

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

Men and women everywhere are learning that the surest way to get health and keep it is by right living, right thinking and right acting—by the simple observance of certain laws governing health, and not by swallowing drugs, nor following some "fad" in food or mode of dress.

The simplest food, properly prepared and cooked, is best. As to the kind best conducive to health, that depends on the individual—his temperament, constitution and occupation. As a rule, what one likes best, if partaken of moderately, is most likely to agree with him. But one's occupation must be taken into consideration. Food that can be safely eaten by the man who works outdoors at manual labor would hardly be the proper thing for the indoor brain worker.

THE MOTHER AND HER GIRLS.

"Do not be unduly disturbed, dear mother, at the dawning of a day almost sure to come in your experience with your girls," advises Mrs. Sangster in Woman's Home Companion for April. "If they have strong characters, if they are able to stand on their own feet, they will reach a station where the train they take may lead them away from you. Girls have said to me, with a shade of sadness, that they regretted that they must sometimes make decisions of which their mothers did not approve. One of the temptations to which we fallible mothers are liable is that of ignoring the obvious fact that grown-up daughters or daughters nearly grown are not babies any longer and are not to be compelled to yield their individuality to ours. There are crises in young lives, and the only thing for a mother to do, having given such counsel as she thinks best, is to leave her daughters entirely free to work out their own problems. Enormous trouble and overwhelming disaster may follow interference in the management of other people's lives, and although daughters are part of your own existence, yet you cannot treat them as if you were an autocrat. Give your daughters room for individual expansion and liberty of choice."

WASHINGTON ON "POPE DAY."

When the soldiers of Gen. Washington's army near Boston in 1775 prepared to celebrate "Pope Day," November 5, to commemorate the alleged Gumpworder Plot, the General issued this order, dated that day: "As the commander-in-chief has been apprised of a design formed for the observance of that ridiculous and childish custom of burning in effigy the Pope, he cannot help expressing his surprise that there should be officers and soldiers in his army so void of common sense as not to see the impropriety of such a step. At such a juncture and in such circumstances to be insulting to their religion is so monstrous as not to be suffered or excused; indeed, instead of offering the most remote insult, it is our duty to address public thanks to these, our brethren, as to them we are indebted for every late happy success over the common enemy in Canada."

MODEL WIVES.

In a wedding sermon entitled "The Rib Restored," preached in St. Dennis Back Church, Fenchurch St., London, in 1655, by Richard Meggott, afterward dean of Salisbury, the preacher thus defined a good wife: "A help she must be in her family, being not only a wife, but a housewife—not a field wife, like Dinah, nor a street wife, like Thamar, or a window wife, like Jezebel, but a housewife."

LUBY'S PARISIAN HAIR RENOVATOR. To prevent the too early appearance of gray hairs LUBY'S PARISIAN HAIR RENOVATOR needs only be applied to the hairdressings when its valuable properties will be appreciated. It imparts a most beautiful gloss and color to the hair, and keeps the head cool and free from dandruff. For sale by all chemists. 50 CENTS A BOTTLE.

And another preacher about the same date, the Rev. Simeon Singleton, said that a wife should be at once like and unlike three things. "First, she should be like a snail, always keep within her house; but she should not be like a snail, carry all she has upon her back. Secondly she should not be like a snail, carry when she is spoken to; but she should not be like an echo, always to have the last word. Thirdly, she should be like the town clock, always keep time regularly; but she should not be like the town clock, to speak so loud that all the town may hear her."

ONE HUNDRED CLOTHES-PRESSES FOR ONE WOMAN.

One clear, crisp autumn day I was sent in the capacity of a reporter to interview Mrs. Clarence H. Mackay at her magnificent country home, near Roslyn, Long Island. As I followed my guide through Mrs. Mackay's suite to the morning-room, in which she does much of her literary work and plans her campaigns in the interest of education, we walked the length of a broad corridor—about sixty feet, I should imagine—walled with tapestry and inset with great mirrors. When the interview was concluded, and I again walked through the corridor, the mirrors had opened on springs, to disclose clothes-press after clothes-press fitted with padded hangers and with myriad drawers for blouses, wraps, hats, lingerie, etc. Evidently the maids had taken advantage of the fine day to air furs and other heavy raiment in which moths might take lodgment.

One hundred and twenty feet of deep clothes-presses filled with exquisite raiment, and for one woman! Think of what that represented in expenditures, dear little homemaker, who must keep two small closets filled for yourself and daughter on a household and dress allowance of twenty-five a week! Yet Mrs. Mackay is not a notoriously extravagant dresser, but ranks among the women who are perfectly groomed and gowned in admirable taste. No matter where you see Mrs. Mackay, on the streets or at the opera, the woman outshines her clothes.—Anna Steele Richardson, in Woman's Home Companion for March.

THE SERIOUS MINDED WOMAN.

"There is nothing that woman cannot do—but the work must be planned with a thoroughness that precludes failure, and done with a modesty which is the inherent charm of the superior sex," writes Herbert D. Ward in Woman's Home Companion for April. "As I said, every community has its own problem. Most of these originate outside of the home. Pure water, pure food, pure air; clean streets, sanitary schools and tenements; district nursing; the education of the ignorant in the care of babies; the question of paupers; the public baths and travelling libraries; the treatment of our women prisoners in prison and after; the lodging-house problem—these are only a few of the civic puzzles crying for trained women to solve."

"A woman does probably her greatest share of her duty as a citizen when she makes a home a safe and happy harbor of refuge from a stormy world, when she brings up her children into noble manhood and womanhood, and when she does not destroy her husband and family by bad cooking and bad temper; but the same woman crowns her career as a citizen when she interests herself in and becomes a vital part of some problem of government. A woman successful in home life is desperately needed in civic life."

TIMELY HINTS.

Should the hair get matted during illness, dampening it with alcohol will loosen the snaris. Paraffin oil will prevent leather from cracking, make the shoes wear longer, and polish easier. Chamomile skin slightly dampened with cold water makes the most satisfactory duster to use on furniture.

"One day a woman visited me in my office, and I realized at once that she had something on her mind that was troubling her," he said. "I told her to act on her thoughts and all would be well. The next day she returned and said she had a grudge against the woman who lived next door to her, and after leaving me she had called on the woman and

PASTOR AND PEOPLE PRAISE PSYCHINE (PRONOUNCED SI-KEEN)

A Marvellous and Triumphant Record of Victory Over Disease.

No medicine has ever effected as large a number of wonderful and almost marvellous cures as Psychine. It has had one continuous record of victories over diseases of the throat, chest, lungs and stomach. Where doctors have pronounced cases incurable from consumption and other wasting diseases Psychine steps in and rescues countless people even in the very verge of the grave. Coughs, Colds, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Chills, Night Sweats, La Grippe, Pneumonia, and other like troubles, all of which are forerunners of Consumption, yield quickly to the curative power of Psychine.

Mrs. Campbell, one of the many cured, makes the following statement: "I cannot refrain from telling all who suffer of my remarkable recovery with Psychine. In April, 1902, I caught a heavy cold which settled on my lungs and gradually led to consumption. I could not sleep, was subject to night sweats, my lungs were so diseased, my doctor considered me incurable. Rev. Mr. Mahady, First Baptist Church, recommended Dr. Bloom's Psychine to me, when I was lying in bed. After using Psychine a short time I ate and slept well, the night sweats and cough ceased. Months ago I stopped taking Psychine, as I was perfectly restored to health and today I never feel better in my life. Psychine has been a god-send to me. Mrs. ANDREW CAMPBELL, Cottonwood, N.W.T.

PSYCHINE never disappoints. PSYCHINE has no substitute. There is no other medicine "Just as good."

At all dealers, 50c, and \$1.00 per bottle. If not written to DR. T. A. BLOOM, Limited, 179 King St. W., TORONTO

Dr. Rood's Kidney Pills are a sure and permanent cure for Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Pain in the Back and all forms of Kidney Trouble. 25c per box, at all dealers.

Burning zinc filings once a month in the furnace will remove the accumulation of soot in pipes and chimneys.

The ribs from a discarded umbrella make better supports for plants than ordinary sticks and are not so conspicuous.

It is said stains can be removed from black cloth by rubbing with a freshly cut raw potato, wiping with a clean cloth.

Common alum melted in an iron spoon is said to be a strong cement for joining glass, china or metal. It is well recommended for fastening door knobs in place.

Rub the shoe laces of children's shoes with beeswax, and they will not come untied easily. A bit of wax applied to the end when the metal tip is lost will facilitate the lacing.

