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# The True Witness



Vol. LV., No. 30

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, MARCH 15, 1906.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## O'CONNELL, THE LIBERATOR

### Splendid Portrayal of Great Man's Life and Character

#### IMMENSE AUDIENCE; CHOICE PROGRAMME

The vast crowd which packed Stanley Hall on Thursday evening last testified to the interest which had been awakened in the subject—"Daniel O'Connell," dealt with in this masterly style by the Rev. Thomas Harty, B.D., Killarney, Ireland. The lecturer held his hearers' attention for more than an hour, his mellow voice and rich brogue lending charm to an exceedingly interesting discussion on the "liberator." A glance around convinced one that all were in sympathy with the speaker, that hearts were throbbing faster and the blood surging with more than its wonted vigor as the eloquent panegyric flowed from the tongue of the young priest, direct from the Isle of Saints; and in their visionary way they drank in a breath from the soft carpeted hills, listened again to the singing of the birds, and lived once more the days in the dear old land to which hardly one would return, but who ever retained the largest spot in their great hearts for the dear little island, who, while persecuted, had withstood all in defence of the faith, and which by God's loving grace, will take her place among the nations. The Rev. gentleman spoke as follows:

Bordering on the town of Cahireen, at a place called Caher, stands an old ivy-covered ruin under the shadow of the Kerry hills, that possesses for the sympathetic student of Irish history an interest all-absorbing and unique. It was here that Daniel O'Connell, whom the Irish people have styled the "Liberator," and whom the late Mr. Gladstone has regarded as the greatest popular agitator the world has ever seen, was born on the 6th of August, 1775. His father, a descendant of a once powerful clan, carried on farming somewhat extensively and was engaged in mercantile pursuits. As was the custom in the case of children of the Irish gentry, young O'Connell was put out to fosterage to the wife of his father's herd, and when he returned home early in his fourth year, he knew no other language than the Gaelic of the Kerry Hills. This was O'Connell, unlike many other Irish leaders, pre-eminently a child of the people, twenty miles farther south, where the Kenmare river joins the Atlantic, stands the Derrymore abbey, the real home of the O'Connell family. Here Maurice O'Connell, the boy's uncle, ruled for many years as chief of the O'Connell sept, and was the inheritor of whatever escaped the confiscating tides of the O'Connell patrimony. Maurice having no family, brought thither young Daniel at an early age and adopted him as his heir. Thus were the future "Liberator's" early days during the formative period of his career, when the mind is plastic and impressionable, spent amidst romantic and inspiring surroundings. Here amidst the Alpine scenery of his native Kerry he spent his boyhood. Here he saw Mother Nature in all her beauty, majesty and grandeur. He trod the soft meadow lands and climbed the craggy heath-covered hills that cast their shadow over his home. He saw the mighty Atlantic in all her moods—now lashing the cliffs with briny foam and awakening the distant echoes; anon gazed on the same Atlantic, gentle as a mother's smile, rippling on the beach. Sometimes as he tells us he used to wander through the ruins of an old Abbey and monastery near by and dream of the sanctity and learning of the Ireland of the past. At 13 years of age he was sent to study classics at Redington, near the Dove of Cork, to a school kept by a Father Harrington, the first of its kind to be opened after the rigor of the penal days. There being no schools of higher learning available for Catholics in Ireland, young O'Connell was sent at the age of 15 years to the

friendly schools of the Continent at St. Omer's and Douai, France. But the French Revolution soon interrupted his studies and on the very day that Louis XVI. was guillotined in Paris he quitted France. The horrors of the French Revolution so influenced his mind that ever afterwards he had an unmitigated hatred for bloodshed and revolution (applause).

Returning to his native Kerry, he took advantage of the Relief Bill of 1793, which admitted Catholics to the Bar. He studied at Lincoln's Inn in London, and was called to the Irish Bar in 1798—the memorable year of the Irish Revolution. And in 1800 he made his first political speech.

Now, to form an accurate idea of the life of any public man we must study him in the light of his surroundings. We must view his acts as forming part of the contemporary chapter of history and we must review the causes that influenced that chapter. O'Connell labored in an Ireland in which the rigor of the penal days was somewhat softened; but in which the degradation of that accursed code existed in all its intensity. Political differences between England and Ireland had grown at the time of the Reformation into religious differences and bigotry and had given birth to a system of laws which for the dual purpose of pauperizing and degrading a people has never yet been surpassed. To quote the words of Edmund Burke: "The ingenuity of the human intellect never succeeded in the invention of an instrument to disgrace a kingdom and destroy a race more perfect than this."

In the economy of law there was no place for the existence of the Catholic, or if indeed he were to exist it was only as a mere serf. A Catholic could not vote laws could not sit in Parliament nor serve in a civil or military capacity. He enjoyed the privilege of serving the King as a common soldier; but he could not even become an ensign in a marching regiment. A Catholic could not vote, nor possess freehold property. He could not travel a mile without a permit from the Justice of the Peace nor quit his own home between the hours of sunset and sunrise. The avenues of social intercourse were closed and the happy gatherings by the winter fireside, where fairy tales were told and Irish songs were sung and merry feet danced to native music were ended for a mirth-loving and light-hearted people.

"Yet meet him in his cabin rude Or dancing with his dark-haired Mary. You'd swear they knew no other mood Than mirth and love in Tipperary." (Applause.)

A Catholic under the penal laws could not own a horse, or if he did any Protestant neighbor could seize upon it by paying the paltry sum of \$25, no matter how valuable the animal might be. If a tax of \$1 were imposed on the Protestant it meant ipso facto \$2 on the Catholic. Any son on becoming a Protestant inherited thereby his father's property. Then a Catholic was bound to support a religion which he considered false and a clergy which to say the least he did not love. He could not be a doctor, lawyer—and of course it goes without saying he could not become a priest— but above all he was denied education. If you take from a man his worldly goods and leave him art and letters he has still imperishable treasures. But close to him the avenues of thought and knowledge are deprived him of the culture of the intellect and you leave him poor indeed. Now I am not going to preach a panegyric on the Irish race. I confess we have our faults because

recognize that we are human. But our greatest enemy must admit that the Irish love art and learning (applause). History is my proof. Read our annals; study our works of art; listen to our music. It is a matter of history that the Irish peasantry in their cabins rude, by the light of the turf fire, studied Homer, Horace, the classics of Greece and Rome side by side with the poems of Ossian and Keating and Owen Roe. And there is an old saying that Kerry cows know Latin (laughter). Never did a people love learning more for its own sake. But under the penal code for a father to send his son to a Catholic teacher meant a fine of \$100 per week and the school master who was guilty of the crime of spreading light and learning, who taught his people feloniously to learn, was fined \$25 for the first offence and forfeited his life on the gallows for the third. And this degrading system continued in all its malignant intensity from the early years of the reign of Queen Elizabeth down to the Catholic Relief Act of 1793.

Two events happened, however, before O'Connell's day which to some extent relaxed the rigor of the penal code. The first of these was the war of England with her American colonies. England wanted soldiers and England's difficulty being Ireland's opportunity (applause), the Irish Catholic was granted a paltry concession regarding land tenure. But again England was involved in a deadly war with France. Her armies needed Irish recruits and so a bill known in history as the Catholic Relief Act was passed in 1793. By this Act Catholics could vote for members of Parliament and for municipal officers. The Catholic, if he could not sit on the Bench could plead at the Bar, and there was also thrown open some commissions in the army and navy. At the end of the 18th century a wave of liberal thought, too, passed over Europe, and it had some effect in softening the rigor of the penal system.

Such was the condition of Ireland when O'Connell appeared in public life. The soil was fertilized by the blood of the Celt. Persecution had driven desperate men to grasp rude weapons and rush to combat an empire's might. Revolution after revolution had followed. Reaction set in and the whole country settled down in a lethargy that was like unto death. There was no public spirit in the land. Famine and persecution had done its work, and the higher faculties and the nobler instincts of the people were crushed.

O'Connell, as we have seen, was called to the Bar in 1798—the memorable year of the Revolution—and if he possessed no other claim to fame the versatile, fearless—nay almost magical—barrister would live forever in the minds and hearts of the Irish people. He brought to grace his profession many qualities,—legal and oratorical; unbounded resourcefulness, sparkling wit, rollicking humor, heartrending pathos. He could denounce the executive, hoodwink the jury, brow-beat the presiding judge and cover his opponent with the choicest Billingsgate. In his day political circumstances often brought the Irish peasant within the meshes of the law, and O'Connell was pre-eminently counsel for the defence. He was the people's champion at the Bar as on the political platform. But above all as a cross-examiner he was relentless and unequalled. He knew the workings of the Irish mind and was the terror of the informer. In the famous Doneraile conspiracy case in which he saved 150 men from execution or penal servitude one of the informers under the stress of O'Connell's relentless cross-examination cried out hysterically, "Wishes, then God knows 'tis little I thought I'd meet you here to-day Counsellor O'Connell, may the Lord save me from you."

He was frequently employed by his political opponents, and Peel himself declared that he would prefer to have O'Connell plead his suit than all the other lawyers of his time. The first exclamation of an Irishman in the grip of the law to his attorney was "Get me Counsellor O'Connell, he is the only man that can save me." O'Connell himself tells a story of a native of Kerry who came to him asking him to use his influence with the Government to obtain a position for him

on the police (laughter). O'Connell replied that he had no influence with the Government. "Wishes, then," replied his friend, "If I was to kill some persecutor of the people like a tithing proctor or a landlord, it's you that would save me from the gallows let alone getting me into the police." To illustrate the use O'Connell made of his humor at the Bar, I shall cite a case in point: A journalist in Cork named Foyle had frequently attacked the corporation; but so guarded were his words that he escaped legal punishment. On one occasion, however, as the sheriff was leaving a Cork theatre, two of his ribs were broken, and Boyle, who was the immediate cause of the injury, was prosecuted. O'Connell was counsel for the defence. The jury was hostile to Boyle and sympathized with the corporation. O'Connell began his defence in this way: "Gentlemen of the jury, as I have received a brief and its accompaniment a fee, and as I am in no humor to make a speech, I will tell you a story. I was once present at the Clonmel assizes where a man was tried for murder. Two neighbors between whom existed an old feud had met at a fair and quarrelled. They met in the evening and quarrelled again, and one left for home vowing vengeance against the other. The following morning this other was found murdered by the wayside and his threaten was charged with the murder. It seemed to be a clear case of circumstantial evidence. But just before the jury retired a witness was brought into court and it was no other than the murdered man. (Laughter.) It seems that another and entirely different person had been murdered. The jury, however, retired and soon the foreman returned with a verdict of guilty.

"Well," said the judge, "of what is he guilty? Surely not of murder?" "No, my lord," said the foreman; "but if he did not murder the man, he stole me gray mare three years ago."

The Cork jury laughed loud and long, and then O'Connell proceeded: "Now, gentlemen of the jury, if Mr. Boyle did not assault the sheriff at least he libeled the corporation. Find him guilty by all means." It is scarcely necessary to add that Boyle escaped the well merited punishment. O'Connell's success at the Bar was phenomenal. Toward the end of his legal career he was earning steadily \$40,000 a year. But he gave it all up to serve his country. On one occasion when he was taunted with being what is known in this country as a professional politician, he replied that he was entirely a disinterested servant of Ireland.

"I throw away my profession, I cast its vast emoluments to the winds, I shut out the vistas of its dignities and its honors, to embrace the cause of my country. And come weal, or come woe, I have made a choice of which I never or shall ever repent."

O'Connell, as we have seen, made his first political speech in 1800 and it was in opposition to the Union. And from this time onward he may be said to have been the leader of the Catholic forces in Ireland. In 1823 he succeeded after innumerable difficulties in founding the Catholic Association. His task was indeed a hard one. The people were apathetic. The clergy were timid. The tears shed for '98 were not yet dry. However, he appealed to the masses of his countrymen to take heart and unite in a common brotherhood to obtain redress of their grievances. He brought the priests into the movement and made them the captains of the Association. He did not believe merely in a league of the upper classes. The clamoring of eight millions for freedom would be irresistible. Grattan had met with short-lived success by appealing to the sympathy of liberal Protestants. But O'Connell would infuse new life and new inspiration into the masses of his oppressed Catholic countrymen (applause). Many thought his plans were too premature. But his trumpet voice aroused the slumbering populace. He never wearied of quoting the dictum of Byron, "Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not, who would be free, himself must strike the blow."

Words like these could not fail to produce effect. O'Connell welded the people together at such a time and

in such a way as no one but an O'Connell could have done. By his dogged perseverance, by his matchless eloquence he succeeded in appealing to the instincts of freedom which were languishing. He knew how to touch every chord of the Irish heart. Never did a skilful musician touch the various strings of his instrument with greater success than O'Connell touched the Irish heart-strings. Now it was a light note of drollery or satire that vanquished some enemy. Again it was the deep note of pathos as he rehearsed the wrongs of Ireland.

