ns. What these were by a small paragraph n which he says that funeral service to be his brother Masons. Iter for him had he represented in the city enjoying himself in of those of his own h. practicing the winh. th, practicing the virrance and living a Mother Church.—Pro-

Mother Graves' Worm has ranked as the most varation manufactured, maintains its repu-

t-Table Necessities.

veral articles that sidered quite as ne-pretty girl's toilet-poth and nail-brushes.

on the hands lemonable, and there is nor cleaning the nails
them into a cut lealso make them beau
nd clear. It should
however, that lebe apt to harden the
the nails brittle, unfollowed up by applidl cream. This is
an equal quantity of an equal quantity of stains on the neck, ing high or stiff col-

Cologne and toilet also be on every rhey act. as astrino the skin fresh and moderation. They
used, however, if the
free from blackheads,
astringent closes up
makes it impossible
heep the actual surn clean. cessities of the toilet-

and bicarbonate of water is hard the en it, and a weak a is a good mouth-

also one of the cheap-setul of toilet artisecal of toflet arti-ul rubbed into the the is exhilarating and while a little, well es a good antiseptic and may be used once to for that purpose.

OR ALL CHILDREN.

vhose little ones are for a medicine that babies better, but ely cannot do any medicine is Baby's They are sold under rantee of a governcontain no opiate, her harmful drug good; they cannot n-not even to the Concerning them larchand, Ste. Anne e., writes: 'I find e., writes: "I find ablets indospensable nd one of my chilgwell I administer I am never disresult. I would them, and am enis for two more blets are sold by
or by taall at 25
m The Dr. Wilco., Brockville, Ont.

at Flowers.

ill last fresh much putting them in putting them in is spirt up about hair fern will last time if when gatherinserted in boiling ntil the water is

ISEASES

dock ood

CATHOLICS CANNOT Huge Cathedral Begins PATROLMEN JOIN FREEMASONS.

Lucid Reasons For Stern Condemnation.

Saint Paul, is a \$3,000,000 cathedral, the consummation of one of the dreams of Archbishop John Iredral, the consummation of one of the dreams of Archbishop John Iredral, the consummation of one of the dreams of Archbishop John Iredral, the consummation of one of the dreams of Archbishop John Iredral, the consummation of one of the dreams of Archbishop John Iredral, the consummation of one of the dreams of Archbishop John Iredral, the consummation of one of the dreams of Archbishop John Iredral, the consummation of one of the dreams of Archbishop John Iredral, the consummation of one of the dreams of Archbishop John Iredral, the consummation of one of the dreams of Archbishop John Iredral, the consummation of one of the dreams of Archbishop John Iredral, the consummation of one of the dreams of Archbishop John Iredral, the consummation of one of the dreams of Archbishop John Iredral, the consummation of one of the dreams of Archbishop John Iredral, the consummation of one of the dreams of Archbishop John Iredral, the consummation of one of the dreams of Archbishop John Iredral, the consummation of one of the dreams of Archbishop John Iredral, the consummation of the money him at the consument of the money in the problem in New York, which is being erected by the Episopalians.

On the night of Holy Thursday, March 31, 1904, Archbishop Iredral, the Catholic Cathedrals in St. Paul crowded far success of the day's services which had just ended. He had seen the cathedral in St. Paul crowded far beyond its capacity. He had seen the cathedral in St. Paul crowded far beyond its capacity. He had seen the cathedral in St. Paul crowded far beyond its capacity. He had seen the find seats. The thought came to find seats. The thought came to find seats. The thought came to find seats. The venerable man, with characteristic energy, set about the very next day, arranging for its energial to the province of the great building was after the linguistation and come, the provided provided the

The reasons for her condemnation of Masonry are:

1st. Masonry is undoubtedly a sect, with a code of belief, ritual and ceremonies standing for mere naturalism in religion and for a morality founded on mercly burner. naturalism in religion and for a morality founded on merely human motives. Frequently the Masons of Europe have claimed Freemasonry as the religion of nature and the Catholic Church therefore, as the supernatural religion of Jesus Christ the Son of God, cannot allow her members to join it. One cannot her the Son of God, cannot allow her members to join it. One cannot be a Mason and a Catholic at the same time, any more than he could be both Methodist and Catholic. "The God of Freemasonry is nature. . . . There is no need of privileged agents making a trade of their pretended mediation" (Rèvue Maconnique, Sept. 1835); and again: "Freemasonry is progress, under avery form. 1835); and again: "Freemasonry is progress under every form, in every branch of human activity. It teaches us that there is only one religion, one true and therefore natural religion, the worship of humanity. God is only the product of a generous but erroneous conception of shumanity." (Jan. 1870, p. 390)

