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Vol. LV., No. 45 MONTREAL, THURSDAY, MAY 17, 1906. PRICE FIVE CENTS

MONKS IN ART.

(By Louis de Meserac, in Rosary Magazine.)

In art as well as in literature certain grotesque, if not actually malicious, misrepresentations are carefully cherished among the most valued traditions of the craft. In literature the sly and crafty Jesuit, the relentless heretic-hunting Dominican, the unwashed and tooth-brushless Franciscan, the intriguing prelate, the cruel Spaniard, the treacherous Italian, and the sweetly noble Puritan are familiar figures. In fact, to such an extent do these worthies pervade the field of art and literature, polite and otherwise, that by many ordinarily intelligent people they are accepted without question as authentic types.

In centuries past the Inquisition, an institution much maligned and little understood, wishing to encourage and promote the best in art, and discourage all that was base, promulgated certain regulations for the guidance of painters; for example, an artist, before commencing a religious painting, was expected to go through a certain preliminary course of fasting and prayer, and, if possible, receive the Sacraments. There were certain broad principles published, also, regarding the portrayal of certain characters. For instance, the Blessed Virgin must be depicted as a beautiful woman, blonde in type, chaste in mien, robed in pale blue, and with feet modestly covered.

In our own day the Inquisition is unfortunately extinct, but our artists, with the exception of the distinctly religious painters, are still bound by certain conventions as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and the Persians. In accordance with these latter-day conventions, a cardinal may be portrayed in his own apartments or at court. If one may judge from the various paintings extant, a cardinal's apartments are limited to his dining-room and library, except in the rare instances where His Eminence is depicted on his death-bed, in which case he occupies a luxuriously furnished chamber, through the open door of which the dining-hall, with its table loaded with delicacies (mostly bottled), is distinctly visible.

To the uninitiated observer it might be difficult to distinguish a prelate's dining-room from his library, but to the adept nothing is easier. The library table is instantly recognized by its bottle of ink, three goose-quills and two books, which are never found on the dining-table. In all other respects the two apartments are identical. This is one of the cases where

"Rations do not make the grill. Nor want of them the study."

According to our modern canons of decorative art, a cardinal is distinctly gregarious in his tastes, and is usually portrayed in the midst of a group of choice spirits, usually other cardinals, although archbishops and bishops are not infrequently admitted to the charmed circle. When ladies are present, as they frequently are in the pictures, the apartment is always furnished in the most luxurious Louis XV style, the prelates are resplendent in purple and scarlet, while the ladies, in evening gowns, are fairly scintillating with jewels. Apparently evening dress is required of all women appearing in the same picture with a Prince of the Church. Even the housemaid, when receiving her orders for the day's marketing, appears in charming décolleté.

When ladies are not present the group of ecclesiastics is almost invariably represented as eating, drinking and making merry most uproariously. Of course, on such occasions, the cardinal appears in flowing robes of scarlet, while the lesser dignitaries are gorgeous in purple and fine linen. I will frankly admit that my personal association with cardinals and archbishops has been neither sufficiently intimate nor sufficiently extended to enable me to write an authoritative book on "Wild prelates I have Known," yet I am rather skeptical regarding the

authenticity of the artistic tenet that members of the Roman hierarchy don complete sacerdotal vestments to drink a cup of beef-tea or to discharge an erring cook.

When the cardinal goes to court—presto! change! The jovial "bon vivant" disappears, and in his place we find a thin, cadaverous ascetic, deep in unholy plots and intrigues to advance his own nefarious schemes (a cardinal's schemes are always nefarious, "per se." In art and literature) and confound his enemies. Kings and emperors are but puppets in his hands, while lesser folk are scarcely worthy his notice, except, perchance, they stand in the way of his ambition, in which case they are remorselessly wiped out of existence. Under no circumstance may a cardinal be portrayed as he is, a gentleman, a scholar, and, withal, a useful member of society.

Monks have suffered many things at the hands of many artists. In art, it seems, a monk is not restricted to the garb of his own order. Jesuits are frequently portrayed in the brown habit of the Franciscans, in the white robes of the Carmelites, or in the black and white of the Dominicans. We have heard a great deal in controversial literature of the "reprehensible adaptability of the Jesuits," but had never supposed they carried it to such an extent. Dominicans, Benedictines, Recollets and Capuchins all wear each others' habits in the friendliest manner imaginable, and in many cases also appear in outlandish costumes so fearfully and wonderfully made that their like has never been seen under the all-protecting wings of Mother Church.

A monk may be portrayed in any one of half a dozen artistically orthodox ways. If he is young, he may be represented as contented but stupid, but preferably is portrayed as bright, with an alert, intelligent face and an apparently regretful longing for the beautiful world from which he is cruelly shut out forever. A middle-aged monk may be portrayed as fat, lazy and sensuous, and either eating, sleeping, drinking, drunk, or making love. On rare occasions he is allowed to indulge in harmless and not actually discreditable buffoonery. As he advances in years, the monk may be occasionally portrayed as a venerable patriarch grown old in the service of God and humanity, but is oftener painted as a jolly old reprobate, old in years and in iniquity. In a series of one hundred and twenty-four paintings, presumably portraying the reverend clergy, which are displayed in the various museums, art dealers' galleries, hotels, clubs, and private homes of Chicago, there were depicted altogether fifteen cardinals, twenty-eight archbishops and bishops, and two hundred and ninety-seven monks. As to the occupations of this galaxy of pictorial prelates and priests, nine of the cardinals were indulging in the combined pleasures of wine and feminine society, three were drinking and joking with other congenial clerics, one was gently dozing while sitting for his portrait, another, apparently Cardinal Richelieu, was bull-dozing a cringing and tearful queen, while number fifteen apparently contributed a needed dash of scarlet in the picture of the return of Columbus.

The pictorial bishops seemed especially prone to gastronomic jollity, as twenty-three out of the twenty-eight are represented as feasting, their round, rubicund faces showing a more lively appreciation of the good things of this world than interest in the world to come. Of the remaining five, two were lolling in easy chairs, laughing and telling stories, and one is ogling a buxom maid servant. One is sitting before a fire, his hands crossed on his well-rounded stomach, the picture of comfort and content, while another, a most unamiable individual, is superintending the racking of a recalcitrant sleeper.

Among the two hundred and ninety-seven monks portrayed, a few are good, many are bad, the rest

indifferent. One of the best representatives of the first class is by Von Hoesslin, and represents a young monk seated at an organ in an ecstasy of devotion. Every line of his strong, ascetic face is spiritual, his figure is in strong relief against a Gothic window, while in the flood of light at his side are poised two angel figures, their outlines suggested rather than defined. The whole effect of the picture is pleasing as well as uplifting. In a picture by Rosenthal, a young monk is portrayed as pausing in his work by an open window to watch the movements of a butterfly which has just fluttered in. In this picture there is an apparent effort to accentuate the severe, almost bleak, simplicity of the interior in contrast to the sunlit beauty and freedom of the outer world.

Hosch, in his painting, the "Idyl of the Monastery," portrays two monks, one an old man with a gentle, kindly face, slightly tinged with asceticism, poring over a well-loved volume, while at his side a young monk leans against the casement, looking at the flowers and the beautiful, bright landscape outside, dreaming of the delights of Heaven, and in his fancy seeing the unfading flowers upon which the blessed feet of the elect tread as they follow the Lamb.

Grutzner's paintings, "Monastery Secrets" and "Wine," are but types of a popular but more or less offensive variety of "monk pictures." In the first picture the scene is laid in the monastery cellars, with all the conventional monastic accessories, such as flagons, beer barrels, etc., very much in evidence. The monks themselves show very plainly the effects of high living rather than of high thinking. In the second picture, a group of monks are gathered around a table in a richly furnished library where cases of books and scientific apparatus lend an atmosphere of learning, while the elaborately carved furniture, gorgeous tapestries, and rich brocades give an impression of luxury rarely found in any but a pictured monastery. The fact that the flagon to which the attention of the group is directed is of superbly chased silver, and that the glasses from which they are drinking are of the daintiest of silver-mounted Bohemian ware does not remove them from the class of sensuous tipplers of the former picture. The technical excellence of these two pictures only serves to aggravate the artist's offense. Much may be forgiven a dauber, because of him but little is expected, but for a really excellent artist to so prostitute his talents is unpardonable.

In "A Jolly Song," Cederstom portrays a fat and bibulous friar whose ruddy countenance and red, bulbous nose do not in the least suggest the outward signs of inward grace. This unedifying and scarcely creditable son of St. Dominic is strumming a guitar and trolling a sentimental ditty in a fashion strongly suggestive of an unduly convivial Tracy Tupman.

These pictures of half-drunken monks are unfortunately not limited to paintings, but on the contrary are found everywhere. They appear in the advertisements of many brewers and wholesale liquor dealers. Tobaccoists consider the picture of a besotted Franciscan, smoking one of their cigars, a wonderfully taking advertisement, entirely overlooking the fact that the average beholder would infer from the picture that a man had to be very drunk to enjoy a cigar of that particular brand. Beer steins are frequently defaced with these pictures, while in furniture stores, library cabinets, liquor cupboards and book-racks are not infrequently disgraced with poker-work portrayals of Friar Tuck and his ilk.

While the glutton may be accepted as the typical monk of the Teutonic and English artists, the religious of the Frenchman is entirely different. It is the mind rather than the senses which appeals to the Gaul, and this peculiarity is as apparent in his art as it is in his iniquity.

Vibert's paintings show this characteristic very plainly. In one of his pictures, "Bad Books," he depicts two old priests seated before an enormous fireplace in which piles of books and papers are being burned, while other books and papers are piled high on the floor, on the table and on the chairs around about. One

"Censor Librorum" sits, a book on his knee, his chin in one hand, the other clasping the tongs, soon to be used in conveying the book to the flames. On his face is a pleased expression, as he reads a few choice passages before consigning the volume to destruction. His companion, a venerable old man with a flowing white beard, leans toward him, an open book in his hand, to call his attention to some "risque" passage which seems to amuse him greatly. The whole atmosphere of the picture is suggestive of an unduly pleasurable interest in forbidden things.

In pleasing contrast to these various types of pictures misrepresenting clerical and monastic life and practice is a painting by an American artist, Herbert Faulkner, "A Christening at St. Mark's." In the dim interior of this splendid old cathedral the christening party gathers around the font, a typical Venetian family, from the smiling grandparents to the tiny "bambino." All heads are bowed to receive the priestly benediction, while the strongest light in the picture falls on the face of the gentle old priest, a face of wonderful kindness and spirituality, worn with thought for others' cares, with sympathy for others' woes. Artistically the picture is far superior to any of the work of the Grutzner or the Vibert type, and it is infinitely more pleasing in its effects.

It is to be regretted that the more disgraceful a monk picture is the greater is its apparent popularity, and that copies are found not only in art dealers' shops and public galleries, but even in the homes of Catholics, where they cannot but have a pernicious influence on the young. Children will naturally think that if their parents, who are Catholics, display such pictures and even seem to enjoy looking at them, they certainly must be correct portrayals of actual conditions, and the harm done in this manner is not readily eradicated. It is unnecessary to describe the immense amount of harm such pictures are capable of doing in the way of prejudicing non-Catholics against the Church.

Rome's Debt to Ireland.

In the Kirkby Hall of the Irish College in Rome on the 25th of April, the Most Rev. John Ireland, Archbishop of St. Paul, Minnesota, gave, at the request of the Oliver Plunket Literary and Debating Society, what he described as "a desultory talk" on the theme "Rome's Debt to Ireland."

The Archbishop was delighted to stand once again within the walls of the Irish College, that historic institution, which owed its inception and foundation to Father Luke Wadding, who, in the days of Erin's tribulation, established in Rome the two institutions: St. Isidore's and the Irish College. And from these houses went forth apostles and martyrs, preserving the light of faith in the people of Ireland. How much was done for the Faith in the times following close on the foundation of these institutions may be imagined from the fact that to be a student in them was regarded as being a candidate for martyrdom. Few pages in the history of the Church in Ireland are as bright and inspiring as those which tell of the Irish Colleges in Rome; and likewise those that speak of the English and Scotch colleges are also distinguished by a like quality.

In the course of this most eloquent talk, delivered with all that impressiveness and sincerity, that force and emphasis which mark the public utterances of Archbishop Ireland, the course of Irish history after the Reformation was rapidly reviewed, and its salient features—especially those bearing on the fate of the Irish priests educated in Rome—were graphically described. The priesthood was forbidden to them in their own land; and when they had attained it abroad, they had to return by stealth to Ireland. Thus the very walls of the Colleges of Rome taught a grand lesson to the student of to-day of the sacrifices endured by the students of the past.

There was a great advantage, said the Archbishop, in being a student in Rome. A cosmopolitan frame of mind was engendered, and to a degree which can scarcely be achieved anywhere else. Provincialism receives a check here; and the feeling that it is only in our own country the sun rises and sets, give place to a wider and larger sentiment. Never-ending gratitude was due from Ireland and the Irish Church for the hospitality given by Rome to students coming from persecuted lands. While thanking Rome for this, the Archbishop hoped a book would be written telling, in its fulness, the history of Irish institutions in Rome.

Another subject should, he considered, also be written: that is, what Erin has done for Rome—Rome's debt to Erin! He wished to impress upon them that there is such a thing. Wherever throughout the world there exists a Catholic, there exists an Episcopal See, there is the empire of Rome. If we were to eliminate from the empire of Rome to-day the work that has been done by Ireland, the immensity of the Church it has established in missionary lands, we should leave a tremendous vacuum. The people of certain lands seem to have a providential mission for the fulfillment of God's designs. Judaea is one example of this; though a small and poor nation, yet what great work did it not accomplish in preparation for the reign of Christ. Here in modern times there is that little island in the Western seas: what work has it not done through the ages, and what is it not still doing in the dispersions of its people for the Church of God? The Irish people were fitted for their work both by nature and by grace. By one they were endowed with the spirit of imagination and poetry, and this led them to wander in other lands; by the other they were filled with the Faith, and wherever they brought that Faith of St. Patrick they planted it deep.

The Archbishop here, in a rapid but eloquent manner, described the going forth into Scotland, England and the Continent of Europe of the Irish missionaries in the fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth centuries to widen out, as it were, the Tabernacle of Christ; and he just hinted at the

work of Irish saints—Columba, Columbanus, Gall, etc.

But the great work for Rome on the part of Erin began after the religious revolution of the 16th century, when the Catholic Church was weakened in many countries. If Erin had lost the faith then, how much would be lacking to the faith of Rome in the world to-day? It was a miracle of God's power that the Catholic faith survived the tremendous battle.

Naturally the Archbishop, after having described how the Irish were dispersed, and how they kept the faith, going away to form brigades in the armies of Continental nations; and then as emigrants, leaving their country in order to gain their daily bread, dwelt on the sadness of emigration to the people, and its blessings, through the spread of the faith, to the people amongst whom the emigrants dwelt. And he told, in connection with this, how, in 1798, a party of emigrants landed in New York from a ship that set out from Drogheda many months before. When they reached the shores of the new land they gathered in a circle, and a venerable old man with white locks falling down on his shoulders stood in the midst of them while they, kneeling, made the sign of the cross and prayed in a tongue that was unknown to the few spectators who witnessed this scene. Amongst these spectators was a lady who had never till then seen anyone make such a sign as that of the cross. Some years later she was received into the Catholic Church, and her name, Mrs. Seton, the foundress of a religious order of women, is well known all over the United States. Archbishop Seton, the grandson of this lady, was present at the lecture to-day!

In concluding his address to the students present on this occasion, Archbishop Ireland emphasized the necessity of the future Irish priests undertaking the mission to the heathen. France is fast dropping out of this work, and the Irish, he is convinced, should take it up. Bishop Hanlon, the representative of the Irish missionary spirit to the heathen, was present, and Archbishop Ireland referred to him in laudatory terms. This will, in the future, if it be taken up with zeal, constitute Rome's debt to Erin. Irish emigration is, practically speaking, at an end; and the missionary spirit must find another outlet, and that is offered in the conversion of the heathen.

An Employer's tribute to the Irish Workman.

Says the Hon. John D. Crimmins, of New York: "The Irishman at home is charged with being indolent and this is given as one of the causes of his lack of prosperity. There must be a wonderful change come over him during his voyage to this country, for the moment he lands on our shores he is off seeking employment. What race is more industrious or absorbs our conditions more rapidly? They would become citizens an hour after landing if that were possible. They seem to understand our institutions immediately. Possibly a few sometimes take too liberal a construction of our law, but that is a rare occurrence. This is their home; they are loyal to it and to the flag of our country. From many years of observation in the employment of thousands of mechanics and laborers of all races, I can safely say the Irish laborer and the Irish mechanic are the best in their class. They work with heart and head. They are strong and courageous, and are first in what may be considered dangerous work. Any master mechanic, being asked what race under his observation produces the best mechanic, will tell you the Irish. I speak now of constructive trades."

To Prevent is Better Than to Repent.—A little medicine in the shape of the wonderful pellets which are known as Parmelee's Vegetable Pills administered at the proper time and with the directions adhered to often prevent a serious attack of sickness and save money which would go to the doctor. In all irregularities of the digestive organs they are an invaluable corrective and by cleansing the blood they clear the skin of imperfections.

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE

Who is the most helpless creature in the living world? A creeping insect, a blind worm, a fledgling bird, a minnow in the stream? None of these; the insect, however tiny, knows his little paths to safety; the worm understands where to seek the shelter of the earth; the little fish is able to capture his food and to escape his foes; the young bird must preen its wings for flight soon after it breaks through the shell. Little cubs and kittens become strong, active, self-dependable within a few weeks after their appearance in the world. The highest form of life is the slowest to ripen and strengthen—the most helpless creature on earth is a human baby.

The little hands are stretched out for help; the little mouth opens piteously in cries for help, and help is at hand in the loving care of father and mother. The wailing infant is comforted; it is guarded against heat and cold, hunger and thirst. Love surrounds it and envelops it, else would it perish miserably.

