

A LESSON TO FRENCH BIGOTS.

AMERICAN SAILORS IN FRANCE.

March to Mass 1,200 Strong as Protest Against Anti-Christianity.

The Socialist and anti-Christian municipal government of Marseilles, France, and local enemies of Christianity, recently received a lesson which they will not soon forget at the hands of the American blue jackets, the men who manned the American ships of the Mediterranean squadron.

We have to hand, says the Catholic Columbian, from an Indianapolis boy, a gunner, a remarkable story of what happened in Marseilles. The young sailor wrote as follows:

JERRED AT FOR GOING TO CHURCH.

"The very first Sunday after we arrived in Marseilles about two hundred of us Catholic fellows went to the Cathedral to early Mass. We marched down the main streets on our way and a large crowd of people followed. Everything went well until we neared the Cathedral and some individuals in the crowd began to hoot and jeer. Of course we could not understand what they were doing this for. Some of the crowd tried to stop the jeering and several men grappled each other and began to fight. Police or gendarmes came along and dispersed the disturbers. We went in to attend divine service and the great church soon took our minds off of what had happened in the streets. Just about the time of the elevation, however, we were disturbed by the uproarious conduct of a crowd of roughs who seemed to assemble at the main entrance. They rang bells, blew horns, and tried every way to disturb the sacred ceremony. Women in the church seemed very nervous, and men left their seats to guard the entrance to the church. Our interpreter made inquiry as to what the trouble was and he found out that it was the Socialists and infidels, angered at seeing sailors attend services at the cathedral.

THE POLICE LOOKED ON.

"Have you no police authorities?" our spokesman asked, "to stop this kind of thing?"

"Police authorities! Alas, the Mayor, police and all the municipal authorities are anti-Christian. There is a law in France against the military or men of the navy attending at Mass or even entering the church. These rioters outside are furious because you sailors have ventured to come here."

"Just then there was a crash and the main door which had been closed to keep out the noise swung open and the dirtiest and most violent mob you ever saw was surging outside. They threw missiles into the church, but the door was soon closed against them by the men of the congregation. The priest, spoke in French, and of course we could not understand him, but we were told afterwards that he said: "Alas! this is a sad welcome to give to the American Catholic sailors, but it shows that this country is not like their republic." The old man broke down and sobbed as he closed his sermon.

"When we went back to the ships we told the officers and men of the fleet what occurred. To say the whole outfit of Uncle Sam's men was indignant at the insults offered to us Catholics is to put it very mildly. The next day being a holiday when there was a High Mass we decided on a plan of action.

TURNED OUT 1200 STRONG.

"We told our comrades we wanted to attend High Mass and in a jiffy the word was passed along the line that every man who had leave of absence Monday go to High Mass. At nine o'clock in the morning over twelve hundred men were ready to move out to the Cathedral. In that twelve hundred were 486 Catholics as far as we could ascertain. The rest of them were Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, and many of them nothing. There were many who had good old Irish Catholic names, but who did not "work" at their religion, but they said it was their father's religion and they were willing to work at it for that day anyhow.

"So down the streets in the morning sunshine we marched with a bugler corps and all the other trimmings. You should see the crowd that lined the streets. Some cowards that jeered us the day before shouted from the windows and shook their fists, but there was nothing like the disturbance of the previous day. The bullets and whistles were bluffed and bluffed back. Well, inside the Cathedral (we nearly filled it) the people almost went for joy. The Protestant boys in blue who came with us acted just like we

did in church, they watched us and out of courtesy seemed to do whatever we did except bless themselves, but through it all they were itching for a scrap with that atheistic crowd.

LESSON IN LOVE OF LIBERTY.

"I tell you as we left the church we got a great cheer from the grateful congregation. It was a lesson in American love of liberty and I thought your readers would like to have it. We will never forget the other boys on the fleet for the fine spirit they showed, and I assure you the incident has done much good—it brought back many a fellow to his religion."

We need have no fear for our country as long as our navy is manned by men of such strong religious instincts as to fearlessly and bravely resent an insult to Christianity. All honor to the whole twelve hundred sailor boys, and may the strength which Christianity alone can give be with them in whatever dark hours may come to them.

Brother Bernard Sails.

Pupils Give Fine Testimonial on Eve of Departure.

The Rev. Brother Bernard, director of St. Patrick's Boys' School, left on the Lake Manitoba on Saturday morning last. It is understood that he will make a stay of about four months, during which time he will visit the various institutions of learning in England, Ireland, France and Belgium. The large amount of work entailed by such an important position has earned for Brother Bernard a well merited rest.



The evening previous to his departure he was tendered an address by his former and present pupils of St. Patrick's. Afterwards at the boat he was met by a large number of his old pupils of St. Ann's and several of the prominent gentlemen in the city who had foregathered to wish him bon voyage.

Pioneer Honored.

Priest Sets Up First Printing Press.

Special honor was paid in Detroit, Mich., on June 8, to a famous priest, Father Gabriel Richard, at the celebration of the centenary of the setting up of the first printing press in the Middle West.

Father Richard carried the press from Baltimore to Detroit in 1809. He was then pastor of old St. Anne's Church, Detroit. In August of that year he printed on this press "The Michigan Essay or Imperial Observer, which is really the earliest Catholic paper on the long list for the United States. He also struck off an edition of Fleury's Catechism and other pamphlets, secular and religious, that are now highly prized by collectors.

Gabriel Richard is one of the famous names in the early Catholic history of the West. Born in France October 17, 1797, he joined the Missionaries and came to the United States in 1792, and was sent to the missions in Michigan in 1798. St. Anne's parish then covered most of the Middle West, and Father Richard was among the leading pioneers in the development of Michigan, social, political, educational and material. He was the first territorial delegate to Congress from Michigan and the only priest in American history who was a member of the national legislature.

Aim to be sincere, but not to be impartial.

The man who is always right is apt to lose his friends.

A word out of season may mar the course of a whole life.

Let none search books or the heavens for God who sees Him not in man.

HEROIC RECORD OF FRANCISCANS.

7TH CENTENNIAL CELEBRATED.

Order Has Developed Most Remarkable Activity.

St. Francis laid the foundation for his order seven hundred years ago, and during its long existence has deserved exceedingly well of both the Church and the State. The spirit of St. Francis the evangelical spirit of poverty, humility, simplicity, charity and consequent self-denial has pervaded the Order as a whole, and has enabled it to develop a most remarkable activity. This is particularly noticeable in the missionary field.

The sons of St. Francis have, or at some time had, missions among almost all the nations of the earth, but the pearl among the seraphic missions, and the one that cost the most sacrifices, undoubtedly is the one which was hallowed by the footsteps and the death of our Lord—the Holy Land. When St. Francis in the year 1219 reached Palestine, some of his brethren were already there. From that day to this the Franciscans have never left the land so dear to every Christian heart.

It is true that no great success rewarded their heroic efforts among the schismatics and Mahomedans. Only one hundred and eighty-three conversions occurred, for instance, in 1907. Nor may we expect better results for the near future. No one acquainted with the conditions under Turkish rule will be surprised at the report. Greater is the wonder at the endurance and self-sacrifice of the children of the Seraphic Father. They had to be content with the toleration which enables them to attend to the spiritual and temporal needs of the Catholics, to conduct schools, and to afford shelter for the numerous pilgrims. More important for the Church as a whole was its recovery and preserve the holy places. The task was a hazardous undertaking, but the friars were equal to it. If the Catholic Church at this day is in possession of so many sacred spots, which the children of the parish schools have had at our finger tips ever since we could read the story of our Redemption through Christ, it is owing to the prudence, unselfishness and heroism of the sons of St. Francis who died at their posts as guardians of the holy places rather than desert them. Altogether about two hundred and thirty Minor laid down their lives for the Faith in Palestine, and more than six thousand fell as martyrs of charity during the various periods of pestilence which frequently visited the East.

At present the Custody of the Holy Land comprises two hundred and fifty-three Fathers, two hundred and twenty-two lay brothers, and seven novices. These are in charge of fifty-one parishes, forty-six chapels, fifty-six sanctuaries, fifty-nine schools, which are frequented by four thousand and twenty children, two orphanages which shelter three hundred and forty-four orphans, and four hundred and ninety-six helpless poor. The Fathers have spiritual charge of 102,039 Catholics of the Latin Rite and 1100 Catholics of the Oriental Rite. They also furnish a livelihood and clothing for 9672 poor families.

Large means are required to satisfy all the demands made upon the Franciscans in the Holy Land, and from the duty of preserving and faithfully decaying the sacred places, the works of mercy devour immense sums of money. One of the loveliest works and one that is most pleasing to Almighty God is the care of the orphans, whose numbers increase especially at periods of pilgrimages. Whence shall the custodians of the Land and our Lord and His Blessed Mother take the means to relieve so much distress, how shall they preserve the Faith of the oppressed Christians, and how shall they prevent holy places from falling into the hands of schismatics or infidels, unless the Catholics all over the world make it an affair of their own?

Ruthenian Catholics.

Canadian Priest Adopts Rite in Order to Minister to Them.

The question of the religious integrity of the many thousand Ruthenian Catholics in Western Canada was strongly presented at the Missionary Congress held at Washington. Before the missionary leaders of America, Father Callaghan, of Montreal, emphasized the proselytizing carried on among these people by the Protestants. "They are in manifest danger of being Protestantized," said Canada's representative.

This is not a cloud without a silver lining, however, says the Central Catholic, Father Sabourin, the valiant young French-Canadian who

adopted the Ruthenian Rite in order to minister to these people, has just returned to the West, after giving a number of conferences throughout the province of Quebec. The object of these lectures is to develop among the young ecclesiastics of that Catholic province a spirit of evangelization in behalf of the unfortunate Ruthenians. The many Catholic journals of Quebec are lending every possible aid to the development of such vocations among French Canadians.

It is further hoped that part of this demand for clergy of the Ruthenian Rite will be met by the youth of that people. In order to enable young men to pursue the necessary studies, the Knights of Columbus in many points in the West have donated scholarships. The many Catholic journals of Quebec are lending every possible aid to the development of such vocations among French Canadians.

But every ounce of energy, talent and grace possessed by the entire body of the Canadian Church must be put into this and kindred problems resulting from immigration, or a generation or two hence we shall have our Canadian bishops repeating the appalling statement made by the Bishop of Trenton. The American Church, by devoting the flower of its clergy to the preaching of non-Catholic missions, is making conversions at the rate of 23,000 a year, but against this must be placed the fact that since 1845—when the first great wave of American immigration began—there has been a defection of about 20,000,000 souls from the Catholic Church in the United States, averaging an annual loss of about 300,000. These are facts to cause the Canadian Catholic, and especially the Western Catholic, to tremble with his responsibilities for the future, facing an immigration of Catholic people ever growing.

Holland's Royal Babe.

Descendant of Saints, Says a Jesuit Writer.

The Record, of Louisville, Ky., edited by Rev. Louis G. Deppen, publishes the following interesting correspondence from the Rev. L. Stegger, S. J., Rotterdam:

Of course it will be no news to your readers to be told that a little princess is come to Holland, which is a source of joy and gladness to good old sleepy Holland, as it seems to have been, judging at least from the newspapers, in all the civilized world. But I have my doubts if our Catholics have any idea that our future queen is a lineal descendant of one great saint and a blood relation of another.

I recently read you an article from the first page of the great Dutch Catholic newspaper, "De Maasbode," of Friday, April 30, 1909, the great and memorable day for Holland, on account of the birth of a royal princess, who will live, as we hope, to continue the house of Orange.

The article I send you gives: First, The genealogical tree showing our young princess to be a lineal descendant of St. Elizabeth of Hungary.

Second, View of relationship existing between the houses of Orange, Thuringia, Gonzaga (Wilhelmina, St. Elizabeth, St. Aloysius.)

The Record's correspondent sends also the following copy of an address: "To the Catholics of the Netherlands: The glad birth of the new princess of Orange-Nassau, Duchess of Mecklenburg, causes us Catholics of the Netherlands joyful, to raise our voices in unison with all our Dutch brethren, because we now have the sweet hope that the blessings, which the sensible and peaceful government of the House of Orange has given to the Catholic Church in the Netherlands in these days of opposition against altar and throne, may be continued.

"This grateful, this thankful adherence may perhaps become stronger by the knowledge of the historical fact, shown, that the House of Orange is connected with St. Elizabeth of Thuringia, and with St. Aloysius of Gonzaga, the patron of our Christian youth.

"For this reason I pray you to join me in placing our royal mother under the protection of the holy woman (St. Elizabeth), image of heroic motherhood, and the little babe of the House of Orange under the protection of the angelic patron of youth (St. Aloysius)."

"L. STEGGER, S. J., Rotterdam, 30 April, 1909."

It seems an ungracious thing to make allusions to the falls of the saints, but we learn many lessons, and beautiful, from that portion of their lives that bears most likeness to our own; it shows the operation of grace, the magic power of that gift which on the ruins of sin can build such godly spectacles. Raise the standard of your daily life, let God take more possession of it; abuse not grace, and thus your sinful life will give way to a life fit for the abode of the saints.

Faith is the silken garment of the soul; disbelieve the rag and tatters.

IRELAND NOT POOR THE FIGURES PROVE

DISTILLING NOT ONLY BUSINESS

Bank Statistics Show Substantial Increase in Deposits Over Previous Year.

A stranger might almost think these days that we had no industry but distilling and no commerce but measuring out "half wans" and pints across counters, says a writer in the Dublin Leader.

We want Home Rule and an equitable adjustment of our international finances, but it must exercise a very depressing effect on the nation to be constantly whining about our poor distressful country; it must predispose towards emigration and apathy, and increase our lack of faith in ourselves and our lack of enterprise.

Are we so poor as we think we are? If barley growing is hit, will our agriculture be killed? If distilling is checked, is the death-knell of our industries sounded? If a few hundred petty-burgers are shut down, will there be no commerce left in the land?

THE BANK STATISTICS.

Though emigration is still growing ahead, our banking statistics are going up. At the end of last year the deposits and cash balances standing in the joint stock banks amounted to £52,379,000, an increase of £1,689,000 over the preceding year. Twenty years before the figures was £30,979,000, so that in the twenty years since 1888, it has increased by upwards of £22,000,000, whilst the population has considerably decreased.

During the same twenty years the deposits in the Post Office Savings Bank have gone from £3,239,000 in 1888 to £19,837,000 in 1908. In addition there was £2,337,000 in Trustee Savings Banks, making a total in all of £13,274,000. This total represented 590,223 accounts, so that more than one in eight of the entire population has an account in a savings bank, and the average account is nearly £23.

Upwards of £22,000,000 in deposits and in cash balances in the Joint Stock Banks and upwards of £13,000,000 in the savings banks, though they may reflect to some extent on the comparative industrial stagnation, are emphatically not "poor, distressful" figures.

THE IRISH FARMS.

The same post that brought us the department's banking statistics also brought us particulars of our crops for 1908, and these particulars throw a good deal of light on our "poor, distressful" country. The total area under tillage has gone down a little, notwithstanding the work of the department, but, then, if the department had not been at work, how can anyone say that it would not have gone down very considerably more? In corn crops, oats covered 1,060,301 acres, a decrease of a little over 15,000, and barley and here covered 154,506 acres, a decrease of 15,825. If we imported no foreign beer and whiskey, surely there would have been a 50% increase rather than a decrease in our acreage under barley, but Mr. Bunge never cried out very loudly about that. There were increases of 3952 and 4992, respectively, in the acreage under turnips and mangel wurzel, which, we suppose, is explained by changes in cattle raising 587,144 acres under potatoes marked a decrease of 3854 acres. Taking it all round our poor distressful farmers had comparatively a very good year in 1908.

THE POTATO CROP.