Second. It is undoubtedly certain that the Masons have been noted in Italy, France and other countries for a marked hatred of the Church, which, veiling itself under the name of love of liberty (Liberalism), helped in the spollation of the church in 1870, forced the clergy to enter the army, closed many religious houses by excessive taxation, appropriated church revenues, favored civil marriage, secularized education and in public print and speech repeatedly pledged themselves, as in Naples in 1870, "to the prompt and radical abolition of Catholicity, and he are the second of the vestibule. The Blessed Virgin's chapel and St. Joseph's will be at the ends of the nave. St. Peter's and St. Paul's will be at the ends of the sanctuary within circle behind the sanctuary within the apse will be the chapels of St. Patrick, St. Augustine, St. Patrick, St. Augustine, St. Wethodius, St. Cyril, St. Ansgarius. In the crypt will be a chapel and two assembly proms.

Close estimates of its continuous function of Catholicity, and the first continuous contin "to the prompt and radical aboli-tion of Catholicity, and by every means to procure its utter destruc-tion." You may say that the Ame-rican and English Masons are not rican and English Masons are not of this type, and have openly severed all connections with these atheistical continental Masons. I answer that if Albert Pike's book, "Morals and Dogma of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish rite of Freemasonry," be authentic the esoteric doctrine of the higher degrees is essentially anti-Christian and im-

copted Scottish rite of Freemasonry." be authentic the esoteric doctrine of the higher degrees is essentially anti-Christian and immoral. See Coppens, S.J., "Is Freemasonry Anti-Christian?" (Am-Ect. Review, Dec. 1899). The Church as a universal society makes laws that have a universal application. Nor is it at all certain that American Masons refuse fellowship of Latin Europe and America.

Third. It is also contrary to morality to pledge one's self to absolute scercey from those who have a right to demand a revelation, especially when death is the penalty attached to disloyalty to that oath—the case with Freemasons.

DENOUNCE SECRET SOCIETIES.

Fourth. Practically, Masonry in these United States, by putting all religions on a level, fosters the spirit of indifferentism, which is only unbellef in disguise, and substitutes in the mind of the ignorant the lodge for the Church. I have heard scores of Protestant Masons say, on our missions to non-Catholics, "My lodge is church enough for me," "the only religion I believe in its the doing good to my fellowman," etc. I have frequently, too, heard their Protestant church-going wives trace their husbands' loss of Christian faith to the lodge. Some Protestant denominations have come out strongly against scoret societies. (The National which only a divine authority like the Catholic Church can exercise.

to Take Shape.

Since then, Archbishop Ireland has REASONS FOR CONDEMNATION.

The reasons for her condemnation of Masonry are:

1st. Masonry is undoubtedly a sect, with a code of belief, ritual paid in. Ground for the cathedral was broken in 1906 and the cornerstone was laid June 2, 1907. The foundations are completed and material is arriving for the walls. Four years have been spent in making the foundations for the building, and they are calculated to be of wifficient strength.

be of sufficient strength and durability to last 10,000 years.
The cathedral itself will be built

The cathedral itself will be built in the form of a cross, surmounted by a dome flanked by towers. It will be 274 feet long, 214 feet wide and the distance from the ground to and the distance from the ground to the top of the cross which will rise over the topmost pinnacle, will be 280 feet. The great dome will be 120 feet wide, the height of the facade 130 feet, and the height of the towers 150 feet. The building will be constructed of Minnesota white granite and will be Roman in architecture. It is planned to have it finished in three or four years, but the architect says that fifty years from now men will still be engaged in "putting on the finishing touches." When completed it will seat 3,400 persons.

There will be twelve chapels 'on the main floor. The founder's chapel

Close estimates of its cost and furnishing bring the figure to approximately \$3,000,000. Archbishop Ireland, through his own influence, expects to obtain this sum before he ceases.

To Men Who Live Inactive Lives.

Exercise in the open air is the best tonic for the stomach and system generally; but there are those who are compelled to follow sedenwho are compelled to follow seden-tary occupations and the inactivity tends to restrict the healthy action of the digestive organs and sickness follows. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills regulate the stomach and liver and restore healthy action. It is wise to have a packet of the pills always on hand.