Then when the little feet grow stronger; they must be guided into safe paths; the little hands must be kept from the finger-burning fires of mischief; the little heart must learn to love those that have so loved and protected it. So it runs from babyhood to blossoming youth. The watchful providence of the parents stands for the higher providence of God. Who loves not his father and his mother loves not the Almighty Father. Who is ungrateful and disrespectful to those who have so loved and cared for him is unworthy to be called a child of God.

CHILDREN'S LETTERS.

Children should be encouraged to write letters. It gives them facility in expressing their ideas, and if the habit is established in childhood it is less difficult in after life. When they leave the old home a regular correspondence is a source of the greatest comfort to both parents and children, and frequent letters help to keep the fraternal tie strong and unbroken between brothers and sisters.

A SAND TABLE.

Every mother who has little children that cannot go to a kindergarten will find a sand table one of the best investments that she can make for their continual entertainment. The sand table is a deep, strong box on stout legs and should be water tight. This is filled with sand to within a few inches of the top and provides a place to dig—to make garden roads, to create hills, mountains and rivers and valleys and with the aid of blocks and the miniature trees to be had at the toy stores to construct cities, filled with architectural beauties and lovely parks.

"GOOD FELLOW" GIRLS.

The "good fellow" girl will lend her money and her clothes to other girls just to show how generous she is. She will spend her money foolishly and get into debt, so that people will not think her mean. In time she will get to despise economy, thrift and prudence, and will fancy it old-fashioned to care for church or Sunday-school. Cheap, loud people will begin to seem to her the only ones to emulate. The quiet refinement that should mark every woman's dress and manner entirely disappears. She doesn't care what people think, not she! She will not take a dare and so becomes known as "one of the boys." What an unpleasant appellation! Almost as hateful as that other name for the "good fellow" girl—"thoroughbred." Some men's idea of a thoroughbred is something exactly opposed to the sort of woman they would choose for a wife. It means loudness of dress and manner, a bold stare, a slangy mode of speech, a general lack of modesty and good taste. Don't try to be a thoroughbred or one of the boys, please. Don't be a good fellow. Be a lady.

USES OF BAKING SODA.

A package of ordinary cooking soda (saleratus) should find a place in the medicine closet, for many are the uses to which it can be put. A handful placed in the hot water in which the feet are bathed will do much to relieve tired or blistered and aching feet. A teaspoonful in half a glass of cold water will relieve a sick stomach, and a little of the soda used instead of tooth powder will keep the teeth free from tartar and beautifully white. Every trace of the soda should be well rinsed off the teeth each time it is used. A generous handful of soda in the bathtub will remove the odor of perspiration, besides strengthening and toning the system. It will also remove blackheads if the parts affected are first moistened and then covered with as much soda as will stick. Leave it on the face until the skin begins to smart and then remove by gently bathing the face with warm water and drying it with a bit of soft old linen. A pinch of soda will often relieve toothache, and when applied to the sting or bite of an insect will allay the pain or itching and heal the slight wound.

WOMEN'S FRIENDSHIPS.

Some people have only themselves to thank that they do not possess more friends. They think they should give a friend hard service as they would a door mat.

A wise woman once wrote the following rules for friends: Give your intimates the same polite treatment you give your acquaintances. Don't use your friend's house as you would a restaurant. Don't rush in at all hours. Don't tell your troubles. Don't find fault. Be liberal with your words of praise.

Don't accept favors you can't or won't return. Don't try to be included in everything. Don't always say that you have something like it when she shows you some new possession. Don't interfere with the management of servants or children. Don't keep your friends waiting. Don't fail them in times of trouble.

Learn to overlook little things and don't be exacting. Help in whatever way you can. Do not try to outdo your friend. Be content to share attention or admiration. Don't preach. Don't talk about yourself. Now, it really would seem, in view of all these rules, that there is more to friendship than most women think.

WALL PAPER BLISTERS.

If a blister is found in wall paper after it is hung take a penknife, carefully slit, then dip a small camel's hair brush in a little paste and paste the cut surface down. Go over the spot lightly with a small hammer, and when the paste is dry the blisters will have disappeared, and the doctoring of the spot will not be suspected. This is the way that professional paper hangers treat blisters in lightweight and light colored papers. If very heavy, embossed or dark colored plain paper were used a different treatment would be necessary.

SUMMER CARE OF PIANOS.

Few people realize the amount of care and attention that a piano needs in the summer time, says the Boston Traveller. In closing a house for the summer it is often considered unnecessary to do more than shut down the top of the piano without taking any precaution against dust, moths, and dampness. Then people wonder why it sounds muffled and out of tune in the fall. In closing a piano for any length of time it should be thoroughly dusted inside as well as out. With a soft brush every particle of dust should be carefully removed from the strings and felts, and other interior portions of the mechanism. For the benefit of the moths fill a small muslin bag with gum camphor and hang it inside the case if it is an upright piano or lay it underneath the strings if it is a grand.



Remodel Right. If you are going to build an addition to the house—change the inside or outside—you ought to know more about metal goods.

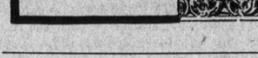
Metal Walls and Ceilings

They are cheaper and better than plaster or wall paper, because they last a lifetime and never need replacing.

They are richly ornamental themselves, and are made in an endless variety of designs.

Write us just what remodeling you intend to do—give measurements of surfaces to be covered—and we will submit suitable designs and estimate of the cost, FREE OF CHARGE.

Metal Shingle & Siding Co. Limited, Preston, Ont.



The keys should be covered with several layers of white tissue paper not only to keep out dust, but to prevent the ivory from becoming yellow. As an extra precaution newspapers should be placed over the strings, and the piano completely covered, if possible, with a rubber spread having a flannel lining. If a piano is to be used all summer, quite as much care is necessary. It should be always kept closed except when actually in use. When there has been a succession of damp, muggy days, advantage should be taken of the first sunny days and the piano left open, with the strings exposed, so that it may thoroughly dry out, for dampness makes the keys stick, muffles the tone and is the cause of other ailments to which a piano is liable.

STOCKINGS.

It is suggested that waxing the toe and heel of a stocking will diminish the number of holes to be darned, the principle being the same as waxing thread to make it stronger, stretch the stocking over the darning, melt a paraffin candle and rub thoroughly into the stocking, rubbing it in smoothly with the hand.

RECIPES.

Celery with Brown Sauce.—Trim the stalks of several heads of celery and tie them in bundles and parboil them for fifteen minutes, then drain. Then cover them with a good stock and simmer gently for an hour or until tender. Then drain on a cloth over hot water. Serve on a hot dish with three-cornered croutons of fried bread and pour a rich brown sauce over them. Use the stock in which the celery was boiled for the sauce, adding a little beef extract.

Sandwich Fillings.—Equal parts of chicken and ham finely mixed and seasoned with curry powder; minced tongue and hard boiled eggs, seasoned with mustard; minced hard boiled eggs, one sardine to every three, seasoned with lemon juice; water cress chopped fine, seasoned with salt and pepper and chopped hard boiled eggs; equal parts of minced ham and celery mixed with mayonnaise; cold roast chicken and cold cooked oysters chopped fine; cold corned beef and green peppers minced; cold mutton chopped fine and moistened with mint sauce; cream cheese and bar-le-duc mixed to a paste.

Oriental Salad.—Peel and boil four good-sized potatoes, drain, cut in cubes and cover with hot bouillon or any good, clear stock, adding to it one teaspoonful of onion juice. Let stand for ten minutes, then drain. Take one small leek, wash and split it and cut it in very thin slices; drain half a can of peas, let stand in ice-water for fifteen minutes, drain again and dry. Mix the peas and potatoes and marinate with a French dressing of four tablespoonsful of oil, one tablespoonful of vinegar, half a teaspoonful of salt and a quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper mixed well together. Set away in a cold place until ready to serve, then turn into a salad bowl, garnish with cress and sprinkle over it the cut leek.

TIMELY HINTS.

The double result of removing dust from the hands and bleaching the

skin is obtained by the use of melted castile soap and common oatmeal mixed together with a little water. If the water is perfumed a little the cleansing mixture is improved.

An old bookcase set on the table, back to the wall, makes a respectable imitation of a kitchen cabinet, and saves many steps.

A teaspoonful of lemon juice to a quart of water will make rice very white and keep the grains separate when boiled.

Match marks on a polished or tarnished surface may be removed by first rubbing them with a cut lemon and then with a cloth dipped in water.

A piece of sheet zinc the size of a person's hand placed on a glowing coal fire will, so to speak, vaporize and in so doing will remove all soot from the chimney.

To remove grease spots from carpets and rugs pour boiling water on equal parts of magnesia and fuller's earth. Make a paste of this and put on the carpet while hot. Brush off when dry, and stains will have disappeared.

FUNNY SAYINGS

A young clergyman relates an incident that occurred shortly after he was ordained. He had been called to a small town in central New England, which supported a Methodist church, in addition to his own, the latter being of the Baptist denomination.

One night, a few weeks after his arrival, he was awakened by a woman who implored him to make haste, as her husband was very ill, and had expressed a desire for spiritual consolation. Hurriedly dressing, he accompanied the woman.

On the way to her house the minister remarked that the woman's face was unfamiliar to him, and asked if she were a member of his flock.

"Oh, no," was the tearful reply, "I am a Methodist and belong to Mr. Black's congregation, but as John's case is contagious I did not like to ask Mr. Black to come to see him."

HE WAS THE BOY.

A publisher who occupies a loft in Seventeenth street, says the New York Sun, directed one of his clerks to hang out a "Boy Wanted" sign at the street entrance a few days ago. The card had been swinging in the breeze only a few minutes when a red headed little tad climbed to the publisher's office with the sign under his arm.

"Say, mister," he demanded of the publisher, "did youse hang out this here 'Boy Wanted' sign?"

"I did," replied the publisher sternly. "Why did you tear it down?"

Back of his freckles the youngster was gazing in wonder at the man's stupidity.

"Hully gee!" he blustered, "Why, I'm the boy!" And he was.

CORNERS ON EGGS.

Little Girl.—Have you any fresh eggs? Grocer.—Yes, how many do you want? Little Girl (viewing eggs critically)—Please, sir, these eggs isn't fresh.

Grocer.—Certainly they're fresh, my little girl. Little Girl (persisting)—No, they isn't, 'cause I heard my papa tell my mamma that there's a corner on eggs now, and these is all smooth.

Lawyer.—"Did the prisoner strike the complainant in the heat of passion?" Witness.—"No, sah, in the solah plexum, sah.—Baltimore American.

HE WASN'T BORN.

Bobby was new to the place, and the first morning he went to school the teacher asked for all particulars as to his name, age, etc. To the latter's surprise, Bobby had no idea as to the date on which he was born.

Teacher.—"But how is it you don't know when you were born?" Bobby.—"Please, sir, I wasn't born. I had a stepmother!"

"Ma," said a newspaper man's son, "I know why editors call themselves 'we.'"

"Why?"

"So's the man that doesn't like the article will think there are too many people for him to tickle."

THE POET'S CORNER

OUR LADY WITHOUT SIN.

Of old, of old, in Galilee, A little maiden dwelt, Whose blessed soul the bitterness Of sin had never felt; Her heart was like the lily buds That open to the sun; Aye, fairer than the fairest flower God ever smiled upon. To her the Holy Spirit came, And dwelt that heart within, To make her His own chosen Bride, Our Ladye without sin.

Of old, of old, to Bethlehem, When winter winds blew wild, A Virgin Mother came to seek A birthplace for her Child; The little town was full of folk, Of bustle and of stir; But, weary-worn and travel-spent, There was no room for her. She turned her to the rocky cave, Both dark and damp within, And there—her Blessed Son she bore, Our Ladye without sin.

Of old, of old, on Calvary, Stood Mary, full of grace; Close to the Cross where Jesus hung, And looked up in His face. Full tenderly our Lord bent down Toward her who gave Him birth, Then placed her in the hands of him He loved the best on earth; So that disciple took her thence, To dwell his home within, And she became our Mother dear, Our Ladye without sin.

Above, above, in Paradise, That city of God's peace, Where evil cannot enter in, Where sorrow hath no use; The silver moon beneath her feet, Our Ladye sits as Queen, Crowned with a starry diadem And clad in glorious sheen. God grant us of His blessed grace, An entrance there to win, That we may see her face to face, Our Ladye without sin. —Edith R. Wilson.

SUNSET.

Soft are the last rays descending Over the woodland and wold, Bathing the earth in their glory, Tinting the hilltops with gold. Gorgeous the sky in its splendor, Ere the proud monarch of light, O'er the dark crest of the mountain Slowly makes way for the night.

So may our lives, all illumined, At twilight descending the slope, Steadily gleam through the shadows, Aglow with the brightness of hope. After the toil of the midday, May clouds of dissension and strife Fade in a glowing horizon, The glorious sunset of life. —Katherine L. Danher.

Nervous Children.

St. Vitus Dance, Neuralgia and Headaches Common Among School Children.

St. Vitus dance is a disease that is becoming more and more frequent among school children. Young people tire the nerves with study and the nerves cry out. Sometimes the trouble takes the form of neuralgia, headache, nervous exhaustion, weakness of the limbs and muscles, and what we call "being run down." In other cases St. Vitus dance is the result, and the sufferer frequently loses all control of the limbs which keep up a constant jerking and twitching. There is only one way to cure this trouble—through the blood which leads and strengthens the nerves. And Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the only medicine that can make the new, rich red blood that feeds the nerves and strengthens every part of the body.

The case of Flossie Doan, of Crowland, Ont., proves the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Doan says: "A couple of years ago my daughter Flossie was dangerously afflicted with St. Vitus dance. She became so nervous that after a time we could not let her see even her friends. She could not pick up a dish, lace her shoes, or make any movement to help herself. She had grown thin and very pale, and as she had been treated by several doctors without benefit I feared she would not recover. A friend advised me to give her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after she had used a couple of boxes I could see that they were helping her. We gave her nine boxes in all, and by that time she was perfectly well, and every symptom of trouble had passed away and she is now a strong, well developed girl."

If your growing children are weak or nervous, if they are pale and thin, lack appetite or complain of headache or backaches give them Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and see how speedily the rich, red blood these pills make will transform them into bright, active, robust boys and girls. You can get these pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Church and Art.

"The Catholic Church has made art the handmaid of religion," says the Catholic Sentinel. "She has given the inspiration to the noblest reaches of artistic genius. The greatest names of men in the realm of art are the names of men who consecrated their genius to the sublime task of making the canvas or the marble block eloquent with the grand spiritual message of the Catholic faith. The names of Raphael and Michael Angelo are sufficient apology for Catholic art. No man or woman of culture to-day has any sympathy with the sixteenth century Philistines who hewed and hacked and utterly destroyed the priceless legacy of many a century of Catholic art—masterpieces of painting and sculpture that embellish the magnificent cathedrals and churches of England, Scotland and Germany."

Teacher.—"And why are you so late, Tommy?" Tommy.—"If you please, teacher, it is mother's washing day; she lost the lid of the boiler, so I have been sitting on the top to keep the steam in."

MEMORY'S ANSWER.

By Fideles. Dead, do you say? Those days of old, With their pleasant paths and their hearts of gold, With the tears that dried as soon as they fell, With the joys that held us 'neath pleasure's spell, With the smiles that came at each merry word, With the songs the sweetest ear ever heard. Dead? The hearts and the days, beloved so well? Ah, never, while memory throws its spell All over the Past! Outring the chimes From the merry days of the dear "Old Times." As true and as clear to the heart to-day, As they rang in the lands of the Far Away! When toil grows heavy, and hearts grow sore, We hear the bells from the days of yore, And they never can die, those days of old, With their pleasant paths and their hearts of gold!

Night comes and with rosy finger tips She covers the sun with her cloak of blue, You are weary, dear child, I have heard her say, "Sweet dreams, sweet dreams to you."

She stills the rustling of leaves and grass And broders them white with dew, And low the brook to the bluebell sings "Sweet dreams, sweet dreams to you."

The moon o'er the forest is bringing the stars To watch o'er the babe and the lambkin, too— The wind in her cradle the rosebud swings, Singing, "Sweet, sweet dreams to you."

When God had made a host of them, One little flower still lacked a stem To hold its blossoms blue; So into it He breathed a song, And suddenly with petals strong As wings, away it flew. —John B. Tabb.

THE BLUE BIRD.

When God had made a host of them, One little flower still lacked a stem To hold its blossoms blue; So into it He breathed a song, And suddenly with petals strong As wings, away it flew. —John B. Tabb.

OUR B...

Dear Girls and Boys:

It just gives me a new to feel I have so many friends. Eugene McC. se a real nice garden. Of must take diligent care would not yield him qu turns. He speaks of of little chicks, too, has entered the corner petitor. She is very v deed. I am glad Josep stories. I always try t thing that I am sure th ders will like. What a they must have had at school on Arbor Day, ed to read about Cla specially about his pet l sure he was sorry he save the tiny chicks. I can try with the rest fo Seeing he is such a busy ing hard on the farm, be taken into considera viding he fulfilled the neatly, on one side of estingly, and, as far as regularly. I think should induce her friends for the "True Witness," not then have to wait to school and had the it to the class. Nellie too, and owns twenty-th I tick her time must occupied outside of sch Stella sends her first l rain evidently didn't sp nic, as she seems to herself and had to milk got home. Some o made mention of the ing their First Commu day is always a bright mory in our lives. M friends receive the choic of that day of days is wish of their

Dear Aunt Becky: We got the True Witn I was pleased to see so I hope we will all contin you have so many nice it. The weather has b and wet that the farme little grain sowed. I their potatoes planted is coming the 24th of t bless the bells for our l He will not give Confir later. The children their first Communion next. Sister Lizzie is make hers. I hope yo get I am writing just to get the book, for I like all the cousins very mu Your nephew,

Granby, May 11.

