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## Fetters of Gold.

He sat alone in the big luxuriously furnished library. The room was copperated by still, but from without oppressively still, but from without of the faint strains of a languary from the strains of a languary on the business which he had just in an uhumble way begun to start, and make plans—half jokingly—of the wonderful things which they were going to do when "they got rich!" start an uhumble way begun to start, and make plans—half jokingly—of the wonderful things which they were going to do when "they got rich!" start uhumble way begun to start, and make plans—half jokingly—of the wonderful things which they were going to do when "they got rich!" start uhumble way begun to start, and uhumble way begun to start, and

bled-foolishly, heartlessly, reckles ly. He had seen everything, all the money that he had striven for, in sweat and blood, slipping from his grasp—and he had not cared! And why had the wealth, which he had spent the bost years of his manhood in striving for, proved such and ashes to him that, when he lost; the did not mind?

A look of intense bitterness crept into his eyes. Ah! he had loved her, the pretty village maiden he had made his wife! They had been happy in the poor little poventy-strick and owner happier far than he, at any rate, had ever been in Grosvenor Square. And then. Then the morey had begun to come in, and they had drifted apart. Many had such a big house now to attend to—she had her visitors, her gayeties, her numerous rounds of what she called helf "duty" calls. It takes three generations to make a gentleman, they say, it only takes about three years to make a lady. He had never been a gentleman—never would be one, he knew—and he remembered his sudden feeling of amazement, of shock, when he had seen his wife on the occasion of her presentation at court. Mary, at twenty, had been shy, awkward, a typical county miss, nothing more; at thirty, she had had the ease and graciousness of a young queen. She had carried herself superbly, her little head—on which the diamond tiare had seemed, to him, to twinkle with mocking derisive eyes—was poised proudly on her slender throat. She wore her court train, her feathers, as if she had been accustomed to such gorgeous rainent all her life. Mary had been generated herself two had been accustomed to such gorgeous rainent all her life. Mary had been generated herself two here of grande dame.

And then the children! In the cottage frome they had been a never ending source of delight. Well her doorway, these four beings whom he loved; the baby crowing on Mary's shoulder! Harry, tile boy, Molly, the love of the present the order. The province of the present the cortage from they had been an ever ending source of delight. Well her of the cortage from they had der

they would meet mm in the door! John: I wish you would not way, these four beings whom he talk like that. You won't come to loved; the baby crowing on Mary's the ballroom then?" shoulder: Harry, the boy; Molly, the eldest girl, clinging to her skirts. "No." "Why not?" She leveled up at him. He softened

ONLY A Common Cold

BUT IT BECOMES A SERIOUS

MATTER IF NEGLECTED.
PNEUMONIA, BRONCHITIS,
ASTHMA, CATARRH or CON
"I—I am busy. I have something Welse to do—just now."

He clutched feverishly at the weapon behind his back. What a mercy she had not seen it!

She sighed. It seemed to him—or was it fancy?—that the wistfulness on her face deepened a little. A shadow fell across it.

"That is what it has been for years. John. You have always been

had been little better that a beggar at twenty, had, at forty, become a millionaire. A millionaire! He opened his eyes and glanced—the grim smile still on his face—round the splendid room. Who would have thought that "the poor, beaten, half starved little urpoor, beaten, half starved little urpoor papa's bourgeoisie," as they called it, had fortunately been and starved little urpoor, beaten, half starved little urpoor papa

did talent of the wonderful grip of his trade, would be a fool at gambling, and fritter away his vast fortune?
His ruin had been creeping steadily upon him for years. He had gambled-foolishly, heartlessly, recklessly. He had seen everything, all the money that he had striven for, in sweat and blood, slipping from his grasp—and he had not cared! And why had the wealth, which he had spent the bost years of his manhood in striving for, proved such dust

She looked up at him. He softened little at the sweet wistfulness of the face. After all, they have loved each other once. "I-I am busy. I have something

"That is what it has been for years. John. You have always been 'busy.' Making money, I suppose."
He did not answer, and she moved to a sofa and sat down. He noticed how the softly shaded electric lamp drew out the rich tirts in her hair.
"I—I have something to tell you," she 'said, gently, 'about Kathleen. I thought, as the girl's father, that you would, perhaps, be interested—" He laughed.
"Kathleen herself has never betrayed the slightest interest in, or affection for, me since she was ten years old. Why should I be interested in her?"
It was rather a cruel baunt, to the

had left a lingering smile-cruel,

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

mocking—on his lips,
"You interrupted me," he said, harshly; "your entrance just now was—well, ill timed."