HONOR DEAD.

New York Policemen Attend Service in St. Patrick's Cathedral.

Four thousand uniformed patrolmen attended the annual memorial service for the members of the police force on Sunday afternoon at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, following the regular vesper exercises. The police entered the cathedral led by the police band, which played "Onward, Christian Soldiers." After they had been seated the organ sounded the thrilling "War March of the Priests," by Mendelssohn, to which accompaniment the priests and acolytes filled out of the vestry, followed by Archbishop Farley, Monsignor Lavelle and the Rev. Francis J. Sullivan, chaplain of the Police Department.

After regular Sunday Vespers Monsignor Lavelle made the address of welcome. He said, among other things:

"Policemen, you are welcome here to-day. We recognize in you the guardians of the peaca, order and prosperity of our great city. If you are conscientious you are doing work along the same lines as the Church. You prevent sin by fear of the punishment of the law which you represent. The Church prevents sin by teaching the love of Christ. sin by teaching the love of Christ. You reach those who turn a deaf ear to our appeal—who transgress so seriously that they are a menace to the community and to the state. You are here to commemorate those of your comrades who have answered 'Present' to the last rollcall. It is a duty fraught with pain, yet rife with practical Christianity. For that reason I am glod to welcome that reason I am glad to welcome vou here, not only in my own name but in the name of the Archbishop, whose vicar I am."

POLICE CHAPLAIN PREACHES

The Rev. Francis J. Sullivan The Rev. Francis J. Sullivan delivered the sermon. He preached the gospel of courage, saying, in part:
"You are brave men—you have proved it in the past. The history of the Police Department proves it. But there is another kind of courage in which you must not be looking, and that is more learners.

lacking, and that is moral courage -courage to resist the briber, who courage to resist the briber, who would lure you from the path of duty; courage to resist the temptations of lust which beset your path more, I verily believe, than any other class of men in this great other class of men in this great city; courage to do your duty at all times, fearing neither the politi-cal influence nor the wealth of those who break the law. All of these things take courage, and you will find the coorage to do them in fol-lowing Christ—in relying upon Him, in loving Him and in obeying Him

in loving Him and in obeying Him widows and orphans your departed comrades know that you are here to offer your prayers for the eternal salvation and happiness of those that have gone. Do you not think that they will feel comforted and blessed by those that have gone. Do you not think that they feel comforted and blessed by those prayers if they know they come from men of moral as well as physical courage? Imitate the virtues of your departed comrades, esyour departed comrades know that tues of your departed comrades, especially those who died martyrs pecially those who died marryrs to duty, but strive even more to be an example to the living, to be first of all Christians, and then there will be no doubt that you will be good policemen."

After the sermon the Benediction was imparted by Archbishop Farley.

Qui in Tenebris . . . Sedent.

the shuffling of feet, the swish of women's dresses, the hum of voices, hundreds of strange voices all about them, the shifting of seats—all most unusual and wonderful—perhaps terrifying for all we know. Then the strange was packed to the doors when I got there and it was only when the audience was beginning to leave that I saw the Doctor on the stage talking to Miss Coffey and some of the ladies of the Board of Trustees. I waited for him, and as he came out challenged him to walk up Fifth avenue. It is the best place in New York for walking after rightfall, the sidewalks being wide, smooth and deserted. He agreed and we climbed over the bridge, swung into the avenue and started northward at a steady three-and-a-half miles an hour gait. He's a comfortable walker, is the Doctor, keepe his pace even and does not bump you as he goes along, nor does he stop unexpectedly. Not a word did I get from him until we were past the Cathedral. Then—"Man, do you realize, what you've seen and heard to night? Of course while I considered that simile a lite."