Dear Aunt Becky: I was so glad to see letters last week. We the True Witness, so I till the teacher brought and read them for us. to start Catechism i When I come home from busy making flower bed round and some long, a asters and poppies. are up, but the asters yet. I have a doll. hair and I call her Sus over to the woods this got a bunch of May flo teacher. I have twent chickens, and I feed morning before I go to my letter is getting say good-bye.

Your loving niece

Lonsdale, May 10.

Dear Aunt Becky: I think all the boys t be very eager to writ to win your nice prize like to win it, but would not have time to And help my brothers

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys:

It just gives me a new lease of life to feel I have so many dear little friends. Eugene McC. seems to have a real nice garden. Of course he must take diligent care of it or it would not yield him such good returns. He speaks of a large family of little chicks, too. Agnes McC. has entered the corner as a competitor. She is very welcome indeed. I am glad Joseph likes the stories. I always try to get something that I am sure the little readers will like. What a lovely time they must have had at Annie O'N's school on Arbor Day. I was pleased to read about Clare B's pets, especially about his pet lamb. I am sure he was sorry he could not save the tiny chicks. Patrick M. can try with the rest for the prize. Seeing he is such a busy boy, working hard on the farm, that would be taken into consideration, providing he fulfilled the rule, writing neatly, on one side of paper, interestingly, and, as far as he is able, regularly. I think Nellie O'N. should induce her friends to subscribe for the "True Witness." She would not then have to wait until she got to school and had the teacher read it to the class. Nellie is gardening, too, and owns twenty-three chickens. I think her time must be very well occupied outside of school hours. Stella sends her first letter. The rain evidently didn't spoil her picnic, as she seems to have enjoyed herself and had to milk when she got home. Some of the letters made mention of the writers making their First Communion. That day is always a bright happy memory in our lives. May my little friends receive the choicest blessings of that day of days is the sincerest wish of their

Love, AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky:

We got the True Witness to-night. I was pleased to see so many letters. I hope we will all continue to write, you have so many nice stories in it. The weather has been so cold and wet that the farmers have very little grain sowed. Some have their potatoes planted. The Bishop is coming the 24th of this month to bless the bells for our new church. He will not give Confirmation till later. The children are to make their first Communion on Thursday next. Sister Lizzie is going to make hers. I hope you will not think I am writing just to try to get the book, for I like my Aunt and all the cousins very much. Your nephew,

JOSEPH.

Granby, May 11.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I was so glad to see all the nice letters last week. We do not take the True Witness, so I had to wait till the teacher brought it to school and read them for us. I am going to start Catechism next Sunday. When I come home from school I am busy making flower beds. Some are round and some long, and I planted asters and poppies. The poppies are up, but the asters are not up yet. I have a doll. It has yellow hair and I call her Susan. We were over to the woods this week and we got a bunch of May flowers for our teacher. I have twenty-three little chickens, and I feed them every morning before I go to school. As my letter is getting long I will say good-bye.

Your loving niece, NELLIE O'N. Lonsdale, May 10.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I think all the boys and girls will be very eager to write now to try to win your nice prize. I should like to win it, but I'm afraid I would not have time to write in the holidays. I am quite a big boy, and help my brothers on the farm.

I horseshoe, cock hay, help to build the load and drive the horses to the barn. As they do not quit work till very late, I have to milk the cows and do all the other work and bring in the wood and cedar.

Your loving nephew, PATRICK M. Lonsdale, May 10.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I was so glad to see my letter in the paper and I thought I would write to you again and tell you about my nice little pet lamb. I call her Bess. I give her nice, warm sweet milk to drink. I have very poor luck with my little chicks. I have only one yet. It has been so cold they have all died. We are raising five little calves, and I am quite busy feeding them. I guess this is all for this time.

Your loving nephew, CLARE B. Lonsdale, Ont., May 11.

Dear Aunt Becky:

As last Friday was Arbor Day the boys got a lot of lilac trees and our teacher planted them in our school yard. While the boys were after the trees the girls swept all the yard and the little boys carried chips into the wood shed. The boys then fixed up the fence where it was broken and nailed up the steps. In the afternoon we went to the woods and got a lot of flowers. The scholars are going to bring plants to school and put them in the windows. I am going to try for the prize, and I hope all my cousins will try also. We are going to have first Communion in June. I am going away for a week in holidays to visit my cousin. I guess I have told you all the news for this time. I remain,

Your loving niece, ANNIE O'N. Lonsdale, May 10.

Dear Aunt Becky:

As I was not at school last week when the other boys and girls wrote I am going to write to you this week. I am going to tell you about the good time I had last summer at a picnic. My friend, Aggie McC. and I, went in the afternoon. About supper time it began to rain, and Aggie and I went under the table where there was a lot of baskets and we ate supper. When it stopped raining we went out and got some candies and sat on a stump and ate them. After a while we went home. We had a lot of fun going home, too. I had to milk when I got home. Well, I guess I will close for this time, hoping to see my letter in the paper next week. I remain,

Your loving niece, STELLA M.

Dear Aunt Becky:

As there is going to be a prize for the best and most regular writer, I would like to compete with the other nieces and nephews. I won a prize last Christmas at school for regularity in attendance. The teacher gave me a nice book, "Black Beauty." I liked it very well. She is going to give another prize to the one who comes most regularly. As I did not miss a day so far, nor do I intend to miss a day, if I do not get ill, I think I will have a fair chance of getting it. I feel so sorry for Edna, Kensington, Quebec, for losing her mother. I lost my mother when I was two years old, and I do not remember her. My father died two years ago this August. We were very lonely for him. I have three sisters and three brothers. One of my sisters is in Rochester. She comes home every summer. I am always so glad when she comes home and she always brings me a present. I am preparing for first Communion and Confirmation this summer. I think it is going to be in June. Well, dear Auntie, I guess I will close, as my letter is getting long. Love to all my cousins.

Your loving niece, AGNES McC. Lonsdale, May 10.

Dear Aunt Becky:

As my first letter came out in the True Witness I thought I would write another letter to you this week

telling you how I am spending my time now. You know I go to school every day, and when I come home from school I have all my chickens to feed, about forty of them. Yesterday we went to the woods and gathered a lot of May flowers for our teacher. I have started to make a garden and I work in it every morning before I go to school. In my garden I have rhubarb in one part, horse-radish in another, and strawberries in the rest. The horseradish is up about five inches and the strawberries are in blossom. There are nine in our school preparing for first Communion and Confirmation, which will take place in June. We have had a very cold spring so far. It rained to-day and has turned quite cold. If it rains on Saturday I am going fishing in the salmon river. With love to Aunt Becky and all my cousins.

From your nephew, EUGENE McC. Lonsdale, May 10.

Dear Aunt Becky:

Irene E.'s letter of two weeks ago from Quebec has prompted me to write a letter to you also, thus making for myself a new relation. I daresay you must find pleasure in having so many nephews and nieces. I am an auntie, too, and feel very proud, and yet I have only four nieces and two nephews—all excepting one niece live in Montreal; and this little girl, just a month old, lives only a few doors from us. I go to the Good Shepherd Academy and am studying very hard, and for this reason I know, dear old Aunt Becky will excuse this hasty letter.

Once more I must away to my studies, and thanking my namesake for her good example, and with love to aunt and cousins, I remain,

Yours truly, IRENE K. GROWING UP.

When I was five I used to believe in fairies, and I wouldn't leave my mother for a minute. I didn't want to go at night in any room 'cept where a light was burning brightly in it. When I was six I really thought The world was flat and stopped off short With just high walls around it. And when I lost my doll I cried. And couldn't stop, although I tried, Till Sister Mary found it. But now I know what things are true, And I go visit'ing Cousin Lou Alone—she's 'most eleven. Dark rooms don't frighten me, and I Just only very seldom cry. For now I'm almost seven! —Youth's Companion.

A "GOLDY GIRL."

It did not seem much to Bess Winton to break a cluster of golden-rod for the little girls leaning out of the outboard train, and pass it quickly to them before the snorting engine bore them away. But if she could have followed that golden-rod, she might have found that, like other things we do on impulse, the harvest gathered is seemingly out of all proportion to the seed done.

"I think," said Elsie Cline, slipping back upon the velvet cushions and straightening out her dress to make room for the golden-rod, "that was the nicest girl I ever saw."

"I think," said her sister Lena, smoothing out her dress to hold a second bunch of golden-rod that Bess had thrown into the moving car, "she was a nicer girl than I ever saw before."

Mrs. Cline, hearing the two, laughed. "And what is to hinder our having two just as nice girls here on this train?" she said, looking down upon her two daughters.

"But do you think that little girl would not have been fretful?" said Elsie, holding up a spray of golden-

rod admiringly, putting her head first on one side, then on the other, to get a good view. "She wasn't fretful, now was she? For all the heat and dirt and dust, she thought of two little girls in the train and reached out lovingly the golden flowers to them; in fact, was a real little goldy girl, I think."

Elsie drew a long sigh, as though she felt it very hard that mamma should always "see into things so," as she styled it. But a moment later her face lighted and she reached and pulled her mother down to her shyly.

"Maybe she'd like some, too, mamma. She looks tired, doesn't she?"

Glancing in the direction of Elsie's eyes, Mrs. Cline saw a weary little body looking aimlessly through the window in a seat near. "You can try," she said.

Elsie slipped away with her best branch of golden-rod.

"Maybe you'd like his. We like it," she said timidly.

The old lady turned, and how her face lighted!

"Bless you, dearie! The little girl gave it to you back at the station, didn't she?"

"Yes, and mamma says—" Then followed the story of the "goldie girl."

"That's nice," the old lady said, as Elsie slipped from her arms.

"Maybe I can be an old goldy girl, even if it does seem tejus gettin' out to California."

"Oh, the end will come!" Elsie said, happily. "Mamma says so."

More than one in that crowded car during the next two days' travel, heard of the little "goldie girl" from the lips of either Elsie or her sister, Lena. And more than one face brightened, and more than one felt weariness lessened.

And all the time, Bess Winton, back in her home by the dusty car tracks, kept on making her hands and feet follow the quick impulses of her loving heart, and never even dreamed she was a "goldie girl."

THE TWO DREAMS.

"Did you sleep well last night, my son?" inquired Jacob's father, one morning. "Yes, but I had two very strange dreams. I thought a little dog was turning a wheel in a nail-maker's shop. The workman thrust pieces of iron into the blaze, and when they were red-hot he hammered them into spikes. When the little dog grew tired, the wheel would turn slowly, and then the man would hold a red-hot nail close to the poor animal and frighten him very much. He would jump ahead, and the wheel would fairly buzz around. At last the dog sank down and could not go a step further. The cruel master then took him out of the cage and began to beat him. He did not cry out, but at every blow he seemed to grow larger. First he was as large as a shepherd dog, then as a wolf, then a tiger, then a lion. At last he was a monster breathing fire out of his mouth. The nail-maker and the forge were consumed, and then I woke up. Wasn't that a dreadful dream?"

"Yes, it was," answered Jacob's father. "But there was in it a meaning that you will understand some day. You should never ill-treat any one. Injustice will turn men into wild beasts; these grow more and more ferocious, until they end by destroying everything. Now tell me your second dream."

"I was afraid of something that was coming behind me. I did not know what it was, but I ran as fast as I could so as to get away from it. The faster I ran, the closer it seemed to get and the larger it grew. I thought I was surely lost, when there suddenly appeared before me a calf figure, which said to me: 'Do not be afraid. Stop, turn around, and take fresh courage. Look

THREE Trying Times in A WOMAN'S LIFE WHEN MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

are almost an absolute necessity towards her future health.

The first when she is just budding from girlhood into the full bloom of womanhood.

The second period that constitutes a special drain on the system is during pregnancy.

The third and the one most liable to leave heart and nerve troubles is during "change of life."

In all these periods Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will prove of wonderful value to tide over the time. Mrs. James King, Cornwall, Ont., writes: "I was troubled very much with heart trouble—the cause being to a great extent due to 'change of life.' I have been taking your Heart and Nerve Pills for some time, and mean to continue doing so, as I can truthfully say they are the best remedy I have ever used for building up the system. You are at liberty to use this statement for the benefit of other sufferers."

steadily, and even took some steps toward it. The nearer I got, the smaller it became, and finally it disappeared in mist. Then I woke up. "Your dream was a true one," said Jacob's father. "When you are afraid, it will seem as if all sorts of dangers were close behind you. But if you take courage and turn about and face them, they will disappear in smoke, just as they did in your dream."—Translated from the French of Charles Wagner for the Ave Maria.

A WONDERFUL CANARY.

A wonderful canary bird belongs to a family in Everett. The little fellow has the freedom of the house, flying whithersoever he listeth at all times. While good friends with every member of the family, he is particularly attached to the child of the house, a little girl four or five years old. When the child comes where the canary is he rushes excitedly to meet her and begins the most frantic caresses, perching on her head and shoulders and finally under her ear, where he reaches round to the rosy chin and ear and kisses them in true bird fashion. But, not content with this ardent demonstration, he insists on making the little girl open her mouth, and then he daintily taps each tooth with his tiny beak. If she refuses to part her lips, to see what the bird will do, as she says, he scolds and flutters and even pecks at her cheek until he finally obtains his own way again. What the idea can be, unless Mr. Canary thinks the white teeth are bits of sugar or cuttlefish, it is difficult to conjecture. That he has some method in his caprice is quite evident. To no one else does he show any such marked attention.—Boston Herald.

Horses are easily trained to step proudly to sound of file and drum. At the zoo in Paris a learned professor has been examining various animals with regard to their musical ear. He found monkeys very partial to ragtime, particularly if played on a violin or flute. They stop eating, scratching or jumping about to listen. Elephants or rhinoceroses took no notice of either ragtime or symphony, but the hippopotamus raised his head out of the water and listened with the keenest enjoyment apparently to a waltz by a famous composer—Offenbach.

THE PERSIAN ZOO.

Did you ever see a two headed cat, With five legs that are black and blue, And horns like a cow and elephants ears And neck like a mutton stew?

Did you ever see a mouse with wings, Its tail like a kangaroo, Its nose like a couple of scrambled eggs?

I often have—haven't you? Just lie on the floor near a Persian rug, And the figures that stare at you Are the strangest animals ever seen Either in or out of the zoo. —Washington Star.

THE MAGIC OF SILENCE.

You have often heard "It takes two to make a quarrel." Do you believe it? I will tell you how one of my little friends managed. Dolly never came to see Marjorie without a quarrel. Marjorie tried to speak gently, but no matter how hard she tried, Dolly finally made her so angry that she would soon speak sharp words too.

"Oh, what shall I do?" cried poor Marjorie. "Suppose you try this plan?" said her mamma. "The next time Dolly comes in, seat yourself in front of the fire and take the tongs in your hand. Whenever a sharp word comes from Dolly, gently snap the tongs, without speaking a word."

Soon afterward in marched Dolly to see her little friend. It was not a quarter of an hour before Dolly's temper was ruffled and her voice was raised, and as usual she began to find fault and scold. Marjorie flew to the hearth and seized the tongs, snapping them gently.

More angry words from Dolly. "Speak," said she. Snap went the tongs. "Why don't you speak?" screamed Dolly, in a fury. Snap went the tongs. This snap was the only answer. Dolly cried out, "I'll never, never

come again, never!" Away she went. Did she keep her promise? No, indeed! She came the next day, but seeing Marjorie run for the tongs, she solemnly said if she would only let them alone they would quarrel no more forever and ever.

MODEL CATHOLIC BOY.

The Catholic Standard and Times tells of a little boy of Trenton, N. J., named Raymond Shannon, who, by denying himself candy and other delicacies liked by children, has saved \$12 in pennies during the past two years and has given the money to St. Francis Hospital. He gave his last donation a week ago last Sunday when he presented \$23 in pennies to the Sisters. Master Shannon first began to save when he heard that a new wing was to be erected at the hospital. He told his mother at that time that he was going to give all his pennies to the hospital, and he has since adhered to his resolution.

A LIFE FOR A LIFE.

A well known man was recently saved from death by a mouse. One of these troublesome little pests was nibbling in the room where the gentleman slept. A trap was set. In the night the mouse came, the bait was seized and the trapdoor fell with a crash. The man awoke to find the room full of gas, which had escaped from a half-turned burner. The nicest part of this story (which is a true one) is that the gentleman said he believed that a life demanded another life. Consequently the mouse was released with only a sprained paw. Let us hope that the incident taught him to beware of traps in the future, no matter how good the cheese smells.

THE SNOW FLOWER.

A traveller in Siberia tells us about a wonderful plant found in the northern part of that country, where the ground is perpetually covered with a coating of frost and snow. It shoots out of the frozen soil on the first day of the year and attains a height of three feet. On the third day it blooms, remaining open only twenty-four hours. Then the stem, the leaves and the flowers are converted into snow—in other words, the plant goes back to its original elements.

The leaves are three in number, and the flower is star-shaped. On the third day, the little bloom appears, little glistening specks appear on the extremities of the leaves. They are about the size of the head of a pin and are the seeds of the flower. It is said that some of these seeds were gathered once and taken to St. Petersburg, where they were buried in a bed of snow. The first of the following year the plant burst forth and bloomed, just as it does in Siberia.

BE KIND TO YOUR PETS.

Rabbits.—You can make a good hutch for your rabbits from a grocer's box. Raise it from the ground at the four corners, and make some holes in the bottom. All you need put in is some nice clean straw. Feed them on bran, grain, peas, parsley, carrots, turnip-tops, but not much cabbage.

Birds.—Remember always to keep the cage clean. A thick layer of red sand should be sprinkled on the tray, and a shallow glass dish with water for a bath should be put in every day. Never let your birds be in a draught. At night cover the cage with a white cloth, and in cold weather put a shawl over that.

