50; Sale price, \$1.25.

A line of Ladies' Leather Hand Bags, in solid leather, splendid value.

We are giving a special discount of 25 per cent. off all leather goods, including the latest styles in beaded leather Hand Bags, Collar Bags, Tourist Cases, etc.; in fact we are offering everything in leather goods in this department at a discount of 25 per cent.

Electrical Department

LIGHTING FIXTURES at 20 to 50 per cent. discount; Chandeliers, Ceiling Fixtures, Wall Brackets, Hall Pendants, Dining Room Domes, Portables, French Electric BRONZES, Assorted Glass Shades and Domes, Silk and Paper Shades—all for Gas and Electricity.

33 1-3 PER CENT. DISCOUNT OFF.

Imported Fancy Portable Lamps and French Electric Bronzes; useful and suitable gifts for June weddings.

Trunk and Bag Department

A special discount of 10 per cent. on all Trunks, Bags, and Suit Cases; a very large stock to select from.

Steamer Trunks from 28" to 42"; Hat Boxes, prices ranging from \$5.50 to \$25.00

We have also a very large range of Skirt Trunks, sizes 38", 40", and 42" long; covered in heavy painted duck and black enameled.

Japanese Suit Cases and Club Bags, feather weight, prices from \$1 up, less 10 per cent.

Basket and Baby Carriage Department

All fancy Paper Baskets, Work Baskets and Candy Baskets, less 20 per cent.

Willow Baskets, Go-Carts, Baby Carriages, Invalid Tables and Baby Walkers and Jumpers, less 10 per cent.

Sewing Machine Department

The New Colonial House Sewing Machine; the only machine made with ball bearings, drop head with automatic lift; regular price, \$30, less 10 per cent.

New Leader, drop head, five drawers, \$25.00, less 10 per cent.

New Leader Hand Machine, iron base \$14.00, less 10 per cent.

New Leader Hand Machine, with wood base, \$15.00, less 10 per cent.

Single Thread Hand Machine, \$8.00, less 10 per cent.

Blickensderfer Typewriter

The No. 5, regular price \$40.00, now less 20 per cent.

The No. 7, regular price \$55.00, now less 20 per cent.

Bronze and Brass Department

Entire stock of Parisian Bronze Statuettes, less 20 per cent.

Entire stock of Fancy Brass Table Gongs, less 20 per cent.

Entire stock of Banares Jardiniere, Trays, Vases, Finger Bowls, etc., less 20 per cent.

Special Table of Smoker Sets, Tantalus Liquor Stands, etc., less 50 per cent.

Special Table Kayzerim Wars, such as Tea Sets, Waiters, Candle Sticks, Jewel Boxes, Jars, Trays, etc., etc., less 33 1-3 per cent.

Special lines of Vienna Brass and Copper Ink Stands, Blotters, Stamp Boxes, Calendars, Desk Sets, etc., etc., less 20 per cent.

HENRY MORGAN & CO. Ltd., Montreal.

RED ROSE TEA "IS GOOD TEA"

The more particular you are, The better you will like it

The fine quality of Red Rose is most appreciated by those who are the most particular. Notice the clear, amber color in the cup and the delightful fragrance when poured from the teapot.



Mr. Hartigan Reads the Daily Witness.

(Apologies to Mr. Dooley.) "This paper I'm readin' says," said Mr. Hartigan, "that a French paper in Paris said that a lot of priests, on the point of escaping, I suppose, have written a petition to the Pope, askin' his laye to get married, and the editor wants the Pope to give his consent."

meself an' me big boy, an' his sister 'll carry the candles; an' if ye haven't engaged yer undertaker, I'd recommend as decent a man as ever laid out a client dead or alive, where Mikey is learnin' his thrade."

Explain Work of Crusade.

His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi addressed the Women's Temperance Union on Saturday evening. Several hundred were present to hear him. The crusade against intemperance inaugurated by His Grace has been the subject of much discussion among the temperance societies of Canada, and he had been importuned to give his views before the above mentioned society.

as from the parish priests who also had evinced a most commendable zeal in the great work. The Archbishop also referred in the most touching terms to the progress that the movement had made in the Roman Catholic schools of the city as well as in the educational establishments of the rural districts and he thanked God for the success that had been attained amongst the future fathers and mothers of this province. The drinking habit, His Grace maintained, was brought about either from a lack of temperance propagation in the schools of our land or because a good example had not been found in the home circle.

