

...ing In.  
...a little earlier  
...superior to  
...n, with high  
...suit everyone.  
...t.  
**BROS.**  
...urnishers  
...CATHERINE ST. EAST  
...Phone East 246  
...ous Pictures  
...or Framing.  
...Price, 15c. each.

## Are You Poisoning Yourself?

THE bowels must move freely every day, to insure good health. If they do not, the waste is absorbed by the system and produces a self blood poisoning. Poor digestion, lack of bile in the intestines, or weak muscular contraction of the bowels, may cause Constipation.

\*Abbey's Effervescent

Salt will always cure it. Abbey's Salt renews stomach digestion—increases the flow of bile—and restores the natural downward action of the intestines.

Abbey's Salt will stir up the liver, sweeten the stomach, regulate the bowels, and thus purify the blood.

Good in all seasons for all people.

**Abbey's Effervescent Salt**  
At Dealers - 25c. and 60c.

## Echoes and Remarks.

How is it Macaulay's New Zealand did not parade on St. Patrick's Day?

Basil and Julien were fellow-students at the school of Athens, and one became the Saint and Doctor of the Church, the other her scoffing and relentless foe.

There are busybodies who spoil the good Sunday laws by trying to force exaggerated legislation. They mix up details and essentials. Let them fill their churches to begin with.

There is a falling-off in the Canadian crop of Baptist ministers. Even in Eastern Canada many meetings-houses are closed. The people have heard them all preach!

Our colored contemporary, Rev. Dr. Pughist Jack Johnson, lately preached in a Minneapolis African M. E. Church, on the sublime subject of "Pugilism." We refer the matter to the next (Binghampton, N.Y.) Oecumenical Council of the "Methodist Bishops of the World."

It has pained us to see that the friends and admirers of Col. Sam Hughes have not seen fit to poll a good vote in his favor, in the Star's latest comical contest. Sam is duly entitled to furnish Canada a laugh. He has all the stock-in-trade.

The Episcopal Bishop of Little Rock, Ark., lately relieved his own cathedral from interdict, and its rector from suspension. The road, then, is now clearer for Forepaugh & Sells. The same Bishop (?) has undertaken to spread Renegade McCabe's paralyzing mendacity over his holy (?) vineyard.

Anybody who has followed the affairs of France, with one eye to read, cannot be surprised to learn that wholesale robbery had been going on over the Sale of the religious houses. The news is as old as it could be. French editors must sublimely admire our new-world information! But, then, they read few of our papers.

One man was pricked with a sword-point in a duel lately fought in France; another had a bad tooth knocked out with one of the waxen bullets. When shall those duellists play safe; and use only hat-pins, violin bows, opera hats, and parasols? The Chamber of Deputies should take up the matter and reach a solution.

Did you ever seriously notice that the "priest-eaters" are always of vile habits? Did you, likewise, ever notice that father and son among them are of one kind? They are the best friends of all nefarious trades from the sinful "Traffic" up. Lately a champion "priest-eater," a "reformer," was arrested, and it would be a mortal sin for us, were we even to name the charges he has to answer. Beware of those "reformers," they are a bad set!

It is too bad that two or three Catholic American papers across the border, must continue to publish documents that concern the clergy alone. They think it clever to "get a dig" at priests and bishops. Their idea of Catholic journalism, as seen in the concrete, is a proof they are at work not intended for them. Catholic papers can take the place of neither the Pope nor the Bishops.

Plans are in progress by the members of the Irish Historical and Literary Society to establish an Irish library in San Francisco. The need of such an institution is keenly felt. To fill the much needed want the society will begin at once the accumulation of books, papers, pamphlets, manuscripts, etc., on Irish subjects. It might be well to imitate the example of San Fran-

cisco in many another city.

Father Martin Callaghan is evidently one of America's greatest convert-makers, since now even two or three German Catholic reviews have spoken of his work and methods, as detailed by himself at the Washington Missionary Congress. One of the German publications says he was born in Cork, Ireland; but Montrealers will not stand for that. Perhaps some Corkonian is sub-editor of the German review.

The ministers of an American city have agreed to do without the title "Reverend," as attached to their names. That was very kind of them, indeed. There should be some law made in Canada to prevent every excuse for a preacher from using the title. We wish the matter were brought up in the Legislature of the Province. There is an end of tomfoolery. Let us have tolerance, but let us have decency, too.

