





Play the day surprise soap... it is plain that genius were hereditary... D. H. WELSH & CO... SOCIETY DIRECTORY... Synopsis of Canadian North-West HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS... Chronic Dyspeptic...

MORRISON & HATCHETT... 5th Floor, Banque de Peuple Chambers, 97 ST. JAMES STREET.

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D. H. WELSH & CO... Caterers and Confectioners... 10-12 HERMINE STREET, MONTREAL.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY... ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1856.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY... ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1856; incorporated 1863.

Synopsis of Canadian North-West HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS... ANY even numbered section of Dominion Land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

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

Holloway's Corn Cure takes the corn out by the roots. Try it and prove it. SELF RAISING FLOUR Brodie's Celebrated Self-Raising Flour.

From the finest selected cocoa... Through indigestion in eating green fruit in summer many children become subject to cholera morbus.

Garrett Kennedy's Home - Coming

True patience and true love, and the reward of both.

To Garrett Kennedy, as he slowly passed through it, his native village seemed strangely odd and unfamiliar. A neat, brand-new, two-story terrace of red-brick artisan's dwellings had taken the place of the straggling row of whitewashed, straw-thatched, and, be it admitted, usually ill-kept cottages which had formerly stood there.

So many great changes in a few short years, not more than eight or ten at the most! But then, of course, he himself had changed also; would any of his old friends now recognize in the gray-headed, haggard-faced man who passed through morning the handsome, curly-haired, light-hearted Garrett Kennedy, who had been the idol of the girls and the envy of the boys?

Once out of the white winding road that led to the mountains he felt surer of himself, more at home and at ease. The fields, at least, had not changed, the dear, familiar, peaceful fields of his childhood. Nor the hills, with their brown and purple crests lying dark against the sky, and their sides showing now alternately green and golden under the soft cloud shadows that passed swiftly over them.

Yes, surely it was good to be home again in Ireland, back once more and forever from the noise and heat, the unending stir and bustle, the disheartening squalor and unloveliness of life in the poorest quarter of a great English city.

God knows he wanted a rest, too, if any man did, after all those years of strenuous hard work spent as a common dock laborer on the quays of Liverpool, unloading heavy cargoes of timber till his back ached and bent, and in time even his great robust constitution broke down under the constant strain on body and muscles and heart.

And now, what had he come back for, again? To make a home—but there, what had he to do with home—a solitary wanderer, an exile, one of life's surest failures. To find, rather, some corner of the world in which might be rest and peace and health—not love or human companionship or any of the tender, beautiful things that the word home once meant for him.

asked, with sympathetic concern. Ere he could answer or withdraw his wasted hands from the close grip of the little pink fingers that held to them, the door of the cottage opened and some one came quickly down the path, some one a little older, a little more matronly, a little sadder and more thoughtful looking than the Rose he knew, yet seeming still to his hungry eyes even lovelier, sweeter, more rose-like than before.

She gazed anxiously at the stranger, then, as she came closer: "Garrett, is it you?" she cried, in tones of deep feeling, while a warm wave of color swept over her face, and left it as suddenly pale. "It is myself, Rose, and no one else," he answered sadly. "But I didn't mean to disturb you. The little one here—"

"It is I, no disturbance, Garrett. It is—it is a great joy—to see you again," she went on, with a hint of her old, shy, wild-rose air. "It is joy to me, too—and a pain!" he said simply, looking her straight in the face.

"No, Rose, I did not know. I was never told," he said at last, very quietly. "It seemed the most wonderful, unbelievable thing in the world that ten minutes later he and his old love should be sitting together at breakfast in Rose's immaculate, sanded kitchen, with only the child between them—for with tender maternal insight and true Irish hospitality Rose had insisted on his coming in to rest and partake of the meal he was plainly so badly in need of."

"I didn't come back empty-handed, Rose, even at the last," he went on. "And I'm not so broken down in health as maybe I look, dear. The doctor said all I wanted was a little rest and quiet. But I'm thinking myself, Rose, that a little happiness might do me more good than all his medicine and rest. I've waited long enough for it, goodness knows, long and of late without hope. But God is good, and now, perhaps, the sun is going to shine at last."

