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Echoes and Remarks.

The Christian Church began at Nazareth; and, even from the beginning it was divinely committed to the care of St. Joseph.

Another small Canadian bank is in trouble. Is it not very strange that such things are still bound to happen?

Oklahoma has taken measures to fight the "White Slave Traffic" in an effective way and successful manner. Chicago is fighting as well against its well-acquired world-disgrace.

Buffalo is, seemingly, a Mecca of the prurient stage. Of course, New York, as long as some of its dailies last, will welcome what Boston contemns. Honor is on Boston's side, however.

\$33,000,000,000,000 owned by 125,000 persons; \$23,000,000,000 owned by 1,375,000 persons. That in the United States. One-eighth of the people own seven-eighths of the wealth. Yet preachers will, in all calm, dwell on our "modern civilization!"

One per cent. of the one-eighth own ninety-nine per cent. of the seven-eighths of the country's whole wealth. The figures in both our paragraphs are from the "Encyclopedia of Social Reform," quoting Dr Spahr's "Present Distribution of Wealth."

In many things we are ahead of our mediaeval forefathers. Our civilization is based on the income and the outcome of the "Almighty Dollar." It is no wonder we are witnessing social unrest. The preachers, however, ought to be ashamed of defending our modern methods of civilization.

Parson Amaron is opposed to the civic grant towards the Congress fund. But why did he betake himself to the papers? Surely everybody is aware of the fact that Chiniquy's disciples are opposed to Catholicity and Catholicism. Parson Amaron takes himself too seriously.

More children have been lost through shameless pictures than the world can imagine. Bill-posters from the theatres have already done untold evil. We are glad our Inspector intends to control them effectively. Montreal can easily get along without any of the rot that bad theatricals purvey.

The police might be well employed rounding up bad characters in St. Lawrence Main street, after 8 p.m. How is it young boys and girls are permitted to gather on its sidewalks so freely and so unconcernedly after dark? How is it, too, that so many questionable "trades" ply their busy methods, in next to all security, in the same street?

The death is announced of Wilfrid Wilberforce, an English Catholic journalist, who was a brother of the late saintly Father Wilberforce, of the Dominicans, and a nephew by marriage of Cardinal Manning. Wilberforce is a good name, especially all the more ever since the Oxford Movement began. We shall miss the dead writer and his admirable pages of the Catholic World.

Five additional clerks have been added to the clerical force of the Prussian Ministry of Worship, in order to accommodate those who wish to withdraw from the state church. The number of such withdrawals has now reached the extraordinary figure of 300 a day. England and Russia have shared a like fate, especially

the former. Briand's irreligion is multiplying in France.

The spasm of indigestion that characterized the resolution drawn up by the executive of the American Federation of Labor, condemning the execution of Ferrer is explained by John Mitchell. At the time the country had heard only one side of the story. He says had the men known then as much as they do now the resolution would never have been passed. The preachers are furious the truth is out.

If, as Bishop Ingram says, the Anglican Church of to-day is identical with the Church of England before the Reformation, where does the Reformation itself come in? Can the poor bishop not read a word of history aright? Ask a Jewish, Chinese, Japanese, or Hindu scholar, ask any independent witness of worth and learning, and what shall he say? It is dreadful to hear a prelate talk as Bishop Ingram does.

Dr. Talmage, the famous preacher, was once asked where the Protestant Church was before the Reformation. He answered asking where the man was before he was washed. Clever answer his biographer thinks; but we can find a place for the soap suds, and water. Surely a steamer does not become a wheelbarrow just through the process of a scrubbing!

Rhode Island abolished capital punishment in 1852, and is now proposing to revert to it. Maine and Rhode Island are two states in which capital punishment is not inflicted; and they have nearly twice as many murders to record as the neighboring States where the penalty is still in force. Iowa and Colorado were forced to revert to the old method. Even France tried to escape, but, alas! what a mess!

In 1909, \$451,540 of United States pension money came to Canada. \$99,540 went to Germany, \$78,951 to Ireland, \$63,685 to England, \$27,461 to Mexico, \$12,368 to Scotland, and \$10,470 to Switzerland. In the course of a year \$863,607 was paid to 5047 pensioners living in sixty-four foreign countries. Uncle Sam, however, is not depressed; his heart is generous to a degree; he doesn't play the miser. It is not in him to do so.

After the Nelson-Wolgast battle, with both "sluggers" covered with the former's blood, preachers should not make the pulpit ridiculous by pitying the Mexicans and Spaniards in any more jeremiads. The Jeffries-Johnson fight in kindly awaited in our civilization circles. If a Mexican could see the crowds gathered to witness the performance, Prof. MacBride might make a few more believe some men have descended from the monkey.

