



"BOYNE WATER" ORANGE BAND "RUN IN"

POLICE SUED FOR DAMAGES.

A reader of our leader in last week's issue, "As to British Liberty," so much appreciated its timeliness that he requested us to reproduce the article which called forth our comment:

An interesting sequel to an Orange demonstration which took place at Shotts on the 12th July, 1905, was heard in the Court of Sessions on Tuesday and Wednesday, when Lord Mackenzie and a jury tried an action in which David Carson, miler, Gartness, Airdrie, secretary of one of the bands which took part, sued Captain Herbert John Despard, Chief Constable of Lanarkshire, and Alexander Anderson, Superintendent of the Police, North Bridge street, Airdrie, for £100 damages each for alleged wrongful apprehension. Mr. Wilson, K.C., and Mr. Constable appeared for the pursuer, and the defenders were represented by Mr. Dickson, K.C., and Mr. Thompson. In opening the case for the pursuer, Mr. Constable, the junior counsel, said that he had raised the action to settle the right of private citizens to assemble and form a procession so long as they were not endangering the public safety, and the general question of whether the police were to be entitled by an arbitrary measure, such as that in the present case, to suppress such right.

The first witness for the pursuer was James Orr Wylie, steel worker, Mossend. He is a member of the Loyal Orange Lodge, and explained that he was in charge of the Orange demonstration on July 12th last, and headed the procession, which was to march through several of the villages in the locality. The demonstration passed off satisfactorily until they were on their way home.

Asked what the demonstration was for, he said he thought it was the anniversary of the battle of Auchrim and the Boyne.

I suppose you had a fancy cloak on that day?

Yes, something similar to what you have (Laughter.)

Mr. John Wilson—But far brighter. (Laughter.)

Witness—Yes; orange and blue and scarlet. (Renewed laughter.) In twenty years there had been no breach of the peace in connection with these processions. Witness described how the lodge assembled at Holytown, accompanied by their bands, in July last.

What are the party tunes?

Well, I know "Boyne Water," "No Surrender," and "Protestant Boys."

He only knew that they were good marching tunes. As the Gartness band, of which the pursuer was secretary, was wheeling in from Holytown to Mossend, an inspector of police came forward to the band-major and said, "What tune is that you're playing?" He never gave time to the man to answer, but wheeled him about. All the other policemen did likewise with the other bandsmen and marched them off to the police station.

What tune was the band playing?

I could not swear.

Was each band playing a different tune?

I could not swear to that. (Laughter.)

The other bands in the procession which were playing party tunes were not interfered with. The witness denied the allegation that there was an attempt made to rescue the bandsmen with drawn swords. There were only two swords in a lodge. The swords carried were real swords, good, solid, substantial swords. He did not hear the cry "Swordsmen to the front." He saw no stones or bottles thrown.

A jurymen asked what was the object of the party tunes being played, and the witness replied—"Simply to commemorate the anniversary of the Boyne and the 'Derry'."

Mr. Scott Dickson (in cross-examination)—Do you know the tunes aroused the Roman Catholics to indignation?

On the road we came there were no Roman Catholics.

He could not swear to the fact that the tunes were or were not intended to remind the Roman Catholics of the victories that the Protestants had over them.

He did not know if the tune "Kick the Pope" was played.

What would be the effect of that tune being played in a Roman Catholic district?

I dare say they would not like it.

Now about the swords—I am not a Freemason, but I'm a Gardener and a Shepherd, and all that—do they carry them?

Yes.

Mr. Wilson, K.C. (pursuer's counsel)—You are not an important man, Mr. Dickson. (Loud laughter.) Altogether there were sixteen swordsmen, but he did not see them use their swords.

Re-examined—If an attempt was made properly to put down the playing of party tunes he would be prepared to submit.

The pursuer said it was loyal tunes they were playing—such as "Dan," "Purgatory," and another.

What were the words?

I never saw any words to it yet.

The witness explained that the bandsmen were handcuffed and driven in brakes to Airdrie. There they were put into cells, as many as 16 being in one. They were liberated at midnight, bail of 10s having been paid. They subsequently got back their instruments and their bail money.

The Rev. Canon Hughes, Bridge-ton, said there were certain classes on both sides to whom party tunes were like red rags to a bull, but the bulk of the people simply stood by and laughed.

"Who is Dan?" asked Mr. Dickson of a bandsman witness, and the reply was, "I'm sure I don't know who he is." (Laughter.)

Other witnesses gave evidence for the pursuer, most of them stating that the bands continued the same tunes right along after the arrest, and no notice was taken of them. They declared that the arrest was quite uncalled for.

Captain Despard entered the witness box on Wednesday. He said he had been chief constable for ten years. There were large Roman Catholic and Orange populations in the districts of which he had charge, and each party disliked the tunes of the other.

After receiving a note from Sheriff Guthrie and a telephone message from Father Scannell, Mossend, he gave instructions to Superintendent Anderson on the 12th July last not to allow party tunes to be played, and if the bandsmen persisted to arrest them. His motive was to protect the Orange band from being assaulted. He had no ill-feeling or unkindness towards Orangemen.

In cross-examination Captain Despard maintained that it was a crime to play a tune that was going to insult people just as much as if a person stood in his door and shouted, "To H— with the Pope." Bands playing party tunes were liable to arrest.

Captain Despard added that he was neither a Roman Catholic nor an Orangeman, and there were only three Roman Catholics in the force of 825 of which he had charge.

Superintendent Anderson said he informed the leaders of the procession of the Chief Constable's instructions, and before the arrest he spoke to one of the men, but received no satisfactory answer. They were then playing "Kick the Pope."

Father Scannell, Mossend, said that if he had not informed Captain Despard he would have taken an affidavit that a row would have occurred.

The jury, after an absence of about three or four minutes, returned a unanimous verdict for the defendants.

Thus the police have absolute power to stop the playing of party tunes when there is likelihood of a row being caused.

LITERATURE OF IRELAND

"The movement of the Gaelic League is not the movement of a few faddists in Dublin," said Dr. Douglas Hyde in his impassioned address at Scranton last week. "Orangemen and Catholics have buried their differences and have joined hands in support of the movement, and never again forever more will the devouring demon of Anglicization be allowed to swallow up everything that was naturally noble, heroic and grand in the Irish character. Irishmen, like the Archbishop of Dublin, the Cardinal Primate of Armagh, and the Protestant Bishop of Clogher have joined the movement and are among its warmest supporters."

"I mention these things to show you that we are no clique, no party, no faction; we are above and beyond all parties and factions and offend nobody except the anti-Irishman. We stand on the firm bedrock of nationality, and we seek to make Ireland content, self-reliant and self-supporting. We propose that Ireland shall speak its own language, think its own thoughts, write its own books, sing its own songs, play its own games, weave its own coats, make its own shoes; in short, that Ireland shall manufacture all those things that tend to promote the comfort and happiness of mankind. And remember that this great movement which is now pulsating through Ireland is not founded on hatred of England; it is founded on love of Ireland. Hatred is a negative passion; it is powerful, but upon hatred as your base, believe me, you can not build up anything even worth the size of a trancon. Love, on the other hand, is like faith, and faith can overthrow mountains, and faith we have had mountains to overthrow."

"The philosophy of the movement of this Gaelic League is for Irishmen to proceed on the lines on which they can be successful, and drop the lines upon which they must be imitators, because imitation is always behind the thing imitated. If Irishmen go along the lines that God has set before them, there is no bound to what they can accomplish, but if they try to imitate what does not come natural to them, then they are bound to be failures."

"You often hear an Omanadhaun say that he thanked God, if the English gave us nothing else they gave us their language, and then the buddhook will say that the Irish have no literature! But think of the hosts of the books of Erin, of the thousands of volumes that are scattered throughout the length and breadth of Europe to-day. Think of the number of eminent scholars, Dr. Pederson, a Dane, and Kuno Meyer, a German, among the rest, who have gone to the remote districts of Ireland, far away from their wives and families, and undergone all kinds of privations and hardships in order to learn the language of the people. Think of the time when Ireland was the teacher, the Christianizer and civilizer of Europe, and remember that among the ancient nations she has left a more voluminous literature than any of them, Greece alone excepted, as is asserted by a German savant. So don't mind these bookworms, when they speak about Irish having no literature."

"I look forward to a further and freer Ireland in the future, but there is no royal road to the recovery of our nationality; it is a road difficult to travel, and it demands self-sacrifice; it demands self-sacrifice not only from us at home, but from all the sons and daughters of Ireland everywhere. If we have your sympathy and support behind us, then we must succeed. If we are only playing at being in earnest, then we shall fail, and the historian will take his tablet and write on it, Finis Hibernia. But we have on our side right, justice, reason, the genius of the nation, the memory of the dead, and believe me, every man in Ireland knows well that the influence of the dead is even more potent than the power of the living, and we have it behind us. We have the good-will of all the well-wishers of Ireland, of all the scholars of Europe, and against us we have nothing except race hatred, bigotry and Trinity College, Dublin. I would earnestly implore that you, too, sympathize with us and support us in our endeavor to

make the Irish race develop upon Irish lines again, because upon Irish lines alone can the Irish people become once more what they were long ago—one of the most brilliant, artistic, literary and successful peoples in Europe."

A Contemptible Scoundrel.

There has happened at the communal boys' school at Yvetot, an event which we want language to denounce as it deserves. A little lad was preparing for his first Communion, and had written out his general confession on a sheet of paper. Having to leave the classroom for a few moments, he put the paper in his desk, from which the nearest fellow-scholar took it. But in doing so, he was caught by the teacher, and had to give the paper up. When the writer returned, the teacher said: "I am going to read you the sins which X— will confess to the priest this evening." And he read them up in a loud voice before the class! We can imagine the confusion of the poor little penitent; but we cannot imagine the foulness of the character of the teacher who was capable of inflicting such pain on a defenceless little lad. We should have thought that the vilest wretch alive would have shrunk from such infamy, and we are glad the low scoundrel who committed so dastardly a crime is as far from us as Yvetot. He is utterly unfit to have charge of a school, and we trust that even the anti-clerical Minister of Education will at once hunt him out of the French teaching profession. He would defile a dunghill.—London Catholic Times.

A Personal Recollection of Michael Davitt.

(By J. T. Dillon, in Donahoe's for July.)

The first time I had the pleasure of the personal acquaintance of Michael Davitt was in the early days of the Land League. An immense meeting was held in Athy, County Kildare, under the presidency of the late Dr. O'Neill, coroner of the county. I went down in the train from Dublin with the party, which included, besides Davitt, Mr. A. J. Kettle, Mr. Gaham and Father Denis O'Callaghan of South Boston. Davitt was in great spirits that day, and I remember him joking with Mr. Graham, who was an extensive farmer in County Dublin. "How many landlords have you, Graham?" asked Davitt. "Seven," replied Graham. "Well," said Davitt, "my friend, if you start shooting your landlords, you will have your hands full."

The meeting, as the chairman said, was the greatest since Mullaghmast and Davitt made one of his most scathing speeches, denouncing in unmeasured terms landlordism and Castle Rule, which he described as the curse of Ireland. Father O'Callaghan made what I believe was his "maiden speech" on the cause of Ireland, that day, and was, no doubt, inspired, like so many others, by the sincerity and singleness of purpose of Davitt. We had a banquet at Dr. O'Neill's in the evening, and I could not help remarking the dexterity with which Davitt used his single hand, and that the left. He handled knife and fork without the slightest apparent awkwardness. On preparing to take his leave, the host politely offered to help him on with his overcoat, but he as politely declined, saying he had long ago learned that if a man wanted anything done, he should do it himself. The loss of his arm did not seem to discommodate him. I have seen him give his arm as gracefully to a lady as a courtier of Louis XIV might have done, and his handwriting was like copper plate.

Suffer No More.—There are thousands who live miserable lives because dyspepsia dulls the faculties and shadows existence with the cloud of depression. One way to dispel the vapors that beset the victims of this disorder is to order them a course of Parnee's Vegetable Pills, which are among the best vegetable pills known, being easy to take and are most efficacious in their action. A trial of them will prove this.

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Lord's Day Bill.

Commons Does Not Concur in Senate's Amendments.

Senate Submits and the Bill Only Requires Royal Assent.

When the Speaker took the chair at 8 o'clock yesterday, he announced that the Lord's Day Bill had been received from the Senate with amendments. On motion of Mr. Aylesworth the amendments were taken into consideration, seriatim. The first changed the name of the bill to "An act respecting Sunday." The next Senate amendment had taken the word "public" out of the clause defining a provincial act. The third amendment was to permit the carriage of express matter on Sunday. Should all the amendments be concurred in the bill would no doubt become a dead letter; hence a message was sent to the Senate informing it of the Commons' reasons for not concurring in the amendments. The Senate considered these and decided not to insist on its views. A message to this effect was ordered to be sent back to the Commons. The bill now only requires the royal assent to become law.

ROME AND THE HIGHER CRITICS.

Some of the principal Italian papers have announced during the last week that the coming syllabus of errors will contain propositions from the works of three English writers—and they are right, though they exercise a discretion as rare as it is laudable in not naming the writers. Meanwhile the amateur theologians of the daily papers continue to denounce the reactionary spirit shown by "the Vatican," from the Holy Father downwards. Considering the interest which is so widely felt on the subject, your correspondent this week sought an opportunity for obtaining the views of one of the most distinguished ecclesiastics in Rome on the situation. The prelate began by admitting that there is throughout many countries at this moment considerable religious unrest and confusion, which is especially manifested in matters of Biblical controversy. "But you will observe," he said, "an extraordinary dearth of learning and brilliancy among the authors of the prevailing confusion. One man with a reputation as an exegete wrote a number of volumes in which he seems to have aimed at being more radical than even the most advanced of modern rationalists."

Many of the writers who express sympathy for the author of them are apparently unaware of this. One must suppose, in charity, that were they aware of it, they would turn in horror from such pestiferous teaching. They seem to have conceived the idea that this writer is the one standard-bearer of science within the Church, and that his opponents are fossilized heirs of the men who persecuted Galileo. Their truly unscientific ingenuousness would be almost amazing were it not so pitiful and so fatal. Nowadays, if any body but a specialist ventured to write, say, on electricity, sensible persons would promptly skip his lucubrations. Why should not the same rule apply to such a delicate, difficult, incomplete complicated study as that of biblical exegesis? And yet you will find that most of the harm that is being done is done by newspaper correspondents, second rate novelists, and penny-a-line literateurs. The truth is that critical science has raised a number of interesting problems which will not be solved to-day or to-morrow. To describe men as 'reactionary' because they refuse to swallow every new theory advanced in this most uncertain of sciences is to have a very short memory. The critics of to-day laugh at the quaint theories of the critics of half a century ago; they are in discord among themselves on a great many important points, and it is just as likely as not that their successors of the next generation will lift their eyebrows in amazement at the queer conclusions of to-day. The ecclesiastical authorities in Rome are studying the situation carefully and dispassionately, and before the end of the present year an important decision will be rendered which will save all loyal Catholics from the danger of falling into many of the errors most in vogue. I say all loyal Catholics, for it is too much to expect that the Church has become completely weeded of the disloyal. Arius, Luther, Jansen, Dollinger were once members of the Church.—The Tablet.