At a dimer party the little son of the host and hostess was allowed to come down to dessert. Having had what his mother considered a sufficiency of fruit, he was told he must not have any more, when, to the surprise of every one of the guests, he exclaimed: "If you don't give me some more, I'll tell!"

A fresh supply was at once given him, and as soon as it was finished he repeated his threat. Whereupon he was suddenly and swiftly removed from the room, but he had just time to convulse the company by exclaiming: "My new trousers are made out of ma's old bedroom curtains."

MELINDA WENT. One of the old Governors of the Carolinas was a man who had lived a farmer's life most of the time until he was elected, and his wife, having never seen a steamboat or a railroad and having no wish to test either one, refused to accompany her husband to the capital.

When the Governor reached his destination he found that almost all the other officials were accompanied by their wives, and he sent in an imperative message to his brother to "fetch Melinda along."

The brother telegraphed: "She's afraid even to look at the engine."

The Governor read the message and pondered over it for a few moments. At the end of that time he sent off the following command: "Bill, you blindfold Melinda and back her on to the train."

RELIEVING HER MIND. One of the exponents of the "New Thought" movement told the following story himself at a convention of the disciples of the new cult in Chicago:

"One day a woman visited me in my office, and I realized at once that she had something on her mind that was troubling her," he said. "I told her to act on her thoughts and all would be well. The next day she returned and said she had a grudge against the woman who lived next door to her, and after leaving me she had called on the woman and

pulled out most of her hair. She said she felt much better at that moment than she had felt for weeks, and thanked me for advising her. That was a case where our highest principles had been violated."

The merits of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup as a sure remedy for coughs and colds are attested by scores who know its power in giving almost instant relief when the throat is sore with coughing and the whole pulmonary region disordered in consequence. A bottle of this world-famed Syrup will save doctor's bills, and a great deal of suffering. Price 25 cents, at all dealers.

Standing Honors: There may be more than one just cause for pride in the soul of the small boy at the close of his first day at school.

"How did you get on with spelling?" Bob's mother asked him. "You look so pleased, I'm sure you did well."

"No'm, I couldn't spell much of anything," admitted Bob. "And I couldn't remember the 'rhythmic' very well, nor the 'jogger'y'."

The mother face wore a look of disappointment, but Bob had reserved the choice morsel which was sure to raise a sensible parent to heights of appreciative joy.

"But that's no matter, mother," he said, bestowing a bear's hug upon her; "the boys all like me, and I've got the biggest feet in the class!"

At a certain political meeting the speaker made a jest, and finding that his audience had missed the point of it, said, playfully: "I had hoped, gentlemen, that you would laugh at that." A plaintive voice came through the silence: "I laughed, mister." Then everybody did.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP

Stops the irritating cough, loosens the phlegm, soothes the inflamed tissues of the lungs and bronchial tubes, and produces a quick and permanent cure in all cases of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Hoarseness, Sore Throat and the first stages of Consumption.

Mrs. Norma Swanton, Carjill, Ont., writes: "I take great pleasure in recommending Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I had a very bad cold, could not sleep at night for the coughing and had pains in my chest and lungs. I only used half a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and was perfectly well again."

Price 25 cents a bottle.

PRODIGAL UP TO DATE. A well-known contractor of a town not far from Boston has a son, still under twenty, who has been running away from the home ever since he attained his twelfth year, says the Boston Herald.

The father has many times been called upon to fetch the young lad back from remote points, and none of the hard luck propositions the boy has faced has taught him a permanent lesson, probably for the reason that he has always found it too easy a matter to get home by simply telegraphing his father for the price of a ticket.

He went away again two months ago, and his father didn't hear from him until recently, when the contractor got a despatch dated Hastings, Neb. The message ran: "Am on the hog. Wire me \$70 for a ticket home. 'JOE.'"

The despatch father went to the telegraph office, got a blank, and wrote this concise reply: "Eat the hog."

"They all want St. George's Baking Powder."

"I never in my life saw an article make friends like St. George's."

"It seems as if every order I get calls for this Baking Powder."

"And no wonder!"

St. George's Baking Powder

is made of Cream of Tartar that is 99.90% pure—it keeps its full strength till the can is empty. It never disappoints and always makes the baking light and white.

Look at the result—everyone delighted, and ordering this genuine Cream of Tartar Baking Powder again and again.

May we mail you a copy of our new Cook Book? All the newest recipes of famous chefs—with practical suggestions, weight measurements, etc. Best FREE, if you write to THE NATIONAL BAKING POWDER CO., 270 CANADA, Montreal, Quebec.

THE POET'S CORNER

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

(Written in 1862 at Savannah, Ga. Miss Laocote was a teacher at Baltimore in 1886. Was she a Catholic?)

Into a ward of whitewashed walls, Where the dead and dying lay, Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls, Somebody's darling was borne one day—

Somebody's darling, so young and brave, Wearing yet on his pale, sweet face, Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,

The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold, Kissing the snow of that fair young young brow:

Pale are the lips of delicate mold— Somebody's darling is dying now. Back from his beautiful, blue-veined brow, Brush all the wandering waves of gold,

Cross his hands on his bosom now, Somebody's darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once for somebody's sake, Murmur a prayer soft and low; One bright curl from its fair mates take, They were somebody's pride, you know:

Somebody's hand has rested there— Was it a mother's, soft and white? And have the lips of a sister fair Been baptized in those waves of light?

God knows best—he was somebody's love; Somebody's heart enshrined him there; Somebody waited his arms above Night and morn on the wings of prayer.

Somebody wept when he marched away, Looking so handsome, brave and grand; Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay, Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's waiting and watching for him— Yearning to hold him again to the heart; And there he lies with his blue eyes dim, And the smiling, childlike lips apart.

Tenderly bury the fair young dead, Pausing to drop on his grave a tear; Carve on the wooden slab at his head— "Somebody's darling slumbers here."

—Marie R. Daocote.

THE QUEST OF KING ALI.

There came a priest into the court one day, And, standing by the throne with unbent knee, He cried, "Great Allah bade me come and say, "O King, thy brother hath sore need of thee."

"Our brother?" quoth the monarch, wondering, "Know we are Ali, last of all our race."

"Thy brother hath sore need of thee, O King,"

The priest replied, and vanished from the place

At night the great town slept beside the sea, But on his pallet restless tossed the King.

And heard, "Thy brother hath sore need of thee," Through all the palace chambers echoing;

Then, when gray morning thro' the window crept, Forced by the summons pleading at his door, All went forth, while all his securities slept, And took a way no King had gone before.

He went through fetid lanes and alleys dim, He saw in prison foul the young child lie, He heard by stake and cross the martyr's hymn, He saw in lazar-hut the friendless die.

In vain they called him to his crown and throne, He laughed that such poor playthings yet should be, And answered all, "I find, at last, my own,

I know the brother that hath need of me."

If tomb King Ali had, it is unknown, His palace columns razed by Time's rude hands, For ages lost his sceptre, and his throne, His ashes mingled with the desert's sands.

Yet down the chill wind of the Past is blown Like breath of roses o'er a wintry sea, These words of love, "I find, at last, my own,

I know my brother that hath need of me."

THE HARP.

Softly the wind in the ruin is moaning, Crumbling the walls and deserted the place; Yonder the trees in the graveyard are groaning, Telling the sorrows of one noble race.

In through the open the moonlight is stealing, Flooding with brightness the old banquet hall, While from the shadows each object revealing, Peacefully lingers the moonbeams that fall.

Hark! Through the stillness a soft wail is breaking, Telling the sorrow that loneliness brings, 'Tis the lone harp from slumber awaking, Kissed by the breezes that stir its last strings.

There in the moonlight in sadness reclining, Lies the old harp of a minstrel long dead; There through its few strings the night wind is whining, Trying to waken the soul that has fled.

Harp of my country, though sadness hangs o'er thee, Still in thy bosom sweet memories dwell;

Thoughts of the freedom that died long before thee, Sweeter 'by far than thy poor heart can tell.

Here in this ruin thy soul-soothing numbers Often rehearsed the trend of thy song, Kissed by the hand of a bard that now slumbers, Stirring a nation to suffer no wrong.

Sleeping the nation, thy loved notes have cherished, Sleeping the minstrel, who gave thee thy breath; All by the hand of the tyrant have perished, All save thy sad notes have tasted of death.

Couldst thou recall from the graveyard those faces, Hearts of a people so noble and true; Then would sweet Erin with all noble races Live in that freedom its ancestors knew.

