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Vol. LIV., No. 50

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1905.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

KING ALFONSO'S VISIT IN ENGLAND.

The visit of the King of Spain to this country, says the London Catholic Times, is an event in which Catholics have a special interest. His Majesty is the ruler of the most Catholic nation in the world. There is to-day no other land where the old faith has been so well kept, and no other people have done so much for the Catholic Church as the Spaniards. When, after a struggle of eight hundred years, the power of the Moslems was crushed and Boabdil withdrew broken-hearted from Granada, a great golden cross was raised upon the mosque as a token that the success of Ferdinand and Isabella was a triumph for the Christian faith. Again, when Columbus, under the patronage of the same rulers, landed at San Salvador, the banner of the expedition bore a green cross to show the creed of the Spanish sovereigns, and the discoverer in taking possession of the territory on behalf of the Castilian Crown dedicated the first fruits of his discovery to Our Lord Jesus Christ. That noble policy of recognizing the pre-eminent claims of the Catholic Faith was invariably pursued in the work of colonizing and civilizing Central and South America. The natives were placed in possession of the precious gift of the faith. When the Emperor Charles, after having established peace between the Catholics and Protestants, resigned his territories to his son Philip, his words to his son were: "Fear God, live justly; respect the laws; above all, cherish the interests of religion." When by the overwhelming victory of Lepanto Christendom was saved from the Turks, Spain was a member of the Holy League that opposed them, and one of the wounded on that occasion was the author of "Don Quixote."

A great number of the historic recollections of Spain are more or less intimately associated with the vicissitudes of the Christian Faith, and Catholics, wherever they live, are under many obligations to the Spanish monarchs.

The Catholics of Great Britain are under a special debt of gratitude towards the Kings and people of Spain. Not only did the Spaniards provide Colleges for English, Irish and Scottish Catholics in the days of persecution, as Father Robert Smith stated in our columns last week; they generously aided the missionaries that came from Spain to help to preserve the Catholic religion, and were even more directly of service. In Hastings' "Catholic London Missions" we are told that during the latter part of Queen Elizabeth's reign and nearly the whole of the reign of King James I. the palace, Ely Place, was let on lease to Gondamar, the Spanish Ambassador, and the chapel was used for Catholic worship. Father Jarvis says that "Here the English Catholics, as in the other ambassadors' chapels, were able to hear Mass without incurring legal penalties." The persecution of the Catholics was at its height about this time. Sixteen priests had been hanged, drawn and quartered, and by the year 1622 there were some four hundred Catholic clergymen in prison. The Spanish ambassador afforded a refuge to many such priests who were being hunted down like wild beasts. In the Howell letters it is related that the Countess Gondamar, with her maids, used early in the morning to sweep and clean the chapel, and to get all things ready for Mass. In 1614 died here the venerable Luisa de Caravejal, a Spanish lady of distinction, who, eager for the conversion of England, founded a community of religious in London which was afterwards dispersed by order of King James, whilst she herself was confined to the Spanish Embassy, where she remained until her death. The Abbe Airolidi, who came to England on a mission from the Holy See in 1670, in giving an account of his experiences says he visited all the ambassadors' chapels and found that the Spanish chapel was the one most frequented. "Something attractive in the Spanish name and embassy," observes the visitor, "draws Catholics and even heretics to its services." During the Lord George Gordon riots in 1780 many

Catholics stored their goods at the Spanish Ambassador's, judging it the most secure place; but the mob sacked the building, carrying off large quantities of plate, with money and household goods. Thus it will be seen that in times of trial the Catholics of this country could not have had more genuine proofs of true friendship and affection than they received from Spain.

Most heartily, therefore, have the Catholics joined in the welcome given to the young King. His reception has been all the more cordial because of the dastardly Anarchist attempt made in Paris upon his life. Under the trying circumstances he bore himself with courage worthy of his nation. He showed not the slightest symptom of fear, his only anxiety being that the account of the affair sent to his mother should not be alarming. During his stay in England he has been busy. His Majesty has been present at various stately functions, one of the most noteworthy being that which took place on Tuesday last at Westminster Cathedral. Wherever he has gone he has by his dignity and courtesy increased the friendly feeling entertained for him. In the difficult task which lies before him as the head of the Spanish nation he will enjoy the most earnest sympathy of the people of these islands. It has often been asked why there is not more social progress in Spain, why so many of the Spanish poor are ill-fed, ill-housed, and ill-clothed. No doubt when opportunity offers for reforms that will lift up the peasantry, they will be readily embraced. But it may be that we have not much to boast of if a contrast be drawn between the life of the Spaniard and that of a native of this country. Men may be better housed, better fed, and better clothed here, but is their contentment greater and do they more thoroughly enjoy life. However small his wages, however coarse his fare, however comfortable his abode, the Spaniard is never unhappy. Sober, affectionate, warm-hearted, with a keen sense of humor, the inhabitants of Spain compare not unfavorably with the natives of the most advanced European countries. In them King Alfonso has the material which will enable him to raise his once great nation again to high social and political eminence.

The meeting held last Sunday for the formation of a new parish for the English-speaking Catholics of Hochelaga was not as largely attended as was expected. Rev. Canon Martin, after hearing the views of those present, told the ratepayers that he would report the proceedings to His Grace the Archbishop, and inform them next Sunday afternoon of His Grace's decision in the matter.

OBITUARY.

MR. MICHAEL LEAHY.

With feelings of sorrow we record the demise of Mr. Michael Leahy, of Eardley, Que., who passed away on the morning of June 16th at the age of 62 years.

The deceased, who had been in poor health for about two years, became worse about a week ago, when he received the last Sacraments from Rev. Father Desjardins, of Luskville, and died resigned to the most holy will of God and in hopes of a happy resurrection.

Mr. Leahy was married about 23 years ago to the eldest daughter of the late John Murphy, of Hull, who died some four years later, leaving him the care of three baby girls.

He was a man of sound religious principles, just, upright and charitable. All were his friends, enemies he had none, and the good example he gave will be long remembered by his friends and neighbors of the parishes of Eardley and Chelsea.

To his orphan girls we extend our sincere sympathy in their sad loss and affliction. We ask all those who believe in the communion of saints to offer a prayer for the repose of his soul. May he rest in peace.

One great trouble in life is that the paths for going wrong are planted so prettily with flowers at the beginning.

AMERICAN VS. FRENCH LIBERTY

(L'Univers, Paris.)

The time has come for turning on the searchlight upon the good faith and sincerity of our legislators, who, relying on the assurance of their leaders, would have us believe that in voting for the separation of Church and State they are removing the cause of religious dissension in our country and in that way are bringing about religious harmony and tranquility such as exists in the United States. We would not oppose the programme of our sectaries if it were possible for us to repose confidence in their sincerity and if we did not see that the separation they so much desire will be supplemented by a continuation of the stupid persecution to which the church is now subjected, a persecution to which new and deliberately planned features will be added. They would have us non-militant like the Catholics in the United States, but on their side they should be non-aggressive like the republicans across the Atlantic.

What we demand of them is to be true republicans. They are not such and they have no desire of becoming such. How can they sincerely wish the establishment of religious peace modeled after the sort existing in America?

Unquestionably in their speeches and their writings they make frequent use of the republican maxims of the new world; but they never translate these maxims into acts. In place of real American republicanism they substitute a counterfeit of it. The truth is, they present a caricature of free America.

The following extract taken from "Review of Religious Studies," gives us a clear-cut statement of the American political form of government: "In the United States they have undertaken to create a civil society and a stable political government by conceding an almost unlimited scope for individual liberty, reducing the restraining action of the government to an almost complete nullity. To leave freedom of action to every one whilst enabling each one to attend to his own interests and to reduce the rights of the state in proportion to the diminution of its functions is the principle underlying American public law. What the law permits the individual to do in his individual capacity, it with almost equal facility allows citizens to do when banded together as a unit. In America, liberty of association is on an equal footing with individual liberty, of which it is only another and more effective and striking form."

Hence it follows that in America the laws aim not to regulate liberty, but to protect it, which is quite another thing. Restraint is brought to bear only upon those who would interfere with the civil liberty of others.

Here in France we always have had, in the civil domain, a decided leaning towards this enlarged sort of liberty, but we have never known how to render it practicable. It was the doctrine of the Constituent Assembly of '91 which was embodied in the famous Declaration of the Rights of Man: "Liberty consists in being able to do whatever does not injure others." It must be noted here that it was not a question of moral liberty, but exclusively of civil liberty. The legislators did not wish it to be understood that he declared that everything was permissible in the forum of conscience. He had in mind only the civil power and the civil courts of law. M. Pascal Duprat had also a predilection for this sort of enlarged liberty when he declared in 1776: "The republic is that form of government which governs the least."

M. Frederic Bastiat, our famous political economist, wrote in 1834 that the rights of the State, so far as the relations between it and its citizens are concerned, should be confined to simple police duty which should have for its object the securing of the full and unimpeded expansion of the legitimate energies of individuals and of associations of citizens engaged in the work of advancing their own interests. He did not, for example, recognize the right of the State to make itself master of the school. That was entirely out-

side the function of the State. He maintained that those who have control of the government are too much interested in transforming the school into an instrumentality of tyranny for the violent and tyrannical perpetuation of their own political power. A State University endowed with a monopoly of teaching would be as abhorrent as a State press possessing the exclusive right of publication. Each one, so far as his thoughts and his expression of them are concerned, is, from the point of view of the civil law, responsible only to his own conscience so long as he respects the natural order of society.

Such was the way in which republicans expressed themselves and still continue to express themselves. We only ask of them to act as they speak. If they would do that, all would be well. In that case the separation of Church and State would not lead to a war between them. The State would have no ground for fearing the Church. Certainly it would not be the Church who would injure the State or commit acts detrimental to social order. Has the United States ever preferred such a charge against the Catholic Church? The Catholic Church on her side would have nothing to ask of the State except the faithful carrying out of the constitutional pact. This is why we again say to our legislators who are honestly disposed: Be republican after the type of the republicans of the United States and we Catholics will act as the Catholics of the United States do.

But in this old Europe of ours we live by routine. We speak of modern public law whilst, in practice, we cling to the public law of bygone times. To govern means for the State to intermeddle in all things and to keep the people in a state of tutelage, body and soul, in order that those who are in power may govern with the least possible inconvenience and prolong their political power. The country passes from a monarchy to an empire, and from an empire to a republic; charters take the place of constitutions, and constitutions are substituted for charters. But never under any circumstances do the old methods of governing change their character. Whether it be a King or an Emperor, or an Assembly with a President of a republic as a figurehead, it matters not. Our rulers always believe they possess the right to meddle in all things and to hold in leading strings the bodies and souls of the people.

What is the outcome of all this? The answer is that it fosters the worst passions. In the last analysis it will be found that those who hold the reins of government are bending all their energies to the securing of a perpetuation of their political power. In this respect the republican rulers of France differ in no way from Caesar. They view the moral influence of the Church as the disturbing element in their feast of power. Peace with them is out of the question. To capture votes in future elections they deem it necessary to win away men from their spiritual allegiance to the Church. That is why they show their contempt of civil liberty, which is so essential for a true republic. It explains also their attitude towards liberty of conscience, which they regard as a most absurd thing.

LETTERS ON A MEMORIAL CARD.

Who shall explain the cruelty of Death
That robs us of communion with some precious life?
Grief has a sanctuary where, with bated breath,
She bars her portals on unceasing strife;
And, in the silence of our loss we hear,
The answer to the heart-ache and the cry:
He who made Life made Death and every tear
Shall by Himself be wiped from every eye.

—B. F. D. Dunn.

There is no one who has it not in his power to pray a smaller or larger prayer—to pray a prayer, that is, which either asks merely for some endowment or adornment of the life, or a prayer which asks for an elevation and alteration of the life itself.

THE LATE JAMES F. X. O'BRIEN

A Great Irishman and a Great Catholic.

(Boston Pilot.)

The death of Mr. James F. X. O'Brien, M.P., on May 28, at his residence, Gauden Road, Clapham, London, Eng., removes a patriarch from the Irish party. Although Mr. O'Brien was in his seventy-seventh year, he was attending to his duties as member of Parliament, and of the executive committee of the U. I. L., until a few days before his death. On May 25, while at the League offices, where he was engaged in arranging matters for the coming convention, he complained of a chill, and though he attended at the House of Commons late in the day, he was obliged to go home, hoping to be able to return later in time for the division on the motion for the reduction of the Chief Secretary's salary. On reaching home, however, he grew worse, and telegraphed to Mr. Redmond that it would be impossible to take part in the division. Doctors Alfred Ambrose and Atkinson were called in and pronounced Mr. O'Brien to be suffering from an attack of pleurisy.

Mr. O'Brien was a singularly devout Catholic, and received the last Sacraments at the first intimation of danger, from Father Bennett, Redemptorist, of St. Mary's, Clapham, passing away peacefully with his spiritual director and his beloved family at his bedside.

Mr. O'Brien was born in 1831, and had represented Cork City as an Irish Nationalist since 1895. At the general election of 1900 he was returned as the second member for the city, Mr. Wm. O'Brien heading the poll. The figures were: Wm. O'Brien 5812; J. F. X. O'Brien, 5513; J. C. Blake (L), 2235; Maurice Healy (N), 1985. Mr. J. F. X. O'Brien had previously represented South Mayo. An interesting fact in his career is that in 1867 he was tried for high treason and sentenced to be hanged, drawn and quartered. The sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life, and he was released after undergoing some years' imprisonment. He was for some time general secretary of the United Irish League of Great Britain.

On May 30 a Solemn Mass of Requiem was celebrated in St. Mary's, Clapham, in presence of an immense congregation, for the departed patriot, by his son, the Rev. John O'Brien, S.J., another son, the Rev. Clare O'Brien, and Father Kirk, assisting. Father Bennett was master of ceremonies. Many priests were in the sanctuary.

The following members of the Irish Party were present: Messrs. J. E. Redmond, John Dillon, T. P. O'Connor, Edward Blake, Sir Thomas G. Esmonde, Captain Donelan, Joyce, Law, Haviland-Burke, P. O'Brien, O'Shaughnessy, Power Campbell, P. J. O'Brien, Gilhooly, Flavin, Roche, Abraham, Reddy, Flynn, Nolan, Field, Kilbride, Doogan, Young, Clancy, Murphy, Hammond, O'Dowd, M'Hugh, Landon, Kendal O'Brien, Sheehan, Ambrose, John O'Donnell, Nannetti, MacKeon, O'Malley, DeLaney, MacVeagh, V. Kennedy, J. J. O'Kelly, James O'Connor, Barry, O'Mara, Boland, Hayden.

A PROTESTANT APPRECIATION.

Mr. Alfred Webb writes in the Dublin Freeman as follows: "The news of J. F. X. O'Brien's death in London this afternoon, to such of those who knew him as I did, appears to darken everything this lovely spring evening. The news comes with greater shock in that we all hoped to see him within a few weeks permanently settled in Ireland. For years he had been long and planning to retire here after his long service in England, and his desire appeared about to be accomplished. I had the inestimable advantage of his friendship during my life in London, and to me and my wife it would have been a happier place than we found it out for a few friendships, that with his family amongst the principal. He was one of the most unswervingly conscientious and honest men it has ever been my good fortune to meet. We were intimately associated in the affairs of the Parliamentary Party for over five years, as we have been again

since the establishment of the United Irish League. It was an education in business methods to work under him. He did not know what any approach to crookedness meant. He was always hopeful. Treading the path of duty and following out what he believed best for Ireland came as naturally to him as the breath he drew. His life was a singularly eventful one, and in his family relations and in his family he seized for proving his devotion to his country singularly happy. In the crucial period his character and conduct shone out with peculiar clearness. He was amongst those who believed the proper moment had not come for taking the field. He was outvoted by some who, when the moment came, put in no appearance, and it was left to him to take a leading part and set his life on the hazard. Having done his duty, he accepted the consequences with perfect equanimity. He has more than once told me that he never felt calmer or less mentally disturbed in his life than while sentence of death was being passed upon him. The hope deferred, the disappointments, the struggles, the isolation (at least to a Protestant) incidental to a clinging to the cause of Irish nationality, are more than made up for by the many gentle and noble spirits with whom one has been brought in contact, and whom one has learned to know and love—and amongst such in my case stands out pre-eminently the name of J. F. X. O'Brien."

WORK-WORN MEN

Can Obtain New Health and Strength Through Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Mr. Edgard Martel, 98 St. Peter street, Quebec, is one of the thousands of workmen throughout Canada who cheerfully admit that they are kept in health and strength through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. To a reporter who interviewed him, Mr. Martel said: "The present condition of my health contrasts strikingly with what it was nine months ago. Then I felt that I was almost at death's door, while now I am strong and well. This happy change is entirely due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I am a workman, and it is little wonder that after years of diligent toil my system was gradually run down. My blood got as thin as water, and I grew so poorly that the least exertion would leave me weak and trembling. I consulted a doctor, who said that I was run down through hard work, but his medicine did not help me any. A few weeks later I was forced to quit work, and shortly after that had to remain in bed most of the time. One day a fellow workman called to see me, and induced me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Before the second box was finished I had a better appetite and relished my meals, and with this came new strength. In a few weeks I was able to go out again, and in about six weeks from the time I began using the pills I was able to return to work, my health completely restored and my strength as vigorous as ever it had been. I attribute my complete recovery entirely to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I think every hard-working man would be better for using a box of these pills occasionally.