In potatoes we are supreme; here we beat England and leave Wales and Scotland nowhere. Last year was a great year for potatoes, for on a less acreage we raised a very increased yield. It is strange that in this matter of potatoes, where we beat all the rest, our average yield per acre is less than all the rest. We suppose the habit and the fact that potatoes are raised largely for consumption on the premises, as distinct from realization in the market, have much to say to this. In 1908 we raised 3,199,678 tons of potatoes; England raised 2,719,569, Scotland 1,048,559, and Wales only 151,707. We have a very small importation of potatoes, whilst in 1907 we exported over 100,000 tons, value at £394,937. Evidently £3 a ton is under the mark as a price for potatoes, but if we take it at that our potato yield in 1908 was £9,499,104, and we ate nearly six of them ourselves. After all, if we do spend £13,000,000 in drink, it is satisfactory to know that our bill for potatoes is a substantial one also.

An Interesting Incident.

"Rome" relates an interesting incident at Rome the celebration of the Jubilee of the American College in Rome, which closed recently.

"One Sunday morning in 1802 an emigrant ship from Ireland landed in New York. Her passengers were more dead than alive. They had a dreadful voyage, which lasted six weeks, and during which they narrowly escaped shipwreck three times. But some of them were determined at all costs to hear Mass on their first Sunday on American soil. In those days New York was not even a diocese, but the emigrants were easily directed to an unpresuming church where the Holy Sacrifice was offered up. At the end of the Mass the priest found in the offertory plate a shining gold sovereign. "It was put in the plate," said the sacristan, "by a poor man. He looked as if he couldn't afford to give it. His clothes are worn and ragged and it seemed to me that he stood in need of a good dinner." Here, take it back to him," said the priest. But Nicholas Devereux refused to take back his gift. "I meant it as a thank-offering to Almighty God for preserving me," he said. Fifty years later the same Nicholas Devereux was one of the foremost advocates for the founding of a Catholic College in Rome for the education of American priests, and he was able to promise his thousand dollars as one of the first founders. He was helped in his campaign by the great McMaster, editor of the New York Freeman's Journal, and though he did not live long enough to carry out his promise, his two sons did it for him, subscribing each \$500 of the \$50,000 with which the college was founded.

Eminent Jesuit Dead.

Passing of Great Priest Irreparable Loss.

In the recent death of Father Eugene Portalic, S. J., The Catholic Encyclopedia loses a brilliant contributor. It was he who wrote the masterly article "Augustine," in which is condensed material enough for a large volume, all handled with an astonishing skill and a grasp of the subject bordering on genius. Father Portalic was known to the general public chiefly by his learned articles in the Etudes. To the clergy he was still better known as a preacher of ecclesiastical retreats in which the holiness of his own life revealed itself by the persuasiveness and earnestness of his call to clerical perfection. To the younger members of the Society of Jesus his name stands for eleven years of enthusiastic teaching of scholastic theology. To the Catholic Institute of Toulouse, where he taught Positive Theology for nine years, he was the embodiment of enlightened zeal for the changeless truth. To all who came under the charm of his manner he was the ready consolator, the willing helper. As the Rev. Canon Maisonneuve said in his eloquent funeral discourse, "to all professors and students, he showed a face illumined by zeal and beaming with kindly indulgence. He seemed incapable of the melancholy, the dryness, the coldness sometimes attributed to men of learning. What shone forth in all his person was that sincere and lovable charity which captivates human creatures to hand them up to God." Yet, with all his southern enthusiasm and amiability, he had a keen scent for fraud and error.

When most French Catholics were deluded by the so-called revelations of Dr. Bataille in "Le Diable au XIXe Siècle," Father Portalic was one of the first to brave obloquy by piercing the "Dianna Vaughan" bubble. "It was also one of the first to detect in M. Loisy's books the congenies of heresies afterwards condemned by Pius X. in his "Pasce Gregis." As he had been prepared for this detection of latent error by his exhaustive study of French Protestantism, he could safely affirm of Modernism three years before it was so named by the Holy Father. As to his apologetic measure now to us in France, it has, for an entire century, lain fallow in the books of Liberal Protestantism, from Schleiermacher in Germany to Sabatier, through E. Scherer, Astie, Pouvier, Leopold Monod and M. Ménégoz.

Where Missionary Zeal Shows Itself. The "Annals of the Propagation of the Faith" (June) contain the report of the association for 1908. Of the \$1,240,000 given in 1908 by the Catholic world to this great missionary appeal, France gave nearly \$600,000. The United States came second with a contribution of \$190,000. Italy, Spain and Portugal together gave \$73,000. Ireland gave \$34,000 and England \$8000. England has many wealthy Catholics, (the Duke of Norfolk's rent roll is \$1,300,000 a year), but the English have many calls for new chapels and churches at home and they are sensible enough to first regard the domestic appeal.

Catholic Belgium comes next to the United States. It gave \$75,000 last year to the Propagation of the Faith. Austria gave \$12,000. We do not find Germany on the list, but little Switzerland comes down with \$10,000. Catholic South America is coming to be heard from. From that quarter came \$60,000.

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Because of your strong faith, I kept the track. Whose sharp-set stones my strength had well-nigh spent, I could not meet your eyes if I turned back!

Because you would not yield belief in me, The threatening crags that rose, my way to bar. I conquered inch by crumbling inch—to see The goal afar.

And though I struggle toward it through hard years, Or flinch, or falter blindly, yet within, 'You can!' unwavering my spirit hears:

And I shall win. A TOAST TO LAUGHTER.

Here's to laughter, the sunshine of the soul, the happiness of the heart, the heaven of youth, the privilege of purity, the echo of innocence, the treasure of the humble, the wealth of the poor, the bead on the cup of pleasure, it dispels dejection, banishes blues and mangles melancholy; for it's the foe of woe, the destroyer of depression, the enemy of grief; it is what kings envy peasants, plutocrats envy the poor, the guilty envy the innocent, it's the sheen on the silver of smiles, the ripple of the water's delight, the glint of the gold of gladness; without it humor would be dumb, wit would wither, dimples would disappear and smiles would shrivel, for it's the glow of a clean conscience, the voice of a pure soul, the birth cry of mirth, the swan-song of sadness. Laughter!

STUFFED MUSHROOMS.

Scrape out the inside of the caps, chop the stems that are too long to be left standing, and also the mushrooms that are too small to fill. Mash with a potato masher and fill into the mushroom-caps which would have been arranged in a buttered earthen baking dish, stems up. Then cover with the glass bells that come on purpose for holding in the delicate aroma and juices of the mushrooms, or, lacking these, with paper and an inverted pan. Cook on the back of the stove or in an oven for about half an hour, or until brown and tender. They will cook in their own juices. Serve on rounds of toast with a seasoning of butter, salt, and paprika.

CARAMEL ALMONDS.

Shell, but do not blanch, a pound of Jordan almonds. Put a pound of sugar in a granite saucepan with two tablespoonfuls of water, and stir constantly with a wooden spoon until melted and slightly brown. Move to one side of the fire and have ready two or three well-greased pie tins. With the left hand drop in the almonds, which should have been dried slightly in the oven without browning, and remove quickly with the candy dipper held in the right hand. Place on the greased tins to harden.

MEXICAN KISSES.

Put into a saucepan two cups brown sugar and a half cup of milk and cook gently until a little dropped in cold water will ball if rubbed between the fingers. It will take ten minutes or a little less to reach this stage. Stir constantly while boiling, as it scorches easily. Add a heaping teaspoonful of butter, and as soon as melted remove from the fire and beat steadily until the mixture looks creamy and slightly granulated. Stir in at once a pound of English walnuts, broken (not chopped) into bits. Beat hard and turn into buttered tins to harden.

"THE POWER OF LOVE."

The following excerpt from the late Father Vaughan's lecture on "The Power of Love" merits reproduction. It describes a scene on a Southern battlefield during the Civil War: "Men in blue and gray who looked with hate into another's eyes and tried to shoot away the life of a brother, have crept close together to die in the trembling twilight. Men and horses lie heaped in confusion. Men with their limbs torn from their body, men with their throats cut, and men with their scalps lying bare and their heads raised to heaven, and they are crying: 'Water, my God! water!' and in all God's world there is not a soul to answer. Yes, there is an answer. See, there come two women, stealing over the battlefield, creeping along under the beams of the moon. In the center, come out to look for her son in the midst of death? In it some woman who seeks the man to whom she has pledged her love? Ah, no. The Cross of Christ is on her breast, the banner of St. Vincent on her head. Two 1443 Sisters of Charity, alone with God and night. How they move

without fear through the valley of death and of darkness! How tenderly they stoop over the dying soldier! For there is no North or South, no blue or gray, no nationality, no creed, no denomination. In every soldier's upturned face they see the face of Christ. How tenderly they moisten their parched lips, how they cool the fevered brow, how they close the gapping wounds, how they murmur words of consolation in the lying ear, how they take a last message to bring back to the mother and the wife and the loved ones far away! Even there—even in the death and the blood and the carnage of battle—the power of love rules supreme. And stamped forever on that flag—the stars and Stripes—stamped forever is that lesson of love, that as it leads on in the vanguard of civilization it may teach to the world America's story: the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man—the glorious, the splendid lesson of love."

THE LITTLE LEAKS.

While we do not in the least hold that the waste that is draining the family income in city or country, is all on the woman's side, we would call the attention of the woman of the family to the fact that the garbage can gathers in many a wasted nickel. Poor cooking, unwise planning or unchecked wastefulness on the part of the children are all factors in the loss. In many families this waste is thrown out in the yard about the doors in the cold season, where it is offensive to the eye of persons accustomed to cleanliness, and where it will rot and draw flies and give out foul smells as soon as the weather becomes warm. If there are poultry, pigs, or a compost heap, there is a way of utilizing it, but if not, it is better to throw all refuse into the stove, or a specially constructed crematory, outside the gate. Watch for the extravagance of waste.

CARING FOR BIRD-CAGES.

Those who own canaries find them at this time of the year suffering from rheumatism, which is caused by standing on wet perches. A specialist in bird diseases says that birds suffer terribly from the carelessness of those who clean the cages. Women will wash out a cage and neglect to thoroughly dry it. The perch is left damp, and the bird, standing on it, at once takes on rheumatism, which spreads through the body. A little inflammation starts in the feet, and this is apt to result in a tiny abscess, which is torture to the bird. The specialist tells women that the perches should be scraped and then rubbed with a dry cloth instead of being washed each time. If they are washed they should be dried in the oven before being put back in the cage.

PRETTY THROAT NOW NECESSARY.

The most essential feature of a pretty woman is a pretty throat. Society now frowns upon the high stiff dog collar—even though it be made all of velvet, and the soft bit of wove, with its over-hanging jewels has taken its place. Or, better still, as being more youthful, the long string of pearls which is laid loosely around the neck. Pearls bring out the whiteness of the throat. But if they are too yellow, they make the throat look sallow. And for that reason society women are wearing their pearls night and day to whiten them. Pearls die young unless worn, and the string that has been laid away for years will show its lack of pearly luster. Hang the string of pearls up in the throat and in a short time there will begin to creep a certain clear whiteness of tone through the string, and in a short time the pearls will be "restored." They are sensitive and die if neglected.

To be able to wear pearls around the neck, so as not to yellow the skin, a woman must bleach her throat and make it clear and pearl-like in color. This is rather difficult if the neck has grown dull with being covered with a high stock or red from being tied tight with velvet or embroidery. It sometimes happens that the actual embroidery pattern is stamped upon the neck, and it takes weeks to efface it. The neck and throat will absorb oils rapidly, and the beauty who wants to keep her chin from sagging must rub oil onto it every night. Her strokes must be upwards, from the throat towards the tip of the chin. And she must rub until a whole teaspoonful of the oil has been rubbed in. This done nightly will keep the skin in condition as far as the formation of fat is concerned. The chin will be just fat enough. The double chin is impossible. It is so absolutely disfiguring that there is no place for it in beauty's calendar. As soon as the chin becomes double all good looks are gone. The chin must be single, the throat must

be round, and the neck and shoulders must be well shaped. All of these things come within the province of the beauty specialist.

The art of handling the chin is an extra fine one. The woman who can handle her chin properly is pretty sure to have a pretty chin. But she must keep in constant practice or she will forget the art. It must not be struck out of fashion nor drawn in tightly to the throat. It must be lifted clear of the neck and prettily poised. The chin must be pretty in profile, it is a woman's own fault if the profile of her chin is not good. The chin must be smooth and must be free from the blemishes with which too many chins are afflicted. This means that it must be steamed until the skin perspires, and that some skin lotion, the quince seed, glycerine and orange flower compound is good, and it must be rubbed in. And the chin must be trained to offset the throat. Many a pretty chin is spoiled because it is carried stiffly, and this makes the muscles of the throat drawn and tense, taut and unbecomingly. Holding the shoulders straight has everything in the world to do with a pretty throat. Seat yourself in front of the glass and let your shoulders sag down. You will find that your neck acts in sympathy with your shoulders. It looks all saggy and baggy, old and ugly. But sit up straight and hold your shoulders square. Instantly your neck takes on new lines. It becomes round and beautiful. Sitting up straight and lifting your chin did the work for you.

What is Worn in Paris.

Leading Fabric is Linen--Tailor-Mades Show Short Skirts, Long Coats--Touch of Black Modish.

From the point of view of frocks for country and river wear linen must be accepted as the leading fabric. Linens this year are particularly attractive. First because of the glorious colors in which they are produced; and, secondly, from the point of view that they are presented in so many different makes. "Crash," for instance, which is a linen of a loose, soft make, and therefore somewhat cooler than the closer kind is a leading favorite in Paris. There is a very distinct tendency to use this crash linen in the curious dead shades that have become such fashionable favorites in all s'ken materials.

A PRAYER FOR MOTHERHOOD.

Is it a far cry to the realm of souls, Oh, thou, thou God of mothers, who must hear? For love stands always at the gate of prayer. With brooding heart, perchance to thank or grieve. Lord, is it sin that I should make complaint. And fret the way of faith with this unrest? For thou hast sent bright friendships, sprung with flowers, and happy thoughts, and sunshine through the years.

YOUTH BLOSSOMED, AND THOU GAVEST BEAUTY'S KISS.

That still abides, despite long discontent. Rank and esteem are mine; and that acclaim. Silent but sure, which woman proudly holds; And crowning all, a holy wedded trust, Sealed with the golden signet, heaven-betrothed.

I HAVE NOT BEEN ANHUNGERED, OH, DEAR LORD.

For bread or drink; my limbs have not been cold. I have not felt temptation's driving force To lie or steal, to murder or to die. In lowly mood I thank thee, Lord, for these. But, oh, dear God, thou God of mothers still, I asked, believing, and have been denied!

ON YESTERDAY, WHEN MORN WAS AT ITS GLOW,

And all of earth gave back its welcome smile, A woman paused beside my open door. Her lauds were filled with fruit she begged me buy. Then pointed to the burden on her back. She had no shelter for that tender head.

WHY WOULD EVER HAVE SUGGESTED THAT OUR TAILOR-MADES SHOULD DISPLAY SHORT SKIRTS AND LONG COATS?

This fashion has certainly never appeared before. It is, however, practical and delightfully convenient, though it be hard even for the most enthusiastic votary of fashion to convince the unprejudiced mind that a short skirt and a long coat is either becoming or conducive to real smartness. Some of the newest coats show at the hem an extra piece of linen or tussore, apparently applied for the sole purpose of holding them back and accentuating the skimpiness. It is curious to note this fact when we remember the enthusiasm of fashion-writers, who but a short time back described the season frocks as "a mass of pan-bags and frills, with a return to fullness reminiscent of the crinolines!" To do them justice, the early model houses of Paris and London were slightly misleading.

EMINENTLY EFFECTIVE ARE THE SLEEVELESS PINEFROCKS.