A few days ago some men knocked down at Saint-Jean-des-Guerets (Ille-et-Vilaine), France, a fine granite Calvary, which has stood there by the roadside for more than a century. In the morning one of them was dug out half crushed beneath the fragments, abandoned by his companions.

M. E. Chevreul, the greatest living chemist in the world, is a Frenchman and a devout Catholic. Unlike the men of "little learning" that's a dangerous thing, he says the Apostles' Creed daily and believes every word of it.—Iowa Catholic Messenger.

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

The convenience and time saving of having little things at hand can scarcely be overestimated. It works exactly on the same principle as the old saying of "a stitch in time." It's not enough to have a place for everything, and everything—unless you happen to be out of it—in its place. It's the careful planning so that plentiful supplies of all the little things are always on hand that counts so greatly. So often you haven't the right buttons, or you run short of tape, or hooks and eyes, or the color of sewing silk you need, and you have to postpone the moment you'd seized for getting all such things out of the way. In the meantime, before you've remembered to get the little things, perhaps you have to wear the very thing that needed mending, and pins have torn it. It's the same way with everything. If you have to stop and go out for stamps you probably don't bother to write that important letter until it's at least a little late. Making things do is almost as bad—using too small hooks to bear the strain of a skirt fastening, or too large a one for the delicate blouse it disfigures. The best way to avoid it is to go over, at periodic times, all your supplies, making a note of everything you're almost out of and replenishing it at an early moment.

HOW TO PERFUME A CLOSET.

To perfume a closet get two lengths of material the exact size and width of your closet wall, place between this material cotton batting scented with sachet powder, says the New York World. Sew the material together and tuck it with ribbon bows or simply stitch it down. Nail it to your closet wall or hang it up by tapes. This will not only perfume your clothes, but make an admirable protection against dust or the whitewash of the walls. This is a good formula for the heliotrope sachet powder, but you may not need so much as this: Iris powder, two pounds; powdered rose leaves, one pound; tonka beans (in powder), six ounces; vanilla husks, three ounces; musk (in grains), two drams; essence of almonds, five drops. Mix well and pass through a large sieve.

DENIM AS FLOOR COVERING.

Figured denims have proved wonderfully satisfactory for making all sorts of inexpensive furnishings, the newest use of all being for a floor covering. The discovery was an outcome of necessity, as so many households are there with a carpet, and a little room which was carpeted with one of those utter monstrosities in which cabbage roses of a violent pink were blooming only too luxuriantly. The little woman who inhabited it was driven to despair every time she looked at it, and finally to invention. She took a plain blue denim and made a rug of it, finishing it with a wide border of figured denim—the same shade of blue for a foundation, with the weave shifted to throw the lighter threads to the surface here and there in set figures. Tacked into place, which meant over that carpet, it changed the whole character of the room.

HEALTH HINTS.

Get plenty of sunlight. Nothing beautiful or sweet grows or ripens in the darkness. Avoid excesses of all kinds. They injure the mind and body. The long and beautiful and wholesome life is qualified by constant temperance. Don't live to eat. Eat to live. This is old and threadbare advice. But it is just as good to follow today as it was a century ago. Many physical ills and blurs and blemishes on the countenance are due to over-eating, to eating damaging food, or eating irregularly. Don't hunt for dark sides of your life. Remain on the sunny side whenever you can do so without neglecting those who are dear to you. Be as happy as you can while making others happy.

These simple rules are helps in perpetuating health and beauty.—Chicago Journal.

PICTURE FRAMES.

The most effective picture frames, except when oil paintings are in question, make the woodwork of the room in which they hang. Dull gold frames, very unobtrusive, are liked when the woodwork happens to be white enamel. At all events, it is no longer permissible to crowd all sorts of frames in one room. A uniformity of some sort is decidedly indicated.

WOMEN WHO FAIL AS MOTHERS.

In the present day there is an ever increasing tendency to minimize the importance and dignity of motherhood. The modern woman does not find her ideals centered in the nursery, neither does she trouble as to who shall guide and guard the tiny lives that should by divine right be her own special charge. So hiring hands are deputed to supplant the mother love and care, and mother herself becomes a mere name to the nursery inmates. And yet, were the woman who allows other hands than her own to fulfill her most sacred responsibilities told she had failed in her motherhood, she would indignantly deny the aspersion, and consider herself harshly misjudged. But because a woman does not beat her children, allow them to be neglected or underfed, it does not follow that she is a good mother. A good mother is she to whom her children are her first consideration—she whom no pleasure tempts into neglect of the wee folks' claims—she who realizes that—

"A mother is a mother still, The holiest thing alive."

and in living up to the high prestige of her God-given position that woman finds her happiness perfected in domestic love.

The girl who marries and deems the advent of wee feet into the home a burden and a tie, is quite as much a failure, as a mother, as she who acts with cruelty to her child. The joy of motherhood is lost, there is no exultant sense of proud possession as she gazes on the tiny limbs. No, they must be swathed as quickly as possible, in order that the mother may be free to go forth and add to her pleasures. By-and-by, when the clinging hands are strong enough to find their way around mother's neck, the innocent face coos against hers only to meet with a rebuff, because the loving fingers rumple her gown, the touch of the face disarranges her hair; so baby is taught to gaze at mamma from afar, and denied the clinging clasp of her arms the romp at eventide ere prayers are whispered.

Ah, those lisping prayers! Surely the woman who does not hear those first sacred words of worship from her baby's lips is a failure as a mother? How many small folks go nightly to bed without bending the knee in thanksgiving, because mother is in too great a hurry to get downstairs. For prayer time means a lot of primary wriggling before baby is ready, a lot of closing rebellious eyelids that will open ere small hands are folded, a lot of guiding the faltering words require, for childhood's memory is treacherous, but what is this holy delay to the mother who sees her most sacred duty in placing her children's feet upon the right path, the path of prayer, that path which, if chosen in youth, is not forsaken in age?

Thus it will be seen that, with the woman who allows self to be the paramount factor in her life, motherhood is bound to be a failure. Indeed, it would be well if every engaged girl, ere exchanging the symbol of courtship for the letter of matrimony, paused and asked her soul how the responsibilities of motherhood would affect her personally. For if she be marrying with the hazy notion that the butterfly life of the bride shall be hers for all time, there is little chance that motherhood will find her willing to settle down to woman's holiest duties.

And the mother who fails as a mother fails as a wife. For in the girl he marries every man expects to find other attributes than those of a "chum." He expects a mother

for his children, in the highest acceptance of the word; thus, though the wife be her husband's friend, equal, companion, sharing alike his sorrows and his joy, the dignity of her position is lost where she fails in regard to her children.

And for this reason the woman immersed in business cares fails as a mother. She may realize her responsibility, and possess the highest aims for her children's welfare, but the wage-earning labor, to be a success, demands the best of brain and strength. Motherhood becomes a tragedy, for the conflicting cares—each clamoring by virtue of necessity for supremacy—sap youth and vitality in the fight, and the victim is a woman's soul, torn, bleeding and vanquished by the rending of those unsatisfied maternal instincts. Home is woman's true sphere, and where necessity calls her from its shelter into the business turmoil of the day, she fails alike as wife and mother.

TIMELY HINTS.

It is a common thing when a screw or staple becomes loose to draw it out, plug up the hole with wood, and reinsert it. It has been found that a much better way is to fill up the holes tightly with cork. Screws and irons so secured are said to remain perfectly tight as long as when put into new wood.

To clean linoleum without washing, remove all the dust, then take a bit of flannel sprinkled with paraffin and rub the linoleum. It will not only make it appear like new, but will preserve it.

Wash black lawn as any other lawn, using a mild soap and washing through suds as soon as possible, rinsing well with blueed water. The starching or stiffening is the main thing, and the best way to give a new finish is to use mourning or invisible starch, which comes especially for black goods.

Before washing china silk, carefully examine the article to be washed and clean the spots that are most soiled with a little benzine. Then plunge the garment into a soap-suds of barely warm water and rub thoroughly. Rinse in three waters, each a little cooler than the preceding, and the last cold. Wring out as dry as you can and put in sheets in firm rolls. In an hour's time iron on the wrong side. The washing should be done with all possible haste, as the quicker the washing the better.

Serge or cloth may be thoroughly cleaned by rubbing with water in which about twenty young laurel leaves have been steeped for three hours. Boiling water should be poured over the leaves.

RECIPES.

Nice for luncheon is this entrée of cold boiled ham: Chop enough ham to fill a coffee-cup and add to it two tablespoonsful of grated cheese, a little cayenne pepper and two tablespoonsful of cream. Fry rounds of bread in butter and spread with the ham mixture. Grate cheese over the top and brown in a hot oven. Before sending to the table decorate each round with an olive.

Somerset Croquettes.—Melt three tablespoonsful of flour; then add two-thirds of a cup of milk, stirring all the time. When the boiling point is reached add one-half cup of grated cheese and the yolks of two eggs. When the cheese is melted and the mixture is smooth take from the fire and add one cup of mild cheese, cut into small cubes. Season with salt and cayenne, and spread on a shallow pan to cool. Shape into round croquettes, dip into egg and then into crumbs. Fry in deep fat until brown. Serve with the lettuce course, on a folded napkin.

Marshmallow fudge is a new invention in homemade sweets that commends itself not only by reason of its novelty, but also because it is not too rich a compound for the average mortal to eat a lot of. Cut a dozen or so marshmallows into small pieces, scatter them thickly over well buttered plates, then pour over them all the regulation fudge mixture. Let this stand a day before being disturbed.

iced Peaches—Pare and quarter some ripe yellow peaches, dust them with powdered sugar and put into a self-sealing glass jar, adjusting the rubber and the lid securely, says the Kansas City Star. Bury in ice and salt until thoroughly chilled, not frozen, about a half hour or longer. Serve in small sherbet glasses at the beginning of a meal as a delightfully refreshing appetizer on a hot summer day or with plain or whipped cream as a very dainty dessert. Creamed Cucumbers—Pare and cut in slices three good-sized cucumbers, cover with salted water and let soak for half an hour, then drain and dry on a cloth. Put in a



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FUNNY SAYINGS

A MOST EXTRAORDINARY CLUB.

Mrs. Ada Brown Talbot, of New York, editor of the Clubwoman, says that the most extraordinary club she ever ran across is conducted by a very demure and dignified little woman of 7, the daughter of a club president. The editor called one day and was received by her little friend with open arms.

"At last I've got a chair," she said. "I am very glad, my dear," said the editor. "I hope it is comfortable and pretty."

"Oh, it is not for me, it is for my club." "I didn't know you had a club." "Of course I have; just like mamma. My dolly is president, and I got the chair for her. You see," she explained in a whisper, "there's only dollies in it, and the dolly that makes the most noise, is president, just like mamma's club. That's my dolly. She talks when you push her back. I broke the spring, and now she talks till she is runned down. So she's president. Don't you think that's nice?"

And Mrs. Talbot said she did.—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF IT.

The shades of night had fallen for a long time when the quiet street was startled into countless echoes by reason of a furious attack on the knocker of a cycle agent's door. "Hallo!" he said, sleepily, when at last he thrust his head through his bedroom window. "What's wrong?"

"You lent out a machine this evening to Jimmy Styles," piped a childish treble. "Yes," grumbled Mr. Spokes; "but I ain't going to take it back at this time o' night. He'll have to keep it till the morning and pay by the hour!"

"Please sir," came the little voice again, "Jimmy had a bit of a spill owing to running into a motor car. Jim's alright—he was thrown into a hedge—but I've brought the oil can back; that's all we found of the machine-up till now. But Jim he don't want to pay hire on more'n he can help!"

THE OBSERVANT GIRL.

The class was discussing animals; how they walked, got up, etc. After she had explained the cow's method of rising to her feet, the teacher asked: "Do you know any other animal that gets up like the cow?" Silence reigned for a moment, then one little girl timidly raised her hand.

"What is it?" asked the teacher. "A calf," was the whispered reply.

MORE ENQUIRING.

It was just at sunset that two little neighbors were exchanging confidences. "My mamma has begun a new

THE POET'S CORNER

LIFE SCULPTURE.

Chisel in hand a sculptor boy With his marble block before him. And his face lit up with a smile of joy, As an angel dream passed o'er him He carved that dream in the shapeless stone With many a sharp incision. With heaven's own light the sculptor stood— He had caught that angel vision.

Sculptors of life are we, as we stand With our uncarved souls before us, Waiting the hour when at God's command Our life dream passes o'er us. If we carve it then on the yielding stone With many a sharp incision, Its heavenly beauty shall be our own. Our lives that angel vision.

IF I COULD BUT KNOW.

If I could but know that word or deed Of mine had helped a soul in need, Had given comfort, eased the smart Of some poor, tortured, aching heart With what rare joy my heart would glow, If I could know! If I could know!

If one should whisper in my ear, "Your words have made me stronger, dear, To fight this evil thing within, That leads me often into sin"— Life's darkened ways would lighter grow, If I could know! If I could know!

Each day I ask the Lord to bless Some act of mine to helpfulness, And though I know not how, or where He sends the answer to my prayer, When I into His presence go, Then I shall know! Then I shall know!

A MONDAY PRAYER.

Back to the shop, the factory and the mill Thy workers go, O Lord, and it may be That some have sorrows pressing heavily, And some are hardened with foreboding ill; And some are unmindful of Thy holy will, Gained not the rest provided yesterday; And into sin some feet have gone astray, And some hold labor in derision still

Grant, therefore, Lord, that as we buyers go Through factory or store or busy street, With thoughtful words these laborers we may greet— Mindful of grace for sin, of balm for woe; Helping in kindness, sluggish souls to see The worth of labor, and the dignity.

THE SKIN WE WIND.

If you and I to-day Should stop and lay Our life-work down, and let our hands fall where they will— Fall down to lie quite still— And if some other hand should come and stoop to find The threads we carried, so that it could wind, Beginning where we stopped; if it should come to keep Our life-work going; seek To carry on the good design Distinctively made yours, or mine, What would it find?

Some work must be doing, true or false; Some threads we wind; some purpose so exalts Itself that we look up to it, or down As to a crown To bow before, and we weave threads Of different lengths and thicknesses—some mere shreds— And wind them round Till all the skein of life is bound, Sometimes forgetting at the task To ask

story to-day," said Elsie. "She has written 20 sheets." Martha drew herself up proudly. "My mamma has hemmed 10," she declared, "and she says they'll last." Judge.

The value of the threads, or choose Strong stuff to use.—Selected.

OUT OF HEARING.