Synopsis of Canadian North-West Homestead Regulations

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

It is Good for Man and Beast.—Not only is Dr. Thomas' Eucalyptic Oil of incomparable value in the household, but the farmer and stockman will find it very serviceable in the farm yard and on the cattle range, often saving the services of a veterinary surgeon.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Cavalry Stables, St. John's P.O.," will be received at this office until Saturday June 8, 1907, inclusively, for the construction of Cavalry Stables at St. John's P.O.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, May 22, 1907. Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.

WALSH & WALSH

Advocates, Barristers, Etc. 80 St. Gabriel St., Montreal. Bell Telephone Main 218.

CHAUVIN & BAKER

Advocates. METROPOLITAN BUILDING. 179 St. James St., Montreal. TEL. MAIN 2194

GOIN, LEMOULX, MURPHY & BERARD

Barristers, Solicitors, Etc. Hon. Lomer Goin, K.C. Hon. R. Lemieux, K.C. D. R. Murphy, K.C. L. P. Berard, K.C. J. O. Drouin, K.C. 5, Brassard, LL. B. New York Life Building. Tel. Bell Main 2784.

FRS. - XAVIER ROY

Advocate. 97 St. James St. - Montreal.

P. J. COYLE, K. G.

LAW OFFICE. Room 43, Montreal Street Railway Bld'g. 8 Place d'Armes Hill. Tel. Main 2784.

Dr. G. H. DESJARDINS

OCULIST. 600 St. Denis St., Montreal.

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Notary Public and Commissioner of Superior Court. 68 St. James St., Montreal.

Frank E. McKenna

Notary Public. ROYAL INSURANCE BUILDING. Montreal. Stuart, Cox & McKenna. Main 2874. Telephone Bell Main 4165. Res. East 5666.

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KAVANAGH, LAJOIE & LACOSTE, Advocates. 7 Place d'Armes, Montreal.

BROSSEAU & HOLT. Advocates, Barristers and Solicitors. 160 St. James, Guardian Building, Montreal. Cable Address "Brossesault". Phone Main 1490-1491.

JOHN. P. WHELAN. M. A., B. C. L. Advocate and Solicitor. 103 St. Francois Xavier St. MONTREAL.

WALSH & WALSH. Advocates, Barristers, Etc. 80 St. Gabriel St., Montreal. Bell Telephone Main 218. Tel. Main 2279.

MULLIN & MATHIEU. Advocates. Room 6, City and District Savings Bank Chambers, 180 St. James St., Montreal.

BARNARD & DESSAULLES, Advocates. Savings Bank Building, 180 St. James St., Montreal. Bell Telephone Main 1679.

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Atwater & Duclos, ADVOCATES. Guardian Building, 160 St. James St. A. W. Atwater, K. C., C. A. Duclos, K. C. J. E. Coulin.

GOIN, LEMOULX, MURPHY & BERARD, Barristers, Solicitors, Etc. Hon. Lomer Goin, K.C. Hon. R. Lemieux, K.C. D. R. Murphy, K.C. L. P. Berard, K.C. J. O. Drouin, K.C. 5, Brassard, LL. B. New York Life Building. Tel. Bell Main 2784.

CODERRE & CEDRAS. Advocates. 8 Place d'Armes Hill. Montreal Street Railway Bldg. EVENING OFFICE: 3683 Notre Dame Street West, 58 Church Street, Verdun. Tel. Bell Main 2345.

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P. J. COYLE, K. G. LAW OFFICE. Room 43, Montreal Street Railway Bld'g. 8 Place d'Armes Hill. Tel. Main 2784.

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Frank E. McKenna. Notary Public. ROYAL INSURANCE BUILDING. Montreal. Stuart, Cox & McKenna. Main 2874. Telephone Bell Main 4165. Res. East 5666.

G. A. MONETTE. ARCHITECT. Diploma of Association of Architects of the Province of Quebec. 97 St. James Street, Montreal.

VICTOR THERIAULT. Undertaker. Always on hand a splendid assortment of Coffins and Caskets. Sold on easy terms. Specialty: Embalming. 161 and 18 St. Urbain St. Telephone Main 1869.

CONROY BROS. Practical Plumbers, Gas and Steamfitters. ESTIMATES GIVEN. Jobbing Promptly Attended To.