Moreover, they are easily copied by the home dress-maker, although as we can pick them up ready-made in the west End

shops, they are infinitely preferable to the best amateur efforts. Certainly, young girls with good figures cannot do better than purchase a white linen pinafore frock, with or without sleeves, and wear them over either their own blouses or specially constructed chemisettes or sleeves of practical and inexpensive coarse net. The simplicity of the pinafore frock or the fascinating little striped cotton, which is prettily belted with fancy sashes and worn with big sailor hats, is admirable for country or river wear.

The revival of the turned-down collar is particularly effective in its application to summery cottons and gay linens. This device is most becoming to young girls, and it represents an economical way of smartening up some of last year's frocks. A pretty soft bow of black satin or crepe de Chine may be used at the neck with advantage.

The country hats of the moment are particularly delightful; enormous flat saftors, trimmed with fascinating bows, are very practical and becoming. Most picturesque and delicious for the river are the big lingen hats, especially those with clusters of summery flowers. Again, the old-fashioned Dunstable straws in real Tuscan-sars and scarlet poppies, are delightful. There are, as well, some practical river hats of sailor shape and helmet-like persuasion, made in tussore, which are simply trimmed with an embroidered silky scarf so arranged as to hang down the back to form a veil.

Belts, owing to the prevalence of the Directorate and Princess robes, have not played such a prominent part as usual in summer fashions, but for the cotton dresses and river linens there is the new straw or bass belt—an attractive novelty—with straw buckles studded with colored stones to match the dresses themselves; or again, the straw-bound with a silk braid to match, studded with little tiny gold or silver buttons.

Save two strong arms, so hard and bare and brown. She has no name to leave, if she should die. That sometime in his life her boy might bless, No cot or thatch that she might call a home; Nor resting-place save that which chance might send. But laughing down upon that dimpled face So pure, and guileless of its want, She sat at ease beside my shaded step, And nursed her ruddy baby on her breast.

I gave her food and drink, still in thy name, Oh, God, I could not bless, and turned away—I, a woman, steeped in rugged faith, To wait again the old Hebrew curse Upon unfruitfulness and empty arms.

LEGEND OF THE PASSION.

Upon the cross the Savior hung, His head crowned with a thorny wreath, And from the ground just underneath A lowly flower sprung. It looked up toward the darkened sky, The petals all, with one accord, In sorrow drooped to see their Lord Thus piteously die.

THE SNOW-WHITE BLOSSOMS OPENED WIDE,

And while his blood did freshly flow One drop fell on the flower below— One drop from out his side. And ever since that awful hour, The hammer, nails, and crown of scorn, In crimson outlines still adorn The gentian Passion Flower. Georgetown College Journal, (Washington, D.C.)

WANTS WILL RENDER THE PRETTIEST HANDS UNSIGHTLY.

Clear the excruciations away by using Holloway's Corn Cures, which acts thoroughly and painlessly.

OSHAWA FIREPROOF BUILDING MATERIALS.

You can gain buying from us everything in the line of Fireproof Building Materials for Exteriors and Interiors. Free Catalogue for the asking. PEDLAR People of Oshawa Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, St. John, Winnipeg, Vancouver

ONLY ONE CURE FOR A BAD STOMACH.

Indigestion and Similar Troubles Must be Treated Through the Blood. Indigestion can be treated in many ways, but it can be cured in only one way—through the blood. Purgatives cannot cure indigestion. By main force they move the food on still undigested. That weakens the whole system, uses up the natural juices of the body, and leaves the stomach and bowels parched and sore. It is a cause of indigestion—not a cure. Others try predigested foods and peptonized drugs. But the stomach really weakens its power. The digestive organs can never do the work properly until they are strong enough to do it for themselves. Nothing can give the stomach that power but the new, rich, red blood so abundantly supplied by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. So the reason for their success is plain. The health of the stomach depends upon the blood in its delicate veins. If that blood is weak and watery the strength to secrete the juices which alone can digest the food. If the blood is loaded with impurities it cannot absorb the good from the food when it is digested. Nothing can stimulate the glands, and nothing can absorb the nourishment but pure, red blood. And nothing can give that pure, red blood but Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Alfred Gallant, Mill River, P.E.I., says: "For several years, previous and up to two years ago, I suffered continually from indigestion. I could not eat enough to keep my strength, and what little I did eat, no matter what kind of food, caused great pains, so that I became much reduced in flesh, strength and energy. I consulted several doctors and took medicine from them, but without any benefit whatever. On the advice of a friend I began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I soon good results were noticed. I could slightly increase the amount of food day after day, and suffering no inconvenience, until after taking ten boxes I could eat any kind of food and in a short time got back to my normal state of health and feel that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have surely cured me of a most stubborn case of indigestion."

YOU CAN GET THESE PILLS FROM ANY DEALER IN MEDICINE OR THEY WILL BE SENT BY MAIL AT 50 CENTS A BOX OR SIX BOXES FOR \$2.50 BY ADDRESSING THE DR. WILLIAMS' MEDICINE CO., BROCKVILLE, ONT.

Save two strong arms, so hard and bare and brown.

She has no name to leave, if she should die. That sometime in his life her boy might bless, No cot or thatch that she might call a home;

Nor resting-place save that which chance might send. But laughing down upon that dimpled face So pure, and guileless of its want,

She sat at ease beside my shaded step, And nursed her ruddy baby on her breast.

I gave her food and drink, still in thy name, Oh, God, I could not bless, and turned away—I, a woman, steeped in rugged faith,

To wait again the old Hebrew curse Upon unfruitfulness and empty arms.

Last of a noble shaft of lineage, Rich in the heritage that man calls dear, What boots it to the hapless heir of a barren limb, hung on an estopped tree!

The blood of heroes on armorial shields Shall fade to nothingness within the dust; While sword and cassock, 'scutcheoned high and pure, Taunt like a hiss a lonely woman's heart.

For 'em the gaping beggar in the street, May clasp her babe, and with a pitying smile, Hoarse whisper to her mate, "She hath no child!"

Yes, happier far, dear God, the fate of her; A Rachel who would not be comforted, Or some pale Niobe, bowed through the years, For thou hadst blest them ere they wept their loss.

If there be found within the faith The old Hebrew God—to hear his voice From pillared cloud, or holy burning bush—

So would I come—as wailing Hebrews came Remembering faithful Sarah, laughed or falling this, dear God, let thy young Christ, Born of a woman, too, send me sweet dreams.

The while I kneel and watch his holy star Rise in thy heaven: so I shall wake and find This bosom healed, this heart robbed of its thorn.

NOSTALGIA.

Oh, the names, the names that lure you Off to places you have dreamed, Pictured, and your fancies moor you Where the wander-torch has gleamed!

Oh, the Dardanelles—white beaches, Hot beside an azure sea, And behind the cool green reaches Of the palms that beckon me! Where the low-hung foliage screams, And the waves croon to the bar, While some stoic-eyed Venus leans O'er the song to her guitar!

Oh, the charm that lies in "Burma," Name in which the tropics purr, Softly languorous, a murmur Putting northern eyes ablur With a spell so drowsy, sensuous, That they long for slender palms, To dream far from haunts pretentious

In the tropics scented arms! Can't you hear Calcutta calling? Haven't Kipling to your sight Brought dream-stuff of that enthralled King

City of the dreadful night? Can't you hear the noisy railers, Set the docks, the tall-sparred ships, And the hordes of all earth's sailors Sun-blacked, quick-eyed, knives on hips?

Can't you see the red sun sinking, Fiery in the ocean's breast, And 'he heat-cracked housetops drinking In the cool of night and rest, While below, the blackness thicker, Yields a glint of almond eye, Or a stealthy dagger's flicker— Here, soft laughter; there, a cry Whispers wander-lure Sumatra, Island named with a caress; Tempting, as did Cleopatra— Men have given all for less!

Oh, the names, the names that lure you Off to places you have dreamed,

Advertisement for 'Surprise' soap. Text: 'Hang on to a pure hard soap. Always use Surprise if you wish to retain the natural colors in your clothes. Surprise has peculiar qualities of washing clothes, without injury and with perfect cleanliness. Remember the name Surprise on the pure hard soap.' Includes an illustration of a woman in a long coat and hat.

Vertical advertisements on the right margin. Includes: 'MORRISON' (Advocates, 5th Floor, Bank 67 St. J.), 'KAVANAGH, L.' (Advocates, 7 Place), 'BROSSARD, CH.' (Advocates, Bank 1499), 'CONRO' (193 CENT), 'Practical Plumbers', 'Lawyer PLAS', 'D. H. W.' (Caterer), 'HERMINE' (Manufacturers of Brands, Caramech and Banquets, Wedding attention), 'ST. PATRICK'S' (listed March 6, 1863; 92 St. A. Monday of the week meets last V. Rev. Chaplain Shane, P.P.; Kavanagh, K. dent, Mr. J. Treasurer, Mr. pending Secret ningham; Rev. T. P. Tansey; cretary, Mr. M. shal, Mr. B. C. shal, Mr. P. C.), 'Synopsis of Can HOMES FEAT ANY even number wan and Alberta not reserved, any person who family, or any dge, to the exten tion of 160 acre. Entry must be the local land o in which the lan Entry by pro made on certan father, mother, ther or sister of steader. The homestead form the condit with under on plans: (1) At least upon and culti each year for the (2) If the fa the father is the steader resides a vianity of the requirements as satisfied by suc with the father (3) If the steat residence is owned by him, homestead the residence may lence upon said Six months' should be given Dominion Land tenation to apply Deputy Minis N.B.—Unautho this advertisement for. COULD NOT BACK WA Remarks in the trouble. When the weak it is a warni ble to become a Head the warni and dispose of trouble. If you don't, a very apt to arise know you will h Bright's Disease, forms of Kidney? Mr. James Bry troubled with his Kidney Pills, he too much about it using three boxes I was greatly trou across the small go to work and I would have to sit for a few days I was advised to and I must say th Price 50 cents \$1.25 as all dial receipts of price 1 Oe, Toronto, Ont.

Y. JULY 1, 1909.

TO GIVEN UP
LIVING OF
LIVING.

trouble Cured by
HEART AND NERVE PILLS

Savoy, Gratian's, N.B.,
year of 1906 I was taken
My trouble was with my
I told me that nothing could
use like mine. I consulted
seven weeks I could hardly
I had no pain, but was so
this world can believe how
I had no pain, but was so
I had no pain, but was so
I had no pain, but was so

our fancies moor you
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in Harvard Advo-

THE PASSION.

The Savior hung,
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College Journal,
(.)

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Clear the excess-

using Holloway's
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of Building Materials for
teriors and Interiors. Free

atalogue for the asking.

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John, Wainipeg, Vancouver

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Similar Troubles
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could NOT GO TO WORK
BACK WAS SO WEAK.

Backache is the primary cause of kidney
trouble. When the back aches or becomes
weak it is a warning that the kidneys are
unable to become affected.

Heed the warning; check the Backache
and dispose of any chances of further
trouble.

If you don't, serious complications are
very apt to arise and the first thing you
know you will have Dropsy, Diabetes or
Bright's Disease, the three most deadly
forms of Kidney Trouble.

Mr. James Bryant, Arichat, N.S., was
troubled with his back and used Doan's
Kidney Pills, he writes:—"I cannot say
too much about the benefit I received after
using three boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills.
I was greatly troubled with an aching pain
across the small of my back. I could not
go to work and my back was so weak I
would have to sit down. It would go away
for a few days but would always return.
I was advised to try Doan's Kidney Pills
and I must say they completely cured me."

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

MORRISON & HATCHETT
Advocates, Barristers, Solicitors.
5th Floor, Banque du Peuple Chambers,
87 ST. JAMES STREET.
Phone Main 3114.

Hon. Sir Alexandre Lacoste, K. C.
KAVANAGH, LAJOIE & LACOSTE
ADVOCATES, SOLICITORS, ETC.
7 PLACE D'ARMES
H. J. KAVANAGH, K. C. PAUL LACOSTE, LL. B.
G. L. LAJOIE, K. C. JULES MATHIEU, LL. B.

Barraud & Dessaulles
ADVOCATES
Savings Bank Building, 106 St. James
Bell Telephone Main 1679.

H. A. Cholette, LL. B.
Thomas M. Tansey, B.C.L.
BROSSARD, CHOLETTE & TANSEY
Advocates, Barristers and Solicitors
106 ST. JAMES ST.
Phone Main 1497

Bell Tel. Main 3553, Night and day service.
Conroy Bros.
103 CENTRE STREET
Practical Plumbers, Gas and Steamfitters.
Estimates Given.
Jobbing Promptly Attended To

Successor to John Riley. Established in 1860.
Plaster and Ornamental Plastering. Repairs of
all kinds promptly attended to.
Lawrence Riley
PLASTERER
15 Paris Street, Point St. Charles.

Manufacturers of the Famous D. H. W.
Brand-Caramel and Everton Toffee.
Banquets, Wedding Suppers, etc. Personal
attention. PHONE MAIN 5301
D. H. WEISH & CO
Caterers and Confectioners
10-12 HERMINE STREET, MONTREAL

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Estab-
lished March 6th, 1856; incor-
porated 1863; Meets in St. Patrick's
Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first
Monday of the month. Committee
meets last Wednesday. Officers:
Rev. Chaplain, Rev. Gerald Mc-
Shane, P.P.; President, Mr. H. J.
Kavanagh, K. C.; 1st Vice-Presi-
dent, Mr. J. C. Walsh; 2nd Vice-
President, Mr. W. G. Kennedy;
Treasurer, Mr. W. Durack; Corres-
ponding Secretary, Mr. T. C. Ber-
mingham; Recording Secretary, Mr.
T. P. Tansey; Asst.-Recording Sec-
retary, Mr. M. E. Tansey; Mar-
shal, Mr. B. Campbell; Asst. Mar-
shal, Mr. P. Conolly.

Synopsis of Canadian North-West

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY unnumbered section of Domi-
nion Land 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 sec-
tion of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry must be made personally at
the local land office for the district
in which the land is situated.

Entry by proxy may, however, be
made on certain conditions by the
father, mother, son, daughter, bro-
ther or sister of an intending home-
steader.

The homesteader is required to per-
form the conditions connected there-
with under one of the following
plans:

(1) At least six months residence
upon and cultivation of the land in
each year for three years.

(2) If the father (or mother, if
the father is deceased) of the home-
steader resides upon a farm in the
vicinity of the land entered for, the
requirements as to residence may be
satisfied by such person residing
with the father or mother.

(3) If the settler has his perma-
nent residence upon farming lands
owned by him in the vicinity of his
homestead the requirements as to
residence may be satisfied by resi-
dence upon said land.

Six months' notice in writing
should be given the Commissioner of
Dominion Lands at Ottawa of in-
tention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.
N.B.—Unauthorized publication of
this advertisement will not be paid
for.

**COULD NOT GO TO WORK
BACK WAS SO WEAK.**

Backache is the primary cause of kidney
trouble. When the back aches or becomes
weak it is a warning that the kidneys are
unable to become affected.

Heed the warning; check the Backache
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receipt of price by The Doan's Kidney Pill
Co., Toronto, Ont.

News From Catholic England.

**Thousands Walk in Whitsuntide Procession—
Appeal to British Manufacturers to Cul-
tivate Canadian Market.**

London, June 17th, 1909.—The
feast of Corpus Christi is largely ob-
served in the Archdiocese of West-
minster as that feast which Napo-
leon described as the happiest day of
his life—the First Communion Day.
Thus in the early morning it is no
uncommon sight for those living
near a Catholic Church to see a
procession of white-robed little girls
in clinging veils, and boys in their
best suits wearing armlets of white
satin fringed with gold, making
their way two by two from the
school to the Church for the early
Mass, the back benches being crowd-
ed with happy parents. At some of
the poorer Churches a band of de-
voted nuns have provided red cas-
socks and tiny white cottas for the
boys and white frocks and veils for
the girls, that where poverty as a
rule makes distinction it may be ut-
terly absent on this memorable day.
In the beautiful grounds of St. Jo-
seph's Retreat, the noble Church of
the Passionist Fathers which looks
over the City from Highgate hill
where once Dick Whittington, a
Catholic Lord Mayor of London, lis-
tened to the memorable bells, there
is a great procession of the Blessed
Sacrament the congregation kneeling
amongst the trees, which are hung
with festoons of flowers, while from
a temporary altar Benediction is
given.