—Rev. William Luby.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I thought I would write other letter. Yesterday went to Somerville to see ter's baby baptized, and thirty-nine grandchildren grandma and grandpa. We birthday I had a week's and so I don't have an Ed. cation. A Sunday-school died her Saturday. She first teacher. I had her from class to the sixth or seventh and she was teaching a of me before she died. Next class in Sunday School funeral was to-day, and it twenty-three hacks at it. I will close now, so good Your loving nephew, Hudson, Mass., March 25

Dear Aunt Becky:

I saw my letter in the paper or three weeks ago, and I would write again. The nearly all gone around here is beginning to look like well, spring is welcome after the long cold winter. Next Sunday is Easter, and be beautiful to be in church since the first of March. I'm going to school real well, but times the roads are very very winter in the country, but all right now except being I saw two letters in the week, and I hope all the come make up when the fine weather comes and send in lots of make everything bright. Your loving niece, MARY VINE, March 26th.

THE NEVER FAILING MEDICINE

lowey's Corn Cure, removed of corns, warts, etc., even difficult to remove cannot this wonderful remedy.

DOCTOR MOTHER.

A little wound, a little ache A little blistered thumb to With touch of love and mal These things require a motha Ah, sweet the progress of That science brings unto But when our little ones re The mother is the very best Of doctors into service prest Sunshine and air and moth Of helping little lads get w And helping little lassies, to Here are three remedies the So much more, often than t Skilled hands that tried so save, For Dr. Mother, don't you k Gives something more that g gives so Much of herself; gives, oh, Of love's sweet alchemy of Upon a little wardrobe bed A little curl encircled head, A little slender hand and p A little lonesome, homesick Loved nursing, best of skill; But, oh, behold the wonder When Dr. Mother, bearing s From where the wilding ro Leans down, with hunger's and kiss— There is no medicine like th In little child heart's hour o Pain, ache, or life wound'd t thro

The Dr. Mother knows so The weaving of love's wond Just what the little heart Just how to cool the fever Just how much tenderness cheer Will calm the little doubt a How much of tenderness wi Alone she knows such arts —Baltimore Sun.

MILBURN HEART AND NERVE PILLS

FOR WEAK PEOPLE

Are a True Heart T

Heart Food and Blood Enricher. T up and receive all th: work out an vigor to the entire system. Nervousness, Disappasment, Nervousness, Brain Pain, Lack of Vigor, Loss of Sleep, Loss of Memory, Headache, etc., can all be cured by

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills

Price 50c a box or 2 for \$1.00. All can T. MILBURN CO., LIMITED, TORONTO.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I thought I would write you another letter. Yesterday my aunt went to Somerville to see her sister's baby baptized, and that makes thirty-nine grandchildren for my grandma and grandpa. Washington's birthday I had a week's vacation, and so I don't have an Easter vacation. A Sunday-school teacher died here Saturday. She was my first teacher. I had her from the first class to the sixth or seventh class, and she was teaching a class ahead of me before she died. I am in the sixth class in Sunday School. Her funeral was to-day, and there were twenty-three hacks at it. I think I will close now, so good by from your loving nephew,

C. S. Hudson, Mass., March 25.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I saw my letter in the paper two or three weeks ago, and I thought I would write again. The snow is all gone around here, and it is beginning to look like spring. Well, spring is welcome this year, after the long cold winter we had. Next Sunday is Easter, and it will be beautiful to be in church. I have been going to school regular since the first of March. I like going to school real well, but sometimes the roads are very bad in the winter in the country, but they are all right now except being muddy. I saw two letters in the paper last week, and I hope all the cousins will make up when the fine weather commences and send flocks of letters to make everything bright.

Your loving niece, MARY A. C. Vine, March 26th.

The never failing medicine, Holway's Corn Cure, removed all kinds of corns, warts, etc., even the most difficult to remove cannot withstand this wonderful remedy.

DOCTOR MOTHER.

A little wound, a little ache, A little blistered thumb to take With touch of love and make it well These things require a mother's spell. Ah, sweet the progress of the skill That science brings unto the ill! Vast range of methods new and fine, But when our little ones repine, The mother is the very best Of doctors into service pressed! Sunshine and air and mother's smile Of helping little lads get well, And helping little lasses, too— Here are three remedies that do So much more, often than the grave, Billed hands that tried so hard to save, For Dr. Mother, don't you know, Gives something more than skill— Gives so Much of herself; gives, oh, so much Of love's sweet alchemy of touch. Upon a little wardrobe bed A little curl encircled head, A little slender hand and pale, A little lonesome, homesick wail, Loved nursing, best of skill and care; But, oh, behold the wonder there, When Dr. Mother, bearing sun From where the wilding roses run, Leans down, with hungering love and kiss— There is no medicine like this! In little child heart's hour of woe Pain, ache, or life wound's throb and throes, The Dr. Mother knows so well The weaving of love's wonder spell— Just what the little heart requires, Just how to cool the fever fires; Just how much tenderness and cheer Will calm the little doubt and fear. How much of tenderness will ease— Alone she knows such arts as these! —Baltimore Sun.

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS FOR WEAK PEOPLE. Are a True Heart Tonic. Nerve Food and Blood Enricher. They build up and renew all the worn-out and wasted tissues of the body, and restore perfect health and vigor to the entire system. Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Heart Pain, Headache, Brain Fog, Lack of Vitality, After Effects of La Grippe, Anemia, Weak and Flabby Spine, Loss of Energy, Palpitation of the Heart, etc., can all be cured by using Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. Price 50c a box or \$1.00 a dozen. All dealers or The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Our Boys and Girls BY AUNT BECKY

The Secret of the Silver Lake

By Henry Frith, Author of "Under Bayard's Banner," "For King and Queen," etc.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

He attempted to get up; but Stephen pushed him backwards and ran away in the darkness, whistling to Ernest, who quickly hid himself. The bushranger soon recovered himself, however, and staggered to his feet. Then he tried to rouse his companion, and became terribly angry when he found that his pistol and the guns had been taken away. He kicked his associate until he woke, and then the other man was in a fearful rage. He said terrible things and rushed up the bank, searching for the boys. But they had hidden themselves in a tree, which they quickly climbed in the dark, and the bushrangers could not see them. The guns had been left in the fern, but the lads knew the men would not find them very easily. The bushrangers looked about, and at length began to quarrel. After a while they drew their knives and fought. The boys could not help seeing something of the struggle, and stabbed each other. They then clasped each other, and went tumbling round and round, trying to throw each other down, and panting like wild beasts. At last one man caught his foot in a root-hole, and fell with a fearful thud on the ground, his adversary on top of him. There they lay, and did not move.

Stephen and Ernest looked surprised and replied— "We did escape, and went southward, as you told us; and—but how is Amy?" "And you have been walking round and round this bush! Why, you are not five miles from the encampment—just an hour's quiet walking; you have been nearly 24 hours wandering about! I found your trail, and crossed it many a time. It is very fortunate for you that I saw the gleam of the fire and heard the pistol shot. Now tell me your adventures," said the Scout. The boys told him, and he was very angry. "I wonder you are not dead," he remarked. "Missy is quite well, and is properly treated in the camp. As for this ruffian, we will deal with him and his companions as soon as possible." "You'd better let me alone," growled the bushranger. "If not, you'll be sorry." "Why should we be sorry?" asked the Scout; "you ought to be shot. No one knows that better than yourself!" "Perhaps I ought, but many other people deserve it more. We can't all be respectable, Mister Jacob Bond; you were not always an honest man but you served the British well, and you have your pardon in your pocket." "There's truth in what you say," replied the Scout, "but I've changed my life; you have not. Own up now tell the truth, and perhaps we won't hurt you this time. Who is with you?" "Dennis Mahon," replied Murty (Murtagh) Farrell. "A nice pair of you! Where are you bound for now?" "For Saddleback—the new settlement." "Saddleback! why, that is Uncle Maunton's place," cried Stephen. "We want to find it too." "What for?" cried the captive un- easily. "Because our uncle has settled there, and—" "Never you mind, Murty—you will stay here—yes, you will. Mind what you are about; you will stay here. You take this revolver, young fellow," continued Scout to Stephen. "I am going to leave him here for a day or two while we find your uncle's station, and return for Miss Amy." "You're not going to leave me to starve?" cried the man. "No, you won't starve in a couple of days; but I'll bale you up here to this young kauri sapling," replied the Scout, as he bound the robber to the tree. "You'll be safe here." "There," he said, when he had finished, "let us go and see after his friend. He may be injured." They found the other man lying by the fire, still insensible. The Scout turned him over; he was lifeless, apparently. "Poor fellow!" cried the boys. "Is he really dead, Scout?" They had forgotten hunger and thirst in their excitement, but this painful sight shocked them, and cooled their ardor. "I am almost afraid he is," was the reply. "I'm sorry; but he was a bad man. We can't help him now. Let us go on as fast as we can, and bring assistance. He must be buried and the other man arrested." "We cannot go any further to-night," said Stephen. "I can hardly drag myself along as it is; and Ernest is quite exhausted. Look!" The Scout turned. Ernest was lying extended by the creek. He had had a long draught of water, and was nearly asleep. "Then we must camp here," replied the Scout. "We will make a fire and eat something. I have provisions. It's very dark, isn't it?" Stephen felt much better when he had had a drink of water, and some meat, which the friendly Scout produced from his wallet. "Now," said Stephen to his friend, "tell me how you became a Maori?" "I am not a Maori altogether. My father was a sailor, who left his ship and settled here in the bush many years ago. He was a man of some education, but preferred a life in the forest to seafaring. He joined a Maori tribe, married a Maori wife

a good old mother she is; you've seen her. I was born in the tribe, and have great influence amongst them. There are few of them so wild as that small tribe you saw. They will soon become civilized, as so many other tribes are; and some day you will see Maoris wearing tall hats, and Maori girls in high-heeled boots, in the cities."