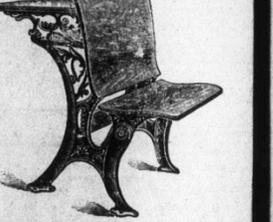
SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY—Established March 6th, 1856; incorporated 1868; revised 1840. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Mr. F. J. Curran, P.P., President, Mr. F. J. Curran; 1st Vice-President, W. P. Kearney; 2nd Vice, E. J. Quinn; Treasurer, W. Durack; Corresponding Secretary, W. J. Crowe; Recording Secretary, T. W. Tansey.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 Alexander street, at 8.30 p.m. Committee of Management meets in same hall on the first Tuesday of every month, at 8 p.m. Rev. Director, Rev. Jas. Killoran; President, J. P. Gunning; Rec. Sec., M. J. O'Donnell, 412 St. Paul street.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26—Organized 18th November, 1888. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, every 2nd and 4th Thursday of each month at the transaction of business, at 8 o'clock. Officers—Spiritual Adviser, Rev. J. P. Killoran; Chancellor, J. M. Kennedy; President, W. A. Hodgson; 1st Vice-President, J. T. Stevens; 2nd Vice-President, M. E. Gahan; Recording Secretary, R. M. J. Dolan, 16 Overdale ave. Financial Secretary, J. J. Costigan, 504 St. Urbain street; Treasurer, F. J. Sears; Marshall, M. J. O'Regan; Guard, James Calahan. Trustees, D. J. McMillan, John Walsh, T. R. Stevens, W. F. Wall and James Cahill. Medical Officers—Dr. H. J. Harrison, Dr. J. O'Connor, Dr. Merrill, Dr. W. A. L. Styles and Dr. J. Curran.

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Esinhart & Maguire. CHIEF AGENTS. Scottish Union and National Insurance Company of Edinburgh, German American Insurance Co., New York; and Insurance Brokers. Office, 117 St. Francois Xavier Street, MONTREAL. SELF-RAISING FLOUR. BRODIE'S CELEBRATED SELF-RAISING FLOUR. Is the Original and the Best. A PREMIUM given for the empty bag returned to our Office. 10 BLEURY St., Montreal. FOR SALE. Kindling Wood, \$2.00; cut hard wood, \$2.50; cut slabs, \$3.00; hard wood blocks, \$2.50 a large load; also Scranton coal. J. Doran, 878 Craig street west. Phone Main 4288.

Nurse

It was my first experience as a night nurse in one of the wards of a London hospital and I was taking it very much to heart. Not that the duties are onerous than those of the day, but the absence of the outside makes one more alive to the tragedies going on before one's eyes; and the deaths at night take place in the light of day. Perhaps it is the dim light, kept low, the shadows of the ward, and the assistant cast on the grey walls as we move silently from one patient to another, the groans of one suffering, the restless tossing of another, that take place in the light of day. Perhaps it is the dim light, kept low, the shadows of the ward, and the assistant cast on the grey walls as we move silently from one patient to another, the groans of one suffering, the restless tossing of another, that take place in the light of day. Perhaps it is the dim light, kept low, the shadows of the ward, and the assistant cast on the grey walls as we move silently from one patient to another, the groans of one suffering, the restless tossing of another, that take place in the light of day.

FACTORY. SOCIETY—Estab- 1856; incorporated 1840. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alex- Monday of the meets last Wed- Rev. Director, P.P., President, 1st Vice-Pres- 2nd Vice, E. W. Durack; Secretary, W. J. Secretary, T. J. A. & B. 80- the second Sun- in St. Patrick's street, at 8.30 of Management all on the first month, at R. Rev. Jas. Kil- J. P. Gunning; 'Donnell, 412 St. DA, BRANCH 26, November, 1883, ck's Hall, 92 St. every 2nd and each month for business, at 8 -Spiritual Ad- Killoran; Chan- Vice-President, of Vice-President, Ordaining Secretary, 6 Overdale ave., J. J. Co- bain street; Treas- Marshall, M. D. James Cal- D. J. McGilla, Stevens, W. F. Cahill. Medical Harrison, Dr. Merrill, Dr. W. Dr. J. Curran. tain 2805. nton & Co. OUR ORDER Approved SCHOOL CH and OFFICE guarantee we have ed 26 years and re talking about. Xavier Street. E RILEY, BRRR. established in 1866. Plastering, Repair of ed to. Estimates far ed to. nt St. Charles. BELLS BELL COMPANY, RIVER ST., 177 BRAD- N.Y. NEW YORK. nufacture Superior ANCHORS, SCHOOLS & OTHER BELLS. ED IN 1874. t Beating Co. heatre St. W. ville Street, MONTREAL. and Brushing every including Rugs. YARD. F. MAIN 716. AHON, te Agent ight Cand Sold. and Loans and totated. me properties taken ad payments. McMAHON: te Agent ce Street. ENTS Y SECURED ness of Manufacture, o realize the advan- cent business transacted y advice free. Charge on. New York Life Insur- on, D.C. U.S.A. is printed and published a street, Montreal, Can. Pub. Co. G. Pizzetti