Mr. Martel's advice should be taken by every workman. The only way to health and strength is to keep the blood rich and pure, and the only way to get rich, strength-producing blood is through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, because they actually make new blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make tired, worn out men and women vigorous and strong. Sold by all medicine dealers, or sent by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. By writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Christ left the glory of the Father, and came into the world as a little child, to teach us the lesson of humility.

There are so many operations of late that a man can become distinguished by arriving in heaven all in one piece.

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

The scorching weather is at last with us, and those who have time and means have already gone or are about to get away "where breezes blow." Now, would it not be well to give a little thought to the shut-ins and those who must, through necessity, stay and swelter all through the tedious summer. There are many who, not caring for the inevitable discomforts of hotel life, own a country house, in which case it is the easiest thing in the world to show a kindness to some of the little children who otherwise would never know the blessedness of a romp in green fields. We extend lavish hospitality to our friends; we like them to share with us our pleasures, but there is a gratification beyond expression experienced in bestowing such kindness on the neglected little ones to whom a short stay in the country would be, perhaps, the only bright spot in their miserable lives, and whom death claims in such large numbers in our crowded cities. This suggestion is offered in the hope that those who can will be the means of letting some poor little mortals have even one day of perfect pleasure, remembering that a record will be kept.

FASHIONS.

Don't wear vertically striped materials if you are tall.
Don't expect great bargains to turn out great savings.
Don't wear big sleeves and big hats if you are short.
Don't jump into your clothes and expect to look dressed.
Don't put cost before cut. Corded silk won't cover a poor fit.
Don't put all your allowance outside. A shabby petticoat kills the smartest gown.
The openwork or drawnwork waves shown in thin woollens last season are out in cottons now—lovely in color and mesh and looking for all the world like wool. These are in plain color, in one color and white, or in several colors so blended as to give a changeable effect to the material. One piece, for example, was in a luscious shade of light tangerine, so interwoven with white that it took on a sort of white bloom, and beneath this was a deeper shade of tangerine, almost solid on the wrong side of the fabric, but showing only in certain gleams and glimpses on the right side and giving a changeable coloring or shading all in one color. The same idea was carried out in a soft dull blue, dull rose and an almond green.
Revers and collar and cuffs sets are the order of the day now. Indeed, no jacket suit, whether linen or otherwise, is complete without such adornments. The variety and originality of these depend entirely upon a girl's own taste and ability to work. She may get the simplest of patterns and cut them out of plain white linen or pique for general wear, or she may put an unlimited amount of ingenuity and work upon these of the daintiest swiss and organza, Valenciennes flouncings, real lace insertions, French knots, appliqued medallions, etc., all add to their richness.
An old friend that has received a warm welcome back is pique. Retired, disgraced, it has existed in some sort of out of fashion limbo, only to return this season beautified, rejuvenated. The new pique is less heavy than the old. In shedding weight it has become docile, yielding. It has enlarged its repertory of colors. The pique of this spring may as easily be striped, checked or flowered as mooned or spotted.
The fashionable mixture of coarse embroidery, fine muslin and insertion is stunningly carried out on a fete frock of white swiss embroidery. The full skirt has wide, old fashioned flounces of swiss embroidery alternating with tucks and fine insertion to the top. The short baby bodice has a round yoke of lace insertion, about which is a flounce of swiss embroidery. The three-quarter sleeves are formed of embroidery ruffles, and the folded deep girde is of white louisine.
Eccentric parasol handles show bird and animal designs in beaten gold, but dearest of all to the feminine heart is the stobby handle of highly polished natural wood or rustic ef-

fects finished with a cap. Not infrequently this cap opens to disclose a hollow space which will hold a fan, or a powder puff and which, in fact, corresponds to the vanity bag of the winter girl. Sometimes these caps appear in the form of semi-precious jewels set in gold, silver or gun metal.
The summer girl will be beribboned to her heart's content. For her dressy white frock she may have several sets of tiny ribbon rose wreaths in empire designs with which to adorn both skirt and waist. She may also wear with the same creation a rose boa made of soft satin ribbon manipulated into roses and sewn thickly on a foundation of plaited chiffon. The boa is about half a yard long and finishes with long ends of plaited chiffon.
The fashionable burnt straw hat will be much in evidence this summer. It turns up abruptly at the back, where it is filled in with loops of black velvet ribbon and Gloire de Dijon roses. These roses, together with two soft wings of pale yellow, form a trimming about the crown. Under the brim near the edge is an inch wide band of black velvet, and toward the face are folds of yellow tulle.

TIMELY HINTS.

Potato water is excellent for brightening shabby carpets. The carpets must first be well beaten and shaken; then take half a dozen good sized potatoes and scrape them as finely as possible into a bucket half full of warm water. Strain, wring a cloth out of the potato water, and with it give the carpet a good rub all over, rinsing frequently.
To take out the mark sometimes left after cleaning a garment with gasoline, lay over the place a piece of clean white tissue paper, and press with a hot iron. This will at once remove all trace of the stain.
Matting may be cleaned by washing it with water in which bran has been boiled, or in weak salt water. Dry it well with a cloth.
Varnish the linoleum in kitchen and hall three times a year to insure its lasting qualities. The varnish should be thoroughly dried before the floor is used.
Cracks in negatives in which the film has not been damaged need not be repaired by floating off the film, but can be mended as follows, says Popular Mechanics: Over the glass side of the negative a mixture of one part of turpentine and one part of Canada balsam is poured so that it will penetrate into the crack. The surplus is removed by a rag dipped in benzine. In copying the crack, it is said, will be absolutely invisible. The difficulty of handling such a negative may be overcome by binding it to another plate in lantern slide fashion.
Eyebrows that meet should have the offending hairs removed. This can be easily done with a pair of pinchers or the blade of a dull knife, catching the hairs between the thumb and the blade. The hairs will return and should be removed as fast as they grow. Eyebrows that meet give an unpleasant and sinister expression to the face.
The top of an old marble topped table may be made of much use in the pantry as a slab on which to mix and roll out pastry. By having a wooden top made for the table and covering it with a cloth the table is just as serviceable as a piece of furniture and much more convenient for use because not so heavy.
A wizard oil that deserves its name from the lightning changes it produces in the case of bruises and sprains is made of these proportions: Mix together two drams each oil of cloves, aqua ammonia and ether sulphur; add two drams spirits of turpentine, two drams gum camphor, one ounce oil of sassafras, two drams of chloroform and grain alcohol (not wood) enough to make a pint. Shake well, bottle and keep where the victim of a "slip and fall" can find it readily.
It is quite easy to wash and iron the better kinds of chiffon and make it look as good as new. Make a lather with soap powder in warm water, float the chiffon in this for about ten minutes, do not rub, but fold carefully between the hands and squeeze gently two or three times. Then place it between the folds of a clean, soft towel and press in it until most of the moisture is absorbed. Iron on the wrong side while still damp, and the chiffon will be quite glossy and fresh again.

RECIPES.

Lemon sandwiches make an appetizing morsel. Cut the bread in thin slices and place for an hour in a covered dish with slices of lemon; the butter is also treated in the same manner. Take a tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley, a teaspoonful of lemon juice and two tablespoonfuls of grated dried tongue, mix up together and spread on the thinly sliced bread.

Strawberry Float—Crush two quarts of ripe berries and whip into them the stiffly beaten whites of three eggs and a cupful of sugar; beat until light and foamy, turn into a deep dish and chill on ice. Make a custard by beating the yolks of three eggs with a cupful of sugar, and adding a cupful and a half of thin cream; cook in a double boiler until the custard coats the spoon; flavor with almond extract and when cold pour around the prepared strawberries and serve.

A very delicious dessert is banana whip. Press six ripe bananas through a ricer and mix with a syrup made with two-thirds of a cup of sugar melted in a double boiler, with the juice of a lemon. Flavor with vanilla and a tiny pinch of salt. Beat a pint of cream and beat gradually into this the banana mixture. Set aside to become thoroughly chilled. Pile high in tall glasses or in a glass dish, lined with sliced bananas, if desired. Pistache nuts chopped fine are an addition. This makes a good filling for a charlotte russe.

Rhubarb and Raisins—Pour boiling water over a half pound of large raisins, let stand five or ten minutes and remove the seeds, then cover again with fresh boiling water and let simmer until tender and the water is nearly absorbed. Cut one pound of rhubarb in half-inch pieces. Put a layer in a baking dish, sprinkle with sugar, add a layer of raisins and repeat until all is used. Add four tablespoonful of hot water and bake in a slow oven until the rhubarb is soft.

Frozen Strawberry Nectar.—Whip one pint of sweet double cream until thick. Fold in two cups of powdered sugar, one half cup of finely chopped blanched almonds and one quart of strawberries slightly crushed. Turn into a pudding mold having a tube in the centre. Pack in ice and salt, cover with a heavy blanket or piece of carpet and let stand in a cool place for three or four hours. When ready to serve, turn out carefully and fill the hollow centre with sweetened berries mixed with whipped cream.

THE VIOLINIST.

(A Memory.)
To-night, dear one, I dream an olden dream
Of tones from stern-willed judgment's care astray
That steal adown the silent dim-grown way
With such a glory sweet as might redeem
The loss of years. And yet, perchance,
Dear heart, may be but mockery today.
O, mockery we knew not that far day
When life to us was life, intense, supreme.

What mockery was there that time we knew
In volume deep thy quivering strains to grow,
Revealing true as music ever sings
The tenderness of love? And this I know,
Somewhere thy trembling bow this twilight through,
Adown the silence, memoried music rings.
—Florence Lillian Calnon.

NO GOOD AS WIVES.

The woman who buys for the mere pleasure of buying.
The woman who expects to have "a good, easy time."
The woman who thinks that cook and nurse can keep house.
The woman who would rather die than wear last season's hat.
The woman who wants to refurbish her house every spring.
The woman who expects a declaration of love three times a day.
The woman who marries in order to have someone to pay her bills.
The woman who reads novels and dreams of being a duchess, or a courtesa or the wife of a multi-millionaire.
The woman who proudly declares that she cannot even hem a pocket-handkerchief and never made up a bed in her life.

DON'T MAKE CHILDREN TIMID.

The habits of childhood cling for a lifetime, and if curiosity or fear are fostered in youth they will be the ruling characteristics in later life.

There are timorous women who date their fear of thunderstorms to the days when they were thrust into dark closets by timid mothers who believed themselves and offspring quite safe there from the fearful bolts. Nothing could eradicate the fear that grew up with them.—Chicago Journal.

Carpets which have grown dirty, have lost their color and have become dull and old-looking can be nicely renovated in the following manner: Cut up into very small pieces about an ounce of soap and make it into a lather with a pint of boiling water; then add another quart of water and an ounce of borax. Put this mixture on the range and bring it to a boil; then remove it, and when it is quite cool, add an ounce of alcohol, one of ammonia and half an ounce of glycerin. Do but a small portion of the carpet at a time, and renovate it by wetting a clean flannel cloth in the above mixture and rubbing in vigorously until the spots are removed and the color brought back. Another way to bring the colors out may be used, and it may be accomplished in the ordinary sweeping if salt or dried tea leaves, or a mixture of both be thickly sprinkled on the carpet an hour before the sweeping is begun. Use a good, stiff broom when sweeping, and the whole appearance of the carpet will be marvelously improved.

SUMMER COTTAGE CURTAINS.

Cheese-cloth of a fine quality can be bought for eight cents per yard and makes the daintiest of curtains for summer cottage bedrooms or dining room, either ruffled or with hem-stitched hem. I have a dainty little reading room with windows in pairs. I made cheese-cloth curtains, each about eighteen inches deep, and hung them from a pole across both windows. These I trimmed with an edging crocheted from shoe thread. I also have one sash curtain at each window which can be drawn across. To look well cheese-cloth curtains should never be starched, concludes a correspondent in Good Housekeeping.

WOMAN'S TEETH.

One of the many inconsistencies of lovely woman is that she will cheerfully spend time, labor and money upon her complexion, and yet take no thought for her teeth. Every woman naturally wants to look her best at all times, and "her best" implies bright eyes, a clear complexion, rosy lips and pearly teeth, none of which charms will be hers if she neglects her health. Good health depends upon good digestion, and good digestion upon the mastication of food. Many a woman who has lost her looks owing to ill health little thinks that had she been careful to bite her food thoroughly and taken due care of the useful "grinders" given her for the purpose, she might not have to lament her pale, thin face, drawn expression and constant weariness and lack of energy. Nothing can be done to alter the shape of an ugly mouth, though by practicing smiling, laughing, speaking and singing before a looking glass one may ascertain how to make the best of nature's unkindness and avoid exaggerating the lack of beauty.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

"Father, what's a chafing-dish party?"
"Well, my son, it's something like a mixed-ale party, only when it's over they send for the doctor instead of the police."—Life.
"The poor ducks."
"Well, Glen," said Mrs. White to her four-year-old boy, "mamma has brought you three pair of little white duck trousers."
"Duck trousers," exclaimed the child in surprise, "what will the poor 'little ducks wear now?'—Chicago Little Chronicle.
"What did you discuss at your literary club this afternoon, dear?" asked the husband, in the evening.
"Let me see," murmured his wife.
"Oh, yes, I remember now. Why, we discussed that woman who recently moved into the house across the street, and Longfellow."
A GOOD REASON.
A little girl of five years went out to a tea party, and during the evening her sash became untied.
"Tie my sash, please," she said to her hostess.
"Can't you tie it yourself?" asked the lady.
"Of course I can't."
"Why not?"
"Because I'm in front," said the child, surprised at the elder's stupidity.

The Pope and the Oblate Sisters (Colored.)

The corner stone of the new addition to the orphanage for colored children at Normandy, Mo., in charge of the Oblate Sisters of Providence, was recently laid by Father Idephonus, chaplain of the institution. Mother Petra, Superiora of the Community, received a few days ago the appended letter from Rev. Father Robert, C.P., who is now in Rome: "SS. Gio Paolo, Roma, May 12. 'My Dear Mother Petra: 'Our voyage was pleasant and we reached Rome on Easter eve, all feeling well and happy. The Sunday following we, the Americans, had a private audience with the Holy Father, and, oh, what a pleasure—and what an audience it was. He was standing near the door in his own room. He took us each by the hand, and repeated our names as we were introduced separately, and with a sweet, fatherly smile and caress made us all feel at home. He then sat down and bade us sit also, and gathered our chairs around him. Just think of sitting down in the presence of the Pope. Why, only the greatest dignitaries and kings are allowed this. Well, dear me, he chatted away with us for one-half hour, and kept Cardinal Satolli waiting outside. He laughed and told us a story. He listened to all we had to say. He blessed us especially and all our friends, and it was then I got a special blessing for you and for all your community. 'The Pope is very much interested in, and pleased with, the good work done by our dear colored Sisters in St. Louis, and he not only blessed you and all the children with you, but he also blessed all who help you. 'You see, I am mindful of you all, though so far away. Our work finishes here in a few days, and as I am not very well I have permission to do some extra travelling, so I go to Spain and visit there, and then to France and Ireland, and sail for home June 22. Often have I prayed for you and yours. May the dear Lord bless you each and all. I send a little flower laid on St. Paul's body. It's a real relic. Continue to pray for this poor sinner. Yours, etc., 'F. Robert, C. P.'"

DANGEROUS DIARRHOEA

Prevalent in Summer Months—What a Mother Should Do.

Children are more likely to be attacked by diarrhoea during the summer months than at any other season. It is one of the most dangerous symptoms of illness in a child of any age. But it should be remembered that diarrhoea is a symptom, not a disease. Never try to stop diarrhoea, because it is an effort of nature to cleanse the bowels and get rid of the decayed food-stuffs in them. Diarrhoea is bad—but things would be worse for the child if diarrhoea didn't come. While a mother should never try to stop diarrhoea, she should stop the cause. Diarrhoea is a symptom of indigestion having set up decay in the food that is in the bowels, and the way to cure it is to cleanse the little tender bowels with Baby's Own Tablets. It would seem strange to treat diarrhoea with a laxative, if we didn't remember the cause of it. Both diarrhoea and constipation are the results of indigestion assuming different forms, and both are cured by Baby's Own Tablets. But the Tablets are more than a mere laxative. They are absolutely a specific for all the minor ills that come to infants and young children, whether a new-born babe or a boy or girl ten or twelve years. Here's a bit of proof. Mrs. Geo. McGregor, Hamilton, Ont., says:—"When my baby was teething he had diarrhoea, was very cross and did not sleep well. I gave him Baby's Own Tablets, and there was no more trouble. I now always give him the Tablets when he has any little ailment, and he is soon better." At this season no mother should be without Baby's Own Tablets in the house. You can get them from medicine dealers, or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

HOW KINGS AND QUEENS AMUSE THEMSELVES.