No need to hush the children for her sake, Or fear their play; She will not wake, my grief, she will not wake, 'Tis the long sleep, the deep long sleep she'll take, Betide what may.

No need to hush the children for her sake, Even if their glee could yet again outbreak So loud and gay, She will not wake, my grief, she will not wake.

But sorrow a thought have they of merrymake This many a day; No need to hush the children. For her sake So still they bide and sad, her heart would ache At their dismay.

She will not wake, my grief, she will not wake To bid them laugh, and if some angel spake, Small heed they'd pay. No need to hush the children for her sake; She will not wake, my grief, she will not wake.

PARTING.

If thou dost bid thy friend farewell But for one night though that farewell may be, Press thou his hand in thine. How canst thou tell how far where thee Fate or caprice may lead his steps ere that to-morrow come? Men have been known lightly to turn The corner of a street, And days have grown to months, And months to lagging years Ere they have looked in loving eyes again.

Parting at best is underlaid with tears and pain. Therefore, lest sudden death should come between, Or time or distance,—clasp with pressure firm The hand of him who goeth forth. Unseen Fate goeth too. Yea, find thou always time to say Some earnest word between the idle talk, Lest with thee henceforth, night and day, Regret should walk.—Coventry Patmore.

CONTINUITY.

It is an open secret that this poem, which in the original appears over the initials C.R. (Constantine Romanoff), is by the imperial Russian Grand Duke Constantine.

There is no death—for in the great Hereafter Remembrance of this life shall have its part; Nor shall our griefs and sorrows, joys and laughter, In the last sleep depart from mind and heart.

The eye that flamed, inspired with glorious vision, Shall it be blind, and deaf the listening ear? Shall the freed spirit, bent on its new mission, Fail to commune with those on earth held dear?

Will Raphael, in that life of bliss and wonder, Forget the Virgin which his genius wrought? Will Mozart cease to love his Requiem yonder? Will Shakespeare give his Hamlet no more thought?

No, it can never be. That which gave life its merit On this our earth shall still be ours to love In form perfected by the gracious Spirit. Who gives this life, and fuller life above.

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OUR B...

Dear Girls and Boys:

Our circle has diminished suppose I must not be during holiday time, still you all to keep up your corner. I appreciate Annie O'N's invitation her this summer, but little nieces and nephews ready done the same I to divide myself in pieces would not be long let me get around to all folks. I am sure it is Annie and Agnes's teaching her little pupils were at her and to witness their her departure from them have been delighted with remembrance given her.

I am not surprised Joseph appointed at the non-appears in the issue of J guess others looked I Well, we must all keep up our corner, and keep our from being broken up.

Happy holidays, dear I Your loving

Dear Aunt Becky:

As this is the last day I thought I would write other letter, for I don't think I can write to you in vacation, but I to, as I enjoy writing to much. There is only the cond class preparing for who we were all promoted We do not play at school it is so sultry we do n playing. We sit under s There are quite a number the yard. The school is cool now, for the teachers windows and the wind through the room. The school now are in bloom looks so nice to see in school. My flowers are very nice. I have morning asters, wild cucumbers Joseph's lily. The cucur up to the window on sill asters will soon be in bloom used to water them in evening when there is so much r not water them. The da nice now, but very hot. it is vacation, for we c rest. I did not miss a the day we went to cor hope Winifred is feeling r for I think if she could the sun she would be ab to you often. Well d Becky, I guess I will s for this time. Hoping t dear cousins will spend a cation.

Your loving nieces

Lonsdale, June 29.

Dear Aunt Becky:

As it is holidays I g write and tell you the week. We expect to go day to visit our cousin going to Mass in the mor then going to visit our the afternoon. I hope it nice day. We felt very Friday when our teacher presented her with a la case. We did not get a for our school yet. My s away Monday for a v cousin. I did not go a place to visit yet. My s are going to mind house to see my grandmother, I sick. Our garden is very We put our tomato plants garden this week. Last F noon my sister and brot went picking wild strawb got a nice lot in our p Aunt, how nice it woul would come and visit us while we are home from are having very warm w just at present and a l Well Aunt, I guess I will bye; love to all the cousin yours.

Your loving nieces

Lonsdale, July 6.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys:

Our circle has diminished. Well, I suppose I must not be too severe during holiday time, still I did want you all to keep up your interest in the corner. I appreciate very much Annie O'N's invitation to visit with her this summer, but so many of my little nieces and nephews having already done the same I would have to divide myself in pieces, as holiday time would not be long enough to let me get around to all the little folks. I am sure it is gratifying to Annie and Agnes's teacher to feel her little pupils were attached to her and to witness their regret at her departure from them. She must have been delighted with the pretty remembrance given her.

I am not surprised Joseph was disappointed at the non-appearance of letters in the issue of June 28. I guess others looked in vain, too. Well, we must all keep up our reputation of being regular writers to the corner, and keep our little club from being broken up.

Happy holidays, dear little friends.

Your loving

AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky:

As this is the last day of school, I thought I would write you another letter, for I don't know whether I can write to you every week in vacation, but I would like to, as I enjoy writing to you very much. There is only the part second class preparing for promotion, for we were all promoted last year. We do not play at school now. As it is so sultry we do not feel like playing. We sit under shade trees. There are quite a number of trees in the yard. The school is nice and cool now, for the teacher opens the windows and the wind blows through the room. The flowers at school now are in bloom and it looks so nice to see the flowers in school. My flowers at home are very nice. I have morning glories, asters, wild cucumbers and St. Joseph's lily. The cucumbers are up to the window on sills and the asters will soon be in blossom. I used to water them every night but when there is so much rain I need not water them. The days are very nice now, but very hot. I am glad it is vacation, for we can get a rest. I did not miss a day only the day we went to confession. I hope Winifred is feeling much better for I think if she could go out in the sun she would be able to write to you often. Well dear Aunt Becky, I guess I will say good-bye for this time. Hoping that all my dear cousins will spend a merry vacation.

Your loving niece,

AGNES McC.

Lonsdale, June 29.

Dear Aunt Becky:

As it is holidays I guess I will write and tell you the news of this week. We expect to go away Sunday to visit our cousins. We are going to Mass in the morning, and then going to visit our cousins in the afternoon. I hope it will be a nice day. We felt very sorry last Friday when our teacher left us. We presented her with a ladies' toilet case. We did not get any teacher for our school yet. My sister was away Monday for a visit to her cousin. I did not go away any place to visit yet. My sister and I are going to mind house to-morrow. My mother is going away from home to see my grandmother, for she is sick. Our garden is very nice now. We put our tomato plants out in the garden this week. Last Friday afternoon my sister and brother and I went picking wild strawberries. We got a nice lot in our pails. Well, Auntie, how nice it would be if you would come and visit us in vacation while we are home from school. We are having very warm weather here just at present and a lot of rain. Well Auntie, I guess I will say good-bye; love to all the cousins and also yourself.

Your loving niece,

ANNIE O'N.

Lonsdale, July 6.

Dear Aunt Becky:

The beautiful vacation time has come and how glad we all are to get a rest from school. I do not think I will go to Belleville this summer, for one of my sisters is gone to Rochester and is going to stay about four weeks, and I would not like to leave my other sister all alone for it will soon be harvest time and she would be very busy. Our teacher left us at vacation. We were all very sorry to see her leave. We got her a toilet case as a token of remembrance. The teacher gave me a nice book, "Little Women, Good Wives." It is a very nice story. I did not read it all yet, but what I read of it I liked very well. It will not be long until the harvest apples are ripe and until we go picking raspberries. I got a few the other day, but they were not altogether ripe. The strawberries will soon be gone. We did not get any tame ones this year. There are not many berry fields around here. We go picking them about three miles. It is quite a distance, but we do not mind it, for we leave in the cool of the morning. We take a lunch with us. There are always quite a number there. When we get our pails full, we all sit under a big shady tree and eat our lunch. When we get our lunch eaten we start for home. It is always very hot when we are coming home, but we come through the fields and there are a lot of shady trees in them so that we can get a rest at times. Well, dear Auntie, as it is near dinner time, I will say bye-bye.

Your loving niece,

AGNES McC.

Lonsdale, July 6.

Dear Aunt Becky:

When the True Witness came last Friday it seemed rather strange not to see a letter from any one, but there were so many pictures and nice reading in place of them. I hope the corner will be well filled with letters this week. What a grand time you folks in Montreal must have had. The farmers will soon begin haying; it is rather a light crop in some places, still hay is doing well now. The strawberries are nearly all gone, and the raspberries are getting ripe. Hoping to have more news next week.

Your nephew,

JOSEPH.

Granby, July 5.

"LITTLE THINGS."

By M. M. Stratner.

A drink to-day; to-morrow more.— A drunkard reels from door to door. A fault to-day; to-morrow, sin; And manhood out, a fiend's within. An unchaste thought; a vulgar song— A soul, tight-bound by vice's throng. A little theft; a penny's gain; The link's anneal of felon's chain. A little doubt—the devil's toll To pave the way for loss of soul.

No self-restraint, nor chast'ning rod— Forgotten, then, is even God. And man, on that dread Judgment morn, May rue the day that he was born.

As "Little Things" done recklessly, Shall seal his doom eternally.

ONLY A FEW ROSES.

The roses were fresh with dew and sweet with fragrance as Madge Burton gathered them hastily that fair summer morning. Pinning them quickly to her girdle, she entered the carriage that was waiting for her, and was driven to the station, where she took the train for a city fifty miles distant.

Money was not plentiful with the Burtons, so the young girl contented herself with riding in the ordinary car. She made a very sweet picture in the dusty car, and I do not think there was one person present who did not admire it. Her bright, sunny face, her dignified yet gentle bearing, her winsome smile upon tired and fretful children, who had travelled many a weary mile, her tasteful, neat attire, with the bunch of roses in her girdle, we all noticed in a quiet way.

"Would you mind if I should sit by you just a little while?" "Not at all. I should be happy to have you do so," was the ready answer, given as courteously as if speaking to a young princess.

The child, leaning upon her crutches, took her place beside Madge. "You don't look a bit tired," was her first observation. Madge smiled into the questioning face.

"I am not tired," she said, "I have just begun my day."

"I am tired. I've come a long way—way from Denver. I couldn't sleep last night, my knees pained me so. What beautiful roses you've got! We used to have roses in our garden before we went to Denver. We're going to the town where we used to live—pa and I. Pa's in the smoking car."

"Isn't you mother with you?" "Ma's dead," was the reply; and the thin little lips quivered. "We had to bury her away out in Colorado." "You poor, dear child!" said Madge, not wondering that the lonely little girl had begged to sit beside her.

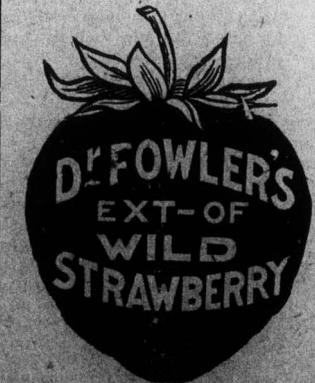
She unfastened the rosebuds from her girdle, and, taking out half of them, gave them to the child, whose face grew jubilant with surprise. She held them to her cheek, and pressed them to her lips; and very soon, with the flowers held close to her breast, she fell asleep.

Madge put her arm about her gently, and drew her head to her shoulder. The child slept peacefully for half an hour; then, as the cars stopped at a small town, a man came in hurriedly. It was the cripple's father. A mist crept over his eyes at the sight of the sleeping child; and as he stooped and gathered her in his strong arms, he said, in a low voice, full of feeling: "I'm not a prayin' mon, Miss, but may the Lord's blessin' rest on ye forever for your kindness to me poor, mitherless bairn!"

The travellers from Colorado had reached their destination. The sleeping child, who had suffered all through the previous night, did not thoroughly awaken, only arousing a little as she was carried through the car, murmuring: "I've—been—in—heaven,—pa;—I've—got—some—roses."

A HEARTY LAUGH.

The cold, chilling atmosphere which sometimes pervades a reception or other social gathering is often entirely dissipated by the hearty, ringing laughter of some simple, genuine soul who is bubbling over with fun. The stiffness and constraint which a minute before embarrassed the whole company are relieved as if by magic. There is something in genuine, spontaneous humor which removes all restraint, scatters embarrassment, relieves tension and welds souls together as no introduction or conversation can. It puts the shy at ease, dissipates prejudice, gives confidence to the timid and reassures the shrinking soul. The cheery smile or the spontaneous laugh awakens sympathy and arouses feelings of friendliness. It seems to melt all barriers. Oh, what riches live in a sunny soul! What a blessed heritage is a sunny face, to be able to fling out sunshine wherever one goes, to be able to scatter the shadows and to lighten sorrow laden hearts, to have power to send cheer into despairing souls through a sunny and a radiant heart! And if, haply, this heritage is combined with a superb manner and exquisite personality, no money wealth can compare with its value. This blessing is not very difficult of acquisition, for a sunny face is but a reflection of a warm, generous heart. The sunshine does not appear first upon the face, but



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flight of the mother bird, through the air. He decided finally it would be great fun to see how near he could send a stone without really hitting her with the aid of his sling-shot. He tried it several times, and was greatly delighted to see the bluebird turn swiftly and dodge the stones as they whistled through the air. Joe continued the sport till at last the bird became accustomed to the stones passing by her and no longer dodged them.

A grasshopper flew by, and the bluebird darted after it with a swoop. Joe fitted a smooth pebble in his sling, twirled it round his head and sent the missile humming in her direction.

The whistling pebble struck her upon the head with a crack. Over and over she turned till she fell at Joe's feet with a thud, gasped once or twice, and lay still; and as Joe stared at her body in horror he heard the young ones in the nest crying loudly for their mother, who was now long overdue.

Joe is a grown man now, and has boys of his own, and whenever he finds them shooting or trapping the birds about the house he tells them the story of the bluebird.

"Foot Elm" Fixes FEVERED or Fetid Feet and Eases Smarting, Sweaty, Swollen Feet.

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A DISPUTED QUESTION.

On one occasion a Scotch minister knocked at the door of a house where a husband and wife were quarrelling. When admitted he inquired, "Wha's the head of this house?"

The man quietly replied, "Sit yersel' doon, mon; sit yersel' doon. We're just trying to settle that noo."

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HAD GREAT ANCESTORS.

A little girl of aristocratic parentage, whose illustrious lineage was often the topic of family conversation, was rebuking her kitten one day for misdemeanour. "Tittums, my dear," said she, with great solemnity, "I see really s'prised at you—and your great-grandfather a prize Persian, too!"

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THURSDAY, JULY 12, 1906.

DEPLORABLE CONDITIONS.