"You look as though you had suffered enough, dear," she said, resting her glance very tenderly on his haggard, pain-lined face. "But—God was very good to bring you back to me again. And if it is I that can give you sunshine or happiness, Garry—well, it is not your own Rose that would deny it to you."

Beckache, headache, bodily pains, dizziness, painful urination, deposits in urine after standing, fickle appetite, indigestion and irregularity of the bowels are among the symptoms which warn you of serious trouble from kidney disease. You can be practically certain that Dr. Chase's Kidney and Liver Pills will help you and help you quickly.

And with that, to the mingled astonishment and delight of the small rosebud beside them, they leaned their cheeks together, and kissed each other with tears above her shining curls.—Nora Tynan O'Mahoney, in Benziger's Magazine.

Dollard des Ormeaux. 1660-1910.

'Twas a gloomy day in fair Ville Marie, The pallid sun sank low, But more gloomy yet with stern faces set, The folk went to and fro—

Ev'ry inch a man and a hunter bold With hope his face aglow— Now he strode along through the hopeless throng, The dreadful truth to know.

Whoso can answer to Duty's call, And rise to Christ, though in death he fall, With Dollard des Ormeaux. So he picked his men. Nigh the priest at dawn They knelt them down full low, And he shrived them there with the fervent prayer.

On the foamy crest of the tossing waves Their boats rocked to and fro, Yet their ev'ry stroke of the paddles broke The pathway to the foe. And none there wondered an' he should die, They felt no pang and they heaved no sigh.

Thus they sped along on the shining track, No rest was theirs to know, By both day and night, till they saw the light White foam that capped the Sault. To beach the boats needed no command, They'd come at length to their Promised Land, The curling smoke told the foe at hand To Dollard des Ormeaux.

"Let us make a wall of the spreading boughs On yonder trees that grow." So they piled them high there against the sky, A fair and goodly row. "An' life we sell, they will dearly pay, With tears of blood they shall rue the day, On Ville Marie they e'er sought to prey," Spake Dollard des Ormeaux.

From the leafy shade where they lay unseen They saw the watchfires glow, And still ever prayed, "Now, sweet Mother, aid, God's mercy to us show." Oh! Mary, Mother, swift heard their prayer, Yea, took them all 'neath her tender care. They saw not Death, but her face so fair, By Dollard des Ormeaux.

How the savage horde sought and found them out, Sure ev'ry child doth know, How they fought and fell, still the wild winds tell, The river's ebb and flow. With might and main through the awful night, Till dawn of day, when the morning light Alas! shone down on a gruesome sight To Dollard des Ormeaux.

They had sung the song of the clashing steel, 'Twas death at ev'ry blow. They had drained life's draught with each winged shaft, These comrades staunch, I trow, Yes, each had fought as though he were ten, And each had slain nigh a score of men, And none had died but would die again With Dollard des Ormeaux.

PLEURO-PNEUMONIA AND BRONCHITIS

Brought Mrs. Baker to Death's Door. Father Morriscy's No. 10 Saved Her.

Of the many hundreds of cures wrought by Father Morriscy's No. 10 (Lung Tonic) few are more remarkable than the saving of the life of Mrs. John S. Baker, of 104 Rockland Road (North End), St. John, N.B. She wrote on Oct. 18, 1909: "I wish to express my gratitude that I am living to-day, saved from the grave by Father Morriscy's No. 10 (Lung Tonic). This time last year I had pleuro-pneumonia and bronchitis, and had been given up to die, and had my lungs tapped in the City Hospital, and never expected to walk again; I was continually getting worse every day. I came home from the hospital, and everyone was watching for me to die. I tried everything but there seemed to be no cure for me."

"I began taking Father Morriscy's No. 10, and the second day I could eat without pain. I used 22 bottles of No. 10, as I was run down right into consumption, and for six months was just a shadow until I began to use it, and now I am in good health, and surprised most of my neighbors by gaining so quickly. I feel it my duty to publish it everywhere I can, as with all I can say I cannot recommend it too highly—it was a life saver to me, and I am very thankful to recommend it, as it is worth all it is said." Father Morriscy's No. 10 is very different from the many preparations that simply relieve a cough. No. 10 relieves the cause of the cough, restores the membranes of throat and lungs to a healthy condition, and tones up the whole system, giving strength to resist future attacks. Trial bottle 25c.—regular size 50c. At your dealer's or from Father Morriscy Medicine Co., Ltd., Chatham, N.B. 92

Oh, they fought to hunger and thirst a prey Ten days of bitter woe, Both by day and night, till (a hapless plight), The breastwork gave below— Then bounded over with savage yell Each painted demon like fiend of hell, They slew the last of the band who Round Dollard des Ormeaux.