"But why don't you live in the city?" inquired Stephen. "I couldn't. I love the bush. I am not always with the tribe. I come and go as I like. Sometimes I work as a gum-digger."

"What's a gum-digger?" asked Stephen. "Why, a man who digs gum, of course—digs it up out of the ground, or finds it in the trees. You didn't know that we dug up gum, I suppose?"

"No, indeed I did not," replied the lad. "How does it get underground?" "You see that big tree," said the Scout, as he pointed to a fine specimen about 130 feet high, with a smooth stem on which no branches grew for a long distance. It was about fifty feet round, and has a bushy top.

"Yes, I see it," replied Stephen. "It reminds me of the toy trees children play with, only a thousand times bigger." "Well, that's a kauri-tree—a pine-tree—and splendid timber. When one of them falls and dies, as thousands have fallen since creation, it rots away and disappears; but the gum it contains lies underneath the soil. So we diggers go and find it; we probe for it in the most likely places, and sell it up in Auckland."

"But how can you tell which way the tree fell down?" asked Stephen. "By the hillock of earth which the roots have torn up. We have a spear, and turn up the soil. Sometimes we make money; sometimes we have not enough to pay 'tucker.'" "Who is 'tucker'?" asked Stephen yawning, for he was tired.

The Scout laughed. "Tucker is nobody; it is the term for food," he said. "Now you have had talk enough. Go to sleep. I'll watch." Stephen did not want to be told twice. He was terribly sleepy and tired; indeed, nothing but the invigorating air had sustained him so long after the excitement had died out. He lay down near Ernest, and soon fell asleep. The Scout waited until the lad was sound, and then went to look after the 'lifeless' bushranger, but he found that he had quietly made off! The Scout smiled to himself and took the other man a pan of water; he left him tied up to the tree—"stuck up" as he called it—to repent of his ill deeds. He did not intend to injure him, however.

When the boys again opened their eyes they found the Scout cooking something on the fire, which he had re-lighted. The food smelt, very nice, and it proved to be a wild rabbit. Stephen and Ernest got up quickly and had a plunge into the stream, after which they declared themselves quite ready for their breakfast.

"We have a good way to go," said Scout; "so eat a good meal. We shall find plenty of water on the track, so don't be alarmed. Are you ready to start? Here are your conjuring boxes."

The lads declared they were quite prepared. "Well, then, we will carry away these rifles and hide the knives. Murty is quite well, but rather stiff, I dare say." "Won't you let him go?" asked Ernest. "He may die!" "Not he!" replied Scout. "Besides it will do him good to be tied up for a while. He has often tied up other people, and left them to starve unless they were rescued. We will have him put in prison presently, when he gets loose."

So they went on through the beautiful forest, "the silent bush," as it has been called, winding around the trunks of mighty trees, on which climbing plants had thickly twined, while ferns, shoulder high in places, orchids, mosses, creepers and many other beautiful products of the climate were to be seen, with here and there decaying trees as evidences of death amid so much life and beauty. "Are there no serpents here?" asked Ernest.

"No," replied Scout. "There are no snakes in New Zealand. There are wild dogs and pigs. Perhaps we shall come across a boar." "We saw a very queer animal the other night," said Stephen. "It was wide-chested, but stood sloping like a tiny giraffe, and had tusks." "Oh, it's a wild pig," replied Scout. "You see them near the coast sometimes; they eat poisoned plants like the karaka, and this affects them, shrivelling up their backs." "I am glad we saw him in time," said Stephen. All this while the travellers were making their way along the path in

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CORRESPONDENCE and items of local Catholic interest solicited.



THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1907.

PURIFYING THE STAGE.

Every right-minded person in the city, and country, for that matter, owes a debt of gratitude to His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi for his firm and decisive action in calling to time and squelching those who would debase the public mind with immoral stage productions.

Can anything more than this be required by our non-Catholic friends to show, the great power for good of the Catholic Church?

The Theatre des Nouveautes is not the only play house in Montreal, by any manner of means, that is prone to the presentation of vile plays, and if the managers of these places are wise they will be warned by the Nouveautes incident.

The time has come when these panders to the lowest passions in human nature have reached the end of their rope.

There is no doubt His Grace would prefer to leave these distasteful duties to the law, but failing there, the strong arm of the Catholic Church intervenes for the benefit of mankind, and the guilty ones are quickly on their knees begging for mercy.

His Grace assures them: "Seeing that you now recognize your error and as you have given your solemn assurance of good faith in the future, I consent to cancel the interdiction on the condition that future bills of presentation be submitted to a committee of censors."

WHAT IS IRISH MANUFACTURE?

In years past many an Irishman, with no expert knowledge and no guide but love of country and a desire to help his own, has bought Irish matches—made in Liverpool, Irish crochet—of French origin; Carriacross lace—from Switzerland; Donegal tweed—of Yorkshire manufacture; Irish linen—made in Germany, and has never known that he was not benefitting his own industries. Many a helping hand was given to an artful rival posing as a struggling friend. In the battle of the world's commerce Ireland has had no standard and no rallying cry. Foes masqueraded as friends, and those who wished most to help her have helped her rivals unconsciously. Many discovering these frauds gave up trying to encourage Irish industries, disappointed and disheartened by the impossibility of distinguishing the true from the false. What was wanted was some device by which they could know when they were on safe ground, when the manufacture was genuinely Irish.

On December 8, 1906, the formal certificate of the registration of the brief trade-mark was issued. Twelve months previously, on Nov. 21st, 1905, the Cork Industrial Conference had taken the initial steps to secure that registration.

In this connection Mr. Seumas MacManis' remarks while in the city this week are pertinent. Asked as to the interest the Irish people generally were taking in the ap-

proaching Dublin Exhibition, he said:

"Mighty little interest is being taken, and I don't blame them. It is spoken of as a national exhibition, but it is nothing of the kind. It has no distinctive Irish character of any kind, and is just such an international and conventional affair as hundreds of others. For this reason the people of Ireland are taking little or no interest in it. They feel that far from encouraging Irish manufactures as it should have done, it is doing nothing more than advertising the wares of other countries."

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

The attitude of the Lords does not seem to have changed since the days of the "Great Liberator."

As far back as 1839, Daniel O'Connell put in a speech in the House of Commons the case of Ireland against the House of Lords with terseness and force: "Though a majority," he said, "in this House may be disposed to do us something like justice, all efforts will be frustrated by the other House of the Legislature."

Here are a few records of the House of Lords in their dealings with Ireland: In 1825 a Catholic emancipation bill passed through the House of Commons, was refused a second reading in the House of Lords by a majority of 48. In 1880 the compensation for disturbance bill, whose rejection, in the words of Gladstone, brought Ireland to the verge of civil war, and was the direct cause of the Land League agitation, was rejected in the House of Lords by 282 votes against 51; and the Home Rule bill was rejected by 419 votes against 41. T. W. Russell, M.P., so far back as 1885, gave the following appreciation of the House of Lords with respect to Ireland, which was cited with approval by Michael Davitt in his maiden speech in the House of Commons in 1893:

"It is quite impossible for any man out of a lunatic asylum to defend the House of Lords. But it is there, and it has been there a long time, and I know that the English people are dreadfully conservative. In Ireland we would make quick work of it."