IMPOSING PROCESSIONS.

The outdoor processions which are
now the rule of the summer months
have greatly developed since the
first little band of the League of the
Cross Guards, school children, acoly-
tes and clergy wended their unac-
customed way through streets the
attitude of whose inhabitants was
unknown and suspicious. Now the
processions have increased in size
and beauty and are looked forward
to as a fleeting glimpse into the
lost Garden of the Faith with all
its wealth of flowers of devotion
amongst the withered wastes of life
where the gloomy smoke clouds of
unbelief and heresy hide the blue sky
that still "bends over all." And
with success has come the awaken-
ing of ambition, and the humble pro-
cession commences its development
into the elaborate and fanciful spec-
tacle which one day may blossom
into a Catholic Pageant. Thus did
twenty thousand persons take part
last week in the Whitsuntide pro-
cession in Manchester of all the Catho-
lic Guilds and Confraternities of the
City. Flowers played a conspicuous
and beautiful part in this pro-
cession, many of the banners being
composed of blossoms, with designs
symbolic of the Faith, or the name
of our Blessed Lady wrought in
white narcissi on a ground of purple
iris fringed with smilax, or in yel-
low and white immortelles on brown
beech leaves, with roses being chosen
as the appropriate hues. Faith was
crowned by a Star, Hope carried a
golden anchor, and Charity held a
cornucopia overflowing with fruits
and blossoms. These were followed
by the Patron Saints of the Four
Kingdoms, St. George in glittering
armour, St. Patrick in emerald green
cotte and mitre of gold, St. Andrew
carrying his distinctive cross and
St. David of Wales. All of these
displays proved by their excellent
taste and their clever ar-
rangement that the sense of pagean-
try is still to be found among our
people, and it does much to impress
the crowd with the beauty and
brightness of that Faith which has
shone across the darkened centuries
of human passion with the steady
lustre of a Roman Pharos.

**PASTORS GRATEFULLY REMEM-
BERED.**

Scarcely a week passes in Greater
London, certainly not in Great Brit-
tain, without some gathering called
for the purpose of testifying respect,
affection and gratitude to a member
of the clergy on his removal to a
fresh field of ministrations, or a
rarer event—his attainment of the
twenty-fifth or even fiftieth anniver-
sary of his ordination to the Sacred
Ministry. Last week Father Dempsey
of Kingsland E, was presented
with a beautiful chalice, pure of
gold and an illuminated address af-
ter three years labor in the parish.
Next Sunday will witness the solemn
commemoration of the silver jubilee
of a popular and well known Lon-
don Priest, Father Carey of Holo-
way, who some years ago engaged
in a campaign for the rescue of a
number of orphan children and in
his efforts to secure assistance from
the faithful to general, became the
pioneer in the amusing illustrated
appeals for the charitable which are
now a feature of the Catholic press.
By this means he secured a per-
manent home for "Father Carey's
children," as the little ones were
called; Father Carey's career is
somewhat unique by reason of the

MONUMENT TO WOLFE.

A movement has been started by
Lord Roberts, seconded by Lord
Strathcona, for the erection of a
monument to General Wolfe, the hero
of Quebec, whose famous deeds are
barely commemorated on this side
of the water by the inconspicuous
cannon in Westminster Abbey. The
Committee, which includes many

well known names, proposes to cele-
brate the 150th anniversary of the
Quebec or September 13th next by a
banquet. Worthy of the occasion,
while Sir Frederick Young, K.C.M.G.,
has expressed himself willing to
immediately receive subscriptions to-
wards the proposed statue of "the
Nelson of the Army" at the Royal
Colonial Institute.

Earl Grey's appeal to British man-
ufacturers to cultivate the Cana-
dian market by sending a suitable
exhibition, preferably of Sheffield
cutlery and Birmingham jewell-
ery novelties, to the small space
available this year at the Toronto
exhibition, preferably of Sheffield
amount of interest likely to lead to
an enthusiastic response amongst
British traders, and to justify his
Lordship's hope that next year will
see a special building set aside for
the use of the Homeland and her
merchants at this important gather-
ing of the Province of Ontario.

The Empire editors are having a
good time here despite the strenu-
ousness of their stay. Perhaps they
are missing particularly the
glimpses they are now getting of
rural England as they fly from place
to place through the young green
hedges where the wild rose and the
eglantine are just beginning to peep
upon the summer world, while the
rich pasture lands stretch out in
undulating billows of tender green
till they are stemmed by a minia-
ture forest of giant elms or oaks
through the soft velvety shadows of
which gleam the shining walls and
terraces of one of the stately homes
of England. Mr. Nelson, however,
—of British Columbia,—voiced the
sentiments of all his conferees when
standing in the old garden of the
Bard of Avon he eloquently empha-
sized the thought which has come
to many of us before, that Shake-
speare is for all time and for all di-
visions of the race, and surely no
more appropriate lines of the great
poet could have been chosen than
those so well rendered by Mr. Ben-
son, who has done so much for the
Shakespearean drama:

"Now these her prices are come
home again,
Come the three corners of the world
in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought
shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest, but
true."

PILGRIM

Peeps Into the Past.

**Mgr. Vaughan's Masterly Sermon on Differ-
ences Between Anglicanism and Catholicism.**

The right Rev. Mgr. Canon J. S.
Vaughan, who had just returned to
the archdiocese of Westminster from
San Silvestro in Capite, Rome, de-
livered the first of a series of ser-
mons at Westminster Cathedral, Lon-
don, on "An Historical Pageant, or
Peeps into the Past."

The preacher dealt with his theme
in a masterly manner, holding
throughout the close attention of a
large congregation drawn from all
parts of the metropolis. In the
course of his sermon, Mgr. Vaughan
said: "One of the greatest glories
of the Catholic Church is that she and
she alone possesses and is able to
communicate to others the whole
truth revealed by Jesus Christ. The
Church of England and other
churches that have gone out from
her have carried with them some
fragments of Christianity, but the
Catholic Church alone possesses the
whole unadulterated revelation of
Jesus Christ. Now, for over a
thousand years the Church in Eng-
land formed a part of the great
Universal Church, the centre of
which was at Rome and the circum-
ference of which is everywhere. From
the sixth to the sixteenth century
the Church in England was a pro-
vince of that Church, and received
her power and jurisdiction from the
Holy See. It was not until the
sixteenth century that she separated
and was cut off like the branch of a
tree. It was not until the sixteenth
century that she became a Church
apart, distinct from the Church of
God, and was the Church no longer
in England but

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND

and of England alone. The pre-"Re-
formation" Church was, as I have
said, not a separate Church, but
was a part of the one Catholic
Church, and the post-"Reformation"
Church stands alone, unrecognized
by the rest of Christendom; hence
the one is absolutely distinct from
the other. The grand old Cathedrals
and the churches designed, built,
and paid for by our Catholic an-
cestors have been forcibly taken
possession of, but the Faith, the teach-
ing, and the doctrine—in a word, the
Church itself—is totally distinct. The
wolf may slay and devour the sheep
and may then clothe himself in its
fleece, but the wolf is not a sheep,
and the nature of the one remains
totally different from that of the
other. The proofs of all this are
so enormous—that one scarcely
knows which to choose from and
where to begin. To-day I will con-
tent myself with calling your atten-
tion to certain points that everyone
will be able to grasp. It is said
that a straw will show which way
the wind blows, and things trivial
in themselves will enable an un-
prejudiced man to see that there must
be some radical difference between
the Church in England

FOUR HUNDRED YEARS AGO

and the Church of England to-day.
First we look round and consider
the Catholic Church. It is spread
all over the world, is found in
France, in Belgium, in Italy, in

**TWENTY-TWO ROMAN CARDI-
NALS**

belonging to that Church. How is it
that during those thousand years it
could have and actually did have
Cardinals up to the time of the so-
called Reformation, and not after?
How is it that such a thing is no
longer possible? Clearly because
it is no longer the same Church. Be-
fore, it was part of the Universal
Church, and just as the Church in
Italy, France and Spain, it was
given its share of representation to
the Sacred College. We shall realize
the inference to be drawn if we con-
sider what a Cardinal is. In the
first place, he is chosen directly by
the Pope; secondly, he is one of the
Pope's advisers; thirdly, when the
Holy Father dies he has to elect a
successor; furthermore, he swears
allegiance to the Sovereign Pontiff,
and on bended knees, with his hands
in the Holy Gospels, he solemnly
accepts the Roman Catholic Faith,
the Anglican of the present day, no
Protestant, no one who is not an
out-and-out Roman Catholic can be
or could ever have been a Cardinal,
yet there were Cardinals here in the
Church of England, and, as I have
stated, a long succession of them
right up to the time of the pseudo-
Reformation. How can there be con-
tinuity between the Church of Eng-
land, which before that change could
and did have Cardinals, and the
Church of England to-day, which can
produce nothing of the kind? Car-
dinals or no Cardinals is

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gets run down and you feel weak and
miserable.

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PILGRIM

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COLDS, And All Affections
Of The
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a minute recital of symptoms as they are
known to everyone, but their dangers are
not understood so well. All the most
serious affections of the throat, the lungs
and the bronchial tubes, are, in the begin-
ning, but coughs and colds.

Too much stress cannot be laid upon the
admonition to all persons affected by the
insidious earlier stages of throat and lung
disease, as failure to take hold at once will
cause many years of suffering, and in the
end that terrible scourge of "Consump-
tion."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is
not Sold as a Cure for Consumption
but for affections tributary to, and that
result in, that disease. It combines all the
lung healing virtues of the Norway pine
tree with other absorbent, expectorant and
soothing medicines of recognized worth,
and is absolutely harmless, prompt and
safe. No great has been the success of this
wonderful remedy, it is only natural that
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the assistance of any other medicine
to make it effective. It does not
fail to do its work.

**NOT A MATTER OF GREAT IM-
PORTANCE**

in itself, but it is another "straw"
which shows the completely altered
condition of things. Let us pass to
another point. During the period be-
tween the sixth and sixteenth cen-
turies there were many canonised
saints in the Church in England. I
will refer to such men as St. Bede,
who lived in the eighth century; to
St. Odo of Canterbury; to St. Dun-
stan, Archbishop of Canterbury, in
the tenth century; to St. Thomas à
Becket, and St. Edmund, of the
twelfth century; to St. Richard,
Bishop of Chichester, in the thir-
teenth century; and there are many
others I could mention whose names
are enrolled in the lists of the Catho-
lic Church, set up before her child-
ren as models of virtue, as the most
perfect specimens of sanctity, as
worthy of our imitation—all mem-
bers of the Church in England before
the pseudo-Reformation. How is it
that the present Church of England
has never canonised any saint?
Those to whom I have referred re-
present the best and truest of the
Church in England

BEFORE THE "REFORMATION."

We will show their reverence, in man-
y cases reciting their offices and
Masses. How, then, can they be
members of the same Church as the
Church of England of to-day, which
we know to be a schismatical body,
cut off from the unity of Christen-
dom since four hundred years ago?
There has been no saint canonised
according to the rite of the Church
of England, but if there had been
we would not reverence them, for
they would be to us outside the
Church—aliens, unworthy of imi-
tation. Let me point out yet another
"straw" which clearly indicates the
essential difference between the
Church in England before the "Re-
formation" and the Church of Eng-
land after it. When the young King
Henry VIII first came to the throne
he like all his predecessors, both
kings and queens, was a true Roman
Catholic, and when a doctrine of the
Catholic Church was attacked he wrote
a book in its defence; in fact, the
Pope was so pleased with his zeal
that he determined to reward him
by conferring on him the title of
"Defender of the Faith." Defender
of what Faith? Was it the faith pro-
fessed by the Church of England? Is
it likely, is it possible, that any
Pope would confer such a title on
one who was not in union with the
Holy See and who rejected Catho-
lic doctrine? Such a thing was impos-
sible.

THE AITH OF HENRY VIII

before the break from Rome
the same as that of Edward VII who on
his coronation day declared as
Mass to be false, transubstantiation
to be absurd, and Catholicism to be
idolatrous? If it, then, what
courses of the continually theory? The
fact is that before the Church in
England before the sixteenth cen-
tury and the Church of England to-
day there is no real connection, no
true resemblance, and those who en-
deavour to prove the contrary are
but falsifying history and throwing
dust into the eyes of simple people
and trying to prove what is untrue

The True Witness

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TR WILL.—Matter intended for publication should reach us NOT later than 5 o'clock Wednesday afternoon.

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

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In vain will you build churches, give missions, found schools—all your works, all your efforts will be destroyed if you are not able to wield the defensive and offensive weapon of a loyal and sincere Catholic press.

—Pope Pius X.

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If the English Speaking Catholics of Montreal and of this Province consulted their past interests, they would soon make of the TRUE WITNESS one of the most prosperous and powerful Catholic papers in this country.

I heartily bless those who encourage this excellent work.

PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1909.

THE COMING TRICENTENARY.

Great preparations are being made, in both New York State and in Vermont, for the fitting celebration of the Champlain tercentenary.

Three hundred years ago, that great Frenchman whose name will live immortal in the annals of three Christian countries, discovered the lake that now bears his name.

The Church has left a telling impress upon the life of those in whose immediate neighborhood the glorious pageantry will be shortly enacted.

The French, through their descendants, are numerically and influentially strong in the land. The offspring of other Catholic exiles are there with them to rejoice and thank God for the mercies and prosperity of a threefold century.

But, for goodness sake, why does such a preacher not go to a coal and wood dealer, ask for a job, and earn a dollar a day doing something else than preaching? Is he bound to be a slave?

Several eminent humorists, two of "Punch's" best contributors, have been converts to the Church. Now Bret Harte has come over. No man with any sense of the ridiculous can stop half-way.

What right has a church that permits a man to freely interpret the Scriptures, to brand such a man as a heretic, if he teaches anything or everything?

What right has a church that teaches others, if it admits its own liability to err in faith and morals, its own fallibility?

and rancorous hatreds of an old and effete continent.

The Church, of course, will play a leading part in the celebration. Her stately pontiffs and priests and nuns and monks will lead in the triumphal acclaim, just as her missionaries, her Jesuits and Sulpicians, held the Cross of Christ aloft over the valleys and woodlands and rivers of the enchanted country where the rejoicing is to be.

Truly the hand of God was with Champlain in his wanderings; truly was he to give a Heaven-coveted heritage to the Church of Christ; truly was it to be a blessed Arcady, in which the destiny of a favored portion of mankind should be invoked out under the ever-cheering smile of a loving God.

Neither Canada nor the United States forgets! Champlain shall live in the story of our nations. His name shall ever be a source of inspiration and of rejuvenation for the men of both our Dominion and of the Republic.

PADRAIG.

FRENCH CANADA.

On Thursday, June 24, our French-Canadian friends celebrated their great national holiday, with all the enthusiastic success of which their nationality is capable.

What steel-strung limb! What ex-emplification of brawn and brainy manhood! What a wonderful showing for a young people sprung but of a few families in a very short period of time!

A question arises. Are these the men and the women to whom hypocrites would preach (what they call) the Gospel? Are these strong-souled, pure-blooded, Christ-blessed French-Canadians the people whom the ridiculous French Evangelization (bless the mark!) cranks would feign snatch from Mother Church, through the accursed message of apostasy?