Several Catholic papers have denounced Ralph Connor's "The Forger." The novel cannot be worth much, since, as the Buffalo Union and Times remarks, a big newspaper has secured control over it. No truly great book surrenders its legitimate market trade to a newspaper. We have no fight with the Weekly Star, but we regret and resent its insult to Catholics.

The United States is going to give the Philippines a divorce court. That is one of our Anglo-Saxon appendages of civilization. In the meantime, it might be well for our neighbors to "remember the Maine." What of the bones that lie one hundred feet under water? Surely the United States cannot refuse to bury its dead? That is a more sacred duty than is the granting of divorces.

One of the most noble figures in the Oxford Movement is that Thomas William Allies. What sa-

crifices he made for the sake of conscience! What a difference—an ocean of difference—between the noble converts to our Church and the noisy perverts whom the sects admit and exhibit! Respectable Protestants ought to be ashamed of recognizing the accessions! Newman, Manning, Allies, Faber, Maturin, Benson, Sargent, etc., etc., with Chiniquy, Slatery, Bartoli, etc., on the other side!

An Anglican minister in England has borrowed illustrations for his book against the Church, from Poldrecca's foul "Asino." Necessarily many decent Anglicans are shocked; but it is just such doings that prove the final test of heresy's hold on thinking men. Protestantism has already lost millions on account of the anti-Catholic methods of warfare adopted by preachers. Even in Montreal, there are many unchurched Protestants who lost faith in Christ by reading the anti-Catholic books and pamphlets the preachers offer for sale and reading.

Parson Amaron is, perhaps, a guileless poor soul, after all. He really believes that Chiniquy's propaganda has worked wonders in the Province of Quebec, even if French Protestantism has as much influence upon the province as a nail in a loaf can have on the bread. The good preacher does not want to see the dollars from honest sources cut off. He is no friend of the Catholic colleges, and believes we are living a life of slavery. He is in a desperate state of mind. If his last utterance in the Daily Witness were worth the answer we should gratify his longing.

It is evident, even from correspondence in the Daily Witness, that many staunch Protestants in Canada are growing disgusted with the anti-Christian sermons of their preachers. Preachers even are rebuking preachers. It is too bad to see Christ denied in what are supposed to be Christian pulpits. Then little university students want to reform Christ and His Gospel, in the bargain. They are acquiring "a little learning," and seem to be unmindful of the fact that it is "a dangerous thing." The universities, with their false philosophy, are unchurched hundreds to-day. A neutral university is no place for a Catholic or for any man who has respect either for his brains or his soul. Some university student-sages need Castoria more than anything else.

It is proper to cheer the hearts of freethinkers in Canada when they remember that, in some Normal Schools and Institutes, young aspiring teachers are given courses in psychology that is based on infidelity, and taught by polished pagans of the hour. If the preachers are really in earnest bent on keeping belief in Christ and His Gospel pure and unrestrained, why are they so willing to endure lectures on anthropology that are altogether subversive of Christianity and its tenets? If a professor were to dare teach his narrow concepts of the world as opposed to the doctrine of God's Church, in one of our schools, he would soon earn his "graduation" papers.

Down in Connecticut, although the Catholics constitute but one-third of the entire population of the state, the birth-rate figures amongst them are double and triple, even, in some parts, what they are among the non-Catholics. Malthusianism is now a debatable issue in many a club and family outside the Pale. Even preachers are taking a hand in the nefarious propaganda. They, or their children, shall wake up to the truth of uncomfortable realities before another quarter of a century, if they continue in the path of race-suicide and perdition. But, then, such things are part and parcel of our methods of civilization, leading features in our programme of social and domestic betterment.

Strange men with strange ideals are getting into our higher educational circles, thanks to weakness on the part of men in power who know better, want better, and mean better, but who, like Pilate, are ever ready to surrender, through fear and out of love of what Caesar holds in store for them. It is plain, however, that Catholics ought to resist with all the strength of their heart and conscience against the encroachments made by semi-pagans on what constitutes our Catholic educational domain. We are not prepared to be the slaves of lunatics or infidels, no more than we are ready to pay tribute to Lucifer. This we must understand, before we are fully menaced with the inroads of infidelity. Let our Catholic societies lead in the work of rejecting the dictates of quacks, cads, and cheap Freemasons!