A VISIT TO THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

Bishop Pascal, O.M.I., writes, in Catholic Missions, an interesting account of an expedition which the Canadian Government sent out in August of last year to offer a treaty to the Indians of Green Lake, Lac Poule d'Eau, Lac Camot, Ile la Crose, Rivière aux Anglais, Rivière du Bouff and Grand Portage. The Bishop accompanied the expedition, and describes thus the mission of St. John the Baptist:

"As we are about to enter the village the roar of canon announces our coming; flags and banners float on the air, and the bells ring out a merry peal. The Missionary Fathers, their helpers, the Sisters, the children, and the Indians are on shore, ready to receive with all possible reverence the blessing of the first Pastor of the diocese. They rejoice to see once more him whom they name 'Great Chief of Prayer.' They wish to kiss his pastoral ring; here no discordant note is heard, all the Indians are Catholics; neither pagan nor Protestant words are mentioned. Joy beams on every countenance.

"After the Fathers we greet the good Sisters of Saint Joseph, these dear exiles who have come from Lyons, and from the heart of France, to devote themselves in a strange country to the education of the poor children of the woods. Nothing more admirable could be found than the self-sacrifice and devotedness of these holy women, who spend themselves so generously for the salvation of souls, for the conversion of the Indians, and for the honor of their congregation."

FILIPINO STUDENTS IN AMERICAN SEMINARIES.

The Apostolic Delegate to the Philippines, says Catholic Missions, has appointed Father Zaro, O.M.I., to obtain from the American Bishops free scholarships in their seminaries

for a certain number of Filipino students. Father Zaro's mission has been most successful, and already more than forty scholarships have been secured in twelve American seminaries.

"This is gratifying news, and will help to solve the problem of giving the Philippines a native clergy."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Press cablegrams from Rome say the Holy Father has decided to hold a consistory April 15 and create six Cardinals, namely, Mgr. Cavalari, the Patriarch of Venice; Mgr. Rinaldini, the Papal Nuncio at Madrid; Mgr. Lorenzelli, the ex-Papal Nuncio at Paris; Mgr. Luaidi, Archbishop of Palermo; Mgr. Mercier, Archbishop of Malines, and Mgr. Maffi, Archbishop of Pisa. The last named will be transferred to Rome as a Cardinal of the Curia.

The Holy Father has stated to the friends of America that they must be patient, but that they will be given a Cardinal in due time.

These two rules should be ever uppermost in your mind: Be not solicitous about your own daily duties,—be not solicitous about the judgment that awaits the actions of your neighbor. Perform well the action of your daily lives; do them for God, and the doing of them will make you saints. To your neighbor be a neighbor in the widest sense of Christian charity, but never seek to be his judge. These two principles give you a summary of the duties of the Christian life. You can make of these two wings that will carry you to heaven.

The Catholic paper is an insurance policy in the faith of every member of the household. A Jesuit father calls it "the catechism of the nineteenth century," and Leo XIII. has said it is a "perpetual mission in every parish." From another writer: "The Catholic paper is the priest's assistant." Bishop von Ketteler intimates that if St. Paul should come to life, he would publish a Catholic journal as a means of doing "the most good."

The twin brother of the saloonist, and the sharer in his nefarious calling, is the race track rogue. He, too, is blind and foolish enough to believe that the people of the country can be brought to countenance a continuance of his high-hand robbery. Between the thief who steals the young man's money at the betting stand, and the wretch who debauches him with liquor, we infinitely prefer the former.

These are trying times for the confessors of the Christian Science faith. Dowie is dead, and Mrs. Eddy is an imbecile. The courts of Illinois settled the pretensions of the Second Elijah; the courts of Massachusetts will decide the fate of the author and founder of Christian Science.

Economy and Race Suicide.

The apologist of small families—the latest is a woman writing for the North American Review—pleads that the increased cost of living and higher educational requirements have made it too expensive for most parents to have large families. If this were the real reason for small families, we would expect to find the size of the family in direct proportion to the amount of income; but the opposite is true, the wealthy, as a rule, having far smaller families than the poor. Ability to live within one's income and to support a family depends upon the standard of living, not upon the amount of income. As to educating the children, those who show aptitude for studies beyond the rudimentary can and usually will find a way to gain an education; and it is those who work for it that make the best use of the education they have earned. To plead the cost of educating a family as a reason for not having one is hypocrisy. Elementary education costs the parents little; while the more money the boy in college gets from his father the less he learns.—The New World.

A Progressive Concern.

A Quarter Century's Steady Progress Marked by an Important Milestone.

Among the evidences of advancement that have recently taken place in the business world has been the reorganization and extension of the well known proprietary medicine business of Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited, of Toronto.

Its progress has been so rapid during the past few years that it had outgrown its capital, consequently the Company has taken out a new charter, with extended powers and enlarged capital. On the Board of Directors and among the Shareholders of the Company are some of Toronto's most prominent and enterprising citizens.

The Company has built up for itself an enviable reputation throughout the Dominion for integrity of business methods and excellence of products. That great and popular tonic and famous curative remedy, Psychine, has stood the test of more than a quarter of a century's public use and criticism, and is today unquestionably the most effective, most successful, and most largely used of all remedies for the prevention and the cure of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Catarrh, La Grippe, Pneumonia, Stomach troubles, and all incipient cases of Tuberculosis or Consumption. It has completely proven Dr. Slocum's theory that while the safest and best consumption cure is by preventing and curing the troubles that lead to it, yet consumption in its early stages can be cured by proper treatment and the use of Psychine. Thousands of letters on file in the offices of the company prove this. These letters are always open to the inspection of all interested.

Among the other popular and very valuable preparations put up by Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited, are Slocum's celebrated Coltsfoot Expectorant, Oxomulsion, Dr. Root's Kidney Pills, and Oxojell. These, together with a number of other remedies which they manufacture, make the largest and best line of proprietary medicines in Canada.

Their manufacturing plant is most modern and complete. One of its features is an automatic bottling machine that will fill 6000 bottles of Psychine per day. They have also the finest electric emulsifying plant on the continent, capable of turning out one gross per hour of Cod Liver Oil Emulsion. This is a powerful machine for separating and reducing the globules of the oil into the most minute particles so that it can be readily assimilated by the most delicate stomach.

The enterprise of the Company is shown in the fact that they are systematically distributing free samples of their remedies in many large centres, between fifty and one hundred thousand bottles being distributed in Toronto alone.

The Company has authorized us to say that any persons sending their name and address, with this article clipped from this paper, mentioning the name of this paper, and the nature of their trouble, will receive by return mail a large sample bottle of Psychine absolutely free of charge. This is an excellent opportunity to test a valuable medicine, and we would advise those of our readers who are suffering from throat, lung or stomach troubles to avail themselves of this offer. The Company's address is: Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited, 179 King street West, Toronto.

Coal Logic.

Among the most prosperous citizens of a certain Virginia town are two brothers, well along in years, who are engaged in the retail coal business.

A noted evangelist visited the town, and his fervid style of exhortation resulted in the conversion of many sinners, among whom was the elder member of the firm mentioned.

For weeks after his conversion the brother who had lately "got religion" endeavored to persuade the other to join the church, but whenever the subject was broached the younger man waived consideration thereof, absolutely declining to discuss the matter. One day, however, when the elder brother was making another effort to convince the erring one of his mistake, he asked: "Why can't you, Richard, join the church as I did?"

"It's all right for you to be a member of the church," replied Richard, "but if I join, who's going to weigh the coal?"

St. Ann's Has New Organ.

A fine new organ was installed at St. Ann's Tuesday evening.

Mr. J. A. O'Shea, of Boston, who is connected with the New England Conservatory of Music, presided at the instrument. The congregation was admitted by ticket, and were treated to a fine programme, consisting of works of Bach, Mendelssohn, Wagner, Rossini and Handel. The new organ is one of the largest in Montreal.

The first part of the service consisted of blessing the organ which was done by Bishop Archambault. This part of the ceremony was brief and then followed the first half of the musical programme. The opening number, one of the best from a musical standpoint, was the Fantasia and Fugue in G, of Bach. It was finely rendered. After playing an offertory of his own composition, Mr. O'Shea played a theme by Thiele, which was notable for its pedalling effects. A sweet melody was beautifully brought out in Mendelssohn's "Flower of the Gesanges." The choir was then heard in a setting of Sanctus and Benedictus, by Fauconier-Gounod.

This was the first opportunity the congregation had of judging the harmony of music and voices. Everything was in keeping and by this time it was all too evident that the musical service was one of the best heard in a church in this city for a long while. The fine tones of the organ that seemed to have unknown resources of expression, so to speak, harmonized perfectly with the splendid setting of the Sanctus and Benedictus, which fairly flooded the sacred edifice with devotional music.