No; French Canada is mindful of God and of the Cross of Jesus! Her creed will always be the creed of Rome. A few paltrons may fall by the wayside; money may tempt a weak-minded few; the colporteurs will be given a night's lodging in the season of cold and snow; but, in spite of it all, in spite of all the powers of darkness, French Canada will go on ever strong, ever Catholic, always true to God, always rejoicing in the household of the faith.

PDRG.

IS HE NOT RIGHT?

A respectable Protestant clergyman is asked to act as professor of theology or of a matter interdependent therewith. He is told he may, in keeping with the doctrine of a Church beyond the reach of infallible authority, use perfect freedom in interpreting the Scriptures. He is very intelligent, an ardent, if strange, reader, a willing, if misguided, research-maker. His church has no dogma and wants none.

But, for goodness sake, why does such a preacher not go to a coal and wood dealer, ask for a job, and earn a dollar a day doing something else than preaching? Is he bound to be a slave?

Several eminent humorists, two of "Punch's" best contributors, have been converts to the Church. Now Bret Harte has come over. No man with any sense of the ridiculous can stop half-way.

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the folly of semi-negation. Can God be divided against Himself?

PDRG.

THE PRINCIPLE OF AUTHORITY.

Our adversaries of to-day are fond of hitting us with the popular objection amongst them, that we Catholics cannot think for ourselves. They say the principle of authority paralyzes us. Of course, the greater number of those against us know as much about sound theology as an educated clam does about a telescope.

Do the simpletons even know that faith is a gift of God? We believe in God, and we believe in His Church, just because we have faith. We are not ready to listen to the first meandering howler with a handful of fire-crackers. We are too independent to pay ten sermon-manufacturers to preach us ten different Gospels in ten succeeding Sundays or years.

PADRAIG.

POINTED QUESTIONS.

1. What right has a church that permits a man to freely interpret the Scriptures, to brand such a man as a heretic, if he teaches anything or everything?

2. What right has a church that teaches others, if it admits its own liability to err in faith and morals, its own fallibility?

3. What right has a sect of heretics to prevent a heretic from teaching heresy to its heretical embryonists?

4. How can the Anglican communion (the best among heretics) claim to be the Church of Christ, if some of its ministers believe in the Real Presence, others in the "Real Absence," hundreds in next to nothing, and all may hold their livings?

5. Why is a man an Anglican, another a Presbyterian, a third a Methodist, a fourth a Horvite, a fifth a Baptist, etc., if not one of the sects deems its creed infallible?

6. Why are there thirty-five or forty-five millions of unphurched Protestants in the United States?

7. If the Church ceased to be tomorrow, what reason would there be for Protestantism? If the Church were not there to be attacked, what would Orangemen have to do, to instance one class of funny people?

8. How is it not two Protestants are able, or obliged, to agree fully and thoroughly on a symbol of belief?

9. What right to preach and proselytize has an heretical preacher that Co. Bob Ingersoll had not?

10. How can a sect claim it honesty believes in the Gospel, and countenance divorce?

11. Why is it we get Newmans, Mannings and Bensons, and others, have to swallow our sorriest off-scourings?

12. How is it a man of the Latin races may dwindle into Atheism, but only laughs at heresy?

13. Who is "Methodistically" right, Carman or Jackson; "Anglicanly" right, Dr. Symonds or "Father" Paul; "Christian Scientificly" right, Mary Eddy or "Bishop" Sabini; "Orangefully" right, Col. Sam Hughes or Lieut.-Col. Scott; "Baptistically" right, the Chicago museum-professors or Dr. Aked?

14. What one of the five thousand sects will be right on the day of Judgment?

PDRG.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It is announced that next year the Prince of Asturias, of Spain, will begin his education. For the present he prattles in Spanish, French, and English, and gives promise of becoming a good linguist.

The daily papers of the American Republic, together with the Catholic weeklies, are calling Father Martin Callaghan the greatest convert-maker in America. He has won the title through the thousands he has gained for the Church, but it was officially given him at the late Mission Congress in Washington.

The Bishop of Cahors in France and twelve parish priests of his diocese have been brought up before the local correctional tribunal, the Bishop for having published a pastoral in which he condemned certain school books, and the parish priests for having read the pastorals from their pulpits. The decision of the court was reserved for a week.

That there is something very old to the refinement and civilization of the Italians, may be found even in the passing detail, that they have named the first Dreadnought the "Dante Alighieri." In all likelihood, too, it will never be more offensive than a poet. A more formidable name, however, would have been "Col. Sam Hughes," or "Mr. Dooley," "Rudyard Kipling" or "Dr. Sproule," "Lydia Pinkham" or "Marguerite."

"T.S.B." of the Star is still giving us gossip in his Irish Letter. Murders, taxes, cock-fighting, William O'Brien anti-Irishism, swords, dagger, guns, and pistols; arrests, old woman, brawls, etc., etc. Matters could be far worse, perhaps, for Seumas MacManus is no longer teaching us the tribal methods of the "Shinn-Faners." That might do for a half-dozen of Quebecers unworthy of the old Irish grandfathers in that city.

A foul, supposedly humorous weekly, the "Pasquino" of Turin, Italy, lately had a caricature of Pope Pius X. in the attitude of a weakling and in the act of confessing pity and admiration for Mr. Murri, who lost his cussok. Stead's "Review of Reviews" reproduced the caricature; but that is no surprise. His readers want to be taught forty-five ways of blinding their eyes and prejudicing their opinions. They believe they will learn better when taught in several ways diametrically opposed one to the other. Such is the way of the crazy world, the path of the brainless philosopher.

Mrs. Marion Mulhall, the widow of the late Dr. Michael Mulhall, the famous statistician, whose work, "Explorers in the New World Before and After Columbus" is on the eve of publication, enjoys the unique distinction of being the only woman of any nationality appointed by the Pope to assist the Commission for the Revision of the Vulgate. Mrs. Mulhall, who is an eminent classical scholar, had her prototype, in proficiency in this branch of learning with another distinguished Irishwoman, Mrs. Grierson, who, towards the end of the eighteenth century, had the reputation of being one of the best classics of her generation.

P.

Many a time, when a man is wiled with the questions, the doubts, the despairs, the uncertainties, the fears, with which a view of life has surrounded him, and which are barking and baying at him like so many dogs he goes by an instinct of grace to the Blessed Sacrament, and in a moment, without effort on his part, all these shrill voices are silent. His Lord is with him; the waves are silent, the storm is abated. One look at the face of Jesus, and the clouds fall away and there is light.—Faber.

If you have daughters, teach them to knit and spin and to keep the family accounts.

Whatever you may choose to give away always be sure to keep your temper.

WARM WEATHER WISDOM

Eat discreetly, exercise lightly, and wear cool clothing. We only supply food for thought and exercise for judgment; but when it comes to Summer attire we're here with the goods. Don't wait till your vacation begins and buy in a hurry at away from home. We know the taste of our citizens better than a stranger.

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CATHOLIC INDIANS AT COEUR D'ALENE.

PASSING OF THE RESERVATION.

French Canadian Employees of Hudson Bay Co. Aided in Religious Work.

Coeur d'Alene Indian reservation in Idaho, where 200,000 of its 400,000 acres of agricultural, grazing and timbered lands will be distributed among homesteaders by the government lottery plan at Coeur d'Alene, 32 miles east of Spokane, beginning the morning of August 9, is one of the three reserves in the Inland Empire to be opened this year. The other two are the Spokane in eastern Washington, 6000 acres of agricultural lands, and the Flathead in western Montana, with 450,000 acres of agricultural and grazing lands. Those eligible to settle on this land must register at either Kalispell or Missoula, Mont., for the Flathead, at Coeur d'Alene, for the Coeur d'Alene, and at Spokane for the Spokane reservation. Registration will begin on July 15 and continue until August 5. All applications for registration must be mailed in a plain envelope, 3 1/2 by 6 inches, to James W. Witten, superintendent of opening, Coeur d'Alene, Idaho.

AN HISTORIC EPOCH.

The passing of the reserve from the hands of the historic tribe to white settlers marks an epoch in the annals of the Northwest; its settlement next April means homes for from 7000 to 10,000 persons, probably many of them from crowded cities in the east, and the development of the lands will add several millions of dollars annually to the wealth production of the Inland Empire.

The reservation has an interesting history, dating from the early '30s, when French-Canadian employees of the Hudsons Bay Company stirred up among the untutored reds a desire for the coming of "Black Robes" as the missionaries were known in those days. Fathers De Smet, Gregory Mengarini, and Nicholas Point, accompanied by Brothers Specht, Fuest and Claessens, came from St. Louis in 1841 and lived among the Indians. They founded their first mission in the Bitter Root Valley in Montana, near the site of the present town of Stevensville, where they afterwards erected a church and parish house and cultivated the land. Several years afterwards Father Joset joined the band of workers, and the Coeur d'Alene mission was established.

A GREAT MISSION.

Father Joset later became superior of the Rocky Mountains mission, which, in 1907, was united with the California mission. It is headed by Rev. Father George de la Motte, of Spokane, whose jurisdiction now embraces the States of California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, North and South Dakota and Southern Alaska, an area of 900,000 square miles.

In the early days some of the Indians, then in their prime, were looked upon as "medicine men," endowed with supernatural power and, consequently, of great influence among their fellows. When the priests began their work they condemned that superstition and their medicine men gradually lost their power and influence. Old and young to-day are devout adherents of the Roman Catholic religion. The men devote themselves to athletic sports and games between the ceremonies, being especially fond of baseball and horse racing. Indian officers maintain a vigilant police system and offenders are punished by imprisonment in the jail at De Smet. Drunkenness is not tolerated.

MANY OLD PEOPLE.

The great age reached by a number of these people is a matter of interest. Father Caruana, of De Smet mission, says that Charles, who died there a few years ago, was not less than 120 years old. He was totally blind for years before his death, and was waited on by his daughter, who died later, deaf and blind, at the age of 90 years. Coo-Na-Cha, a Coeur d'Alene squaw, died recently at the age of 96 years, and Victoria, of the same tribe, is supposed to be in her 90th year. Soam-tai-am-to, a Spokane squaw, who lives on the reservation, is 91 years old. There are several others past the four score period.

The reservation is situated wholly in Kootenai county, Idaho, and contains approximately 625 square miles, of 400,000 acres of land.

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Devotions to the Precious Blood.

The month of June gives way to the month dedicated in a special manner to the Precious Blood. No lover of the Sacred Heart can fail to be moved by the souvenir of the tragedy of Calvary, says a writer in the Canadian Messenger. A crimson stream links this month with its predecessor. Do our Promoters bear this often enough in mind? How much they could do for souls if they would only recall the efficacy of the Precious Blood!

"If every night before we go to sleep," wrote Father Faber, "we begged our dear Lady to offer up the Precious Blood of her Divine Son for grace to hinder one mortal sin somewhere in the world during that night, and then renewed the same offering in the morning for an offering of daylight, surely such an offering, and by such hands, could not fail to win the grace desired, and thus each of us might probably hinder numbers of mortal sins every year."

The following daily offering of the Precious Blood, to which His Grace the Archbishop of Montreal has quite recently (April 18th, 1909) attached an indulgence of one hundred days, is appropriate, and we recommend its recital by all our members.

"O Mary, Immaculate Mother of Jesus, offer we beseech thee to the Eternal Father the Precious Blood of thy Divine Son, to prevent at least one mortal sin from being committed in the world this day."

A strong will, a patient temper, and a sound common sense, when united in the same individual, are as good as a fortune to their possessor.

We reduce life to the pettiness of our daily living; we should exalt our living to the grandeur of His.

Advertisement for Ab-Effer-vescent. In a Eugene one we is worth my wish that it myself.

Advertisement for Book. It has been w Modernism par to the fact the have studied their logic (whic part of philosophic standpoint, revolt from the bert the Great, S Dun Scotus, etc. probab'ly, a modernizing of old one conformed with this m consistent and r all the problems mology, and ps the view on the naturally comma great mass of ma.

Advertisement for THE BEST FLOUR BRODIE'S Self Raising Flour. Save the Bags for Premiums.

We refer those i problems to the f tions. "Why no G be a Socialist"; by 3d, "Vashbourne"; of Socialism"; and "A List of S on Housing and I (1d each, Catholic Father Best XIII IX and Leo XIII tion of socialism, social reform, and very pertinent par loc is a more indu associating from th the airy and extra of the average mot a fair hearing an very "freedom", so give to the lower in the end nothing To remedy existin oates the increase of Societies whose ulty, working in a c hably, at last, in manes." The pam be studied. The th which we refer is books relating to p ment. The compl be of service to Cat knowledge before th to action the "goo social principles all the Faith."

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WISDOM cool clothing. We wise for judgment; here with the goods. buy in a hurry at what you want our citizens better FOR MEN. BROS. nishers CATHERINE ST. EAST Phone East 246 on Edition of Dunton and r's System of manship AL FEATURES thod, practical in plan, of letters according formation. Uniformity style of Capital letters on of the formation of separately on the cov- illustrated by diagrams, containing words and sentences. Perfect and ing. Thorough drill in ing. Graceful and an- pics written and full of sily materials used manufacture. ion to school use, being fronted with another: scholastic- has this of merit that it offers a consistent and rational answer to all the problems of ontology, cosmology, and psychology. It takes the view on these matters "which naturally commends itself to the great mass of mankind."

Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt FURTHER KIND AND WILLING WORDS. In a subsequent letter from the Rev. Father Eugene L. Gervais, Notre Dame de Grace, to the one we recently published, he writes:—"Your Salt is worth fifty times its weight in gold to me, and my wishes are that its value may be known, and that it may be used by all similarly troubled as myself."

THE BOOKLOVER'S CORNER

Book Notes. It has been well remarked that Modernism partly owes its growth to the fact that Catholic students have studied their philosophy and their logic (which is necessarily a part of philosophy) from a pantheistic standpoint. Modernism is a revolt from the scholasticism of Albert the Great, St. Thomas Aquinas, Dun Scotus, etc. Yet "exitus acta probat"; modern philosophies striving to solve one difficulty, fail when confronted with another: scholasticism has this of merit that it offers a consistent and rational answer to all the problems of ontology, cosmology, and psychology. It takes the view on these matters "which naturally commends itself to the great mass of mankind."

Scholastic philosophy presupposes a scholastic view of logic, or of the science which directs the operations of the mind in the attainment of truth. To supply a text-book on logic from the Christian standpoint is the aim of a recent writer in his "Principles of Logic" (by G. H. Joyce, S. J., M.A., Oriel College, Oxford, Professor of Logic, St. Mary's Hall, Longmans Green, 6s 6d net, pp. 431.) The method of treatment is all that could be desired; lucid and intelligible in exposition, the uninitiated will follow with as much ease as the initiated. It is complete in almost every way. The body of logic is fully presented, whilst modern views are by no means ignored, but brought to test and shown in what respects they are wanting or unsatisfactory. The book divides itself into two sections—the logic of thought and applied logic, or the method of the method of induction, nowadays sadly misused. The volume will be especially welcomed in schools and seminaries, and no less relied by the private inquirer. Excellently bound and printed, it is published at an absurdly low price.

We refer those interested in social problems to the following publications, "Why no Good Catholic Can be a Socialist" by K. D. Best (Price 3d, Washbourne); "An Examination of Socialism" by H. Bellio M.P. and "A List of Some Recent Works on Housing and Rural Problems" (1d each, Catholic Truth Society). Father Best follows Savini, Pius IX and Leo XIII in his condemnation of socialism, as distinct from social reform, and has given us some very pertinent paragraphs. Mr. Bellio is a more indulgent critic. His associating from the socialistic cause the airy and extravagant proposals of the average mob-orator, he gives it a fair hearing and shows that the very "freedom", socialists aspire to give to the lower classes would be in the end nothing but a slavery. To remedy existing evils, he advocates the increase of those "Catholic Societies whose ultimate appetite is for a state of highly divided property, working in a complex and probably, at last, in a co-operative manner." The pamphlet deserves to be studied. The third little work to which we refer is a catalogue of books relating to problems of much moment. The compiler hopes it will be of service to Catholics, who need knowledge before they can bring into action the "goodwill and sound social principles already given by the Faith."