"What were you going to do?"
The clear, steady eyes were still fixed on his face. There was something about Mary to-night—her stillher gentleness—which, some-irritated him. It acted on his already overstrung nerves as a match applied to a torch. With a sort of bravado—defiance—he withdrew the revolver from behind his back and brandished it in front of

back and brandished it in front of her face.

"Blow my brains out!" he cried. It was cheap melodrama, but he had expected Mary to be impressed by it. He had expected her to scream—possibly, faint. Instead, however, she sat quite still. Only the sudden whitening of her face, the sudden little catch in her breath, betrayed that she had even heard at all. Then, suddenly, she got up from her sent. mly, she got up from her suddenly, she got up from her seat. He was amazed, and, perhaps, a little disappointed—at her coolness. Then a thought struck him. Mary thought that he was suddenly stricken with madness, and her attitude of calm collectedness was the one which she considered wisest to adopt toward a lunatic. Well, he would show her that his desperate words and actions had not been the idle ravings of a maniae—that

words and actions had not been the idle ravings of a maniac—that he was in deadly earnest.

He laid the revolver down on the table, and caught hold of her hands.

"Because I am ruined!" he said. The small hands small hands within his trem-but still Mary did not flinch— the lovely, gentle eyes were

still the lovely, gentle eyes were fixed calmly on his face.
"Ruined!" he repeated, and his voice was low and hoarse. "They think I am a millionaire, the people dancing and feasting to-night in my house. "To-mourpow, the whole would house. To-morrow the whole world will know that my money is lost! I am a beggar!'

am a beggar!"
"But how have you lost it?"
He let go her hands suddenly, and threw his out with a gesture of despair. He did not notice that, directly her hands were released, she snatched up the deadly weapon on the table and the table and concealed it behind

"Gambling! Oh, you didn't know "Gambling! Oh, you didn't know that I was a gambler, did you? For the last ten years I have been fritter-ing my hard-earned money away. I gambled on the stock exchange, on the turf, at Monte Carlo—those annual visits which I paid there, when always would go alone, were sim-always would go alone, were sim-bly to indulge my awful passion— and I always—always—lost!"
"But why in the name of Heaven iid you do it?"

She did you treat him to dears

abuses or reproach. She simply stood there calmly, and looked him

stood there calmly, and looked him straight in the face.

Almost unconsciously he hung his fiead. Before, he had not been in the least ashamed of himself. He had thought his conduct—taking into consideration the fact that he was unhappy in his home—perfectly justified. Now—well, some people might think they trent your wife, and think that to ruin your wife, and children by gambling, and then bring further disgrace on them by committing suicide, the action of a

brute and a cad.

"Because—oh, because I was miscrable, reckless, mad—I did not care what I did! A man must go somewhere to find amusement, happiness, and I—I found no happiness in my own home!

"Oh—John!"

At last she broke down. Her face

At last she broke down. Her face worked; tears coursed down, her 'Mary!'' he lifted his bowed head.

"You remember the old days, when we were poor, how we longed to get rich? We did get rich, and I get rich? We did get rich, and I learned to curse—yes, curse—the money which forged fetters of gold around my neck! What was money to me, do you think, when my children and my wife—and especially my wife—were daily drifting away from me? You despised me! You, Mary, were able to take your place in society—women adapt thems:lves to their surroundings far more easily than men do—and I—I was tired. So, now, I am best out of the way." The low, desperate voice proke

So. now, I am best out of the way.
The low, desperate voice proke
off in a kind of sob. He moved to
the table for the revolver—yes, he
would do it now, in front of the
woman who had ceased to love him

The weapon was not there!

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ing heavily, her face was deathlik two little crimson drops—she h bitten her underlip till the p blood trickled down her chin.