The Catholic Association had resolved to oppose the return to Parliament of every supporter of the ministry of Wellington and Peel. Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, M.P. for Clare, was appointed to the presidency of the Board of Trade and so had to seek re-election. The Catholic Association resolved to stand by the resolution and invited Major McNamara, who lives in history as O'Connell's second in the fatal duel with D'Esterre. But he refused. Then it was proposed that some Catholic should stand and show the world the intolerance of the British Parliament by being denied admittance. But who was to accept the proposition? There was but one man in Ireland equal to the occasion and that was O'Connell. One evening he set aside his lawyer's gown and started off on the historic journey to Clare. Now came the day of trial and the hour of martyrdom. Would the electors of Clare (tenants at will) rise up and cast off the shackles of serfdom? You must remember that the votes of the tenants at this time were regarded as as much the property of the landlord as the rent. (Laughter.) To the undying glory of the electors of Clare they rose up and cast off their bonds. And O'Connell was elected. (Applause). The whole country heaved and vibrated. The current of a new life passed over the land. The very soldiers themselves cheered for O'Connell. The tide was running high. Old King George was in tears lest the Papists should burst their bonds. Wellington dreaded a civil war. A measure was rushed through Parliament and the old King gave it a grudging signature, then dashed the pen that wrote it upon the ground. The Irish Catholics stood forth emancipated. O'Connell became the liberator of his people. O'Connell being in London, applied to the Bar of the House of Commons for admission to Parliament and the old oath was handed to him. This declared that the King of England was the head of the Church and that veneration of the Virgin Mary and the sacrifice of the Mass were impious and idolatrous. The Commons was thronged for the occasion. Every voice was hushed and every eye was centred upon the giant proportions of the Irish Tribune. O'Connell took the card containing the oath, read the text carefully, and then in a loud voice exclaimed: "I see in this oath an assertion as a matter of opinion which I know to be false; I see on it another assertion as a matter of fact which I believe to be untrue. I therefore refuse to take the oath." (Applause).

He immediately withdrew and was elected under the new Emancipation Bill for Clare. O'Connell entered Parliament in 1830, and it was predicted by many that he would be a Parliamentary failure. Circumscribed as he was by Parliamentary procedure and rules of order, he was likened to a huge palm under a glass case. He was accustomed to addressing hundreds of thousands of his countrymen on an Irish hillside. Yet he became one of the most effective orators and astute debaters in the House. Macaulay referring to O'Connell, remarked: "We never take count of time when the Hon. gentleman is talking," and Dickens used to relate that on one occasion when it fell to him to take notes of a speech by O'Connell, he was compelled to lay down his pencil, so moved was he by the orator's description of a widow seeking her only son among the peasants killed by the military, and of a young girl shot while leading her blind grandfather. During all this time O'Connell was to quote his own words, the best abused man in Europe. He came to loggerheads with several of the min-

(Continued on Page 6.)

## HIS GRACE AS ARBITRATOR.

### Gives his decision in Shoe Operatives Dispute.

Announcement has been made that Archbishop Bruchesi, who had been appointed third arbitrator in the dispute between the leather cutters and the Ames Holden Company, had given his decision.

A difficulty arose some time ago between the leather cutters of the Ames Holden Company and the members of the firm over a question of wages. Two arbitrators were appointed to settle the matter; Mr. Kirvan for the firm, and Mr. Myette for the cutters. Being unable to agree, they asked Archbishop Bruchesi to act as third arbitrator, whose decision should be final. He had long interviews with the other arbitrators, in which each set forth the claims and arguments of the parties to the dispute, and he then drew up the following judgment:

"We consider it a sacred principle that the workman has a right to a fair salary.

"The minimum salary asked in the present case, \$12 per week, strikes us as presenting serious inconvenience. Evidently it is not demanded in an absolute manner without any regard to the quantity of work furnished by the employe. The employers will therefore have to fix that quantity of work, and they must necessarily take as a basis the list of prices in force for piece work. But supposing the cutter cannot furnish such quantity of work? The Union meets the objection and replies: 'If the company is not satisfied with the degree of skill of its men, all it has to do is to put others in their place, and we will undertake to find work for those discharged.' That system seems to us detrimental to both the workmen and their employers. It is calculated to give rise to many discussions and discontents.

"The most rational and equitable system to remunerate those workmen as they should, consists, in our opinion, in paying them so much a piece, according to a scale of prices accepted by both parties. Such a scale may be discussed and made the subject of an arbitration; but once it is adopted, all difficulties disappear and all future conflict is avoided.

"The cutters who with their employers chose us as arbitrators are in no way opposed to that system. On the contrary, they approve it and like it as well as an engagement by the day with a minimum salary.

"The men raise the objection, however, that the work in the Ames-Holden Company is more difficult than in other factories and takes more time. This has been recognized by the firm, who have written to say that they would pay an additional 20 cents per case of sixty pairs in connection with special or combination work.

"Under the circumstances, we do not believe a better arrangement than that can be arrived at. Consequently, in order to put an end to the dispute, considering the objections to which the minimum salary gives rise and the difficulties that it would bring on, and wishing to render justice to the workmen as perfectly as possible, we rule that the method of paying the leather cutters adopted by the firm of Ames-Holden shall be maintained, but with certain modifications as regards the prices, given, namely: The schedule according to which the weekly salary will be fixed must be the schedule in force to-day in other shoe factories of Montreal for goods of the same grade as those of said factories, with twenty cents additional per sixty pairs of shoes for extra and special work, such as that above described and well known to men in the trade.

## Terrible Disaster in French Mine.

The most terrible of recent mining disasters is that of Saturday, at Pas-de-Calais, in the Courrières district. It is said that of the 1200 men who were in the mine, almost the entire number have perished, and in all about six thousand families are affected.

President Fallieres has given two thousand dollars to aid in the relief measures. The Ministry added a further sum to this, and the Chamber of Deputies has been asked to vote \$100,000 for the purpose of alleviating distress.

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

The bedroom is what its name implies, says a medical authority—a place of repose—and everything about it should be conducive to the one purpose of obtaining rest. Everything in it should be simple, immaculate and easily kept so.

tight on the fourth to give a little fulness at the waist line of the apron. Make hard knots at all four corners and then tie double bow-knots. By lifting these bows you can draw it up into a bag.

POTATO SKINS CLEAN GLASS.

Careful housekeepers long ago grew suspicious of shot as a cleaner for carafes or decanters when the latter become discolored inside on account of poisonous possibilities of the tiny grains.

DRESS HINTS.

If you have any bits of fine old lace carry them to the milliner and have them made into an evening hat.

DON'TS FOR MOTHERS.

Don't entertain all your friends with a detailed account of your children's marvellous sayings and doings.

Don't fret your children by perpetually worrying about them. They must have some common sense; teach them to make use of it.

Don't delude yourself with the idea that a six months baby cannot understand the difference between your "yes" and "no."

Don't treat your son and your daughter at twenty as you would have treated them at twelve; remember they are now a man and a woman.

Don't forget that the fire of curiosity may be smothered, but not easily extinguished, and that some one else will surely be called upon to explain if you do not.

TEA STAINS ON FINE LINEN.

One of the women who know recommends glycerin for removing those tea stains that are such enemies to fine table linen, but it must be rubbed in before boiling has set its seal on the stain or it may not be efficacious.

LITTLE JOHNNY'S TRAINING. "I have taken a bad quarter dollar," said Johnny, running into the room where his mother was chatting with a friend.

THE ONLY CHILD'S DISADVANTAGES. "Some defenders of the abominable crime known as 'race suicide' argue that it is better to have few children carefully reared than many," says the Southern Messenger.

SIMPLE PLAYS FOR CHILDREN. A mother called upon to plan many entertainments for the children has hit upon the plan of taking the children's favorite story and making a simple dramatization of it and allowing the children to give it before their little friends.

The parts are divided between her own children and their friends. Sometimes the story is given as a series of tableaux. In no case is the dialogue long or heavy or the scenery elaborate.

This mother argues that all children love to imitate and to dress in costume and that these little home dramas train them in many ways, besides giving them much pleasure.

They memorize the words, they form the habit of telling the story, and, as the mother leaves the arrangement, scenery and costumes to her older boys and girls and they are not allowed to expend any money on these, she claims they are becoming expert carpenters and dressmakers, besides showing great ingenuity in making the most of the materials at hand.

WORKBAG APRON.

Haven't you always wanted something to put your work away in and something to spread over your lap while sewing? If so, a workbag apron is the proper article, and in its very simplicity lies its charm.

The Bad Cold of To-Day MAY BE PNEUMONIA TO-MORROW.

The sore throat or tickling cough that, to the careless, seems but a trivial annoyance, may develop into Pneumonia, Bronchitis, or some Throat or Lung trouble.

DR. WOODS NORWAY PINE SYRUP

contains all the lung-healing virtues of the pine tree, and is a sure cure for Coughs, Colds and all Throat or Lung troubles. Mrs. E. H. Stebbins, 125 Argyle Street, Toronto, writes: "I have been a sufferer from Chronic Bronchitis for years and have found Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup far better than any of the hundreds of remedies I have used."

CAUGHT COLD ON THE C.P.R.

A. E. Mumford tells how Psychine cured him after the Doctors gave him up

"It is twelve years since Psychine cured me of galloping consumption," the speaker was Mr. A. E. Mumford, six feet tall, and looking just what he is a husky healthy farmer. He works his own farm near Magnetawan, Ont.

"I caught my cold working as a fireman on the C.P.R.," he continued. "I had night sweats, chills and fever and frequently coughed up pieces of my lungs. I was sinking fast and the doctors said there was no hope for me. Two months treatment of Psychine put me right on my feet and I have had no return of lung trouble since."

PSYCHINE

(Pronounced Si-keen)

50c. Per Bottle Larger sizes \$1 and \$2—all druggists. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, Limited, Toronto.

ly makes a good bargain, to the detriment of some one else, may possess the commercial instinct, but morally he stands on the same plane with the midnight thief, and is but little more respectable.

BECAUSE.

Because of one dear infant head With golden hair, To me all little heads A halo wear; And for one saintly face I know, All babes are fair.

Because of two wide earnest eyes Of heavenly blue, Which look with yearning eyes My sad soul through, All eyes now fill mine own with tears What'er their hue.

Because of little death-marked lips, Which once did call My name in plaintive tones, No voices fall Upon my ear in vain appeal From children small.

Two little hands held in my own, Long, long ago, Now cause me, as I wander through This world of woe, To clasp each baby hand stretched out In fear of foe.

The lowest cannot plead in vain, I love him so.

THE ONLY CHILD'S DISADVANTAGES. "Some defenders of the abominable crime known as 'race suicide' argue that it is better to have few children carefully reared than many," says the Southern Messenger.

"I know it has been treated softly and had all its own way. Give me the boy who has had his head punched by his bigger brother; who has had three pence a week spending money, and perhaps not that; who has had to give up his bed for his sick brother and sleep on the couch; who has lived on plain food; who is not afraid of a little tooth or stomach ache; whose sisters have taught him to be polite, and pointed out his coarseness, and who has a kind and noble heart and soul. That boy will become a man, but the boy from a small family has not had these glorious things to fight against."

HER SECRET. Alluding to the good influence exerted by a kind-hearted woman of humble life and retiring disposition, a great writer on moral and religious subjects says: "What was the secret of her power? What had she done? Absolutely nothing, but radiant smiles, beaming good humor, the tact of divining what every one wanted, told that she had got out of self and learned to think of others; so that at one time it showed itself by sweet words; at another by soothing a sobbing child. None but she saw these things. None but a loving heart could see them."

That was the secret of her blessed power. The woman who, whatever her station in life may be, will be found in trial capable of great acts of love, is ever the one who is always doing considerable small ones.

TIMELY HINTS.

For starching muslins, gingham, and calicoes, dissolve a piece of alum the size of a hickory nut for every pint of starch. This will keep the colors bright for a long time.

Two potatoes grated into a basin of warm water will give better results than soap in washing delicate flannel or woollen goods, ribbons, etc.

After baking pies or tarts don't stand them on top of a hot stove if you want the pastry to be nice and crisp. Put them in an only slightly warm place where the juice will have no chance of boiling.

Don't hang skirts wrong side out when putting them away. They are bound to crease, and with light ones (so a professional dressmaker says) whatever dust has been collected by the lining and clung in spite of your brushing is bound to sift through to the right side and stick.

To remove ink spots from leather chairs try washing the spots with milk, renewing the milk till it is no longer stained and the spot on the leather has disappeared; then wash with warm water and when dry polish with boiled linseed oil and vinegar mixed in equal proportions. But an ink stain should really be removed as soon as possible after it is made. If it has dried and hardened it is doubtful even if, with several applications, you will be able to remove it entirely.

Potatoes and Cheese—Cut some boiled potatoes into slices and prepare a sauce of one cupful of milk thickened with one tablespoonful of flour and with two tablespoonfuls of butter added, and mix with one cupful of grated cheese, a little cayenne, two tablespoonfuls of mustard. Line a dish with croûtons, arrange around them a close row of potato slices, and cover with the sauce, repeat in alternate layers, covering the whole with sauce; sprinkle lightly with grated cheese and very brown croûtons, and bake in the oven for about twenty minutes.

Sparerib Potpie—Cut the ribs once across and then into strips. Stew until tender in boiling water; take out and put into the kettle a layer of medium sized potatoes, prepared for cooking, over these put a layer of meat, sprinkle with salt and pepper and cover with small squares of baking powder dough made as for biscuits; dot with bits of butter, then put in a layer of potatoes and so on until the kettle is filled, finishing off with a layer of dough; pour in the liquor in which the meat was cooked, add boiling water if necessary. Cover closely, and boil for three-quarters of an hour. Care should be taken not to lift the lid of the kettle while it is boiling or the crust will be soggy. Dish and serve with gravy.

What to do with cold roast meats is often a problem. Cold lamb is excellent when served in aspic jelly. Make the jelly—or buy it, which is easier and nearly as good every way—and pour a little in the bottom of a mould. Cut the lamb in thin slices of uniform size, and trim them neatly. When the layer of jelly is hard, arrange slices with layers of jelly, and pour jelly in last of all. When the dish is quite firm, unmold, and decorate with small olives, truffles, capers, or pimientos, and garnish with watercresses.

A very good chafing dish recipe:—Put a tablespoonful of butter into the blazer, and when it melts, add a small onion minced. Brown slightly, and add a cupful of canned tomato, salt, cayenne, and a speck of sugar. Stir until this boils, and then put in three or four tablespoonfuls of grated cheese and three unbeaten eggs. Stir, and as soon as the eggs are set, serve on small slices of toast. After the eggs are added the blazer must be set in the hot water pan.