The preachers in some quarters seem to be more busily occupied telling untruths about the late King Leopold than in preaching rudimentary tenets of Christianity. If an angel from heaven were to deny their yarns, that would not make the slightest difference as far as they are concerned. It is all a matter of pay and programme. The champion prevaricators on earth today are to be found among the returned missionaries.

One thing that strikes non-Catholic tourists when in Montreal, over Sunday, is to witness an old practice of their forefathers; we mean they see thousands going to church at all hours. Visitors from the United States especially are among the more surprised. Their preachers have denied the divinity of Christ, and the hearers have not found ten of them with a discourse good enough to take a man out of bed before mid-day.

Our friends the Japs and the Hindus of British Columbia, together with the Orangemen there, are becoming hard to please. The Japs do not like to work with white men; the Hindus, hearing us talk "Dreadnoughts," imagine we are still little "Colonials"; and the Orangemen are going to reform the Act of British North America. The Japs need a ticket for a homeward journey; so do the Hindus; while the Orangemen need the pledge.

"The Nature of the Gift" is the name of a blasphemous little pamphlet, by the Rev. F. S. Webster, M. A., rector of All Souls' Church, Langham Place, W. Its purpose is to fight the Christian doctrine of Transubstantiation. It is Orange in color from cover to cover. Rev. Webster's ignorance is amusing. It is just thanks to individuals like him debating with Ingersoll who have brought much discredit on Christianity. People thought them oracles, and scandal followed when Bob scattered them. Men like Webster injure religion in general when they write on theological subjects.

And still the J. A. Kensit leaflets are going the rounds. They are the favorite literature of our Canadian bigots. The immigrants from England are failures, much because they take Kensit lies, infamy, and copy-right slanders seriously. "Hold fast to the Bible," they say on their circulars. They are right, for nine-tenths of the preachers are throwing it overboard. But the "foreign sparrow" bigots had better learn a lesson. Decent Protestant congregations in Eastern Canada have lately forced two of their number to relinquish their pulpits.

In view of the coming Eucharistic Congress, the J. A. Kensit tribe of Antichrist is, with the connivance of the postal authorities, vomiting anti-Transubstantiation slime on

our shores. Is there not a law forbidding misrepresentation of any decent part of our Canadian population? Even if special photographs have graced the L.D.A. frontispiece, are we Catholics going to let the nonsense continue? Let England keep her bigoted filth at home. We are free Canadians. But, then, when you cannot get your newspapers through the mails regularly, why ask for big things?

Talking about the mail. Why, as we just intimated, it is high impossible to have one's Upper Canadian newspapers reach their destination in Eastern Canada and the Maritime Provinces in particular. People are complaining in a hundred places, and the I.C.R. is the chief carrier. Surely to goodness it has not become a trade to steal newspapers!

To get along with the Orangemen we should have to go down to their level. The same is true of all madmen. Why don't we hire our managers in all lines from within the asylums? Those Orangemen are bound to keep French and Catholicism out of Canada, but that is especially when they draw up their lodge resolutions. Happily the work is not done under the influence of sobriety. If there was a war with any foreign country to-morrow the Orangemen would faithfully uphold the "Longboatism" of their fathers and grandfathers in Fenian Raid days. The scarred among them would be wounded while on retreat.

Here is a man suing a lawyer for damages, because the lawyer gave him wrong advice. If he falls he will have action against the lawyer who advised him to sue the lawyer. If the angry man should have a farm on his hands, he may, if he so choose, easily get rid of the incumbrance.

The Catholic Church in Reno, Nevada, was burned to the ground. The Congregationalists came to the rescue, and offered the priest the use of their church. The Bishop permitted the priest to accept the offer, and Holy Mass was celebrated in the Congregational church of the town. The Orangemen should see to it that this thing stop. Editor Hocken should intervene, for subscribers are falling off. Congregationalists, as a rule, are gentlemen.

The famous French sculptor, August Rodin, has given us his profession of faith, and he vouches for it that it is the faith of all true artists. Here it is:

"Religion is something altogether different from mumbling a creed. It is a consciousness of the unexplained and the inexplicable, an adoration of the unknown force that maintains the various types of living creatures a suspicion of a natural world beyond the reach of our senses, of the vast domain that neither the eyes of the body nor those of the mind are capable of seeing; it is the unpleasing of our consciousness toward the infinite, toward eternity, toward limitless truth and love—promises that may be illusory, but nevertheless give wings to the soul in this life. In that sense I am religious."