One of the quaintest hobbies on record is that of the King of Siam, who, during his leisure moments, makes a collection of the labels on matchboxes. He started this hobby during a visit some years ago to England. Soon after he began collecting he happened to be walking incognito down Piccadilly, when he saw a passenger on the top of an



Sick Headache, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Coated Tongue, Foul Breath, Heart Burn, Water Brash, or any Disease of the Stomach, Liver or Bowels. Laxative Pills are purely vegetable; neither gripe, weaken nor sicken, are easy to take and prompt to act.

omnibus throw away a matchbox. Hopping it might be one he did not possess, the King, to the horror of his attendants, dashed out into the middle of the road to pick up the treasure. A policeman, thinking from the excitement of the attendant that someone had been killed, stopped the traffic. For a few moments the greatest consternation prevailed. Then the King emerged, muddy but smiling, with the matchbox in his hand.

King Edward and Queen Alexandra interest themselves by keeping books containing photographs of the places they have visited, all of which they have taken themselves. The King is very fond of reading, and his fine collection of volumes at Sandringham dealing with the Crimean expedition and the campaigns of Nelson and Wellington, have a special fascination for him. His Majesty also has a fine collection of walking sticks, to which he is constantly adding. His collection numbers about 1000, all of which have some special association.

One of Queen Alexandra's favorite occupations when she is at home at Sandringham or any other of the Royal palaces is that of arranging cut-flowers in vases for the tables of the different apartments. In this matter Her Majesty has quite exceptional skill and taste. The Queen also collects autographed photographs of her friends, and has a whole museum of little gifts made by the fingers of her children and grandchildren.

The Prince of Wales has a fine collection of foreign stamps, and quite a large collection it is, too, for he started when but a small boy, and is now recognized as an authority on the subject. His Royal Highness has also a very interesting collection of posters, many of which have been especially printed for him in miniature to paste into a book, the large originals being kept carefully rolled up. The Princess of Wales has a hobby which is very charming, but simple. It is that of keeping in a dainty vellum-bound volume the first words spoken by her children, as well as their many quaint sayings. The volume is very interesting.

Don Carlos, who would like to see himself on the throne of Spain, amuses himself by collecting curios. His collection comprises relics of the various battles with which he has been identified, including a unique set of pictures depicting the engagements in which he has fought. His hobby has cost him a fortune.

A very valuable collection of birds' eggs is the hobby of the King of Denmark. This includes specimens of nearly every kind in existence, and is considered to be worth about £15,000.

The King of Italy's zeal as a collector of coins has led to his joining the Numismatic Society. His wife, the Queen, seeks enjoyment in collecting snow-white animals. The Khedive of Egypt, who not otherwise engaged, is very fond of taking long drives into the country, making the carriage go for miles at a fast pace. The Sultan of the Queen, seeks enjoyment in collecting carriages. He has been steadily engaged in making a collection of such vehicles for the past twenty years, and now has nearly 500 of all makes and kinds. The Shah of Persia's chief hobby is that of collecting cats. For this purpose he has turned his palace at Teheran into a veritable cat's home. He possesses cats of every kind, size, shape, color, and nationality. If even on his travels the Persian ruler sees a specimen he does not possess—a very rare occurrence—he gives orders for it to be purchased, even though a high price be asked. The favored felines live sumptuously, and special attendants are kept to look after their needs.

OUR

Dear Boys and Girls: I am sorry to see all my nephews have forgotten always entertain the hope summer vacation will be back again. I expect of examination and prize no one will be disappointed are the flowers coming up Your loving AUNT

IN AN AUTOBO... When Lynn's mother saw racing down the street and self through the gate and front steps, she knew that had happened. "Mother! Mother!" he "I am going to have a ride afternoon." She did not need to be "it" was. There was on automobile in the whole town. Lynn's dearest wish for had been to "try how it fe

"Now I am going to know Duncan has invited me." "Why did he invite you his mother. "Oh, just because he did, knew how much I'd like to remembered when he was wished something very hard. "Does he know where you "Yes. He asked me. He for me at 3 o'clock. We fine for the automobile to fine right outside our gate. Soon after dinner Lynn patient to get dressed and By 2 o'clock he had his be on, and then, you see, he careful not to "get mused unready" by 3. So he s on his handkerchief on the to wait. By and by Harr came along and talked to "There are 'you going Harry.

"I'm going with Mr. Duncan automobile," said Lynn, to speak as if he did it often. "H'm" cried Harry. "A glad?" Lynn nodded. "I wonder," Harry w Mr. Duncan's dog is all right him way off by the pond th night all wet and cold, and was hurt. I put him un coat to try to keep him w he shivered the whole way h Harry still talked, but L not hear a word that he understood now why Mr. Du invited him.

"But he did invite me. I try to get him to; he just wasn't my fault. I couldn't He said something about But I didn't understand it. He wished that Harry w away. He mustn't be sitt when Mr. Duncan came. Suddenly a voice spoke out from somewhere deep down Lynn's Sunday jacket. It was scornful voice.

"Of course you couldn't when you didn't understand, you do, and you can just as not. If you pretend to be boy from yourself, that is c If you take Harry's ride ins him, that is stealing. And row you'll go to your mission duty and feel sorry for the You'd better feel sorry first f self to-day and keep from yourself."

Lynn jumped up from th stone and took Harry by the "Go right home," he shou him, "and get dressed! There'll be plenty of time hurry. It was you that Mr. wanted to take in his automo made a mistake between us. all. When I grow up I am go have sense enough to te apart."

When Harry got the idea back a little. But Lynn was minded. "It's yours. It was meant I am not going to take it fr You wouldn't. Would you? This was why, when the big colored automobile stopped at gate, Mr. Duncan found tw standing on the curb. Lynn explained. "I mixed you up, did I?" se Duncan, screwing his eyes into ling slits as he looked from o the other. "You are no atka, after all. I suppose yo there can tell you easily. We in. The machine is big enou you both." "So I didn't lose a thing t

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Boys and Girls:

I am sorry to see all my nieces and nephews have forgotten me; but I always entertain the hope that the summer vacation will bring them back again.

Your loving AUNT BECKY.

IN AN AUTOMOBILE.

When Lynn's mother saw him come racing down the street and fling himself through the gate and up the front steps, she knew that something had happened.

"Mother! Mother!" he shouted, "I am going to have a ride in it this afternoon."

She did not need to be told what "it" was. There was only one automobile in the whole town, and Lynn's dearest wish for two months had been to "try how it felt to be in it."

"Now I am going to know. Mr. Duncan has invited me."

"Why did he invite you?" asked his mother.

"Oh, just because he did. Maybe he knew how much I'd like to go and he remembered when he was a boy and wished something very hard."

"Does he know where you live?"

"Yes. He asked me. He is coming for me at 3 o'clock. Won't it be fine for the automobile to be standing right outside our gate?"

Soon after dinner Lynn was impatient to get dressed and be ready. By 2 o'clock he had his best clothes on, and then, you see, he had to be careful not to "get mussed and be unready" by 3. So he sat down on his handkerchief on the curbstone to wait. By and by Harry Deems came along and talked to him.

"Where are you going?" asked Harry.

"I'm going with Mr. Duncan in his automobile," said Lynn, trying to speak as if he did it often.

"H'm!" cried Harry. "Aren't you glad?" Lynn nodded.

"I wonder," Harry went on, "if Mr. Duncan's dog is all right. I found him way off by the pond the other night all wet and cold, and his foot was hurt. I put him under my coat to try to keep him warm, but he shivered the whole way home."

Harry still talked, but Lynn did not hear a word that he said. He understood now why Mr. Duncan had invited him.

"But he did invite me. I didn't try to get him to; he just did. It wasn't my fault. I couldn't help it. He said something about his dog. But I didn't understand it."

He wished that Harry would go away. He mustn't be sitting there when Mr. Duncan came.

Suddenly a voice spoke out plainly from somewhere deep down under Lynn's Sunday jacket. It was a very scornful voice.

"Of course you couldn't help it when you didn't understand, but now you do, and you can just as well as not. If you pretend to be another boy from yourself, that is cheating. If you take Harry's ride instead of him, that is stealing. And to-morrow you'll go to your missionary society and feel sorry for the heathen. You'd better feel sorry first for yourself to-day and keep from being one yourself."

Lynn jumped up from the curbstone and took Harry by the arm.

"Go right home," he shouted to him, "and get dressed! Hurry! There'll be plenty of time if you hurry. It was you that Mr. Duncan wanted to take in his automobile. He made a mistake between us. That's all. When I grow up I am going to have sense enough to tell boys apart."

When Harry got the idea he held back a little. But Lynn was determined.

"It's yours. It was meant for you. I am not going to take it from you. You wouldn't. Would you?"

This was why, when the big cream-colored automobile stopped at Lynn's gate, Mr. Duncan found two boys standing on the curb.

Lynn explained.

"I mixed you up, did I?" said Mr. Duncan, screwing his eyes into twinkling slits as he looked from one boy to the other. "You are not just alike, after all. I suppose your mother can tell you easily. Well, get in. The machine is big enough for you both."

"So I didn't lose a thing by it,"

Lynn told his mother afterward. "But you gained something," she said. "Yes," agreed Lynn.—Sally Campbell, in S. S. Times.

CHILD AND CARDINAL.

In the New Century, Charles J. Phillips tells a quaint, pretty story of how, when Cardinal Martinelli was in this country as Apostolic Delegate, he once sat on the stage of a Southern convent, presiding over the closing exercises of the institution behind an enormous handful of American Beauty roses that had been presented to him. The programme was a long one. Innumerable essays on Joan of Arc and Tennyson's Poetry and The Love of Flowers were breathed in girlish tones from out as many rustling visions of lawn and lace. Baskets upon baskets of flowers were passed upon the stage. There were musical interludes and vocal selections; and still the inexhaustible stream of wisdom and genius flowed on.

Then came a shift in the scene and prizes began to be distributed. The distinguished prelate, from behind his bower of roses, studied the row of girlish faces, big and little, as they listened to the reading of the names. Suddenly he espied one particular little maiden who sat wonderfully still, but in whose eyes there seemed to lie a shadow instead of the lights that danced across the others' eager faces. She appeared as if she had not moved since the exercises began, and through all the gay triumphs of honors won and conferred that followed, she remained almost immovable, scarcely lifting her gaze from that far away stare that had first attracted the Monsignor's attention.

One by one the girls responded to their names, and rose to receive their honors. The still little miss did not move, she received no prize. At last the gifts were all distributed, and the exercises were soon at an end. The formality of the stage was broken, and the platform was quickly crowded with laughing friends. Mgr. Martinelli, welcoming the chance, was making his way out with his escort, when he encountered the quiet little lady whom he had looked so intently at.

"Well, my little friend," he said, "How is it that you did not receive any prize this afternoon?"

"I have been—a naughty girl," she answered, hesitating a little, but still preserving her strange composure.

"A naughty girl? Oh, I cannot believe that," His Excellency replied. "Indeed you must have a prize," he continued. "Do you think you can carry it?" and into the arms of the bewildered child he pressed his enormous bouquet of rich red roses.

"Anyone," said the Monsignor, "who could sit still through all this afternoon cannot be a very bad little girl, I think!"

THE MISSING LUXURY.

THE BOY WITH A PURPOSE. (By William Hale.)

Little man with cheeks so brown, Eyes a-flashing and heart that glows, Blood that hot like a mill-race flows, Hope you life's highest prize to find, Peace of body and soul and mind? Work till the sun on your task goes down!

Little man with earnest eyes, What if your coat be patched and bare? Holy each stitch, 'tis a mother's prayer. What if from boots brown toes peep out? Wake the welkin with joyous shout, Work till the stars begin the skies!

Little man with a purpose high, Do with a will what you have to do; Heroes are made from such as you; Admirals, generals, presidents, Are but creatures of grit and sense; Work while the world swings through the sky!

Little man with the soul so pure, No height's too steep for a boy to scale, No sea's too broad for his ship to sail. There's nothing too great for a boy to do. So he to self and his God be true— Work while the round world doth endure!

IS IT OF ANY USE? "I can't see any use in my spending any time in studying the old dead language!" exclaimed George, who was trying to memorize a Latin declension and found it very difficult to remember the case-ending. Uncle Howard was reading in the same room and heard George's remark: "Come here, George, and let me see what you are studying," he said. George handed his open book to his uncle.

"Ah, I see, the declension of nouns. Pes, pedis, 'a foot.' What words do we have in our language that are derived from this noun?"

George thought for a moment, but could not recall one.

"Come, now," said Uncle Howard, "wake up, and look out the window and tell me what you see."

"I see old Mr. Graham walking across the street."

"Good! What do we call a person who walks?"

"A pedestrian," answered George, a light breaking in on his bewildered brain.

"Just so. A person who walks uses his feet. The word pedestrian is derived from pes, pedis, a Latin word meaning 'foot.'"

"Where does Mr. Graham live? I see he is going towards the railway station."

"He lives in the suburbs," answered George, wondering why his uncle should be interested in old Mr. Graham.

"Sub, a Latin word meaning 'near,' and urbs, a 'city,' therefore the suburbs are near the city. Is it not so?"

George acknowledged that it was.

"There, I see a number of people passing who are carrying valises, as though they had been to some place out of the city," said Uncle Howard.

"Yes, there is Alfred Rhodes among them. He has been up to New York to attend the Endeavor Convention," replied George.

"To a convention? Latin again. From conventio, meaning 'to come together.'"

"There is a boy going to Mr. Adams' store," continued Uncle Howard, looking from the window. "Do you know his business?"

"Yes, he is a messenger boy from the telegraph station," answered George, greatly interested.

"Ah, he carries a telegram, from the Greek word tele, meaning 'afar off,' and gramma, 'writing,' and that is what telegraphing is, 'writing afar off.'"

George began to feel a little sheepish over his exclamation about a useless "dead language," and so to turn the conversation, said:

"The boys are going over to skate on Brice's pond, near the aqueduct—"

"Agu, meaning 'water,' ductus, 'a canal to carry it,'" said Uncle Howard with a twinkle in his eye.

"I imagine the boys—" began George, but his uncle interrupted him with—

"Imagine, from Latin imago, 'an image,' hence a representation, and from it we get our words 'imagine' and 'imagination.' Do you still think there is no good in studying Latin? Ah, George!" And Uncle Howard broke into a laugh.

THE MISSING LUXURY. An indulgent father, wishing to please his youngest hopeful, brought him to Columbus the other day, and they stopped at one of the large hotels for the night.

The youngster was undressed and put to bed, and the father went down into the lobby to talk business.

Then there came a jingling of bells indicating that the push button in the room occupied by the young man who had been left quiet in bed must have been worked to the limit.

There was a rush of feet as the bell-boy scurried to the room, only to be met at the door by a diminutive but indignant youth who said severely:

"Man, I want you to send me some one I can say my prayers to, and send him quick. I want to go to sleep."

ANIMALS' LOVE OF SWEETS. This love of sweets is very common in our animal neighbors from the bee to the horse. If you want to please a horse try giving him two or three lumps of sugar. Not only the bees, but the wasps, flies, butterflies and indeed nearly all insects, are conspicuously attracted to sweets and it is this sweet tooth which leads the insect to visit flowers and thus help them to produce seeds.

HOW TO SWIM. Swimming is a question of balance, and that is why when once learned it is never forgotten. The mistake in learning is that to avoid breathing in water boys put their heads too far back and so keep their

Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Stomach Cramps and all Summer Complaints take



Don't experiment with new and untried remedies, but procure that which has stood the test of time.

Dr. Fowler's has stood the test for 60 years, and has never failed to give satisfaction. It is rapid, reliable and effectual in its action and does not leave the bowels constipated. REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES. THEY'RE DANGEROUS.

Mrs. BRONSON LUXE, Aylmer, Que., writes: "I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for Diarrhoea for several years past and I find it is the only medicine which brings relief in so short a time."

mouths too far above the surface. Nobody will ever swim well or with ease until he has learned that it is not necessary to carry his neck like a strangled giraffe. This strained attitude upsets the balance. You will see every good swimmer in the world swimming with his mouth under water till the arms separate. His body will thus be straight, very high in the water, and he will be balanced properly.

To learn to breathe properly means to learn to swim quickly and well. It is very simple. All that the tyro need remember is to breathe outward as his hands go forward and to breathe inward directly as his hands begin to separate, which is the moment when the head is highest.

I have found it useful when teaching to tell boys to "blow their hands from them" as a sort of memoria technica of the moment to breathe outward. I am sorry for lads whom I see learning to swim when they become apparently much distressed about the proper movement of their legs and arms and much more sorely distressed really by the amount of bath water they are swallowing, of which the instructor takes no note, though the pupil does.

One word more about learning. It is important—very—that the hands in breast stroke swimming should work in the same horizontal plane as the body and not downward. Working them downward is a waste of strength. They are then only lifting the body out of instead of propelling it through the water. It is important that boys should be taught the breast stroke properly. All boys think they can swim quicker on their sides because when on their sides they see water pass by their faces and fancy they are going as fast as a torpedo catcher. But it is a mistake.

The proper stroke now adopted by all amateurs and professionals for racing is very different from what the boys call "side stroke" and ought to be carefully learned after a good breast stroke has been mastered. Nothing but a good breast stroke can save you in trouble, nor can you save a drowning man by any fancy swimming.