OUR FRIENDS OF OTHER BLOOD

While we Irish men and women rejoice on St. Patrick's Day, we do not forget that men of other standards are sharing our enthusiasm, and giving us manifest proof of their hearty well-wishes and congratulations. In turn, they know that even if we be refused this quality or that, men will never say that we have not hearts that are generous and grateful. They know that we are glad they are rejoicing with us, and thankful for the ready hand they are giving us and are always pleased to give us on each St. Patrick's Day.

We remember that France proved Ireland's friend, and we are thankful. We remember the kind-heartedness of the truly Catholic French sons of Canada, and we heartily spend our thanks. We know that some of England's greatest sons have stood for Ireland's right to justice, and the gratitude is in our hearts. Nor do we forget to thank our valiant sons of Scotland who have fought for Home Rule. To Spain and to Italy and to Austria, and to Germany—to all lands, we offer the hand and heart of friendship, in token of our good will and of our thankfulness. To the great Republic south of us we say thanks one thousand times! It has surely proved a friend to the "dear Little Isle" of our mothers and fathers. Nor are we forgetful of our fellow-Canadians, of whatever station.

Irish-Canadians mean to be staunch and loyal citizens. We are ready to defend the liberties of our constitution. Our statesmen have been among Canada's best, and we are still able and willing to offer more. Canada knows that we easily fulfil the requirements of her standards of citizenship. We are Catholic of creed and Irish in blood, yet our hearts are big enough, and our minds broad enough, to know and understand that others, too, have rights. These we have always respected and always will, thank God!

THE IRISH IN MONTREAL.

The Irish of Montreal! We are not ashamed of the name. The story of our loyalty and fidelity to the Old Land is written in characters indelible on the record-scrolls of our nation. We have always shared Ireland's trials and are willing to rejoice with her in all her triumphs. To our city hid many of the exiles come, and they have given strong and clean and prosperous men, pure and loving and gentle daughters, to the great metropolis of our beloved Canada. Loyalty to Ireland, and love and respect for the ministers of God's Church have ever been virtues with us.

To-day in Ireland's battle for freedom, we stand on the right side, with the brave Nationalists, and under the command of the illustrious John Redmond. For faction and treason, we have naught but scorn. No foe to the blood and of the blood can, or may, reckon us in his grouping. We are thoroughly, unflinchingly, unwaveringly pledged to the ranks of Redmond. Sein-Feinism is synonymous, with us, for madness or treachery. Faction spells selfishness and rage.

A brilliant pen lately wrote, in the Catholic Record, of London, Ontario, that the "True Witness is as uncompromisingly Irish as it is genuinely Catholic." The words cheered and encouraged us. We mean to do our duty. At any rate, the words faithfully tell what Montreal Irishmen are, and have always been.

Let us, then, continue in the sure path of true nationalism; but let us be full-hearted Catholics, in the bargain, ever faithful to the Church, ever obedient to our Archbishop, ever true and loyal to our priests. We should be the best Irish Catholics in the world. There is nothing in the way to hinder us from deserving the name. Loyalty, then, to Motherland, with unswerving devotion to Holy Mother, unflinching submission to those in authority placed over us!

The Seine Speaks.

There is an old saying: Every man has two countries, his own and France. People instinctively take an interest in the country the Most Blessed Virgin has signally favored. But the Government of France to-day is made up of the worst men to be found north of the Bad Place. Combes, Briand, Viviani, Clemenceau and the rest of the rats have cast defiance in the face of Heaven. Is the Seine trouble a warning? Perhaps it is only the foreboding of a series. France has scandalized the world, and a nation, as a nation, must be punished in this world. And yet we trust and pray God will spare the French people, in view of France's martyrs and missionaries,

in view of her exalted priesthood, her nuns and her brothers.

The following poem—"The Seine Speaks"—appeared in the Boston Transcript, over the pen of G. Hembert Westley. We commend it to our readers:

Ye thought ye had thrall'd me and chained me,
 And had set the path I should go—
 Ye forgot my power but I waited my hour
 And now at last ye know.
 I have glanced by your palace windows,
 I have sped by your halls and homes,
 By your courts and quays and your galleries,
 And your stately spires and domes.
 I have looked on your toil and your sinning,
 I have heard your prayer and your jest,
 And many a soul that was sick with dole
 I have borne away on my breast.
 I have sought with my changing waters
 To lave you and make you clean,
 But ye gave no thought to the things that ye ought
 And now at last ye have seen.

I have called down the aid of heaven,
 The storm to my voice has come;
 I have shown my might and now in affright
 Helpless ye stand and dumb.
 For I and my mighty brothers,
 Though docile, ye cannot bar;
 And our task is set, that ye may not forget
 The puny things that ye are.