NOT A NICE GIRL. Every mother can distinguish between the wail of real woe and that of injured dignity, which may some-

times be a product of these days of kindergarten, sometimes fails to differentiate in such matters, and of these was the lady who bent over the sobbing little girl in the country garden. With difficulty she elicited the words: "Mummy's very angry with me, and she says if I do it again nobody will ever like me any more, and nice little girls don't do such things," etc., etc.

"But what have you done," asked the grown up sympathizer, scenting a psychological situation. "I've eaten three worms—two plain ones and one wuffy one," was the dejected reply.

SARCASTIC. "Would you mind walking the other way and not passing the horse?" said a London cabman with exaggerated politeness to the fat lady who had just paid the minimum fare. "Why?" she inquired. "Because if 'e sees wot 'e's been carrying for a shilling 'e'll 'ave a fit," was the freezing answer.

SHE WARNED AUNTY. This one happened in Maine. At a marriage recently the bride's voice faltered, and she paused in the midst of the impressive ceremony. Her little niece, a bright three-year-old, thinking the naughty minister was compelling her aunt to say something disagreeable, stamped her foot and exclaimed in a voice of authority: "Aunty, don't oo thay it."

THE ROAD TO HEALTH Lies Through the Rich, Red Blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Actually Make.

Common pills purge the bowels. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new rich blood. Purging pills gallop through the bowels,—tearing the tissues, irritating the organs and weakening the whole system. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do not purge at all. They're tonic pills, soothing pills, strengthening pills, blood-building pills. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood. That is why they are the only scientific cure for all blood diseases. That is why they cure sick headaches and backaches, kidney troubles, indigestion, neuralgia, rheumatism, heart troubles, and the special ailments of growing girls and mature women. Purging pills act only on the symptoms of disease; Dr. Williams' Pink Pills go straight to the root of the trouble in the blood—and cure. Mr. John Burke, Elmdale, P.E.I., says: "I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the best medicine in the world. I had an attack of pneumonia which was followed by extreme nervousness and rheumatism. I tried some of our best doctors, but got nothing to help me until I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After taking the pills some weeks I could actually feel the new blood they were making coursing through my veins, and in the course of a few weeks more I was completely restored to health."

Remember that it is only Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that can make this new, rich, health-giving blood. Imitations and so-called "just as good" medicines never cured anyone. Insist on the genuine with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper on each box. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE GIRLS OF IRELAND. There are pretty scenes in Ireland, From Wicklow's magic vales, To where the sweet meandering Moy Divides Tyrarley's dales; There are flowers all o'er the meadows,

There's honey in her trees, But the pretty girls of Ireland Are fairer far than these.

There are charming scenes in Ireland— Killarney's lakes and fells— Her parks, her woods, her mountains,

Her deep romantic dells; Fair Cork's delightful river, And thou, O sweet Adare, But the charming girls of Ireland Are fifty times as fair.

There are noble scenes in Ireland, From Mourne to proud Malruy, From Corrib's waves to Ventry's stream,

All sparkling, pure and free; Oh, crystal are her fountains, That laugh by night and day, But the high-souled girls of Ireland Are purer far than they.

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

The Poet's Corner.

THE IRISH RAPPAREES.

A Peasant Ballad of 1591, Right Shamus he has gone to France and left his crown behind—

Ill-luck be theirs both day and night put rummin' in his mind! Lord Lucon followed after, with his slashes brave and true, And now, the doleful keen is raised—

"What will poor Ireland do? "What must poor Ireland do? "Our luck, they say, has gone to France. What can poor Ireland do?"

Oh, never fear for Ireland, for she has so'gers still. For Remy's boys are in the wood, and Rory's on the hill; And never had poor Ireland more loyal hearts than these—

May God be kind and good to them the faithful Rapparees! The fearless Rapparees! The jewel were you, Rory, with your Irish Rapparees!

Oh, black's your heart, Clan Oliver, and coulder than the clay! Oh, high's your head, Clan Sassenach, since Sarsfield's gone away! It's little love you bear to us for sake of long ago—

But how'd your hand, for Ireland still can strike a deadly blow— Can strike a mortal blow. Och! dhar-a-Chroedh! 'tis she that still could strike the deadly blow.

The Master's bawn, the Master's seat, a surly bodach fills; The Master's son, an outlawed man, is riding on the hills; But, God be praised, that round him throng, as thick as summer bees, The swords that guarded Limerick walls—his loyal Rapparees!

His lovin' Rapparees! Who'd dare say no to Rory Oge, who heads the Rapparees!

Black Billy Grimes, of Latnamard, he racked us long and sore— God rest the faithful hearts he broke, 'we'll never see them more!

But I'll go bail he'll break no more while Truagh has gallows-trees, For why? He met one lonesome night the awful Rapparees!

The angry Rapparees! They never sin no more, my boys, who cross the Rapparees.

Now, Sassenach, and Cromweller, take heed of what I say— Keep down your black and angry looks that scorn us night and day;

For there's a just and wrathful judge that every action sees, And he'll make strong, to right our wrong, the faithful Rapparees!

The fearless Rapparees! The men that rode at Sarsfield's side, the changeless Rapparees! —Charles Gavan Duffy. \*Pronounced Ree.

IRELAND'S ANTIQUITIES. My native land I love thee, tho' 'Tis little of the tale I know That in thy veins is enshrined, To touch the heart and wake the mind.

When o'er thy plains I cast my eye And antiquarian-like descry The tomb so old, the tower so tall, The sculptured Cross, the tottering wall.

My wounded spirit in a sigh, Or in a tear that dims the eye, Expresses what it feels within Of throbs and thought that are akin, To Devenish I turn my eye, But only still to brood and sigh.

Stories and legends, large and small With tender feelings I recall, Records and lays, but what do they, But speak of a departed day.

Of minstrels that are dead and gone, Of poets never looked upon, Of what was great and what was grand, But now unknown in Ireland!

Yet Erin I revere thee still, And love and prize thee ever will. When thus there's much to look upon That speaks of glory that is gone. —B. W., in Boston Pilot.

And so through pride, of false pride, these two kept apart. And all the barrier was so slight that smile or a cheerful word broken it. There are too barriers in the world.

And now the question was asked herself over and over "Will Ellen attend the ma my house?"

And the question which ed herself was: "Why should go? The pastor said he wished a large attendance too, the society is working the kingdom of God. An not go when I am able, I call myself an "Aid O'ra

OUR

Dear Girls and Boys: I am sure you will all badly that only one came this week, but not so than I do myself.

me a little girle prom me samples of her She either forgot to send they went astray, for the reach me yet. I will counts of St. Patrick's tions, for surely you lit not going to let the March creep by unnoticed all hear how the day pa

Your loving AUNT

Dear Aunt Becky: I have just come in taken a long drive. The beautiful. The snow is I think people will have waggons to-morrow. I have had many sleigh rid time. We are going to time at West Shefford on rick's day. I will write it some other time. G now.

Granby, March 8.

THE TRUE TALE OF JILL.

Jack and Jill were kitted Dearly loved by one and Jack was gray, both dark Jill was marked with white.

In youthful days these kit Were just as cute as they They'd run and jump an and bite From early morn till late

And of these kits one thin What Jackie did, Jill, too Let Jackie run and catch Jill would roll after like

One day when Jack round, He thought he'd climb up ground And take a look, if he w Into the pail upon the ta

He jumped up quick, but c How sad that such a thi be! The pail was full of water And Jackie went way out

Now Jill had always foll But in the pail went with And there next day they found.

—Mrs. Geo. Grey, in Good keeping.

BREAKING THE BAI

When it was announced Girls' Aid Society would the house of Miss Johnson, neaday afternoon, two he trife faster.

It was the first time in the society had met at G son's. Not that this was son for Grace's heart to absurdly, but there was olar girl in the society w Grace was not on friendly

They had been friends Then came some hastil words, anger on both side childish coolness sprang u them. Times innumerable passed by Ellen Courtne street, giving the most dis And times innumerable ha heart said within her, "S speak some friendly word the other's averted face l aloof.

"If Grace would on thought Ellen. And all in Grace's heart these w burning: "If Ellen would one word!"

And so through pride, of false pride, these two kept apart. And all the barrier was so slight that smile or a cheerful word broken it. There are too barriers in the world.

And now the question was asked herself over and over "Will Ellen attend the ma my house?"

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# OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys:

I am sure you will all feel very badly that only one little letter came this week, but not any more so than I do myself. It seems to me a little girlie promised to send me samples of her summer frocks. She either forgot to send them or they went astray, for they did not reach me yet. I will expect accounts of St. Patrick's Day celebrations, for surely you little folks are not going to let the great 17th of March creep by unnoticed. Let us all hear how the day passed.

Your loving  
AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I have just come in from having taken a long drive. The day is beautiful. The snow is melting fast. I think people will have to drive wagons to-morrow. I hope you have had many sleigh rides this winter. We are going to have a nice time at West Shefford on St. Patrick's day. I will write all about it some other time. Good-bye for now.

JOSEPH.  
Granby, March 8.

THE TRUE TALE OF JACK AND JILL.

Jack and Jill were kittens small,  
Dearly loved by one and all,  
Jack was gray, both dark and light,  
Jill was marked with black and white.

In youthful days these kittens wee  
Were just as cute as they could be;  
They'd run and jump and scratch  
and bite  
From early morn till late at night.

And of these kits one thing was true,  
What Jackie did, Jill, too, would do;  
Let Jackie run and catch a fall,  
Jill would roll after like a ball.

One day when Jack was looking round,  
He thought he'd climb up off the ground  
And take a look, if he were able,  
Into the pall upon the table.

He jumped up quick, but O, dear me,  
How sad that such a thing should be!  
The pall was full of water bright,  
And Jackie went way out of sight.

Now Jill had always followed Jack,  
So had no thought of turning back,  
But in the pall went with a bound,  
And there next day they both were found.

"Well, so we have," said the mother.  
"This house is full of echoes."  
"Is it?" said George. "Where must I stand to make my voice come back to me?"

"Anywhere you choose; but I think the nursery is the best place."  
Off ran George delighted; but as he entered the room he saw that Baby Ned had possession of his new kite and was proceeding to fly it.

"Put that kite down," he cried angrily; "you will break it to pieces, you bad boy!"  
"Bad boy! bad boy!" shouted the baby, and mother entered the nursery just in time to prevent a serious difficulty.

"I think you found your echo sooner than you expected," she said soberly, when peace was restored, and George hung his head.  
"Oh, is that what you mean, mother?" he asked.

**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 strain on the system is during pregnancy.

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

In all these periods Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will prove of wonderful value to take over the time. Mrs. James King Curran, Ont., writes: "I was troubled very much with heart trouble—the same thing 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 of hearty thanks for the benefit of your pills."

Price 25 cents per box; three boxes for 75c. Sold by all druggists.

And now the question which Grace asked herself over and over was this: "Will Ellen attend the meeting at my house?"

And the question which Ellen asked herself was: "Why should I not go? The pastor said he especially wished a large attendance. Then, too, the society is working to help the kingdom of God. And if I do not go when I am able, can I still call myself an 'Aid Girl'?"

But through all this, vain pride kept whispering to her: "Do not go. Do not be the first to give in. If you do, you lack spirit."

And so with these contending thoughts, Monday passed away. Tuesday came, bringing no decision, but a more dissatisfied spirit.

"For every one that asketh receiveth," Ellen said that to herself Tuesday evening, and the prayer she prayed so earnestly was that the pride in her heart might be driven away. She had made up her mind to go to Grace's. But as if to test her purpose, Wednesday came clad in a mist of fog and rain. A cold autumn wind whistled about and the dead leaves scampers wildly through the yard.

But if there was no peace outside Ellen had peace in her heart. A little sad, and yet happier than she had been since their quarrel, she walked toward Grace's home. Several of the other girls joined her on the way, so quite a group waited on Grace's porch for the door to be opened.

"How will Grace act?" thought Ellen. But if she had imagined coldness on her friend's part she was happily mistaken. Grace's conscience had not been idle since Sunday. She, too, had battled, had prayed—and had won.

Ellen was the last to enter the house, and so the others did not notice that the hostess lovingly kissed her and whispered something in her ear. But Ellen heard the low-spoken "Forgive me," and her answering, "I should be the one to say that," came to Grace as the sweetest words she had ever heard. No more was said. What more was needed? The other "Aid Girls" did not dream how much had been done that afternoon to promote the kingdom of Christ.

"How well our meeting did get along to-day!" said one of the girls to Ellen. "And wasn't Grace pleasant! She does so many little things."

"Yes," said Ellen warmly, "she is the kindest and most forgiving girl I ever saw."

And Ellen did not know as she spoke that Grace was just then saying to her mother:

"I am so glad the Aid Girls met here this week! It has proved to me that Ellen is the dearest girl in the world."

**A NURSERY ECHO.**

"Mother," said George, "we had a nice time yesterday afternoon at Uncle John's. Do you know that there is an echo behind the barn? I wish we had one here."  
"Well, so we have," said the mother.  
"This house is full of echoes."  
"Is it?" said George. "Where must I stand to make my voice come back to me?"

"Anywhere you choose; but I think the nursery is the best place."  
Off ran George delighted; but as he entered the room he saw that Baby Ned had possession of his new kite and was proceeding to fly it.

"Put that kite down," he cried angrily; "you will break it to pieces, you bad boy!"  
"Bad boy! bad boy!" shouted the baby, and mother entered the nursery just in time to prevent a serious difficulty.

"I think you found your echo sooner than you expected," she said soberly, when peace was restored, and George hung his head.  
"Oh, is that what you mean, mother?" he asked.