SALLY LUNNS. The sweet, light tea cakes, nowadays familiar to us under the name of Sally Lunns, are called after a young pastry cook of that name who was famous for the quality of her wares at the close of the eighteenth century and was constantly to be seen carrying them in a basket, morning and evening, and crying them through the streets of Bath, temptingly displayed in snow white linen. She is said to have kept a cake shop which became a favorite resort for old and young in the old west country town.

Dalmer, a musical baker, bought her recipe, made a song in praise of these tea cakes, and set it to music. This soon caught on and was sung and whistled as a popular air. Sally Lunns were distributed on special barrows, and Dalmer's fortune was assured.

Sally Lunn herself is said to have baked her tea cakes for the Prince Regent, through whom they became known to the celebrated chef Caramel. He calmly adopted them as his own invention and sold them to his customers in Paris as Souffles, an evident plagiarism for Sally Lunn.—London Mail.

THE POSTMASTER'S TRUE STORY.

"No letters for you to-night," said the little old postmaster, in his cheery voice. "Come in, won't you? It's 'most closing-up time." So I went inside the little office, though it wasn't just in accordance with the postal regulations, and took a seat on the table.

"First of April jokes? Well, I ought to know something about 'em. Didn't you ever hear the one about the dogs? Queer if you didn't. I was the laughing-stock of the town for two months. But that was before your time. Ha, ha! Jim Snedaker never sees me to this day without saying, 'Hey, George, don't you want a dog?'"

"Well, it was like this. It was when I was a young man. I've held this office, you know, from one administration to another going on thirty years now. I got the idea into my head that I wanted a dog, a Newfoundland dog. I asked every fellow where I could get a likely pup. But no one knew. Finally I told Dick Bird what I wanted. He was a horse doctor in those days and travelled round a good deal. I said to him, 'Dick, I'll give you \$5—if you'll find me a nice Newfoundland pup.' But the pup was never found. The boys began to joke me about it, and they kept it up until at last I was so sick of hearing 'Newfoundland dog' that I wouldn't have had one for a gift.

"One night—I was just a clerk in the post office then—when I was distributing the mail I found five letters in it for myself. I had never had so many before. Charlie Stone, who was postmaster then, smiled. 'You've got a heavy mail to-night, George,' said he, and I heard Jim Snedaker and the other fellows snickering outside. I opened one of the letters. It was dated New York and it ran something like this:—

"Dear Sir: I saw your advertisement in the Herald. I have got seven as fine Newfoundland pups as you ever saw. Say the word and I will ship them. Price for the litter, \$100."

"I saw my advertisement in the Herald," said I to myself. "What can he mean. It must be the letter was intended for someone else." I opened the other four. No, they were all about like the first, and they offered me from two to a dozen pups each. Meantime the boys were watching me through the window, and when I had finished they all broke into a laugh. I knew they must be at the bottom of the joke, but I pretended not to notice their hilarity. As soon as they were out of the way, however, I took a Herald out of someone's box, and waded through the want columns. At last my eyes rested upon this announcement: (And here the postmaster got down his scrap-book and showed me a yellow clipping in it that read):—

Wanted—Seven Newfoundland pups, price no object. Address George Andrews, Sellersville, N.Y.

"Then I saw it all. I knew some of those boys had gone to the expense of that advertisement simply to worry me. I made up my mind not to be worried. But the next day brought a larger number of letters, and the next more yet. For a week the current kept up, and at one time I found myself receiving nearly half the mail of the office. Letters came from Louisiana, Texas, and the far West, offering me Newfoundland dogs at prices ranging from \$15 to \$125 each. Several correspondents said they had no Newfoundlands, but could sell me terriers, bulldogs, poodles and what not. Then came a gist of circulars and letters about dog food, dog collars, chains, flea powder and a hundred things of that kind.

"At the end of the month, when I made out the money-order report I sent to Washington, I saw where Jim Snedaker had bought a money-order for \$1.50 in favor of the New York Herald. That confirmed my suspicion, but I said nothing to Jim, as the thing had by that time about blown over.

"In a day or two, however, I received a telegram from some dog fancier in New Jersey, saying that having seen my advertisement he had sent me by express seven young Newfoundland dogs, price \$150 c.o.d. It never occurred to me that young Rogers had gone from our neighborhood down to New Jersey to teach school, and that Snedaker had probably prompted him to send the telegram. That telegram worried me nearly to death. 'What am I going to do with seven Newfoundland pups?' I kept asking myself. I canvassed the town and neighboring country to

see if I couldn't find some one who would take the other six, for I had concluded to keep one. After much work I induced Jim Snedaker, Abe Short and some of the other boys to agree to take five of them. If my hands and pay their share. I had them sign a paper to that effect, just as a memorandum. They didn't hesitate, for they knew the telegram was fictitious. Several days passed and my dogs didn't come. I began to worry about their being fed on the way, and I pictured to myself the arrival of a crate of dead dogs.

"While I was in this state of suspense—with the boys all making me miserable for me—I received another contribution to the subject of dogs, from Rochester. It was from a young lady there by the name of Baker, whose father had been very fond of Newfoundland dogs. He had recently died and she found herself in possession of six fine pups which were a nuisance to her. She had tried to give them away, but none of her acquaintances wanted the bother of a dog in the city. Finally someone remembered having read my advertisement, and gave her my address. If I wanted the dogs she would be glad to present them to me, she said. I telegraphed her to have them shipped on to me at once, and in turn I began now to chuckle under my breath at the other fellows.

"The next day the pups arrived, and I sent word to Jim and the other fellows that I was ready to fill my part of my contract. Pretty soon Jim came into the post office and asked me what I meant. He thought it was a joke of mine. But no, there were the dogs still in the crate, as frisky and handsome little fellows as you ever saw.

"There was no way out of it. Jim had to take his dog and pay for it, and the other fellows followed suit. I let 'em off for \$10 apiece, which made \$50 out of the deal, with my dog into the bargain. This turned the laugh on them, and for a while I had the advantage.

"But one day they got that confounded joker, Andy Smith, the printer, to print 500 postal cards and address them to newspapers all over the country, inquiring how much they would charge me to run an advertisement of my alleged patent dog-churn. As a result, letters came pouring in upon me again, and the stream kept up for two weeks. Nearly twenty editors said they would insert the 'ad' in return for one of the churns. A number of the papers gave me editorial notices to show their good will, and they spoke of my dog-churn with such convincing praise that I began to get letters from farmers and dairymen in various parts of the country who wanted the machines, and from merchants who wanted to sell them.

"Dog-churns were a novelty at that time, and with these orders to start on I made up my mind to start a dog-churn factory. I furnished the money and Bill Sims did the work. We started to make the churns in the back part of Bill's tin-shop, but the business soon forced us into a big factory, and it grew till the time of Bill's death there was hardly a farmer in the country who had't heard of Andrews & Sims' dog-churns. When Bill died I sold out my share in the business for a nice round sum, and the factory was moved away.

"But the best part of it, as I look at it, is yet to come. Soon after the dog episode I went to Rochester on business. Meantime I had sent Miss Baker the \$50 I had got from Jim and the other jokers for her dogs—she was an orphan, and it came in handy to her. It turned out that she knew relations of mine in Rochester, and so I was taken to call on her. We had such a good laugh over the dog story that we felt acquainted with each other right from the start. It wasn't many months before Miss Baker came to Sellersville as Mrs. Andrews, and the boys saw I'd got ahead of 'em again, for there wasn't a girl in town who could hold a candle to her. That was 30 years ago, but to this day Mrs. Andrews and I have our laughs at the dog story. Jim Snedaker little thought when he played that April fool joke on me that he was setting me up in business and introducing me to my future wife.

"Come up some time, Mr. Hobson, and see us. Good-night!"—The Pathfinder.

"I was dreadfully insulted up in Boston," said Mr. Haywood. "I went into a restorer to get some dinner, and the first thing the waiter-fellow did was to hand me a handkerchief. 'Look here, young man,' said I. 'I may be from the country, but I'd like you to know that I've a handkerchief of my own!' and I showed him my old red-and-white hanky. That settled him, you bet!"

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

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE. Canada (city excepted), United States and Newfoundland, \$1.00 City and Foreign, \$1.50

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—When ordering change of address it is necessary to send old as well as new address.

SUBSCRIBERS in Westmont, Montreal Annex, Montreal West, Verdun, Point St Charles, St. Henri, Maisonneuve, Ste. Cuneoide, St. Louis du Mile End, will in future have to pay \$1.50, owing to change in P. O. regulations.

THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1905.

WHEN THE GRAFTERS CROW.

Our experienced confrere, Hon. Mr. Tarte, forecasts the appearance of Mr. J. P. Whitney, the Ontario Premier, as leader of the Conservative party at Ottawa, and exponent of the policy of Sir John A. Macdonald.

On the other hand, it is thoroughly realized that the Catholic vote settled the bye-elections in London and North Oxford.

And what is the sequel. Fat grafters are now hanging round the governments at Ottawa and Toronto boasting and whispering of their influence with the Catholic voters.

Mr. Whitney will stay in Toronto, where he is none too safe. The Conservative party must find another leader than R. L. Borden.

QUEBEC AND THE OTHER PROVINCES.

An almost unnatural hush has overspread the lodges, the newspaper offices and the sectarian pulpits of Ontario since the bye-elections in London and North Oxford. It is

a not wholly unwelcome relief to us to find this strange silence broken by the voice of one Bishop Mills, who, speaking to the Kingston Synod, revealed the true cause of the Conservative defeat.

"It was amusing to hear people outside the Province of Quebec, who knew nothing about the matter, and politicians within the Province who ought to know, but did not speak according to knowledge, because it would not be politic to do so, telling how generously the minority are treated in that Province.

The Ontario Bishop would have the six-sevenths paid to the Protestant minority and the one-seventh to the Catholic majority. Thus whilst Catholics in all the other Provinces of the Dominion would be deprived to the last cent of any share in the school taxes, the Protestants of Quebec would get the lion's share of these taxes, because they being the wealthy element of the population control all the capital in the corporations and joint stock companies.

It is truly amazing that the corporations instead of growing rich in Catholic Montreal do not move up to Toronto and prosper on Protestantism. We hear so much about the Protestantism of the monied corporations in Montreal that we are amazed how they grow wealthy upon a poor Catholic population.

PROGRESSIVE JOURNALISM. The thirty-fifth anniversary number of the Catholic Citizen (Milwaukee) is a credit to its able editor.

The Catholic Universe is out with a Ruby Jubilee number in honor of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Horstmann, D. D. The front page is done in splendid color tinging. A sketch is given of His Lordship's career as student, professor, pastor, editor, Chancellor and Bishop.

The London Daily Chronicle, noting St. Columba's day, says: "Copy-right questions are grave enough nowadays, but they no longer threaten to end in war, as in the case of St. Columba, the Irishman, who settled in Iona, converted North Britain, and is commemorated on June 9. He had a passion for fine manuscripts, and copies of them, and among others copied a certain Latin psalter belonging to an Irish abbot; whereupon King Diarmuid condemned Columba at Tara, ruling that to every book belongs its copy, as to every cow its calf." Columba appealed against the verdict in the practical form of inciting his kinsmen to revolt, and they defeated Diarmuid in

the Battle of the Passler. The book is claimed to be one which, in a silver cover, was carried into battle by the O'Donnells during more than a thousand years, and may be seen at the Royal Irish Academy to-day."

Mr. Arthur Balfour, the Tory leader of the Imperial Parliament, is a thorough-going believer in the policy of his late uncle, Lord Salisbury, of ruling England by the Cecil family. Mr. J. W. Lowther, the new Speaker, is, like Mr. Lytton, the Colonial Secretary, a nephew by marriage of the late Lord Salisbury, and a first cousin by marriage of Mr. Balfour.

Father Bonnard, O.M.I., who has seen thirty years of missionary life among the Indians of the far Northwest, beyond the outposts of civilization, has been visiting Winnipeg, where he was interviewed. Speaking of the Indian languages, Father Bonnard said: "I believe Cree is the richest of the Indian languages and certainly it is the most universal. From Labrador to the Mackenzie River you can make your way among the Indians with the Cree language; it is not the same with any others. Why? This universality of the language may be traced to the fact that the pioneer Scotch and French settlers almost without exception married among the Crees, because, I believe, the Crees are the most intelligent of the Canadian Indians. The place of habitation affects the Indian in a more important way than in their language. It is a positively known fact that the Indians of the plains are steadily dying out, while the Rockies and the Swamps are just as surely increasing. My mission register proves the latter in figures, as I have about thirty baptisms of children in a year as against four or five deaths."

Speaking of the civilizing and the Christianization of the Indians, Father Bonnard said: "After my years among the Indians, I can say confidently that the pagan Indian once truly converted generally becomes a good and steadfast Christian. But I must say I have found it generally harder to moralize the Indian who has once been a Methodist than the pagan. It is not so with the Church of England Indian. The Church of England missionaries are sensible, broad-minded men, but the Indians are not taught the commandments of God by the Methodists so much as the commandments of the Methodists. An Indian is not supposed to catch fish for his dinner on Sunday, he should not lay off and take a sleep, or chew tobacco, etc. These are not the commandments of God and they tend to make hypocrites of the Indians. Not only do we find this, but the Hudson's Bay people and merchants also notice this fact. As to the Esquimaux, it is not possible, it seems, for a missionary to live among them, they are so dirty and so immoral. It is seldom, indeed, that there is truly an Esquimaux convert."

PERSONAL.

Rev. Fathers Christopher, O.F.M., and Ethelbert, O.F.M., are at present at Frelton, preaching a mission. Rev. Father Fay, P.P., Farrelton, Ont., was a guest at St. Patrick's Presbytery during the week. Rev. Brother Reticus, Assistant Superior General of the Christian Brothers, is in the city, and will remain for some days. Rev. Brother Edward of Mary, Provincial; Malachy Edward, English Visitor, and Gemel-Martyr, French Visitor, who were at Belgium attending the General Chapter of the Christian Brothers, arrived home a few weeks ago.

Shamrocks Again Victorious.

The lacrosse match on last Saturday between Cornwall and the Shamrocks resulted in another victory for the champions by 7 goals to 2. Owing to the disagreeable state of the weather the attendance was not as great as the former matches, there being only about one thousand present. While it poured rain for a couple of hours in the city, still at Mile End it did not rain at all, and the Shamrock grounds were in consequence in perfect condition. The reappearance of Johnny Currie, the great centreman of the boys in green, was the signal for tumultuous applause from the spectators. Johnny travels as fast as ever, and performed some great work on Saturday. He and his younger brother, Tommie, played well together, and figured in the scoring. The Shamrock defence were as reliable as ever, and the home men had improved, and showed better form than when they played against Montreal. Hennessy, Robinson, T. and J. Currie, J. Brennan and Hogan each found the net when a score meant anything. Of the Cornwallers a word of praise is necessary. They played remarkably well for juniors, and showed some fine stick handling. The Factory Town has been unfortunate in the desertion of their best lacrosse players to cities in Ontario where big inducements are held out to them. No less than twenty-eight players are to-day playing on senior teams throughout Canada. The only thing that stands by Cornwall is the formation of junior leagues in the place. Two of the players on the team Saturday were really junior, being only sixteen and eighteen years of age. The executive of the Cornwall team deserve great credit in spite of such great obstacles to have such a plucky bunch as those who played so well at the Shamrock grounds.

NOTES.

The boys in green will have some hard practices in anticipation of their match with the Capitals in Ottawa on Dominion Day. Henry Hoobin, the star home man, will be again on the team, and under his generalship the home should work like clock work, and the supporters of the team will be at ease as regards the coming battles.

In the intermediate series on Saturday the Points beat Westmont by 6 goals to 0. The game was a good exhibition, and some fine stick handling was shown.

In the junior series the Junior Points defeated the Telegraphers by 4 goals to 3. The game was a little on the rough side, but the youngsters will get wiser as they learn the science of the game.

Next Saturday, the Capitals will try their skill and prowess against the Nationals on the National grounds at Maisonneuve. Being the fete day of our French-Canadian compatriots, a record crowd will likely be in attendance.

MRS. FRANCIS CAMPION.

We have to chronicle the death of Mrs. Francis Campion, one of St. Patrick's oldest parishioners and a benefactor of St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum. Mrs. Campion was noted for her unassuming charity, and in the early days was a well known figure at the St. Patrick's annual bazaar, where she gave abundantly of her time and means.

The funeral service took place at St. Patrick's Church last Tuesday. R. I. P.

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB.

Mr. John Quinlan made an ideal chairman at the weekly concert of the Catholic Sailors' Club last Wednesday evening. The hall was crowded with sailors and citizens, who for two hours enjoyed one of the best entertainments given this season.

Previous to introducing those who took part, the chairman made a neat address, thanking the large audience for their presence and complimenting the Club for the large and airy hall they had opened this season. He was sure the public would take advantage of these weekly concerts and come down by the St. Lawrence and enjoy the cool breeze every Wednesday evening. He was pleased to hear that the seamen patronized the reading and recreation rooms of the Club while ashore in large numbers.