Nurse Stafford's Story

It was my first experience as a senior night nurse in one of the accident wards of a London hospital, and I was taking it very seriously. Not that the duties are any more onerous than those of the day; but somehow the absence of street noises outside makes one more alive to the tragedies going on before our faces; and the deaths at night give one a more eerie feeling than those that take place in the light of day. Perhaps it is the dim lights, the fire kept low, the shadows of one's self and the assistant cast on the cold grey walls as we move silently from one patient to another, the suppressed groans of one sufferer, the restless tossing of another—all combine, I think, to give an intensity to our work, and force the most heedless among us to pause and consider that great mystery of pain which envelops the whole world.

Most of my patients were normal on the night of which I am writing. Only one gave me much anxiety. He had been run over by a hansom just outside our gates, and so badly was he mutilated that the doctors gave no hope from the first. He might last a few days, a very few days, or he might go in a few hours. We had no clue as to his identity. By his appearance and dress he was unmistakably a gentleman, but there was no mark on his linen or any letters in his pocket by which we could form an idea as to his status, profession or place of abode.

He had borne the medical examination with wonderful fortitude; he had not even winced when told the doctor's verdict, only when asked if he had any friends he shook his head, and when questioned as to his name, he said, with a grim smile: "A Failure. It's true."

And there he lay on his back, with his great dark eyes wide open, apparently deaf and dumb, so little he heeded what went on around him. He had been asked what religion he was. He replied: "Nothing."

"Don't tease him with questions," ordered the doctor; "he is in terrible pain; let him bear it his own way." But his eyes haunted me, they were so hungry looking. I longed to pierce the veil which conceals our thoughts from our fellow-creatures and give the word of comfort for which he thirsted. If he would only grumble or ask for anything, but to every offer of help came a curt refusal, and then the piercing black eyes turned wearily away and stared agonizingly again into nothing.

Three days he had lingered, three days of dumb agony on his part, three days when it seemed as if his tortured soul could not leave his tortured body till some message had been given which we were too dull to understand.

This night I could not get him out of my thoughts. My eyes kept wandering to where that still form lay, his bloodless face whiter than the pillow, his black hair, framing refined features, though the sharply mouth betrayed a life of self-indulgence, the waxen hands that had evidently never done a day's work stretched out on the red coverlet.

Suddenly in the stillness of the night a sound floated towards me. "Miserere, Miserere."

I heard it quite plainly, a woman's voice, clear, but sad. It came from over the stranger's bed.

A nurse is too well drilled to betray agitation, but my heart beat as I hastened to his side. He had not moved; his eyes were staring, as they always stared, not blankly, but remorsefully, entreatingly.

"Would you like anything to drink," I asked, bending over him.

"No, thanks," he said ungraciously.

"Can I do anything for you?"

"No," even more churlishly.

I could do no more; apparently he had not heard what I had heard, and I went back to my seat trying to put it all down to a disordered fancy. But I puzzled over it, nevertheless. I did not know what "Miserere" meant. I had not been well educated, and I had always hated books. "A sensible, matter-of-fact little woman," the doctors always called me; yet here was I, ready to be led by a will-o'-the-wisp of an excited imagination. I tried to shake it off resolutely; I would not look again at the man who lay as if he were a corpse already but for those burning eyes.

Morning came; night duty was over and I went almost unwillingly to my rest. The voice followed me in my dreams; so persistently that before starting for my constitutional I

made a pretense of seeing the doctor of our ward on some trivial matter.

"Doctor, what does 'Miserere' mean?" I summoned up courage to ask when on the point of leaving.

He looked at me quizzically.

"Have you taken to writing poetry Nurse Stafford, and want a rhyme for dairy?" he said. "I can give you a better one than that."

"Don't joke," I replied, half vexed; "you know I can't expose my ignorance to every one, and I really want to know."

The kind old man saw I was not in the mood for banter.

"Well, let me see, it is the Latin for 'Have mercy,' I believe. Ah, if you had ever heard the 'Miserere' in the Sistine Chapel, as I have, you would not be asking what it means. The voices plead for mercy as if they were already doomed. But there, nurse," wiping his spectacles, "you must be a bit off color to be talking about such things; go and hear the minstrels or something that will make you laugh."