Faith is a "suspicion"—an "adoration of the unknown and unknowable"—a gymnastic performance—"an unpleasing of consciousness towards the infinite." A religious man is, then, a sort of hesitating toad. But Rodin's profession of faith would be adopted by the vast majority of Protestant churches.—Western Watchman.

As the result of the recent mission given by Rev. Thomas Galvin, a genial and zealous Redemptorist, of New York, in the Church of St. Mark the Evangelist, Philadelphia, several deaf-mutes are now under instruction preparatory to joining the Church. Father "Tom" Galvin is an expert in the sign-language.

### JUST A REMINDER.

While the agents of the Protestant Alliance, and the people whose conscience permits to wallow in Chiniquy mire, offer insult to our priesthood, we are pleased to notice that the daily press, the world over, is ever willing to praise the Church and her ministers. When Satan wished to lead Eve astray, he told a lie; and so, when the proselytizers wish to deal with the Catholic Church, they lose souls, by telling what is not true. And, in fact, even if Chiniquy told the truth, his books could not be kept outside of a morgue or a refrigerator. How, in all earnest, can bigots be willing to ruin the purity of their children's morals, by letting them read the output of Chiniquy's foul mind and outlandish hearts? If such a book were written against Protestant preachers, a Catholic could not read it, without at the same time, becoming guilty of a grievous sin.

Pity help the religion that needs books like Chiniquy's to spread its doctrines and practices. Just imagine the Apostles building up

Christianity on the immoral printed rot of a renegade! The respectable old Church of Christ never did that kind of thing. Our Catholic societies know that Chiniquy's books are for sale, are on public shelves, they know, too, that they are thus sold or exhibited in direct violation of the law. No book of that kind is legally tolerated in Canada. It offers direct insult to nearly the one-half of our population. So, why don't we act? It is possible to put down the scurrilous abuse. Let us to work, then!

### THE EMPIRE DAY OF IRELAND.

That was surely a magnificent St. Patrick's Day number of the Dublin Weekly Freeman's Journal! Every column of every page of it is select matter, and rarely select matter. Many of our readers should send, even now, for a copy of it. All the articles, as our readers may well judge, thoroughly pleased us, and we should not forgive ourselves did we not publish the editorial that pleased us most.

"Empire day" is the expression of the broadest interpretation. The Irish are scattered over the world, but with the faith and blood strong within us, we have survived, and we too, have our "Empire Day." We have forced our foes to wear our shamrock, and they shall yet be forced to give us Home Rule.

But the following is the editorial from our robust Dublin contemporary: it fully speaks for itself:

That was a happy thought expressed recently in Australia by Cardinal Moran, that St. Patrick's Day may be considered the Empire Day of Ireland. We don't, as a rule, like "Empire Days"; they are always, or very nearly always, like all other "Festivals of Empire," associated with robberies, confiscation, brutal wars, and cowardly bullyings. For Empire and Bloodshed and Spoilation are inseparably related. A nobleman for some years past has been trying to found a "British Empire Day." What a ghastly festival it would be were it kept with appropriate ceremonial? But we like the good Irish Cardinal's idea, for Empire in the sense and association with which he used it has a great, a glorious, a noble meaning. For on St. Patrick's Day surely and truly in every part of this terrestrial sphere, in every nook and cranny where civilization has penetrated, men, women and children of the Irish race hold high and holy festival of unflinching, unconquerable devotion to Faith and Fatherland. Year by year on St. Patrick's Day a great chain of brotherhood is stretched round the world, hands are reached out across the sea, messages of love and fidelity are wafted from all the points of the compass to the little Green Isle sparkling here in the Irish Sea. Surely St. Patrick's Day is the Empire Day of Ireland—the day when the world-spread children of the Gael unite and renew allegiance to the old land. There is not a clime in which the day is not held sacred, a day which patriotism and creed unite to keep sacred. It is a strange, a curious, an interesting reflection that this world Empire of the Gael is the direct outcome of the attempt continued through centuries to sweep the Irish off the face of the earth.

