

The Dramatic Section

OF

St. Mary's Catholic Young Men's Society.

Will Present the Romantic Irish Drama Entitled

"The Treaty of Limerick"

or "The Traitor's Doom"

IN ST. BRIDGET'S HALL

On Thanksgiving Day, November 9th, '08. Afternoon & Evening.

This play has been specially adapted for the above society. Stirring Climax. Beautiful Scenery. Irish Wit.

TICKETS: Matinee, Children, 10c. Adults, 25c. Evening Performance, 25c & 35c.

J. JARRETT, Secretary.

GOD SAVE IRELAND!

J. P. KAVANAGH, Chairman.

OCTOBER 29, 1888.

STRUGGLING

of Northampton, Norfolk, England.

of St. Anthony of ed by me nearly three and of the late Bishop

and I have now, No esbytery, no Dio- no Endowment

I to say Mass and give lean upper room. Yet, is the sole outpost of division of the Com- ing 35 x 20 n. s. g- ings of the congrega- ily small. We must or the preser or haul

f the Catho- sic secure a valuable site resbytery. We have ards the cost of build- will not allow us to

l to those who have l they will continue

e not helped. I would f the Cause give some- e". It is easier and ve than to beg. Speed n I need no longer ment Home for the

L. W. GRAY, anham, Norfolk, Eng'd. efully and promptly allest donation, and nouncement a beau- e Sacred Heart and

AUTHORIZATION)

accounted for the aims ived, and you have ly in the names of Your efforts have iving what is ne- blishment of a per- Fakenham. I autho- e to solicit aims for ny judgment, it has

ully in Christ, 7. KEATING, op of Northampton.

Evans, during his nton. was one a house where he e younger set of

was leaving ha from the floor ndkerchief, edged s gravely inspect- at as air" when a oking young man o claim it. o doubt," said the ded it over. it young man: "it

the young man

telling me what se?" he asked, af- er Lippincott's.

ould like more ex- athwatch to the What sort of exer- ?" skip the rope," with a grin.

to sing and play e not heard her ad children she

such a blessing." ever see a horse a fence?" m jump four feet up that a horse

ES. rried a dashing

told me he was collectors."

ENEMIES. ad labored hard k to induce him

our," said the our worst enemy. eep as far away

father?" respon- it was your re- was telling us in Sunday to love

ael," rejoined he tell you to swal-

n't feel like my- en we ought to ening.—Illustrated

ALL. many a joke,

a poke, ing ill unill our pill.

SCRIPT. however sweet, ript is not com- r," men jeeringly t them have their an all else was

n afterthought, of her letter o much the better l, Detroit, in Wo- nion.

Judge O'Sullivan.

Judge O'Sullivan of New York has been in poor health, but is now quite well again. He is at present in Rome. Speaking of his audience with the Pope, he said: "I had always looked forward to that day, and it more than realized my expectations. When the Pope came into the room where we were waiting we all went on our knees and Archbishop Farley went down with the rest, but the Holy Father, putting his hand under the archbishop's arm, raised him from the ground, and then, in the presence of all, put one arm over the archbishop's shoulder and kissed him warmly on the cheek—not the formal ecclesiastical kiss of peace, but rather that of an elder brother, full of brotherly affection.

"What did I feel? Well, I tell you that it thrilled me all over to see the successor of St. Peter standing there giving that brotherly kiss to the clerical head of the great metropolis of the west, who is our own spiritual father. I simply could not resist the impulse to tell Pius X. how deep were my affection and veneration for him, and how he had no more loyal or devoted sons than the Catholics of America. "The Pope was kindness itself to all members of my party; he gave us all medals and his blessing. When I go back to America, I hope to go back a better American and a better Catholic after this visit. Yes, it was certainly the event of my life."

Turner and the Doctor.

When Turner, the famous painter, was dying at Chelsea, he sent in despair for a Rausgate doctor who had done him some good during his recent stay at that place and who, he hoped, might take a different view of his case from that which the London physicians had expressed. The doctor arrived and confirmed the opinion that the artist had very little time longer to live. "Wait a bit," said Turner to the doctor. "You have had nothing to eat and drink yet, have you?" "No, but that's no consequence." "But it is," replied the painter. "Go downstairs and you will find some refreshment, and there is some fine brown sherry—don't spare it—and then come up and see me again." The doctor refreshed himself and then came back to the patient. "Now, then," said Turner, "what is it? Do you still think so badly of my case?" The doctor regretfully said he could not alter his former opinion. The artist shook his shoulders, turned his face to the wall and never spoke again!—Dundee Advertiser.

A GOOD SUGGESTION.

The Catholic Citizen thinks that something should be said of Godless homes as well as Godless schools. Thousands of Catholics reside in what may be termed Godless homes—homes in which religious practices, Catholic books and papers and Catholic family devotions are lacking. "At what a slight cost of time and money," says our contemporary, "might not such homes be converted into Christian homes! A few dol-

lars would buy some choice religious pictures. Five or ten dollars a year would provide a few readable books and one or two attractive Catholic papers or magazines. A few moments for family devotions during the evenings of October, would give a Christian aspect to the household. We mention particularly Catholic books and papers, for these influence the thought of home, cultivate an interest in things religious and insure a certain Catholic public spirit among the children. It is putting a low appraisal on the value of your soul and the souls of your family if you grudge the expenditure of five or ten dollars a year for Catholic books and papers.—Catholic Universe.