I left him with my mind still harping on the same string. It meant something. I knew it did. It was a message, but why, but why? Was it for the dying man, and dare I break through his strong reserve and tell him? It was a stringent rule that we nurses were not to force religion on our patients, and the more I pondered the more perturbed I grew: I was quite anxious to resume my post for fear he had died in my absence. But no, there he was, straight and still and white, with the hollow eyes ever asking for, I know not what.

"Any change, nurse?" I asked, nodding towards his bed.

"A little weaker, I think; he has not spoken or moved."

Then I took charge, and the night watch began.

The noise outside died away, patients sank into slumber, more or less profound, the peculiar hush of an invalid room settled down, souls were breathing themselves into Eternity, the Angel of Death hovered near, wondering which he would take next—when again came the voice for which I was listening, "Miserere, Miserere," so ringing yet so sad, as it died away with a murmuring echo.

It came from the direction of the stranger's bed this time also.

I gilded to it; he had moved; his head was hidden in the pillow; his body was drawn up as if in pain.

"Are you in pain?" I said gently.

No response; but as I put out my hand to rearrange the bedclothes it encountered his handkerchief, wringing wet! He drew it hastily away, and I knew my surmise was right. It was wet with tears!

I stood helpless. I was in the presence of a grief beyond human solace. I dare not go, I dare not stay. I tried to think of a hymn, but I could not remember a single one, so I knelt down and whispered the "Our Father" to him just above my breath.

"Thanks, nurse," he said gruffly, still keeping his head buried in the pillows, and so I left him.

There was no sleep for me when I reached my room. I felt so strongly there was more to be done, but what? The others would only laugh at me and say, like Dr. Brown, I was "off color" if I spoke of a spirit voice.

At last I thought of Nurse O'Brien. She was a Roman Catholic and would understand spirits.

Aileen O'Brien was the most radiant creature it is possible to con-

WHEN YOU ASK FOR

SURPRISE

A PURE HARD SOAP.

INSIST ON RECEIVING IT.

Clever But in Vain.

As the carriage drew up to the curb before the station, the young man whispered a few hurried words to the young woman beside him. She turned to him quickly, admiration stamped on every line of her pretty face, while one little gloved hand stole up to pull his ear caressingly.

"Splendid, oh, splendid!" she cried. "You are a genius, Tom, dear; a real genius." Then she added, with an odd little seriousness that set him chuckling: "I know I shall like you."

The young man produced a card case, and from it pulled a Pullman ticket, which he passed to the young woman.

"I'm afraid you'll have to take one of the suit cases, dearie," he said. "Sorry, but, you see, if I come lugging them both in it will give it all away. I fancy this will be the best way out of it. If we go together we might as well be labeled."

The driver of the carriage descended from the box and pulled open the door. The man stepped out first; then assisted the young woman to alight. He handed her a suit case and a small, carefully rolled umbrella.

"Track 4, dearie," he said, giving her hand a surreptitious squeeze. He turned to the driver. "You may drive me to the other entrance," he said quietly.

The driver stood quite still, staring at the young man.

"The other entrance, I said," the latter reminded him sharply.

"Sure sir! All right sir!" the driver chuckled, while a broad grin wreathed his face. The young man re-entered the carriage, the driver banged the door and mounted the box, and the equipage rattled over the pavements to the other entrance of the station.

Arrived there, the young man paid the fares, gathered up the remaining suit case and a bag of golf sticks and walked leisurely across the platform to Track 4. He passed over his luggage to the porter of the Pullman "Avon" and followed that worthy functionary down the aisle to his seat. Scarcely had the porter put down his traps when the young man turned about and discovered the young woman in the seat directly behind him. It was the same young woman in the carriage.

"Why, by Jove, Eleanor!" he cried delightedly, "this is luck. I've been anticipating the usual dreary ride up to the camps, and here I run across you in possession of the very next seat to mine."

"Cousin Tom, how very nice to meet you here!" she exclaimed, with a pleasure equaling his own.

They very solemnly shook hands. The other passengers of the car looked on, mildly interested.

"Going far?" he asked, as he swung his chair about and settled himself comfortably.

"I'm bound for Ballard Junction," she said, blushing slightly.

"Good!" he said. "That's three hours away. We'll have a chance to get acquainted once more. Let's see, how long is it since I last saw you? Five years, isn't it?"

"Seven," she corrected.

"Lord, how time flies!" said he. "Come to think of it, it is seven years. It was at the mountains, wasn't it?"

She nodded. "I confess I'd scarcely have recognized you."