To hell or Connaught! indeed sums up British policy in Ireland since, unfortunately, Irish dissent allowed the British to get a foothold on our island soil. They would have preferred to have realized the first alternative—if they only could. They tried as hard as it was in their power to accomplish the second. And what a dreadful, what an overpowering thing is Nemesis! Connaught has been the cure of Britain and British rule in Ireland. From Connaught has come some of the most afflicting problems that have haunted British parties, and from Connaught have come "movements" that made these parties shake and shiver. From Connaught—just to mention one—came the Land League, which virtually began the great National movement destined now before long to restore Ireland to the Irish people. Their sins overtake nations, just as they do individuals. It has been so with England in relation to Ireland. In place of suppressing and exterminating the Irish race, the hideous rule of Britain has only served to disseminate the Irish race over the world; to make them more numerous, more universal, more influential, more powerfully hostile to British rule in Ireland. In place of being confined within the borders of rugged Connaught, the Irish are very much alive to-day in Ulster, Munster, and Leinster, too. But far more than that, they are more numerous in the United States than in the Motherland itself. They are vast and highly important factors in the enormous life of such majestic cities as New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, San Francisco. They swarm in Southern America, they are all over Canada, they are a large progeny in the Australian Commonwealth, and they are numerous and respected in South Africa. And wherever they are, the thought and sentiment of Ireland a Nation is uppermost in their minds and close to their hearts.

The thought has often occurred to us that the Weekly Freeman affords, perhaps, the very best practical illustration that could be adduced of the universality of the Gael. To run the eye down the list of our subscribers and their addresses is to read the name of almost every country in the world, and almost every district of every country. We do not think we would be far wrong in asserting that our paper is the

most universally circulated paper in the whole world. This St. Patrick's Day number of ours will go to all parts of Great Britain, to every country in Europe; it will go off to India, to the distant European settlements in Asia. It will be read in every State of the vast and mighty American Union, to all the South American Republics, to Mexico, to Cape Colony, Natal, the Transvaal, the Orange River Colony, to the most out of the way parts of Australia, to all the great cities and districts of that wonderful Southern Continent—to New Zealand, Tasmania, to the islands of the Pacific. It will even be read away in Terra del Fuego—next door to the South Pole,—as it will be away in Canada—next door to the North Pole. For the Irish are everywhere under God's sun; and to-day they are a growing power, and, taking the sum total of their story, they are a thriving race—thriving because of the sterling quality of their character, their strength of brain and muscle, their clean lives, their healthy ideals, their devotion to creed, and their passionate love of country. This year they will celebrate "the Empire Day of Ireland" with peculiar joy. Our National Cause—the Cause of Irish Freedom—was never in a more hopeful position. Never before could it have been said with as much truth as it can to-day that the success of that cause depends on the Irish themselves. If the Irish people and generation—and who dare doubt their unswerving fidelity?—then victory is close at hand. It is therefore, with more than customary enthusiasm this St. Patrick's Day we give the toast of "Dear old Ireland, Brave old Ireland, Ireland boys, hurrah!"

### MARRIAGE AND MOTHERHOOD.

Under the leadership of General Bok, the Ladies' Home Journal may be expected to continue its funny career. That gentleman (in spite of his "L.L.D.") does not seem to bother with Christianity, when it comes to the fine point. Strange views and stranger lessons, with the strangest of letters, have long been howling features of the General's magazine. The following editorial from our distinguished contemporary, America, tells its own story, while it politely corrects a false notion or two:

Our attention has been called by "A Catholic Mother" to an unsigned article in the February Ladies' Home Journal, in which an anonymous woman gratuitously unburdens herself in answer to her own question: "Why I have not become a mother." First, she was frail and nervous at the time of her marriage. She seems quite unconscious that it was wrong for her to marry, knowing that she was unfit for her conjugal duties. Second, she could not afford it on an income of \$1500, though she is her own cook, housekeeper, milliner, etc., and quite a paragon all round. Her husband, who is also perfect, has now \$5000 income and her own literary efforts bring in a tidy sum, but this does not change her resolution. Third, her mother is im-provident and her father is growing gray at fifty-five, a phenomenon produced by his inability to provide for the future of her four younger sisters, so she, heroic creature, moved by love, not duty, must relieve him.

When she says she has no conception of duty, she has explained the whole matter, though this never occurs to her as a solution of her problem. She is not the heroine she would have her readers think. She is a pleasure-loving creature trying to cover criminal mendacity with a sentimental delirium. The primal object of marriage is the propagation of the race; it was for this purpose the attractions of the marital state were implanted by nature, and those who, while enjoying the pleasures, exclude the primal purpose, sin against the laws of nature and the commands of God. It is a sin that was called "an evil thing in Israel." A married woman who is a party to such a practice can hardly be called a wife; she is using an honorable title as a cloak for vice, and is intentionally or actually, a murderess. The approval of her husband is no justification, it merely makes him a sharer in her guilt. Ill health might be a reason for suspension or severance of conjugal relations, but can neither justify nor palliate the frustration of effects intended by nature and commanded by God. Nor will unnatural indulgence benefit health. Outraged nature has a habit of exacting terrible vengeance, physically, morally and mentally.