**HER LETTERS.**

"I think I'll never learn to write," said Dorothy, one day.  
"The kind of writing grown folks do,"  
"Mine's such an easy way. I just make little lines and dots instead of words, and then I make three crosses for my name—that's Dorothy Hope Wrenn. I make big rounds for kisses, too. With straight marks on each side That mean my arms go round your neck  
And squeeze you hard beside.  
My grandma says most other times She needs her specs to read,  
But when a letter comes from me, She doesn't—no indeed!"  
—Youth's Companion.

**SHADOW BUFF.**

To play shadow buff you should fasten a sheet up at one end of the room so that it will hang quite smooth. "Buff," not blinded, seats himself on a low stool, with his face to the sheet, and a table, on which is a lighted candle, is placed about five feet behind him. The rest of the lights in the room should be extinguished. "Buff's" play-fellows next pass in succession between the candle and him, distorting their features in as grotesque a manner as possible, hopping, limping and doing everything to make their shadows as unlike their natural selves as possible. "Buff" must try to guess to whom the shadows belong, and if he is correct the player whose shadow he recognizes takes his place. "Buff" is allowed but one guess for each person.

**A DOG WITH A WOODEN LEG.**

A woolly little poodle in the Philippines was a regimental pet. During a fight near Cavite the lower part of its left hind leg was shot off. Being unfit for further campaigning, he went to live in the surgeon's home.

The doctor's wife had made for him an artificial hind leg, fitting neatly over the stump with a laced glove top, and having a little rubber pad for a foot. On this the dog soon walked with ease, and by degrees learned to use it readily, as if it were an actual leg.

One day, however, as he was scratching behind his left ear, the wooden leg hung in the air and pulled off. The poor little fellow's perplexity when his hind stump kept on swinging and no scratch came, was ludicrous. Finally he violently shook his head and ears till the wooden leg flew off. Then he took it in his mouth and hobbled on three legs to his mistress, to have it put on again.—The Child's Companion.

**LITTLE TOMMY.**

Did you ever hear about him? Grandma once knew just such a little philosopher, and he was the biggest little philosopher I ever knew. I do not think he ever cried. I never saw him cry. If his little sister found her tulips all rooted up by her pet puppy, and cried and cried—as little girls will—Tommy was sure to come around the corner, whistling, and say: "What makes you cry? Can you cry a tulip? Do you think every sob makes a root or a blossom? Here! lets try to right them."

So he would pick up the poor flowers, put their roots into the ground again, whistling all the time, make the bed look smooth and fresh and take her off to hunt hens' nests in the barn. Neither did he do any differently in his own troubles. One day his great kite snapped the string and flew away far out of sight. Tommy stood still for a moment, and then turned around to come home, whistling a merry tune.

"Why, Tommy," said I, "are you not sorry to lose your kite?"  
"Yes, but what's the use? I can't take more than a minute to feel bad. 'Sorry' will not bring the kite back, and I want to make another."  
Just so when he broke his leg.

"Poor Tommy!" cried his sister, "you can't play any more."  
"I'm not poor, either. You cry for me. I don't have to do it for myself, and I'll have more time to whistle. Besides, when I get well, I shall beat every boy in school on the multiplication table; for I say it over and over again till it makes me sleepy every time my leg aches."  
Tommy was a little queer, certainly; but if a great many more people were like him they would have less troubles, and would throw more sunshine in this world.

**A ROBIN THAT REASONED.**

Showing the motherly care of a robin, an exchange relates the following beautiful instance:

"A robin's nest was filled with young ones in sight of a friend's window. The mother bird was away, when a violent thunderstorm came up. As the heavy drops began to pour down, she returned and the little ones greeted her open-mouthed, expecting the usual food. She pressed them down with her foot and sat on them with extended wings to shed the hard rain, and remained there till the storm was over.

"Was there not a process of reason here? She saw the heavy down-pour of rain and thinking of her exposed children, believed they would be hurt or drowned without her care, so she hurried back. This is called instinct, but instinct is concentrated wisdom without the process of being made known."

**Gin Pills Help You As Nothing Else Will**  
ONTARIO PROOF

GIN PILLS cure all Kidney ills from simple backache to diabetes pain in the small of the back and through the hips—swollen feet and hands—burning urine—constant desire to urinate—dizziness—headaches—spots before the eyes—with loss of appetite, sleeplessness and nervousness—disappear under the healing, soothing powers of GIN PILLS.

Men and women who have any kidney or bladder trouble are throwing away their one chance of health and happiness by not writing for a free sample.

OWEN SOUND, ONT., March 10th, 1905.

Having used a sample box of Gin Pills, and finding them give me great relief, I sent my father-in-law, A. McDermid, of Keady, a box; he having for years been used up with kidney and bladder trouble, and unable to get relief from the urinary remedies used. The Gin Pills gave him relief before half the box was used. He is now entirely cured, and I believe Gin Pills a great cure.

JAMES LODGE.

Do as Mr. Lodge did. Simply write us for a free sample box of GIN PILLS and try them at our expense. If you feel better in every way, and know that GIN PILLS are doing you good, surely you will continue using them until cured. That is why we will send you a free sample box if you write and tell us in what paper you saw this offer.

GIN PILLS are sold by druggists everywhere, 50c a box, or 6 for \$2.50.

THE BOLE DRUG CO. - WINNIPEG MAN.

**A MODEL'S REQUEST.**

Sir Edwin Landseer once had a model who said to him: "Sir Edwin, I see from the papers as you of'n dines with her gracious majesty at Buckingham palace. Now, Sir Edwin, my missis is a rare good washer, and if next time you dines with her majesty you would just prevail on her to give my missis her washing it would set us up, it would." It is not stated whether the request was ever put to her majesty.

**MOTHER AND BABY.**

Every mother who has used Baby's Own Tablets will tell you that they are the best medicine in the world for the cure of constipation, colic, sour stomach, indigestion, diarrhoea, sleeplessness, teething troubles, and other ailments of children. You can give these Tablets to a new-born baby with absolute safety—they always do good; they cannot possibly do harm. Their use means health for the child and comfort for the mother. Mrs. C. F. Kerr, Elgin, Ont., says:—"Baby's Own Tablets are the best medicine I ever used for stomach and bowel troubles, and destroying worms. No mother should be without a box of the Tablets in the house." Get them at your druggists or by mail from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 25 cents a box.

**A Small Pill But Powerful.**—They that judge the powers of a pill by its size, would consider Parmelee's Vegetable Pills to be lacking. It is a little wonder among pills. What it lacks in size it makes up in potency. The remedies which it carries are put up in these small doses because they are so powerful that only small doses are required. The full strength of the extract is secured in this form and do their work thoroughly.

**BALLYMONEY.**

There's a narrow, steep street in Ballymoney, an' the world is wide; An' though its ways are pleasant an' I've gold an' gear beside, Sure, I'd sell the heart within me to cross the weary tide, An' walk the steep, steep street in Ballymoney.

There are kind, kind hearts in Ballymoney, an' my heart to-night Is sick an' sore, with longin' for the glint o' turf fires bright, An' the Burn's dark waters flowin' in the pleasant mornin' light, An' one long glad hour in Ballymoney!

—Cahal O'Byrne, in Ave Maria.

A schoolmaster who happened to have red hair was giving an objection to a class on a nut.

In his endeavor to draw a distinction between a hazel nut and other nuts, he held one up to view, asking: "What kind of a nut is this?" at the same time unconsciously putting his pencil to his head while waiting for an answer.

Suddenly a young chap, who was noted for his witty answers, replied: "A ginger nut, sir."

One day a little boy came to school with very dirty hands, and the teacher said to him: "Jamie, I wish you would not come to school with your hands soiled that way. What would you say if I came to school with dirty hands?"

"I wouldn't say anything," was the prompt reply. "I'd be too polite."

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**A Small Pill But Powerful.**—They that judge the powers of a pill by its size, would consider Parmelee's Vegetable Pills to be lacking. It is a little wonder among pills. What it lacks in size it makes up in potency. The remedies which it carries are put up in these small doses because they are so powerful that only small doses are required. The full strength of the extract is secured in this form and do their work thoroughly.

**BALLYMONEY.**

There's a narrow, steep street in Ballymoney, an' the world is wide; An' though its ways are pleasant an' I've gold an' gear beside, Sure, I'd sell the heart within me to cross the weary tide, An' walk the steep, steep street in Ballymoney.

There are kind, kind hearts in Ballymoney, an' my heart to-night Is sick an' sore, with longin' for the glint o' turf fires bright, An' the Burn's dark waters flowin' in the pleasant mornin' light, An' one long glad hour in Ballymoney!

—Cahal O'Byrne, in Ave Maria.

A schoolmaster who happened to have red hair was giving an objection to a class on a nut.

In his endeavor to draw a distinction between a hazel nut and other nuts, he held one up to view, asking: "What kind of a nut is this?" at the same time unconsciously putting his pencil to his head while waiting for an answer.

Suddenly a young chap, who was noted for his witty answers, replied: "A ginger nut, sir."

One day a little boy came to school with very dirty hands, and the teacher said to him: "Jamie, I wish you would not come to school with your hands soiled that way. What would you say if I came to school with dirty hands?"

"I wouldn't say anything," was the prompt reply. "I'd be too polite."

**Gin Pills Help You As Nothing Else Will**  
ONTARIO PROOF

GIN PILLS cure all Kidney ills from simple backache to diabetes pain in the small of the back and through the hips—swollen feet and hands—burning urine—constant desire to urinate—dizziness—headaches—spots before the eyes—with loss of appetite, sleeplessness and nervousness—disappear under the healing, soothing powers of GIN PILLS.

Men and women who have any kidney or bladder trouble are throwing away their one chance of health and happiness by not writing for a free sample.

OWEN SOUND, ONT., March 10th, 1905.

Having used a sample box of Gin Pills, and finding them give me great relief, I sent my father-in-law, A. McDermid, of Keady, a box; he having for years been used up with kidney and bladder trouble, and unable to get relief from the urinary remedies used. The Gin Pills gave him relief before half the box was used. He is now entirely cured, and I believe Gin Pills a great cure.

JAMES LODGE.

Do as Mr. Lodge did. Simply write us for a free sample box of GIN PILLS and try them at our expense. If you feel better in every way, and know that GIN PILLS are doing you good, surely you will continue using them until cured. That is why we will send you a free sample box if you write and tell us in what paper you saw this offer.

GIN PILLS are sold by druggists everywhere, 50c a box, or 6 for \$2.50.

THE BOLE DRUG CO. - WINNIPEG MAN.

**A MODEL'S REQUEST.**

Sir Edwin Landseer once had a model who said to him: "Sir Edwin, I see from the papers as you of'n dines with her gracious majesty at Buckingham palace. Now, Sir Edwin, my missis is a rare good washer, and if next time you dines with her majesty you would just prevail on her to give my missis her washing it would set us up, it would." It is not stated whether the request was ever put to her majesty.

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**METAL SKYLIGHTS**  
OR ANY  
**SHEET METAL WORK**  
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**GEO. W. REED & CO.,**  
337 Craig St. W.

**SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST**  
HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba on the Northwest Provinces, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter 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 in 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

**PATENTS**  
Promptly Granted

It is the business of the inventor to secure for his invention the right of having his patent granted by the Government. The inventor should apply to the Patent Office, Ottawa, for a patent. The Patent Office is open from 10 o'clock to 4 o'clock, P.M., on all days except Sundays and public holidays. The Patent Office is situated in the Department of the Interior, Ottawa.

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The True Witness And Catholic Chronicle... The True Witness Printing & Publishing Co., 25 St. Antoine Street, Montreal, Canada.

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

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

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, MARCH 15, 1906.

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP O'BRIEN

For the news of the death of the Archbishop of Halifax Canada was all unprepared. The late Dr. O'Brien was not only a distinguished member of the hierarchy, but among the Archbishops and Bishops of the Dominion held a position towards the Canadian public that was peculiarly his own.

Much will be said in appreciation of Archbishop O'Brien's contributions to Canadian thought and research. Catholics will understand his lifework better, however, when they include with all this the untiring zeal and splendid success of his life's labor for Catholic education in his own see.

RELIGION IN GREAT CITIES.

Looking at the overcrowded cities and the ever increasing rush to the great centres one naturally asks how does religion succeed in them? Can it cope with the moral evils necessarily springing from this congested state of things? What relief can it offer to him who suffers from work and who suffers more if he cannot work? What remedy has religion, not for the individual, but for the system whose gigantic, far-reaching claws, like those of the devil-fish, hold in iron selfish grasp multiplied millions? Then there is the rush for pleasure, the life of society. Both extremes, wealth and poverty, dwell too close together in our crowded cities. And with both classes religion has severe trials which are more harassing than encouraging.

cept over the most obstinate. We can well take a leaf from our neighbors. Visitation and instruction are their means: and they should be ours. Then more Catholic reading matter—cheap, bearing upon a variety of subjects, reaching down to where poisoned literature has done so much harm. To these means may be added those two powerful organizations for good, the Catholic Truth Society and the St. Vincent de Paul Society. The former spreads the light of faith, and is a school of instruction. The latter is a great school of charity. Both have important missions to fulfil in the crowded cities, where too often poverty, ignorance and vice go hand in hand. And farther removed from the haunts of pretended atheists the Church has a phalanx armed with prayer—and making atonement to God's outraged majesty for empty talk and misguided ignorance. These are the guardians in the watch towers of cloistered monasteries and convents throughout the world. Even with all this zealous organization we see that the enemy of souls does far more to destroy than we do to save; and that he succeeds where once religion soothed the hardship of toil and called to another vineyard the laborers weary of earth. So far from admitting that the bread-winner by reason of his calling tends to atheism the very opposite should be the case. It is white slavery which is too readily ensnared by unbelief. Labor is sanctified in religion's Divine Founder and poverty canonized by His example and doctrine.

AN ANSWER.