"Have you ever thought, when you had done this dreadful thing-the

had done this dreadful thing—the children are provided for—what was to become of—of—me?"

"You are a beautiful woman, Mary. I know plenty of men who admire you—you will marry again."

She made no reply—it was as if she had treated the remark with contempt. thing else. She asked him

oning else.

"When all your debts are paid—all rour affairs wound up—shall I have any money?"
"Very little."

She drew close to him. He heard the soft rustle of her gown; a faint, subtle perfume of violets wafted across his face.

"We lived—on 'very little'—once."

He glanced at her, sharply. When had he seen that look before on Mary's face—that look of tender happiness—of love? Ah! he remembered!

On that summer evening nappiness—of love? Ah! he remembered! On that summer evening years and years ago, when he had asked her to be his wife.

"And we were happy, too."

He stood as one struck dumb, gazing at Mary's radiant face, her shining eves.

shining eyes.
"Far happier than we have ever

been since we were rich."
The silence in the room was intense. The ticking of the little clock on the mantelpiece—the only

sound which broke the stillness—was like the beating of a heart. Suddenly he felt a soft arm round

sound which booke the stillness—was ign to Protestants even more than to Catholics, for from it will result to them a softening of manners, a broadening of mind and a charity of spirit which have been very much seemed to have time to talk to your poor little wife—but for years I—I have hated the money, too. It was all right for the children—they were young, and had—never—known—any—young, and had—never—known—any—young, and had—never—known—any—lity, at the time of Catholic emancipation eighty years ago, and as they have often done, ineffectually, since. But it will be noise and nothing of the past. You thought the new prosperity made me drift apart from you! Well, I thought it made you drift—apart from you! Well, I thought it made you drift—apart from you! Well, I thought it made you drift—apart from you! Well, I thought it made you drift—apart from you. Well, I thought it made you drift—apart from you! Well, I thought it made you drift—apart from you! Well, I thought it made you drift—apart from you! Well, I thought it made you drift—apart from you! Well, I thought it made you drift—apart from you! Well, I thought it made you drift—apart from you! Well, I thought it made you drift—apart from you! Well, I thought it made you drift—apart from you! Well, I thought it made you drift—apart from you! Well, I thought it made you drift—apart from you! Well, I thought it made you drift—apart from you! Well, I thought it made you drift—apart from you! Well, I thought it made you drift—apart from you! Well in the population of the portion is paid to these visitors; they happend your drift apart from you! Well in the population of the portion is paid to these visitors; they are considered in the population of the books in which the name of they have really a part of the hought of the population of the population of the population of the population of the books in which they have realled your drift apart from you! Well

ke a child.
Yes, he would take up his life gain—that life which he had so

# King Edward and the Don't Condemn Yourself Protestant Alliance.

After Grip

(From the Catholic Weekly London)

King Edward II. has once more exhibited his marvelous faculty for exhibited his marvelous faculty and at the Pine Syrup

Define Syrup

The league of the specific of the region of the specific o

that, by act of parliament, 1689, 'all and every person and persons that is, are or shall be reconciled to our shall hold communion with the See or Church of Rome shall be excluded, and be forever incapable to inherit, possess or enjoy the crown and government of this realm, and the people of these realms shall be, and are hereby, absolved of their allegiance.'

Referring to this resolution, the "Daily Telegraph," the leading news paper of London says:

"If this is the first time that an

English King has paid the last tri-bute to a loyal ally by worshipping both in a Roman Catholic Church and in a cathedral of the State Church of which he is the head, the innovation is one which all broad-minded Christians will aplaud. For minded Christians will aplaud. For ourselves, we find it inconcievable that the attendance of the King and Oreen at a Requiem Mass should offend the conscience of any one. Such a resolution as that passed by the Council of the Protestant Alliance, which declares that this action on the King's part is—inconsistent with his position as the head of this Protestant patien, and a violation of the position as the head of this Protest-ant nation, and a violation of the spirit of the coronation and acces-sion oaths,' is conceived in the very patriest spirit of religious intoler-ance and bigotry. The mame of Prot-estant is a name of honor; those who support such a resolution degrade it to a name of shame. It would be a sorry commentary, indeed, on our common Christianity if the supreme head of an Anglican Church can not enter a church of another Christian community on such an occasion as thatof Saturday without calling forth such a pitiful exhibition of uncharitableness from those who claim to speak in the name of Christian religion. It is the same blue sky which bends over all, and if, as it is declared to be, this is the first occasion for more than two hundred years that an English sovereign has heard, Mass said in this realm of England, we are glad that King Edward, the most constitutional monarch in the world, has thus publicly recognized that the age of narrow bigotry has passed forever. Intolerance of this sort is hateful and repellant by whatever body it is displayed, and we have mo doubt that this resolution of the Protestant Alliance will receive the contempt it working away soleing shoes on the communion on such an occasion as that of Saturday without calling forth