The following took part in the programme: Mrs. and Miss Tighe, Messrs. Thos. Murphy, J. T. Meredith, Thos. Grant, Patrick Fox, Seamen Wm. Patterson, St. Sarmatian; James Hughes, T. Bolton, T. Short, as Virginian; Wm. Miller, as Tritonia; J. J. Byrnes, as Kensington; Frank Kelly, as Marina. Miss Lynch accompanied. Next Wednesday's concert will be under the direction of Branch 50, C.M.B.A.

COLONIAL HOUSE, PHILLIPS SQUARE, GREAT ANNUAL JUNE SALE!

SILK DEPARTMENT. 50 Percent Off. STRIPE SILKS, in Louise Chiffon Taffeta, regular prices, 60c, 65c, 75c, and \$1.00 per yard.

50 Percent Off. TAFFETA SILKS, in Pink and Cerise, regular price, 50c per yard.

50 Percent Off. COLORED CHIFFON SATIN, a few shades left in Fawn, Old Rose, and Cerise, regular 50c per yard.

50 Percent Off. STYLISH PLAID SILKS, in Black and White, regular value \$1.50 per yd. 33 1/2 Percent Off. JAPANESE PRINTED FOULARD SILKS, a few pieces in Light Colorings, for Summer Dresses, regular 75c per yard.

SMALLWARES AND NOTIONS. CORD SHOPPING BAGS, 40c less 20 per cent. Special MERCERIZED CORD and TASSELS for Cushions, to clear at 17c.

LINEN DEPARTMENT. 10 Percent, 20 Percent and 33 1/2 Percent Off. TABLECLOTHS and NAPKINS. 33 1/2 Percent Off. TABLE CENTRES, H.S. TEACLOTHS, DAMASK TEACLOTHS, CARRIAGE DUSTERS, etc., etc.

20 Percent Off. SIDEBORD COVERS, DAMASK TOWELS, ENDS of TOWELLING, ENDS of TABLE LINEN, and HUCK TOWELS.

QUILTS. SPECIAL—WHITE SATIN FINISH QUILTS, less 20 per cent. ENGLISH SATEEN COVERED DOWN QUILTS, well finished and ventilated, sizes 5x8, 6x8, less 20 per cent.

FLANNEL DEPARTMENT. 50 per cent. off a Special lot of FLANNEL and FLANNELETTE. MAIDS' CAPS, slightly soiled, at 25c per doz.

MILLINERY DEPARTMENT. TRIMMED MILLINERY—We will offer the balance of our TRIMMED MILLINERY at 33 1-3 per cent. discount. Kindly note that these are August quotations. MANUFACTURERS' SAMPLES OF P.O. CORSETS at HALF PRICE. UNTRIMMED HAT SHAPES at HALF PRICE.

PRINT DEPARTMENT. FANCY CRASH LINENS for dresses, regular 40c, for 10 percent per yd. PLAIN COLORED CHAMBRAY, 30c, for 10 per cent per yd. STRIPED COLORED ZEPHYR, 40c, less 66 2-3 per cent. STRIPED MADRAS SUITINGS, 20c, less 20 per cent. PLAIN DRILLS, in cream, red, black, 35c per yard, for 12c per yard.

FURNITURE DEPARTMENT. We are offering a large and well-assorted stock of FURNITURE at discounts from 10 to 50 per cent. with an additional 10 per cent extra for cash.

1 BEDROOM SUITE, Circassian Walnut, \$178, (4 pieces), less 20 p. c. 1 BUREAU and STAND, B.E. Maple, \$120, less 20 per cent. 1 COMBINATION CHIFFONNIER and WAIRDROBE, mahogany, \$43.50, less 20 per cent. ODD WASH STANDS from \$10 to \$30, less 25 per cent. 1 pr. BRASS TWIN BEDS, English make, \$136, less 40 per cent.

For the Balance of this month we will give 10 per cent off all our Old Hickory Chairs, Settees, Swings, Tabourettes, etc. Green Ash Furniture in Chairs, Settees, Tables and Sideboards. Prairie Grass Furniture suitable for Dining Rooms, Verandas, and lawns, all less 10 p.c. extra for cash.

WALL PAPER AND DECORATION DEPARTMENT. Special lines of WALL PAPER suitable for Halls, Dining Rooms, and Libraries, less 20 per cent. Special lines of WALL PAPER suitable for Bed rooms, less 10 p.c. Special lines of BORDERS suitable for plain Ingrain or tinted walls, less 50 per cent.

RIBBONS, LACES AND NECKWEAR. 50 Percent Off. LIMERICK LACE, Cream and White, ALL OVER LACE and INSERTION to match, VALENCIENNES EDGINGS, CHIFFON and SILK STOCKS, EMBROIDERED COLLARS, in White and Colored, REMNANTS OF RIBBON, etc.

33 1/2 Percent Off Colored Medallions. 20 per cent. off Assortment of VALENCIENNES LACES and INSERTIONS, COLORED BORDERED HANDKERCHIEFS. COLORED TAFFETA RIBBONS for neck and hair at 25c per yard. Assortment of FANCY RIBBONS, less 25 per cent.

CURTAIN DEPARTMENT. 50 per cent. off REMNANTS of SHADE LACES, REMNANTS of DRAPERY FRINGES and CORDS. 75 per cent. off ANTIQUE WEAPONS in Turkish, Arabian and Indian, consisting of Pistols, Swords, Guns and Battle Axes.

EMBROIDERIES, MUSLINS, Etc. Special line of PILLOW SHAMS and BUREAU COVERS, 36 and 54 inches long, less 20 per cent. TABLE COVERS and CUSHION COVERS, latest designs in Austrian and Tapestry, less 33 1-3 per cent.

50 Percent Off. Special line of EMBROIDERY EDGING and INSERTION, in white and colored. Waite Hungarian Work in DOYLIES and CENTRES. White Scalloped Linen in DOYLIES, CENTRES and TABLE COVERS. Remnants of WHITE CURTAIN MUSLIN and ART MUSLIN.

COLORED DRESS GOODS. List of extraordinary bargains in SEASONABLE DRESS GOODS. Special lot laid out on Centre Table, consisting of material from 80c per yard to \$1.50 per yd., to clear at 45c per yd.

1 Mne of MOHAIRS, plain and fancy, regular 40c, 60c, 70c, and 90c, less 33 1-3 per cent. Balance of CREAM FIGURED MOHAIRS, 40 inches wide, worth 60c per yard, for 25c.

1 lot at HALF PRICE, consisting of FANCY ETAMINES, FANCY ORGANDIES, FANCY MERCERIZED INDIA MULL, from 30c to 50c. 30 inches WHITE FRENCH ETAMINE in cotton and cotton and silk, worth 80c and \$1.00 per yard, for 25c to 35c per yard.

46 inches SHEER EMBROIDERED PINE APPLE CLOTH, worth \$2.00 and \$2.50 per yard, for 50c. Balance of ALL WOOL CANVAS on counter, regular 60c and 70c per yard, to clear at 25c per yard.

10 Percent Discount for Cash in Addition to all other Discounts or Reductions.

HENRY MORGAN & CO., - - Montreal.

NOTES FROM PARISH.

Last Sunday the feast of the Trinity was observed, a solemn profession of faith in all the churches.

Next Sunday afternoon fish-speaking members of Order of St. Francis will meet at the Franciscan.

St. Gabriel's lawn social next Monday evening and for four nights. The affair held on the grounds near the

At Notre Dame Church on Rev. Abbe Troie, P.P., was not to allow their children at nights. He urged particularly to keep them away from theatres.

THE BROTHERS' RETREAT. The Christian Brothers' retreat began on July 5th at Mo Louis College, and will last days. On the same date at least of twenty days will Varennes College.

Next Sunday afternoon at the Fete Dieu procession will be at St. Gabriel's Church. The men of the schools, the members of the C.M.B.A., C.O.F., and Senior and Junior Totality Societies will take part.

THE YOUNG MEN'S PILGRIMAGE. The Young Men's Society of St. Anthony's parish held a very interesting pilgrimage to the shrine of the Sacred Heart at Lanoraie on last. Over 600 took part in the pilgrimage was under the direction of Rev. Father Luche, S.S., Director of the Society, assisted by Rev. Bedard, S.S., and W. Hebert. At the Church at Lanoraie the men's choir sang several songs. Prof. J. A. Archambault presided over the organ.

ST. ANTHONY'S LILLY. On Monday evening an interesting ceremony took place at the church, the occasion being the blessing of St. Anthony's lily. The sermon was preached by Rev. Wulstan, O.F.M., followed by the blessing of the lilies, which then distributed to each member of the large congregation present. The relic of St. Anthony was given for veneration. Solemn dictation of the Blessed Sacrament closed the proceedings.

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NOTES FROM PARISHES

Last Sunday the feast of the Blessed Trinity was observed, and the solemn profession of faith was read in all the churches.

Next Sunday afternoon the English-speaking members of the Third Order of St. Francis will hold their meeting at the Franciscan Church.

St. Gabriel's lawn social will open next Monday evening and continue for four nights. The affair will be held on the grounds near the church.

At Notre Dame Church on Sunday, Rev. Abbe Troie, P.P., warned parents not to allow their children out late at nights. He urged them particularly to keep them away from theatres.

THE BROTHERS' RETREAT.

The Christian Brothers' retreat will begin on July 5th at Mount St. Louis College, and will last eight days. On the same date another retreat of twenty days will open at Varennes College.

Next Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock the Fete Dieu procession will be held at St. Gabriel's Church. The children of the schools, the members of the C.M.B.A., C.O.F., Hibernians, and Senior and Junior Total Abstinence Societies will take part.

YOUNG MEN'S PILGRIMAGE.

The Young Men's Society of Notre Dame parish held a very successful pilgrimage to the shrine of the Sacred Heart at Lanoraie on Sunday last. Over 600 took part. The pilgrimage was under the direction of Rev. Father Luche, S.S., Director of the Society, assisted by Rev. Fathers Bedard, S.S., and W. Hebert, S.S. At the Church at Lanoraie the young men's choir sang several selections, Prof. J. A. Archambault presiding at the organ.

ST. ANTHONY'S LILIES.

On Monday evening an important ceremony took place at the Franciscan Church, the occasion being the blessing of St. Anthony's lilies. The sermon was preached by Rev. Father Wulstan, O.F.M., followed by the blessing of the lilies, which were then distributed to each member of the large congregation present, while the relic of St. Anthony was then given for veneration. Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament closed the proceedings.

ST. ANTHONY'S LAWN SOCIAL.

St. Anthony's social, which opened on Monday evening and continued for three nights, was quite a success. The grounds were tastefully decorated with Chinese lanterns and electric lights. St. Ann's fife and drum band, St. Gabriel's brass band, and an orchestra discoursed sweet music each evening. The different booths were well patronized, and all those who attended spent an enjoyable time. The drawing of prizes took place the closing night. The list will be published in our next issue.

ST. GABRIEL'S JUVENILE SOCIETY.

The regular monthly meeting of St. Gabriel's Juvenile Total Abstinence and Benefit Society was held on Sunday last. Two new members joined, thus swelling the ranks to 264. The regular monthly communion was held at the 9 o'clock Mass, and was largely attended. The Society is now organized seven months, and has a good bank account to its credit. Next Sunday afternoon the officers will hold a special meeting for the purpose of making arrangements for the holding of an outing by the society.

HIS GRACE VISITS NOTRE-DAME-DE-GRACE.

Sunday last His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi visited the parish of Notre Dame de Grace. The village was in gala attire. His Grace preached the sermon at the high Mass, and paid a glowing tribute to the work of the Dominican Fathers who have charge of the parish. In the afternoon His Grace confirmed several persons and then visited the Home for Incurables, the Convent of the Precious Blood, and the Ville Marie Convent. In the evening the grounds around the parish church were beautifully illuminated, and a display of fireworks took place.

PRESENTATION TO MR. THOMAS MOORE.

Mr. Thomas Moore, the well known old Shamrock lacrosse player, and now the coach of the club, was presented on Saturday afternoon at the Shamrock Club House with a

purse of gold. Mr. Harry McLaughlin made the presentation, and the players sang "He's a Jolly Good Fellow." Mr. Moore was married on Tuesday morning to Miss Brown.

ST. JEAN BAPTISTE CELEBRATION.

Saturday next, St. Jean Baptiste day, will be the feast day of our French-Canadian brethren. The celebration will open on Friday evening, June 23rd, with the lighting of the fire of St. Jean at Lafontaine Park. On Saturday a monster parade will take place to St. James Cathedral, where Pontifical High Mass will be sung by His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi. The procession will consist of three parts, one for each of the three divisions of the city.

The St. Jean Baptiste Society will celebrate the 71st anniversary of its foundation on Saturday. At half-past six in the evening, the annual banquet of the Society will be held in the Drill Hall under the patronage of Archbishop Bruchesi and the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Louis Jette.

VISITORS FROM ENGLAND.

Rev. Mother Mechilde and Rev. Sister Evangeliste, members of the Sisters of Charity of St. Paul the Apostle, of Coleshill, near Birmingham, England, are at present in the city, having arrived a few days ago with a party of emigrant children for the headquarters of the Catholic Emigration Association at Hintonburg, Ottawa. The community in England have an industrial and rescue school for boys, and are doing very good work among the children. Speaking to a representative of the True Witness, the Rev. Mother said that she found Canada far beyond her expectations. She was greatly pleased with Montreal, and its fine churches, convents and educational establishments. She and her companion would take back pleasant memories of their first visit to Canada. The Sisters will remain another week, and will then sail for England.

FIREMEN DECORATE GRAVES OF DEAD COMRADES.

On Saturday afternoon the firemen of the city decorated the graves of their dead comrades. Thirty-one graves were decorated at Cote des Neiges Cemetery with the green flag or the tri-color, and twenty-five at Mount Royal Cemetery with the Dominion flag. Among the firemen present were Chief Benoit, Sub-Chief Dubois, Supply Officer Beaulieu, Capt. Johnston, Naud, Carson, Dufresne, Dagenais, Murphy, Benoit and about forty men chosen from the different stations. There were also present many members of the city Council and a large number of citizens.

At Mount Royal Cemetery two chiefs, two sub-chiefs, four captains and seventeen firemen are buried, while at Cote des Neiges an engine superintendent, three captains and twenty-seven firemen are buried. They had answered their last call, and they sleep peacefully in the Valley of Rest, while their memories are kept green by those who still fight on ever ready at duty's call to perform acts of heroism—to risk their lives to save others, and when their turn will come to join the majority, they, too, will be numbered with those "who are gone but not forgotten."

REV. FATHER LALANDE WILL PAY FOR EDUCATION OF POOR CHILDREN.

A new step in line with his desire to elevate the standard and ideals of citizenship in public and private life, as evidenced in his lectures, has been taken by Rev. Louis Lalande, S. J., well known in Montreal as an eloquent preacher and lecturer. He will devote himself in future to furthering the education of poor children. In the course of an extended missionary tour in the United States, Father Lalande has announced that all the proceeds of his missions and lectures will be utilized for this purpose.

The pastors of various Catholic parishes in Canada and the United States have been asked to select from among poor children in their schools those who display marked intelligence and excellence of character. These children will then be given the opportunity needed to develop them at their best, and at Father Lalande's expense will be educated for whatever career they wish to take up.

The three qualifications necessary are: Excellence of conduct, more than ordinary success in their studies and a serious intention of becoming worthy citizens of their country, distinguished in character and efforts.

If the world of human life shows but a faint witness for the goodness of God, it is because we have disregarded it by our sins.—Manning.

ST. PATRICK'S SCHOOL CLOSING EXERCISES.

The closing exercises of St. Patrick's Christian Brothers' School were held on Tuesday afternoon at Karn Hall. Rev. Father M. Callaghan, P.P., presided, assisted by Rev. Dr. Luke Callaghan, Rev. Thos. Heffernan, St. Anthony's; Rev. P. Heffernan, chaplain of the school; Rev. A. Cullinan, St. Mary's; several Christian Brothers and Dr. Mulally, A. J. Hales-Sanders, Cecil Arden, Frank Curran, B. Tansey, F. B. McNamee, W. P. Breen and J. O'Neil, representing the Hibernians. The programme was well executed, the musical portion reflecting great credit on Prof. P. J. Shea and his young pupils.

At the end of the distribution of prizes, Rev. Father Martin Callaghan gave a short address in which he praised the work of the Christian Brothers as educators. He was highly pleased with the boys' work during the year, and he complimented them on their fine showing that afternoon, and especially he was proud to see them advance so rapidly in the musical line. He wished one and all a happy vacation.

The following was the programme rendered:

- 1. Musical Review by Mr. P. J. Shea. 2. "Boys of '76." A Patriotic Operetta.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

- General Putnam ... Jos. Rowan Colonel Slocum ... J. O'Shaughnessy Continental Guards. Major Sniffin, of His Majesty's Guard Ed. Roach. Joe Mason ... Jno. McEnroe Nat Hale ... Leo Hale Silas Story ... Wm. O'Neill Full of Pluck and Patriotism. Simple Peter, the Village Dolt ... Gus Ryan Tom Payson, Continental Guard ... D. McMenamin Hans Schneider, a young Hessian soldier ... Jno. McDonald Red Rube ... W.D. Brown Weary Willie ... A. Moran Billy Buttons ... D. Carter Professional Tramps.