A distant subscriber sends us a number of questions which he wishes answered. Fortunately he gives us time; for as there are about a dozen covering a vast field it would be useless to attempt to reply on short notice. Our simple advice to "Subscriber" is to pay no attention to the trifling calumnies against his Church. Ignorance, prejudice, misinterpretation, falsehood are the poisoned arrows too often directed against us. To compare the slanders which Subscriber's neighbors utter against his faith with the teaching of his good mother—to even hint that she might be wrong, and they right—is unfilial, not worthy of a good son. That mother taught the truth by example and by word, and left a treasure to Subscriber which he should hold so sacred that the waspish tongue of ignorance could never poison its purity or taint its practices. It is easy to procure such books as Faith of our Fathers, Catholic Belief, Catholic and Protestant countries compared, from Catholic bookstores either in New York or St. Louis which will be a more definite reply to many of his questions than we can give, both for want of space and time. One point, however, we take up, the question of baptism by immersion or sprinkling. Before starting we think Subscriber ought to protest against Campbellites pretending to know the practice of the ancient Church. It is decidedly impudent for innovators whose sect is not a hundred years in existence to ask the Catholic Church why she permits baptism by sprinkling. Immersion is a valid mode of baptism. It is not the only mode, neither in the primitive Church nor afterwards. It is evident from the fact that St. Paul baptized his guard when in prison that the baptism could not have been performed by immersion. Nor could St. Peter baptize at one time three thousand, and at another time five thousand. The practice of the Church in baptizing by infusion was established much earlier than our Subscriber's quotations would lead him to believe. And what it is to-day it certainly was in the Catacomb days when immersion would have been altogether impractical, if not impossible. In closing we recommend Subscriber to pay less attention to the Campbellites, get good Catholic books for his family and to persevere in the true faith taught him by his mother.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We are pleased to note the sanctioning of the "Father Kiernan School Bill." Hardly any other termination could be expected after the persistent fight Father Kiernan has put up for the past three years in the interest of his people. The parish of St. Michael the Archangel has been erected into a Separate School municipality, and it only remains for the people of St. Michael's to strengthen the hands of their good pastor by aiding him in carrying on the good work he has so much at heart. We congratulate the pastor of St. Michael's on the happy result and trust that ere very long an imposing school structure will stand as a monument to his indefatigable perseverance in which the younger portion of his flock will receive educational advantages along the most advanced lines.

The Lord's Day Bill as introduced by Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick is a source of gratification to all law-abiding citizens. Thoughtful men of all races and creeds are in full accord with every one of the fifteen clauses, and they look forward in the hope of it becoming a law. Mr. Fitzpatrick's bill forbids the sale or purchase of any goods on the Sabbath except medicines, Sunday excursions, and the advertising in any manner whatsoever any performance or other thing which, if given or done in Canada, would be a violation of this act.

The official figures of the pilgrimages to the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beauce during the year 1905 show that 138,446 pilgrims went there by rail, 29,050 by boat, and about one thousand in vehicles, giving a grand total of 168,502.

In the previous year there were 156,263 pilgrims. The total number for the ten years preceding 1905 was 922,346.

The estimates from July 1 next to March 31, 1907, were brought down in the Dominion Parliament Monday night. They call for \$51,594,539 on consolidated fund account, and \$16,342,015 on capital account. The capital outlay includes: Militia, \$975,000; Railways and Canals, \$12,817,000; Public Works, \$2,101,000; Dominion Lands, \$450,000.

An organization of prominent business and literary men has been formed in New York to urge the simplification of English spelling. It is called the "Simplified Spelling Board," and Mr. Andrew Carnegie has undertaken to bear the expense of the organization.

St. Antoine street proprietors met on Tuesday night to protest against the withdrawal of the Montreal Bill, which will result in the section of the street between Windsor and Mountain street being widened to only sixty instead of eighty feet.

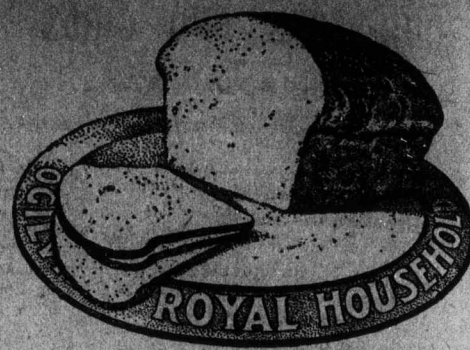
The King has given an order again this year to Mrs. Nuttall to have shamrocks supplied to Buckingham Palace for St. Patrick's Day from her Violet and shamrock farm at Cullinamore, Sligo.

In next week's issue we will give the St. Patrick's Day sermon and general news of the day's proceedings.

OBITUARY.

MR. GEORGE SMYTH. Mr. George Michael Smyth, a well known and almost life-long resident of Montreal, passed away early Sunday morning at his residence, 21 Drolet street. Death was the result of syncope of the heart.

Born in Lochrae, County of Galway, Ireland, seventy-five years ago, the late Mr. Smyth removed to Canada at the age of ten or twelve years, and has since resided continuously in Montreal. He has had an active business career and conducted for many years a wholesale and retail provision store at the Bonsecours market. He retired from business about four years ago. A family of ten children—seven daughters and three sons—survive. They are: Mrs. Moriarty, of To-



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ronto; Mrs. Wiles, of Ottawa; Mrs. Maguire and the Misses Catherine, Jennie, Essie and Ethel, of Montreal; Mr. Thomas Taggart, of the City and District Savings Bank; Mr. Robert, of Scroggie & Co., and Mr. George, accountant of the Hogan estate.

The funeral took place from the Church of St. Louis de France on Tuesday morning.

MR. JAMES CORCORAN.

On Saturday afternoon the death occurred of Mr. James Corcoran, manager of the New England Shoe Co., as the result of being struck by a M. P. & I. car at Montreal West on the day previous. The funeral took place from St. Anthony's Church on Tuesday morning.

MR. T. E. MCKENNA.

Mr. Thomas McKenna, managing editor of the Rocky Mountain News, and the Denver Times, died in Denver on Saturday last.

The late Mr. McKenna was born in Montreal on November 2nd, 1861. He was the eldest son of the late Thomas McKenna. There are many Montrealers who will remember him as having been connected in an active capacity with the executive of the Shamrock Lacrosse Club and the Emerald Snowshoe Club from 1878 to 1887. He was one of the charter members of the Shamrock A. A.

In 1887 Mr. McKenna was ordered to Colorado for his health, and since that time he has been a resident of Denver. On going out to the West he became attached to the staff of the Rocky Mountain News. He was made managing editor of that paper in 1894, a position which he occupied at the time of his death.

Mr. McKenna is survived by a widow and one child, who reside in Denver. He leaves to mourn his loss in Montreal his mother and a sister and four brothers—Messrs. William J., of the Custom House; James H., Francis J. and Patrick C. McKenna. The funeral took place at Denver on Tuesday.

A Gigantic Irish Colony.

Of great promise of benefits to Ireland and the Irish is the national farm project undertaken by Father Phelan of Marcus, Ia. The plan is for the establishment of a gigantic Irish colony on the cheap but good lands of Texas, where cotton will be raised, which will be used in a large measure to rehabilitate manufacturing and to establish cotton factories in Ireland. The benefits will come from giving the people of Ireland work, and

ing an incentive to them to remain in their own country, furnishing those who are bound to emigrate, and those in this country seeking profit but loyal to the native land, a means of subsistence.

Already Father Phelan has been in Texas and made a provisional deal whereby immense tracts of land may be secured at a nominal price for the realization of his scheme. He has a month in which to come forward with the money.

The movement inaugurated by Father Phelan is in a measure a reply to the pastoral issued at the beginning of the year by Cardinal Logue primate of Ireland, imploring the people to remain at home. The Cardinal further wrote: "I would be glad to see cotton manufacture started in Ireland. I have not the least doubt that if this could be effected it would improve the condition of the people, furnish much needed employment, and diminish the drain of emigration."

Father Phelan notes that in Ireland where there are factories the population is increasing. He wants to make it possible to have many more factories there. The priest's general plan is to have a corporation manage the land project. Stock certificates will be sold at \$5 a share, and a bank of Chicago has consented to act as treasurer until the project is fully organized.

"If Ireland allied herself with England," says Father Phelan, "she might indeed be prosperous. But she is poor and bleeding to death. And would it not be well for her exiled children, as a tribute to her, to make this donation? When we have this project established on a firm footing, I will hand it over to the management, that it may be handled entirely in a business-like manner.

"I believe this plan will receive the loyal, earnest support of the friends of Ireland, for it is for the redemption of the old land. It is second in importance only to Home Rule. I am aware of Erin's wall of the loss of her children. I have read the primate's appeal. I have provided this remedy, and now it is up to the friends of Erin to accept it or to reject it."

A Requisite for the Rancher.—On the cattle ranges of the West, where men and stock are far from doctors and apothecaries, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is kept on hand by the intelligent as a ready made medicine, not only for many human ills, but as a horse and cattle medicine of surpassing merit. A horse and cattle rancher will find medicine greatly simplified by using this Oil.

ST. PATRICK'S THE PRO...

His Grace Arch...

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE... The Rev. Martin Callaghan and patriotic sentiments scattered broadcast, as the forth the spirit that should purify our hearts and guide our path.

St. Patrick's Day is an ordinary day of the year to all those with the tincture of Irish blood in their veins. Intended as an insult to an ally or creed. There is no earth so logical, so intelligent, as the sympathy of broad, as the sympathy of the countries, and relish the liberty which consists in the dictates of conscience. St. Patrick's day reminds us of the green little isle, "first the earth and first gem of the world" which cluster the undying recollections, the of affections, and the fond hopes and aspirations, back to our minds a city—

ALD: THOS. "Canada is our home. proud to feel and say it. how to appreciate this home cannot but admire the President of the United States, who, after all, is the chief boast of his countrymen, should we esteem, love and extol to the Sovereign who is ruling consummate skill and prudent destinies of the British Empire, of all his predecessors the Anglo-Saxon throne, is pledged to be the best friend has seen, by proving the champion of her rights. We bury in oblivion the wrongs of the past. We ought to live in harmony. Let us, by energies at our disposal, by we can say and do, pave for the perfect brotherhood and fatherhood of God."

The official general order of the procession for St. Patrick's Day is as follows: The different societies taking in the celebration will meet their respective halls at 8.30 and will march to St. P...

ST. JOSEPH'S HOME The Home was saddened last by the loss of Mrs. Bafferty, the staff. She succumbed to a malady of three days, and was taken to the Home. All the staff attended the funeral, marshalled by the Rev. Father Phelan. This is the death in the Home since the opening, and the loss of the good will be keenly felt by the boys and girls. A Mass was said next week for the repose of her soul. May she rest in peace. Father Phelan, acknowledging many thanks for the receipt of...

ITEMS OF INTEREST

# ST. PATRICK'S DAY ORDER OF PARADE

## THE PROCESSION AND THE ROUTE.

His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi to Celebrate Mass at St. Patrick's.

### THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.

The Rev. Martin Callaghan's wise and patriotic sentiments should be scattered broadcast, as they breathe forth the spirit that should animate our hearts and guide our principles: "St. Patrick's Day will never be an ordinary day of the week for all those of Irish birth and descent, for all those with the tiniest drop of Irish blood in their veins. It is not intended as an insult to any nationality or creed. There is nothing on earth so logical, so intense and broad, as the sympathy of the Irish Celt. In his eyes all men should respect the flags of their respective countries, and relish the sweets of liberty which consists in following the dictates of conscience. St. Patrick's day reminds us of loyalty to the green little isle, 'first flower of the earth and first gem of the sea,' around which cluster the noblest of undying recollections, the tenderest of affections, and the fondest of hopes and aspirations. It brings back to our minds a city—the Eternal City, the City of Popes, the city in which is enshrined the heart of O'Connell, the exemplary patriot, the disinterested politician, and the uncompromising son of the Church—the city to which, 1600 years ago, our national apostle pledged the allegiance of a people, 'as constant as the northern star' in the promotion of every worthy cause, the city from which proceeds the most invaluable blessings that can be enjoyed by mortals—peace of mind and peace of heart.

Church, where Grand Mass will be celebrated at 9 o'clock sharp. His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi will officiate, and the sermon will be preached by Rev. Father Heenan, one of the missionaries now at St. Patrick's. After mass the procession will form at Victoria square and will proceed by St. James street to Inspector, to Chaboulez Square and thence down Colborne to Ottawa, to McCord, Wellington, Centre, Laprairie, St. Patrick, Seigneurs, Notre Dame, McGill and back by St. Alexander Street, to St. Patrick's Hall.

- The order of procession will be as follows:
- Ald. Thos. O'Connell, Marshal-in-Chief.
  - Band and Flag.
  - Ancient Order of Hibernians. Band.
  - Congregation of St. Michaels. Band.
  - Congregation of St. Agnes.
  - Congregation of St. Gabriels.
  - St. Gabriel's Young Men's Society.
  - St. Gabriel's Juvenile Temperance Society.
  - St. Gabriel's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society.
  - Congregation of St. Anthony's.
  - Congregation of St. Mary's. Band and Banner.
  - St. Mary's Young Men's Society.
  - Congregation of St. Ann's.
  - St. Ann's Cadets, in uniform. Band and Flag.
  - Young Irishmen's Literary & Benefit Association.
  - Band and Father Mathew Banner.

the Grand Seminary to study theology. Having been ordained priest in 1875, he went to make his solitude at Issy, near Paris. On his return to Montreal his Superior named him vicar of Notre Dame. Father Leveille was successively chaplain of the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame, the Grey Nuns, the Sisters of the Hotel Dieu, and the Little Sisters of St. Joseph (Lourdes). On Saturday morning a service was chanted for the repose of his soul at the Hotel Dieu, the Rev. Abbe Thibault officiating. On Sunday afternoon the body was removed to Notre Dame, and the funeral took place on Monday morning at 7 o'clock.