Yet they kept no feast, though they made no moan, For gripp'd in death's fierce throes Whom they held as brave, had but found a grave, Hard by the swift Long Sault. They sought the cove where their war-boats lay, In baffled rage paddled fast away, So left untouched e'en the lifeless clay Of Dollard des Ormeaux.

Oh! the years roll on and the seasons change, New faces come and go, Yet both old and new is the debt still due— The time-long debt we owe The gallant band who thus freely gave Their all of life to a nameless grave, Who shed their blood Ville Marie, to save, With Dollard des Ormeaux.

Till the rocks be rent and the seas run dry, The mountains be laid low Oh! thy sons shall tell how they fought and fell, Our Lady of the Snow— Shall sing the song of that daring quest, The heart that beat in that valiant breast, The soul that ever with God doth rest Of Dollard des Ormeaux.

LOTTE M. MORGAN. 152 Fulford street, Montreal, June 15, 1910. PAPA WOULDN'T MIND. After being tucked in bed little Madge begged her mother to stay with her until she got to sleep, "for," she pleaded, "it is all dark, and Madge is so afraid." "But there is nothing to be afraid of," her mother assured her. "Mamma must go right down stairs, for papa is there alone waiting for her. Now try to go asleep and remember that the angels are right here with you, and will take care of you." "Oh, but mamma," wailed the little voice, "I'd rather have you. Please, mamma, send the angels down with papa, and you stay here with Madge."

HEADACHE AND Burdock Blood Bitters.

The promise of headache nearly always tells us that there is another disease which, although we may not be aware of it, is still exerting its baneful influence, and perhaps awaiting an opportunity to assert itself plainly. Burdock Blood Bitters has, for years, been curing all kinds of headaches, and you will only give it a trial to see how it will do for you what it has done for thousands of others. Mrs. John Gorman writes: "I had a headache, and it was so bad that I could not get to sleep. I tried many things, but nothing helped. I then tried Burdock Blood Bitters, and it cured me. I feel much better now, and I can sleep peacefully."

They had sung the song of the clashing steel, 'Twas death at ev'ry blow. They had drained life's draught with each winged shaft, These comrades staunch, I trow, Yes, each had fought as though he were ten, And each had slain nigh a score of men, And none had died but would die again With Dollard des Ormeaux.

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Episcopal Approbation.

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

PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1910.

A DANGER. With the opening of certain schools of higher studies and training, for which the Provincial Government are directly responsible, there is a danger of seeing the principle of godless schools admitted to our very midst.

THEY'LL SOON FIND OUT.

We have been telling our friends of other leanings all along that the public (so-called) school is not what it should be. What is more, we have been denouncing their co-education of boys and girls; but we were rated as bigots for a long time, even if now many are beginning to believe that, after all, we are right.

The almost simultaneous exposure of scandalous performances in a number of school societies—frats or 'sororities' or what not—piques curiosity as to how much longer such things will be tolerated in civilized and self-respecting communities.

suppression of a girls' sorority for causes which were as imperative as they were unprintable, and this week we have heard of practices in another such organization which resulted in wrecking the health, if not destroying the reason and life, of one of its victims.

AT LAST.

Some weeks since "Simplicissimus" a German (allegedly) comic paper of the stamp of the Roman "Asino," published a grossly insulting caricature of the Bishop of Rottenburg.

So the vile "Simplicissimus" and its editor have at last come to grief. It would be well if a certain little sheet published here in Montreal were better attended to on the score of inspection, correction, and punishment.

GOING TO THE PHILIPPINES.

While France, in her present days of aggravated frenzy, is willing to do without her best sons and daughters; while she is hounding nuns and persecuting priests and monks, other lands are welcoming her exiles, or, at least, brethren of those exiles.

AGAINST CO-EDUCATION.