This woman says that her younger sisters, the objects of her altruism, will be her children. In spite of all her efforts she has other children! Souls unborn are crying out against her for depriving them of the lives that were their right. A wife's duty is determined not by the laws of the state she has left but by the laws of the state she has adopted. Once a wife her law is the law of marriage, and no other ties may interfere with it. There are many Catholic ladies who have sacrificed marriage prospects for the sake of brothers, sisters and parents; and there are many wives and husbands who, while faithful to their marital duties, and to the children who are the happy fruit of that fidelity, manage to extend, often from slender means, effectual assistance to their kin.

Inability to afford children is the finest pretext for self-indulgence; usually those have fewest, whose means are most abundant. "A Catholic Mother" well says: "I could

## THE BEST FLOUR

IS

**BRODIE'S**

Self Raising Flour

Save the Bags for Premiums.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Beauharnois Light, Heat & Power Company will at the next session of the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, apply for an act amending its charter 2 Edward VII, chapter 72, as follows to wit: by (a) increasing its authorized capital stock and borrowing power; (b) extending the territory in which it may exercise its powers; (c) authorizing the enlargement and extension of the feeder mentioned in section nine of its charter and its continuation to one or more new junction points with the Saint Louis River or its replacement in whole or in part by a new feeder, and if found necessary the changing of the course of a part of the said river; (d) increasing the company's powers of expropriation; (e) authorizing the company to engage in all manufacturing and other businesses using electric power, and to acquire shares and securities of other companies; (f) removing or modifying restrictions now existing on the exercise of its powers, especially those requiring in certain cases the consent of municipal or other corporations; (g) changing conditions under which stock and bonds may be issued; (h) authorizing the company to sell and supply for municipal or other purposes water taken from Lake Saint Francis, and to do all that may be necessary to that end and authorizing municipalities to make arrangements with the company to take water from it. BEAUHARNOIS LIGHT, HEAT & POWER COMPANY. By FLEET, FALCONER, OUGHTRED, PHELAN, WILLIAMS & BOVEY, Its Attorneys. Montreal, 22nd February, 1910.

**Oshawa Fireproof Building Materials**  
Everything in the line of Fireproof Building Materials for Interiors and Interiors. Free Catalogue for the asking. PEDLAR People of Oshawa  
Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, St. John, Winnipeg, Vancouver.

point out more than one family of five, six and seven children for whose maintenance and education there was no provision made before birth, but who have, nevertheless, grown up strong, healthy men and women, received education as anyone can in New York, where this writer resides, and have taken their places in the world. One family of six children whose parents toiled to keep nourishment and life in them for ten or twelve years, has given a priest, a prominent lawyer, a school principal and an engineer, all better men because they have striven. We have known many such who are so busy performing the duties of their state that they have no time to write to ladies' journals proclaiming their heroism. The lady who obtrudes her reasons for not becoming a mother is not the heroic altruist she deems herself; nor are they called ladies who make private vice a public boast.

## STATEMENT OF A TRAVELLER

Is Sure Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured His Diabetes.

Geo. H. Watterworth, of Rodney, Feels Like a Boy Again After Suffering From the Most Deadly of Kidney Diseases.

Rodney, Ont., March 28.—(Special.)—Mr. Geo. H. Watterworth, a well known travelling salesman, whose home is in this place, makes an unqualified statement that he was cured of Diabetes by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"Yes," Mr. Watterworth said, when asked regarding his cure, "Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me of Diabetes. I took thirty-seven boxes in all, but to-day I am restored to good health."

"I was also troubled with Rheumatism and Headache, my sleep was broken and unrefreshing, and I was always tired and nervous. But Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me and now I feel just like I did when I was a boy."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure Diabetes because it is a Kidney disease and there is no form of Kidney disease Dodd's Kidney Pills will not cure. Mr. Watterworth's other ailments were caused by diseased kidneys failing to strain impurities out of the blood, and Dodd's Kidney Pills cured them by curing the sick kidneys.