Rev. Gerald McShane then pronounced a short allocution on the fostering care of the Catholic Church as exercised on the fine arts through many centuries. Wherever the visitor went he found paintings, statues, and organs, and other insignia of art in Catholic lands. Father McShane spoke of the power of the organ to raise in the human heart the feelings of respect, of awe, and of many other emotions, that made it the instrument proper to the church and not to the concert hall. Father McShane concluded by congratulating St. Ann's parish on possessing the latest production of the skill of Messrs. Casavant, of St. Hyacinthe.

The first number of the second part of the programme was a medley of Irish airs. "Bye, Bye, Buckle," "The simple but touching music, now lively, now gay, and then something that makes the heart ponder, lost nothing in the hands of Mr. O'Shea, who was equal to interpreting the Irish bards as he was in playing Wagner's triumphant march in Tannhauser.

Rev. Father Rioux, rector of St. Ann's, was congratulated after the service by many parishioners on the success of the inauguration.

A Spring Danger.

Many People Weaken Their System by Dosing with Purgative Medicines.

A spring medicine is a necessity. Nature demands it as an aid to enriching the blood and carrying off the impurities that have accumulated during the indoor life of the winter months. Thousands of people recognizing the necessity for a spring medicine, dose themselves with harsh gripping purgatives. This is a mistake. Ask any doctor and he will tell you that the use of purgative medicines weaken the system and cannot possibly cure disease. In the spring the system needs building up—purgatives weaken. The blood should be made rich, red and pure—purgatives cannot do this. What is needed is a tonic, and the best tonic medical science has yet devised is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every dose of this medicine actually makes new blood, strengthens every organ and every part of the body. That is why these Pills banish pimples and unsightly skin eruptions. That is why they cure headaches, backaches, rheumatism, neuralgia and a host of other troubles that come from poor watery blood. That is why the men and women who use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills eat well and sleep well and feel active and strong. Miss Mabel Synott, Lisle, Ont., says: "I was pale and weak and suffered greatly from headaches, and I found nothing to help me until I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These have completely restored my

The Catholic Student's Manual.

Great care has been devoted to the preparation of this manual. It will be found admirably suited to the wants of Catholic Young Men, for whom it is specially intended. The chief aim of the compiler has been to provide authorized devotions; clear, concise and accurate instructions on the doctrine and practices of our Holy Religion. Competent judges declare that in all these respects, this Manual is unequalled. It contains over 700 pages and forms a volume of very convenient size. Price 75c. Postage, 5c. extra.

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health and I bless the day I began taking them." But be sure you get the genuine Pills with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around each box—all other so-called pink pills are fraudulent imitations. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Japanese Catholics.

Will Soon Have a University at Tokio.

Father Ferrand, one of our missionaries who recently paid a visit to America, gave some interesting details of the movement that is destined to bring about the conversion of the people of Japan. He it was that laid the foundation of the Goshakuya work among the students, and which has had remarkable success. Writing in the American Ecclesiastical Review he gave his views of the situation in plain, straightforward language. Tokio, the capital of Japan since 1868, contains within its walls more than 50,000 drawn from all over the provinces of the Empire. These young men are destined to play an important part in the molding of popular thought and action. What Japan is to-day in her student body that will she be with some slight modifications for generations to come. Christianize them and the whole country will follow their example.

Among these there are not more than 300 young men either Catholic or attending the Catholic conference of the Catholic missions. There are therefore 49,700 who will grow up in error, without suspecting that we represent the truth and the Son of God made man for the salvation of the world. It is evident, therefore, that if we are to convert not merely a few individuals and families, but the nation as a whole; if we want to take a leading part in the great movement of idea and progress of civilization, it is necessary to attract to us the youth of the rationalistic schools, to instruct them in the doctrines of the Church, and make them apostles and propagators of the Faith.

The Holy See, weighing the importance of this movement, has instructed the Fathers of the Society of Jesus to establish a Catholic university in Tokio, where the students may learn the position of the Church and go from its halls into the world to spread abroad a knowledge of the truth. Wear Trade Mark D. Suggs guaranteed 50c.

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His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi

Archbishop Bruchesi last caused a pastoral letter to be issued in several of the churches, the faithful to attend the des Nouveautes in the future. His Grace's condemnation for the second time is believed at the above theatre is the text of the pasteur.

"Many times we have so solemn warning against theatres. During the last theatres have been multiplied in Montreal. We have not been of warning and advice to the managers. Often we sought Catholic newspapers to advertise plays that were admittedly improper or funny. We are only full of the most imperious obligation—call to guard the virtue of the people under our care. About a year ago, on the occasion of a memorable event, we saw issue a letter, which concluded the following:

"As everybody knows, in this city a certain theatre, some of the most obscene productions have been offered and dramas of the most depraved nature are frequently played without complaint against these theatres have been addressed from various sources. Reminders of this theatre remain the criminal code of Canada condemns such theatricals. Their duty to maintain the civil authorities are to urge obligation to watch them. We are taking the liberty of them of this. For our part in accordance with our episcopal authority, we are warning to these directors who continue in the path have entered, we shall have against them through moral order, that may improve more efficient than the laws of the state. We shall not hesitate to duty and we will then know who are willing to be sons of the Church and to scorn its commandments at all. Let us hope that we have to perform this painful duty. My dear brethren, which we were then attending the Theatre des Nouveautes compelled to perform the which we spoke, be it ever so young people, fight scandal out the salvation of souls.

"But a short time ago and reprimanded by us which was certainly bad, the production of the theatre himself and after having pleaded and offered their excuses, they ed their word of honor that the immoral dramas would be broken.

"They assured us of their Catholic sentiments, and they would deem themselves of condemnation and of the day their promise would be broken.

"Now let us see what is during the week when our hands in holy rapture, the pointed and advertised every play, which is nothing but a play of low sensuality and logic of suicide. As a French observed, instead of bringing the cowardice of this retrogression, the author instead hold it up as a symbol of the face of death. Instead of working against this crime, of an austere life, he has opposed to it nothing

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His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi Condemns French Theatre.

Archbishop Bruchesi last Sunday caused a pastoral letter to be read in several of the churches, forbidding the faithful to attend the Theatre des Nouveautés in the future. The play "La Rafale" is the object of His Grace's condemnation, which for the second time is being produced at the above theatre. Following is the text of the pastoral letter:

"Many times we have sounded a solemn warning against dangerous theatres. During the last few years theatres have been multiplying in Montreal. We have not been sparing of warning and advice to the owners and managers. Often we have besought Catholic newspapermen not to advertise plays that were admittedly improper or immoral. In doing this we are only fulfilling one of the most imperative obligations of our calling—to guard the faith and virtue of the people under our charge. About a year ago, on the occasion of a memorable event, we saw fit to issue a letter, which concluded with the following:

"As everybody knows, there exists in this city a certain theatre, where some of the most obscene representations have been offered and where dramas of the most depraved taste are frequently played without scruple. Complaints against these representations have been addressed to us from various sources. Let the managers of this theatre remember that the criminal code of Canada severely condemns such theatricals. It being their duty to maintain good order, the civil authorities are under the grave obligation to watch and act; we are taking the liberty to remind them of this. For our part, acting in accordance with our right and episcopal authority, we to-day give warning to these directors that if they continue in the path where they have entered, we shall have recourse against them through measures of a moral order, that may perhaps prove more efficient than the sanction of the laws of the state.

"We shall not hesitate before our duty and we will then know those who are willing to be submissive sons of the Church and those who scorn its commandments and morality. Let us hope that we will not have to perform this painful duty."

"My dear brethren, the theatre which we were then aiming at was the Theatre des Nouveautés. We are compelled to perform the duty of which we spoke, be it ever so painful. We must above all protect the young people, fight scandal and work out the salvation of souls!

"But a short time ago, warned and reprimanded by us when he had placed before the public a play which was certainly bad, the proprietor of the theatre himself and one of his principle colleagues came to see us, and after having pleaded good faith and offered their excuses, they pledged their word of honor that no more immoral dramas would be played. They assured us of their faith and Catholic sentiments, adding that they would deem themselves worthy of condemnation and of censure, on the day their promise would be broken.

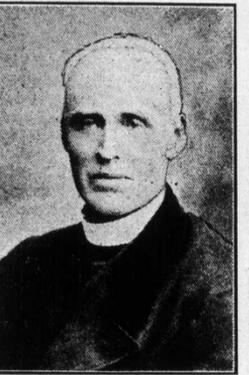
"Now let us see what took place. During the week when our soul expands in holy rapture, they have posted and advertised everywhere a play, which is nothing but a display of low sensuality and the apology of suicide. As a French critic observed: instead of bringing out the cowardice of this retreat before the troubles and the responsibilities of existence, the author intends to hold it up as a symbol of courage in the face of death. Instead of invoking against this crime, the duties of an austere life, he has deliberately opposed to it nothing but the

Newtownbarray in Mourning.