SONGS AND MUSIC.

- 1—Chorus, "Our Canada." 2—Chorus, "Hail, Liberty." 3—Solo, "No Mother to Love me." 4—Semi-chorus, "Dot German Regiment." 5—Solo, "What's the use of living if you have no fun." 6—Trio, "The Merry Tramps." 7—Solo, "God bless the dear ones at home." 8—Chorus, "Old Glory."

PRIZE LIST.

- 1st Class. 1st Division. 1. J. Brrophy, 2 R. Linagh, 3 J. Kearns, 4 E. Roach, 5 D. McDonald, 6 C. Curran, 7 L. Dana. 2nd Division. 1 B. Braham, 2 J. Roche, 3 J. O'Shaughnessy, 4 G. Brown, 5 J. McMenamin, 6 J. Bracken, 7 J. Rowan, 8 G. Ryan, 9 Wm. McCloskey, 10 L. McLaughlin, 11 J. McEnroe, 12 J. Roche.

SECOND CLASS.

- 1st Division. 1 Raymond Linagh, 2 Joseph Kelly, 3 Patrick Leduc, 4 William Bolan, 5 Aidan Moran, 6 Michael Brown, 7 Thomas O'Brien, 8 Edward Clarkin, 9 Alfred Foster, 10 Walter Brown, 11 Eugene Toohey, 12 Edward O'Brien, 13 Michael Morrison, 14 Lawrence Doran. 2nd Division. 1 Francis Breslin, 2 Patrick Kennedy, 3 Richard Lynch, 4 Dannie McMen, 5 Cornelius Donnelly, 6 Francis Nehin, 7 Michael Fleming, 8 Richard Lukeman, 9 Dannie Carter, 10 John McDonald, 11 James Monahan, 12 Wm. O'Neill, 13 Thos. Callaghan, 14 Andrew Dunn.

THIRD CLASS.

- 1st Division. 1 John Kirby, 2 John Kelly, 3 William O'Loughlin, 4 Joseph Tetreau, 5 Edward Farney, 6 Patrick Coady, 7 Frank Seed, 8 Owen McDonnell, 9 Percy Cooney, 10 Edward Weir, 11 Leo Hale, 12 Thos. Delhanty, 13 William Coleman, 14 Albert Walsh. 2nd Division. 1 James McArar, 2 Ambrose Campbell, 3 James Cullinan, 4 Robert Kenna, 5 Emmet Nugent, 6 William Moehan, 7 Edward Kennedy, 8 William O'Kane, 9 William Lukeman, 10 Leo Gleason, 11 David Warren, 12 James Bracken.

FOURTH CLASS.

- 1st Division. 1 R. Granary, 2 J. Murphy, 3 F. Kirlin, 4 R. Grace, 5 M. Brophy, 6 T. Moran, 7 H. Brady, 8 W. Kiely, 9 T. Carter, 10 S. Doyle, 11 P. McKay, 12 J. Griffin, 13 F. Morrison, 14 A. Fallon, 15 G. Burns, 16 J. Sheehan, 17 C. Doyle, 18 J. O'Rourke, 19 A. Morris, 20 P. Quinn.

2nd Division.

- 1 H. Mintz, 2 B. Maguire, 3 W. Higgins, 4 W. Brophy, 5 T. McCloy, 6 J. Primeau, 7 T. Bracken, 8 D. Liddy, 9 F. Cunningham, 10 W. Honnosy, 11 M. Cullen, 12 M. Toohey, 13 J. Graham, 14 R. Lunny, 15 J. Foster, 16 L. Murchison, 17 P. McNally, 18 R. Higgins, 19 F. Daly.

FIFTH CLASS.

- 1st Division. 1 Russell Patterson, 2 Terence Smith, 3 Sylvester Walker, 4 Jos. Boyle, 5 Michael Coady, 6 Frank Maguire, 7 Richard Peachey, 8 Frank Lane, 9 Joseph O'Keefe, 10 Leo Moore, 11 Fred Cooney, 12 Edmond Elliott, 13 Willie McCracken, 14 Fred Gauthier, 15 James Gallagher, 16 Joseph Kelly, 17 John Rogers, 18 E. Fitzpatrick, 19 Sidney O'Connell, 20 John Evans, 21 M. Johnston. 2nd Division. 1 Fred Parnell, 2 Frank Hayes, 3 Thomas E. McCabe, 4 David Leahy, 5 E. Commetford, 6 David Sutherland, 7 Frank Cherry, 8 Clarence Bickstad, 9 Stephen Keegan, 10 Charles Burns, 11 Frank Brady, 12 Mario DePaul, 13 Joseph Robinson, 14 E. K. Brochu, 15 Pat. McBride, 16 Michael Flynn, 17 Joseph McGinley, 18 O. McBrien.

SIXTH CLASS.

- 1st Division. 1 D. Brown, 2 J. Dwyer, 3 M. Dawson, 4 R. Foote, 5 W. Coyle, 6 J. McMahon, 7 G. Grace, 8 J. Farney, 9 P. Molloy, 10 W. Young, 11 F. Cummins, 12 H. McKeon, 13 T. Patterson, 14 P. Parker, 15 J. Warren, 16 J. Cooney, 17 W. McGee, 18 E. Griffin, 19 W. Brown. 2nd Division. 1 T. Ryan, 2 H. Hickey, 3 P. Elliott, 4 T. Murphy, 5 E. Ritter, 6 J. McGaritty, 7 Gustave Paillard, 8 G. McConville, 9 F. O'Neill, 10 H. Carr, 11 D. Regan, 12 J. O'Neill, 13 P. Cavony, 14 M. Kearney, 15 R. Mallette, 16 M. Moynagh, 17 W. McGuire, 18 W. Edwards, 19 R. E. O'Connor, 20 Jas. O'Keefe, 21 J. O'Leary, 22 M. Lowery.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Regular Attendance—First Class—J. Brophy, R. Linagh, J. Kearns. B. Braham, J. Rowan. Second Class—R. Linagh, R. Luke-man, E. O'Brien, T. O'Brien, E. Toohey, R. Lynch. Third Class—J. Tetreau, W. Luke-man. Fourth Class—M. Brophy, M. Toohey. Fifth Class—T. McCabe, M. Cooney, J. Gallagher. Sixth Class—D. Brown, H. McKeown, P. Malloy, M. Kearney, J. Cooney.

Christian Doctrine—First prize, presented by Rev. Peter Heffernan, awarded to R. Linagh. Second prize, presented by Rev. P. McMenamin, awarded to W. Bolan. Gold medal for Irish History, gift of the A. O. H., awarded to J. Brophy. Silver Medal for Irish History, gift of the A.O.H., awarded to B. Braham. Bronze Medal for Arithmetic, gift of Mr. L. Gravel, awarded to R. Linagh. Season Ticket, presented by the S.A.A.A., awarded to J. Brophy for general proficiency. Lacrosse Sticks, presented by Mr. T. McBrearty to encourage our national game, awarded to J. Rowan and L. Doran. Scholarship to Mount St. Louis Institute, corresponding to \$150, awarded to J. Brophy. Music—Prizes presented by Prof. P. J. Shea: 1st Division: (1) J. A. Ryan; (2) R. Lynch; (3) J. Kelly. Second Division: (1) J. McCracken, (2) F. Maguire.

ROLL OF HONOR.

1st Class—J. Brophy, R. Linagh, J. Kearns, B. Braham, J. O'Shaughnessy. 2nd Class—R. Linagh, P. Leduc, W. Bolan, T. O'Brien, E. Toohey, F. Breslin. 3rd Class—J. Kirby, J. Kelly, W. O'Loughlin, J. Tetreau, E. Farney, P. Coady. 4th Class—R. Granary, S. Murphy, F. Kerlin, R. Grace. 5th Class—R. Patterson, T. Smith, J. Boyle, M. Coady, R. Peachy, F. Lane, L. Moore. 6th Class—D. Brown, M. Dawson, R. Foote, W. Coyle, P. Malloy, H. McKeown.

PRIZE DONORS.

Rev. Father M. Callaghan, P.P., Rev. Dr. Luke Callaghan, Rev. Father Peter Heffernan, Rev. Father Daniel McMenamin, Rev. Mother Superior of St. Patrick's Academy, Hon. Dr. J. Guerin, Dr. E. J. Mulally, Alderman M. Walsh, M.P.P., Mr. Patrick McCrory, Mr. Patrick Ryan, Mr. Cecil Arden, Mr. Thos. O'Connell, Mr. P. J. Shea, Mr. Jos. McBrearty, Mr. Ludger Gravel, Ancient Order of Hibernians, Shamrock Athletic Association, Mrs. James McArthur, Mrs. C. Shanahan.

Ninth Annual Commencement, Loyola College.

Karn Hall was well filled yesterday morning to witness the closing exercises of Loyola College for the present term. The proceedings were opened with a grand piano solo by Mr. E. Pacaud. During the proceedings the piano was presided over by Mrs. Schmidt, who, with a pleasing grace and good effect, discoursed some choice pieces from the most distinguished masters. Also worthy of special mention was the part taken by a remarkably fine violinist, Signor C. d'Alessio, whose execution showed plainly that the violin, well studied and properly appreciated, will always retain its true place as the king of instruments. The following is the programme:

- 1—Piano solo ... Mr. E. Pacaud 2—Distribution of prizes. Mrs. Schmidt accom. 3—Cello solo ... C.C. Myers 4—Distribution of prizes. 5—Violin solo...Signor C. d'Alessio 6—Distribution of prizes. 7—Conferring of degrees. 8—Valedictory. 9—Chorus, "Home" ... Students 10—Address. 11—Chorus, "God Save the King." Students

Our space will only permit us giving the names of the principal prize winners:—

Graduating Class, 1905—The degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on Gerald C. Murray, J. P. Edward Pacaud. Philosophy, second year—General Proficiency—Silver Medal, kindly donated by the Right Honorable Earl Grey, G.C.M.G., Governor-General of Canada, awarded to Gerald C. Murray. The Lieutenant-Governor's Silver Medal, awarded to J. P. Edward Pacaud.

HONOR LIST.

First-term examinations, First class honors. Nine-tenths of total marks. Rhetoric—Ernest Dickenson. Third Grammar—James Flood, Stephen Kelly. Latin Rudiments—Adolphus Ouellette. Second-class honors; four-fifths of total marks. Philosophy, Second Year—Gerald C. Murray. Philosophy, First Year—Chester Regan. Rhetoric—Patrick Coughlin, John Davis. First Grammar—John Wickham. Second Grammar—Andrew Kavanaugh, Walter O'Brien. Third Grammar—Adrian Fletcher, Albert McDonald. Latin Rudiments—William McCall, William Polan, Barry Myers.

Prizes for Good Conduct, Donor, Mrs. J. B. deLorimier, Westmont. Determined by the votes of the boys and the recommendations of the masters added to the aggregate of the monthly marks. Senior Section—Ernest Dickenson. Honorable Mention—Chester Regan, Hubert Mayrand, Leo Lynch. Junior Section—John Mackey. Honorable Mention—Edmund Coughlin, Robert Laurier, Aloysius Primeau.

Mr. Gerald C. Murray, B.A., read the following essay on Classical Education: Instead of the address of farewell which would be in order to-day, the present paper will be taken up with a subject whose importance I trust will make up for my breach of the time-honored observance. The education of youth has become a topic of almost daily conversation, and therefore I do not think it will be inopportune to expose to you to-day the merits of that system of education in which we ourselves have had the good fortune to participate, education by the classics.

The need of a means of education is universally recognized. That man must have some sort of training no one denies. How it shall be done is a matter of some controversy. Which one of all the systems that clamor for recognition is most able to accomplish this end? The mind of the child, fresh and ingenious, pliable and impressionable, unformed, unreasoning, susceptible to almost any formation that may be imposed upon it—this is the subject upon which the educational system, which ever it is, is to expend its energies. It must do its work well. The issue of that work must be a reasoning man, rejoicing in the strength of all the intellectual power of which he is capable. If the mind is dwarfed in its growth, if it is confined to a narrow, uneven, inharmonious development, if by false impressions it is excluded from its natural birth-right, in so far as the instrument

employed incapable, and must be rejected. Which system is therefore best adapted to this important task? Is it the natural sciences? Will the mathematics do it? Will the so-called commercial education effect the desired purpose? Or shall we leave the work to the old, well-tried, well-proved but maligned method of the Latin and Greek classics. The classics have won an enviable place, indeed, in the educational world. Tried by the supremacy of all tests, that of experience, they have proved their fitness for the task they have undertaken. As we review the work they have accomplished, whole centuries pass before our eyes, crowded with statesmen, orators, great generals, men of literary attainments and noted churchmen, whose names are chiselled forever on the pillars of history. The fame and glory such men have achieved is evident testimony that the classics cannot be charged with incompetency.

Now it is not my intention to examine into the merits or demerits of either the natural sciences or the mathematics or commercial instruction as mind builders. I shall dismiss them with this remark: statistics and the overwhelming testimony of the world's best educationists declare that they have yet to prove their efficiency. Why then should they depose the classics which the same statistics and the same testimony affirm have for centuries been doing satisfactorily the work, which opposing systems claim to have found new but untried methods of accomplishing? On the other hand, what is it that makes the classics so superior to all other systems of education? What power or charm do they possess, that in spite of the bitterest misrepresentation, they have lost none of the prestige which men of sober judgment have always accorded them? Is it merely conservatism, by which we are loath to accept what is novel although it may be beneficial? Is it obstinacy on the part of those who have made the classics their medium of imparting instruction? Is it lack of sympathy with the progress of the times? Have these enabled the classical system to bear unscathed the attack of its enemies? No, the reason must be sought in the classics themselves. The training they impart is a logical training; it is one that leads to clear and correct thought, sound and close reasoning. The simple rendering of a sentence from the classics into the vernacular or from the vernacular into the classics involves a whole chain of comparative reasoning, according to the fixed and unchangeable laws of the classic languages. Thus in the first place the classical system affords a most rigorous mental exercise, and that not for a brief period only, but during all the years of the college course.

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'And what is the result? A firm basis, a solid foundation, upon which any superstructure may afterwards be safely erected. There has been no endeavor to store the mind with facts. One subject has ever been kept in view, and that object has been attained. The youthful mind has been systematically and logically educated. And yet incidentally, though this was never aimed at, he finds he has acquired a great deal of historical knowledge. He has read, not in translations, which, however faithful, are without the life and vigor of the originals, but he has read, at first hand, the masterpieces of antiquity. He has become conversant with the political and religious customs of the ancients and has seen their influence on modern laws and habits. He has followed them in the avocations of peace, becoming intimate with their greatest statesmen and legislators. He has accompanied their mighty hosts to the field of battle and learned their methods of warfare. He has seen the disintegration of old empires, and the evolution of new ones. Kings and dynasties have risen and fallen in endless succession before his eyes. He has studied the bearing of period on period, era on era, and of ancient on modern times. In a word, out of his old classics, he has evolved a whole course of comparative history. "Ex-pel Latin and Greek," says Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, "from your schools, and you confine the views of the existing generation to themselves and their immediate predecessors; you will cut off so many centuries from the world's experience and place us in the same state as if the human race first came into existence in the year 1500."

Add to this the literary moment of the classics, daily association with the brightest gems of poetry, eloquence and philosophy, which are not only held up to the student's admiration, but are also proposed to him for careful painstaking reproduction and imitation. Think what education

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(Continued on Page 8.)

Fallacy of Socialism Exposed.

(By Rev. M. M. Sheedy, of Altona, Pa.)

The first Christians evidently believed in a form of communism. They went further; they put their belief into practice. And with what excellent results these words of the Acts of the Apostles set forth:

"For neither was there any needy among them. For as many as were owners of lands or houses sold them and brought the price of the things they sold. And distribution was made to everyone according as he had need." (Acts iv., 34-35.)

They succeeded in abolishing poverty among their own members. There was not a single needy or poor person in the whole community. For from the common treasury made up of the sales of the lands and houses of the rich the poor were cared for.

It was an ideal arrangement, and it seemed to work with perfect satisfaction. There was, however, a notable exception, the case of Ananias and his wife, who were not prepared to make full returns of their property and suffered accordingly the severest penalty, that of death, for the violation of the rules of the society.

Outside of certain religious orders of the Church and a few communities like the late Economite society, this form of Socialism no longer exists. In the case of the religious communities it works admirably, for the reason that the members are inspired by the same motives as were the first Christians; wherever else it has been tried it has resulted in failure.

No one dreams to-day of applying the theory and practice to society at large as a means of redressing its evils and inequalities. Far different remedies are proposed. To cure the evils of modern society the Socialist would go away with the cause—private ownership in the means of production; private property should be abolished and individual possessions should become the common property of the state.

Now, it is worth while to examine briefly this theory of Socialism. Let me call attention to a few plain principles. They will help to set us right. Here is one: Man has a natural right to life and to the means by which his life and that of his posterity may be preserved. This right is inalienable and goes before any right which the state may claim over him. The family of which man is the head is in itself a perfect society, and forms the organized unit of which civil society is composed. But land and the means of production form the chief natural means by which man preserves his life and transmits living to his posterity. Hence, man has a perfect natural right to land and the means of production—the land which he has cultivated and the instrument which he has made because, as it were, identified with himself. He has a right to possess them securely, to exclude others, and to hand them down to his children. But this is private ownership of the means of production; and hence man has a right to private ownership in the means of production.