### IMPORTANT RUMORS.

It is said in some well informed circles that Rev. Father Corbett, of Cornwall, will shortly take possession of the vacant see of Alexandria as its second Bishop. The diocese will then become a suffragan of the Archdiocese of Ottawa, Mgr. Emond of Valleyfield to be named coadjutor to His Grace Mgr. Duhamel, soon to receive the Cardinal's hat, Rev. Father Latulippe taking the Cathedral of Valleyfield.

### Fathers Kiernan's School Bill Sanctioned.

In the last issue of the Official Gazette of Quebec, Father Kiernan's School Bill (No. 79) is among those that the Lieutenant-Governor sanctioned. Father Kiernan sees in this sanction the most positive proof of the justice of the case he and his people have been championing for the past three years. Whilst following his bill through the various departments of the Legislature, he realized the seriousness with which a bill is studied and the importance of judiciously selecting the candidates who present themselves at elections.

In virtue of this bill, English-speaking proprietors who have been hitherto obliged to pay their school taxes to one or more of the six school boards named in the bill, in whose territory their assessable property is situated, have now a right to pay these same taxes to "The Corporation of Catholic Trustees of the separate schools of the parish of St. Michael the Archangel of Montreal," by giving in writing before the first of May, to the President or to the secretary-treasurer of the school districts of which they form part, a notice by which they express their intention of joining the Corporation of St. Michael's for school purposes.

The Honorable Prime Minister, Mr. Gouin, and his Government have secured the lasting gratitude of St. Michael's and of their friends, who are legion, for the generous and painstaking attention they have given to their petition. They have certainly given "adequate justice, without prejudice to any."

The persistency, energy and ability manifested by Rev. Father Kiernan and his people for the recognition of their rights, have won universal esteem and admiration and will vouch for the assistance and encouragement they may need especially in the beginning, to forward the work of school building and organization.

### LENTEEN DISCOURSES.

The sermons in all the Catholic churches in the city last Sunday followed along the lines laid down for the lenten discourses. In St. James Cathedral the Rev. Father Duchausoy had for his subject "Hypocrisy and human respect." At Notre Dame Father Plessis took as his theme "The Transfiguration." At the Gesù the "Sacrament of Confirmation" was expounded by Father Schmidt, S.J.; at St. James Church "Justice" was dwelt upon by Father Groleau.

### AT ST. AGNES.

At the evening service last Sunday the men's mission closed. The preacher was Rev. E. Borgmann, C.S.S.R. The large attendance was most gratifying.

### OPENING OF MISSION FOR UNMARRIED WOMEN AT ST. PATRICK'S.

The opening of the mission to unmarried women took place last Sunday evening at St. Patrick's Church. Quite a large attendance marked the first in the series of services. The preacher emphasized very strongly that those who failed to attend both morning and evening services were not in reality making the mission. There was no sacrifice in going to listen to evening lectures. It was the generosity in getting up early in the morning that would tell, and he asked all present to make the effort to attend one or other of the morning services.

### ST. MARY'S Y. M. S. CELEBRATES BIRTH ANNIVERSARY

Establishment of Daily Paper Urged.

The Catholic Young Men's Society of St. Mary's parish on Sunday celebrated the tenth anniversary of the society. In the morning they marched in a body, headed by their president, Mr. J. A. Heffernan, and their vice-president, Mr. J. O'Reilly, to the church, where they heard Mass and received communion. In the evening they again assembled in the church to hear a sermon from the Rev. Robert Callahan, of St. Agnes parish, and formerly spiritual director of the society. The speaker, after congratulating the young men on their large attendance, said he would point out the difficulties which today beset the young man, principal among which was the evil of intemperance and improper literature.

Father Callahan portrayed the vast amount of harm and suffering that has followed in the wake of these evils, and requested the young men present to promise that as regards intemperance they would not enter a bar-room from Saturday to Monday, and that they would abandon the pernicious habit of treating. Speaking on the subject of literature, he deplored the fact that the Irish people of Montreal had not at the present time a daily organ to protect their interests. He asserted that unless steps were taken to establish such a want, the Irish Catholics would lose ground which could never be regained. The speaker, in closing, urged the young men to follow in the paths marked out by the church and they would become good and useful citizens and a credit to their race.

### Loyola Club at Outremont.

Special prominence was given to the feast of St. Thomas Aquinas this year at the Convent of the Holy Name of Mary, Outremont, and the members of Loyola Club availed themselves of a very kind invitation to take part in the celebration. About three o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, seats in the cars going out St. Catherine street were at a premium, for the keen interest in the proposed visit to this beautiful new educational institution had brought every member, as well as many friends of Rev. Sister Thomas Aquinas, all anxious to do her honor on this her feast day. The visitors were greeted by Rev. Mother Superior, Sister Thomas and a committee of the English undergraduates, who conducted them to the superbly appointed entertainment hall, where an enjoyable programme was rendered. As was fitting, this took the form of a "Newman" afternoon, Newman, of whose poetry Dr. Barry says: "It is the philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas moulded into lines of Shakespearean weight and precision."

After an overture played at three pianos by pupils, the lyric quartette of the Club, the Misses Sheridan, Stewart, Shultz and McAnally, with Miss Gertrude Elliott as accompanist, gave several effective selections from Sir Edward Elgar's oratorio, "The Dream of Gerontius." Miss Margaret Jones contributed a paper on the same subject which was listened to with close attention. The visitors were especially taken with the delightful singing of Miss Camille Pindar, of Key West, Florida, and the sympathetic rendering of "Lead, Kindly Light" by a chorus of convent pupils, touched many hearts. An address was read by Miss Kathleen Wiggelt, of Sherbrooke, who, in a few well chosen words, voiced the pleasure of the pupils in meeting the members of Loyola Club, replying to which Rev. Father Devine, in the name of the club, thanked the Sisters and the pupils for their warm hospitality, and congratulated the latter on having so devoted a friend and directress as Sister Thomas. The treat of the day was still to come, the tour of the house. All had heard of the grand new convent on St. Catherine road, many had admired the magnificent Corinthian columns which support its portico, but only a few had had an opportunity to view the interior, so it was with a thrill of pleasurable expectancy that everyone said: "Now we are going to see the house." Nor was there any disappointment. Every turn in the long spacious corridors brought forth a fresh chorus of admiring "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" for all that modern science and deep consideration for the needs of a boarding school could supply, has been called into requisition in the equipment of the building. Long stretches of glossy hardwood floors delight the eye in every direction, windows, countless windows on all sides, flood the place with sunlight, giving

# St. Patrick's Day

The Dramatic Section of St. Ann's Young Men's Society will present "The Pride of Killarney"

By Jas. Martin. A Domestic Irish Drama, replete with the wit, humor and pathos of the Celtic Race, Irish Songs, Choruses and Dances, arranged by Mr. P. J. Shea, at

## Monument National

TICKETS—Matinee (2.15), 1.50 and 25c. Evening (8.15), 2.50, 50c, 75c. Boxes, \$4 and \$5. PLAN OF THEATRE on view and tickets for sale at Star Office, St. James St., on March 14th, 15th, and 16th, from 11.30 to 1.30 p.m., and daily at Mr. T. O'Connell's, Telephone Main 3833, between 9 a.m. and 9 p.m.

J. J. NOLAN, Secretary

gloom and depression no quarter. It was interesting to note how differently people were attracted. To those who love art, the studio was an endless delight with its many canvasses in all stages of completion and its beautiful display of china painting, which seemed to be rather a specialty. Others found the Museum with its natural history and specimens of all kinds a place in which to linger, while to the housewife inclined, the dormitories, private rooms, and economic wardrobe arrangement were simply fascinating. A delightful afternoon was brought to a close by attendance at Benediction in the beautiful chapel, of which no description could convey the air of chaste elegance and artistic simplicity which are its chief characteristics. It was with a sense of almost envy that the visitors from the city bade adieu to the kind Sisters, most of them regretting that school life was over, and that they could not go back to Convent at this fine institution.

### ARCHBISHOP O'BRIEN OF HALIFAX DEAD.

#### Sketch of his brilliant Career.

The sad news of the sudden passing away of His Grace Archbishop O'Brien, of Halifax, reached the city last Saturday. For the past few years the late prelate has been a great sufferer, but none thought of so sudden a termination. At eleven o'clock His Grace was found dead in bed by his niece whom he had asked to go for a glass of water. Some little time before he had retired after his physician had prescribed for what was diagnosed as a slight attack of indigestion.

Archbishop O'Brien was the son of a Wexford County father, and a mother whose birthplace was Cork, Ireland. He was born near New Glasgow, P. E. Island, May 9, 1843. He commenced his school education under Robert Laird, an elder brother of Hon. David Laird. He afterwards attended school at Rustico, P.E.I., principally to learn French, and began the battle of life as a clerk in a mercantile establishment at Summerside. When 19 years of age he realized what had long been his strongest desire of entering St. Dunstan's College, Charlottetown, to study for the priesthood. After two years he became a student at the College of the Propaganda, Rome. There he carried off the gold medal for excellence, and graduated Doctor of Divinity and Philosophy. In 1871 he was ordained to the priesthood and returned to Prince Edward Island, was for two years a professor and prefect of studies at St. Dunstan's. In October, 1873, he was appointed principal priest at the Cathedral in Charlottetown, but his health giving way, he was sent to Indian River, where he remained for eight years. In 1880, he accompanied the late Bishop McIntyre to Rome, as secretary, and in the following year paid a second visit to the Eternal City with the late Archbishop Hannan, at his special request.

#### APPOINTED AS ARCHBISHOP.

On the demise of the latter prelate, Dr. O'Brien was appointed to succeed him as fourth Archbishop of Halifax. He was nominated December 2, 1882, and his consecration took place at St. Mary's Cathedral, January 21, 1883. After his appointment he showed the greatest activity in the work of the diocese, a large number of churches, schools and glebe houses having arisen through his instrumentality. During his first year of office he commenced the erection of St. Patrick's Church, which was completed at a cost of \$75,000.

Subsequently he revived St. Patrick's Home, founded the Victoria Infirmary and the Catholic Orphanage, purchased an archiepiscopal residence, established several colonies of nuns, and carried out certain costly and needed repairs on St. Mary's Cathedral. The same signs of activity and improvement were observable everywhere throughout his extensive diocese.

In 1897 he took steps for the establishment of a Catholic university in Halifax, under the management of the Jesuits or the Benedictines.

#### HIS LITERARY EFFORTS.

His Grace's literary efforts kept pace with his other work. To many fugitive poems, essays and articles contributed from time to time to the periodical press, he added works of lasting interest and merit. Of these the principal are: Philosophy and the Bible Vindicated (1876). Mater Admirabilis (1882). After Weary Years, a novel. Saint Agnes, Virgin and Martyr (1887). Aminta, a modern life drama (1890). Memoirs of Bishop Burke (1894).

The Archbishop was an office bearer in the Imperial Federation League, and later a president of Nova Scotia of the British Empire League in Canada. He was a man who thought much and deeply, and above all, independently, upon a great variety of subjects. He had one of the most lovable, kindly and refined of personalities.

The funeral, which took place yesterday, was one of the largest and most imposing of the kind ever seen in Halifax. Flags were flying at half mast from all the public buildings as well as from numerous private places. Among those present were Mgrs. Sbarretti, apostolic delegate, Archbishop Duhamel, of Ottawa, the Coadjutor Bishop of Montreal, Archbishop Bruchesi of Montreal, Bishop Casey of St. John, Bishop Cameron of Antigonish, the Bishop of Ottawa, Bishop of Charlottetown, Very Rev. W. F. Chapman, V.G., St. John; the Rev. Dr. Morrison, V.G., Charlottetown.

The Pontifical Mass was celebrated by His Grace the Archbishop of Ottawa, and the funeral oration was a very able one, by the Rev. Dr. Morrison, V.G., of Charlottetown. Mgr. Sbarretti pronounced the absolution. It was shortly after noon when the ceremonies in the Cathedral concluded and the casket containing the remains of the beloved prelate was conveyed down the centre aisle of the draped edifice to the hearse. The cortege formed up and proceeded to the Holy Cross Cemetery.

#### Catholics in Parliament.

The recent general election has resulted in the return of seven Catholic members for England, being the largest number elected to the House of Commons for English constituencies since the Catholic Emancipation act, 1829.

The following shows the number of Catholics returned to previous parliaments since the year 1835, viz., (exclusive of Irish members): 1835, 2; 1837, 2; 1841, 6; 1847, 5; 1852, 3; 1857, 1; 1859, 1; 1868, 1; 1874, 0; 1880, 1; 1885, 3; 1886, 5; 1892, 6; 1895, 3; 1900, 5.

At the general elections of 1874 and 1880, there was not a single Catholic returned to Parliament for Great Britain, the sole Catholic figuring in the Parliament elected in 1880 being Sir Henry Jerningham, who was elected for Berwick-on-Tweed at a by-election in 1881, and continued to represent that constituency till the dissolution in 1885.

There are few general sayings which hold more true than that few people will attend a place of worship of those who believe less than themselves, or will vote at the polling booth for those who believe more than themselves, and surely the smallness of the number of Catholics returned for English constituencies to the Imperial Parliament since Catholic emancipation opened to them the portals of the Constitution is a striking confirmation of the truth of it, especially having regard to the fact that our churches are frequently attended, in large numbers by those not professing the Catholic faith. On the other hand, while but few Unitarians themselves attend their places of worship, that body in several parliaments has been the most over-represented sect in the House of Commons, in proportion to its numbers.



ALD. THOS. O'CONNELL, Grand Marshal.