The annual indictment of the population of Ontario by the compilers of the vanishing birth-rate of that province has been emphasized during the past week by Dr. Hodgetts, the medical official in charge of the work. The slaughter of children increases in an appalling way. It is not prevention alone; it is positive, deadly murder that is widespread in practice west of the Ottawa river. Read what Dr. Hodgetts says: "I cannot but express the opinion that if all the still-births were registered the figures would be greatly in excess of those given, and if it were possible to give in statistical form the number of criminal operations that have occurred in the same period of time, we would have figures which would be somewhat astounding to the general public. But what does this aggregation of figures mean? Is this loss to be ascribed to natural causes alone—have all these precious lives been lost to this one Province of the Dominion through physical defects of constitution or functional diseases on the part of parents, or through mere inanition of their offspring? I would that I could confidently say it were so, but knowing something of what I may call the social degeneracy of the present day, it is in my opinion time that this board directed public attention to the facts and suggested some means whereby the growing evils surrounding the marital relations were brought more prominently before the public, and our men and women taught their duties each to the other, and both to the State in respect to their offspring. "It is time we reverted to the old-time idea, that the destruction of the young life at no matter what stage in its development except for well-grounded reasons results disastrously to the mother, and is as criminal on the part of those who participate in it as it is demoralizing to our social life. If the Canadian race of women were rickety and destitute in character, as are many of the women found in the crowded and poor centres of Europe, there might be some excuse for this silent slaughter of the innocents, but, in my opinion, such extenuating circumstances cannot be generally advanced, hence it is with feelings of regret I direct the attention of this board to the facts just submitted—with the hope, however, that in directing public notice thereto something may be done to correct this evil with a malignance as subtle and yet as certain in its results and as fatal as any disease known to the physician or surgeon, and what is still worse, demoralizing to the State. "The evidence of this modern slaughter of the innocents becomes apparent from time to time. As the coral reef in the ocean indicates the silent work of the coral insect, so the finding of the dead body of a newly-born infant in some out of the

way place or the many instances of infanticide unearthed by the police are but the outcropping of this social evil. This is the so-called criminal side of the question—the least extensive. The perpetrator of each such offence is denounced by society, the press and the public, and hunted by the police. But what will we say of the respectable (?), the non-criminal cases which constitute an unnumbered roll and coupled together with the destruction of human embryonic life, which to-day is freely and indifferently indulged in by all classes of the community, an evil hydra-headed in character, greater than the drink question and more far-reaching in its effects than all other social evils put together; one claiming the attention of the pulpit, the press, the medical profession and the innumerable societies of men and women having for their object the bettering of mankind—who must without any false modesty meet the evil and deal with it without gloves."

It would be unnecessary to bring home the indictment more directly than the concluding portion of this report brings it to the so-called respectable element of Ontario life. The tragedies that lie hidden beyond the outer curtain of this life are not to be contemplated. The murder of a wife and the suicide of the husband resulted in one case last week as the direct fruit of the hidden crime. Ontario knows these things, but is too respectable to deal with the question without gloves as Dr. Hodgetts would wish.

CONSTITUTIONAL PRINCIPLES.

On June 25 Hon. Edward Blake made another impressive and practical appeal to the House of Commons for fair treatment of the Catholic schools of England. In the main point it was an appeal to the dignity of Parliament and to constitutional principles. He denied wholly and without any qualification that the House of Commons could fulfil its great functions and be equal to its great task if it threw over to the hands of local areas and local educational authorities the task which it deemed itself unequal to, of laying down a general principle for application. It will be borne in mind in Canada that this was the precise point involved in the consideration of the educational clauses of the autonomy bills before the Canadian Parliament, when the Conservative party, under the plea of respect for provincial rights, proposed to throw over upon the local authority a task which in former occasions had proved vexatious and troublesome at Ottawa. Mr. Blake averred that no greater humiliation could be put upon itself by Parliament than that it should abdicate its functions by determining principles, and then proceed to arrange the limitations, the exceptions and conditions of admission. The principle should be placed beyond the power of the local authority. That was the legislative work of Parliament.

How true this logic, and how determinedly and justly was it adhered to by our Canadian Government. In a word, when Parliament declares for religious freedom, it should settle the question once for all.

No wonder that the admiration of Englishmen is challenged by the stand of the Irish Parliamentary Party for this great principle in connection with the English Education Bill. The Bishop of Newport, Most Rev. Dr. Hedley, in a pastoral letter to his flock, thus refers to the present aspect of affairs:

"As I write the prospects of our Catholic schools are still very dark and uncertain. Of one thing there is no doubt, that the loud and unanimous protests of the Catholic body against the present Bill have produced a decided effect, both on the members of Parliament and on responsible Ministers. We must keep up and maintain our attitude of 'no compromise in essentials.' It is a pity that the great Liberal party, with whom so many of our Catholic people would like to agree, cannot be made to see that genuine religious conviction can never be neglected with impunity in any political settlement. We have to thank the gallant Irish Party in the House of Commons for their strong, careful, and statesmanlike support of the Catholic cause in this vital education struggle."

The principles of Liberalism as expounded by Hon. Edward Blake appear to be understood best to-day in the British House of Commons by the Irish Party.

APPEAL OF A STRUGGLING MISSION.

In another part of our paper is found an appeal from Rev. Father H. W. Gray of Norfolk, England, on behalf of a mission in which the Holy Sacrifice is offered in a garret, and in keeping with this, poverty reigns supreme in the surrounding atmosphere: While the appeal is to the general charitable public, the clients of St. Anthony of Padua seem the particular beacon to which Father Gray turns with eyes full of faith and hope. That some may be moved to answer the call will not surprise us, for though the ocean rolls between, yet are the children of the Church everywhere members of the same family, and the knowledge that one has helped in removing the dwelling place of the Lord from a garret into a temple even somewhat more worthy, would surely in itself be recompense sufficient for the charitable giver.

A SECOND AMERICAN CARDINAL

The report is now considered well-founded in Rome that the important question of a second American Cardinal is to be settled at the next Consistory, when the Archbishop of New York will be raised to the dignity of the Cardinalate. It has long been expected that a second Cardinal would be given to the United States, and the present reports from the Eternal City harmonize well with Catholic anticipation on this side of the Atlantic.

Canadian Catholics will feel interested in the prompt repudiation of a reckless tale which has been invented in Paris, and which tells that the Cardinal Secretary of State is to be put down from his seat, and that Cardinal Rampolla is to be placed in it, and all for the sake of the French Government. This dream was all too extravagant to be believed in at once, so there was a beating about the bush to render it more palatable to the multitude. There is no truth in the statement. The unfortunate thing about all these French wilful falsehoods is that they are the outcome of a system destined to prepare a state of mind in France hostile, or at least unfavorable, to the Pope in his dealings with that country.

OBITUARY.

MR. J. HOWARD.

Mr. James Howard, Sr., a well known and highly esteemed resident of the township of Grattan, died at his home on June 8th, 1906. Mr. Howard was formerly of St. Columban, Que., and was one of a large family of brothers and sisters who are now residing in different parts of the world. He left St. Columban when a young man and settled in Ontario, where happiness and prosperity was the reward of an industrious, honest and upright life. His wife died only a few years ago, leaving a large family of sons and daughters, who are mostly settled around the old homestead.

The funeral, which was one of the largest ever seen in that part, took place to St. James Church, Egansville, thence to St. James Cemetery.

REV. FATHER SIMONET.

The Rev. Father Simonet, O.M.I., superior of the mission of Pointe Bleue, Lake St. John, died on Sunday morning at the presbytery of St. Sauveur, Quebec. He was 76 years old.

They Have Come Back to Erin

Father Hudson, in the Ave Maria, quotes Lacordaire's words, "The oak and the monks are immortal," and the rev. editor adds that when the Benedictines were expelled from Ireland three hundred and fifty years ago, and their ten establishments left to ruin, it must have seemed like the death-knell of the Order in the Emerald Isle. But the sons of St. Benedict have "come back to Erin" after their long exile, and established near Enniscorthy a monastery and school which in course of time will undoubtedly lead to other foundations.—The Christian Family.

Shamrocks Must Look Sharp.

Lack of condition and cohesion must be held to account for Saturday's disastrous showing of the green shirts against their younger and more agile opponents wearing the uniform of the M.A.A.A. Hard, persistent practice during the entire week will be necessary, if the Shamrocks expect to stave off defeat from the Factory Town bunch on next Saturday.

Hoobin and Paddy Brennan are out of the game for good, while Phil O'Reilly will hardly don a uniform again this season. It was, in the estimation of the oldest followers of the game, a serious mistake to put Hoobin on the field on Saturday. He was not in condition, to begin with, and even if he had been, his place is on the home.

All the same the manner of his exit from the game was one of the most disgraceful pieces of dirty work seen on the lacrosse field. The player responsible for it, should be banished from the company of athletes for such work as he did on this occasion. The man of experience in lacrosse who deliberately lies down to let an opponent fall over him, coming at high speed, is a criminal, and as such should be shunned.

The match was rough throughout. Mr. Pittaway and Mr. Reynolds are both from Ottawa, and they were appointed by the President of the Union, who is also from Ottawa. Capitals are making a big try for the championship, and the referees certainly had no wish to help the Shamrocks. But even at that, they did not always display much friendship for Montreal, for fouls on both sides were passed over, though it seems to the Shamrock supporters that their team got the worst of it.

One regrettable and disgraceful incident among the crowd was the treatment accorded McIlwaine when he was put off the field. Finely dressed "ladies" vied with their escorts in hooting a player who had been removed for a foul that was purely technical and showed no evil disposition on the part of the player, but quite the contrary. The same crowd cheered McLauchlan when he made his murderous motion to put Hoobin out, and again they cheered Strachan, much to that player's disgust, he it said to his credit, when he was put off in the last quarter when he struck Little Hogan.

Strachan is a hard, rough player, but it is not his custom to maim a man, especially one smaller than himself, and the blow which so injured young Hogan was clearly an accident.

The Montreal Club executive regretted the hooting incident as deeply as could any of the Shamrocks, and they were not slow in manifesting their feelings on the matter. Harry Smith's work throughout the game was of the old order. He and Clarry McKerrow, of the Montreal team, did splendid work for their respective teams. Everybody sincerely regretted the occurrence by which Clarry was injured through a collision with Robinson. No injury was intended to him, as he readily admits, and McKerrow is such a gentleman on the field at all times that any person injuring him would make himself unpopular with his own team.

Hennessy was not up to the mark, and no wonder. He started well enough, but the punishment he received from Nolan at the fence before the eastern grand stand was such as to disable the strongest man. The only wonder is that Spike could go on at all.

Johnnie Currie worked hard, as usual, but he did not exercise the usual amount of judgment.

There is a lot of foolish talk among Montreal supporters of having Howard suspended. Howard certainly deserved every penalty imposed upon him last Saturday. Young Scott was plucky and got a lot of biffs that almost anyone must expect who takes the chances he did against a man of Howard's weight. Howard paid the penalty of his offences, which, while numerous, at no time displayed a brutal inclination.

The experience of last Saturday, as well as the general rough play throughout the two last seasons show the absolute necessity for field captains. Most of the old-timers, who favored the removal of the field captain when the new rule was adopted, are now just as outspoken in favor of restoring that much abused individual.

For next Saturday's match Shamrocks are training Roberts, Brennan

and Redmond, of the intermediates. They should work in well with the present members of the team, and the first vacancy on the home should go to young Roberts, who has played a star game since the opening of the season, and appears altogether fit for senior company.

Hot Weather Ailments.

At the first sign of illness during the hot weather, give the little ones Baby's Own Tablets or in a few hours the trouble may be beyond cure. Baby's Own Tablets is the best medicine in the world to prevent summer complaints if given occasionally to well children. The prudent mother will not wait till trouble comes—she will keep her children well through an occasional dose of this medicine. Mrs. Edward Clark, McGregor, Ont., says: "My little girl suffered from colic and bowel troubles but Baby's Own Tablets speedily cured her." And the mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that these Tablets contain no opiate or harmful drug. Sold by all medicine dealers, or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Keep the Tablets in the house.

MAYO NEWS.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)
 Mayo, July 8.—On Tuesday morning, the 28th ult., St. Malachy's Church here was the scene of a happy event, when Mr. Edgar Banning, son of Mr. David Banning, led to the altar Miss May Dunning, daughter of Mr. James Dunning, of this place. The heavens had frowned and the clouds shed tears for a couple of days previous, but that morning old Sol rose over the east bright and beautiful, scattering the mists and everywhere leaving bright tokens of the happy life in store for the young couple to be married that day. The ceremony took place at 7.30 in the morning, the bride and groom being assisted by Mr. Dan Dunning and Mr. Jas. Murphy of Thurso. The pastor, Rev. Father Barrette, officiated. Quite a crowd had collected at the church to witness the solemn making of this sacred contract. After the marriage ceremony the bridal party hastened to the home of the bride's father, where with a number of friends a sumptuous repast was enjoyed. The bride and groom were the recipients of many presents as marks of the esteem in which they were held in this vicinity. Mr. and Mrs. Banning left on the noon train for Ottawa. We wish them a long and happy life.



On the morning of the 28th, the sun shone bright and beautiful over the hills and vales of Mayo, which made our picnic grove a picturesque spot, and the flags flying gayly gave an appearance of mirth to the place. The tables were magnificently arranged, as those present can vouch for. The ladies deserve special credit for the way they worked. As in the past, the booths were well conducted. We are not yet aware of the total profits made, but are assured that it will prove satisfactory. To the people of Buckingham and Thurso and other strangers that may have been there, we offer our sincere thanks for their attendance. To our worthy pastor, Rev. Father Barrette, and the ladies and gentlemen, old and young, of Mayo, is due much praise for the way they conducted their picnic.



A very pretty wedding took place in St. Malachy's Church on Wednesday morning, when Miss Kate Murphy, daughter of Mr. Ed. Murphy, was united in marriage to Mr. Fred. Miller, of Mulgrave. Rev. Father Barrette performed the ceremony. It was witnessed by a number of friends. We wish the newly wedded pair much happiness.

Correspondence.

TOLERATION.

To the Editor of the True Witness: Sir,—The people of Montreal were highly complimented for not interfering with the Orange procession last Sunday, as the Rev. Mr. Doudiet said in his sermon. Orangemen, he said, were pelted only in bigoted and ignorant places. It is to be hoped that he will always respect the Catholics of Quebec, and Montreal in particular, for being so tolerant to his brethren and himself.

M. J.

Montreal, July 11, 1906.

The Kane Company
FUNERAL DIRECTORS
 Cor. Wellington and Centre Sts.

A new firm offering to the public every thing in their line of the best quality and most modern style.
 The hearse supplied are built upon the latest and most elegant models.
 Charges moderate. Special arrangements made in favor of C.O.F., C.M.B.A., A.O.H., and K.C. members.

Every School should use
Sadlier's Complete Speller

It presents most satisfactorily all requisite material and the most approved methods for the mastery of English orthography and pronunciation. It fully occupies the peculiar province of the spelling book, affording lessons and methods which are strictly educational and based upon the laws of mental association.

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GRAVEL ROOFING
 and all kinds of Galvanized Iron Work.