The Priests' of Penal Days.

'Twas in Ireland, hallowed Ireland,
 In the sorer days of woe,
 When the altars of our Ireland
 Were o'erturned by greedy foe.
 That brave sons were born to mother,
 Rich but with the wealth of grace,
 Wealth that's richer than all other:
 With it nothing's bought that's base.
 Called those sons were by their Maker
 For the priest of God's career,
 To be sharer and partaker
 In Christ's blessed mission here;
 Grey-haired youth should surely be
 Men to godly deeds addicted—
 Priests by Heaven's blest decree.

From their studies, God-directed,
 And in towns of gallant France,
 Sprang the outcome all expected,
 Should their calling's cause advance;
 Pupilled by the world's best teachers
 'E'en by Jesuits renowned,
 Were their necessary features
 Virtue solid, science sound.

Went they back to Erin cherished,
 Back to Erin's suffering shore,
 'E'en if by the foe-hand perished
 Men that 'd done their work before.
 Priests of God they'd been appointed,
 Heroes ready for the fray,
 'Gainst their class foul swords were pointed;
 Still their God they would obey!

'Mong their people did they labor,
 Sharing dauntless brethren's toil,
 Ministering to their grief-struck neighbor—
 Satan's planning thus to foil;
 In the sanctified recesses
 Of our country's native hills,
 Preached they Him who truly blesses
 Him who bore all mankind's ills.

Strong with strength of sainted martyr,
 Braved they tyrants' fire and spear
 With a faith that knows no barter
 For the passing goods of fear.
 For the altar quiet yet holy,
 Oft 'neath roof of frowning rock,
 Offered they, for sinners lowly,
 Christ, the Shepherd of the flock.

For 'twas treason then in Ireland
 Catholic worship God to pray;
 Treason for the priests of Ireland
 To enjoy the light of day!
 Hunted down as felons dreaded;
 Marked their head for traitor's fee;
 Even tortured, burnt, beheaded—
 'Twas the land from priests to free!

Priestly heroes ne'er can falter;
 Ne'er can share a coward's shame;
 But their love for God and altar,
 'E'en on scaffolds can proclaim!
 Such the heroes, such forever,
 True to God unto the last,
 And in torture true as ever,
 Like the martyrs of the past!

Oft by sin-stained spies detected,
 While they helped the dying poor,
 (For such hell-bred preachers hovered
 Round each wood and fen and moor)
 Seized with savage greed and fury,
 Hanged and drawn and quartered,
 Too;
 Without cause or judge or jury,
 Just as cannibals would do!

Past their labors, past their crosses;
 Past the foeman's bloody glee;
 What seemed then their earthly losses
 Was their lasting gain to be!
 Vain the tortures; vain the scaffold;
 Vain the spears, the blood-stained swords;
 With the strength the foe they baffled
 Which the help of God affords!

In the golden courts of Heaven,
 In the City of the Blest,
 Taste they joy that knows no leaven.

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PROUD'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, FALCONE, OUGHTRED, PHELAN, WILLIAMS & BOVIEY Its Attorneys. Montreal, 22d February, 1910.

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The PEDLAR People

Theirs, in God, a well-earned rest! Hallowed e'er will be their story. Ever blest their martyr-name; Endless, yea, their stole-clad glory. In God's Temple Halls of Fame True-born men of Ireland's nation, 'E'er their deeds and death recall, In all hours of dread temptation, Well to guide you "lest ye fall" Keep that faith, the faith of heroes: For it priests and laymen died; It has vanquished countless heroes; All their taunts and threats defied. (Rev.) R. H. FITZ-HENRY. St. Patrick's Day, 1910.

A story told last week at the Irish Fellowship Club in Chicago, helps, in a humorous way, to fasten our recollection of a catechism teaching: "Father Healy, of Little Bray, and a Protestant minister, Dr. Peacock, both started for the same train. Father Healy took the lead and Dr. Peacock told him to walk slow as there was lots of time. He showed his watch to satisfy Father Healy. But the watch was slow, and when they reached the depot after arguing along the way on justification by faith alone the train was gone. "I am sorry," said Dr. Peacock. "I had great faith in my watch. It was given me by my parishioners." Father Healy replied, "Faith without good works is not sufficient."

Luther made "justification by faith alone" one of the main doctrines of his revolt. The topic was debated for many days in the Council of Trent, and the present teaching of the Church was there definitely stated. Faith is necessary for salvation, but faith alone is not sufficient; faith must be perfected by charity—good works.—Catholic Universe.

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In next week's issue will be published full reports of St. Patrick's Day sermons.