"You haven't changed a bit," he declared. "I'd have known you had we met at the ends of the earth."

The passengers in the neighboring seats listened to the chatter with tolerant smiles. All the world loves a romance—even a cousinly romance—and there was that in the young man's eyes which said very plainly this meeting was a consummation devoutly to be wished. The young woman, too, had a way of looking admiringly at her broad-

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

CURE ALL KIDNEY TROUBLES.

Mrs. Hiram Revoy, Marmora, Ont., writes: "I was troubled for five years with my back. I tried a great many remedies, but all failed until I was advised by a friend to use Doan's Kidney Pills. I did so, and two boxes made a complete cure. I can heartily recommend them to all troubled with their back. You may publish this if you wish."

Price 50 cents per box or 3 for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

Struggling Infant Mission.

IN THE DIOCESE OF NORTHAMPTON, FAKENHAM, NORFOLK ENGLAND.

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

Average weekly Collection...£s 6d.

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

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

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

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

ARTHUR,

Bishop of Northampton."

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

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

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

A Sure Cure for Headache.—Bilious headache, to which women are more subject than men, becomes so acute in some subjects that they are utterly prostrated. The stomach refuses food, and there is a constant and distressing effort to free the stomach from bile which has become unduly secreted. There, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are a speedy alternative, and in neutralizing the effects of the intruding bile relieves the pressure on the nerves which causes shouldered companion, and when the headache



The thoroughly safe and mild purgative for family use.

Cure biliousness, sick headaches, constipation—they purify the blood and stimulate stomach, liver and bowels.

McGale's Butternut Pills.

Reliable in any climate, any time, for children, adults and the aged. Get a box, 25c, at dealers or by mail.

THE WINGATE CHEMICAL CO., Limited. MONTREAL, Canada.

Shamrocks Victorious.

The Shamrock lacrosse team won the opening match of the championship season on Saturday, defeating the Nationals in one of the best games ever seen on the local lacrosse fields.

An unfortunate accident happened right at the start of the match, when Mike Kenny fell in a scrimmage in front of his own goals, dislocating his knee-cap.

NOTES OF THE GAME.

Keep it up, boys. Hoobin's rushes were missed on Saturday.

Gauthier plays a fast game, and is hard to cover, as he covers so much ground.

How odd to see Shamrocks led from the club house by any other than famous Johnnie Currie.

Best wishes for a speedy recovery, Mike. You were game even on the ground.

Many were the enquiries made as to Phil O'Reilly's health Saturday. Phil will be heard from before long.

The Shamrocks' new jerseys were bewildering to the admirers of the "boys in green."

What a crowd will storm the Shamrock grounds June 15.

Best wishes for the future, boys.

The referees should keep an eye on those players who "fake" injuries. McIlwaine and Howard suffered by this trick on Saturday.

Robinson is certainly the finest home fielder in the game.

Shamrock admirers prefer the green jersey.

Nationals are showing form. Tucker's work is beginning to tell.

P. and J. Brennan with Hogan and Hennessy form a first class and brainy home.

Kavanagh, Howard and McIlwaine have a worthy assistant in Rochford.

Tierney is a good man in goal—keep him.

La Presse thinks L'Heureux should have an umbrella added to his collection of "self-protection" devices.

Montreal Catholics in Procession.

By Llioretaw.

I have seen Catholic processions in Italy, Spain and Belgium, which are purely Catholic countries, but the sight I, together with thousands of my fellow-Catholics witnessed last Sunday, will bear favorable comparison and quite eclipse some of the demonstrations above mentioned.

Presentation to Vice-President of Shamrock A. A.

During the lacrosse match last Saturday between the Shamrocks and the Nationals, the director of the former club invited Mr. T. P. Slattery into the club house.

Earlier in the day Mr. Slattery received another presentation. This was at the Custom House, where Mr. R. S. White, collector of the port, in the presence of a large group of customs officers, congratulated Mr. Slattery in a witty speech and handed him a purse of gold of a substantial nature.

The third presentation took place on Sunday on McCord street, in the store of Mr. John Tucker, the ex-Shamrock player, where a few friends dropped in for the occasion after high mass in St. Ann's Church.

His marriage took place Tuesday morning in St. Ann's Church to Miss Rose Lonergan, daughter of the late Capt. John Lonergan.

After Doctors Failed

Dr. Williams Pink Pills Cured a Severe Case of Anaemia and Weakness.

Anaemia—poor watery blood—is the cause of most of the misery which afflicts mankind. The housewife especially falls an easy prey to it.