Damp Proof Flooring a Specialty.
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Ribbon Badges for Conventions, Societies, Pilgrimages, Picnics, Societies, Parades, Lapel Buttons, &c.

210 St. James St., Montreal.

A Struggling Infant Mission.

IN THE DIOCESE OF NORTHAMPTON, FAKENHAM, NORFOLK, ENGLAND.
 Where is Mass said and Benediction given at present? IN A GARRET, the use of which I get for a rent of ONE SHILLING per week.
 Average weekly Collection...3s 6d.
 No endowment whatever, except HOPE. Not a great kind of endowment, you will say, good reader, Ah, well! Who knows? Great things have, as a rule, very small beginnings. There was the stable of Bethlehem, and God's hand is not shortened. I HAVE hopes. I have GREAT hopes that this latest Mission, opened by the Bishop of Northampton, will, in due course, become a great Mission.

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

DON'T TURN A DEAF EAR TO MY URGENT APPEAL.
 "May God bless and prosper your endeavors in establishing a Mission at Fakenham."
 "ARTHUR,
 Bishop of Northampton."

Address—Father H. W. Gray, Hampton Road, Fakenham, Norfolk, England.
 P.S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation, and send with my acknowledgments a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart.
 This new Mission will be dedicated to St. Anthony of Padua.

Rec

"is
 Just notice
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 Sold b
 T. H. ESTAB

ITEMS OF IN

DR. DEVLIN APPO
 Dr. James L. Devlin, Dorp, Staten Island, son of Dr. Devlin, of this city, has pointed physician to the department in Richmond, ing his student days Dr. well known in Montreal.

REV. FATHER KAV
 LECTURE.

The Rev. Father Kava M.A., B.Sc., of Loyola late of Stonyhurst Observ land, will deliver two lectures on solar phenomena tholic Summer School, on July 30-31.

PROMINENT COLONIZ
 SIONARY.

The Rev. Father Par known colonization p that the recent discovery Lake Opatistca, north of ing, is simply a slight in the Canadian gold wealth from that region to the brador. He is convinced have in the Province of rich gold mines as the Transvaal, the only diff that they are almost in

CHURCH DIGNITARY
 BENCH.

The Solel reports quit incident said to have ta during the last term of t Court at Fraserville. V. Langis, of the diocese o having been summoned a in a certain case, was in presiding judge, Mr. Just to take a seat by his side bench, and it was there t ness gave his evidence. T giving the news adds, "T cedent in our judicial ann believe that it deserves public for the future his province."

CANON DAUTH ELECT
 DENT OF R.C. SCHO

At a short meeting o of School Commissione last, the Rev. Canon D elected president in the p Rev. Abbe Troie, resigne P. G. Martineau, K.C., a Piche, M.P., were name the statutes of the comm the Rev. Canon Dauth w co-operate with them.

New tenders were presented of the annex to O The lowest was for \$57,1 highest \$60,885. The t sent to the committee on The Board then adjourn second Tuesday in Septe

DR. O'BOYLE LEAVING

(From Ottawa City) Considerable surpris created at Ottawa Univ among the friends of that over the transfer of Rev. to British Columbia. T gentleman has received i from the Oblate Order to to the western jurisdiction leave within a week. The by the transfer, loses one talented professors. Fath in addition to being sece ing been head of science o The fact that there has n plitude of Irish profess university makes the loss keenly felt among the peo tionality. It recalls t

Red Rose Tea

"is good tea"

Just notice the color—a rich amber, which is always a token of quality.

Sold by the best grocers in Canada

T. H. ESTABROOKS, ST. JOHN, N. B. WINNIPEG. TORONTO, & WELLINGTON ST., E.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

DR. DEVLIN APPOINTED.

Dr. James L. Devlin, of New Dorp, Staten Island, son of Mr. Jas. Devlin, of this city, has been appointed physician to the Charities department in Richmond county. During his student days Dr. Devlin was well known in Montreal.

REV. FATHER KAVANAGH TO LECTURE.

The Rev. Father Kavanagh, S.J., M.A., B.Sc., of Loyola College, and late of Stonyhurst Observatory, England, will deliver two illustrated lectures on solar phenomena at the Catholic Summer School, Cliff Haven, on July 30-31.

PROMINENT COLONIZATION MISSIONARY.

The Rev. Father Paradis, a well known colonization priest, states that the recent discovery of gold at Lake Opasitica, north of Temiscaming, is simply a slight indication of the Canadian gold wealth extending from that region to the coast of Labrador. He is convinced that we have in the Province of Quebec as rich gold mines as those of the Transvaal, the only difference being that they are almost inaccessible.

CHURCH DIGNITARY ON THE BENCH.

The Soleil reports quite a novel incident said to have taken place during the last term of the Superior Court at Fraserville. Vicar General Langis, of the diocese of Rimouski, having been summoned as a witness in a certain case, was invited by the presiding judge, Mr. Justice Climon, to take a seat by his side on the bench, and it was there that the witness gave his evidence. The despatch giving the news adds, "This is a precedent in our judicial annals, and we believe that it deserves to be made public for the future history of this province."

CANON DAUTH ELECTED PRESIDENT OF R. C. SCHOOLBOARD.

At a short meeting of the Board of School Commissioners Monday last, the Rev. Canon Dauth was elected president in the place of the Rev. Abbe Troie, resigned. Messrs. P. G. Martineau, K.C., and Camille Piche, M.P., were named to revise the statutes of the commission, and the Rev. Canon Dauth was asked to co-operate with them.

Now tenders were presented for the erection of the annex to Oiler School. The lowest was for \$57,108, and the highest \$60,885. The tenders were sent to the committee on finances.

DR. O'BOYLE LEAVING OTTAWA.

Considerable surprise has been created at Ottawa University and among the friends of that institution over the transfer of Rev. Dr. O'Boyle to British Columbia. The reverend gentleman has received instructions from the Oblate Order to go at once to the western jurisdiction and will leave within a week. The university, by the transfer, loses one of its most talented professors, Father O'Boyle, in addition to being secretary, having been head of science department. The fact that there has never been a plenitude of Irish professors at the university makes the loss the more keenly felt among the people of that nationality. It recalls the some-

what sudden removal a few years ago of Rev. Father Fallon.

The announcement is also made in the University Calendar just issued, that hereafter there is to be a dual course at the University in English and French, that is, a student may take a course leading to a degree, in either language, heretofore English has prevailed. All of which is taken to mean that with the bi-lingual idea introduced French will eventually become the predominating course. The original idea was that Ottawa University should be an English speaking institution, but the predominance of French professors and instructors, as well as students together with the new announcement as to a dual course, all tend to the belief, at least in the minds of many, that the national status of affairs at the college is fast changing.

All who have known him will greatly regret Rev. Father O'Boyle's removal. He is an eloquent preacher, as well as a talented teacher, and was one of the active members of the Canadian Club. He will go to the Oblate Order's house at New Westminster.

ST. COLUMBAN.

From July 1 to 7 the exercises of the renewal of the mission were held in the parish church at St. Columban, at the close of which 155 par-took of Holy Communion. Eighteen first communicants also received their second communion.

The church is undergoing repairs in the way of repainting, and the belfry has been raised. The cemetery cross has been removed from beyond the graves to the centre of the cemetery. Willing hands got to work and removed the brushwood in the course of which thousands of rosebushes had to be destroyed. A cedar hedge will now enclose the cemetery, adding greatly to its appearance.

At the opening of the mission Father Elliott celebrated Mass and among the number of visitors to the village that day were noticed Mr. T. Collins and Mr. Felix Casey, the well known contractors of this city; Mr. E. Elliott and Mr. Purcell, Father Holland, who conducted the exercises of the renewal, was most gratified to find that those who had taken the pledge at the mission held some months previous had kept it, with but one or two exceptions.

Last Friday evening a very imposing ceremony took place. A procession was formed. Five men of the congregation were chosen to carry the cross, candles, censer and holy water. The parish priest, Rtv. Fr. Decarries, in black cope, next came, followed by the entire parish, some 200 in number, and all wended their way to the cemetery, saying the beads, the bell tolling meanwhile. Sermons in French and English were preached by Father Holland on devotions for the dead and the salutary lessons taught by the cross, after which the Libera was sung by Father Decarries, who then blessed the graves. Returning to church, the closing service of the mission took place, Father Holland again preaching in both languages. He then imparted the missionary's benediction, the Papal, and finally the benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The parish priest is a most zealous worker, entirely devoted to the people, never sparing himself where their welfare is concerned.

Cucumbers and melons are "forbidden fruit" to many persons so constituted that the least indulgence is followed by attacks of cholera, dysentery, griping, etc. These persons are not aware that they can indulge to their heart's content if they have on hand a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, a medicine that will give immediate relief, and is a sure cure for all summer complaints.

ADDRESS TO BE PRESENTED TO CAPT. CAREY, OF "EMPRESS OF IRELAND."

A superb outfit of silken flags has already been presented to the "Empress of Ireland" by the Irishmen of Montreal, and now there has been prepared a handsomely illuminated address for presentation to Captain Carey. The address reads as follows:

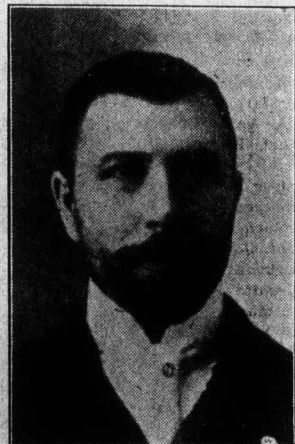
"Captain Frank Carey, 'Empress of Ireland':
"Sir,—We, the Irishmen of the City of Montreal, desiring to place on record our appreciation of the honor paid to our nationality by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, in naming the latest addition to its fleet of Atlantic steamers the 'Empress of Ireland,' avail ourselves of the opportunity of that ship's first visit to a Canadian port to present herewith a full complement of flags for the ship's use. We congratulate the C.P.R. on the success it has attained in providing, in addition to its extensive railway system and its steamships plying to and from the Orient, increased facilities for rapid communication between Canada and the Mother Country. The season of 1906 will be memorable in the history of the company, for with it will be associated the introduction of a class of steamships of which the magnificent 'Empress of Ireland' is a prototype. We pray that Providence will safely guide her through the perils inseparable from navigation, and vouchsafe to her a long and prosperous career.
"Signed on behalf of the subscribers,
"M. A. PHELAN,
"Secretary."

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant to take; sure and effective in destroying worms. Many have tried it with the best results.

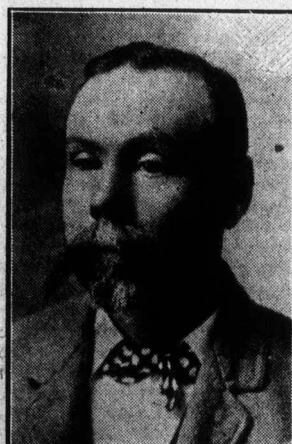
School Trustees of St Michael's Parish.



REV. JOHN P. KIERNAN.



MR. H. MCMORRO.



MR. JOHN DILLON.

To comply with the requirements of the special bill passed in their favor at the last session of the Legislature, the School Corporation of St. Michael's parish proceeded on Monday with the election of three trustees. Those chosen were the

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CONCERT.

Last night's concert at the Catholic Sailors' Club was an ideal one. About 8:30 Mr. John Ryan, Chief Ranger of the St. Mary's Court, No. 144, C.O.F., took the chair, and in a few well-chosen words welcomed the large audience who had come as patrons of the good work. The programme consisted of both vocal and instrumental selections. Notice is due in a particular manner to Mrs. Pajette, Miss Rielly, Miss Bennett, Miss Chambers, the O'Hara family, of five people, and in a most particular manner to the little one of their number, Katie, a child of about five years, who sang two songs alone. Also to Messrs. Donoghue, Willivats, Moussette, Lewis and O'Hara for the manner in which they carried out their various

ST. JOSEPH'S HOME.

This is a good specimen of the correspondence that Father Holland delights in; he says he would never tire of answering such letters.

Quebec, June 30th, 1906.
Rev. Father Holland:
I send you an express order for \$20.00 to procure four beds for your boys. The names I would wish for those would be Jesus, Mary, Joseph and St. Alphonsus. Hoping that they will shower their choicest blessings on you in this world and hereafter in Heaven is the wish of your friend,
JAMES DUGGAN,
59 Sous-le-Cap St.

There are enough beds in the Home and plenty of room for more boys so that if any of our readers know of a boy who has no home, he will do Father Holland a favor by letting him know by letter to 394 Wellington street or telephone Main 3870.

No changes have been made during the week except that the chapel has been put into nice order and the Home made less poor by the following donations, hereby thankfully acknowledged: Mrs. McCarthy, Henryville, P.Q., Mr. M. J. Walsh, M.P.P., and Mr. John Gallery, five dollars each; Miss Phelan, St. Columban; Mrs. McCarthy, Cripple Creek, Col.; Mr. Gribbin and Mrs. Cannon, city, one dollar each; Mr. P. A. Milloy, the well known ginger ale manufacturer, sent a sack of sugar, while by the death of Mrs. John Cox, another bed has been added to the dormitory. May her bed be in heaven! The boys are on vacation, school having closed for the holidays. There are only two working boys in the home. If there were more things would look brighter and busier. A bookcase is needed to accommodate the reading matter; perhaps some one of our readers would have an old one that would do first rate.

CHAMPIONSHIP LACROSSE

Cornwall vs. Shamrocks

(Champions)

S.A.A.A. Grounds, Saturday, July 14 th.

PLAY BAIN OR SWINE.
General Admission 25c and 35c

HALL FACED AT 3 P.M.
Reserved Seats 75c. Grand Stand 50c.

Seats on sale at Brennan Bros., St. Catherine St.; John T. Lyons, Bleury St.; T. Davis, cor. St. Catherine and Bleury Sts., and George Thomson, 123 St. Francois Xavier St.
M. J. BRENNAN, Hon. Sec. S.L.C.

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A High Class Incubator

Freight Prepaid

Sold for Cash. Sold on Easy Terms.

Buy a Hamilton Incubator now and we will give it to you on the same terms exactly as if you waited until next winter or spring to buy it. This would be a big advantage to you as you can take off one or two hatches now while eggs are cheap and get thoroughly acquainted with your machine and will not make a mistake in running it in the winter when eggs are at a high price. Two good hatches early in the season will pay for your machine and leave you a good profit besides. You can take off six or eight hatches in a season with one of our Incubators. Buy a Hamilton Incubator and hatch 100 or 200 chicks now and have them ready for the Fall Market, or for laying purposes next winter. All Hamilton Incubators are strictly High Class machines and have been giving excellent results, the demand for them this season being over three times greater than that of last season.

The Hamilton Incubator will not cost you one cent more if you buy it now, nor will you not have to pay for it one day sooner than you would if you waited until next winter to buy it.