We strode along feet, the swish of women's dresses, the hum of voices, hundreds of strange voices all about them, the shifting of seats—all most unusual and wonderful—perhaps terrifying for all we know. Then the sound of foot-falls about them, the shifting of seats—all most unusual and wonderful—perhaps terrifying for all we know. Then the sudue of heart form, the touch of many strange hands upon them, the shifting of seats—all most unusual and wonderful—perhaps terrifying for all we know. Then the sudue of hundred of them, the shifting of seats—all most unusual and wonderful—perhaps terrifying for all we know. Then the sudue of heart form, the touch of many strange hands upon them, the shifting of seats—all most unusual and wonderful—perhaps terrifying for all we know. Then the shifting of seats—all most unusual and wonderful—perhaps terrifying for all we know. Then the shifting of real we house on the plate form, the touch of many strange that them, the shifting of seats to Miss Coffey and some of the ladies of the Board of Trustees. I waited for him, and as he came out challenged him to walk up Fifth avenue. It is the best place in New York for walking atter nightfall, the sidewalks being wide, smooth and deserted. He agreed and we climbed over the bridge, swung into the avenue and started northward at a steady three-and-a-half miles an hour gait. He's a comfortable walker, is the Doctor, keeps his pace even and does not bump you as he goes along, nor does he stop unexpectedly. Not a word did I get from him until we were past the Cathedral. Then—
"Man, do you realize what you've seen and heard to-night? Of course you don't—you're too young and you've got no imagination."

Being of an age where it no longer hurts to be called young and having long ago discovered the absence of imagination in my make-up, this did not hurt as much as it might seem. But I was curious to know what I should have realized, and in order to find out I delivered myself of some remarks on the great importance of the work carried on by the Institute and how it did this, that and the other thing, which no one else could or would do, and so on. The withering silence that greeted my efforts were discouraging—I was evidently on the wrong track—and my sentences petered out most unimpressivy.
"Tut man! I don't mean that at all Can't you set under the sin of these children felt it? Can you feel it as one of those children felt it? Can

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N.S., writes:—"In Oot., 1908, I caught sold by working in water, and had a very bad cough and that distressing, tickling sensation in my throat so I could not aleep at night, and my lungs were so very sore I had to give up work. Our doctor gave me medicine but it did me no good so I got a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and by the time I had used two bottles I was entirely cured. I am always recommending it to my friends."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup Dr. Wood's Norway Pine syrup com-bines the potent healing virtues of the Norway pine tree with other absorbent, expectorant and soothing medicines of recognized worth, and is absolutely harmless, prompt and safe for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Croup, Sore Throat, Pain or Tightness in the Chest,

and all Throat and Lung Troubles.

Beware of imitations of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Ask for it and insist on getting what you ask for. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, and the price 25

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you sense the sounds of it, the smell of it as they did? Dear me, it's an open book to me!"
"Why, no, I can't, Doctor," I said

trying to make my voice sound a little irritable, judging that it might have a stimulating effect upon him which it had.

which it had.

"Six weeks those children have
been at it, Miss Coffey tells me—
six solid weeks' drilling, rehearsing,
practising in that quiet little Fifteenth street house where their fingets and feet know every inch of the walls and the floors, where every noise is familiar. Six weeks of gathering excitement, getting ready for to-night. Nothing like it before in the lives of any of them, nothing in the way of past experience to go by, everything new and strange. by, everything new and strange.

Just think of to-day—the hustle
and bustle, the changed routine; remember that routine is the essence
of life with the blind, it's the only of life with the blind, it's the only thing that gives them a sense of safety! The getting dressed and waiting for the stage to take them to the hall, the drive in the stage, the street noises different from those they know—there's a different noise for every hour in the day to those who use their ears intelligently—the getting to the hall, the new smells and sounds around them and the feel of large space.

and sounds around them and the feel of large space.

"Think of the noises to begin with. Don't forget how acute is the hearing of the blind—the movement of many people around them, the shuffling of feet, the swish of various, disease the hume of many people around them. women's dresses, the hum of voices

feel to-night!"

We strode along for a block or so while I considered that simile a little, the Doctor muttering to himself occasionally, and I caught the words—"qui in tenebris, et in umbra mortis sedent," followed by a chuckle.

words—tin meters, when the mortis sedent," followed by a chuckle.

"What are you laughing at, Doctor?" I said.

"It's funny I should have thought of Stewart," he said, 'but I see the connection now—in tenebris et in ambra mortis gave it to me. No, you didn't know him."

"Introduce me," I said.

"Twas curious how he got his wish! If he hadn't given me his word, on my soul I'd believe he took it instead of got it. But he wouldn't have lied to me. This is the way it was: He was a surgeon. We need to have cases together more than twenty years ago. I was with him when he performed his first appendectony. He was two or three years older than I and a

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good surgeon. Just about twenty years ago—let me see, yes, 'twas in the spring of 1891—he came to me one day and said his optic nerve was going. I went with him to a specialist and he said 'twas so. Total blindness in a few months, no help for it and nothing to do but wait. We came back to my office to talk it over.