The Venerable Oliver Plunket.

In his delightful "Recollections," now being published in "St. Andrew's Magazine" (Barnet), the Very Rev. Canon Vere writes in the September number as follows: "Speaking of the devoted dead reminds one of a custom which Father Barge taught me of raising my hat when I passed St. Giles Churchyard (London) in reverence of the saintly Catholics whose remains are interred therein. Most of our holy martyrs who suffered at Tyburn were buried in this churchyard.

"The last holy martyr to shed his blood in England for the ancient faith was the heroic Irishman, the Venerable Oliver Plunket. Before his martyrdom the holy Archbishop had obtained permission to be buried with the five Jesuit Fathers who had suffered death for the Catholic Faith four years previously. Accordingly by their side he was interred under the north wall in the churchyard of St. Giles. A copper plate was placed on the coffin by some English Catholics bearing the following inscription:

"In this tomb resteth the body of the Most Reverend Oliver Plunket, late Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All Ireland, who, when accused of high treason, through hatred of the Faith, by false brethren, and condemned to death, being hanged at Tyburn, and his bowels being taken out and cast into the fire, suffered martyrdom with constancy, in the reign of Charles the Second, King July, 1681.

For some two years the remains of the saintly successor of St. Patrick in the Primatial See of Ireland rested in the old burial ground. The body was then removed to the Benedictine Monastery at Lamspring, in Germany. In 1883 it was translated to the Monastery of the English Benedictine Fathers at Downside, near Bath. Here at present it rests in a simple tomb at the end of the north aisle of the church. The head of the holy martyr is in the Dominican Convent at Drogheda.

HEADACHE.



What Medical Skill Could Not Do Was Accomplished With Burdock Blood Bitters.

If you are troubled with Headache do not hesitate to use B.B.B. It is no new product, of unknown value, but has an established reputation.

MISS MARIAL WRIGHT, Muniac, N.B., writes: "I was sick and run down, would have Headaches, a bitter taste in my mouth, floating specks before my eyes and pains in my back. I was not able to do any house work at all and could not sleep at night. Several doctors doctored me but I saw I was getting no help, and on the advice of a friend I got three bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters and they effected a complete cure."

SOULD NOT WORK. Miss Marial Wright, Muniac, N.B., writes: "I was sick and run down, would have Headaches, a bitter taste in my mouth, floating specks before my eyes and pains in my back. I was not able to do any house work at all and could not sleep at night. Several doctors doctored me but I saw I was getting no help, and on the advice of a friend I got three bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters and they effected a complete cure."

A Scientist's Impression.

In an article in the "Outlook," under the heading "Letters of Vagabond," we read a non-Catholic scientist's impression of the Cathedral of Cologne:

"We went inside and stood, perhaps, five minutes, spell-bound by the great nave. The evening hour gave it the dim religious aid a church interior needs. At last Baldwin found his voice, and his rather prosaic American broke into a rapture which pose only in words, 'I am a scientist,' he said, 'a rationalist. But I never knew what religion was before. How these men must have believed in God when they dreamed this thing into existence! There was something in this old faith which passed out of our life. With all the advantages of steam and engineering skill, we couldn't build a thing like this to-day. There was a great light shining in those days which has long gone out. And yet we call them 'The Dark Ages.' 'Yes,' he went on, 'the men who built this Cathedral believed that God was watching them. They thought of Him personally, with great, kind, loving eyes, leaning over the battlements of His high heaven, smiling down on their labors—almost within reach of their endeavors. I suppose

TO LOVERS OF ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA.

Dear Reader.—Be patient with me for telling you again how much I need your help. How can I help it? or what else can I do? For without that help this Mission must cease to exist, and the poor Catholics already here remain without a Church. I am still obliged to say Mass and give Benediction in a Mean Upper-room.

Yet such as it is, this is the sole outpost of Catholicism in a division of the county of Norfolk measuring 35 by 20 miles.

And to add to my many anxieties, I have no Diocesan Grant, No Endowment (except Hope)

We must have outside help for the present, or haul down the flag.

The generosity of the Catholic Public has enabled us to secure a valuable site for Church and Parochy. We have money in hand towards the cost of building, but the Bishop will not allow us to go into debt.

I am most grateful to those who have helped us and trust they will continue their charity.

To those who have not helped I would say:—For the sake of the Cause give something, if only a "little." It is easier and more pleasant to give than to beg. Speed the glad hour when I need no longer plead for a permanent Home for the Blessed Sacrament.

Address—

Father Gray, Catholic Mission, Fakenham, Norfolk, England.

P.S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation and send with my acknowledgment a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart and St. Anthony.

Letter from Our New Bishop.

Dear Father Gray.—You have duly accounted for the alms which you have received, and you have placed them securely in the names of Diocesan Trustees. Your efforts have gone far towards providing what is necessary for the establishment of a permanent Mission at Fakenham, I authorize you to continue to solicit alms for this object until, in my judgment, it has been fully attained. Yours faithfully in Christ, † F. W. KEATING, Bishop of Northampton.

the men who put up the capstones on the towers felt themselves consciously nearer God than the unfortunate ones who only worked down here on earth."

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