"Canada is our home. We are proud to feel and say it. We know how to appreciate this home. If we cannot but admire the President of the United States, who, after Washington, is the chief boast and idol of his countrymen, should we not esteem, love and extol to the skies the Sovereign who is ruling with consummate skill and prudence the destinies of the British Empire, and who, of all his predecessors upon the Anglo-Saxon throne, is acknowledged to be the best friend Ireland has seen, by proving the staunchest champion of her rights. We ought to bury in oblivion the wrongs of the past. We ought to live and work in harmony. Let us, by all the energies at our disposal, by all that we can say and do, pave the way for the perfect brotherhood of man and fatherhood of God."

St. Patrick's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society. Band and Banner. St. Patrick's Society. Mayor, invited guests and clergy.

#### THE ANNUAL BANQUET.

The annual banquet of the St. Patrick's Society will take place in the Windsor Hotel on the evening of March 17. The orators will be: Messrs. Geo. H. McInerney, K.C., ex-M.P., of St. John, N.B.; Daniel O'Connell, of Peterboro; Rev. John E. Donnelly, pastor of St. Anthony's Church; Ald. W. J. White, K.C., of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society (who will propose the toast of the "50th Anniversary"); Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick; Sir Alexander Lacoste, and Sir Melbourne Tait.

The musical part of the programme will be in charge of Messrs. Charles Reichling and P. J. Shea, director of the Lyric Male Quartette. Vocal music will be rendered by Messrs. R. J. Latimer and Ed. Quinn, and Dr. Scanlan, and by the members of the Lyric Male Quartette, Messrs. Wm. Murphy, M. E. Norris, F. McCrory, and Alex. Hamilton.

The official general order and route of the procession for St. Patrick's Day is as follows: The different societies taking part in the celebration will meet at their respective halls at 8.30 a.m., and will march to St. Patrick's

### ITEMS OF INTEREST

#### ST. JOSEPH'S HOME.

The Home was saddened last week by the loss of Mrs. Rafferty, one of the staff. She succumbed after a malady of three days, and was buried from the Home. All the wards attended the funeral, marshalled by grandpa Flanagan. This is the first death in the Home since the beginning, and the loss of the good woman will be keenly felt by the boys, particularly her little five year old son, one of the wards. A Mass will be said next week for the repose of her soul. May she rest in peace. Amen. Father Hallahan acknowledged with many thanks the receipt of the following

contributions from some of his friends. T. Lindsey, Ottawa, ten dollars; Mrs. Dr. McCarthy, Patrick Kenna and John Gallery, five dollars each; Mrs. McGillis, Toronto, three dollars; Mrs. P. Fitzpatrick, Montreal; Rev. Father Quilty, Douglas, Ont., and Mrs. Doyle, Herbert's Corners; W. J. McCaffrey, Ottawa, two dollars each; Mr. I. Kinella, Ottawa; D. M. Quinn one dollar each.

#### DEATH OF SULLIVAN.

A very devoted member of the order of St. Sulpice died last Saturday at the Hotel Dieu in the person of the Rev. Abbe Leveille. The deceased was born in Montreal in 1850. After pursuing his studies at the Grand Seminary, where he made a very brilliant course, he entered



SOLITARY ISLAND

A NOVEL.

By REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

"I have," said Frances—"just the sweetest things!" But Paul was suddenly downcast even under this criticism; for madame looked portentous, and "just the sweetest" was not the kind of poetry he looked upon as worthy of his genius.

Mr. Rossiter was missed thenceforward from the table, and, in addition to cold, want of light, and stunted means, he had now to undergo the daily martyrdom of a cheap lunch in cheap quarters and among the cheapest sort of a crowd.

CHAPTER XIV.

A few months of companionship glared the poet and the politician on a footing of intimacy, and insensibly began those confidences between the friends which make such an intimacy so delightful—the readiness to ask advice and assistance in present difficulties, and to receive them; the relating of future hopes and aspirations with the view of receiving the confirmation of the other's approval; and the youthful speculation on questions and matters which men never speak of to outsiders, except in a joking fashion.

They went off together, and Florian would have secured his friend a seat on the platform, but the poet objected. "I wish to see you as well as to hear you," said he, "and I can tell what the rabble think the better."

What the rabble thought of the rising political star was seen easily without going among them. A number of colorless dignitaries sat on the platform, men whose names had once been the war-cry of election time, who now, their usefulness long passed, were used as dummies to propitiate the Irish Demos without risk to the actual party leaders.

Paul thought Florian a genius of a high order and looked up to him. A man with a powerful array of statistics in his head, who could get up at a moment's notice, and cool, self-possessed, clear-headed, talk some for an hour; whose aim was already the Presidency, if he never said as much, and who was beginning in the right way to reach it, who was clearly a gentleman of the very highest order, inasmuch as adherence to principle and religion was added to outward courtesy of a superior kind, who was a man among men. It pleased the poet to discover that Florian had a past of which he did not speak, and of which there were many traces in his character. When he looked at the smiling picture Paul saw two expressions in his face that were eloquent of misery somewhat softened by time. When his gaze rested on the portrait on the bookcase he saw the same look of pain succeeded by one of resignation, and even of hope, now quickly and brightly the youth drew his conclusions: There was a

resemblance in Florian to the girl who stood in the yacht waving her handkerchief, and probably she was a relative whom some misfortune had snatched from him forever. But as to the other, who had no resemblance to him, she was perhaps his affianced, and circumstances which he hoped to overcome kept them apart.

While they were gradually drawing more closely together the private affairs of each never troubled the other. Florian knew of the garret, but did not think it his business to interfere on the score of affection, and, moreover, he was not so ready at the present hour to think of others as formerly. Politics naturally more than most professions generates this selfishness. He had acquired his share already. And Paul, knowing the extremity of his own circumstances, felt to relate them even to a friend was only asking for an assistance which he did not absolutely need. One evening Florian came forth in evening costume, which Paul, not having any of his own, always admired.

There is to be a mass meeting to-night in O'Connell's behalf," said he; "would you like to come? I am the speaker."

"And I suppose England will receive the usual Irish cooking," said Paul, with some contempt. "I am English by descent."

"What a misfortune!" Though gravely said, Paul knew that he was laughing. "Will it do England any harm if she is shown her own misdoings and made to atone for them? Besides, it has become a political necessity in this country to propitiate the mere Irish. We have them solidly on our side and we must keep them there. Come and see how we do it."

"I thought you were Irish," said Paul, half surprised.

"By descent," said Florian, laughing again; "but that does not make me a sympathizer the more. Justice is the point, and if I were a Hottentot the commonest sense of humanity or political necessity would make me red-hot against Britishers at the present hour. Come, friend, and see us pull the lion's tail."

hate, mirth, denunciation roused the same feelings in his own bosom, though he made no display of them. When the meeting was over Paul waited while the audience dispersed, and listened amusedly to the comments passed on the speaker. It was clear that Florian's name would be as familiar to that audience as the curses which they lavished on the hated Saxon. A number of the more excitable remained until they were able to reach the platform, where the honorable committee stood discussing matters and preparing for departure.

The handshaking which Florian then endured, the hustling and good-natured boorishness of the crowd, amply made up, Paul thought, for the success of the oration. One boisterous constituent slapped him on the back with his left hand as he wrung his fingers out of shape with the right. "It's to Congress ye'll go, not to the Assembly," said he, "for the right stuff's in ye, me boy!"

Paul stared as he saw the thorough good humor and delight with which his friend endured the crowd, and he listened to the generous wit scattered so lavishly that it seemed like throwing pearls before swine. Behind him some stout individual was struggling with might and main to recover property which had dropped on the floor, and as he had the audacity to poke and thump the poet freely with his head and elbows, he received from Paul a withering and threatening look of interrogation.

"Bad luck to ye," said a well known voice, "is it the councillor's speech ye're tramping on? O Paul, is it your sweet face, b'y? And did ye ever hear the likes o' that speech since the day you were born? See, now, I don't think O'Connell himself, great as he is—and he's the greatest speaker in the world, past, present or to come—I don't think that the Kerry councillor could do better. What d'ye say? I'm going to report it for the Trumpeter, an' I must ask ye to help me get in the first part, for I wasn't here but the last five minutes, ye see, and only got in the peroration, mind. Now, that's what ye ought to be doing, instead of writing poor poetry getting five dollars and old Corcoran's thanks for your trouble, an' bringing on dyspepsia and a thousand other ills from the black grub ye're living on—"

Paul dashed from the crowd and away through the hall to the street. Peter was becoming a pest with his plans and advices. When Florian came out, and they were walking home through the quiet streets, Paul said: "It's a pity that Coriolanus had never the advantage of seeing you among the mob before he stood to solicit votes for the consulship."

"I am glad you feel disgusted," said Florian, smiling, much to the poet's surprise, since he had not thought his tones expressed any disgust. "For it is the measure of my success with that very mob. You are quite an aristocrat, Paul. You saw I liked the flattery of the mob."

"And that disgusted me more. The dirt of some of those you shook hands with—ugh! And prosperous dirt, too! If they were poor there would be some excuse."

"And they are poor," said Florian—"tenement-livers, poisoned as

to air, food, and water by the wealthy gentlemen you are so willing to shake hands with because they take a bath every day and would never slap you on the hand. Why, a better fellow than Larry Waters—Alderman Larry—never was seen! He is the soul of good fellowship, treats an honest man like a brother if he comes under his roof, is the terror and delight of his own ward, and a man of great influence. That would be enough to make his slap and his grasp tolerable, if nothing else would."

"Influence! influence!" moaned the poet. "Everything goes down before that. I begin to suspect your sincerity, Florian. Tell me, were you sincere in your speech to-night, or was it this influence you had in view, and was this your incense to the god?"

Florian laughed a pleasant laugh of amusement. "Now, Paul, you are really going too far," said he. "Motives are always mixed in this life. I did have in view this influence, and it stimulated me wonderfully. I assure you; nevertheless I was sincere in what I said, and just, too, I hope."

"I should hope not," said Paul impudently, "otherwise I would never respect my descent again."

"At which involuntary compliment to himself, the politician was silent, but pleased beyond measure. "I have never heard an orator in a set oration until to-night, and I am amazed to know you possessed the gift to move an audience to such excesses of feeling. When did you get it, and where?"

"I was never really aware of it until I came to New York. Occasion developed it."

"What a godlike power it is," said Paul, looking at his friend as if a new light shone on him, "and what a delight and yet what a terror to know you possess it! It is as if a magician could do that which imperiled his life in the doing and which would make the world stare. Oh! you must have been sincere, or you would never have done it—never."

"How you harp on the sincerity!" said Florian, with one of the laughs which the poet never liked to hear from him. They gave him a hard aspect, and drove away those tender lines that more than anything else distinguished his face in Paul's eyes from the faces of the everyday world and gave it a place in the poet's radiant gallery of ideas.

"And whither is all this tending?" asked Paul with a trace of sarcasm in his smile. "Which is the bright particular star? Where is the height that lies forever in the light?"

SURPRISE SOAP. The name "SURPRISE" stands for Pure, Hard, Solid Soap. The best value in Laundry Soap.

all truth. Sometimes the thought intruded on him that it would have been well to have dropped that condition of their love, and to have married her first and converted her afterwards; but, apart from its unfairness to her, he had laid down the principle that mixed marriages were hurtful, and he would not—what? Suppose now that there was an opportunity of renewing their former relations, and Ruth was yet obstinate in her belief, would he not be unwise to lose—what? Florian saw that he was stumbling against the rocks of conscience, and looked up at those sweet faces in the yacht, while the tears came into his eyes and his heart gave a great throb of pain. One was dead—O, Linda—and the other was worse than dead to him unless—what?

He sat a long time and thought no more. He was afraid to give utterance to his wishes, only it seemed to him that he was marching along in a dreadful solitude, and multitudes were shouting praises to him and calling him king, and crowns fell on his head, and at his feet lay the kingdoms of the world and the glories of them; but always he was alone with the sad, overpowering consciousness that Linda was dead and Ruth separated from him by interminable distances, yet always in view with her mournful face turned upon him. He must tramp that way alone, unless—He did not like to speak of that condition. Disgusted with himself and weary he took down two volumes which a literary friend had sent him to read. The authors were strange and new to him, although their names had been faintly echoed through the American literary world. One was a poet, the other a philosopher, and he was soon interested in the contents of the books.

CHAPTER XV.

Florian's relations with Ruth, he had to admit, were not of the most hopeful kind. In two years he had not exchanged words or letters with her, and from the various reports which acquaintances from Clayburg incidentally gave him he could see that she had settled down to the new life with her usual good sense and determination to forget the past. It appeared, too, that she had become literary in her tastes, and was a welcome contributor to many publications. As far as his hopes were concerned they seemed ridiculous, yet absence might have done considerable for him. He knew she once held him dearer than herself, and Ruth was not quick to forget. If he had kept her sweet image in his heart through all the blandishments of metropolitan society, through all the turmoil of political life and the hard study of his profession, was it not more likely that in the noble solitude of the north, amid scenes the more dear because he had once lived amongst them, with Linda's grave on the hillside to remind her of the dear child's fondest wishes, his image would fade more slowly from her mind and the old love die harder in her heart? Perhaps she was entertaining the same hopes that shared her loneliness, and the quiet study and prayer of those years of separation might have led her so near to the fold that to marry her would bring her safely in. On the other hand, he remembered, with a sigh, Ruth's rigid conscientiousness, which would make it a duty to dismiss every thought of him from her mind until time would allow her to look upon him merely as a friend. She had no claim on him, and that was enough. The dead heart of Linda would not beat more coldly than hers when they met again if this last supposition was correct, and yet he prayed Linda's prayer the more fervently as all these fierce doubts crowded on him, "that we may meet again."

At all events, Florian was beginning to feel that to marry was becoming for him a political necessity.