"Twas a tough situation. He had."

to talk it over.

"Twas a tough situation. He had a wife, a son at college, a daughter at Vassar and two younger girls. He had twenty thousand dollars saved and was carrying fifty thousand life insurance costing two thousand five hundred a year, and was making twelve to fifteen thousand. His policies hadn't much cash value, being mostly two or three years old. He had been spending about ten thousand a year, and his family old. He had been spending about ten thousand a year, and his family had had the best there was. If he lived—blind—his income wouldn't even half pay his premiums; if he died his family had a clear thirty-five hundred a year to live on. He wanted to argue that he had a right to kill himself, but being of Scotch Presbyterian blood he knew he hadn't, and I had no truphle in he hadn't, and I had no trouble in making him promise he wouldn't. But how that man did want to die! And he did!" The doctor chuckled

again.
"That spring we had a bad diph-

again.

'That spring we had a bad diphtheria epidemic on the lower West Side—there wasn't any anti-toxin in those days, you'll remember, and the mortality was sixty per cent or more. Now diphtheria, properly speaking, wasn't any of that man's business, he being a surgeon, but after he saw the specialist he wouldn't operate any more, and this happened within the month. His wife sent for me in a hurry one day—he was down with diphtheria.

"Where'd ye get it?" I asked him, and he told me he had been helping another man on his cases. "Did ye play fair or not, Stewart?" I asked him. "Tell me the truth," I said, "for you're pretty sick."

"I did, Mac,' he said, 'on's my word 'twas the only way to save the child's life." 'All right, then,' said I, 'no shennanigan now!' Ye've got to fight it out and do your best,' and he grinned in my face.

"'I'l give ye a fair show. Mac," he said, 'I won't work against ye, anyhow."

"Ye'll do more than that,' said

'Ye'll do more than that.'

anyhow."

"'Ye'll do more than that,' said I, and I was mad with him 'till he swore he'd do his best. But his heart was affected badly and he commenced to go down hill.

"We're licked, Mac,' he said, 'thank God we're licked and I played you fair, on my word I did.' He died the next day—the only one of my patients that really wanted to die and wanted it badly. "I'was a curious sight—I guess he did play fair, too, he wouldn't have lied to me. But we don't often get our wishes as quick as that," and he again murmured the words "Illuminare his qui in tenebris et in umbra mortis sedent—it's no wonder Zachary says sedent—there's nothing else for those in darkness to do but sit and sit and sit—God help them!"

—Andrew Prout, in America. -Andrew Prout, in America

Maligning Catholies.

"America" finds that society people as thinkers are, unfortunately, a small minority. Towards them gravitate, as planets and comets around the sun, a host of minor, frivolous stars for whom all things Catholic are a fit subject of ridicule. They childishly blaspheme what they know not. Unwittingly conscious of the unapproachable majesty and vitality of the Catholic Church, which they are powerless to impugn, they take refuge in the impotency of an infantile sneer. They besmirch what they cannot controvert. A syndicate of vile publications has for years been exploiting the similarity between 'monkey' and 'monk' rejoicing in its degradation of humanity merely because that degradation is supposed to affect the monastic orders, whereas it disgraces only that part of the human race which abjectly believes, on insufficient evidence, that its ancestors were ages. Advertisements of drinking monks are as common as they are contemptible. But it was reserved for a widely-circulated and askilomoble illustrated weekly of New York to recommend a brand of champagne by means of a highly colored, full-page advertisement which is a reproduction of a picture of the progressming four bishops, two monerosts.

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Let Doan's Kidney Pills de for you what they have done for thousands of ethers. They cure all forms of kidney trouble and they cure to stay cured.

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When ordering specify "Doan's."

signori and one cowled abbot drink-ing, in that identical champagne, signori and one cowled abbot drinking, in that identical champagne,
the health of the chef who bowingly
acknowledged their good wishes. Of
course, the seven prelates have
double chins and beaming faces. But
one silently wonders if the artist
and the advertiser have not stupidly
over-reached themselves. Who will
buy that champagne solely because
the much maligned clergy are supposed to like it?"

"Chantecler" veiling is the newest thing at the veiling counters. It comes in two toned colorings that copy the shadings in the rooster's

copy the shadings in the roos plumage.

The craze for imitations of barnyard rooster abounds in tons; and there is an evening per completely covered with brown feathers of the pheasant All fashiundom seems to be iming the characters in M. Roste celebrated play "Chantecler."