There is more money in poultry, if gone into right, than there is in any other line at the present time, considering the high prices of poultry, the amount of capital invested, and the small amount of work required.

Write us now for our free catalogue on Incubators and brooder.

ADDRESS THE HAMILTON INCUBATOR CO., LTD., HAMILTON, ONT.

IF YOU WANT

Roofing, Asphalting, or Sheet Metal Work, Metal Skylights or Fireproof Windows, Cornices, Piping, Corrugated Iron, Etc., and want the best, call on

GEO. W. REED & CO., MONTREAL.

REV. E. J. MCCARTHY TO SUCCEED LATE ARCHBISHOP O'BRIEN OF HALIFAX.

The Pope has appointed the Rev. E. J. McCarthy, rector of St. Mary's Cathedral, Halifax, N.S., Archbishop of Halifax, in succession to the late Archbishop O'Brien. Father McCarthy is a native of Halifax, born in the north end of that city about fifty-six years ago. He is a zealous priest of thirty years' standing, an excellent speaker, a prudent administrator, and a man of most charming personality. He attended school in Halifax, going to St. Mary's College, and thereafter taking a course at Laval. He was ordained priest by the late Archbishop Connolly in 1876, only a few days before the death of that prelate.

GOING TO ROME.

Bishop Archambault, of Joliette, will leave for Rome on July 27, to make his first official visit to the Pope since his consecration.

The Catholic Newspaper.

A Catholic newspaper in a parish is a perpetual mission.

Let all who, truly from their souls, desire that Religion and Society, defended by human intellect and literature, should flourish, strive by their liberality to guard and protect those productions of the Catholic Press, and let everyone in proportion to his income support them with his money and influence.

LEO XIII.

President Suspenders. Style, comfort, service. 50c everywhere.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE FOR JULY.

"Summer Days in Rouen," by Anna Seaton Schmidt, is the leading feature of the contents of Donahoe's Magazine, for July. The writer succeeds admirably as a guide to the chief points of interest in the quaint city, made memorable by the tragic death of Joan of Arc.

T. J. Dillon, who saw much of the late Michael Davitt, during his visits to America, contributes personal recollections of the Irish leader, narrating many stories suggestive of his patriotism and kindness of heart.

The Rev. Hugh F. Blunt describes "The Jesuates," a salvation army of the past; and the Rev. John Talbot Smith, has a thoughtful review of conditions on the stage and among actors "After the Play."

"Catholic Royalties" is the title of an appreciative sketch of Prince Albert and the Princess Elizabeth of Belgium. "The Way We Celebrate," by Mary B. O'Sullivan, depicts young America honoring the Fourth accord-

COWAN'S COCOA

GIVES AN ASSURED TREAT ALWAYS

ing to time-honored methods.

The second instalment of "The Desert and the Sown" must quicken interest in Miss Minogue's latest serial. There are also some excellent short stories, including "The Fire of Frozen Ashes," by Honor Walsh; "His Little Sister's Market Day," "His First and Last Voyage," by Carl Bertha; "The Lady Student," by Nora F. Degidon, and "The Legend of the Sierra Encantada," by Athene Douglas.

Poems by Henry Coyne, the Rev. James T. Brown, L. M. Montgomery, Helen F. Hughes, and the Rev. John F. McShane,—with much varied information in the department—completes the midsummer number.

IS GOD TO BLAME.

There are some people who are ready to throw the whole blame of the earthquake upon Almighty God and think that He does not concern the people of San Francisco...

At the same time, we have also to bear in mind that man is endowed with the sovereign faculty of free will. He is made in God's image and likeness...

We may apply these same principles to the people living along the Pacific Coast. Everybody knows that this is an earthquake country...

And this is the way to face the future. If California has this disadvantage, if we consider all the other advantages that she has...

A French Bishop and the Association for Worship.

Mgr. Gieure, the new Bishop of Bayonne, has issued a pastoral letter to his clergy and people in which after defining the fundamental distinctions between the spiritual and secular powers...

Piles Make Life Wretched But There is Quick Relief from Itching and Thorough Cure in Dr. Chase's Ointment.

It may be truthfully stated that piles produce more excruciating pain, misery and wretchedness of feeling than any known disease. Life becomes a perfect burden during the attacks of itching, burning, stinging pains...

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS FOR WEAK PEOPLE. These pills cure all diseases and disorders arising from weak heart, worn out nerves or watery blood...

Opening of the Catholic Summer School. On Monday evening, July 2, the fifteenth session of the Catholic School of America was formally declared opened.

Various improvements tending toward the increase of the comfort of the guests and toward the beautification of the grounds, have been completed. Chief among these is the extension to the dining hall.

Wanted, Active Lady Canvassers. For the TRUE WITNESS. Salary Guaranteed, payable \$10 weekly, with prospect of increase to suitable parties.

Wm. P. Stanton & Co. JOINERS, CABINET MAKERS and UPHOLSTERERS. CHURCH and SCHOOL FURNITURE of all KINDS.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS. ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the Northwest Provinces, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person...

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED. We solicit the business of Manufacturers, Engineers and others who realize the advisability of having their Patent business transacted by Experts.

ONLY HALF-WELL.

It is the easiest thing in the world to fall into a fashion of semi-invalidism, and to declare oneself not up to the mark, when one has slept badly, or over-eaten, or worked too hard.

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THURSDAY, JULY 12, 1906. CHAPTER XXX. "A pecky place," squire. "No amount seems able to keep going caught here every. They came to anchor well-known boulder, an house ashore, ran eagerly and knocked sm heard the sound of voi room within, but onl met her at the door. I Walton in his hand and on his face, but she o hands so radiantly th not but smile at her d take them gingerly. "You are welcome ba gravely. "You've com harbor, and I hope yo it. "You may be certain she answered in a low squire was abusing from the boat. "Hello!" he was sho a man come to see yo you might do is to hel port. "How if he isn't w the hermit shortly. "Don't get off any bo replied Pendleton, "kee who understand it! I l over, and it's no wish intrude on you except of business. You owe lars, I think." Scott laughed dryly a way into the house—the house, unchanged eve patches on the bed-qui tears began suddenly to stood looking at the onl spot about her which h of immortality. There i one iota different from which Florian and Scot had discussed measures squire's safety nearly a years past. "I always thought it heaven," she said, smil her tears, "but now I i it. "It makes little differe people what gate it is. "They wouldn't take ad it, anyhow." "The nearer you get t get on," said Ruth, "a is the worst part of the His eyes flashed an ingrise and admiration. "You've learned somet you were here last," he say. "Learned something?" squire, laboring to keep the conversation. "Why you think a woman go as she gets older? Me why not she?" "I didn't say that men n't. Flory used to say man was the only crea learned nothing from exp. "Right he was, too. V said a thing he hit the head every time." "You saw him lately, said the hermit to Ruth. "Yes, and he was very happy in the possession lady whom he is soon t wife. "Ah!" said Scott indit. "But his mother is s went on, "and the fam seem to think of sending She is always speaking o wonder they are so carel. "These great statest Scott, "are not always give up their time to s He must have consid'abl his hands besides." "There is nothing to e much attention to a dyin Ruth answered sharply, " no doubt the fault is on of the family. They cou notify him." Scott did not answe seemed to feel they had n discuss the matter. "You have not asked said Ruth, "about my since I left. They have new, I assure you." "I know them all," Se briefly. "And you take no cred self for that fulfillment of phesies?" "They might never hav filled, an' they weren't p guessed what might happ did—that's all." Ruth was disappointed ordinary brusqueness a have taken a more gl

SOLITARY ISLAND

A NOVEL BY REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH

CHAPTER XXX.—Continued.

"A pesky place," grumbled the squire. "No amount of warning seems able to keep some from getting caught here every season." They came to anchor opposite the well-known boulder, and Ruth, leaping ashore, ran eagerly up to the house and knocked smartly. She heard the sound of voices in the room within, but only the hermit met her at the door. He had Isaac Walton in his hand and a cold look on his face, but she offered both hands so radiantly that he could not but smile at her delight and take them gingerly. "You are welcome back," said he gravely. "You've come to a safe harbor, and I hope you'll stay in it." "You may be certain that I will," she answered in a low voice, for the squire was abusing Scott loudly from the boat. "Hello!" he was shouting. "When a man comes to see you the least you might do is to help him into port. "How if he isn't wanted," said the hermit shortly. "Don't get off any bosh, now," replied Pendleton, "keep it for those who understand it. I brought Ruth over, and it's no wish of mine to intrude on you except in a matter of business. You owe me five dollars, I think." Scott laughed dryly and led the way into the house—the same old house, unchanged even to the patches on the bed-quilt. Ruth's tears began suddenly to flow as she stood looking at the only perishable spot about her which had a seeming of immortality. There it stood, not one iota different from the room in which Florian and Scott and she had discussed measures for the squire's safety nearly a decade of years past. "I always thought it the gate of heaven," she said, smiling through her tears, "but now I am sure of it." "It makes little difference to some people what gate it is," he replied. "They wouldn't take advantage of it, anyhow." "The nearer you get the harder to get on," said Ruth, "and the gate is the worst part of the road." His eyes flashed an instant's surprise and admiration. "You've learned something since you were here last," he deigned to say. "Learned something?" retorted the squire, laboring to keep his oar in the conversation. "Why, man, do you think a woman goes backward as she gets older? Men advance, why not she?" "I didn't say that men advance," replied Scott, "or that women didn't. Flory used to say that woman was the only creature which learned nothing from experience." "Right he was, too. When Flory said a thing he hit the nail on the head every time." "You saw him lately, perhaps?" said the hermit to Ruth. "Yes, and he was very proud and happy in the possession of a young lady whom he is soon to call his wife." "Ah!" said Scott indifferently. "But his mother is so ill," Ruth went on, "and the family do not seem to think of sending for him. She is always speaking of him. I wonder they are so careless." "These great statesmen," said Scott, "are not always willing to give up their time to sick people. He must have considerable work on his hands besides." "There is nothing to excuse that much attention to a dying parent," Ruth answered sharply, "and I have no doubt the fault is on the side of the family. They could at least notify him." Scott did not answer, for he seemed to feel they had no right to discuss the matter. "You have not asked me yet," said Ruth, "about my experiences since I left. They have been very new, I assure you." "I know them all," Scott replied briefly. "And you take no credit to yourself for that fulfillment of your prophecies?" "They might never have been fulfilled, an' they weren't prophecies. I guessed what might happen, an' it did—that's all." Ruth was disappointed. Scott's ordinary brusqueness seemed to have taken a more gloomy shade,

and the sarcastic, rough philosophy of his speech to have given away to a matter-of-fact plainness. They talked on in an aimless way for a half-hour longer, and then took their leave dissatisfied, without having discovered any trace of the stranger who was supposed to be living with the hermit. Ruth pressed his hand at parting, with the tears in her eyes. "You are as human as the rest of us," she said. "You have changed, and not for the better." He did not reply, and Ruth, as they sailed away, watched him sadly. "Change, change, and nothing but change," she murmured. "I am getting old indeed. None but the old feel change. These differences in people hurt me." Until the new life began to fit her shoulders she was weighed down with despondency. For a time it seemed hardly worth the trouble to live and fight the daily heartache and try to fill up the sense of loss which existed in her soul. Nursing feeble Mrs. Winifred helped her to overcome these feelings. But as the lady grew weaker and there was the same hesitation in sending for Florian, she began to feel indignant. Every day the mother called incessantly for her son. She did not ask to see him, but an increasing anxiety as to his personal safety was evident in her manner. Although it was thought she was delirious at times, Ruth perceived a hidden meaning in the apparently wild utterances. She spoke to Père Rougevin one day rather sharply. "Is there a conspiracy among you, père, to keep Florian in ignorance of his mother's illness?" "Florian," replied the père, not at all disconcerted, "has never troubled himself about his relatives since he left, and I do not think he would thank us for troubling him now." "I am sure it is quite otherwise with him," said she; "and if you do not care to inform him yourselves I shall certainly take it upon myself to do so." The priest did not reply, but his manner showed that he resented her interference. He went away with a pettish air which no one can adopt towards a woman better than a bachelor, and Ruth was about to send word to Florian when Mrs. Winifred called her and gave her the key of a cupboard in the room. "Open that," she said, "and then follow my directions." The cupboard contained on its dusty shelves a few old books and papers. At the back was a secret compartment neatly inserted and concealed in the plastering; and from this mysterious hiding-place Ruth drew out a metal box small enough to be carried in the pocket. "Now get pen and paper," said Mrs. Winifred, with a new decision in her voice, "and write as I bid. Seemingly this can't last forever, and I'll not have Florian's blood on my hands." Ruth sat down in awed silence and began to write the following extraordinary confession. Several times she laid aside the pen in amazement, thinking Mrs. Winifred's senses had taken leave of her; but the lady smiled reassuringly and bade her continue: "Florian Wallace and his sister Linda are not my children. Thirty years ago a stranger came with them to me and begged me to take care of them. Their mother was dead, and he offered me a large sum if I would adopt them as my own and keep from them forever the secret of their parentage. I have done so up to this moment. Now Florian stands in danger from secret enemies, and I make this confession for his benefit, that he may know how to meet them. "His father resembled him closely, but that his hair was yellow and his eyes blue. He told me his story. He was from Russia; compelled to fly because of his religion. He wished that his children should never return to Russia, and urged me to rear them as my own. He had papers in his possession which he intended to destroy; but I stole them from him and kept them to this day. What their value is I do not know. He left his children with me and went away. Some time ago a stranger, said to be a Russian, came to this town. I believe he was looking for the children. I know he will do harm to Florian, and I warn him. My husband can witness to the truth of this confession." WINIFRED WALLACE.