Dogs.—Give your dog plenty of exercise, and let him always have some clean water to drink. Do not bathe him too often, but keep him well brushed every day. When you have washed him and rinsed the soap out of his coat, let him shake himself well, then rub him dry, and let him have a good scamper on the grass.

Guinea Pig.—A guinea pig is one of the cheapest pets to keep, for it will live and thrive on green food—lettuce, cabbage, watercress—and oats, hay, bran, with a little milk occasionally. Give him only very little of anything at a time. It ought not to cost you more than five cents a week at most to keep one.—Pictorial Review.

These two desirable qualifications pleasant to the taste and at the same time effectual, are to be found in Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. Children like it.

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And Catholic Chronicle

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All communications should be addressed to the TRUE WITNESS P. & P. CO., P. O. Box 1138.

NOTICE.

Subscribers will please take notice that when their year is due, and should they wish to discontinue their paper, they are requested to notify this office, otherwise we will understand they wish to renew, in which case they will be liable for entire year.



THURSDAY, MAY 17, 1906.

HON. EDWARD BLAKE DEFENDER OF CATHOLIC RIGHTS.

The cabled summaries of Hon. Edward Blake's speech in defence of Catholic rights during the discussion of the English Education Bill in the Imperial Parliament last week have challenged the admiration of Canadian Liberals who voted for those very principles last year when the Alberta and Saskatchewan Bills were the subject of fierce debate in Ottawa. It is the source of keen satisfaction to Canadian Catholics that the appeal to English Protestants fair play was made by Mr. Blake. It is uncertain still how the Catholic schools may ultimately fare under the legislation now being pushed through at Westminster. Apparently the Marquis of Ripon has determined to stay with the Government and do what he can to be of practical service. The London Tablet, in its latest issue to hand, recognizes the delicacy of his position. It says:

"We can claim no authority to speak in the name of the Marquis of Ripon. At the same time we have some reason for believing that the explanation of his attitude toward the Bill is to be found in the following considerations:—(1) We are assured that Lord Ripon attaches great importance to the 'Extended Facilities' clause, and believes that in practice it would be found that in most cases the local authorities would appoint Catholic teachers in Catholic schools. (2) He anticipates that a clause designed and drafted for the sake of the Catholic schools might be so amended in Committee that it would be found to do what it was intended to do—satisfy the claims of Catholics. (3) He is convinced that if we reject the facilities as unless the Government will abandon them altogether. (4) He feels that whatever power for good he may possess will be more effectually used within the Cabinet than from outside it. If this be a right representation of Lord Ripon's views, it will be seen that while his opinions as to the merits of the Bill are in sharp contradiction to those of the great majority of his co-religionists, they at least make his retention of office intelligible. Happily, however else Catholics may differ, we are all at one in our belief that, whatever chances, Lord Ripon will do what in his judgment is best for the cause of the Catholic schools."

The True Witness hopes to publish the full text of Mr. Blake's speech next week.

SIR THOMAS SHAUGHNESSY AND QUEBEC.

Under the clear-headed leadership of Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company has inaugurated a new era of activity and prosperity for old Quebec and

for Canada. Whilst the industrial development of the Dominion during the decade past appeared to have drawn the energies of capital and of commerce away from the cradle of our ocean trade, the eyes of the leaders have never been closed to the supreme natural advantages of the Ancient Capital. The Quebec Bridge, the National Transcontinental Railway and the decision of the Canadian Pacific Railway to make the city the terminal of its new line of fast steamers, ensure for the future the full heritage of the port. Quebec's sun has risen upon a glorious day; and the men of Quebec who have been steadfast believers in her high destiny, may now congratulate themselves that all the efforts they have put forth were directed by wisdom and patriotic foresight.

The place of sentiment in these considerations cannot be local or provincial. The shortening of the ocean route is not to the advantage of Quebec alone. All Canada will profit by the enterprise. Ten years ago the people of the country could not have expected the realization of the Empress of Britain's six-day trip from Liverpool to Quebec. The achievement is of the greatest importance to Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and the West. These rapidly growing and ambitious centres may and do, without envy, concede to Quebec every practical claim to superiority as the best distributing centre of the ocean trade. The watchword of the modern builders of Quebec is "Advance, Canada," and from east to west the cry has found ready and unqualified response.

FIRING ON THE GALICIANS.

In the late Japanese war, when some particular defensive point sheltered behind high hills had to be destroyed, the attacking force would send a single scout to the mountain top to signal the gunners in the valley and so direct their "high angle fire" that the shells dropped down the protected camp. The scout took extreme personal chances, to be sure.

We are rather sorry for the member of the House of Commons who permitted himself to be made the political scout of the latest attack upon the Galician settlers in the Northwest. There is a good deal of political warfare carried on now in Ottawa upon the "high angle fire" principles. The lesson of Alberta and Saskatchewan has had that effect at least. The political attack upon the Galicians, though it comes from under cover, is not intended to serve patriotic or even fair political motives. The Galicians were all right, we heard nothing but good report of them, until it was borne in upon the consciousness of certain anti-Catholic crusaders in Manitoba and Ontario that these new settlers were Catholics up to the hilt, and at least sufficiently enlightened to resist the blandishments of Manitoba Government proselytizers and campaigners against Catholic schools. Irish Catholics who were offered soup with "conversion" in days of famine were scarcely worse treated than the Catholic Galicians of the Northwest have been. Perverts of their own nationality were sent in among them to defame them when it was found that they would not give up their religion and that they had thrown in their lot for Catholic schools. Newspapers have circulated the most villainous reports concerning them. It is said that the priests are the instruments of superstitious abuses of all kinds in the Galician settlements. These slanders are carefully generalized so that legal redress cannot be had on account of them. The Orangemen of Ontario have not been slow in joining the hue and cry against the "foreigners." It is reported to us that the sectarian hate aroused against these poor Catholic settlers is the inspiring motive for a great deal of the talk heard in Ottawa these days about alleged violations of the land settlement regulations. Mr. Ames, member for the St. Antoine division of this city, brought the subject before Parliament in the form of an indictment against the

Department of Interior, but Mr. Chisholm on Friday last was utilized for outpost duty and directed some "high angle fire" of the Opposition guns upon the unfortunate Galician camp. So much had been done for these undesirables that there would be no land available for Canadians. Alas and alack, Canada has been gobbled up.

We do not think that Mr. Chisholm was really aware of the use he was being put to. It is our firm belief that when he sees where the anti-Catholic shells are falling he will come off the hill and let the Orange faction direct their own firing. There is not a particle of cause for raising prejudice against these people. The only crime they have been guilty of is their refusal to vote against Catholic schools for the education of their children.

Canada is surely big enough and broad enough to give a square deal to all who have thrown in their lot for the development of the western wheat fields, whether they be Galician Catholics or Ontario anti-Catholics. The Galicians never have had a fair deal since they came to this country. They are being pursued in season and out of season by disappointed fanatics who at first considered them ignorant enough to be easily drawn from allegiance to their faith.

If the Opposition have no better work to do than to bring this warfare into the House of Commons at Ottawa, they are unduly prolonging the session. A covert attack is even less creditable than the candid appeal to religious bigotry which has been tried in Manitoba so often against the Galician Catholics.

GOLDWIN SMITH ON LOURDES.

A letter in the New York Sun from Goldwin Smith upon the miracles of Lourdes is worthy of some attention. A copy of "Les Grandes Guerisons de Lourdes" having been presented to the Professor, he gives the impression which the book made upon him. From his letter we conclude, and not unjustly, that he could only have taken a very cursory view of this work which from its scientific analysis of the cures reported deserves more careful study. Professor Smith finds in it only cases of disease, and "therefore at least open to sceptical investigation." He then puts a condition upon the character of the cure before believing. He must see one raised from the dead or an amputated limb restored. "Let me see," he says, "or be assured that medical experts have seen a raising to life or an amputated limb restored, and I will be convinced." There is a complete lack of simplicity in such language. It sounds like the demands of the Jews on Good Friday: "Come down from the cross and we will believe." To limit the kind of cure in such a way is a practical disbelief in the book and the miracles it relates. He goes on to say that: "Of the maladies of which the Lourdes votaries are cured many seem to belong to the neurotic type, affording some room, as I suppose, for the play of diseased fancy." No doubt many of the cures have been neurotic, but many more have not. What play to diseased fancy can there be in the case of infants? The variety of ailments cured, the subjects who received these favors have been too great for the world of sceptics. And so far as neurotic cases are concerned, not a single one is certified to. These are allowed to go, but are never certified to as miracles. It is only other cures which receive the medical and judicial testimony. The state and nature of each case before the arrival at Lourdes is taken under medical evidence; so that the disease is known. Then, in case of cure, the facts are investigated by scientists and judges, and the certificate given. If individuals go to Lourdes and do not see a miracle they cannot deny what others have seen. Still less can men with sincerity and fairness dismiss the cures of Lourdes with a sneer, and say that they are the result of diseased fancy. The miracles of Lourdes have been witnessed by

too many, and they have been too carefully investigated to be treated lightly. Again Professor Smith says: "The cure of a mortal disease by dipping in the pool of Lourdes would no doubt be as real a miracle as raising from the dead or the restoration of a limb; but can we be sure that the disease was really mortal and that it had not been invested with that character by the delight and piety of the person cured?" Diseases may be, by natural means, incurable yet not mortal. Blindness, deafness are examples. Yet amongst the very earliest cures at Lourdes were sufferers of both these distressing maladies. The person cured, though the most benefited, is the least capable of insisting upon the supernatural character of the cure. It is not left to them. Physicians of repute who have seen the cases both before and after the cure are the principal witnesses. Clergymen who are as critical as judges should be; neighbors who knew the sufferers, and, lastly, relatives are sworn to give testimony. All the safeguards which prudence requires are taken not to admit a spurious miracle. If students of history like Goldwin Smith took the hundredth part of the precautions there would not be such a fabrication of prejudice. Again Professor Smith fears that the medical men are biased in these cases. Frequently they are biased against admitting miracles. Rationalistic and often materialistic they have been many a time the best and most reliable witnesses Lourdes could have. And in how many hundreds of cases have these men been compelled to acknowledge the miraculous cures at the famous grotto? These physicians have gone to Lourdes from all over the civilized world—and their testimony is unanimous. Lovingly by nature and natural surroundings Lourdes is beautiful; but it is more lovely by the sacred associations of nearly fifty years when the simple Bernadette was given favors denied to theologian, to savant or to prince—and lovely most of all by the miracles through all these years. They cannot be denied or explained away.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The settlement and distribution of the compensation funds for the transfer of church property in the Philippines seem now settled. The Pope and the Secretary of State, His Eminence Cardinal Merry del Val, have determined on the distribution of these funds. A large portion of the money will be kept in Rome, and the interest of it will be distributed according to the need there is of it. A second part of it is allotted to the religious for their work in the Philippines, as long as this is kept in the country. A third portion is destined for the Missions in China, which were maintained in a certain degree from contributions made by the people of the Philippines; and also for the old friars who were there, and other expenses contracted during the American war in that district. The United States Government has appointed a commission to estimate the cost of damages brought about by the war, which amounts to about a million dollars. Other damages remote and indirect may need the appointment of a new Commission to estimate them, although by the rules the Government is not obliged to such restitution, and hence it is acting in a most generous spirit.

M. Waldeck-Rousseau, writes the French correspondent of the London Catholic Times, promised the people of France to raise a milliard, i. e., one thousand million francs, from the sack of the religious congregations, and with that sum to found old-age pensions for the workers. Now for the reality. The liquidation has been going on nearly four years. Not one farthing has been paid! On the other hand, the State has provided more than five and three-quarter millions of francs to meet the expenses of the various

legal agents engaged in the liquidation. All this money has been advanced without the justification of any legal formality, and without regular control. These are words used by M. Groussau, a Deputy for the Department of the Nord, on the discussion of the Budget, and in a letter to the Minister of Finance.

Sir Edward Elgar, the famous British composer, whose works are creating such a furore in the United States at present, is a convert to the Catholic Church. His first great work was the musical setting for Cardinal Newman's poem, "The Dream of Gerontius." Elgar's commanding genius as composer was first recognized in Germany, where his "Dream" was rendered, first at Dueseldorf, and later at the Lower Rhine Festival. Here the famous German composer and critic, Richard Strauss, made a notable address, styling Elgar one of the great leaders of modern music. The Metropolitan press of the United States is paying Elgar the most glowing tributes. He was born in Broadheath, near Worcester, England, June 2, 1857.

Sir John Ward, head of the Postal Department of New Zealand, with Lady Ward and their family, were recently presented to the Supreme Pontiff by the Rector of the Irish College.

Antonio Fogazzaro, the most famous Italian novelist of the day, has withdrawn from publication a work of his condemned by the Holy Office.

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 hope 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 Gray, Hampton Road, Fakenham, Norfolk, England. P. S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation, and send with my acknowledgment a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart.

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

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

Dogs Saved Church's Riches.

Two faithful watchdogs prevented the blowing up of the safe in St. Rose of Lima Church, Eddystons, Pa., on May 1.

The first charge of dynamite failed to explode and Father Ryan believes that before the safe blowers had time to relight the fuse the dogs were upon them. The safe contained several thousand dollars' worth of gold and silverware, including the communion set. Father Ryan says he has a clue to the identity of the men.



When you plan your meals you never think of bread, yet you always have it, and if it is left off the table it is the first thing that is missed.

You can live without bread, but you can live without any other food with less hardship—think along these lines and the absolute necessity of bread comes home to you.

And because it is a necessity, its quality should be the best—quality in bread depends largely upon the flour.

Royal Household Flour has convinced the women of Canada that it is the best for pastry as well as for bread.

Try Ogilvie's Royal Household. Your grocer recommends it, because it gives such good results.

Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Ltd. Montreal.

"Ogilvie's Book for a Cook" contains 130 pages of excellent recipes, some never published before. Your grocer can tell you how to get it FREE. 164

A Minister's Kindly Act.

New York newspapers are devoting considerable attention to an unusual instance of co-operation between different religious organizations. The New York World tells the story in this way:

"When Father Heafy, of the Church of the Transfiguration, Brooklyn, was sent by Bishop McDonald, of the Brooklyn diocese, three weeks ago to the village of Elmhurst, to organize a Catholic church, he found there were plenty of worshippers of the Catholic faith, but no place to hold services. The only hall suitable in the town, the Republican Club's headquarters, was engaged for Sunday morning. Rev. William J. Noble, pastor of the Elmhurst Baptist Church, heard of Father Heafy's difficulty, so he sent for the priest and said: 'I don't use my church all day Sunday. If you'd like to have it when our folks are out, it is yours.'"

"Father Heafy was astonished. 'Why, I didn't expect anything like that,' he said. 'It's very thoughtful of you, and I'll accept with thanks.' Father Heafy, it was agreed, should have the church for Mass at 7.30 and 9.30. His congregation would vacate in time for the 11 o'clock service of the Baptists, but to make sure, Mr. Noble said he would move that service up to 11.30. There was a hitch about the Sunday school time, each congregation favoring the afternoon, so it was agreed that the Catholic children should go to the Republican Club. Father Heafy said he wouldn't have any Sunday evening service at the start, but later on, if his parishioners desired, he would use the church for five o'clock Vespers.

"Father Heafy began his services a week ago and there were 200 worshippers at the two Masses. The priest had a portable altar erected over the immersion font and there were the usual candles burning while the Masses were held. The Baptist organist played music suitable to the Catholic service. When the second Mass was over the Catholic vestments and altar were removed, and the sexton prepared the church for the Baptists. Father Heafy's Sunday school drew fifty children, but it didn't interfere any with the Baptist school. The attendance was the same as ever.

"We're getting along splendidly," said Rev. Mr. Noble. "There's plenty of room here for both congregations. You see, I've always preached brotherly love, and I believe in it." Father Heafy said: "It's given us a fine start. I'll say I never met a finer man than the Rev. Mr. Noble. Someday I'm going to have a church here as good as his own. Then the day it is opened, I'm going to invite him and all his congregation."

Is not too presumptuously sure in any business, for things of this world depend on such a train of unseen chances that if it were in man's hands to set the tables still he would not be certain to win the game.—Herbert.

SMOKERS' CANCER.

Scott & Judy, Bowmanville, Ont., will gladly send you the names of Canadians who have tried their painless home treatment for Cancer in all parts of the body. Names of the cured are simply marvellous.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

CONFIRMATION AT RICK'S.

On Thursday, May 17, 1906, the Confirmation of the Right Rev. J. Racicot to 194 candidates whom were adult converts.

ST. PATRICK'S

As announced by the Rev. Patrick's, the annual 1906 Confirmation will take place on July 1st in the direction of Rev. J. Racicot who is untiring in his efforts as great a success.

ALABAMA MINISTERS

Under the auspices of the Rev. Y. M. S., the Alabama ministers will entertain tomorrow, the 17th and 18th, in Sarsfield Hall. There has been well gotten up great credit on the young men in charge. We 10 houses will greet the participants and thus show a in this very worthy organization.

PUBLIC INSTRUCTIONS

The Rev. Abbes Thomas, principal of the School of Quebec, and the Rev. J. Racicot, principal of the Jesuit Normal School, and Messrs. John Abernethy and Joseph P. V. principal of the Belmore Normal School, Montreal, are gazetted as members of the Council of Public Instruction.

DOMINICANS' ANNIVERSARY

Services were held in the church of Notre Dame de Grace on the occasion of the anniversary celebrated by the Fathers in charge of the events were the fifty-fifth anniversary of the ordination of Father Cormier, Superior of the Order; the twenty-fifth anniversary of the establishment of the Third Order of St. Dominic; and the twenty-fifth anniversary of the entrance of the members of the order into the province of the Rev. Lady Jette, wife of the Governor, is one of these.

IRISH HISTORY EXAMINATION

An oral examination in Irish history took place at St. Patrick's school a few days ago, presided over by the Rev. Martin Callaghan who was a representative of the Hibernians, which organization offered a prize in the form of a Celtic cross, open to pupils of English-speaking schools in the city. St. Patrick's school, however, was the only one to compete. The prize was won by the Misses Rose Kathleen Carpenter, Bridget and Ellen Lukeman, the latter winning by a draw.