It will not do to say that the earth and the fulness thereof have been given to the whole human race; and, therefore, he who owns a part robs all the rest. The earth, it is true, has been given to the whole human race, but individual ownership depends upon occupancy, intention to use, cultivation, work, and such other human actions as make for rational division.

If private ownership in the means of production were once abolished the world's order and thrift would vanish. Man's strongest incentive to work is selfishness. He puts forth his best energies, only to increase for himself and family his private store of wealth, happiness and glory. With the abolition of private ownership in the means of production the opportunity of producing for private exchange would disappear and human energy become stagnant. The ploughman would not till the soil, the miner use his drill or the woman her needle. Dullness, listlessness and idleness would reign supreme.

Again: Every man in this country is entitled, according to the declaration of independence, to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. He has a right, moreover, to self-improvement; the developing and perfecting of his faculties, whether in the department of knowledge or of virtue. He has a right to food and clothing, to the shelter of a home, to occupation and to permanency in the possession of what he has acquired by his labor. Permanency of possession is an essential point, because this gives at once a stimulus to endeavor and to the attainment of pro-

per earthly ambition. Evidently under the Socialistic theory this permanency would be removed and consequently all would go that makes life worth living, liberty worth having, or happiness anything more than a name.

If the theories of Socialism were carried out the workingman would be the first to suffer. Without property he cannot exercise his innate rights to personal comforts, to the pursuit of happiness and to the development of his faculties. Who would till the fields if someone had a right to step in and reap the harvest? A man must provide for the future, and therefore he has a right to lay something by for a rainy day. He must have the wherewithal, not only for his present needs, but must put aside for the future. What is the theory of wages but that a man gives the sweat of his brow and his labor in order that he may get something in return.

Now, suppose that a man receives enough not only to provide for today, but by frugality and economy, to lay aside a sufficient amount of money to buy a small piece of ground. What is this ground? It represents what he has earned by the sweat of his brow; it is a part of his salary, a part of the money he has worked hard to gain. Assuredly, therefore, he has the right to dispose of the ground in any way he pleases, because by his own personal labor he has acquired it.

Therefore, when Socialists say that property should be transferred from the individual to the state or to the community they strike a direct blow at the liberty of the workingman. It is undeniable that a man by having the right to dispose of his wages as he wishes and to possess property is much better off under the present system than he would be under such a system as is urged by the Socialists, because under their rule whatever a man acquires must pass not to himself but to the community.

The evils of society are indeed great, but need not be magnified. The betterment of the workingman and the happiness of the poor lie not in the destruction of private property, of the family, of religion and the state, but in education, in virtuous living, in the organization of labor for the enforcement of its just demands.

With the philosophy of patience, with Christian fortitude, bearing cheerfully the share of suffering which cannot be avoided, man can make of this earth—if not Utopia—at least a home of peace and contentment.

Nor should it be forgotten that the heart of the Church is always with the honest workingman. In every age from the days of the Apostles she has supported and blessed his labors and pleaded for his just rights. And that is her position to-day. She holds to the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. She preaches the doctrine of liberty, equality and fraternity. And were it possible she would restore our modern world to that ideal state of the first Christians wherein "distribution was made to every one according to his need and there was no one needy among them."

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS CURES

Dyspepsia, Bolls, Pimples, Headaches, Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, and all troubles arising from the Stomach, Liver, Bowels or Blood.

Mrs. A. Letangna, of Ballyduff, Ont., writes: "I believe I would have been in my grave long ago had it not been for Burdock Blood Bitters. I was run down to such an extent that I could scarcely move about the house. I was subject to severe headaches, backaches and dizziness; my appetite was gone and I was unable to do my housework. After using two bottles of B. B. B. I found my health fully restored. I warmly recommend it to all tired and worn out women."

A girl is never going to go very far wrong who is a good chum of her father and brothers.

There is a family in every neighborhood which furnishes amusement for the rest and doesn't know it.

Every one has had more happy days in his life than wretched ones, but how he lets the wretched ones stand out!

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CROMWELL IN IRELAND.

Irish People Sold Into Slavery

The London Athenaeum has published the following letter:

23 Leeson Park, Dublin.

In your issue of April 29th, Mr. W. F. P. Stockley remarks that "many people would like to have the evidence for and against Cromwell's sending Irish prisoners to the West Indies." Prendergast, in his "Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland" (London, Longman, 1865), quoting in part from the Order Books of the Commissioners of the Parliament of the Commonwealth of England for the Affairs of Ireland, preserved in the Record Tower, Dublin Castle, wrote as follows:

"After the summer Assizes of 1658, Sir Charles Coote, Lord President of Connaught, and Colonel Sadler, Governor of Galway, were directed to treat with Col. Stubbers or other merchants about having a properly victualled ship for eighty or one hundred prisoners ready to sail with the first fair wind to the Indian Bridges, the usual landing place in the Barbadoes, or other English plantations thereabouts in America. These were proprietors who had been sentenced to death for not transplanting, but had been pardoned by His Excellency. At Barbadoes, the prisoners were to be delivered to certain merchants (who were to pay the cost of transportation), all except ten, who were to be consigned to a person to be speedily named. This was a Mr. Edward Smyth, a merchant resident at the Barbadoes. His lot, however, was afterwards increased to twelve, ten men and two women, and upon receiving them at the Indian Bridges, or elsewhere in that Island, he was to pay Colonel Stubbers four pounds per man for transportation and victuals."

Prendergast gives in a series of footnotes references to the various pages of the Order Books in which the entries are to be found which justify his statements. In Hardiman's "History of Galway," p. 134, it is stated that Stubbers transported from the city to the West Indies no fewer than one thousand persons, whom he there sold as slaves. A letter to Lord Byron in Carte's "Collection," vol. II., p. 142, asserts that the thirty survivors of the citizens and garrison of Drogheda "all that were left of them" after five days of massacre, were shipped to the West Indies to be sold as slaves.

WILLIAM F. DENNEHY.

Sistine Chapel Frescoes Restored

The work that has been carried on during the last two years in the Sistine Chapel is now completed, and the unsightly scaffolding will be at last removed. The commission held its last sitting on Wednesday and will not meet again. This commission was appointed by Leo XIII, in June, 1903, for the purpose of consulting as to the best method of preserving the famous frescoes of the chapel, especially the work of Michael Angelo on the ceiling, and to carry out and carefully supervise any course of restoration which it might recommend. Besides the experts who belong to the Vatican establishment the co-operation of the outside world was invited, and the commission included as members Commendatore Boni, the director of the Roman Forum; Commendatore Vallesi of the Spanish Academy, Prof. Gui. of the Academy of St. Luke, and Dr. Ernest Steinhmann.

The first report of the commission was fairly favorable. The condition of the frescoes was found to be no worse than that of others of a corresponding age elsewhere, and all that was necessary was the strengthening of the hold of the plaster upon the roof. This was effected by means of an old system, successfully employed before in the Sistine Chapel itself. Metal clamps, T shaped, were driven here and there through the plaster into the solid rock, preventing any further detachment of the plaster; and the crevices between the plaster and the rock, and the interstices and cracks in the plaster itself

were filled with a mixture of lime and finely powdered porcelain, so that the frescoes present an even and compact surface.

This work, delayed at first by the death of Leo XIII. and the use of the Sistine Chapel by the Conclave, was finally completed last month. The question was then raised as to the advisability of attempting to clean the paintings by the removal of a coating of paste which had become blackened by age. Careful experiment showed at once that such an attempt would be dangerous. The work of the commission has, therefore, strictly limited itself to strengthening the hold of the plaster and preserving it, as far as possible, from breaking away or falling. No painting of any kind has been done, and no color has been added. During the course of the work the frescoes have been repeatedly photographed as a proof that no change had been effected.—London Times.

NAZARETH ACADEMY.

The Commencement exercises of this growing institution took place on Wednesday, June 14th. A large distinguished and representative audience, both lay and clerical, assembled at the Gymnasium Hall. Early in the afternoon the little boys who are in attendance at Barbour Hall took possession of the stage and entertained their guests very handsomely for an hour. Their programme was well rendered and won enthusiastic applause. At 3 o'clock the students of the Academy greeted their friends with a very fine programme, which was greatly enjoyed and thoroughly appreciated. Each number of the exercises was a gem contributing to the crown which adorned the Alma Mater at the closing exercises of this popular Academy. Gold medals were awarded to: Misses Mary Cecelia Myron, Loretta Marantette, graduates, and Misses Anna Leveck, Garna Sparks, Nina Gifford, Mary A. Bowen, Grace Rude, Hazel Clark, Mary Sammers. The Barbour Hall gold medal was won by Master John Logan. The new addition in course of completion at Nazareth will have about one hundred rooms at the disposal of its students, affording ample room for the future. The year just closed has been very successful in every way. The applications being greater than the capacity of the building. The progress made has been satisfactory. Both the students and the Sisters of St. Joseph, under whose charge it is, deserve great credit and merit congratulations.

ELECTRICITY AS AN ANAESTHETIC.

Dr. Leduc, of the Academy of Medicine of Paris, is confident that he has discovered in electricity a substitute for the great anaesthetics chloroform and ether. Dr. Leduc began his experiment on dogs, rabbits, and pigeons. He employed a current from ten to thirty volts, which he interrupted from 100 to 200 times a second. He sent this current through the brain of the animal or bird on which he was experimenting by applying one electrode to the top of the head, and the other to the posterior base of the skull. In no case did more than ten minutes elapse before the patient was completely anaesthetized. They recovered just as soon as the current ceased and not one showed any evil effect. So confident was Dr. Leduc that this was a harmless and sure method to produce insensibility to pain that he submitted himself to the experience. An assistant placed one electrode on the doctor's forehead and the other over his spine in the lumbar region so that the mild but quickly interrupted current was sent through his cerebellum, cerebrum and spinal cord. In less than ten minutes Dr. Leduc was perfectly anaesthetized, he did not feel the prick of needles, nor the burn of a red hot iron, his pupils did not respond to irritation. When the current was shut off he recovered consciousness instantly, and, so far from experiencing bad effects, he declared he felt as though he had taken a tonic.

INVENTOR'S WORK.

The following American patents have been recently secured through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, Patent Attorneys, Montreal, Canada, and Washington, D.C.

Information relating to any of the patents cited will be supplied free of charge by applying to the above-named firm.

Nos.

788,883—William V. Brown, Berwick, N.S. Portable fruit gathering platform.

789,187—Theophile Taillefer, Montreal, Que. Butter cutting and measuring device.

789,759—Messrs. Reynolds & Byland, Montreal, Que. Briquette press.

791,803—Douglas J. MacLean, Montreal, Que. Drying apparatus.

791,821—Hughes Saive, St. Timothee, Que. Potato digger.

791,884—Simeon Cyr, Little Falls, N.Y. Land grubber.

792,069—Wallace G. Parker, Kentville, N.S. Harness yokes.

792,264—Paul Ed. Heina, Paris, France. Telegraph apparatus.

792,450—Joseph Potvin, St. David d'Yamaska, Que. Ditching machine.

The more I am provoked, the more I must keep silence.

Then there is the gift of love, which helps us to bear half the burdens of a toilsome life, and sweetens half its many sorrows. The unloving taste not some of the purest joys in which the soul may delight itself and live.

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Reserve Fund, November 26th, 1904, \$4,778,999.
The C. M. B. A. is sanctioned by Pope Pius X, and Approved by Cardinals, Bishops and Priests, several of whom are Officers.

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65 D'AIGUILLON STREET, QUEBEC
Or—
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SOCIETY DIRECTOR'S.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY—ESTD
Incorporated March 6th, 1856; incorporated 1863; revised 1840. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P.; President, Mr. F. J. Curran; 1st Vice-President, W. P. Kearney; 2nd Vice, E. J. Quinn; Treasurer, W. Durack; Corresponding Secretary, W. J. Crowe; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansley.

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—Organized 13th November, 1883. Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month at 8 o'clock p.m. Officers: Spiritual Adviser, Rev. J. P. Killoran; Chancellor, W. F. Wall; President, J. H. Kennedy; 1st Vice-President, J. H. Malden; 2nd Vice-President, J. P. Dooley; Recording Secretary, R. M. J. Dolan, 16 Overdale Ave.; Assistant Rec. Sec., W. J. Macdonald; Financial Secretary, J. J. Costigan, 825 St. Urbain street; Treasurer, J. H. Kelly; Marshal, J. Walsh; Guard, M. J. O'Regan; Trustees, T. J. Finn, W. A. Hodgson, P. J. D'Arcy, R. Gahan, P. J. Stevens; Medical Advisers, Dr. H. J. Harrison; Dr. E. J. O'Connor, Dr. G. H. Merrill.

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An Account of

Ghosts? Do you not wonder, how in the days of food our young blood was and we went to bed all grandfather's recitals of fatal knocks, leprochans, less coach, and wandering various sorts, given with tion, and ingeniously reg our harrowed feelings? member when we had out childish dread of the fe-fa-artment irreverent laughter only thing that greeted the fearsome yarns, to his dis-ghosts are such a venerab- tion that they must not with lightly. Plutarch an-ancient writers give many in contradiction of the ide- hind the gates of death li- discovered country from- bourne no traveller returns know how thoroughly the spook has been exploited. markable and apparently in- cases of "apparitions" noted in modern times, and perhaps one of the most r- is that of the

WYNYARD GHOST ST

The facts of this remarkable are as follows:

Sir John Sherbrooke and Wynyard—dignities to which Wynyard arrived—were at young officers in the same employed on foreign service Scotia. They were, at it both of a studious turn, am-ilarity of tastes produced ship between them, all the more intimate as it afforded a refuge from the whirl o- tion that was going on ar- It was their common habit from the mess room immedi- ter dinner, and betake them the apartments of one or- them, where they would sit for hours, each employed t- own studies.

Such was the case on the our story, when they met rooms belonging to Wynyard about four o'clock, the after- bright and clear, with far- of daylight remaining to- spectral illusion. Both, to- stained entirely from wine,- circumstance of some import- garri to what is to follow, - the arrangement of Wynyar- ber. It had only two door- them leading into the outer- the other into the bedroom- which there was no second- egress; or, in other words- matter cannot be made too- was impossible to go in or- the bed chamber, except by- through the sitting room.

They were both sitting at- table, occupied, as usual- Sherbrooke, happening to- from his book, was surpris- a tall, emancipated youth, twenty years of age, stand- the door that opened into- sage. There was some- might be difficult to say- striking or so unusual in- ger's appearance that he al- voluntarily called the atten- his friend by slightly touc- arm, and pointing with his- where the figure stood.

sooner had Wynyard raised- and fixed them on the stran- and that he became agitat- most extraordinary manner.

"I have heard," Sir John- broke was wont to say, "of- being as pale as death, but- saw a living face assume the- ence of a corpse, except W- at that moment."

Both for a while remain- the other one under the in- some untold but powerful fee- other from surprise at his- profound emotion, which fr- degree became communicated- self, and made him also reg- strange visitant if not v- with something very much- it.

While the two friends con- gage, unable to speak or- apparition—if it were an app- began to glide slowly and- across the chamber. In pas- it cast a melancholy look- Wynyard, and immediate- wards seemed to enter the b- where it was lost to sight- sooner were they relieved of- pression produced by this e- any presence than Wynyar- again restored to the pos- breathing, drew a heavy sig- murmured, as it seemed, un- ly, "Great God! my broth- ly, "Your brother?" repeated

GHOSTS.

An Account of Some Remarkable Manifestations.

Ghosts? Do you not remember, reader, how in the days of our childhood our young blood was chilled and we went to bed all a quake from grandfather's recitals of banshees, fatal knocks, leprochans, the headless coach, and wandering spooks of various sorts, given with great unction, and ingeniously regardless of our harrowed feelings? And you remember when we had outgrown our childish dread of the fo-fa-tum department irreverent laughter was the only thing that greeted the old man's fearsome yarns, to his disgust. Yet ghosts are such a venerable institution that they must not be dealt with lightly. Plutarch and other ancient writers give many instances in contradiction of the idea that behind the gates of death lies an "undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns," and we know how thoroughly the modern spook has been exploited. Some remarkable and apparently inexplicable cases of "apparitions" have been noted in modern times, and of these perhaps one of the most remarkable is that of the

WYNARD GHOST STORY.

The facts of this remarkable story are as follows:

Sir John Sherbrooke and General Wynyard—dignities to which they afterwards arrived—were at one period young officers in the same regiment employed on foreign service in Nova Scotia. They were, it is related, both of a studious turn, and this similarity of tastes produced a friendship between them, all the dearer and more intimate as it afforded to either a refuge from the whirl of dissipation that was going on around them. It was their common habit to retire from the mess room immediately after dinner, and betake themselves to the apartments of one or other of them, where they would sit together for hours, each employed upon his own studies.