Alliance will receive the contempt it merits."
The King's action is unmistakable The King's action is unmistakable evidence of the change which has come over the English nation in its autitude towards the Catholic faith. Fifty or sixty years ago no King of England would have dared to do of England would have dared to do what King Edward did on Saturday with perfect ease and confidence. The event will be a memorable one in the history of British Protestantism. And its ending will be a blessing to Protestants even more than to Catholics, for from it will result to them, and the protest of the protest of

again."

She put the revolver back on the King's action on Saturday is plainly table—she knew there was no more contradictory of that declaration, She put the revolver back on the king's action on Saturday is planny table—she knew there was no more need to hide it—and both the soft, clinging arms were round his neck now. And he was sobbing with his gray head upon her breast—sobbing like a child.

Sing action on Saturday is planny table of the warm and the King's action has the warm and the King's action and approval of the great bulk of the nation. Has not the time come then, we, ask when an end should be made of this declaration? There is some talk of tion?

Yes, he would take up ms the tion? There is some talk of the again—that life which he had so Orange members raising a discussion in parliament on the King's action. Ministers will, doubtless, put every happiness which only love can give.—The Bystander.—The Byst

# to Bright's Disease TAKE GIN PILLS NOW

cussion is, notwithstanding, raised, the Catholic members will, we hope, take advantage of it to discuss the accession declaration. The present ministry, which is so keen on remedying many dubious grievances, may fairly be expected to give serious attention to this admitted grievance. The statute to which the Protestant Alliance have just called the attention of the King was passed in 1689. The clause in question (clause 9) reads as follows: Whereas, it hath been found by experience that it is inconsistent with the safety and welfare of this Protestant kingdom to be governed by a Popish Prince, nor by any King or Queen marrying a Papist, the said Lords Spiritual and Proporal, and Commons, do further Temporal, and Commons, do further pray that it may be enacted that all pray that it may be enacted that all and every person and persons, that is, are or shall be reconciled to or shall hold communion with the See or Church of Rome, or shall profess the Popish religion, or shall marry a Papist, shall be excluded and be forever incapable to inherit, possess or mjoy the crown and government of this realm and Ireland, and the dominions thereup belonging or this realm and Ireland, and the dominions thereunto belonging, or any part of the same, or to have, use or exercise any legal power, authority or jurisdiction within the same; and in all and every such case or cases the people of these realms shall be, and are hereby, absolved of their allegiance; and the said crown and government shall from time to time descend to and be enjoyed by and government shall from time to time descend to and be enjoyed by time descend to and be enjoyed by such person or persons, being Pro-testants, as should have inherited and enjoyed the same, in case the said person or persons so reconciled, holding communion or professing, or

gown and cassock, bands and book.
Once, however, his treacherous clerk
by stealing an egg put the parson so
out of count that he was found
working away soleing shoes on the
blessed Sabbath. His hens seem to blessed Sabbath. His hens seem to have been as profame as those Dork-ings Lady Macneil tells us about. When she asked her Scotch hen-wife how these new fowls were getting on, she replied, "Indeed, my leddy, they lay every day—no excepting the blessed Sabbath!"

### The Jesuits Will Get You If You go to Rome.

a disease, can never exist unless some of the organs are deranged, which is generally found to be the liver. It consists of an inability to regularly evacuate the bowels, and as a regular action of the bowels is absolutely essential to general health, the least irregularity should receive the restriction.

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