ARMY CHAPLAIN HOUGHTON

(Semaine Religieuse) The British Government has decorated with one of its orders a Catholic chaplain to the garrison at Gibraltar, a man of noble and gallant spirit, of Irish Catholic soldiers, who, provided with a chaplain according to an established custom, Father Collins, who is fifty years of age, is now graded as a captain in the British army. He is a learned man, speaking quite a number of languages, including Latin, which he learned in the seminary. Many heroic deeds are told of him. At the battle of Trafalgar, near Saquin, he was surprised in the bushes when Arab attack. There was a deadly disorder. At the time an Indian regiment started for the British, whom they had for the enemy, notwithstanding repeated bugle call to cease. Father Collins volunteered to take the Indian regiment to their mistakes. General consented, and the chaplain the ball-sport plan. That watchful Providence he was hurt, and when he returned to his regiment, having accomplished his mission, he was made the subject of an enthusiastic ovation on the part of the British soldiers.

Butterfly Suspenders. A man's Brass, "as easy as 50c."

ITEMS OF INTEREST

CONFIRMATION AT ST. PATRICK'S

On Thursday, May 10, the sacrament of Confirmation was administered by the Right Rev. Bishop Racicot to 194 candidates, ten of whom were adult converts.

ST. PATRICK'S PILGRIMAGE

As announced by the pastor of St. Patrick's, the annual pilgrimage to the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre will take place on July 21, under the direction of Rev. Jas. Killoran, who is untiring in his efforts to make it as great a success as former years.

ALABAMA MINSTRELS

Under the auspices of St. Gabriel's Y. M. S., the Alabama Minstrels will entertain to-night and to-morrow, the 17th and 18th insts, in Sarsfield Hall. The programme has been well gotten up and reflects great credit on the young men having it in charge. We trust bumper houses will greet the talent taking part and thus show a live interest in this very worthy organization.

PUBLIC INSTRUCTION

The Rev. Abbes Thomas G. Rouleau, principal of Laval Normal School, of Quebec, and Nazaire Dubois, principal of the Jacques Cartier Normal School, of Montreal, and Messrs. John Ahern, professor of the Laval Normal School, Quebec, and Joseph P. V. Desaulniers, principal of the Belmont School, Montreal, are gazetted as new members of the Catholic Committee of the Council of Public Instruction.

DOMINICANS' ANNIVERSARY

Services were held in the Church of Notre Dame de Grace on Tuesday on the occasion of the triple anniversary celebrated by the Dominican Fathers in charge of that church. The events were the fiftieth anniversary of the ordination of the Rev. Father Cormier, Superior-General of the Order; the twenty-fifth anniversary of the establishment of the Third Order of St. Dominic in Montreal, and the twenty-fifth anniversary of the entrance of the four first members of the order in Montreal. Lady Jette, wife of the Lieutenant-Governor, is one of these four.

IRISH HISTORY EXAMINATION

An oral examination in Irish history took place at St. Patrick's School a few days ago, presided over by the Rev. Martin Callaghan. With him was a representative of the lady Hibernians, which organization had offered a prize in the form of a gold Celtic cross, open to pupils of all English-speaking schools of the city. St. Patrick's girls school, however, was the only one which competed. The prize was equally merited by the Misses Rose Smith, Kathleen Carpenter, Bridget Curran and Ellen Lukeman, the last named winning by a draw.

ARMY CHAPLAIN HONORED

(Semaine Religieuse.) The British Government has just decorated with one of the highest orders a Catholic chaplain attached to the garrison at Gibraltar. This garrison, composed almost entirely of Irish Catholic soldiers, is provided with a chaplain according to an established custom. The Rev. Father Collins, who is fifty years of age, is now graded as a colonel in the British army. He is a very learned man, speaking quite fluently nine languages, including Arabian, which he learned in the Sudan campaign. Many heroic incidents are told of him. At the battle of Tofrek, near Suakin, the British were surprised in the bush by a sudden Arab attack. There was immediately a disorder. At the same time an Indian regiment started firing on the British, whom they had taken for the enemy, notwithstanding the repeated bugle call to cease fire. Father Collins volunteered to go before the Indian regiment to check their mistake. General MacNeill consented, and the chaplain crossed the ball-swept plain. Thanks to a watchful Providence he escaped unhurt, and when he returned to his regiment, having accomplished his mission, he was made the object of an enthusiastic ovation on the part of the British soldiers.

PERSONAL

Rev. Robert Fitzhenry, attached to the Cathedral of Ennis, Wexford, and Mr. J. Donahoe, one of the leading men of Wexford, have just been in the city. They visited the principal schools of the parish and expressed themselves as delighted beyond all measure with the splendid system of education enjoyed by our Irish Catholic girls and boys. To assist in carrying out the policy of progress and economy inaugurated by the Minister of Railways and Canals and his deputy, Mr. M. J. Butler, the Dominion Government has appointed Mr. John Murphy, B.E. of Ottawa, consulting electrical engineer.

ST. JOSEPH'S HOME

Rockville, Conn., May 13th, 1906.

Rev. Dear Friend: I enclose offering of five dollars which will buy a bed in honor of good St. Ann for St. Joseph's Home. Kindly ask the little chap who will occupy it to pray for me, and call it St. Ann's bed. Hoping the little shaver will enjoy many sweet dreams in it, and with best wishes for yourself, I remain,

Sincerely your friend,

F. N. STOUGHTON.

Father Holland says that if he had a few more of this kind in his mail the boys would not be long lying on the present makeshifts.

The first bed was presented in honor of St. Francis by Mr. John O'Neill, and the third in honor of St. Patrick by Mr. Patrick Ford, editor of the Irish World, New York.

The following sums have also been received during the week and are most gratefully acknowledged: Mr. James Young, Mr. J. Hoolahan and a friend, one dollar each; M. J. Walsh, M.P.P., three dollars; Mr. Harrington, two dollars; Miss Burns, fifty cents; Mr. Metcalfe and Miss K. Gallery sent each a setting hen and eggs to hatch; Mrs. Laprairie, a setting of black Minorca eggs; Mrs. Daly, one parcel and Miss Gilmour two parcels of clothing.

Spring housecleaning is nearly done at the Home, and the aspect has changed considerably for the better. There are now twenty-two wards under the care of the Misses Brennan, ten of whom are attending school. A meeting was held last Sunday evening under the chairmanship of Hon. Justice Curran and enough names were subscribed to warrant an application for a charter to open a new court of the C. M.B.A. This will be formed of the old boys from the Catholic Immigration Association and the working wards of the Home.

MR. M. J. QUINN, MECHANICAL SUPERINTENDENT PUBLIC WORKS, ONTARIO GOVERNMENT, RESIGNS.

The resignation of Mr. M. J. Quinn, Mechanical Superintendent of the Provincial Public Works Department, Toronto, Ont., which went in two weeks ago, has just been accepted, though reluctantly, by the Government, as expressed in a letter highly complimentary to the position held by the late Mechanical Superintendent in the minds of the Minister of Public Works and his colleagues generally. In the words of Dr. Reame, Minister of Public Works, Mr. Quinn is "a good man, clever in his profession and a splendid worker," and the fact is recognized and appreciated. He is now with the R. J. Cluff Co., Lombard St., representing the firm of Warden, King & Son, Montreal, the oldest firm representing heating goods in Canada. Messrs. Warden, King & Son, Ltd., are manufacturers of the improved "Daisy" Hot Water Heater, which is to-day acknowledged the best furnace on the market. The "Daisy" Furnace has the preference every time, when in competition, and is most invariably selected for installation in religious institutions throughout Canada. With this firm the scientific part of the business of heating, ventilating and air purifying will now be the special work of Mr. Quinn. Though not yet 32 years of age, Mr. Quinn was in the employ of the Government for 20 years, beginning when a young boy as assistant plumber, working with his tools for ten years until appointed Sanitary Inspector, to which office that of Mechanical Superintendent has for some years been added. Mr. Quinn is known and esteemed throughout the Province. He is a nephew of the late Hon. Christopher Fraser, and son of the late Thos. Quinn, Bursar of the Central Prison. As a worker in the C.M.B.A. and other societies he is prominent. His conferees at the Parliament Buildings part with him with extreme regret.

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CONCERT

As time goes on and years succeed one another, the Sailors' concerts are certainly growing in public favor and well-earned popularity. Last evening's entertainment, although yet quite early in the season, certainly points to a very successful and pleasant series of events for the year just opening. The concert was given by the Young Men's Musical Union of the city. The choir was occupied for the evening by Mr. McGovern.

The programme was an especially well executed one, bringing out, as it did, much well-cultivated and interesting talent. Special mention is certainly due to Miss Drury, who, in a well-cultivated, deep alto voice treated the audience to two very fine songs. The comic recitations of Mr. John Walsh, the flute solo of Mr. Lynch, and the singing of Messrs. Dixon, Flynn, Grimes and Gorman; the grand production of the Quintette Club, the card tricks of Mr. Weir, and the parts taken by seamen Gannon, Griffin and Flynn, all contributed to make the evening in every way pleasing and highly agreeable. On the whole, it is gratifying to notice that with the return of summer the old institution is again taking its place so favorably among our cherished landmarks and we hope that this season will shine forth as one of the most favored that it has been in our power to record.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE PRICES

May 16, 1906.

Flour—Manitoba spring wheat patents, \$4.60; strong bakers, \$4.10; winter wheat patents, \$4.20 to \$4.40; and straight rollers \$3.90 to \$4.10 in wood; in bags, \$1.80 to \$1.90; extra, in bags, \$1.85 to \$1.50.

Rolled Oats—\$2.00 to \$2.10 per bags 90 or 98 lbs.

Mill Feed—Ontario bran in bulk, \$20; shorts, in bags, \$20 to \$20.50; Manitoba bran in bags, \$19; shorts, \$20.

Hay—No. 1, \$9.50 to \$10 per ton on track; No. 2, \$8.50 to \$9; clover, \$8; clover mixed, \$8.50.

Oats—No. 2, 41c per bushel; No.

FAVORS UNIFORM LESSONS.

Catholic School Board Fix New Scale of Teachers' Salaries.

At the meeting of the Catholic School Commissioners on Tuesday afternoon a letter was read from the Hon. Lomer Gouin, Premier of Quebec, on the question of uniform text books for the Catholic schools of Montreal. The letter was, in part, as follows:

"I have examined, with care, the question of law which you have submitted in your letter of April 12, and I am of the opinion that the by-laws and regulations of the Catholic Committee of the Council of Public Instruction make it necessary for you to demand that in all schools under your control only one set of authorized text books be used. Since the receipt of your letter, two members of your commission have told me that the adoption of one set of text books for all the schools would have the effect of placing in the hands of boys, or in the hands of girls, certain books which would not be suitable for them. That is an altogether different question, and I hope to have an opportunity of discussing it later with the members of the commission."

Discussion regarding the letter of the Provincial Premier was postponed until the next sitting of the commission.

A report of the sub-committee on the increase of the teachers' salaries was finally adopted. This report fixes the minimum salary for teachers, with an elementary diploma, at \$800; for teachers with a model diploma at \$1000, and for teachers with an academy diploma at \$1200. The reservation was made that teachers with ten years' service, or more, will not be required to hold an academy diploma in order to have a right to the maximum salary of \$1200.

The commissioners did not see their way to adopt the motion of Mr. Semple, which, in part, made provision for the salaries of the seven principals of the schools being raised from \$1500 to \$1700.

The commissioners heard representations from publishers of school books, who pointed out what their position would be if the new proposal were adopted and the work given to them in the past, as publishers, in this line, ceased. The assurance was given that the circumstances would be fully considered and justice would be done if any loss resulted.

OBITUARY.

MR. WILLIAM DONNELLY.

The death occurred on Sunday evening, 25th March, of Mr. William Donnelly, at Notre Dame Hospital, after a painful operation. He was a native of St. Brigid, Iverville Co., and was 69 years, 9 months and 11 days. He was a man of sound religious principles, a devout Catholic, and always contributed according to his means. By his kind and genial ways he made hosts of friends, by whom he will be remembered for a long time. The funeral service was held in the parish church of St. Brigid, on the 28th, at nine o'clock, and was largely attended. Rev. Father Poljan, from Ste. Therese College, officiated, assisted by Father St. Pierre, parish priest, as deacon, and Father Tetrault as sub-deacon. In the choir was present Rev. Father Balthazar, formerly parish priest of St. Brigid. The remains were interred in the family plot, where lay those of his wife and nine children, none surviving. The deceased was a subscriber of the True Witness for a number of years. R.I.P.

Wear Trade Mark D. Suspenders, guaranteed. Price, 50c.

Carnegie Offers Aid.

A Kankakee, Ill., special says that St. Viator's College at Bourbonnais, which was recently destroyed by fire, has received an offer from Andrew Carnegie of a donation of \$32,000 toward the work of rebuilding, provided a similar sum is raised by the college.

Landmark Saved.

Mission Dolores Church, the oldest building in San Francisco, erected 130 years ago by the Spanish missionaries, survived the shocks and was saved from the fire. It is constructed of adobe blocks. The newer church, built of brick, alongside of the old building, suffered from the earthquake.

Goethe said that a party leader was never more than a corporal. But what is a corporal who takes the countersign from sentinels?

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

A Tonic for the Debilitated—Par-melee's Vegetable Pills, by acting mildly but thoroughly on the secretions of the body, are a valuable tonic, stimulating the lagging organs to healthful action and restoring them to full vigor. They can be taken in graduated doses and so used that they can be discontinued at any time without return of the ailments which they were used to

3, 40c; No. 4, 89c.

Peas—Boiling, in car load lots, \$1.05 to \$1.10 per bushel.

Potatoes—65c to 70c per bag. Beans—Prime pea beans, \$1.65 to \$1.70 per bushel; hand picked, \$1.80 per bushel.

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

Maple Syrup—60c to 65c per 9 lb. tin; maple sugar, 8c to 9c per pound.

Provisions—Barrels heavy Canada short cut pork, \$23.00; light short cut, \$21.50; barrels clear fat back, \$22.50; compound lard, 7c to 8c; Canadian pure lard, 11c to 12c; kettle rendered, 12c to 13c; hams, 13c to 15c, according to size; breakfast bacon, 17c to 18c; Windsor bacon, 15c to 16c; fresh killed abattoir dressed hogs, \$10.25; alive, \$7.50 to \$7.75 per hundred pounds.

Eggs—New laid, 15c to 16c per dozen. Butter—Choicest creamery, 20c to 20 1/2c.

Cheese—Colored, 10c to 11c; white, 11c to 11 1/2c.

Ashes—First pots, \$5.25 to \$5.37; seconds, \$4.75; thirds, \$3.70; pearls, \$6.50 to \$6.75 per hundred pounds.

DAIRY PRODUCE.

Local cheese values are firmly held, and there seems to be an upward tendency with the recent strength on the country boards. White cheese is quoted to-day at 11c to 11 1/2c, and colored at 10c to 11c.

The active consumptive demand is having a bullish effect on the local butter market, and the fact that there is a fair export trade in progress is also a strengthening feature. The best grades of creamery are held to-day at 20c to 20 1/2c per lb.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

There is no change in the situation on the egg market to-day, and the active enquiry is keeping prices firm at 15c to 16c per dozen. Some dealers have begun packing operations, but prices are too high to encourage much activity in that line. Maple products are steady, though the demand is rather limited, and syrup is quoted at 60c to 65c per tin. Sugar is worth 8c to 10c.

Beans are quiet and firm at \$1.65 to \$1.70 per bushel for prime 3 pound pickles in small lots and \$1.60 in a jobbing way.

R. J. LATIMER & CO. 21 ST. ANTOINE STREET MONTREAL. We have in stock and sell nearly anything to run on wheels. Light and heavy, one and two horse farm and lumber wagons, Dump Carts, Farmers and Merchants' Express and Delivery Wagons, Speeding and Road Carts, Open and Covered single and double seated buggies and traps. Also a full line of Pony Rigs. First class goods, well made, durable in every way, fully guaranteed. No better, no cheaper for cash can be bought. No agents, no commissions, every buyer his own agent. Buy direct and get lowest prices.

IF YOU WANT Roofing, Asphalt, 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.

Smoke Carroll's Renowned "PREMIER" Coil Tobacco. Sole Manufacturers P. J. CARROLL & CO., DUNDALK, IRELAND, Canadian Inquiries and Trial Orders will be attended to by T. E. KLEIN, 117 WELLINGTON, ST. W., TORONTO, Ont.

An Edifying Spectacle. J. J. M. Landy 416 QUEEN ST., W. Archbishop Seton, in his recent lecture, "The Irish in America," delivered at the Irish college, Rome, Italy, related the following story of Irish faith and devotion: "One beautiful moonlight night in the year 1796 Mrs. Seton, his grandmother, saw from the window of her residence on the seacoast a crowd of people disembark from a sailing vessel which had just arrived. They made up 237 men, women and children, all Irish, who, as it afterward transpired, had sailed four and a half months previously from Drogheda. No sooner had they touched land than they all formed a circle about a venerable-looking old man, whose white hair fell down his back, and, falling upon their knees on the sands, they thanked God long and earnestly for their deliverance. Then, drawing strings of beads from their pockets, they prayed first in a tongue she had never heard before, afterward in the English language. The sight of that poor band never left Mrs. Seton's mind, and she shortly afterward became a Catholic."

VESTMENTS Chalices Ciborium Statues, Altar Furniture DIRECT IMPORTERS WE-BLAKE 123 Church St. Premises lately occupied by D. & J. Sadler & Co. Toronto, Can.