The woman in the house, the man in the office, the boy or girl in the school will always find a friend in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills actually make new, rich red blood, and good blood banishes rheumatism, general debility, kidney troubles and those aches and pains caused by overwork or overstudy.

The funeral was held on Tuesday morning from the family residence to St. Patrick's Church and interment in Cote des Neiges Cemetery.

What Subscribers Are Asking

E. McCarthy, Young street, would like the words of the song "The O's and the Macs."

Constant Reader asks for the words of "Two Thousand Years, two thousand years, Her bark o'er billowy seas."

Butterfly Suspenders. A Gentleman's Brace, "as easy as soap."

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Blue Bonnets Race Track

A Special train will leave Windsor Station, until June 15th, at 1:40 p.m., for the new track.

Excursion to Quebec \$2.30 from Montreal

Good going on train 41, leaving Place Viger Station at 8:55 a.m., and train 63, leaving Place Viger at 2:00 p.m., Saturday, June 8th.

PORTLAND, ME.

Through Sleeping Car Service will be resumed on Sunday, June 9th, and through Parlor Car on Monday, June 10th.

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

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Lve. MONTREAL 8:30 a.m., 13:40 p.m., 4:30 p.m.

Arr. OTTAWA 11:30 a.m., 16:40 p.m., 10:30 p.m.

Daily, except Sunday.

Elegant buffet parlor cars are now running on all trains between Montreal and Ottawa.

NORFOLK, VA. Open until December 1st. Reduced fares now in effect.

Home-seekers' Excursions to Manitoba and the Canadian Northwest.

June 4 and 18, July 2, 16 and 30; Aug. 13 and 27; September 10 and 24. Low rates. Tickets good for 60 days.

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137 St. James Street, Telephone Main 460 & 461, or Bonaventure Station

Another Great Year for The Mutual Life OF CANADA.

Gains—gains—gains in every department—is the splendid record made by this Company during the past year.

Here are the facts for 1906:—

Table with 2 columns: Category and Amount. Gains in Income: \$115,904.22; Gains in Assets: 1,089,447.69; Gains in Surplus: 251,377.46; Gains in Insurance: 2,712,453.00.

Such increases clearly demonstrate the esteem in which this Company is held by Canadians.

They know that when they take a policy in The Mutual Life, they become an owner of the Company, and share in all the profits.

Write for copy of the 37th Annual Statement and other valuable information, to any of the Company's Agents, or to Head Office, Waterloo, Ont.

OBITUARY.

MR. J. T. LYONS.

Mr. J. T. Lyons, the well-known Montreal druggist, died suddenly in his Bleury street store, Saturday morning.

It is supposed that Mr. Lyons died from an attack of apoplexy. Two years ago he suffered a severe stroke which almost proved fatal.

Although only forty-three years of age, the late John T. Lyons had a successful business career, especially as the originator of the "cut rate" drug trade.

The deceased was born in Quebec, and educated there until his eighteenth year, when he came to Montreal and studied chemistry at the Montreal College of Pharmacy, where he had a brilliant career, winning the gold medal.

The funeral was held on Tuesday morning from the family residence to St. Patrick's Church and interment in Cote des Neiges Cemetery.

MR. MICHAEL WALSH.

Michael Walsh, of the firm of Messrs. Michael Walsh & Co., 3385 Vitre street west, died on Monday.

Decidedly one of the most prominent members of the Builders' Exchange, the Plumbers' Association, and St. Mary's Court of Foresters. He was a lifelong and highly esteemed member of St. Patrick's Church.

The healthy glow disappearing from the cheek and moaning and restlessness at night are sure symptoms of worms in children.

THE S. CARSLY Co. LIMITED

THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1907.

LARGE CHOICE IN DRESS GOODS.

From England, Scotland, France and Canada, let it be Range, Quality or Price there is no essential in which our magnificent showings do not lead the way.

VERY FINE ENGLISH SUITING in light and medium colors, 50 inches wide. Sale price.....\$96c.

FANCY FRENCH SUMMER SUITINGS, very fine quality Tweed effects in stripes and broken checks, 50 in. wide. On sale.....\$1.05

ABAGA FANCY SUMMER SUITINGS, very fine weave in all colors, invisible patterns. 48 inches wide. Price the yard.....\$1.25

Fashion Leaders in Wash Fabrics.

More attractive than ever. Great strides have been made in the novelty weaves and colorings.

800 YARDS OF WASH FABRIC, in the very latest design, satin stripe, vesting in white with colored figures and dots, blue, red, and black. Very special value.....\$1.9c.