Death of Very Rev Dean Busher, P. P., V. G.

On Wednesday morning, March 6th, one of the oldest priests in the diocese of Ferns passed to his eternal reward in the person of the Very Rev. Dean Busher, P.P., V.G., Newtownbarray. The news of his death was not altogether unexpected. For the past few years, as was well known throughout the diocese, the venerable Dean was in failing health. Some few weeks ago he met with a sad accident which no doubt hastened the end. He was coming downstairs, and missing his footing on one step, he fell and rolled on to the end. The severe shock was too great for a man of his advanced age, as he was 80 years. He was conveyed to his bed, and Dr. Lawlor was in attendance on him daily since the accident. But though everything that medical skill could suggest was done for him, the feeble frame never recovered from the shock, and he breathed his last at five o'clock on Wednesday morning. In his demise Newtownbarray loses a great and venerable figure, and who at all times had the interests of the town at heart.

The deceased was born on St. James's Day, the 25th July, 1825, at Mount Pill, Kilmore, coming of a highly-respected Catholic family. At an early age, evincing a desire for a holy life, his pious parents in every



THE LATE VERY REV. DEAN BUSHER, P.P., V.G.

way encouraged him in his desire. He entered St. Peter's College, and went thence to Maynooth, where he was ordained priest in 1852 by the late Rev. Dr. Keating. His first parish was Ferns, where he only remained for six months, being then transferred to Clongeen, where he also only remained a short time. On Canon Doyle being appointed to Ramsgrange, Father Busher was transferred to New Ross. Here three most useful years of his life were spent from 1853 to 1856. Those were exciting times in politics, coming immediately after Sir Gavan Duffy's election, and were filled with fierce contentions. Father Busher, then in the prime of life, plunged into the vortex of politics and fought the people's cause with an ardour and vigor that could not be excelled. In the three years of his missionary career in New Ross he won the warm affection and esteem of the people, and many were the regrets at his departure from amongst them. For Wexford, which took place in 1856. From 1856 to 1870 Dean Busher labored in Wexford, and there the news of his death will be learned with much regret by those old enough to remember his labors of long ago. As far back as 1870 he was appointed to the pastoral charge of Newtownbarray. In 1889 he was made Vicar Foraine, and was created Very Rev. Dean Murphy, P.P., Taghmon. To give any details of the work done by Dean Busher in Newtownbarray would be like writing the town's history for the past thirty years. One of his first tasks in the town was to devote himself to providing the parish with proper schools. When he first took over pastoral charge of Newtownbarray the boy's and girl's schools were in the one building. This he changed by having a boy's school built. He had a school built at Marshalls-town and also teacher's residence. He also had "busk" schools at Castle-dockrill and Kilmyshat. But a special care of the late Dean's was the Convent of the Faithful Companions of Jesus in Newtownbarray. The Convent and all connected with it were as dear to the Dean as the apple of his eye. He watched over its work with the fondest paternal care. Never did he grudge an hour, a day, or a pound if he could only see his way to

improve this brilliant seat of learning. And the result of his twenty years' attention and patronage amply justified all his labors and care. The Convent is second to none in provincial Ireland to-day. The good Sisters miss Dean Busher more than anyone. He was always their guide and friend. His devotedness and zeal for the interests of the Convent and welfare of the pupils could not be done justice to. Long years after the pupils have left the Convent have they written to Dean Busher for guidance and advice, and these letters were not alone confined to Ireland, but came from different countries, such as France, Germany and America. And those letters, pledges of the writers' faith in his wisdom, kindly solicitude and paternal care, were always welcomed, highly prized and on all occasions promptly replied to. A strict disciplinarian, the late Dean never shirked any duty. No matter whether well or ill, when duty called he obeyed without question. It was that devotion to duty that brought upon him an attack of smallpox and fever in New Ross while attending to patients. And while in Wexford he was stricken with cholera, which he took from one to whose spiritual aid he was attending. No soldier in the battle ran greater risk than he did in duty's cause. In 1895 the late Dean Busher celebrated his silver jubilee as pastor of Newtownbarray. At that time the people showed the high esteem and devotion they entertained for him from the different confraternities. Dean Busher did not take a prominent part in politics, but was nevertheless a generous supporter of the National movement. He greatly helped in the organization of the county on the Financial Relations Question, and made a very stirring speech in connection with it in Newtownbarray in '98. In that speech he showed up the great injustice that Ireland suffered at the hands of England, and conclusively proved that it was the action of the predominant partner that left Ireland as she was to-day, with a dwindling population.

The visitor to Newtownbarray on Wednesday or Thursday would easily discern the air of settled gloom that pervaded the place. All business houses were closely shuttered and on every side evidence was forthcoming of the sincere grief of the inhabitants at the departure from amongst them of one who was always looked up to for advice and consolation. Testimony was not wanting of the many kindly qualities that the late Dean possessed. His foresight was greatly admired, and the absence of any sectarian strife in the town was solely attributable to his fine spirit of toleration, kindly Irish and Christian. In the troublesome times of '81 and '82 he took the reins in hand and prevented the heartrending scenes that were witnessed in other parts of Ireland when Irishmen were at each other's throats. Newtownbarray will certainly miss its pastor, remembrance of whom will not easily fade from the minds of those whose spiritual welfare he attended to for so long a period.

On Thursday evening the remains were conveyed from the Parochial House to the chapel, the pupils of the Convent and National Schools walking in Processional order, with the members of the different confraternities in the town also taking part. The remains were placed at the foot of the front altar, and all during the evening there was a constant stream of people to the sacred edifice to offer up prayers for the salvation of one who to them was always their best friend. The interment took place in the chapel after Office and High Mass.

A CENTENARIAN GONE.
Margaret McDonnell, aged one hundred and one years, died here at the residence of her cousin, Patrick O'Brien, on Saturday, March 30th. The deceased lady was born in Cork County, Ireland, 1806, and came to this country in 1847. The last sixty years she spent with her relatives here. She was above all things remarkable for her piety and charity. May her soul rest in peace.
EOGAN.
Corkery, April 1st, 1907.

On Easter Monday night, the young men composing St. Gabriel's Juvenile T. A. & B. Society gave a most enjoyable entertainment in Sarsfield school hall. The programme was of a very select nature, and was certainly carried out in a manner calculated to reflect credit upon all parties concerned. It consisted of two distinct parts, viz., a concert properly so called, and a dramatic representation entitled "Justice in the Woods," in which mention is due to Messrs. O'Flaherty, Collins, Finerty, D. Foster, E. Foster, Walsh, Kelly, Colford, W. Polan, M. Flood and J. Polan. On the whole the evening was all that could be reasonably looked for, and we heartily congratulate its promoters on the success of their noble efforts.

At a largely attended meeting of the Celtic Lacrosse Club, the following officers were elected:
President—Mr. J. Turner.
Secretary—Mr. J. Brennan.
Captain—Mr. L. Brennan.
Trainer—Mr. C. Foley.

It was decided to form an Independent Juvenile Lacrosse League. All clubs wishing to form part of said league are requested to write the secretary, 1649 St. Hubert street, or telephone J. McMorrow, East 4876. The following clubs are preferred: St. Ann's, St. Gabriels, Verduns, St. Patrick's Cadets, Alerts.

Rather Tough on the "Priests."
In a sermon on the "New Orthodoxy" delivered at St. George's Episcopal Church, Rochester, Rev. U. C. Richmond remarked: "The influence of certain English and Canadian priests (Episcopal) in our American pulpits is contaminating our patriotism and our progressive American spirit. Our pulpits should ring out real, true patriotic sentiment for what is democratic and broadly humanitarian. I am sick of these weak, sentimental clergymen, who are so afraid of heresy, but who don't do much except visit the women in their congregation, and take

long naps in their studio when they ought to be working. We are in danger of becoming a church with 'elites' for our leaders in many communities."

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

Struggling Infant Mission

IN THE DIOCESE OF NORTHAMPTON, FAKENHAM, NORFOLK ENGLAND.

Where is Mass said and benediction given at present? IN A GARRET, the use of which I get for a rent of ONE SHILLING per week.

Average weekly Collection...3s 6d.
No endowment whatever, except HOPE. Not a great kind of endowment, you will say, good reader. Ah, well! Who knows? Great things have, as a rule, very small beginnings. There was the stable of Bethlehem, and God's hand is not shortened, I HAVE hopes. I have GREAT hopes that this latest Mission, opened by the Bishop of Northampton, will, in due course, become a great mission.