Heartbreaking Expression. 5 NEUDORF, N. W. T. CAN. My daughter enjoyed very good health until about two years ago, when she showed symptoms of despondency. After some time she expressed a heart-breaking pain and then had severe convulsions. Many so-called remedies were tried during one year, but of no avail. After she had taken the first spoonful of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic the attacks disappeared, and she has had no more since. Testified to by Rev. L. Streich, JOS. OTT, DELHI, ONT. My wife has taken six bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic. She has had no return of the fits, and I think this remedy has had the desired effect. I cheerfully recommend it to anyone suffering from that dreadful malady "Epilepsy," and may God aid you in your good work. JOHN GRANT, Koenig Med. Co., Chicago, Ill. Sold by Druggists at \$1.00 per bottle, 6 for \$5.00. Agents in Canada:—THE LYMAN BROS. & CO., LTD., TORONTO; THE WINGATE CHEMICAL CO., LTD., MONTREAL.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a Sample Bottle to any address. Poor patients also get the medicine free. Prepared by the Rev. FATHER KOENIG, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and now by the KOENIG MED. CO., CHICAGO, ILL. "You will give that to Florian," said she feebly, "and also the box. It was a great trouble to me, but now I feel better. You will have to be secret. There are some who think I have the papers, and would like to destroy them. Be careful, my dear—be careful." Exhausted by the effort she had made, Mrs. Winifred fell asleep, and Ruth was left to think over and realize this strange story. The metal box was easily opened. It was full of papers, legal documents most of them, composed in French, and all tending to show that certain persons were nobles and princes of high rank in Russia. And so Linda, poor dead Linda, was perhaps a Russian princess, born to luxury and love, to move through storied halls in proud attire, to live among the great and mighty; and fate had given her instead a home and a grave in an obscure American town. She could not picture to herself that dainty girl in any other form than the sweet, familiar one, nor fancy her a haughty lady of royal blood. And Florian was a prince! It was easy, indeed, to dream of him in such a position, who had ever been a prince among men; but she sighed as she recalled his present temper, and thought how little such an elevation would benefit him. His grasping ambition would now be increased and the field of wicked opportunities widened. While she sat and thought the sick woman opened her eyes again. "Ruth, dear," she whispered, "you must carry the letter to New York yourself. I could not trust it in any one's hands." "No," replied Ruth; "but Florian shall come after it." A look of joy passed over Mrs. Winifred's pale face. "I would also like to see him again," she said. And Ruth posted with her own hands a letter to Florian, urging him in strong, mysterious language to lose no time in reaching Clayburg. That night Mrs. Winifred died suddenly and alone. They found the poor woman, her beads clasped in her hands, quite cold. She would never look again on the boy to whom she had been so faithful and kind a mother.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The chief mourner at the funeral was Mrs. Buck, to whom had been made known the curious fact that she was the only child of her parents. It would be hard to say which feeling was strongest in her bosom for a few days, disappointment at her own commonplace lineage, or delight in her relationship to a prince. She wept copiously over both. Florian seized upon his papers and made vigorous attempts upon Billy and the priest to discover if his father were still living. They knew nothing or would reveal nothing, and he was compelled to give up the effort for a time; and learn what Billy could tell him in detached sentences of the first appearance of his father. It was meagre information. However, with legal accuracy he jotted down dates and facts, and carried them home with him. When he returned to New York he continued to keep his own counsel regarding late events and to study up a line of action. His was an eminently practical mind. He thought less of his title and his ancestry than of the gold they represented. The idea of donning his princely name settling down in Russia entered his mind only to be ridiculed. He would not do such a thing even if it were at all feasible; with assassination threatening it would be the highest folly. His chief difficulty was the mess of pottage. If he could get a half-million! It was a large sum—half of it was a large sum—but on serious circumstances threatened to diminish and perhaps destroy it. His

father was, perhaps, still living, and no plans that he could think of safely bridged that difficulty. The prince would not risk his money on a chance, nor would he himself care to act so freely with what was only presumptively his own. His mood was preoccupied while he pondered these things, and Frances noticed it. "There is something on your mind," said she. "You are looking so troubled. You do not tell me what it is, when I should know." "Indeed!" rather sarcastically. "And then we would have two troubled faces instead of one." "Misery loves company, particularly of a cheerful kind, and I can make light of your heart-aches, and soothe them to sleep at least." "It would take a heavier draught than you can give," he said, smiling, "to set my care sleeping. But it is not of much consequence, and you shall know it, perhaps, when we can both laugh at it. I can't do any laughing now." "You have never laughed much in your lifetime, Florian," said she. "But I mean to change that disposition. You must tell me more about yourself, though. Do you know, you seem almost as grand and distant now as you did before. Whose fault is it?" "Mine, I fear; but I promise amendment." "No, let me break you off it in my own way. First I shall use your own testimony to show you how ridiculous it is that you do not laugh more and think less. Why are you deficient in humor?" "There is in this world so little to waken a sense of fun." "That depends on the view you take of the world. Is it not funny to fancy a huge ball swinging wildly through space, with millions of tiny beings clinging to it for dear life, yet eating, drinking, marrying, killing, as if there were no danger of falling off?" "To me it is a melancholy exhibition of man's weakness. He can never rise above himself or above this little world." "Do you not think it funny to see those tiny beings, whose destinies are immortal, acting as if they were mortals, just as if a man worth millions should starve himself, or vice versa?" "How can I think laughable what leads to so much misery?" "Laugh at the incongruity, as we laugh at a man whose feet turn in." "Now let me question in turn—" "Pardon me, but I have not yet done with you, Florian. Is it not funny to see a man, with ambitious which never can be realized, acting as if he could obtain them, and quite aware that he can do so only by surrendering his very soul?" "Ah!" thought Florian, "the cunning witch is beginning the process of conversion already." "Well, madam," said he, "if you are showing me the comic side of life you choose very mournful instances. I could never laugh at them. They are the very things that give me pain." "Do they pain you?" she said, while her eyes threatened a shower. "That is something." But Florian jumped up before she could say another word, and pleaded an engagement which called him away immediately. After many days of weary thinking he had come to no conclusion in regard to the manner of procedure with the count. That gentleman had of late been sinking deeper and deeper into the mire of dissipation, and in spite of the care which he took of his health, found it hard to eat and drink and be merry always. Florian did not care to tell him at once of his late discovery. If his father were alive it became necessary to produce him. If he were dead his death must be well proven before the Prince of Cracow would part with his gold to the prince's son. And Florian so needed the money that he could not think of the dread possibility of waiting for it another year. The convention of the next summer was to nominate a candidate for governor, and he was determined to try for the nomination, but he needed gold to soften the bigotry of his own part and to gild his Catholicity out of sight. Here was his only chance to obtain it. Ambition's fever was eating him up, and his moral perceptions, long blunted, seemed losing their edge entirely. He allowed the autumn and winter to slip away without doing more than to set a very commonplace detective on his father's track. Nothing, of course, was discovered concerning him. His only confidant in business matters was Mrs. Merion, whom he had not yet made aware of his change of fortune. He called on her one afternoon when twilight was drawing near and visitors and admirers were sure to be put aside. She had a new doubt of conscience for him to solve. Her conscience always troubled her now that she was a Catholic. "Father Barrett told me

to-day"—she affected foreign clergy-men—"I had been speaking to him of some dear gentleman friends of mine—" "The count, for instance," Florian interrupted with bitterness. "The poor count!" she said. "He is such a harmless creature, and will die soon. Well, I had been speaking of them, and he told me I was altogether too gracious with them. And these men are so little to be trusted." "How coolly he traduced his own," said he. "Well," she replied, "I really think they are sometimes a little—just a little—unscrupulous." "Singly, perhaps, but not in such quantities as you have them. You counteract bad effects by variety. My pathetic advices can be enlivened by a sprinkle of the count's wit and rendered very harmless by an infusion of Merion's dulness. And as many other compounds as you please can be made with the help of your numerous admirers." "You have a testy disposition tonight! Presently I shall have you in a rage. You are spoiling our conference, and I have not told you all Father Barrett—" "God help him," groaned Florian, "if he has to listen to the tales of women! I know a tithe of what his sufferings must be." "But let me tell you—" "No, no," he cried impatiently, "not a word. But let me tell you what I came to say. Look at me as I walk up and down this room, as I have walked many a time. Would you take me for a Russian prince of royal blood?" "I would take you for czar," she said with enthusiasm. "Well," said he standing before her smilingly, "if you ask the count he will tell you that he does not believe I am plain Florian Wallace. He will swear almost that I am prince Florian of Cracow, the heir to a noble title and estate, whom he has been commissioned to find in this country. For want of proof he has not been able to do it. But I have the proofs now. My supposed mother gave them to me of her deathbed, and I am at this moment truly the Prince Florian. Is it not a romance versa?" "How can I think laughable what leads to so much misery?" "Laugh at the incongruity, as we laugh at a man whose feet turn in." "Now let me question in turn—" "Pardon me, but I have not yet done with you, Florian. Is it not funny to see a man, with ambitious which never can be realized, acting as if he could obtain them, and quite aware that he can do so only by surrendering his very soul?" "Ah!" thought Florian, "the cunning witch is beginning the process of conversion already." "Well, madam," said he, "if you are showing me the comic side of life you choose very mournful instances. I could never laugh at them. They are the very things that give me pain." "Do they pain you?" she said, while her eyes threatened a shower. "That is something." But Florian jumped up before she could say another word, and pleaded an engagement which called him away immediately. After many days of weary thinking he had come to no conclusion in regard to the manner of procedure with the count. That gentleman had of late been sinking deeper and deeper into the mire of dissipation, and in spite of the care which he took of his health, found it hard to eat and drink and be merry always. Florian did not care to tell him at once of his late discovery. If his father were alive it became necessary to produce him. If he were dead his death must be well proven before the Prince of Cracow would part with his gold to the prince's son. And Florian so needed the money that he could not think of the dread possibility of waiting for it another year. The convention of the next summer was to nominate a candidate for governor, and he was determined to try for the nomination, but he needed gold to soften the bigotry of his own part and to gild his Catholicity out of sight. Here was his only chance to obtain it. Ambition's fever was eating him up, and his moral perceptions, long blunted, seemed losing their edge entirely. He allowed the autumn and winter to slip away without doing more than to set a very commonplace detective on his father's track. Nothing, of course, was discovered concerning him. His only confidant in business matters was Mrs. Merion, whom he had not yet made aware of his change of fortune. He called on her one afternoon when twilight was drawing near and visitors and admirers were sure to be put aside. She had a new doubt of conscience for him to solve. Her conscience always troubled her now that she was a Catholic. "Father Barrett told me

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to himself. "If there had been," she continued maliciously and bitterly, "somebody would be left out in the cold." A burning flush spread over his face. "You see how I estimate you," she said archly, "and you cannot get offended at the truth." "I have not the title yet. I came to you to help me in getting it. Here is the point we are to discuss. I am not going to Russia nor to wear my title. I am going to sell my right to it and remain in America." "You are not going to wear your title! That takes the romance from the story. I don't feel like helping any one that's so foolish as to do that." "It is not so very foolish. I am to run for the governorship of this State, and, if I have enough money, I shall get the place. Which would you prefer, the governor or the prince?" "The governor, by all means," she said promptly, seeing that such was his inclination. "But my father, who has first claim, is living. I cannot sell while he is known to be alive; and if he appears or does not appear, where am I?" "Say nothing at all to the count about your father, but act as if he were dead. Probably he is, and will never disturb you." He walked the room in thought. The twilight deepened into darkness and the street lamps outside were shining on the wintry night. Her advice had occurred to him already, but he did not like to whisper its dishonesty to himself. "I will think about it," he said; "it's a nice point to decide." "And naughty," said Barbara cheerfully; "but it is the only thing to do, and you ought to do it immediately, if you expect to have the money in time for the convention. You are attempting high flights, Florian." "It will not be my last if it succeeds. If it does not I shall come down with a crippled wing." "Prince Florian," said she, half to herself, "I fear me you will get the crippled wing. In some ways you have not the support you should have. Frances is too weak a woman for you." "I know it," he said, calmly, but his face had whitened suddenly and his hands were trembling. "But the one woman fitted to support me is beyond my reach." "I am not so sure of that. Love and ambition laugh at many things. I know one woman who, if you would dare to take her in spite of many difficulties, would be willing to follow you into novel or palace. But you are too fearful. You would not dare to do as she would dare." "Perhaps not," he answered; and then, after a pause, he said in a singularly quiet voice, "Name her, and I swear to you that if she be the woman I think her I shall dare anything." Barbara very significantly gave him her hand. Count Vladimir was honored next day with a visit from Florian, who carried a packet in his hands. "Welcome, my dear friend," said the count; "you are becoming a model fiancé. All your time so exclusively devoted to Miss Lynch that you cannot spare an afternoon to your friends. It is well. Pave all the skeletons of the closet laid bare for madame's inspection, and there will be no dread of them after." (To be continued.)

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Historical Church.

The Church of San Jeronimo at Real, Madrid, where the nuptial mass at which King Alfonso and Princess Victoria Ena of Battenberg were united in holy wedlock, is a quaint old structure which has passed through some strange vicissitudes.

This is not the first royal marriage celebrated there, for the wedding of Isabella II took place with great pomp within its walls. But more recently the church was abandoned to a carpenter's shop and planing mill, and the whir of saws took the place of the solemn music of the Mass.

The origin of the church was one of the strange whims of the old King of Castile, Henry IV. He had set up a magnificent tournament on the Pardo road to celebrate the arrival of a new British Ambassador. The tournament was notable for the courage displayed by the King's favorite, Baltran de la Cueva, who not only unhorsed four knights, but also, single-handed and on horseback, with a small javelin, conquered and killed an infuriated bull which had torn to pieces the greatest toreadors of Spain.

The King, to commemorate this event, founded a monastery, which the Jeronimo Friars inaugurated. Later Isabella the Catholic shifted the site of this monastery to its present place. There it became the royal chapel, and during the gay era of Philip IV, all the royal alliances and ceremonies took place there. At another time the Cortes met there.

After the expulsion of the friars the edifice became an artillery magazine and later a carpenter establishment. Thus it remained a workshop until in 1880 the Government resolved to restore the building to its original object as a royal chapel. The sawmills were then removed, and extensive renovating and repairing gave it back some of its ancient glory.

The style of the church is Gothic, with two small towers, and a large Gothic portico with rich stone carvings. The interior has the form of a cross, with a rose window throwing a soft light across the altar. There are few artistic treasures within, and the scant light from the dull stained-glass windows makes the interior rather dark.

Moreover, it is essentially a chapel rather than a magnificent cathedral, and it lacks that splendid perspective fitting a state of ceremony. However, its dark walls were hung with magnificent tapestries, while thousands of plants and flowers and burning candles gave a setting worthy of the latest solemn act.

The presents for King Alfonso and his bride arrived from all quarters of the globe, from countries and their rulers, from provinces and cities, and even from school children of Spain, who have contributed their mite to show their loyalty to the King. Some of these gifts are as follows:

The Queen Mother presented the King with her portrait painted by Moreno Carbonero. The city of Madrid gave an enduring present to the bride by establishing a workman's quarter, which is baptized in the name of "Queen Victoria Eugenia." The Mayor of Madrid has invited all the mayors of Spain to sign an artistic album expressing their homage to the young couple.

The manufacturers of Barcelona presented the bride with a diadem of diamonds valued at \$30,000.

The presents from royalty are notable mainly for their elegance and taste rather than their intrinsic worth, although some of them are of great value.

The Emperor of Germany sent some splendid hunting trophies, made of the heads of wild boars and stags which Alfonso killed during his hunt in the imperial hunting preserves of Germany. France sent some of the finest productions of Sevres porcelain and the Gobelin tapestry factories.

The Spaniards of Argentina cabled to the famous sculptor, Mariana Beulliere, ordering busts of Alfonso and the bride in marble or bronze and transmitting \$10,000.

Queen Christina presented the bride with a priceless court mantle which belonged to Queen Isabella II., of dark red velvet, wonderfully embroidered in gold. The bride's presents from the Spanish aristocracy include many historic jewels, fine old fans, laces and porcelains.