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB ALL SAILORS WELCOME Concert every Wednesday Evening All Local Talent invited. The finest in the City pay us a visit. MASS at 9.30 a. m. on Sunday. Sacred Concert on Sunday evening. Open week days from 5 a. m. to 10 p. m. On Sundays from 1 p. m. to 10 p. m. ST. PETER and COMMON STS.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Shareholders of the Montreal Bridge & Terminal Company for the election of Directors, passing of By-laws, and transaction of general business will be held at noon on Wednesday, the 30th May next, 1906, at the Company's office, No. 3 Beaver Hall Square, in the City of Montreal. Dated at Montreal, this 20th day of April, 1906. C. A. SARA, Secretary.

Teacher Wanted. One Irish Catholic teacher, possessing an English Model Diploma; some knowledge of French and good references. Wages, \$180 a year. Apply to J. A. MAHEU, Sec. Treas. Ormstown, Que.

Erroneous Histories

Dealing With the Popes' Attitude Towards Medical Science.

The Journal of the American Weekly Association has the following editorial on the subject:

"Few things have been more encouraging in recent medical literature than the renewed attention which is being paid all over the world to the history of medicine. Nothing is more chastening than to find how many of the discoveries that are thought to be very modern are only rediscoveries of the principles that were discussed by men many centuries ago, practically applied in their teachings and in their practice and then forgotten because of changes in the theoretic point of view in medicine. Another interesting phase of this subject has been the larger sympathy that has developed for these early workers in medicine and the realization of how much they accomplished and under what apparently discouraging circumstances. Indeed, until recently, when the works of the old masters have been more read, the old-time medical curricula in the universities were so little understood that it was considered that certain phases of scientific medical work were not touched on at all.

"Perhaps the most striking example of this is to be found in the impression conveyed by practically all histories of medicine published in English that during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries there was little or no development of the science of anatomy in Christian Europe because the practice of dissection was under ecclesiastical censure. The supposed decree by which this fatal obstacle of anatomy was created was pointed out very definitely, and it seemed to be clear that it had prevented all dissection. As a matter of fact, however, the history of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries shows a continuous series of anatomic developments of high order, in spite of the supposed papal legislation against it. Further investigation shows that the decree which was supposed to have forbidden dissection really forbade quite a different practice, and on very justifiable grounds. Pope Boniface VIII prohibited the Crusaders from cutting up the bodies of their dead friends in the East and boiling them in order to bring the bones home for burial in Europe. It is easy to understand how many serious evils might follow from this unhygienic practice and how eminently commendable was the promulgation of this law. It seems especially fortunate that it should have been misconstrued into an attempt to prevent the development of the science of anatomy along the only lines in which such a development is really possible—those of actual dissection and practical demonstration.

"An examination of the decree itself brings out these facts very clearly, and the history of anatomy in the centuries immediately following this promulgation shows the rest. Within a few years after the issuance of the decree Mondino did his great work in dissection in Italy and published a text book which was the guide for dissectors for nearly two centuries. A corresponding state of affairs has recently been shown to exist with regard to the false impression that alchemy, the mother science of chemistry, was also forbidden by the ecclesiastical authorities. Investigation shows this second supposed decree hampering the development of the great science to be quite as much misconstrued as that with regard to anatomy.

"Alchemies were forbidden, but it is not clearly stated what chemical processes were intended by the word alchemies. Many of the alchemists pretended to make gold and silver and found a number of dupes who were quite content to give them real gold and silver for the supposed precious metals that they could manufacture. Alchemies of this kind were forbidden, but nothing else. The Pope who issued the decree was one of the most earnest students of chemistry of the time, doing excellent original work, and published a volume in which he demonstrated the impossibility of the transmutation of metals. Professor Allbutt, in his address on the historical relations of medicine and surgery at the Congress of Arts and Science, held at St. Louis in 1904, mentioned a little book on eye diseases written by this same Pope, John XXII., which contained some very practical directions in regard to the treatment of ordinary affections of the eye.

"The general histories of medicine published in English still continue to repeat these erroneous statements with regard to ecclesiastical interference which did not take place. As a matter of fact, the whole attitude of the ecclesiastical of the time was in favor of the development of a scientific teaching of all kinds, and they were prominent in their encouragement of universities. The grateful acknowledgment of what was accomplished within these earlier ages and the recalling of it to modern generations will only make clear how slow is human progress and how much even the best advances are likely to sink into obscurity if they are neglected for some passing favorite theory. This of itself should be enough to bring us to do justice to the grand old men of the olden times who accomplished much with inadequate means, and under often discouraging circumstances, for the development of the sciences whose full fruition was so delayed for so many centuries."

How Is Your Cold?

Every place you go you hear the same question asked. Do you know that there is nothing so dangerous as a neglected cold? Do you know that a neglected cold will turn into Chronic Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Disruptive Catarrh and the most deadly of all, the "White Flag," Consumption. Many a life history would read differently if, on the first appearance of a cough, it had been remedied with

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

This wonderful cough and cold medicine contains all those very pine principles which make the pine woods so valuable in the treatment of lung affections. Combined with this are Wild Cherry Bark and the soothing, healing and expectorant properties of other peccatorial herbs and barks. For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Pain in the Chest, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness or any affection of the Throat or Lungs. You will find a sure cure in Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Mrs. C. N. Loomer, Berwick, N.S., writes: "I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup for coughs and colds, and have always found it to give instant relief. I also recommended it to one of my neighbors and she was more than pleased with the results."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup 25 cts. per bottle at all dealers. Put up in yellow wrapper, and three pine trees the trade mark. Refuse substitutes. There is only one Norway Pine Syrup and that one is Dr. Wood's.

Trolley Cars in Jerusalem.

The Sultan of Turkey has been up to now stubbornly opposed to the introduction of electricity in the Ottoman Empire. At last, however, he has yielded, and the whole world will regret to learn that a concession has been granted for electric lights in Jerusalem, and for lines of trolley cars through that city, and from it to Bethlehem, Bethany, and probably to Jericho, although that has not yet been announced and is only conjecture.

Nothing can be done by the public to prevent this invasion of the most sacred place on earth. The railway from Jaffa to Jerusalem was bad enough, from a sentimental point of view, but at the same time it is a great public convenience, and pilgrims can now make the journey in a few hours with great comfort and at a comparatively small expense, instead of toiling up the dust roads to Zion on foot or driving over it in carriages. The introduction of trolley cars in the narrow streets of Jerusalem is, however, not only unnecessary, but it will be a lamentable violation of holy ground. The trolley line to Bethany must cross the Mount of Olives and follow the trail which Jesus so often trod, and the line to Bethlehem will despoil of its sanctity another sacred way.

A Well-Known Banda Man Speaks

A Well-Known J. F. is Cured of Kidney Trouble of Long Standing by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Banda, Ont., May 14.—(Special.)—There is no one more widely known and highly respected in this section of the country than Wm. Bell, Esq., J.P., and the statement he makes below concerning his cure by Dodd's Kidney Pills bears weight and carries conviction with it.

"For more than a year I was a sufferer from kidney trouble," Mr. Bell says. "Always in pain at times the agony would become unbearable and I was practically unable to attend to any of my duties. I doctored with several local physicians and tried every means to get cured, but without success. At last I was induced to give Dodd's Kidney Pills a trial. I have the greatest pleasure in stating that they drove away the pains entirely and restored me to my old-time health and strength. I am sure I owe this entirely to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

The Sign of the Cross Badly Made.

One of the most unpleasant sights which may be seen in our churches, too often, is the irreverent grotesque or ridiculous travesty of that beautiful physical prayer, the Sign of the Cross, as made by so many, thoughtlessly, we feel sure.

Just a little reflection on the depth and importance of that sign, its significance, its meaning and its symbolism ought, we think, to cause one forever after to make it with reverence, dignity and grace. The words which go with it, "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen," tell us that haste and carelessness are insulting to the sacred titles so lightly taken.

It is a confession of faith in the Most Holy Trinity, a confession made with the sign of our redemption, an attestation of belief in the efficacy of that sacrifice which has saved the world from degradation and slavery. Without that awful tragedy, the sublime life which saved the world from degradation and slavery. Without that awful tragedy, the sublime life which saved the world from degradation and slavery. Without that awful tragedy, the sublime life which saved the world from degradation and slavery.

Human equality, resent it as we may, has no other foundation than the fact that our Lord died for all men alike, and that each individual must in the end settle his account with the God who made him, and suffer or be rewarded according to the faithfulness with which he has obeyed the laws promulgated by divinity itself.

And the sign of the cross is a reminder and renewal of the agreement we made when the waters of baptism washed us into the company of those who thereby attest their loyalty and their enlistment.

It is, too, a new promise by the individual. We touch our forehead to signify that with our mind we acknowledge, our breast to declare that our heart wills to follow, and our shoulders to offer to bear the yoke and the burden which we are told is "sweet and light." All the faculties of our being, intellect, will and bodily powers are here pledged anew to fight in the only cause for which a fight is worth while—the service of Christ, our Lord.

Why not, then, remembering our dignity as souls enlisted for the war with evil, salute our colors with joy and reverence, with grace and devotion, while declaring our faith, our hope and our love for the One who has given us the glory of our manhood, our soulship and our brotherhood with the eternal, and our confidence as Christians in the never-ending future reward?—The Pilot.

A cough is often the forerunner of serious pulmonary afflictions, yet there is a simple cure within the reach of all in Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, an old-time and widely-recognized remedy, which, if resorted to at the inception of a cold, will invariably give relief, and by overcoming the trouble, guard the system from any serious consequences. Price 25 cents, at all dealers.

Customs of Holy Land.

Official Warden of Palestine's Sacred Places.

The Right Rev. Robert Razzoli, O.F.M., Provincial of the Franciscan Province of Florence, Italy, has been appointed Custos of the Holy Land. Father Razzoli is 43 years old. His official title is Warden of Mount Zion and Custodian of the entire Holy Land. He is so called because on Mt. Zion was the first foundation and the mother house of the order in Palestine, whence it spread later on over the entire Holy Land. But the Mohammedans expelled the Franciscans from Mt. Zion and turned the Church of the Cenacle into a Turkish mosque. His headquarters are now at the Convent of San Salvador, Jerusalem.

The term of office is six years, after which he can be re-elected, but the responsibilities are so great that every custos looks anxiously forward to his release. According to a Pontifical Bull of Benedict XIV., the Custos of the Holy Land must always be an Italian. He is assisted by a French Vicar, a Spanish Procurator and a council of four, taken

from various nationalities, an Italian, a Spaniard, a Frenchman and a German, this being necessary on account of the international character of the custody.

In his capacity as Warden of the Holy Shrines his position is of the greatest diplomatic importance, for he is in continual official relations with the Turkish Government, with the consuls of the various European nations in Jerusalem, and with the representatives of the diverse Oriental churches in Palestine. As the questions arising touch mostly on the Holy Shrines and are of international importance, his position is an extremely difficult and delicate one, for he must watch with unceasing vigilance all the political movements that might in any way affect the status quo of the country.

DELICATE BABIES.

Every delicate baby starts life with a serious handicap. Even a trivial illness is apt to end fatally, and the mother is kept in a state of constant dread. Baby's Own Tablets have done more than any other medicine to make weak, sickly children well and strong. They give the mother a feeling of security, as through their use she sees her delicate child developing healthily. Mrs. S. M. LeBlanc, Eastern Harbor, N. S., says:—"Up to the age of fifteen months my baby was weak and sickly and at that age could not walk. It was then I began using Baby's Own Tablets, and the change they wrought in her condition was surprising. She began to get strong at once, and has ever since been a perfectly well child." Every mother who values the health of her little one should keep a box of Baby's Own Tablets in the house. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Their Saint is a Dog.

We take the following from the Catholic Sun, Syracuse:

For years certain of our Presbyterian friends have been claiming that St. Patrick belonged to them. Catholics have never believed this assertion in view of the fact that, so far as the Christian history of Ireland extends, the Irish have invariably been found members of our faith, yet now it must be admitted that the Church of Knox seems getting in a position to set up a startling claim.

In the New York Sun of Monday there is a significant despatch. It is a correct statement of fact it is little less than amazing. It may be that no irreverence was intended by the alleged minister; nevertheless it can not fail to shock many. Here is the clipping mentioned: Washington, April 29.—The Southern Railway Company has granted clergymen's half-rate privileges to "St. Patrick the Presbyterian," a dog owned by Rev. A. W. Pitzer, pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church South of this city. The dog is known among Mr. Pitzer's parishioners as the "assistant pastor."

So the Presbyterian St. Patrick is a dog! Very interesting discovery certainly. Few people possessed of ordinary intelligence ever imagined that he was a man. Possibly we shall learn later that the Baptist St. Patrick is a mule, and the Methodist St. Patrick a monkey. Since the Catholic Church will always retain the saint himself our friends must accept whatever substitute is obtainable.

But think of the shocking irreverence which prompted a Protestant minister, here in twentieth century America, to name his dog after a saint of God. Think also of the indecent levity of a great railroad corporation which gives a clergyman's half-rate privilege to a common cur! When the Greeks lost faith in their gods they bestowed their names on oxen, and it may be that Rev. Pitzer and the railroad are irreverent owing to a similar reason.

The Crick in the Back.—"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," sings the poet. But what about the touch of rheumatism and lumbago, which is so common now? There is no poetry in that touch, for it renders life miserable. Yet how delightful is the sense of relief when an application of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil drives pain away. There is nothing equals it.

Worthy of Study.

The Lamp, organ of the extreme high wing of the Episcopal church, quotes the following from Truth: "A most striking fact in testimony of the truth of Catholic faith is that a Catholic never leaves the Catholic Church on his deathbed, or when the

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY—Established March 6th, 1856; incorporated 1884; revised 1890. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, F.F.; President, Mr. F. J. Curran; 1st Vice-President, W. F. Kearney; 2nd Vice, M. J. Quinn; Treasurer, W. Durack; Corresponding Secretary, W. J. Crowe; Recording Secretary, T. F. Tansy.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, at 3.30 p.m. Committee of Management meets in same hall on the first Tuesday of every month, at 8 p.m. Rev. Director, Rev. Jas. Killoran; President, J. H. Kelly; Rec. Sec., J. D'Arcy Kelly; 13 Vallee street.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, Branch 26—Organized 18th November, 1888. Branch 26 meets at New Hall, (Ingalls Building) 485 St. Catherine street, west. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Wednesdays of each month, at eight o'clock p.m. Officers: Spiritual Adviser, Rev. J. P. Killoran; Chancellor, J. M. Kennedy; President, J. H. Malden; 1st Vice-President, W. A. Hodgson; 2nd Vice-President, J. B. McCabe; Recording Secretary, R. M. J. Dolan, 16 Overdale Ave.; Asst. Rec. Sec., E. J. Lynch; Financial Secretary, J. J. Costigan, 504 St. Urban st.; Treasurer, J. H. Kelly; Marshal, M. J. O'Regan; Guard, J. A. Harstenstein. Trustees, W. A. Hodgson, T. R. Stevens, D. J. McMillan, John Walsh and Jas. Cahill; Medical Officers, Dr. H. J. Harrison, Dr. G. H. Merrill and Dr. E. J. O'Connor.

Be Sure and examine a copy of our catalogue if you have any idea of taking a preparatory course for a GOOD PAYING POSITION. We believe there is no school equal to ours for methodical business training and for producing good results. We solicit investigation and comparison. Enter any time. No vacations. Central Business College W. H. SHAW, Principal.

CHURCH BELLS. Church Bells a Specialty. Memorial Bells a Specialty. MENEERY BELL COMPANY, 22-24 & 25 RIVER ST., 177 BROADWAY, TROY, N.Y., NEW YORK. Manufacturer Superior CHURCH BELLS, SCHOOL & OTHER BELLS.

certainly of immediate death stares him in the face. And, on the contrary, the reader will find that very many Protestants and others, when about to face the judgment seat of God, when the shackles of this world have fallen practically from them, embrace the Catholic faith and become members of the Catholic Church.

The reader will be astonished if he will note, in the execution of criminals, how many turn to the Catholic Church in their last hour; how many sick at our hospital do likewise, and how often the priest is called in to attend the deathbeds of non-Catholics. It has been said that other religions are better to live in, but the Catholic religion is better to die in. What is this but saying that the Catholic religion is the true religion? Even Philip Melancthon, one of the chief of the great reformers, advised his dear mother to die in the Catholic religion, not Protestantism.

When all other corn preparations fail, try Holloway's Corn Cure. No pain whatever, and no inconvenience in using it.

BUSINESS CARDS.

M. J. MORRISON, Advocate. ROOM 709, MERCHANTS' BANK BUILDING

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Loans, Insurance, Renting and Collecting of Rents. Moderate charges, and prompt returns.

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LAWRENCE RILEY, PLASTERER. Successor to John Riley. Established in 1866. Plain and Ornamental Plastering. Repairs of all kinds promptly attended to. Estimates furnished. Postal orders attended to. 15 PARIS STREET, Point St. Charles.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST.

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

ANY unoccupied section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the Northwest Provinces, excepting 8 and 20, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the local agent receive authority for some one to make entry for him.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:

- (1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land each year for three years. (2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother. (3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

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

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

W. W. CORY, Deputy Minister of the Interior.

SELF-RAISING FLOUR.

BRODIE'S CELEBRATED SELF-RAISING FLOUR

Is the Original and the Best.

A PREMIUM gives for the empty bag returned to our Office. 10 BLEURY ST., Montreal.