Such was the case on the day of our story, when they met in the rooms belonging to Wynyard. It was about four o'clock, the afternoon was bright and clear, with far too much of daylight remaining to veil any spectral illusion. Both, too, had abstained entirely from wine, a circumstance of some importance in regard to what is to follow, as is also the arrangement of Wynyard's chamber. It had only two doors, one of them leading into the outer passage, the other into the bedroom from which there was no second way of egress; or, in other words—for this matter cannot be made too clear, it was impossible to go in or out of the bed chamber, except by passing through the sitting room.

They were both sitting at the same table, occupied, as usual, when Sherbrooke, happening to look up from his book, was surprised to see a tall, emaciated youth, of about twenty years of age, standing beside the door that opened into the passage. There was something—it might be difficult to say what—so striking or so unusual in the stranger's appearance that he almost involuntarily called the attention of his friend by slightly touching his arm, and pointing with his finger to where the figure stood. But no sooner had Wynyard raised his eyes and fixed them on the strange visitor than he became agitated in a most extraordinary manner.

"I have heard," Sir John Sherbrooke was wont to say, "of a man's being as pale as death, but I never saw a living face assume the appearance of a corpse, except Wynyard's at that moment."

Both for a while remained silent, the other one under the influence of some untold but powerful feeling; the other from surprise at his friend's profound emotion, which in some degree became communicated to himself, and made him also regard the strange visitant if not with awe, with something very much akin to it.

While the two friends continued to gaze, unable to speak or move, the apparition—if it were an apparition—began to glide slowly and noiselessly across the chamber. In passing they cast a melancholy look upon young Wynyard, and immediately afterwards seemed to enter the bedroom, where it was lost to sight. No sooner were they relieved of the oppression produced by this extraordinary presence than Wynyard, as if again restored to the powers of breathing, drew a heavy sigh, and murmured, as it seemed, unconsciously, "Great God! my brother!"

"Your brother?" repeated Sher-

brooke. "What can you mean, Wynyard? There must be some deception; but follow me and we'll soon know the truth of it."

In saying this he caught his friend's hand and preceded him into the bedroom, from which, as we have already observed, all egress was impossible. Great, therefore, was the surprise of Sherbrooke at least—upon whom was born in the house and destroyed finding that the room was absolutely untenantable, though he still believed they had been mocked by some illusion.

Wynyard, on the contrary, was now confirmed in his first impression that he had actually seen the spirit of his brother. Neither of them was wholly satisfied with his own opinion in a case where the reason and the senses were so much at variance, but in the hope that time might, one way or the other, afford a clue to the mystery, they took a note of the day and the hour.

As the impression of this strange event grew fainter upon the minds of the two ghost-seers, not only did Sherbrooke become more confirmed in his idea that some trick had been played on them, but even Wynyard strongly inclined to agree with him. At no time does it seem to have entered into the head of either that the whole thing might be the illusion of their own senses, and not the practice of others. Taking it for granted that they had seen something, the only question was as to what that something might be—a real spirit or a deception?

And they now adopted the opinion in spite of all the improbabilities connected with it, that it was a spirit, for it certainly was difficult to understand how a human being could have escaped from a room that, upon the narrowest search, had no outlet, and not less so to comprehend by what means anyone could have so closely personated the absent brother as to deceive Wynyard himself; yet both these difficulties must be removed before the fact of human agency could be admitted.

Although convinced that the whole was a trick, Wynyard could not help feeling great anxiety to hear some news from England concerning his favorite brother. That news came all too soon.

The first ships reaching Nova Scotia—it was in the days before the telegraph—could bring no news of the kind desired, inasmuch as they had sailed from England a little before the appearance of the real or supposed spirit. At length the vessel, so long and anxiously waited for, did arrive bringing letters.

There were no letters for Wynyard, but there was one for Sherbrooke, in which he was desired to break the sad news that Wynyard's favorite brother was dead! Moreover, the letter detailed particulars which went to show that Wynyard's brother had died on the day and at the hour of the apparition to the two friends!

There is a curious sequel to the story. Time went on, years passed, and Sherbrooke returned to England. He had almost forgotten the story of the apparition when it was suddenly revived by an apparition of another kind. He was one day walking with two friends in Piccadilly, when, lo and behold! on the opposite side of the street appeared the perfect image of his Nova Scotia spirit, except that it was neither so pale nor so emaciated.

"Now, then," he said to himself, "we shall have this singular affair unravelled."

And forthwith he darted across the way and at once accosted the stranger, excusing the liberty he was taking by a hasty narrative of the circumstances which had led to it, and dwelling not a little upon his supposed resemblance to the supposed phantom. The gentleman accepted the apology with polite frankness, but declared that he had never been out of England, and therefore could have been no party to any deception, such as that implied, even if he had been so inclined. "For the likeness," he added, "you will no longer be surprised at it when I tell you that I am the twin brother of him whose spirit you imagine to have seen in Nova Scotia. When he was living we were always considered to bear an extraordinary resemblance to each other."

The mystery of the apparition in Nova Scotia has remained a mystery. But, good reader, I am not satisfied with so tame a sample of the ghost world as that above dealt with. Like the fat boy in "Pickwick," when that remarkable youth made revelations to the old lady in the ar-

bor, "I want to make your flesh creep!" and I do not think I can get nearer to that desirable end than by relating to you the RICKETTS' GHOST STORY which at one time made a profound sensation.

My story says that Mr. L., related to Lord S., was an atrociously libertine. He was aided and abetted in all his evil ways by an old butler named Robin, who was distinguished by a remarkably hoarse, deep-toned voice. Mrs. L. was known to be very unhappy, very ill-used, and was very seldom seen by the neighborhood, who were deterred from visiting at that house by the character of the master. In the course of events, it was said, a child was born in the house and destroyed by the agency of the butler. It is not clear how the household eventually came to be broken up. Old Robin, it is said, came to an untimely end and the owner growing disgusted with the house, left it.

"Be that as it may," says the lady of quality who tells the story in her diary. "The house was to be let and was hired by Captain Ricketts for the reception of his family during his long absence from England, either on the East or West India Station. When he sailed, Mrs. Ricketts, with three young children and a very small establishment, removed to her new residence. She was not long to remain in peace.

I do not precisely remember how long it was before her quiet was disturbed; but I think it was only a few days after her arrival that, sitting alone one evening about nine o'clock, she was quite startled by the singular ferret expressed by her cat; the animal darted from its slumbers on the hearth, made a piteous cry, and, after running round the room as if wishing to escape, darted to its mistress and rolling itself up in the train of her gown, lay there panting and exhausted.

Mrs. Ricketts was rising to summon a servant when her ear was struck by a tremendous noise in the room overhead—it had the sound of tearing up the boards of the floor with the utmost violence and throwing them about. In a moment the servants, alarmed, rushed into the room.

Mrs. Ricketts, who was a woman of resolute spirit, headed the party to explore the room from which the sounds appeared to proceed, but on entering nothing was seen, and the operations seemed to have shifted to another apartment.

The whole house was searched without effect, and the noise continued a considerable time, varying its apparent station as it was approached.

The next night the annoyance was renewed, and after the floor-breaking ceased, three voices were heard distinctly—that of a female and two males—ones of these so remarkably hoarse and dissonant that one of the servants, who was from the neighborhood, exclaimed, "That is like the voice of wicked old Robin." The female seemed to plead in agony for some boon; one of the men seemed to answer in a mournful, grave tone, and the deep, hoarse voice sounded angrily and positively. No distinct words could be made out, but now and then the voices seemed so close that, as old Mrs. Gwyn described it, "you would have thought that by putting out your hand you would have touched the speaker's"; to this succeeded a strain of soft aerial music, and the whole ended by a series of dreadful piercing shrieks.

Next day the whole establishment gave warning, and were reluctantly dismissed by Mrs. Ricketts, who took the precaution of making them sign their names as witnesses to a short account which she noted in a book in which she afterwards kept a regular journal, of the transactions of each night, continuing the practice of making every servant she dismissed (and she seldom prevailed on one to remain long with her), as well as the few guests whom compassion for her forlorn state induced to come to her, sign their names for a testimony of what they heard—for nothing was ever seen.

I am not sure whether these horrors were repeated every night, but certainly so frequently as to leave Mrs. Ricketts neither peace nor quiet, and to produce agitation which affected her health. She had been in this state more than a twelvemonth when Mrs. Gwyn came to pay her a visit. She was very much shocked at the altered appearance of Mrs. Ricketts. She had flattered herself that the accounts which she had received from her friend were exaggerated.

However, when the usual period arrived the whole routine went on, and Mrs. Gwyn was terrified to a degree which left her only in astonishment that Mrs. Ricketts could have endured so much and so long. I remember her saying that the first burst of noise was as loud as if three or four



carpenters had been employed; the whispering conversation often seemed to be close to her ear; the soft music she compared to the tones produced by a then celebrated player of the musical glasses (Cartwright), and the shrieks which closed the whole so sharply as to rend the ear. I remember the comparison the more distinctly because I had been taken a few days before to hear the performance of Cartwright on the musical glasses.

Mrs. Gwyn, though very sufficiently scared, would have remained with her friend the few days she had promised if her maid, a valuable, faithful servant, had not been so ill by terror that she could not in common charity oblige her to remain after the second night, when a repetition occurred. She therefore pursued her journey after having added her signature to the book, which she described as then containing many pages. I remember that my aunt asked her if Mrs. Ricketts would publish this book, and she said that should her friend survive Sir John Jervis (afterwards Lord St. Vincent) and Colonel Luttrell (afterwards Lord Carhampton), she believed it was her intention to do so. Mrs. Ricketts died some years ago at a very advanced age.

Mrs. Gwyn then went on to relate the substance of a correspondence she kept up with Mrs. Ricketts, recording a circumstance which took place not long after she left her.

The bedroom which Mrs. Ricketts occupied was separated from the nursery by a wide passage, the doors of the two rooms being exactly opposite. Mrs. Ricketts slept alone, and had a light burning on the hearth. One night, soon after she was in bed, she heard a heavy foot leap (as it seemed to her) from the window seat and walk slowly to the side of her bed, where it stopped. The curtain was drawn on that side, and she instantly threw herself out of the opposite side, next the door, and, standing in the doorway to prevent anyone from escaping, called for the nurse. The alarm was instantly given. While the nurse remained with her mistress upon guard, the nursery-maid summoned the rest of the servants. A strict search was then made, but nothing could be found to account for the sound which had roused Mrs. Ricketts.

Next day an old carpenter of the neighborhood desired to speak to her, and to mention a circumstance which had occurred during the residence of Mrs. L. He had been employed and well paid by old Robin, the butler, for a job which was done in his presence and after every other person in the house was asleep. It was to take up a plank in one of the bedrooms, and saw away a joist so as to give room for a small coat box about two feet long, which the old butler deposited under the floor, and then the carpenter restored the plank and joined it as well as he could. He said he had been sworn to secrecy, but as the parties were dead and gone, he thought he might safely mention a circumstance which he could not help believing might have some concern with the disturbances.

Mrs. Ricketts made him lead the way, and he went to her apartment, and, lifting up the carpet at the very spot where it appeared to her the heavy step had passed, he showed her the joining of the plank; by her desire it was taken up, and the joist, according to his account, was found removed and an empty space remained sufficient to contain such a box as he had described. If it had been there it had been removed; no trace

of it remained. You may suppose what the box was suspected to contain.

The only other event I can recollect was the return of Sir J. Jervis to England, his visit to his sister, Mrs. Ricketts, his grief at finding her in such a state of health and nerves, and his determination to remove her from a place where, he was convinced, there was some foul play. He took upon himself the risk of the displeasure of Captain Ricketts, who had expended a large sum in settling his family, and whose apprehended censure had deterred his wife from quitting the residence where he had placed her. Sir John would not even suffer his sister to sleep another night under the roof, but removed her and her children to a farmhouse in the neighborhood with every servant belonging to them.

He determined with his friend Colonel Luttrell, to watch through the night; and detect the imposture which he was convinced had been carried on.

The ground floor consisted of a large hall and two parlors, one on either side. In these parlors the friends, well armed and lighted, established themselves, and at the usual hour the noises began. They both rushed into the hall, each angrily accusing the other of an attempt to play a foolish trick; but as soon as they met they were aware the noise came from other quarters; the plank-tearing, the whispering, the soft music, the shrieks went on in the usual succession, and after an active search all over the house they were obliged to acknowledge themselves baffled.

Mrs. Ricketts never returned to the house except for a few mornings which were devoted to packing, etc. One of these mornings she sat down to rest in the housekeeper's room. Her brother sat with her, leaning against a large press which had just been emptied of its contents. They were both startled by a noise close to their ears, which she compared to that of dry bones being rattled in a box. Sir John threw open the door of the press exclaiming, "The devil is here and we shall see him." However, nothing appeared, and this forms the last link of my chain.

A young friend, who saw much of Lord St. Vincent in his latter days, told me he was extremely angry when ever the subject was alluded to; and Mrs. Gwyn said Mrs. Ricketts was ever averse to the discussion though she never refused to answer any question put to her.

And now, having told my tale, I must profess my utter disbelief of any supernatural agency. Had I written this during the first fifteen, nay, perhaps, twenty, years of my life, I could not have made such a declaration; for the story was a nightmare of my existence, from the age of eleven to that of discretion—if I ever have attained that happy period. I consider it as one of the best planned and executed deceptions I ever heard of, for whatever purpose it might have been wrought, I do not believe the plot has ever been discovered, though the general idea is, I think, that it was to further that purpose of a gang of smugglers.

But all that happened long before the days of Maskelyne and Cook, and long before any one would have been likely to draw upon the resources of science in order to carry on such a deception; and it is hard, indeed, in the face of the details to understand how two men, such as Lord Vincent and Lord Carhampton, could have been hoodwinked so thoroughly by the devices of mere smugglers. However, the mystery of the Ricketts ghost still remains a mystery.—Dublin Freeman.

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JACQUES CARTIER.

Statue of Discoverer of Canada to be Erected at St. Malo

On the twenty-third of July next, in the little French coast town of St. Malo, a fête in honor of Jacques Cartier will be held under distinguished auspices.

A committee of Frenchmen in Canada and France was recently formed to erect an imperishable monument to the famous French-Canadian in his native town. They entrusted the work of creating a statue to the sculptor, Georges Bateau, and the monument, which is characterized by great vigor and boldness, will be placed on the ramparts of the old Breton city facing the ocean Cartier braved and conquered.

The committee, which is a thoroughly representative one, comprising the following: Honorary President, M. Thompson, Minister of Marine; Count Melchior de Vogue, of the French Academy; M. Paul Deschamps, Deputy of the French Academy; Prince Roland Bonaparte; Sir Wilfrid Laurier and M. Charles Jounjan, Mayor of St. Malo. President M. Louis Tiercelin, vice-presidents, MM. Houitte de la Chesnais and Edmond Louis Tiercelin, vice-presidents, MM. also act on the committee.

In the inauguration ceremony not only the people of Brittany, but all France will participate, and all Canadians, without distinction of race or creed, are particularly invited. Special invitations have been addressed to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, to the Mayors of Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa and Quebec, to the Premier of the Province of Quebec, to M. de la Roche, rector of Laval University; Dr. Peterson, principal of McGill University; Dr. Dawson, president of the Royal Society of Canada; M. Adjuitor Rivard, president of the Societe du Bon Parler Francais; M. Louis Frechette, Mr. W. Chapman, Mr. Jacques Cartier, of Saint Antoine; Mlle. Hortense Cartier, daughter of the late Sir George Etienne Cartier. No relation exists between Mr. Cartier of St. Antoine, Mlle. Hortense Cartier and the discoverer of Canada, it having been definitely established that Jacques Cartier had no descendants. The committee has specially invited this lady and gentleman, however, because they bear the same name.

The celebration is to begin at ten o'clock on the morning of July 23, with a memorial Mass in the Cathedral of St. Malo, in the course of which a panegyric on Jacques Cartier will be pronounced by one of the most notable preachers of the Church. The official programme of the fête will be as follows: Afternoon, erection of the statue on the ramparts, speeches by the principal invited guests, M. Tiercelin, president; M. Jounjan, the Mayor of St. Malo; M. de Vogue, of the French Academy, the Hon. Adelaïde Turgeon (representing the Government of Quebec); the Hon. Mr. Rodolphe Lemieux, Solicitor-General of the Dominion (representing the Government of Canada), and M. Theodore Botrel. The last named will recite at the foot of the monument a poem specially composed by him for the occasion. Mr. Frechette and Mr. Chapman, Canadian poets, will doubtless also respond to the call made by the committee. If they cannot assist at the celebrations, they will at least contribute poems to be recited at the foot of the statue.

In the evening a gala soiree will be held at the municipal casino, as well as a concert in which M. and Mme. Botrel will take part. The town will be illuminated and a popular fête held.

On the following day the house Jacques Cartier inhabited at Parame will be visited, and a memorial plate erected by the archaeological society of Saint Malo. It is possible that the Minister of Marine will represent the French Government at these celebrations. The north fleet will be in port at Saint Malo and will share in the fête. The ships are to be illuminated at night. The place chosen for the erection of the statue is that part of the ramparts known as "La Hollande," where an ancient cannon may yet be seen. The statue overlooks the whole port and will be visible from all points.

I must not worry in my work, or fret to lay down my cross. I am not forgotten.