"A City set on a Hill" would be an excellent booklet to put into the hands of a non-Catholic. It is the "apologia" of one of our most distinguished recent converts—Rev. R. H. Benson. He states in a practical way the reasons that led him to join the Church in which alone he sees the characteristic marks of unity and authority. Admirably written and like all this author's works, lucid. (Price 3d.). A similar little book on the "Holy Class" (Price 1d.) should prove very useful for intending converts. Both are published by the Catholic Truth Society, from which we have received also "The Secular Solution of the Education Difficulty" by Rev. McNabb, O.P., "St. Louis, King of France," "The Nuns of Dolene, Excluded" (Oranges in 1794," (1d each) and "Poems on England's Reunion with Christendom" (2d each).

Additional are ever being made to the great literature that has grown up round the name of St. Francis of Assisi, for that Saint has many lovers. "Pilgrim Walks in Franciscan Italy" relates the experience of Thomas Jorgensen (a convert to the Church) in his tour through



This contribution was written in Toronto, because the writer is in the Queen City for the purpose of entertaining himself at the annual tournament of the Royal Canadian Golf Association. Uh, is that the sort of a fellow that's writing this stuff, I can fancy some reader remarking with emphasis, if not characterized by smooth grammatical accuracy. Yes, that is just the sort of fellow he is. He plays golf. I daresay to certain ears that will sound as wicled as if the writer had been accused of heresy. It might be added that there was a pretty long record of lacrosse, hockey and football before the golf stage was reached, and so this last game is fitted for its own place. Should you think that golf is not a man's game, let me point out that Harry Trilley and Frank McGee, when whom there were no sturdier forwards in Canadian hockey, are now players of the game, and they like it, too.

Golf is a game that is good alike for young, middle-aged and the old. While the women can play it to great benefit for themselves. The game was invented in the far off years in Holland, and the Dutchmen made it, although a majority of people cling to the impression that the game was a Scotch production. However, it must be said that the development of the game was entirely Scotch. Now the game is played wherever there are enough

"Something better" usually means something easier. And it is worth noting, although as yet but little talked about by the sociologists and the philosophers, that great numbers of these roving and apparently aimless caes seem animated with a kind of hostility to the establishments which employ them, starting in life with a smouldering surliness which it would be pretentious to define as class prejudice, or animosity to capital, but which, for all that, is a little of both, with some ignorance to boot. But why wonder at this, when the prints of agitation, the oratory of discontent and the constant campaigns of abuse occupy so much of the attention and conversation of their elders? When this spirit of discontent does not prevail, a happy-go-lucky one is apt to manifest itself.

But youth with these blights upon it is not to be blamed. It is to be helped. It has lacked guidance. The old truth about training the twig has still to be applied. There is immediate fault in the home, no doubt, but the greater fault is in the system by which society has undertaken to train its twigs. There is too much teaching without education. Over schooling and under-education have long been complained of. It is easier to find fault than to devise remedies. But it is easy enough to estimate the product of the education mill as the product finds its way into the business undertakings of this land, where, to be useful, there must be thoroughness.

Thoroughness and the appreciation of thoroughness appear to have no place in the conventional systems and places of education. Youth is supposed to catch it by inspiration. But it must be taught. It is worth more than all the embroideries now flimsily stitched on to "education." The schools, for the most part do not awaken the interest of youth in the meaning and usefulness of study. When the awakening comes it is usually too late. Thoroughness has to be learned early, else it is never learned at all. The usefulness of language will not be dispensed. But what paarty percentage of youth appreciates the usefulness of language, or is taught to appreciate it, even the usefulness of its own language? Contemporary youth speaks a jargon, and occasionally reads English. With much difficulty it writes what is neither jargon nor English.—The Columbian.

To Study Plain Chant. Rev. L. M. E. Bernard, S.S., of the faculty of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, and three seminarians, will shortly start for the Isle of Wight to study the Gregorian chant in the Benedictine monastery there. The monastery has been selected by the faculty of the seminary because the Benedictines have musical traditions running back to the fourth century, and are considered masters of the chant. The Benedictines were recently expelled from France, and have selected the Isle of Wight for their home. The Baltimore party will remain there a month and a half, and will then return to their respective dioceses, and will be able to instruct in the use of the Gregorian chant. They Cleanse While They Cure.—The vegetable compounds of which Parment's Vegetable Pills are composed, mainly dandelion and man-drake, clear the stomach and intestines of deleterious matter and restore the deranged organs to healthful action. Hence they are the best remedy for indigestion available today. A trial of them will establish the truth of this assertion and do more to convince the sinner than anything that can be written of these pills. A devout thought, a pious desire, a holy purpose is better than a great state or an earthly kingdom.

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which it is established, but owing to our trust in those who are to have charge of it. But it is far, far short of what we Irish Catholics would look upon as an ideal University. We have the reputation of being a religious people, and, as far as legislation at least is concerned, religion is ostracized and ostracized pretty effectually, from the new University. However—the Cardinal further said—it is an opening, and a very favorable opening for the young gentlemen who are here and in similar institutions in other parts of the country, and all I can say is that I wish they may succeed in turning it to the very best account. I hope, also, a way will be opened to make the new University everything it should be, not only as a school for science, but also as a school where the youth of Ireland will be brought up without losing any of that deep religious feeling which has been a characteristic of the race from the days of St. Patrick. But the Cardinal made no reference to the question whether a knowledge of the Irish language should be or is to be made an essential for admission of students to the University. This question is still being warmly discussed in Ireland, a great majority being in favor of making Irish essential.

Roman Catholic or Catholic The Saturday Review (London) represents that section of the Church of England which will not consent to our being called Catholics without some qualifying word, and argues that "Roman Catholic" is a name to which we should not take exception. Practically this is so. Roman forms part of our (all official) designations, and we are obliged to use it for nearly all legal documents.

WISDOM cool clothing. We wise for judgment; here with the goods. buy in a hurry at what you want our citizens better FOR MEN. BROS. nishers CATHERINE ST. EAST Phone East 246 on Edition of Dunton and r's System of manship AL FEATURES thod, practical in plan, of letters according formation. Uniformity style of Capital letters on of the formation of separately on the cov- illustrated by diagrams, containing words and sentences. Perfect and ing. Thorough drill in ing. Graceful and an- pics written and full of sily materials used manufacture. ion to school use, being fronted with another: scholastic- has this of merit that it offers a consistent and rational answer to all the problems of ontology, cosmology, and psychology. It takes the view on these matters "which naturally commends itself to the great mass of mankind."



THE BOY WHO TRIES.

The boy who wins is sure of praise, And yet, I somehow prize Through stress of dark and cloudy days, The gallant boy who tries.

Not once nor twice nor thrice he lifts His sturdy hand, ere life Shows, bright and clear, the blue that rifts With peace the sky of strife.

The lad whose valor holds its own In presence of defeat, Who falls and rises, makes no moan, In dust, or cold, or heat.

I find it in my very soul To bless the stubborn stuff That takes of poverty its toll, And makes that dole enough.

A thousand praise the boy who wins But twice ten thousand rise Beyond this world of clamorous din To praise the boy who tries.

Games For Children's Frolics.

HOW WILL YOU MAKE YOUR BED?

The players sat on the floor in a horseshoe group. The leader was at one prong of the shoe, and it was her duty to ask each person in turn the question, "How do you make your bed?"

Should there be fewer girls than twenty-six, give out the following letters in preference to using the whole alphabet: b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, m, n, p, q, r, s, t, v.

From a box of anagrams each player was supplied with all the cardboard duplicates of her letter. Whenever an answer was given whose descriptive word began with a letter owned by some one in the group, that person jumped up and ran and deposited a letter in the box.

As the game progressed new facts became harder and harder to find, and as the horseshoe became steadily smaller through failure in the last two were very bright thinkers the situation becomes decidedly interesting.

GO FIND YOUR FORTUNE.

Before beginning this game seven daisy petals were cut out of red or yellow paper and hidden about the room. Each was large enough to contain a "fortune" written on it in short sentences.

Besides disclosing facts the chief aim of the game was to find a "recipe for good living" that would be beneficial to all. This proved a balm to those who were not so lucky as to find one of the seven fortunes. Each was written in order the following prophecies: (1) Beauty is her dower; (2) Gold in plenty; (3) Admired by all; (4) Youthful in old age; (5) Will win laurels; (6) Best of luck; (7) Honor to her name. Placing the petals in a column on the table, after they were found, the first letter of each fortune stood for the first letter in one of the seven words in the recipe.

WORDS THAT STING.

Melia Barter went home that afternoon with a heavy heart. She was going to unburden it to her loving mother, but when she saw the handkerchief tied tightly over her forehead she knew she had over-worked, and was suffering from nervous headache, to which she was subject. Mrs. Barter sat in front of the sewing machine, trying to finish

off some work that was promised for the next day.

"I'm so sorry, dear mamma," said Amelia, as she laid her books down on the table, "that you have headache again. I will run up those seams, and you go and lie down, and perhaps you will feel better."

Amelia's head was soon bent over the machine, and as her eyes followed the stitches her thoughts were as busy as the needle. "What can be the matter with all the girls?" she asked herself. "They treated me in such a cool manner to-day, and I don't know of a single thing I have done to offend them. Even Ruth, Summer did not come and ask me to show her how to work out her problems in algebra, and it is the first time she has failed to ask me to help her for a month past."

The next day at school the girls treated Amelia in the same unpleasant manner. At recess they walked off in groups, and left her alone. But after school Ruth Summer, who had been marked zero in algebra, joined Amelia at the corner after the other girls were out of sight, and asked her to show her about the lesson.

The young girl was very glad to help her schoolmate, but naturally spoke of the way in which her former friends treated her, and asked Ruth to tell her how she had offended them.

"It isn't you, Amelia. You have not done anything, but you won't be angry with me for telling you, will you?" The girls have just found out that your father is in the state prison.

"My father is in the state prison!" exclaimed Amelia. "He has been dead ten years. He died before we came here to live."

"Well, maybe they meant that he was in state prison and died there. Of course, you are not to blame for what your father did and I told them so to-day."

"But my father never was in state prison!" exclaimed the young girl, bursting into tears. "It's a horrid lie. Who said such a thing about my father?"

"Alice Killingworth said she heard her mother telling somebody about it, and the girls said they always knew there was some mystery about your mother's coming here to live. But don't mind about it; I'm sorry I told you. Alice is jealous because you have been Number One so long, and perhaps she made up the story."

When Amelia went home she was in such a state of nervous excitement that her mother was frightened. But when, amid convulsive sobs, she told the story Ruth had told her, the dear, good mother smoothed the daughter's forehead, and, calming her by her own calm manner, said, "I cannot believe that Mrs. Killingworth ever told such a story as that. She has been one of my best friends ever since I lived here. It does not seem as if Alice could be so cruel as to make up such an untruth; there must be some mistake somewhere."

"But my father never was in state prison, was he?"

"No, my dear child. Your father died in a retreat. He had a long illness, and that left his mind disordered. Our friends thought he might be restored, and we sent him there, but he died shortly afterwards. It was a sad story, my dear, and I never felt like talking about it, even when you thought it best to come here, as there were better opportunities for me to earn my living and educate you."

"But I'll never go to that school another day!" exclaimed the heart-broken child.

"That, my dear, would make me very unhappy. You know my plans for you, and your standing in school will surely enable you to get a scholarship at college. That has been the object of my work-all these years. You know how you have planned to take care of me, and put the old sewing-machine in the corner after you graduate."

Amelia threw her arms around her mother's neck, and said, "I know there is not another mother in the whole world one-half as good as you are, and I would try to bear it all, and go to school again to-morrow for your sake."

Mrs. Barter was finishing off a garment for Mrs. Killingworth, and the next day, when it was done, she took it home. Mrs. Killingworth was very kind to her, and the thought of the sufferings of her beloved child tempted her to unburden her heart to her friend.

son?" Alice's face became scarlet in an instant.

"Yes, mamma; I heard you say something about his being in a retreat."

"Where were you when you heard me say that?"

"I was studying my algebra lesson behind the portieres."

"Do you know what a retreat is?"

"I thought it was some kind of a prison or reformatory, or something. But I'm sorry I said anything about it. I know it was mean in me, and I wish I'd never told the girls; but Amelia has been Number One all this time, and she will keep there-and-and--"

"Alice, you have hurt my heart more than you will ever know. I never thought I had a child capable of doing such an unjust, cruel thing, and from such a motive. Mrs. Barter is a true and noble woman. She has had one of the saddest trials to bear, and has had a hard time trying to get along, and keep her daughter in school. She has the respect of everybody in town, and Amelia is one of the loveliest girls I ever knew."

"Mamma, I do feel dreadfully about it. I will take it all back to-morrow by telling the girls I was mistaken."

"Take it back, Alice? Have you any idea how far such a story travels? It is all over town by this time. If Amelia's father had been in state prison, it would have been cruel in you to have told it. She would be all the more entitled to your help and kindness because such a sorrow had come into her life, especially if she is trying to do the best she can to be true, and honored herself. There is no disease so sad to think of as a disordered mind. Thank God every day for our reason, and pity those who have it not. Remember this lesson, my child, and never say a word, truthfully or untruthfully, that can injure an innocent person. It almost breaks my heart to think that you, of all girls, having such an honored father, and all the comforts of life, should be so unkind of it, and the sorrows of others. You know what you ought to do about this matter. You can go to your room now. I hope the Lord will give you strength and light to do what is right."

SUSAN'S GREEN BOW.

Susan was in the country on a visit to Grandmother Dodge, and the little girl was quite sure that there was no more lovely place in the whole world than the brown farmhouse with the white porch over the front door and the big piazza on the side.

Susan could play about the green yard and in the big barn, and had her playhouse under one of the big trees in the corner of the pasture; and although there were no other children for her to play with, she was never lonely.

One reason why Susan enjoyed her playhouse so much was on account of a goat that pastured in the next field. A high board fence was between the field and the pasture, and Susan's playhouse was close to the fence.

The goat would sometimes try to poke his head in between the fence boards, but never quite succeeded.

One day Susan tired of playing with her pieces of broken china, her bright tin dipper, and the rag doll, Dinah, who was always agreeable company, and began to wonder what she would do next. She looked toward the high board fence and saw the goat feeding in a distant part of the field, and as Susan watched the goat she remembered how funny it always looked when it tried to get its head in between the low boards.

"I know I could get my head between these boards," said Susan to Dinah, putting up her hands to tie the lovely green ribbon bow more securely. It was a new ribbon. Grandmother Dodge had brought it home from the village only the day before.

"Now, watch me, Dinah!" commanded Susan, standing the rag doll where her eyes of black beads were fixed directly on the fence; and then Susan tipped her smooth brown head and sidled carefully through between the boards. Then she tried to lift it a bit, thinking gleefully that she was really smarter than the goat, and hoping the goat would see her.

The goat did see her. The nodding green ribbon waved suggestively between the fence boards. "Oho!"

Catholic Priesthood.

Remarkable Tribute Paid by Non-Catholic.

In the introduction to his commencement address delivered at the University of Notre Dame the Honorable Hennis Taylor, former minister to Spain and a jurist of international fame, paid high tribute to Cardinal Gibbons and two American priests. The following eulogy is especially noteworthy because Mr. Taylor is not a Catholic and his utterance is valuable because he is a scholarly lecturer and an author of merit.

In the course of my life it has been my rare privilege to have known well three men of genius. The first was the Reverend Abram Ryan, post-priest of the South whose master hand swept along the grandest chords of the human heart. It was my privilege, as a young man, to publish his poems in a little book that has gone forth like a ray of white light into nearly every Catholic household in the United States.