The daughter of the Duke of Alba sent her a gold waist buckle set in rubies. The presents from the people of Spain show the sympathy with which they received the foreign Princess.

The school-teachers throughout the country subscribed a large amount for a sumptuous edition of Don Quixote, accompanied by a message of felicitation on parchment.

The friends of the King at Biarritz united in making a truly royal gift of the Villa Mouriscot and its splendid estates, where the royal courtship began. The English residents, the English colonies of the interior towns having raised \$20,000 for a diamond and pearl necklace.

Banners of Erin.

(By Request.)

Ye true-hearted sons of old Erin, attend for a while to my lay, While I sing you a couple of verses, if you have but time for to stay, It is in answer to young Orange Charlie that lately in print has been seen,

Entitled the Pollokshaw Heroes; or foes to the red, white and green.

You boast of your glorious King William that conquered in crossing the Boyne,

Pray why is old Cranmer forgotten that father and daughter did join, And where is Black Bess and Brown Harry, no blood-hounds were ever so keen,

They endeavored both morning and evening to root out the red, white and green.

You tell us the seeds you have planted their fruits are most pleasant to view,

Sure Billy Pitt he was your gardener assisted by Castlereagh, too, But the innocent blood of the martyrs is yet on record to be seen,

That was spilled by these two Orange butchers, suppressing the red, white and green.

Don't you say at that word, no surrender, that papists before you will run,

Don't think that you're walking in Aughrim with Vaner supporting your drum,

For we are the sons of St. Patrick, as long as there's blood in our veins,

We'll die for the faith of our fathers, whose colors were red, white and green.

As for your grand master, Tom Simpson, proud Breton, or deputy Scott,

You may send them with news to King William, the devil cares whether or not,

And you for fresh broth, brogues and bibles, had threatened your creed for the same,

Expelled from the list of the faithful, disgraced by the red, white and green.

For the three colored standard of Erin, I'll explain it to you if I can,

The red's for the blood of the martyrs that suffered by Castle-reagh's hand,

The white is the emblem of liberty, rare, my dear friends, to be seen, So the Green's for the mantle of Granua, the mother of red, white and green.

Let Scotland maintain her keen thistle and England support her proud rose,

Old Ireland's content with her shamrock, that emblem St. Patrick showed,

For in moors, mosses, mountains and meadows, or the banks of the clear running stream,

In spring, summer, autumn or winter, her colors are always the same,

Now I beg your excuse for a moment before these few lines I do close,

Be united ye sons of St. Patrick, and you are certain to conquer your foes,

For we're sheep in the flock of St. Peter, our pasture's both wholesome and clean.

And our shepherd's the only key-keeper, he marks us with red, white and green.

Montreal, March 11th, 1886.

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD OF JESUS

O Precious Blood of Jesus, Shed for me, Upon the cruel cross of Calvary: Each drop of blood so precious, And the pain, A sacrifice was offered Not in vain.

O Precious Blood of Jesus, May I feel The fire of love for Christ, and Holy zeal!

O Precious Blood of Jesus, Cleansing, pure! In flame my soul with ardor To endure.

—Henry Coyle, in Donahoe's for July.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE PRICES

July 11. Flour—Manitoba spring wheat patents \$4.20 to \$4.40, and straight rollers \$3.90 to \$4.10 in wood; in bags, \$1.85 to \$1.95; extra, in bags, \$1.85 to \$1.50. Rolled Oats—\$2.20 to \$2.25 in bags of 90 lbs. Cornmeal—\$1.40 to \$1.45 per bag; granulated, \$1.65.

Mill Feed—Ontario bran in bulk, \$17.50; shorts, in bags, \$21.00; Manitoba bran in bags, \$17 to \$17.50; shorts, \$20.

Oats—No. 2, 43c to 43 1/4c per bushel; No. 3, 42 1/2c to 42 3/4c; No. 4, 41 1/2c to 41 3/4c.

Beans—Prime pea beans, in car load lots, \$1.55 to \$1.60 per bushel; hand-picked, \$1.80 per bushel.

Hay—No. 1, \$9.50 to \$10 per ton on track; No. 2, \$8.50 to \$9; clover, \$6; clover mixed, \$6.50.

Peas—Boiling, in car load lots, \$1 to \$1.02 1/2 per bushel.

Potatoes—75c to 80c per bag of 90 lbs.

Honey—White clover in comb, 13c to 14c; buckwheat, 10c to 11c per pound section; extract, 7c to 7 1/2c; buckwheat, 5 1/2c to 6c per pound.

Provisions—Barrels, short cut mess, \$23.50; half barrels, do., \$12.00; clear fat back, \$22.50; long cut heavy mess, \$21.50; 1-2 barrels do., \$11.25; dry salt long clear bacon, 11 1/2c to 12 1/2c; barrels, plate beef, at \$13.50; half barrels do., \$7.25; barrels heavy mess beef, \$11.50; half barrels, do., \$6.25; compound lard, 7 3/4c to 9 1/4c; pure lard, 11 3/4c to 12 1/4c; kettle rendered, 12 1/2c to 14c; hame, 14c to 15 1/2c, according to size; breakfast bacon, 16c to 17c; Windsor bacon, 16c to 16 1/2c; fresh killed abattoir dressed hogs, \$10.75; alive, \$7.75 to \$8 per 100 pounds.

Eggs—Straight receipts, 16 1/2c to 17 1/2c; straight candled, 17c to 17 1/2c.

Butter—Choice salted creamery at 21c to 21 1/2c; unsalted, 21 1/2 to 22c.

Cheese—Ontario, 11 3/4c to 11 7/8c; Townships, 11 1/2c to 11 5/8c; Quebec, 11 3/8c to 11 5/8c.

Ashes—First pots, \$5.40 to \$5.50; seconds, \$4.70 to \$4.80; thirds, \$4.70; pearls, \$6.75 per 100 pounds.

A "MOVING" PICTURE.

"Pictures of Deaconess Life in Porto Rico" is the title of a little pamphlet published by the Woman's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 150 Fifth avenue, New York. Reading it one would receive the impression that the Roman Catholic Church in Porto Rico either does not touch the life of the people of that island at all, or does so only for purposes of oppression. The little pamphlet makes so much of the work of the Methodist deaconesses that one would imagine they were doing the only religious and humanitarian work in the island. The writer (a deaconess) tells of the poor who come to beg. Here is a typical passage:

"There is a clapping of hands in the dining room, and she finds a strange Porto Rico woman standing at the head of the stairs, sad-faced, the picture of woe in her mourning garments. She says, 'Senorita, I have come to ask you to give me money to pay my rent, or I and my four children will be turned out into the street.' 'But I do not know you. You do not come to church. Are you a Roman Catholic?' 'Si senorita.' 'Then why not go to the priests for help?' 'O,' she said, 'hopelessly, the priests do not give to anybody; on the contrary, they expect to be given to.' Poor woman, she is only one of many in the same pitiable condition.'

Now the Catholic Church in Porto Rico has several orders of women devoted to the work of charity among the poor. Eight members of the Sisters of Charity are there; the Servants of Mary have forty-four members who nurse in private homes and in their orphan asylums; the Sisters of the Poor have twenty-five members in charge of an asylum for the aged, and the Mission Helpers of the Sacred Heart have eighteen members devoted to catechetical and mis-

sionary work in the homes of the poor and in public institutions. There are in San Juan a Catholic charity asylum for poor women, a girls' orphan asylum at Rio Pedras, a hospital for the poor at San German and a school for deaf mutes at San Juan.

So it would seem as if the work of the Methodist deaconesses in San Juan were but a very small affair indeed when compared with what is done by the Catholic Church. Yet these good Methodist women try to give the impression that whatever is being done in the way of benevolence is being done by them, and that outside their little arc of refuge the island of Porto Rico is a howling wilderness filled with greedy priests going about like roaring lions seeking whom they may devour. It is a moving picture, and one calculated to draw the reluctant dime from the fastness of the Methodist pocket in the United States. But it is not true. As Archbishop Blenk said the other day in Baltimore (and he has been Bishop of San Juan, Porto Rico, for the past half-dozen years): 'I have read hundreds of articles on the wonderful progress that has been made down there by the different denominations since the American occupation. According to the articles which I have read they have done wonderful things, but if you were on the scene of action you would realize how little good they have accomplished and how little harm, fortunately, they have been able to do; and you will allow a Porto Rican to say it, Porto Rico is Catholic, and will remain Catholic.'

—Sacred Heart Review.

Grand Trunk Railway System. Montreal—Toronto. Leave Montreal 9:30 a.m., 12:45 p.m., 7:00 p.m., 10:30 p.m. Arrive Toronto 4:30 p.m., 10:20 p.m., 6:18 a.m., 9:30 a.m. Pullman Buffet Car on 9 a.m. train. Pull-an sleeping Car on 8 p.m. and 10:30 p.m. trains.

MONTREAL—OTTAWA. Leave Montreal. 7:30 a.m., 10:40 a.m., 7:30 p.m. Arrive Ottawa. 11 a.m., 12:40 p.m., 7:10 p.m., 10:30 p.m. Leave Ottawa. 7:35 a.m., 7:30 p.m., 7:15 p.m. Arrive Montreal. 11:35 a.m., 6:30 p.m., 10 p.m., 10:15 p.m. Pullman Buffet car on 8 a.m. from Montreal, and 5 p.m. trains from Ottawa. Parlor Cars on all trains between Montreal and Ottawa. *Daily. †Week days.

CITY TICKET OFFICES. 137 St. James Street, Telephone Main 466 & 461, or Bonaventure Station.

CANADIAN PACIFIC IMPROVED MOTOR CAR SERVICE BETWEEN MONTREAL—VAUDREUIL and intermediate stations.

Leave Windsor Station—8 10 a.m., 12:20 p.m., 3 p.m., 8 p.m. Leave Vaudreuil—10:20 a.m., 1:30 p.m., 5:30 p.m., 9:10 p.m.

OTTAWA TRAINS 7 TRAINS A DAY EACH WAY LEAVE WINDSOR STATION. 7:45 a.m., 9:40 a.m., 10:00 a.m., 12:00 p.m., 2:40 p.m., 4:40 p.m., 10:15 p.m. Parlor or Sleeping Cars on above trains.

LEAVE PLACE VIGIER. 7:25 a.m., 1:45 p.m. *Daily. †Daily except Sunday. §Sundays only.

MONTREAL—OTTAWA—SLEEPING CAR. Sleeping Car is attached to train leaving Windsor Station daily at 10:15 p.m. At Ottawa passengers for Montreal may board car any time after 9 p.m., and remain in sleeper until 9 a.m. TICKET OFFICE: 129 St. James Street Next Post Office.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM. MONTREAL—TORONTO.

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THE S. CARSLLEY Co. LIMITED. THURSDAY, JULY 12, 1906.

Store closes at 5:30 daily.

SPLENDID SEND OFF FOR JULY Cheap SALE Grand and Successful Opening

AMID the enthusiasm of thousands of pleased shoppers, The Big Store commenced its annual July cheap sale on Tuesday and the large sales again testify to the ever growing popularity of this the greatest of all cheap sales.

Low prices coupled with goods of known high quality, have proved an attraction sufficient to crowd every aisle each day, and buying opportunities are plentiful, a visit and critical inspection will reveal exceptional bargains.

This Year's Greatest Whitewear Sale. Values so astounding that even the great whitewear movement in January will be eclipsed. And they are the daintiest white garments you have seen, all perfect goods, bright, fresh and immaculate—they please the eye as well as the purse.

20c CORSET COVERS 12c. Ladies' Corset Covers, made of good quality white cambric in neat styles, a very full garment. Regularly worth 20c. Special 12c.

75c CHEMISES 40c. For value this Chemise is without equal. It is made of very fine lawn and finished with two rows of fine insertion, trimmed around neck and arms with beautiful lace and finished with ribbon. The regular value is 75c. July Sale Price 40c.

30c DRAWERS 19c. These Fine White Cambric Drawers are made with neat lawn frill, trimmed with two wide tucks. Regularly worth 30c. Special July Sale Price 19c.

\$1.30 NIGHT DRESSES 75c. You could not make such a nice night dress as this, no, not if you put your time in for nothing. It is made of fine quality lawn, and is trimmed with lace insertion and ribbon. A lady describes this night gown as a dream of beauty. Worth \$1.30. July Sale Price 75c.

Thousands of Beautiful Ribbons at Specially Lowered Prices. We have planned to make this the ribbon event of the year. Ribbons have never been so popular as during the present season. This isn't an ordinary ribbon sale, thousands of pieces of ribbon have been specially reduced and you reap the benefit.

100 pieces beautiful corded ribbon in Taffeta, Chiffon Taffeta, Chiffonette and Duches, all 5, 6 and 7 inches wide. Regularly worth 28c per yard. Special July Sale Price 17c.

35 pieces Fine Duches and Heavy Chiffon Taffeta Ribbon, all 5 1/2 in. wide. The kind you have always paid 35c for. Special July Sale Price 23c.

THE S. CARSLLEY Co. LIMITED. 1765 to 1783 Notre Dame St., 184 to 194 St. James St., Montreal.

DOMINION PARK. ALWAYS SOMETHING NEW. For one week Commencing To-day Roy Knabenshue and His Airship.

Flights from the Park Daily, weather permitting. Twenty Big Features! Fifteen Acres of Fun!

One Street Car Fare Takes You Direct to the Park. All Street Cars Going East Lead To It.

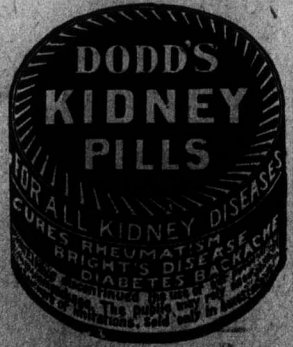
ADMISSION: ADULTS, 10 CENTS CHILDREN, 5 CENTS. Tickets on Sale at all Street Railway Ticket Offices.

House to Let at St. Lambert furnished, moderate rent for few months. Apply to "ANTOINE" Care of True Witness Office.

Joseph Fortier, Mercantile Stationer, Ruler, Printer Gold Stamp, Account Book Manufacturer. 1790 Notre-Dame. (New Number, 210 West.) M'rs. Dept. Main 444.

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

Atwater, Ducloux & Chauvin, ADVOCATES. Guardian Building, 100 St. James St. A. W. Atwater, K. C., C. A. Ducloux, K. C. H. N. Chauvin.



Close by Castle Island, stronghold of the MacDermott frowning fortress is still served, is "Trinity Island, associated with the religious Ireland, as the scene of a monastery, and later the Abbey of the Canons of bert. Here were written "Annals of Lough Key," portent manuscript disappeared, and was considered land's last literary treasure year 1766, when by chance again brought to light. I commence with the year The last Abbot of Trinity Owen O'Malkerman, shared the Abbot of