Mr. T. R. Knell, Superintendent of schools at Saratoga Springs, is not an admirer of co-education. While here in Montreal, attending the sessions of the Royal Arcanum Supreme Council, he visited the Montreal Protestant High School, and was evidently pleased to see that there are separate school buildings for the boys and the girls.

PREACHER BUSCH TO THE FORE.

When Mr. Walter Paul, of this city was presenting the report from the Montreal Presbyterian College before the General Assembly in Halifax, he said: "Montreal College is the only institution we have that is making any attempt to solve the 'Problem of Quebec'."

At any rate, only one college is busy, and it is only "attempting." Attempted suicide, however, is an indictable offence in this case, it is the height of folly as well!

A DIAMOND JUBILEE.

Elsewhere in this issue of our paper we are publishing a valuable paper from the London Tablet, on "The Diamond Jubilee of the Restored Hierarchy." Our readers, we feel sure, will relish it from beginning to end, while any further words from us for the present would fall short of the mark, in view of such a rich treatment of the subject as the Tablet affords; and it is only the first of a series.

It is a matter of deep concern and interest for all Catholics to see Catholicism so admirably progressing in England. From within the realms of the elect the glorified souls of Cardinals Wiseman, Newman, Manning, and Vaughan, with good old Bishops Grant and Ullathorne, the Fabers, the Morrisies, the Marshalls, the Alliseses, will join with us of earth in our hymns of praise and thanksgiving on the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee of England's restored Hierarchy.

THE BUSY EAST.

We are glad to see that the Maritime Provinces are willing to be in the race for success and prosperity with the rest of the Dominion. The "Busy East" is there with its pages to declare and defend business by the sea each month. But will the good people of the "Busy East" take a little advice from us? They should remember that it does not pay to publish old pictures when such old pictures are supposed to give views of a city that were true to facts twenty years ago.

ECHOES OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

The good Presbyterian General Assembly men got through the French Evangelization (?) reports very fast this time. In fact it would appear as if they had been ashamed to speak of it at all. They are going to waste more honest and decent Protestant money on Galician work.

QUOTING SCRIPTURE.

Father Thomas J. Gerrard, dealing with the text, "For many are called, but few are chosen" (Matt. xx., 16), writes: "It is said that the devil can quote Scripture. And I find it difficult to resist the impression that he must have had something to do with giving the above text its usual interpretation. It is quoted as if it were the Divine declaration that the majority (only) of mankind are called to salvation, but that very few respond to the call; that the joys of heaven were intended for all men, but that only a few will ever attain thereto; that the great multitude of humanity will willfully and knowingly turn away from God and be lost forever."

A WORD ON THE OXFORD MOVEMENT.

Even the bitterest foes of the Church, among Protestant scholars, are forced to admit that, in theology, one of the most potent influences of modern days bears the name of the Oxford Movement; for, as Dean Church says, "Oxford men started and guided it. At Oxford were raised its first hopes, and Oxford was the scene of its first successes. At Oxford were its deep disappointments, and its apparent fatal defeat. And it was not lost as a movement of English theology, and a movement of English thought."

Now, we ought to be thankful to Father Gerrard for having said that. In a spirit of humility, let us say we could not have done better ourselves. But, while dealing with particular texts and their interpretation, we may remark that two old men having heard a "truly eloquent" preacher dwell at length, and with stress, on the text, "Unless ye become like little children, etc.," went forth so fortified that they invited all the old ladies in their neighborhood to take up their (first) childhood games of seventy years earlier, lest they might run the risk of a very uncomfortable place of abode beyond that (old saw of a) bourne, whence no traveler needs a return ticket.

THE BUSY EAST.

We mean no irreverence towards God's Holy Word, but it is plain that there are interpretations placed upon texts from Scripture that are utterly perille, if not thoroughly blasphemous. Each one of the sects proves its claim to life and health in virtue of some text or other. There are other offenders, nevertheless.

A certain Eon de l'Etoile, Eudes Stelae, his name in Latin, once heard the parish choir sing the words "per eum qui venturus est judicare vivos et mortuos." In Britain, "Eon" and "Eum" were, at the time (in the ninth century) pronounced alike, and our good friend Eon decided that he was the Messias, organized an army of little children into a sect of crusaders, and was about to work wonders, when charitable people interposed, helping Eon a whit back to sanity, and the children to their beds.