The second man of genius that it was my privilege to know was the brilliant Spanish orator and statesman, Emilio Castelar, who during my time in Madrid bore the same relation to the literature of Spain that Victor Hugo in his best days bore to the literature of France.

The third and best beloved man of genius that I have ever known was the lamented and brilliant pulpit orator, Father Stafford, who for so long a time adorned the pulpit of St. Patrick's at Washington. Born upon America's soil of Irish parents, he had all that strange, irresistible witchery of the Irish temper, blended with the sturdy manhood, of American citizenship. He was the right hand man, at Washington, of James Cardinal Gibbons. I have had the honor of knowing him for nearly forty years.

I first knew Cardinal Gibbons when he was Vicar Apostolic of North Carolina—not yet a full Bishop. I have studied the life of that great man, and if anybody were to ask me to say in a word what has been the tone of that character, what has been the great basis of his power, I should say that beneath the great Catholic prelate has been the great patriotic and American citizen; he has touched the hearts, of the American people; he has taught you, his children, that there is a double duty—to God and country. And he has always linked one precept with the other."

Very many persons die annually from cholera and kindred summer complaints, who might have been saved if proper remedies had been used. If attacked do not delay in getting a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, the medicine that never fails to effect a cure. Those who have used it say it acts promptly and thoroughly subdues the pain and disease.

Said the goat, "Another bunch of green grass for me!"

Susan had just decided to go back to play, but, some way, she could not lift her head so easily with the board fence holding it so closely. She moved this way and that, making the green ribbon wave invitingly, so that the goat came faster and faster, and in a moment Susan felt a fierce tug on her hair.

"Oh!" screamed Susan. "The goat will eat off my head!" and she twisted her head so quickly and so suddenly that not only did the goat jump back in surprise, but Susan found her head free again, and stood up straight on her own side of the board fence, and looked reproachfully at the goat, from whose mouth hung an end of her beautiful green hair ribbon!

The goat looked so solemn and chewed on the ribbon so perseveringly that the little girl forgot to be sorry about her loss and laughed aloud.

"Old billy-goat thought it was a new kind of grass," she confided to Dinah, as she brushed the hair back from her face and started home across the pasture to tell Grandmother Dodge.—Youths.

LIVER COMPLAINT

The chief office of the liver is the secretion of bile, which is the natural regulator of the bowels. Whenever the liver becomes deranged, and the bile ducts clogged, liver complaint is produced, and is manifested by the presence of constipation, pain under the right shoulder, sallow complexion, yellow eyes, slimy-coated tongue and headache, heartburn, jaundice, sour stomach, water brash, sourness of the stomach, etc.

Liver Complaint may be cured by avoiding the above mentioned causes, keeping the bowels free, and arousing the sluggish liver with that grand liver regulator,



Mr. Geo. Fawcett, Hamilton, Ont., writes: "Having suffered with liver complaint for years and tried all sorts of remedies, I was advised to try Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. I must say that after taking two vials of them I feel quite a new man, and can strongly recommend them to anyone."

Price 25 cents per vial or 5 for \$1.00, at all dealers or mailed direct to The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

RESOLINE ANTISEPTIC TABLETS. A simple and effective remedy for SORE THROATS AND COUGHS. They combine the germicidal use of Cresole with the soothing properties of glycerol and are in a form that is pleasant to take.

News by the Irish Mail.

Cardinal Logue Sounds Note of Warning in Connection With the New University.

Dublin June 20.—His Eminence Cardinal Michael Logue, who is such an industrious speaker and whose remarks generally occupy part of this letter each week, and finally who is recognised on all sides to be a highly serious and earnest man, has been Primate of all Ireland since 1887. He was formerly Bishop of Raphoe having been consecrated in 1879, and was appointed Coadjutor to the late Primate in 1887. He was created Cardinal in 1893.

On the occasion of the opening of an extensive new wing of the Marist College, Dundalk last week (an institution which has done magnificent work for Irish education) his Eminence, in dealing with the new Irish University said: "Perhaps I am constitutionally a grumbler, but I think I have room for grumbling in the present instance. They have given us a University, to be sure, and a University of which we can take advantage, not exactly owing to the principles upon which it is established, but owing to our trust in those who are to have charge of it."

SHORT OF THE IDEAL.

But it is far, far short of what we Irish Catholics would look upon as an ideal University. Yes, we Irish have the reputation of being a religious people, and, as far as legislation at least is concerned, religion is respected, and ostracised pretty effectually, from that new University. It comes to us just like all the gifts we receive from our friends beyond the Channel—when they make any concession it has the brand of slavery deeply impressed upon it. However, it is an opening, and a very favourable opening for the young gentlemen who are here and in similar institutions in other parts of the country; and all I can say is that I wish they may succeed in turning it to the very best account."

THE BRAND OF SLAVERY.

Warning up to his subject, his Eminence continued, "No doubt the same thing will happen with regard to this new University which happened with regard to the new University. When the National Schools were established in this country they had the brand of proselytism into the bargain. The people took them up and worked them and made them tolerable for the education of the young people of this country. And I trust, and believe that under the guidance of the learned Senate, and with the grand body of laws which has been drawn up for their guidance, they will be able to make the National University tolerable to us, and, I trust, will improve it as we go along. And as long as it is a University for Irishmen they will not succeed finally in keeping religion out of it."

THE TEACHING OF IRISH.

At a special meeting of the General Council of the County Councils of Ireland held for the purpose of considering a proposal for the formation of a Higher Education Committee and discussing the operations of the new National University, the following important resolution was adopted: "That we ask the Senate of the National University to receive a deputation from the General Council to put before them the request of the county councils that Irish be made an essential subject in the programme of the University; and that the deputation be appointed be empowered to take such steps in support of the object named as may appear to them advisable." It was then decided that the deputation should consist of the members of the General Council appointed on the Committee, with the addition of Mr. William Field, M.P.

MR. FIELD'S RECORD.

Mr. Field sits for St. Patrick's Dublin, and is a man of the most wide attainments, and is especially interested in education. He is President of the Dublin Bimetallic League; Vice-President of the National Meat Traders' Federation; President of the Irish Cattle Traders' and Stock Owners' Association; Chairman of the Blackrock Technical Education Committee, and is also a member of the following: Dublin Council, Blackrock Urban District Council, Dublin Port and Docks Board, and of the Council of the Chamber of Commerce of Dublin. He is also a Governor of the Royal Veterinary College of Dublin. Born in 1848 at Blackrock, he was educated at the Harcourt Street School and afterwards at the Catholic University of Dublin. He has written on many serious and important topics, notably on "Inoculation as a Preventive of Pleuro-pneumonia"; "A Railway Nationalisation for Ireland"; "Railway Nationalisation for Ireland"; and has also issued a book with the alliterative title of "Trade and Transit Travel Together". In connection with this movement to encourage the teaching of the Irish language, it is interesting to note that a Feis was held last week at Fermoy at which the Very Rev. Canon O'Leary, P.P. of Castlelions delivered an address, after which a resolution was adopted in favor of Irish in a Matriculation course for the National University.

IRELAND AND THE TARIFF.

On June 25th the annual general meeting of the Mayo Union will

be held in the famous Ecclesiastical College at Mayo. Many papers of vast importance both to clergy and laity will be read and discussed. The Very Rev. T. A. Finlay, S.J. will deal with the meaning of a reformed tariff under the title of "Ireland and Fiscal Reform". The Rev. P. Daly of Millington will speak on the "Problem of the Poor" the Rev. J. Keleher, L.D. of Waterford on the "Spirit of Irresponsibility in Public Life"; The Rev. J. Meahan of Meath on "Co-operation"; and finally, the Very Rev. Canon Macken on Tuam on the "Gaelic Language in the Province of Connaught."

At the comparatively early age of sixty-seven, the death of the Rev. Albert Barry, C.S.S.R., occurred at Mount St. Alphonsus, Limerick, after a lingering illness. He was educated at Castleknope College, and joined the Redemptorist Order in 1863. Being ordained priest in 1869. He was an eloquent preacher, and author of the lives of some Irish saints and other works.

AN IRISH SOLDIER.

Special attention was drawn to the annual general meeting of the Clongowes Union last week owing to the fact that an interesting speech was made by General Sir William Butler. General Butler's name is a watchword to all Irish people who follow military matters. The invitation to Clongowes was in answer to the disapprobation which his plain speaking had earned from some sections of the English press—plain speaking, however, for which the English Army is now all the better. He spoke highly of the ideals taught in the Jesuit colleges of Tuilabeg and Clongowes, and showed how they should always be in touch with the best spirit of Irish National life. He declared to the students that he believed that if they maintained these traditions they would have a lofty ideal to live up to in their future lives. He thought it was on a recent occasion that their revered president said that when they got out into the world they would find many of their beliefs challenged, and they would have to defend their position. He was quite sure they would be able to do so. He might say that it was not from a Christian community, but from an Eastern Mohammedan community that he had learned that great Eastern idea—the pride of prayer. There they saw the Pasha, the soldier, the peasant, never ashamed to kneel down in the most public place and pray to their God. He thought that was what they had got to foster in Ireland. They had suffered so long from the blighting influences of the penal laws that many of their people had become rather ashamed. They must get rid of that feeling if they had not already done so. They should be proud to belong to their great Church, and he thought that was the feeling they had to spread amongst them.

IRISH EMIGRATION.

According to a return just issued the number of emigrants from Ireland during the four months ended April 30th last was 13,243, (thirteen thousand, two hundred and forty-three) as compared with 11,120 (eleven thousand, one hundred and twenty) for the same period last year. Practically the entire increase took place in the month of April, when the number was 2,523 (eight thousand, five hundred and twenty-three) as against 6,148 (six thousand, one hundred and forty-eight) in April, 1908. As usual, the great bulk went to the United States.

KEEP CHILDREN WELL DURING HOT WEATHER.

Every mother knows how fatal the summer months are to small children. Cholera infantum, diarrhoea, dysentery and stomach troubles are alarmingly frequent at this time and too often a little life is lost after a few hours' illness. The mother who keeps Baby's Own Tablets prevents stomach and bowel troubles or if the trouble comes suddenly will bring the little one through safely. Mrs. Geo. Howell, Sandy Beach, Ont. says: "My baby was suffering from vomit, vomiting and diarrhoea, but after giving him Baby's Own Tablets the trouble disappeared." Sold by medicine dealers, or by mail for 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE LAD AIR!

"The lad air! Why had I had? Don't I know clean?"

"Indeed you do, Mary hastily, 'but gives consumption a gettable growth, and insect! Is it in house?' This time angry. "A little sort of Mary, 'so small that it except with a st glass. Why, if you them is a row, the would only measure is these bacilli, as which are killing of." "But what has the having the window Mrs. Almerne. "Well, the only to seem to kill these b air and sunshine. If with his window breathing the same Each one a man b sends some of the b of his body into the is no way for the b and fresh air to co breathing poison in night long. Even if sumpive this is m makes his lungs w bloodless, whilst e even a touch of coa ting his deadly ene who love bad air, it, and so he is s it, as quick as he e Up to this Mrs fear that the boy "the cold," had n window closed, but the chimney with a A but rags in the floor, and even Darny, had lived so morning after. Mar the boys declared

Cowan's Perfection Cocoa (Maple Leaf Label) Absolutely Pure THE COWAN CO., LIMITED, TORONTO

Mail. of Warning in University.

The famous Ecclesiastical... Many papers... I read and discussed... T. A. Finlay, S.J., under the title of "Irish Reform"...

A FIGHT FOR A LIFE.

(Reprinted from the "Irish Messenger of the Sacred Heart.")

It was two years since Mary Ahern had taken a holiday, and then what a happy time she had spent at home! Only a tiny cloud darkened the horizon...

better than they had done for months, and even Barney had suffered less from the choking and smothering that followed his cough...

Then she sent John into the town to buy ninepence worth of carbolic acid about a pint. This she added to two quarts of warm water...

Now Mary gave Barney a glass bottle into which he could spit when obliged to do so, and this was cleaned by being boiled in the same way as his bedclothes...

Little did she think when listening to the health lectures, the use she would soon be called upon to make of her knowledge.

"God grant it may not be too late," thus she prayed, over and over again, as the train carried her westward...

It was a sad home-coming. Barney, twenty-six years old, six feet high, and once as fine a young man as one could wish to see...

The idea of sleeping with an open window was looked upon at first by Mrs. Ahern as nothing less than suicide, and Mary had to explain to her how false and dangerous the idea was...

"No, mother dear," she said, "we shall not catch cold, for we have plenty of warm coverings over us, and if the top of the window is open it will let out the bad air and let in the fresh without making a draught."

"Indeed you do, mother," replied Mary hastily, "but the thing that gives consumption is a weedy vegetable growth, almost like a little insect..."

"A little sort of insect," went on Mary, "so small that no one can see it except with a strong magnifying glass. Why, if you put 8,000 of them in a row, the doctors say they would only measure an inch..."

Up to this Mrs. Ahern, in her fear that the boy would increase "the cold," had not only kept the window closed, but she had stuffed the chimney with a sack of straw...

and help her, and when the second anniversary of Barney's death had come and gone she felt at last that her fight had not been in vain.

The doctor, calling as he passed, to inquire for John, who no longer needed to be his patient, examined Mary, at her own request, and pronounced her lungs to be untouched by disease...

It was a happy family that the doctor left behind him. Four hearts grateful to God for having spared them further sorrow, and grateful also to those who had taught Mary how to wage war against the deadly disease, how to fight for her brother's life and to win.

The Adventures of La Salle.

It is well known that while nearly all the early settlers of this country looked upon the Indians only as dangerous enemies, to be destroyed, there were a few white men...

The life of La Salle is one of those stories that are more wonderful than any romance. Born of a distinguished French family in Rouen, the ancient capital of Normandy...

La Salle never took the life of an Indian, except in self-defence after everything else had failed, and it very seldom happened that he could not gain the friendship of the savages. There was something in his manner, we are told, that won their hearts and made them believe in him when he said:

"I come to you as a friend and a brother. You can do me good, and I can do you good. Let us smoke the pipe of friendship and shake hands. The Great Spirit will be pleased to see us. His children, love one another and help each other..."

The Mississippi, which was discovered by the Spanish explorer, De Soto, was rediscovered by Father Marquette, a Jesuit missionary, and when the news reached Quebec...

But if his heart was broken his courage was not, and he kept on until in 1682 he reached the mouth of the great river. He then went back up the stream to Quebec, and from there sailed again to France for the purpose of organizing a colony...

GILLETTS PERFUMED LYE CAUTION. Put a strong glass on the label and examine it closely every time. Always look for the name "Gillett's."

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Time Proves All Things. One roof may look much the same as another when put on, but a few years' wear will show up the weak spots. "Our Work Survives" the test of time. GEO. W. REED & CO., Ltd. MONTREAL.

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

WELL. NG HOT WEATHER.

knows how fatal the are to small children, infantum, diarrhoea, stomach troubles are uent at this time little life is lost of- illness. The mother's Own Tablets pre- d bowel troubles or comes suddenly will one through safely.

Well, the only two things that seem to kill these bacilli are fresh air and sunshine. If a person sleeps with his window shut, he keeps breathing the same air all night.

Up to this Mrs. Ahern, in her fear that the boy would increase "the cold," had not only kept the window closed, but she had stuffed the chimney with a sack of straw...

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NEW INTERMEDIATE BOARD RULE.

PASS CANDIDATES AFFECTED.

Debarred From Entering For Examination a Second Time.