PATENTS SECURED

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"Sir," said the squire faintly, "do I not to say 'behav' to'm? The gentleman in so doubtful a way did not know how to conclude that his not insulting. The squire's face was a stranger, and his appearance that he felt a coming wide nostrils began to foggy expression was it seemed to the squire clothes began to bristling interesting crisis the approaching train brought to his senses. "Late," he said, and blushed like a school-boy regardless of appearance the depot with all speed stranger to stare in corner him. There were a number of citizens gathered at another time watch approach of a sail-boat pennant—a privilege as to those who had call on their fishing Rougevin was there, a the squire. "Who's the lucky the paw to the squire. "I rather think it is he replied, "but he'd fly a rag in honor of over the big fish. I caught more muskallouther man on the river know him to put up to a queer fellow, but a "He ought to take on a fishin'-trip," said dry laugh. The pere inquiringly, and the time could not make ing. "Oh! you mean the he ought to get a callonge and have him with the idea of a wh "You are speaking sian," said Pere Iman with the peculiar pale and red-haired "Russian or Prussia it doesn't matter; but a pretty hard bit of he can have no good ground this place. him tripping I'll an months in jail for him "And he's a Russian repeating the word m if it surprised or "Who'd think so l A man might be a -country, and ye could his face where he was "He seems to have in the town," said the -ening people; and -tells me he is very w pays as he goes. A blame for his face, I "It's the hermit," s as the boat approach and the red beard an eyes came into view; boat isn't his. He's in toe, and there's so ed with a blanket. here is an accident, a mer." The crowd wished to sail-boat swung int but Scott stopped it; ture, and the loud rquire sent a thrill -one. They gathered the hermit as he ste -dock and displayed nearly four feet long. "It's not mine," h "The men who caught 'There's one of 'em' blanket in the boat at the bottom of Eel their fish and their bo The first fish and th of the season! The sly removed the blank present took a look a man, a young fellow ing; but no one knew vessel was tied up, carried, at the hermit the hotel. Then Scot in his canoe and pre turn to the island: people came running a dead body, and am stranger walked cold, as one who goes to be muner was in contr the hurried steps, pal sympathetic looks of he was visited at on sent attention. "There he comes," whisper to the age So easy, too, and i there's something we

SOLITARY ISLAND

A NOVEL BY REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH

CHAPTER XXIII.—Continued.

"Sir," said the squire most solemnly, "do I understand you to say 'shaw' to my remarks?"

The gentleman bowed and smiled in so doubtful a way that Pendleton did not know how to take it, but concluded that his intentions were not insulting.

"Late," he said, and blushed—yes, blushed like a school-boy; and, regardless of appearances, he fled for the depot with all speed, leaving the stranger to stare in cold surprise after him.

There were a number of enterprising citizens gathered on the dock at another time watching the approach of a sail-boat flying a white pennant—a privilege allowed only to those who had caught a muskallonge on their fishing-trip.

"Who's the lucky man?" said the pere to the squire. "I rather think it is the hermit," he replied, "but he doesn't usually fly a rag in honor of his victory over the big fish.

"Oh! you mean the foreigner. Yes, he ought to get a chance at a muskallonge and have his fancy tickled with the idea of a whale."

"You are speaking of the Russian," said Pere Rougevin—"the man with the peculiar face and look, pale and red-haired?"

"Russian or Prussian or Hessian, it doesn't matter; but I think him a pretty hard bit of humanity, and he can have no good object in moving around this place. If I catch him tripping I'll arrange a few months in jail for him."

"And he's a Russian!" said Billy, repeating the word many times, as if it surprised or pained him. "Who'd think so to look at him? A man might be a devil in this country, and ye couldn't tell from his face where he was born."

"He seems to have made a stir in the town," said the pere, "frightening people; and yet Simmonds tells me he is very well-behaved and pays as he goes. A man is not to blame for his fate, I suppose."

"It's the hermit," said Pendleton, as the boat approached the dock and the red beard and sharp blue eyes came into view; "and yet the boat isn't his. He's got his canoe in tow, and there's something covered with a blanket. Halloo, boys! here is an accident, as I'm a sinner."

The crowd wished to cheer as the sail-boat swung into her landing, but Scott stopped it with a gesture, and the loud remark of the squire sent a thrill through everyone. They gathered silently around the hermit as he stepped on the dock and displayed a muskallonge nearly four feet long.

"We have a curiosity here," the squire said to Scott, "a real Russian that has done more in one week to upset this town than any man could do in a year. I won't say why, for I'm anxious to see if he strikes you as he strikes most people. He's a Russian, didn't you say, Pere Rougevin?"

"I supposed so," said the pere, "from his looks and his language." "He's pretty far out of his way, then," the hermit said, pulling down his cap in readiness to start.

"Wait and have a look at him," said the squire; "here he is." The stranger appeared at this moment in the front line of those crowding around the dead body, and stood in profile to the group, unconscious that the hermit's sharp eyes were upon him.

"Hard-lookin' sinner," Scott said, as he swung the canoe around and paddled off. "All the letters which reached Florian from his native town during the summer nearly brought him to despair by their terrific descriptions of the mysterious stranger, and one day there arrived a plain note, posted in a place unknown, warning him to be on his guard against the man, for he meant him evil. It was plain that this individual was making himself familiar with Florian's affairs.

A man does not meddle without an object. Florian felt himself in possible danger. His first impulse was to put the matter into a detective's hands, but after reflection he decided to take another course. Recalling the incident of Count Vladimir and the stranger in conversation, he thought it probable that they might be acquainted, or even connected, since the stranger appeared to be a Russian. Then it occurred to him that he had opened himself to the count with unnecessary frankness, and had told him enough about his past life to make the work of a spy trivial and successful. This idea plunged him into a maze of speculation which threatened to have no end, and he cut it short by going to visit the count.

Vladimir and he had become very good friends, and the young nobleman had come to New York for the sole purpose of seeing political life under the guidance of his distinguished friend. He did not trouble himself much about the political life when he had made the acquaintance of a few fast men of the city and had found means to pass his time pleasantly in his usual haunts. Gambling and horse-racing, fine dinners and questionable company, had irresistible attractions for this scion of a noble house. Florian tried often to bring him into the paths of virtue, but desisted on finding that the count considered his advice impertinent and puritanical. It was not difficult to acquire an affection for the young fellow, and Florian deeply admired him. He was handsome, open-hearted, and engaging, and smimed with such thoughtlessness and relish that the grave Congressman often wished his own disposition had as little malice. In the presence of so attractive a scamp his own correct notions looked a little odd and silly, and he occasionally dropped a few of them in order to seem of a similar nature to this butterfly; so that in time he came to like descriptions of doubtful character in which the count was apt to indulge, and to attempt them himself in a constrained fashion which secretly amused Vladimir, and by degrees he raised about himself an atmosphere rather obnoxious to the pure in thought and word. But this was one of the accidents of his position, he thought, as became a man who was destined to meet all sorts of people and to be placed in all sorts of circumstances. He must look upon these things as trifles. He felt very disappointed in himself, however. To think that he should be so thoroughly deceived by this boy, to have all his life drawn from him so apishly that it might furnish matter for a spy's recreation, was galling. He did not allow it to disturb him, however, and when he entered the count's apartments was as offhand as usual and showed no feeling in mentioning the incident of the mysterious stranger.

"My dear count," said he, "I have no objection whatever to an inquiry into my past life, but if I am to furnish the material I have a right to know the object. What possible interest can you or any man have in ferreting out an open record? My life from birth has not been remarkable and has no mysteries. I could have saved you some trouble if you had come to me in the beginning and stated the matter candidly.

The count had just risen from sleep and looked pale and heavy. "The work I had to do," said he, "required secrecy for two reasons: that it might be more deftly done, and might awake no unreasonable hopes in the bosoms of American citizens whose birthright of freedom they would not exchange for an earldom."

"That," said Florian, "is tolerated on the fourth of July only." "Well, be it known, my friend, that I am commissioned by the Prince Louis of Cracow, father of that Prince Louis to whom you bear so remarkable a resemblance, to search for two or more of his relatives who came to this country just thirty years ago. It is whispered that the good prince, whose character is not of the best, was under the necessity of doing some dirty work years ago that he might get into his present lordly position. He trumped up a charge against a young and noble relative; said relative fled with his wife and two children to this country; the prince entered upon his relative's possessions, and the story ended.

"Now, in his old age, Prince Louis fears for his wealth and standing. He begins to look for a Nemesis. To avert it he commissions me to find the exiled prince or his children, and settle with them for a respectable sum to remain here and leave him in the enjoyment of his estates. He gave me some portraits to help the search. You so closely resembled one of them that I took you for a possible heir and set to inquire into your antecedents. I shall now show you the portraits. First, do you find me absolved from any crime against your fame and honor?"

"By all means," said Florian. "You have proceeded admirably, but you are on the wrong scent, my friend, though I must say I regret it." "And why, if I may ask?"

"I would like to barter for the mess of pottage with Prince Louis; money is more to me now than a princely or a kinship." "Money, money, money! It is the one cry that makes itself distinctly heard amid the jargon I have endured since I came to this country. I have never met a people with noses so like miner's tools, well fitted for digging up gold. What a nation you will be when your children are educated into this notion!"

"The portraits, count,—the portraits," said Florian impatiently. Vladimir brought them out from an inner room and placed them for his inspection. Florian noticed the rich cases before he opened them, and tried vainly to make out the monogram. The faces were done in oil and well executed. The first was a young man with reddish hair and smooth, delicate face, of too fine a nature evidently to cope with the gross wickedness of the material villain, his relative; and the second a lovely woman of dark complexion, whose sweet face was indicative of great strength of character.

"I should fancy this woman would not take very well to flight," he said after a pause. "She would hold her castle to the end." "So she did, and died," the count responded. "There are more ways than one of bringing an enemy to terms." Two children of lovely appearance took up the third case, and Florian laughed at the idea of these being taken for himself and the dead Linda. There was no resemblance, except that the eyes of the boy were of a brown color and the dark eyes of the girl sparkled with some of Linda's mischievousness. But between himself and the exiled prince



Gladly Tells About It.

I am glad you have an agent in this city. I have seen several instances where Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic has been used with great success. Rev. R. B. KIRKOV, D.D., N. SYDNEY, N. S.

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there certainly was a very striking resemblance, and it extended in a lighter degree to the portrait of the princess. The count watched him closely as he examined the pictures, to see what impression they made on him; but Florian felt only disappointment and disgust.

"Has your Russian friend reported to you yet?" he asked. "For I suppose I have some right to know." "He has," the count answered frankly; "but he had nothing more to say than that you did not resemble your father or mother, and had not been baptized in Clayburg."

"True, and I could not say where I really was baptized. But if you wish it we shall go together to Clayburg and interview my parents and friends. It is a queer time of day to bring up question of my paternity. We shall have to proceed cautiously for two reasons. My mother is nervous and my father hot-tempered, and inquiries among the townspeople, if too open might act unpleasantly upon my good name."

"Oh! I assure you the whole matter will be conducted most honorably and delicately. Allow me to thank you for your kind offer. I accept at once, and having done with you I shall proceed to persecute some other individual. But have I your pardon, Florian, for my want of candor? I was so fearful of—"

"Not a word, count. I only wish you had succeeded in proving me a prince. It would have been a great help in my political life. Let me advise you. Get rid of your troublesome friend, and do not use him as an agent. His face is against him."

"He is a helpful fellow and a good fellow. But his face is against him, although I do not pay attention to it now. He disturbed you, it seems. He impressed you as—"

"An assassin," said Florian, with an outburst of long-restrained disgust and horror. "Ah!" was all the count said, and Florian could not tell why the simple exclamation set him wondering as he went away.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Madame Lynch and Frances were spending the summer among the mountains, and the big house, with its wide halls and staircases, was uncommonly dull. Florian found it so whenever he came in worn out with the day's labor and the jaggedness of life in general. He missed Frances exceedingly, for in the private reception-room she usually sat at the twilight hour, and her music was the first thing he heard on entering the house, her form in its light drapery gleaming through the darkness the first he saw, and he found it pleasant and restful to sit listening to the sweet melodies. He admired Frances for her gentle, lady-like ways and her good breeding, for her small hands, her cleverness, and her beauty, and did not think it a fault, although it might have been dispensed with, that she was deeply religious. He admired Mrs. Merrion from a different standpoint—from what standpoint he could hardly define; only he would not wish to have one the other, for the reason that Barbara's ways would not very well suit a Catholic lady, and if chic was to be admired it suited very well where it was.

Unconsciously, almost, Frances had grown into his life since Ruth was lost to him. Those evenings by the piano had left their impression on him. It would be very sweet to have her waiting in the twilight for him in his own house; and she was so very good and beautiful, not very brilliant as Barbara was, not so full of character as the strong-souled Ruth, but unique and perfect in her way, and made to reign over a household.

It troubled him when he thought what was his idea of a politician's household and a politician's wife: balls and parties and receptions to be given and attended, at which she was often to complete by her charms what he had begun in the busy world. It did not promise much of real home enjoyment, but it would not last always. With her religious feelings so well cultivated, Frances might some time prove an intractable wife in matters which could not grate upon without injuring conscience. The political world had great moral knives, and yet it would be an absolute necessity to receive them hospitably, to feast and entertain and cajole them. It was humiliating, but when one prepares to fly high he must stoop a little at first. Barbara was a brilliant woman, and, though fond of home-life, admirably suited to such a position. If there were such another! But it was idle to think of it.

It might be venturesome to give Frances the position his wife was expected to fill. He did not wish to do violence to so gentle a spirit, but when it came to a question of his life-interests he felt that he could be hard and unyielding as iron. It would never do to make the mistake of marrying a scrupulous and therefore obstinate woman. He had no wish to attempt the breaking of any woman's will or to add domestic infelicity to his political troubles. With such a woman as Barbara Merrion to be asked in marriage, his work was done. Surely there were more like her, but in his experience he had never met them, and now it was too late to begin the search. He might be exaggerating the defects of Frances. Love and association do a great deal towards making a husband's will the will of his wife. She was very gentle, and so unsophisticated that it would be quite easy to bring her to a disagreeable work by plausibly hiding its bad side and bringing out into prominence its best parts. When he sought for instances in the girl's character to support this inference he was surprised not to find any. She was inclined to yield to persuasion, but her yielding was ever of the right kind, towards good, and he recalled an incident to which she had politely ignored rude persuasion. He felt amused at the habit which he had long ago acquired of taking for granted the success of any enterprise he undertook. It was a fashion of successful men. He was not at all certain of winning Frances, but if the attempt was to be made he was determined to do his best, as he always did. It occurred to him to consult Mrs. Merrion. Women know one another thoroughly, and she was a sharp-minded female, generous and over-willing in giving advice, and would be happy to help one of her warmest admirers. She was residing for the summer in a villa on the Jersey coast, whither the count and himself often journeyed to dine, as it was but an hour's ride from New York. It had surprised the gentlemen that she should choose so quiet a spot instead of following the fashionable crowd.

"Well, I am in a mood," said Mrs. Merrion, "a serious mood, and I am going there to read, to think, to listen to the sea roaring, and to enjoy the moonlight nights alone." "She must have some exquisite plot hatching," was the count's comment; but Florian, who thought he understood her better, saw no reason to doubt the plain meaning of her words.

There was time to catch the noon boat and return late the same evening, and he hurried away at once to the dock. In the hall he met Paul coming in from a walk uptown. The poet looked pale and dragged, and his step had lost its springiness.

"Halloo!" said Florian, with a coldness which his assumed offhandness could not hide. "How is the drama getting on?" "So, so," answered Paul, with a weary smile, as he climbed the stairs to the attic chamber. A coolness had come between them since Ruth's departure. They avoided one another as much as possible because of the strain which it cost to keep up a semblance of the old familiarity. To Paul it was a real pain, for he saw no cause why they should degenerate into mere acquaintances; but so fate had ordained, and they drifted apart day by day until they had lost sight of each other. When he reached his attic he found Peter in the customary attitude on the bed, snoring as if he had not enjoyed eight hours of sleep the preceding night. He did not wake him, but the noise of moving about brought Peter's eyes into view, much swollen and looking doubtfully.

"I came up, Paul, b'y," said he, "to have a chat and smoke. You are workin' too hard; night and day you are always at it. Pure you are a rich dramatist now an' can afford to be idle for a while. Throw sur-

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row to the winds an' dull care to the dogs, an' take a good glass of whiskey, a good sleep—but I see it's Frances your mourning after; I noticed ye began to look pale from the day she went to the mountains. But she'll be back again, sure."

"With a husband, I think," said Paul, cheerfully. "No, b'y, no!" cried Peter, jumping from the bed with unusual energy. "If I thought that I'd go to the mountains at once. I'd fight a duel with every mother's son o' them. I'd shoot her husband. She'll never marry unless she takes the man I lay out for her."

"And whom have you laid out?" said Paul. "Yourself, of course. Well, never mind who," he replied, with a laugh, "but it's not the lawyer." Paul began to write reluctantly, for he was not in the humor. "Throw away the things," said Peter in disgust; "better for ye to be doing somethin' to save your soul instead of writing milk-and-water dramas. I'm always sick after I review one o' them for the journal."

"No sicker than I for writing them," said Paul, giving way to depression and throwing aside the papers. "This is a poor way of making a living, and very painful. I feel as if I were pulling my brains out piece by piece and putting them on paper.

"It is a butterfly sort of work, which flutters through this season, dies, and next season flutters again. I have no extra pay for it, although I am one of the most popular writers. The manager will not let me out of a certain groove. I shall stay in it till I die."

With an effort he resumed his writing. His face in the afternoon light looked doubly pale and wan. The garret was cool and the waters of the river were shining pleasantly far away, with steamers and sails dotting their surface. Paul's thoughts would rise occasionally from the paper to float off into the realms of the might-have-been with unusual persistency. He was beginning to be haunted again by the face of Ruth. Some words that a stranger had uttered about Miss Pendleton's conversion and her present mode of life had waked what, after all, was but a sleeping image when he had thought it dead and buried. He did not care to indulge the feeling, but the face which had haunted him for years before he saw its substance was not to be so easily loosed from fancy's meshes. So he dreamed and suffered in patience.