ECHOES OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

In their unrest of mind and soul one of the good men present proposed a kind of Church Defence Association; another a petition of clergy and laity to the Archbishop of Canterbury; while three Oriel men, Newman, Keble, and Richard Hurrell Froude, brother of the historian, determined by a series of Tracts dealing with the doctrines, services, discipline, policy and claims of the Church to effect a "second Reformation" in public opinion. This we learn from Froude's "Remains." The name "Tractarian Movement" was, therefore, a kind of necessity.

THE BUSY EAST.

Newman wrote the early brief tracts, the first of which appeared on September 9, 1833. Pusey's accession, in 1835, at once gave the movement "a name, a power, and a personality." For seven years Edward Bouverie Pusey had been Regius Professor of Hebrew and a canon of Christ Church. Abroad in Europe, in Italy, Spain, France and Germany, Pusey was spoken of as the astonishing propnet of Oxford; but, at the University itself, Newman, as Sir F. Doyle remarks, "by his extraordinary genius drew all those within his sphere," who were busy with deep theology. By his four-orch sermons in the University church of St. Mary's, of which he was vicar, he "created a moral atmosphere in which men judged the questions in debate." Even "light-hearted undergraduates would drop their voices and whisper, 'There's Newman,' when, head thrust forward and gaze fixed as though on some vision seen only by himself, with swift, noiseless step, he glided by. 'Ave fell on them for a moment as if it had been some apparition that had passed.'"

THE BUSY EAST.

When in "Tract No. 90" (1841), it became apparent that Newman leaned towards Rome, the effect was terrific. The heads of Houses in Oxford condemned him, as did the Bishops. Retiring to Littlemore, near by, he declared himself as "on my deathbed as regards my membership with the Anglican Church." In 1843, he resigned his living at St. Mary's, while, in 1845, he entered the Church: "an act," says Mr. Gladstone, "which has never yet been estimated at anything like the full amount of its calamitous importance."

A WORD ON THE OXFORD MOVEMENT.

Newman's best known prose work is his "Apologia pro Vita Sua," an account of the first forty years of his life, wrung from him by controversial words written by Charles Kingsley. It is, likewise, the irrefutable defence of the Oxford movement. "Lead, Kindly Light" was written in 1835, when healmed on an orange-beat in the Straits of Bonifacio, on his passage from Palermo to Marsailles. Pusey defended "Tract No. 90," and continued until dead the work which Newman had begun. His "Oxford Library of Fathers," commenced in 1836 with "Augustine's Confessions," and ultimately including forty-eight volumes was a direct outcome of the Oxford Movement.

name is among the illustrious names of the age." That man was John Henry Newman.

ECHOES OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

At the time of the Reform Bill of 1832, England was suffering from more new policies than those of a political nature; the Irish Church Bill of 1833, which, among other changes, seemed to many to do but scant justice in abolishing ten out of twenty-two Protestant bishoprics in a land where but one in nine of the inhabitants held that form of faith, filled the minds of others with a deep alarm, which found expression in the Assize sermon on "National Apostasy" by the retiring, unobtrusive John Keble.

Keble was then Professor of Poetry at Oxford, and was widely known as the author of "The Christian Year." Newman ever regarded the date of this sermon, July 14, as the "start of the religious movement of 1833." Two weeks later there was held at the parsonage of Hugh James Rose, the "Hadleigh Conference," among a few friends. One of these, William Palmer, in his "Narrative of Events," declares: "We felt ourselves assailed by enemies from without and foes within."

ECHOES OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

In Ireland ten bishoprics suppressed. We were advised to feel thankful that a more sweeping measure had not been adopted. What was to come next?"

ECHOES OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

It is a sacrilegious doing to play with the work of interpreting Holy Writ, and although Eon had simply dealt with the Nicene Creed, he had as much right (if not more) to start a new religion as had pious Luther, gentle Knox, or as has the illustrious Bishop Horner or Archbishop Vilatte.

ECHOES OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

"Ralph Connor" (Rev. Dr. Gordon, of Winnipeg) has entered the domains of hagiography. He preached in St. Matthew's Presbyterian Church, on St. Matthew, and handed his poetic life of the saint around, after service, in the shape of a little booklet.