THE LATEST NEW PRINT, in shepherd plaid, black and white, green and white, grey and white, red and white, all 32 inches wide, thoroughly reliable washing material. Special price.....\$12 1-2c

Ladies' Pony Coats.

IN SHADES OF GREY TWEED, WITH VELVET INLAID COLLAR AND Cuffs, outside pockets, Fly fronts, lined to waist, only.....\$5.10

A Box Cloth Coat for \$8.75.

JUST A FEW OF THESE TIGHT FITTING BLACK BOX CLOTH Coats, self applique, notch Collar, Fly Front, Turn Over Cuffs. This Coat.....\$8.75

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Advertisement for IDEAL WATER TRIP, featuring the text 'Steam heat and electric light throughout all steamers. Every convenience for passengers.'

Advertisement for INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY, featuring the text 'BONAVENTURE UNION DEPOT. Summer Train Service.'

Advertisement for R & O, featuring the text 'MONTREAL - TORONTO - HAMILTON Line, via 1000 ISLANDS and BAY OF QUINTE—Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 5 p. m. Special low rates on this line.'

Advertisement for SLEEPING CAR TO MATAPEDIA, featuring the text 'Will leave Montreal every Tuesday and Friday, at 12 noon, commencing 1st May.'

Advertisement for CITY TICKET OFFICE, featuring the text '128 St. James St., opp. Post Office.'

Advertisement for OCEAN LIMITED, featuring the text 'All trains of the Intercolonial Railway arrive and depart from the Bonaventure Union Depot.'

Advertisement for MR. A. A. HAMMOND, featuring the text 'The interment took place last week at Cote des Neiges, of Mr. Alexander A. Hammond, for many years a resident of this city, who died at Peterboro, April 15th.'

Advertisement for PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, featuring the text 'District of Montreal, Superior Court, No. 1098. Dame Marie Louise Poiran dit Bellefeuille has taken to-day an action for separation as to property against her husband, Arthur Poiran, carter, of the City of Montreal.'



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Gardien de la de Lecture Feb 19 1907 Assoultion Legale

Gregory O'Bryan, S.J. part of the city people to the Gesu. Almost 10th pastors and curate fish-speaking parishes representatives of all orders, filled the same occasion was felt to one. By the death of P the clergy of Canada of their most conspicuous the Jesuit order in their faithful in general a powerful and manly life been heard in almost all Canada; the Catholics and especially the Irish priest whom they loved whom they were justly

Like at least two of fellow Jesuits, Father Connolly, F O'Bryan was a native S. He was born at 28th, 1858, being then over 49 years of age He studied for a time Seminary in Montreal, self called to the religion in August, 1879, he Jesuit novitiate at Salet. In the novitiate this time were five of at some time or other ated with him in the College: Frs. Kavanagh, Devlin, Fox and Cotten two years' novitiate a year spent in literary O'Bryan was sent to College on Bleury street later we find him in Stonyhurst for his studies. In 1885 his one to St. Boniface, M one of the pioneers in Jesuit College. He began logical studies in Montreal was sent to complete a land at Milltown Park, he was ordained priest.

From the first, his remarked in him a voice of preaching, and affection gave him time to sell for this ministry by Fathers of the Church a missions under the direction of the Irish mission From Ireland he went to London, England, tianship, a year devoted and the study of ascetic the Institute of the Society The Lenten season of 1 him back finally to Canada argued that mission which, though short, walleed activity. Up ar made he travelled, ar Newfoundland and the U seemingly incapable of was heard to say recent that showed surprise at ance with a certain pr knew every English-sp in Ontario—he might all said in Canada. There tholic centres of any in which Father O'Bryan preached; few religious to whom he has not giv He many times gave di treats. He was the co priests and people alike confidant of bishops. H acquaintance with the ne parish in a diocese m seek his advice, while t conversion wrought i caused pastors to seek his ministrations.

Father O'Bryan was a distinguished preacher. At the silent preaching of shed life and the prayer brings down graces, Fud had the natural gifts the great orator and recall t Daniel O'Connell.

A tall, strikingly handsome powerful physique, w head, strong yet mobile seemed ever to dominate His voice, of singular richness, heard in the room of the largest church, to the changing passions, tivato or more often ap dience. A memory of m nacity and readiness served mirably. Indeed he could sine how anyone could b

Montreal, 6 May, 1907. BEAUDIN, LORANGER & ST. GERMAIN. Attorneys for Plaintiff.