Meanwhile Florian had gone on his way to Seagirt, and, arriving an hour after dinner—for the old-fashioned meal-times were kept there—found Mrs. Merrion unexpectedly absent. She had promised never to be away from home when the boats arrived. Neither did the servant know whether she had gone, and he was left to walk the veranda impatiently and to stray through the rooms. The cottage was small and built without any pretensions to beauty. It had a good situation and was comfortably furnished, and many of Mrs. Merrion's latest sea-sketches ornamented the walls. He wandered from room to room, idly inspecting them, and finally intruded into one which perhaps it was intended he should not have seen. It was a mere closet holding a desk and chair and a prie-dieu, some pictures, books and statuettes.

(To be continued.)



SURPRISE SOAP A PURE HARD SOAP

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"No sicker than I for writing them," said Paul, giving way to depression and throwing aside the papers. "This is a poor way of making a living, and very painful. I feel as if I were pulling my brains out piece by piece and putting them on paper.

"It is a butterfly sort of work, which flutters through this season, dies, and next season flutters again. I have no extra pay for it, although I am one of the most popular writers. The manager will not let me out of a certain groove. I shall stay in it till I die."

With an effort he resumed his writing. His face in the afternoon light looked doubly pale and wan. The garret was cool and the waters of the river were shining pleasantly far away, with steamers and sails dotting their surface. Paul's thoughts would rise occasionally from the paper to float off into the realms of the might-have-been with unusual persistency. He was beginning to be haunted again by the face of Ruth. Some words that a stranger had uttered about Miss Pendleton's conversion and her present mode of life had waked what, after all, was but a sleeping image when he had thought it dead and buried. He did not care to indulge the feeling, but the face which had haunted him for years before he saw its substance was not to be so easily loosed from fancy's meshes. So he dreamed and suffered in patience.

Meanwhile Florian had gone on his way to Seagirt, and, arriving an hour after dinner—for the old-fashioned meal-times were kept there—found Mrs. Merrion unexpectedly absent. She had promised never to be away from home when the boats arrived. Neither did the servant know whether she had gone, and he was left to walk the veranda impatiently and to stray through the rooms. The cottage was small and built without any pretensions to beauty. It had a good situation and was comfortably furnished, and many of Mrs. Merrion's latest sea-sketches ornamented the walls. He wandered from room to room, idly inspecting them, and finally intruded into one which perhaps it was intended he should not have seen. It was a mere closet holding a desk and chair and a prie-dieu, some pictures, books and statuettes.

(To be continued.)

LIVER COMPLAINT.

The liver is the largest gland in the body; its office is to take from the blood the properties which form bile. When the liver is torpid and inflamed it cannot furnish bile to the bowels, causing them to become bound and costive. The symptoms are a feeling of fulness or weight in the right side, and shooting pains in the same region, pains between the shoulders, yellowness of the skin and eyes, bowels irregular, coated tongue, bad taste in the morning, etc.

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS

are pleasant and easy to take, do not grip, weaken or disturb, never fail in their effect, and are by far the safest and quickest remedy for all diseases or disorders of the bowels. Price 25 cents, or 5 bottles for \$1.00, all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

HERMINA.

1. ON THE WAY TO GOD'S ACRE. Your sadness shall be turned into joy.—S. John, xvi., 20.

"Twas toward the end of April. The air was pure, and there reigned all around one of those profound calms which lift the soul above all that is earthly and waft it to the beautiful regions of the supernatural. As late as yesterday the country fields were wrapped up in their soft white winter mantles, and the sun, pale as the snow it was so mercilessly driving away, was shedding its mellow beams from a cloudless sky. In the grove the bird was rehearsing its song, while the fragrant odor of a few forward blossoms was borne towards us in delicious little gusts on the wings of the gentle breeze.

Along the rustic foot-path, so narrow that two of us could hardly walk side by side, we were wandering, almost aimlessly, and chatting joyfully. "To-morrow," we said, "would be Low Sunday. . . . The month of May was rapidly approaching, and Nature was preparing its choicest flowers to grace the altars of its Queen." "Twas nearly two years since Canada had opened its hospitable arms to receive us, poor exiles from the Mother Country. And thus we fell a-talking of hopes that never left us. Ah! when would they be realized?"

Not far from us, on the path which winds round the mountain, some persons were walking along slowly and in silence. We could see that a cloud of sadness weighed heavily upon them. Whither could they be going? Towards the cemetery where one of their loved ones was sleeping his last sleep. Ah! what a price must be paid for happiness here below! Above all, for that happiness which is born of love, that tyrant who makes all men captive, and whose yoke all men bear with submission. The little group in front of us seemed to have learned the sad lesson but recently. They were still quite young and appeared crushed beneath the cruel blow which had fallen upon them. Poor bruised hearts! Nevertheless they were strong and generous in the very throes of their sacrifice, for upon their brows bent humbly and submissively under the hand of God, I thought I saw the divine radiance of our holy Faith, which in their inmost soul was burning so brightly, and nourishing the sweet hope of the future au revoir. And I said to myself: "Tis of you that the Saviour said, 'Your sadness shall be turned into joy, and your joy no man shall take from you.'" We followed at some little distance that they might mourn unseen, and when we came near the weeping willows that line the entrance of the cemetery, they were carrying the remains of the dear departed one to its resting place beneath the soil.

II. IN THE MORTUARY. The maid is not dead, but sleepeth.—St. Luke, viii., 52.

Still musing deeply on what we had seen, we arrived at the door of the mortuary. We entered. As we crossed the threshold, a cold, death-like shiver, which I think I feel yet, ran through all my members. Oh, the strange contrast between the icy coldness of that place and the cheering warmth of the air without! Silently and deeply penetrated with that reverential awe which the neighborhood of Death inspires, we glanced rapidly at the long rows of coffins which had been brought there during the long winter months. As for me, I wanted something more. I desired to open a coffin and gaze upon the corpse that slept within. I was about to raise the lid of a coffin very near to me, when some sudden and irresistible impulse made me turn upon my heel and cross to the other side of the mortuary. Without hesitation I directed my steps to the coffins which lay there. My eyes fell upon one of rather small dimensions. It had been placed on the lowest range of all, and I had to bend down to read the label nailed upon it. "Hermina M—" was all it said. At this moment my heart began to beat quickly and a profound emotion seized me. I knelt, and with a hesitating hand I lifted the little beech-board which covered the glass lid. Dressed in splendid garments of white silk, there lay Hermina. Her slender hands were modestly crossed upon her breast. Her face, though somewhat browned, reflected the peace that reigned in her soul when the finger of Death had touched her. "Hermina, it cannot be that thou art lost for ever. The calm that even the throes of death have not been able to drive from thy countenance bears witness to the purity of thy soul. And yet! At the age when thou didst leave the world it is so easy to forget oneself amid the dazzling pleasures of the world, and oh! what sad sad falls are written in letters of

blood upon the pages of the recording angel. Where is thy soul, Hermina? In the blissful mansion which Jesus has prepared for them that love Him? Oh, yes, it could not be otherwise. And yet, one must be so pure. O angel of God, who wast her guardian, tell me if her soul was white and spotless as a mine when thou didst present it to the Sovereign Judge." And my eyes, fascinated as by some irresistible charm, remained fixed upon the sweet countenance of Hermina. My emotion had long since died away, and I gave free course to my thoughts. "Not yet twenty years old, yet departed so soon. Her frail body had decayed like a tender flower which blossoms in the morning, fades in the burning heat of the midday sun, and before evening had dropped its weary head and withdrew; but her soul had flown to rest. Ah! why was not I too called away at thy age, Hermina? But such was not Thy will, O my God. Thou wilt that I suffer and toil for a time far from Thee. But I heed not the sufferings, I fear not the toll, provided that my soul remain pure and spotless. I shall have all eternity wherein to love Thee, and then sorrow shall not come near me and my joy will be full."

"Twas with regret that after one last long gaze I shut down the little beech-board and went out into the evening air, repeating to myself the words of the Divine Wonder-worker: "The maid is not dead, but sleepeth." Still, as Hermina's angel had not given me the assurance of her reception into the abode of saints, I recited a fervent De Profundis with my companion, imploring God to wash away speedily every stain that might be depriving her, even for a little while, of the bliss of His Eternal Presence.

And when, at night, sleep came to close my eyes, my last thought, and my last prayer, were for Hermina.

Pure Blood Source of Health

And the Blood Can only be Purified by the Healthful Action of the Liver and Kidneys.

DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS

At this season of the year as at no other time the importance of pure blood is brought home to the minds of most people. As the result of artificial winter life—living on artificial foods and being shut up in badly ventilated rooms—the liver and kidneys become clogged and sluggish in action, the bowels constipated, and the blood loaded with poisonous impurities.

Is it any wonder that spring finds us run down in health and feeling languid and fatigued? Is it any wonder that our systems become an easy prey to every form of disease which lurks in the spring air? Is it any wonder that we have aching heads and backs and suffer from indigestion and biliousness?

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are especially suitable as a spring medicine, because they act directly on the liver and kidneys and enliven the action of these great blood-filtering organs.

Except by the action of the liver and kidneys, there is no means by which the poisonous impurities can be removed from the blood. With these organs in health, a person is almost immune from colds and all forms of contagious disease.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills should not be confused with medicines which merely act on the bowels. They do effect prompt motion of the bowels, and they do infinitely more, for by setting the liver right they bring about a good flow of bile and thoroughly cure constipation.

Biliousness, liver complaint, constipation, kidney derangements and impure blood cannot exist when Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are used. And there is a great satisfaction in using a medicine which has stood the test of time and proven its place in every home as a family medicine of worth and reliability.

But Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to the test and you will avoid the usual ills and weaknesses of spring. One pill a dose; 25 cents a box; at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

For Princess Ena.

The portrait of the Pope, which the celebrated painter, Carolus Duran, has been commissioned to paint, has been ordered by the Empress Eugenia as a wedding present for the Princess Ena.

DYSPEPSIA AND STOMACH DISORDERS MAY BE QUICKLY AND PERMANENTLY CURED BY BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

Mr. F. A. Laballe, Maniwaki, Que., writes us as follows: "I desire to thank you for your wonderful cure, Burdock Blood Bitters. Three years ago I had a very severe attack of Dyspepsia. I tried five of the best doctors I could find but they could do me no good. I was advised by a friend to try Burdock Blood Bitters and to my great surprise, after taking two bottles, I was so perfectly cured that I have not had a sign of Dyspepsia since. I cannot praise it too highly to all sufferers. In my experience it is the best I ever used. Nothing for me like B.B.B. Don't accept a substitute for Burdock Blood Bitters. There is nothing 'just as good.'"

Sisters of Notre Dame Beatification of the Venerable Foundress.

The Roman correspondent of the Liverpool, Catholic Times states that though it has not yet been authoritatively made known what Beatifications will take place in May and June, it is probable that arrangements will be made for the Beatification on May 13 of the Venerable Julie Billiart, foundress of the Congregation of the Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur, this being the second step in the process of her canonisation, as she was declared Venerable on June 26, 1889, by Pope Leo XIII. The Venerable Julie Billiart was born July 12, 1751, in Cuvilly, a village of Picardy, in the Department of Oise, France. Her parents were Jean Francois Billiart and Marie Louise Antoinette Debraine. She attended the village school taught by her uncle, Thibault Guilbert. The Abbe Dangecourt, her pastor, was attracted by her piety and zeal, and directed her training. She became a member of the Confraternity of the Sacred Heart, and with her own hands made a banner of white satin in honor of Our Lady, which is still preserved at Namur. Her father met with business reverses, and she went to work in the fields to earn money for her parents' support, and also made long trips to other towns to dispose of merchandise he had as yet unsold. She made frequent visits to the Carmelite Nuns at Campiegnie. These were brought about by her skill in church embroidery. She became almost blind, and with one of her sisters, who had been blind for many years, made a pilgrimage to Montreuil, where a copy of the Holy Face was held in great veneration. Their faith was rewarded, and both were restored to sight. In the winter of 1774, while she was sitting at work by her father's side, he was shot at, but though no one was wounded, she suffered from nervous shock for thirty years. Her patience and good works won for her the title of "the Saint of Cuvilly," and she was taken to visit the Bishop of Beauvais.

In 1782, owing to injudicious medical treatment, she was rendered completely helpless, and had to use crutches. Later she was confined to bed, but many came to visit her. The French revolutionists found in her an object of hatred, just as their present representatives do in her daughters of religion. She had to be secreted and moved from place to place, and suffered great privations. While at Campiegnie she had a vision of a multitude of virgins surrounding our Lord on Calvary and dressed in a habit she had never seen. It is the one now worn by the Sisters of her Order. She witnessed the execution of old and infirm religious and lay persons in the reign of terror. Countess Baudouin wrote asking her to come to her at Amiens and there she met the co-foundress of the Order, Francoise Blin, Viscountess de Bourdon.

It was at Bettencourt that these devoted women began together their work of instruction, but in February, 1803, they returned to Amiens. In May, 1804, the Venerable Julie Billiart joined, at the request of a priest, in a novena the intention of which was not made known to her, and on the first Friday in June those making it had the satisfaction of knowing that their prayers were heard, for she was cured of the paralysis that had long afflicted her. While on a visit to the houses of her Order in 1813 she had an audience with Pope Pius VII, then a prisoner at Fontainebleau. After the battle of Waterloo she and her Sisterhood nursed many of the wounded at Namur. Many trials were endured, but she left her Order in a vigorous state when she died on April 8, 1816. She was buried in Namur city cemetery, at the foot of a large crucifix.

CANADIAN PACIFIC VICTORIA DAY CHEAP TRIPS. Toronto, \$10.00; Hamilton, \$10.00; Ottawa, \$8.00; London, \$7.25; Quebec, \$6.50; Peterboro, \$8.15; Sherbrooke, \$5.35; Farnham, \$1.30; St. Johns, Que., \$1.50; St. John, N. B., \$1.40; Ste. Anne's, \$2.50; Labelle, \$2.25; Magog, \$2.75; Knowlton, \$2.10; and all other points Fort William and east at Lowest One Way First Class Fares.

OTTAWA TRAINS LEAVE WINDSOR STATION. 10.45 a.m., 9.40 a.m., 10.00 a.m., 10.00 p.m., 9.40 p.m., 10.15 p.m. Parlor or Sleeping Cars on above trains. LEAVE PLACE VIGIER. 10.25 a.m., 10.45 p.m. *Daily, (Daily except Sunday, Sundays only.

MONTREAL-OTTAWA-SLEEPING CAR. Sleeping Car is attached to train leaving Windsor Station daily at 10.35 p.m. At Ottawa passengers for Montreal may board cars any time after 9 p.m., and remain in sleeper until 9 a.m. BROME LAKE SPECIAL WILL LEAVE MONTREAL For St. Johns, Farnham, Knowlton, Cowanville and Sherbrooke. [Windsor St.] 1.40 p.m. Saturdays. Return Mondays, arriving Montreal, 9.15 a.m. stopping at intermediate stations in both directions.

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SINGLE FIRST CLASS FARE. Going Dates, May 23, 24. Return Limit, May 25, 1906. Montreal, Ottawa, Valleyfield. Lve. MONTREAL, 8.40 a.m., 11.40 p.m., 7.10 p.m. Arr. OTTAWA, 11.40 a.m., 7.10 p.m., 10.10 p.m. Lve. OTTAWA, 8.50 a.m., 3.30 p.m., 10.50 p.m. Arr. MONTREAL, 11.30 a.m., 6.30 p.m., 12 p.m., 12.21 p.m., 12.55 p.m., 12.40 p.m. Arr. VALLEYFIELD, 9.45 a.m., 11.10 a.m., 10.55 p.m., 12.45 p.m., 12.20 p.m. Lve. VALLEYFIELD, 12.00 a.m., 12.26 a.m., 10.20 a.m., 4.35 p.m., 12.10 p.m. Arr. MONTREAL, 12.33 a.m., 10.50 a.m., 11.30 a.m., 12.00 p.m., 12.00 p.m. [Daily, ex. Sunday. All other trains daily.

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pyrography COMPLETE INSTRUMENT with two points, only \$1.00 post paid. This is not a toy but a practical working instrument doing work equal to a \$6.00 machine and can be operated in any home where gas is used. Simple, safe and costs only about 1/5 cent per hour to operate. Full instructions accompany each machine. It is a unique, instructive and substantial for both old and young. \$1.00. HOLTEN FIREPEN CO. TORONTO

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London, May 9.— course of the great Education Bill to-n of Commons, Mr. B I may excuse mys the House by sayin o have a somewhat perience upon this sessions, in three I different countries, and taken some par sion of problems wh concrete form by th a Protestant majori Catholic minority. I and took my groun principles, and havi that ground I wa when I heard from Minister of Educatio a statement with re THE RIGHTS OF which I am afraid w another, and what s the connection in w the natural and obli tion. Speaking of t woen Roman Catho as the case might b ous Protestant deno said: "all minorities is the badge of th air, some suffering m inevitable in the car measures of a gree which the majority c lieves to be essentia or its existence. Th as far as possible to for my part my beli pressed it twenty y Protestant community ferent from the fone ment of the right ho may venture to quot represents the groun before, and which I since, and which I ho ing strong, we ought THE STRONG SHO BE— generous to the weak full heaped and runn measure to be given b the weak, and by so exemplify true Chris we will exemplify tru ciples, we will do our promotion of true Ch for the spread of the are the general view approach all question cription. This is a and we are concerne Irish Catholics, wh with them from the which they sprang tra evil days to which I and who are natura last degree of their r and suspicious of a with them. I say it jealousy. It is a nat which you ought to r far as possible aver of your legislation. Th interference brought th and THIS FEELING IS BLOOD, and you must not them, you must not with them, you must ous in the future to excuse or pretence motives about what (cheers). Do your pe in such a form that yo obliterate those sad r create in them a con will respect their con in this country of the whom we speak, are poor and lowly. They ers, whose share of goods is small, and pe reason they look to joy come (cheers). Now, I attempt to deal exha or to touch at all upo topics which are to be this Bill. I may say the observation made member who proceed seemed to have some in his declaration ag rights to have some p cation of their childre tion has been made co