ECHOES OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

Even if the General Assembly is, as a majority, in favor of Church Union, what does it signify? How can you unite heretics of various hues under one rule? It is an injustice to the big minority who helped to pay for the churches now in existence.

Just at present, for skulls approaches that surest way—and it by now,—some mock-up corpses of dead

ECHOES OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

So poor Rev. sent to the per serves what he much worse, his promoters, but we think he of the whole cre work

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ECHOES OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

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ECHOES OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

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ECHOES OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

An old gentlem Annapolis, N.S., will to build a B being understo year a sermon l life and deeds of tator. The Bapt conditions as the old man may have of mental aberrati

ECHOES OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

The Methodists Brother, Rev. Geo ronto, over that "Studies in the The Canadian Met seemingly believes conferences proba They do not want lessors from either But why is their Carman, in favor

THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1910.

ECHOES OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

The Orangutan terian Genera latter are gen The Orangutan Jews.

Now that th lies have had o over the Italia Janarius, the back and c will laugh, too craft Masonic.

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Echoes and Remarks.

The Orangemen asked the Presbyterian General Assembly to deal with the Accession Oath. As the latter are gentlemen they refused. The Orangemen will now become Jews.

A Rev. Clark, Episcopalian rector in London, Ont., has gone into the negro minstrel business of publishing sensational prints. An end-man offer reads another end-man's love letters. Rev. Clark is the "whole show" in his troupe, with Sam Blake in charge of the hat, and the other end-man. Clark's expert performance consists in serving out worn-out prevarications in the matter of oaths.

Methodist minister in excellent standing, and the pioneer missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Italy. (The pages indicated and cited by us are from Dr. Stackpole's book, as cited and quoted by Dr. Fenlon.) According, then, to the witness hereinbefore named, we are able to state what follows:

DEATH OF A HISTORY MAKER.

Last of Young Ireland Writers Passes Away.

With the recent death of Mrs. Kevin Izod O'Doherty, "Eva" of the Dublin Nation, the organ of the Young Ireland movement, at Brisbane, Australia, there passes away the last of that famous band that made history.

"Eva," previous to his departure, again said she would wait for him, and this she did, for on his return they were married. They lived some years in Dublin, where "Eva" continued to write and work for the National cause, while her husband practiced as a physician. After a time they went to Australia, choosing Brisbane as their place of settlement, where O'Doherty worked with much success at his profession.

THE BEST FLOUR IS BRODIES Self-Raising Flour. Save the Bags for Premiums.

With these facts in mind the Jesuit astronomers watched the sun when the head of the comet traversed its disc between 3.30 and 11 a.m. of May 19, and saw no sign of new solar obscuration.

So poor Rev. G. M. Atlas has been sent to the penitentiary! He deserves what he got. He is hardly much worse, however, than some of his promoters. Atlas goes to jail, but we think he is the most decent of the whole crew responsible for his work.

It was characteristically generous of Dr. Adams to pay our Catholic sisterhoods the tribute he paid them the other day, especially the Sisters of Providence, over their work against tuberculosis. He wants Protestant women to have sisterhoods like our own, but he forgets that Protestantism is incapable of such self-sacrifice.

Dr. Wesley Mills is leaving McGill and he is thoroughly disgusted with things at the big school. We can understand his wrath, for McGill is fast becoming a copy of the American mock-university. It is even going down to paganism and infidelistic vaudeville.

HER LAST DAYS SPENT IN AUSTRALIA. The marriage took place in Dublin and late in the afternoon the young couple went to Brisbane, where Dr. O'Doherty took a leading part in politics, and entered the Queensland Parliament. Since his death Mrs. O'Doherty continued to reside in Brisbane with her surviving daughter.

What the Comet Taught. The coming and going of Halley's comet has been of use to science not so much by adding to the store of knowledge about this celestial traveler as by subtracting from the visible stock of misinformation about comets in general.

The Royal Declaration. To the Editor of the Tablet: Sir,—In reply to your communication, I beg to say that I have on a former occasion, expressed in very strong terms my views regarding the Declaration which is forced upon the King by a law passed in an age of intolerance and persecution.