His popularity was increasing, too rapidly with the mob to be other than dangerous for one whose youth, want of wealth and social standing were embarrassing. He did not yet know his own leaders well, and his slowly-extending influence was but imperfectly recognized by them. He did not wish to advance too rapidly. He had no desire to walk to power over the heads of older, wealthier, and envious men, whose power might be used to crush him at the start. His aim was to become a weight, an authority, a support to the party and its representatives, and to disclaim any wish for office until the force of circumstances, the fitness of things, would place a position in his grasp. In the meantime the work of his profession would take up most of his time; he could gather in his shekels for political needs, select and strengthen his friends and supporters, and by his social qualities make and secure the acquaintance of the great of every field.

But social prominence, he thought, required an immediate and advantageous marriage. He cared very little for wealth, and his bride need have for her dower no more than the graces which make a woman popular—beauty, fine carriage, a mind above the average, and respectable birth. Ruth had all these and what a joy to him if his ambition could follow whither his heart led! But if not, what was he to do? There were other women in the world with some of the necessary qualifications, and Frances Lynch was one of them. Her mother had been a noted belle in her time, and enjoyed the friendship of remarkable men and women. A De Ponsby keeping a boarding house was a little irregular, but such a boarding house. Only the most extraordinary lights of society and intellect gained admittance within its portals; and madame, although guilty of a blunder in marrying an Irishman with some brains, good birth and moderate fortune, never lost her power in the world of society on that account. Frances inherited her mother's wit and beauty. Now that she appeared to him in the light of a possible wife, he began to perceive that she had made a deep impression on him. She was slight and willowy in form, with a woman's full height and quiet grace of manner. He remembered how transparent her face was, and how delicate its outline; how the sunlight gleamed through her yellow hair; the sweetness of her voice; the beauty of her mouth, teeth and smile; the gentleness and womanliness of her disposition, and her winning and candid ways. He had to admit that beside her Ruth seemed quite plain. And, moreover, Frances was a Catholic and very devout, to all appearances. What her faults were he did not know, as he never looked for them. It seemed a little odd, even to his present changed conditions of thought, that before the old hopes died he should thus be looking for an object on which to found new ones, but it was an old trick with his calculating nature, which political habits had intensified. He went off on the spur of the moment to look for her, and study her a little more closely. It was early yet, and she had returned from Mass and was reading in the common sitting-room alone. Her plain-colored walking dress contrasted very well with the light colors of the room, her light hair and pale face. She looked up with a grave smile of recognition as he entered.

(To be Continued.)

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BLOOD HUMORS

Many an otherwise beautiful and attractive face is sadly marred by unsightly eruptions, pimples, blotches, freckles, eruptions, fleshworms and humors, and various other blood diseases. Their presence is a source of embarrassment to those afflicted, as well as pain and regret to their friends.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

This remedy will drive out all the impurities from the blood and leave the complexion healthy and clear. Miss Annie Tobin, Madon, Ont., writes: "I took great pleasure in recommending your Burdock Blood Bitters to any one who may be troubled with pimples on the face. I paid out money to doctors, but could not get cured, and was almost discouraged, and despaired of ever getting rid of them. I thought I would give B.B.B. a trial, so got two bottles, and before I had taken them I was completely cured and have had no sign of pimples since."

Various small advertisements on the left margin, including 'College', 'Flour', 'Wholesale', and 'Limited'.

SOME MYTHS OF ANCIENT IRELAND.

(Michael Corbett, in the Catholic Sun.)

That the mythologists of the Irish Kelt are as old as those of the most European countries there is no doubt.

We have no desire to resurrect the myths of our fathers, which long ago faded and vanished before the march of Christianity.

And why should we recoil from reflecting upon our antiquated myths? If we find them absurd at the present time, they at least serve to connect us with a pagan civilization once more exalted than any of its age.

The most poetical and familiar myth in our folklore is "Tir-na-noge," or the land of youth.

All this happened thousands of years ago in Greece. Perhaps our ancestors heard the tale and profited by its moral; or perhaps Eos got a glimpse of Tir-na-noge, and beholding the superiority of the Elect to that of her own ungainly but specially endowed husband, became chagrined for not choosing an Irishman.

We must go back to the early times for a true conception of the word "hero," to the days when warfare was the chief occupation of man.

die and be buried in Ireland. If he died abroad his family brought home the remains, his passports were withheld until his body touched his native earth.

The corpse of Dathi the Fearless, the last of the Irish pagan kings, who was killed by lightning at the foot of the Alps, was brought for interment to the ancestral cemetery.

And have we all not read the soulful yearnings of St. Columille for the land of his birth? "Death," said he, "in any shape in Ireland is better than life without end in Albion."

Let us come down the centuries, to near our own times, and pause over the mortuary verses of Thomas Davis. Hark! to the request of this tender soul for a grave "in an Irish hillside, in an open lawn, but not too wide, for I love the drip of the wetted trees."

There is another myth familiar to our people, and frequently alluded to in Irish legend, the Banshee. This is a spirit or shade of some departed relative assigned to watch over the destinies of her kindred in this life.

As the name implies, she impersonates a woman. Practically all the great families had a "banshee," whether of Norman or Celtic extraction.

The most important of this singular legend that the writer has heard of was the "banshee" of the O'Briens, Kings of Thomond, now the County of Clare.

Free A valuable book on Nervous Diseases and a sample bottle to any address. Free patients also get the medicine free.

she has remained with the family since the days of Brian Boru, and when any member of this royal house was marked by the Angel of death, her wails were heard in the adjacent glens and groves.

With the passing of the last generation in Ireland also passed a custom similar in character to the role of the "banshee." I refer to the "coincers" at the house of a corpse.

Those who understand the significance of our ancient customs will not shudder when we recount them; those who comprehend the beauties of our language will not deride us when we speak it.

Let us take you in thought for a moment through Clare, for instance, the region we have heretofore mentioned. It is the hour of sunset, the fog is settling on the lowlands, the woods and hills are silent above.

So long as Ireland has ruins and symbolism remains a part of the Celtic temperament, so long will the Irish mind be tinged with the mystic conceptions of the ancient days.

CANADIAN PACIFIC Excursion to Ottawa \$3 50

FROM MONTREAL Good going all trains March 17th. Good returning on all trains until March 19th, 1906.

OTTAWA TRAINS LEAVE WINDSOR STATION 7:45 a.m., 9:40 a.m., 11:00 a.m., 14:00 p.m.

LEAVE PLACE VIGIER 8:30 a.m., 10:35 p.m.

Daily, f Daily except Sunday, f Sunday only.

Perior or Sleeping Cars on all trains from Windsor Station.

MONTREAL-OTTAWA-SLEEPING CAR Above service has been resumed on train leaving Windsor Station, at 10:10 p.m.

City Ticket Office: 122 St. James S Next Post Office.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM Reduced Fares.

Until April 7. Second Class Colonist Fares from Montreal to SEATTLE, VICTORIA, VANCOUVER and PORTLAND \$48.50

ROSELAND, NELSON, TRAIL, ROSSON, SPOKANE \$46.40

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COLORADO SPRINGS, DENVER, PUEBLO \$45.50

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Low Rates to many other points.

TOURIST SLEEPING CARS Leave Montreal Mondays and Wednesdays at 10:30 p.m.

FOR COMFORT TRAVEL by the GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM CITY TICKET OFFICES!

127 St. James Street, Telephone Main 400 & 461, or Bonaventure Station

J. J. M. Landy 416 QUEEN ST., W.

Chalices, Ciboria, Ostensoria. Gold and Silver Plating and Engraving of all Altar Vessels at very reasonable prices.

MISSIONS supplied with Religious goods. Write for catalogue and quotations Long distance phone M. 2758.

J. J. M. LANDY, 416 QUEEN ST. WEST, TORONTO

Hay—No. 1, \$8.50 to \$9 per ton on the track; No. 2, \$7.50 to \$8; clover, \$6.50 to \$6; clover mixed, \$6 to \$6.50.

Oats—No. 2, 39c per bushel; No. 3, 38c; No. 4, 37c.

Beans—Choice primes, \$1.65 to \$1.70 per bushel; hand picked, \$1.80.

Peas—Boiling, in car load lots, 95c to \$1.05 per bushel.

Potatoes—In bags of 80 lbs., 65c to 70c.

Honey—White clover in combs, 15c to 14c per one pound section; extracted, 8c to 9c; buckwheat, 6c to 7c.

Provisions—Heavy Canadian short cut pork, \$21; light short cut, \$20; American short cut, \$20; American cut clear fat back, \$19 to \$20; corn-pound lard, 6c to 7c; Canadian pure lard, 11c to 12c; kettle rendered, 12c to 13c; hams, 12c to 13c, according to size; bacon, 14c; fresh killed abattoir dressed hogs, \$10 to \$10.25 country dressed, \$8.75 to \$9.50; alive, \$7.25 to \$7.50, selects and mixed lots.

Eggs—New laid, 16c to 17c per doz; storage and limed, 12c, nominal.

Butter—Choice creamery, 22c to 23c; undergrades, 21c to 22c; dairy, 19c to 20c.

Cheese—Ontario, 13c; Quebec, 13c.

Ashes—First pots, \$5.25; seconds, \$4.70; thirds, \$3.75; first pearls, \$7.

GRAIN MARKETS. The flour situation is unchanged and millers and dealers both say that the demand is exceptionally light even for this season.

Rolled oats are firm and moderate in demand at \$2 to \$2.05 per bag in small lots. The mills are getting better prices for large quantities also and car load lots are quoted at \$1.90 to \$1.95 per bag to-day.

Cornmeal is quiet and steady at \$1.30 to \$1.40 per bag and \$1.50 for granulated.

The oat market is quiet, there being very little local demand for feed purposes. Prices are easy and 39c is all that can be got for No. 2.

DAIRY PRODUCE. The cheese market is steady under a fair demand, and prices are unchanged at 18c to 19c.

Butter is in fairly good demand. Finest October made creamery is scarce and quotations on this grade range from 22c to 22c per pound in wholesale lots; single packages bring about 1c more. Undergrades are more plentiful and are offered at 20c to 21c per pound. Dairy is steady at 18c to 20c with a fair demand reported.

Province of Quebec, District of Montreal. In the Superior Court. No. 2503. Frothingham & Workman (Limited), a corporation having its principal place of business in the City and District of Montreal, Plaintiff, vs. Maxime Langlois, of Gaspé, District of Gaspé, Defendant.

The defendant is hereby ordered to appear within one month.

Montreal, March 6th, 1906. J. M. LAMOTHE, Deputy Prothonotary.

By a resolution passed at a meeting of the Fabrique of St. Michael's, dated the 3rd of January, 1904, and with the approval of His Grace the Archbishop, the Fabrique binds itself to cause to have said in St. Michael's during four years two masses a month according to the intention of those who contribute 50 cents yearly.

The two masses in favor of contributors to St. Michael's Building Association, are said towards the end of every month. They are said with the intentions of those who contribute fifty cents a year.

Contributors may have any intentions they please, they alone need know what their intentions are, they may change their intentions from month to month—they may have a different intention for each of the two masses in every month, they may have several intentions for the same Mass, they may apply the benefit of the contribution to the soul of a deceased friend.

Contributions for the year 1906 (50 cents) may be addressed to REV. JOHN P. KIERNAN P.P., 1002 St. Denis Street, MONTREAL, P.Q. (All contributions acknowledged.)

Province of Quebec, District of Montreal. Superior Court. No. 2443. Dame Valerie Fortier, wife of Victor Berthiaume, of the city of Montreal, in the district of Montreal, has this day instituted an action in separation as to bed and also as to property against her said husband.

Montreal, 15th February, 1906. BEAUDIN, LOHANGER & ST. GERMAIN, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

IN aid of the Memorial Church, Gaspé, (Quebec), may be sent to Mr. Dool, 100 St. Denis Street, which will be liberally acknowledged.

S. CARSLY Co. LIMITED

THURSDAY, MARCH 15, 1906. Store closes at 5:30 daily.

THE STORE is full of interest these early days of Spring. New goods keep pouring in from every quarter of the globe.

35 MILES OF NEW SILKS SELLING AT COST PRICES!

Such is the brief description of Carasley's Great Annual Silk Sale. Record crowds attend to-day.

- 30c Japanese Silks, 28c 24 in. wide, heavy quality, soft bright finish. 37c Chinese Silks, 29c Bright soft finish, direct importation; sold everywhere at 37c. 50c Fancy Louisines, 37c 20 in. wide, small neat designs, new shades. 55c Peau de Soie, 40c Good width, newest spring shades 65c Taffeta Silks 49c Chiffon effect, bright surface, new colors.

Latest News of Dress Weaves

To-night's word is of some Novelties from Paris—Silk and Wool Bouillanes.

After their quality and bewitching daintiness, the most striking thing about these latest importations is their price moderation.

3500 yards Silk and Wool Eolienne, 42 in. wide; 15 leading shades. A regular 90c quality. Special value at ..... 59c

Silk and Wool Eolienne, 44 in. wide, satin finish, transparent effect in newest evening shade. Also navy, brown, green, gray, royal purple, etc. Special at ..... \$1.00

25 pieces of new Silk and Wool Bouillenne, 44 in. wide, light spring shades; champagne, golden brown, gray, cream, black, etc. Small, neat polka dot designs. Yard ..... 74c

How the ladies crowded round the Spring Millinery showing. Enthusiastic remarks were heard on every side. Much of the admiration took the practical form of buying. As to styles—a hint:

A smart walking Hat in old rose crinoline, done in three tones, on either side of which are long wings of rich wine shade. At the back is a heavy fall of old rose ribbon in three shades, and just under the brim bunches of French roses and tulle in pink.

A chic imported Paris Model of brown silk mohair braid, trimmed around crown with brown silk chiffon and pink silk melin. Beautifully shaded feather in green, pink and bronze, held in place with bronze ornament.

Back trimmed with green silk ribbon and pink roses.

Delighted purchasers crowd first floor Salons. Opening continues. Novelty hints.

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The Senate. Jan 1 1907 Vol. LV., No. 37

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