As if the Budget were not enough by way of demonstrating how the Union works, says the Freeman's Journal, the House of Commons in the small hours of Thursday morning affirmed the new Intermediate Board Rule prohibiting the entrance of successful Pass candidates a second time in any grade of the Board's examinations. All the Irish members in the House when the division was taken were against the rule. All the British members voted with the Chief Secretary. And so this new rule for Irish schools was passed by a majority of four to one. Thus does the Union work with regard to Irish education. It will not do to say that the House of Commons was only supporting the decision of Irish educational experts against the clamor of the inexpert. There would be something in that defence if the regulation were not forced upon the experts by the parsimony of the Treasury and the inequitable character of the division of the so-called "Imperial" educational grants. The rule is motivated by economy. It was framed, not because it was good for the schools or their pupils, but in order to provide money out of the Board's Irish funds for purposes that in Great Britain are paid for out of the annual Educational vote. To Ireland not a penny is voted by Parliament for secondary education. To England and Scotland there is voted every year a sum that now amounts to about two millions, and is rapidly increasing. So that when the Intermediate Board wanted money to pay six inspectors it had to obtain it by depriving the schools of some of the result fees, and was compelled to revert to a system condemned by the Board itself when reporting as a Vice-regal Commission several years ago. Nothing was made more clear before the Commissioners than that the compulsory hurrying on of under-aged and hard-pressed Pass candidates through all the grades of the Intermediate examinations was bad for the candidates, physically and educationally, and unfair to the schools. Indeed, the whole system of grading by ages instead of by acquisitions and ability, was confessed to be bad, and its badness is obvious to the man in the street. But now, forced by the necessity of finding some £4000 or £5000 a year for the costs of inspection—when the Board ought to be in receipt of £150,000 a year from the Treasury if Ireland were treated equally with England or Scotland,—the Board has to revert to a worse system than ever. At no time in the Board's administration were the junior candidates, under age and of merely Pass standard, compelled to go on to the higher grades. Only in the case of exhibitors did that principle apply. The new rule, however, has no exceptions. It makes for over-pressure and it will mar the career of many a boy and girl that, given an extra year to prepare for the higher studies of the Intermediate course, would acquire themselves brilliantly. All the headmasters in the country are against the rule; the verdict of the Vice-regal Commission is against it; the vice of the rule is patent; but it helps the Treasury to continue the starvation of Irish education a little longer, and so it is approved by a four to one majority in the House of Commons. With a University shortly to come into existence whose doors will be wide open to all the talent of the land it will be pitiful if the necessary preparation for the University is denied to any of that talent. The National Board has long ago noted the gap in the secondary school system, and has been trying, by seventh standards and petitions to the Treasury for higher grade schools, to fill the gap. But the proper remedy is the extension of the Intermediate Board's work parallel to the extension of secondary education that is being freely supported by Treasury grants at the present moment throughout Great Britain. Not a sixpence of such grants has, as we have said, yet reached Ireland. The latest development in England is the provision of training college grants for colleges in which secondary teachers are trained. But the Alexandra Training College, the Ecclestone Training College, the Waterford and Cork Ursuline Colleges, bring Irish, are denied any share of these grants, and will continue to be denied them until strenuous protest is made against such unequal treatment.

"No Flowers."

In several of the larger cities of the country the Christian Brothers have adopted a commendable plan for this year. The invitations sent out for their graduating exercises bear the significant announcement "No Flowers." An interview with one of the Brothers brought an explanation. In substance he said: "Well, at our Academy we have noticed for several years, that some of the brightest students are poor boys. They come to school shabbily dressed, compared to others, and often wear poor clothes on some important day. Their parents cannot afford flowers and because of this the poor boys inevitably feel beaten and discouraged when they see the sons of wealthy parents young in school, thus receiving

crates of roses simply because their parents can afford them. We have decided to save these upright young fellows a lot of heartache from this course hereafter by prohibiting entirely the handing up of immense bouquets or gifts of any kind." Who will not declare the decision a wise one?—Catholic Sun.

LOCAL AND DIOCESAN.

LOCAL CALENDAR:

- Sat. July 3. SS. Irene and Companion Sun. " 4. Precious Blood. Mon. " 5. St. Anthony M. Zaccaria Tues. " 6. Octave SS. Peter and Paul Wed. " 7. SS. Cyril and Methodii Thurs. " 8. St. Elizabeth of Portugal Fri. " 9. SS. Zenon and Comp.

FORTY HOURS.—Monday, St. Sauveur, Wednesday, LaCelle, Friday, St. Hermas, Sunday, St. Paul.

AUXILIARY BISHOP'S MOVEMENTS.—On Sunday His Lordship Bishop Racicot celebrated Grand Mass in the Church of St. Vincent de Paul, on the occasion of the celebration of the feast of St. John the Baptist. On Tuesday morning His Lordship presided at an ordination in the Cathedral. To-day, Thursday, he left for Plattsburg, to administer the sacrament of Confirmation to the children of the parish of St. Peter, under the direction of the Oblate Fathers.

ST. ALOYSIUS EXCURSION TO PLATTSBURG.—The parishioners of St. Aloysius intend holding an excursion to Plattsburg, N.Y., on Wednesday next, July 7, on the occasion of the celebration of the Champlain Tercentenary. Father Shea was at the Catholic Summer School on Tuesday, and made arrangements to have dinner served there at the nominal charge of fifty cents a head. The programme for that day is as follows: Arrival of President Taft and party. Speeches by Cabinet ministers. Indian pageant and presentation of drama "Hiawatha." Military parade and reception to President at Catholic Summer School. The fare for round trip, good for two days, is \$1.20. This is such a low rate that a very large crowd is expected to avail themselves of the opportunity of visiting the Summer School, and at the same time of taking in the gaieties of the Tercentenary celebration.

Fakes From Rome.

Absurd Bits of News About the Holy Father and Cardinals.

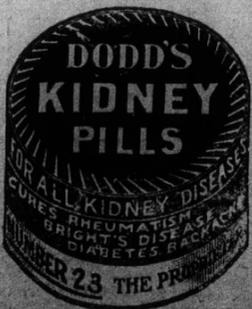
Once in every little while the secular dailies contain absurd bits of news about the Holy Father or some of his entourage. It was the same in the days of Leo XIII. Then Catholics were daily amused by fake reports of that Pontiff's struggles against Cardinal Rampolla. Besides, he seemed to have a chronic antipathy to the medicine prescribed by his physician, and every now and then he was presented in the act of making a score or so of American cardinals. Pius X receives different treatment. It is true he also has the habit of meditating American Cardinals, but so far he has not had more than three quarrels a month with his Secretary of State. Still, he has symptoms that are rather alarming. According to the cable faker he is really quite well, and he has a habit of seeing visions that he never beholds. If we ask how all this can come about, we find an answer in the English Catholic weekly, "Rome," published in the Eternal City. Says the current issue of that journal: "It is very odd, but not so odd as it looks, that the anti-clerical papers of France and Italy should be the only ones to discover the visions of the Holy Father. Last year he announced that he had a vision of the Blessed Virgin as he prayed before the replica of the Grotto of Lourdes in the Vatican Gardens; this week he is stated to have seen the Venerable Joan of Arc, whom he will canonize next April in St. Peter's, and who is supposed to have given him consoling assurances about the religious future of France. The fact is, however, that the Pope has never in his life had a vision, and that in therefore, there is not the slightest foothold for a description of him as a 'visionary' Pope, which would doubtless be the next evolution in the inventions of the enemy. If there is one thing more than another which the anti-clericals do not like in the character of Pius X. It is his direct, matter-of-fact way of looking at and judging things." It is strange that the French and Italian anti-clericals do not abandon such tactics. English and American Catholics do not credit their lies. When they see them in print they merely wonder at the credulity of those newspapers that believe them good Catholic readers. Another anti-clerical fake is the one which, from month to month, announces that somebody has given the Pope a gift of thousands or millions, that he keeps it all, and is so phenomenally wealthy that he does not need Peter's Pence. These lying pretenses must make even the Spirit of Evil weary because of their burlesque.

Bigotry in Ireland.

No Such Thing in the Land Says T. W. Russel.

"The most intensely Catholic people on the face of the earth" is the way Mr. Stead once described the Irish people. Also of course it is commonly known that we have suffered, and are still suffering, much for the Faith of our fathers. Naturally, therefore, it is taken for granted that we are intolerant and lying in wait for those of other faiths who live or stray in amongst us. Still, those who know the country best can bear testimony that if we sin at all it is by carrying tolerance and not intolerance to excess. We would be better off if we were more bigoted; if we gave our Protestant brethren a larger proportion of the hard hats, and a smaller proportion of the hard cash, that circulates amongst us. Here, for example, is the testimony of one of a different race and faith (Mr. F. W. Russel) who has for many years sojourned amongst us: "And nobody should be led to think that the people who suffer do so on account of their religion. This is a wholly unwarrantable inference drawn in too many cases. I know of no religious intolerance in the south and west of Ireland (applause). I know that all over the south and west Protestant shopkeepers are very often the biggest business men in the towns. I know of my own knowledge that Protestant farmers are put into positions of trust and responsibility with the work over which I preside (applause). I do not believe in those 'isolated Protestants' or 'loyalists' who are said to fill Captain Craig's postbag every morning with their cries for help; and I am certain that these charges of intolerance made by Ulster members and by others are no help to those 'isolated Protestants' as they are called. They could do very well, and probably get on much better, without the attentions of the Ulster Orangemen (applause). I came across the other day, in a distant part of the country, a Protestant farmer, a Presbyterian—a keen, smart, intelligent man, as most Presbyterians are (laughter). I did not recognize him at first. He spoke to me, and he recalled the fact that he had often met me in England and Scotland in those brave old days when we were campaigning together on behalf of that Union of which we hear so much. I asked him what he was doing. He told me he was farming. 'How he was getting on?' He was getting on well. 'Why he had not gone out on the job again?' 'Oh,' said he, 'the last time I went I found nobody but landlords engaged in the work, and I thought—' it time for a tenant farmer to clear out.' That man was living in a Catholic county. He was farming there, subject to no annoyance. On the contrary, he was a trusted adviser amongst the people (applause). Gentlemen, apart from this tyranny called boycotting, which, wherever it exists, is the most odious system of persecution that I know of, there is no intolerance whatever."

The Irish Landlords' Executive have met and said their say. Needless to say they are not satisfied with the trend of events. Their privileges are passing from them; the Gael that had been long ago dispatched "to Hell or to Connaught" is coming in to his own again, and of course the usurpers treat them as intruders. At their convention they condemned everything and everybody they could think of; the Land Purchase bill; the Evicted Tenants bill; the Irish Housing bill—every bill in fact was found to be displeasing to these self-centered philanthropists. They were never known to condemn wholesale evictions; or the rowdism of their Orange brethren in the North; or the many other forms of landlord iniquity; but for every, even the slightest indication of dissatisfaction on the part of the tenants they would suggest only one remedy—namely, coercion. Here is part of their plea: "It is a matter of sincere regret to us that we must give a foremost place in this report to the complaint that, in a number of counties in Ireland, cattle driving and other forms of agrarian intimidation and outrages have prevailed during the past year to an extent which would not be tolerated for one moment in Great Britain or in any other civilized country. In consequence, many law-abiding subjects in those districts are kept in constant dread of injury to themselves or their property, are prevented from following their lawful trade or business, and are practically deprived of the civil rights and liberty which are enjoyed by their fellow-subjects in every other part of the Kingdom."



GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM. CHEAP WEEK END TRIPS.

Table listing various destinations and fares for Grand Trunk Railway System week-end trips. Destinations include Ottawa, Montreal, Toronto, and others. Fares range from \$1.00 to \$2.50.

CITY TICKET OFFICE, 130 St. James Street, Telephone No. 460 & 461 or Bonaventure Station.

CANADIAN PACIFIC ALASKA-YUKON PACIFIC EXPOSITION

Seattle, Wash., June 1st to Oct. 16th, 1909. Round Trip First-Class Tickets will be sold until September 30th, 1909, from Montreal to Vancouver, B.C., Victoria, B.C., Seattle, Wash., Tacoma, Wash., Portland, Ore.

Going via any regular direct route, returning via same or any other regular direct route. \$89.00

San Francisco, Cal. \$104.25. Los Angeles, Cal. Going via any regular direct route to San Francisco, returning via Portland, Oregon, and any regular direct route therefrom, or vice versa.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY BONAVENTURE UNION DEPOT TRAIN SERVICE

7:30 A.M. St. Hyacinthe, Drummondville, Levis, Quebec and Riv. du Loup. Except Sunday.

MARITIME EXPRESS

12 NOON St. Hyacinthe, Drummondville, Levis, Quebec, Riviere du Loup, St. John, Halifax, and Campbellton, Moncton, Sydney. Through connections to Newfoundland. Except Saturday.

4:00 P.M. St. Lambert, St. Hyacinthe, Drummondville, St. Leonard and Nicolet. Except Sunday.

SATURDAYS ONLY

12 NOON St. Hyacinthe, Drummondville, Levis, Quebec, Riviere du Loup and St. Flavie. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 130 St. James Street, Tel. Main 6-5. GEO. STURBBE, City Pass & Ticket Agent. H. A. PRICE, Assistant Gen. Pass. Agent.

A Hero of Venice.

There is an old newspaper reporter in Venice named Luigi Graziottin, who began life as a sailor and during his sea-faring days saved 48 persons from drowning. He received decorations and medals from practically every government in Europe, including a gold medal from the King of Italy. After many years, when he felt himself growing old, he returned to Venice and got a job as newspaper reporter, but continued to aid mankind. In earthquakes, floods and other public calamities he was always to the front saving lives and nursing the injured or burying the dead. During the cholera in Venice he worked hard and well. He is now going to Russia, and he went to Rome to have his passport issued by the Russian ambassador. A friend gave him a ticket for a P. A. and he went to the Vatican to see his friend the Patriarch, as he calls the Pope. Graziottin is a modest man, and he found himself in the presence of the Pope he remained in the background. But the Pope singled him out once in the crowd, and calling him by name he said: "Graziottin, how is it you are here, Graziottin? Are you in good health? Where are you going?" The old sailor blushed, kissed the Pope's hand and said that he was going to Russia to help the sufferers from the cholera. The Pope said: "Bravo! Bravo! You are always doing good Graziottin. May God bless you," and he talked with him for some time, recalling old days when he and Graziottin worked side by side in Venice at the time of the cholera. The Pope confirming children and giving the last Sacraments to the dying. Then the Pope gave

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EARLY CLOSING--JULY AND AUGUST

During the months of July and August, this store will close at 5.30 o'clock, every day—except Saturdays, when it will close at 1 o'clock.

THE SALE THAT MONTREAL HAS WAITED FOR!

The Big Down Town Store's Annual July Clearance Sale

Commencing Friday, July 2nd

The aim and reason of this great event is so well known, that little explanation is needed here. It's the logical way of cleaning up our Spring and Summer Stocks, and preparing for the fall and winter business. We simply make it worth your while to buy NOW—even if you do not need the goods for some time to come. In other words, we pay you a premium to take the goods out of our way—that we may have room, and a "free hand" for the fall activity.

Read the Daily Advertisements--Visit the Store Often--Watch for the Red July Sale Tickets.

THE S. CARSLY Co. LIMITED

With the old surety, St. Jacobs Oil to cure Lumbago and Sciatica. There is no such word as fail. Price, 25c and 50c.

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 & COMMON STREETS.

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It has Many Qualities.—The man who possesses a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil is armed against many ills. It will cure a cough, break a cold, prevent sore throat; it will reduce the swelling from a sprain, cure the most persistent sore and will speedily heal cuts and contusions. It is a medicine chest in itself, and can be got for a quarter of a dollar.

THE CHURCH

The vast wealth Canada is also rich in religion. There are rich enough here for their own land there is scarcely charity which is want of funds. The pages of the Times proof of the accuracy unless help is forth- tution of their pos- sible; refugees, ages, all tell the not be supposed for this is due to any the part of Eng- the contrary the made bricks with- setting churches be- their devotion and simply consequent as a body they are the aristocracy an- class, leaving the middle class practi-

THE ENGLISH

The average wiper parish priest rarely than five dollars a