Best outside help is, evidently, necessary. Will it be forthcoming? I have noticed how willingly the CLIENTS of ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA readily come to the assistance of poor, struggling Priests. May I not hope that they will, too, cast a sympathetic and pitying eye upon me in my struggle to establish an outpost of the Catholic Faith in this—so far as the Catholic Faith is concerned—barren region? May I not hope, good reader, that you, in your zeal for the progress of that Faith, will extend a helping hand to me? I cry to you with all earnestness to come to my assistance. You may not be able to do much; but you CAN DO LITTLE. Do that little which is your power, for God's sake, and with the other "littles" that are done I shall be able to establish this new Mission firmly. DON'T TURN A DEAF EAR TO MY URGENT APPEAL.

ARTHUR,
Bishop of Northampton.

Address—Father H. W. Gray, Hampton Road, 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.

This new Mission will be dedicated to St. Anthony of Padua.

SOCIETY NEWS.

ST. GABRIEL JUVENILE T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

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TORONTO.
Winnipeg, Ottawa, Montreal, St. John, Halifax.

Synopsis of Canadian North-West HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situate.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:

- (1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.
 - (2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.
 - (3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon said land.
- Six months' notice in writing should be given the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.
- W. W. CORY,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.
N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

Pilgrimage to Rome.

If any of our readers or their families are contemplating a trip to Europe this coming summer, why not encourage and patronize the one connected by McGRANE'S CATHOLIC TOURS, 187 Broadway, New York City.

You would be sure of an Audience with our Holy Father, see Europe in a substantial manner, be in good company, and save money as against traveling independently.

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Dyspepsia or Weak Digestion
DRINK
St. Leon Mineral Water
after each meal.
For Constipation
take it before breakfast



Drink, weary Pilgrim, drink, I say.
St. Leon drives all ills away.
St. Leon Water Co.
21 Craig St. East, Montreal

long naps in their studio when they ought to be working. We are in danger of becoming a church with 'elites' for our leaders in many communities."

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D. Suspenders

The Irish in America.

A Distinguished List.

It is said that two-thirds of the entire Irish race are in the United States, says the Buffalo Evening Times, and that there are more Irish in Boston than in any other city in the world. South Carolina has the largest Irish population of any State in the Union. Nearly half of the continental troops under Washington were of Irish descent, and many of the most valiant officers of the Revolution wore small green flags on their coats to mark their double allegiance.

The connection of the Irish with America goes back to the earliest history of the country. First there is the legendary visit of St. Brendan, devout missionary and daring navigator, whose supposed visit to our shores antedated the landing of Columbus by a thousand years. There were Irish pilgrims on the Mayflower, and 500 or 600 members of this race came over in the stormy times of Cromwell. As early as 1716, 500 Irish families went to South Carolina. There were Irish Quakers in the settlement of William Penn, and before the Revolution nearly half of the members of the Pennsylvania Legislature were Irish.

Nine of the signers of the Declaration of Independence were either Irish or of Irish descent. John Barry was given the first captaincy of the American navy, and the naval honors he won for the Emerald Isle were continued by Stephen Decatur of direct Irish extraction. "Mad Anthony" Wayne was Irish to his finger-tips, and was belligerently proud of it. Capt. Daniel Patrick, the noted Indian fighter of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, was born in Ireland. This undaunted people were the first to make their way across the Alleghenies, under the leadership of their countrymen, Daniel Boone and David Crockett. Gen. Sam Houston never failed to remark of his Irish blood, of which he was aggressively proud. Both Miles Standish and John Alder were Irish.

The popular conception that there are more Irishmen in politics than anywhere else, is not far from the truth. There is an old saying that they have ruled every other country in the world but their own. Seven of the 25 American Presidents have been of Irish descent, and two Presidential candidates, James G. Blaine and Horace Greeley, were of that blood. John C. Calhoun, the master statesman and orator, was the son of Patrick Calhoun, born in Donegal County, Ireland. The first Mayor of New York after the Revolution was Joseph Duane, the son of a County Galway Irishman. Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Vermont were once governed by three brothers named Sullivan. One of the most picturesque figures in the whole history of American politics was Gen. James Shields, hero of the Mexican and Civil Wars, Governor of Oregon, Chief Justice of Illinois, and the only man who ever served three terms in the United States Senate, each time from a different State. He was first sent from Illinois, then from Minnesota, and finally from Missouri.

The power of the Irish in New York politics is proverbial. The first grand sachem of Tammany was William Mooney, also the first to sign its constitution. "Honest John" Kelly and Charles O'Connor were both leaders of Tammany who fought against the Tweed ring. Richard Croker, and his lieutenant and his lieutenant and successor, Charles F. Murphy, are both Irish. We also have many Irish reformers, such as Patrick Moran, District Attorney of Boston, Mayor Dunne of Chicago and Mayor Fagan of Jersey City. Patrick J. Boyle, has served eleven terms as Mayor of Newport, R.I.

Among the Irish in high political places in all parts of the Union might be named Tom Taggart of Indiana, Senator Patterson of Colorado, Senator Carter of Montana, Representative Bourke Cockran of New York, Representative Burke of South Dakota, Bernard S. Rodney, delegate from Mexico, and Justice Edward D. White and Justice Joseph McKenna of the United States Supreme Court. Edward A. Moely, Secretary of the Interstate Commerce Commission, who has labored for years to get the railroads to adopt protective appliances for the personal safety of their employes, is always jokingly insisted on his Irish blood.

The Irish have a large representation in the realm of finance. Thomas Fortune Ryan, a loyal son of Erin, is said by many to be the coming king of American finance, if indeed

that honor has not already fallen upon him through the falling health of J. Pierpont Morgan. James J. Hill is the greatest commercial pathfinder of the present century, having laid open the great Northwest with his railroads, and sent his commerce-laden ships to the ports of Japan, Russia and China. Alexander E. Orr, president of the New York Life Insurance Company, is only once removed from an Irishman born in County Cork, and John A. McCall, his predecessor, was also Irish. Daniel O'Day was one of the presiding geniuses of Standard Oil. Capt. John Flannery was president of the Southern Cotton Exchange, and Col. C. C. Sanders headed the State Banking Company of Georgia.

Capt. John J. Healy was the commercial discoverer of Alaska. When he had burrowed his way through the frozen North to the largest Alaskan settlement, he found four of the 16 men already there to be Irishmen. Thomas F. Walsh, of Washington, is president of the Irrigation Congress. George J. Whelan, with his 300 cigar stores, is the largest retail tobacco dealer in the United States. Samuel G. Bayne, has organized more national banks than any one man in America, having spread his labors over seven States. Samuel Sloane, railroad president, and Richard C. Kerens, capitalist, are fellow-countrymen from the Emerald Isle.

The four Cudahy brothers, Patrick, John, Edward and Michael, exercise a large control over the food supplies of the world, and their native cities, Milwaukee, Chicago and Omaha, owe an enormous commercial debt to their unflinching enterprise. George Russell of Nevada and Timothy Kinney of Wyoming, are cattle barons. Thomas Mellon is dean of the Pittsburgh bankers. Three Irishmen, James C. Wood, William S. O'Brien, and James G. Fair, with their leader, John W. Mackey, took from the famous Comstock lode in Nevada \$150,000,000 worth of silver, thus reversing the silver markets of the whole world. It was John W. Mackey and James Gordon Bennett who financed the scheme to connect Europe with America with an Atlantic cable.

Not many people know that in addition to establishing the Catholic Church in the original 13 colonies, both the Presbyterian and Methodist denominations in America were founded by Irishmen. Philip Embury founded the Methodist Episcopal sect, and built the John Street Church in New York, called it the "Cradle of American Methodism." Rev. Francis Makemie, an Irish immigrant, was the first regularly established Presbyterian minister in New York, and was known as "The Father of the Presbyterian Church in America." The first American Cardinal was John McClosky. Cardinal Gibbons is also Irish. Ireland has given us 24 Bishops and five Archbishops, the latter being John Ireland, John J. Keane, Patrick J. Ryan, John M. Farley and John J. Glennon.

The Irish have made a great record as inventors and builders. The Morse system of telegraphing is the product of an Irishman's brain, and so was the steamship of Robert Fulton. Alexander and William Orr, father and uncle of the president of the New York Life Insurance Company, were the first to invent machinery for printing wall paper by cylinders, and the first to make printing paper with wood fibre. William Kelly built the first two brick houses in Pittsburgh, and "Pig Iron" Kelly was the constructor of the first successful pneumatic tube of large diameter, the kind that is now used in the government postal service. John B. McDonald built the New York subway and the Baltimore belt line, and David Lynch laid the Alaskan cables.

The newspapers of the country owe an amazing debt to the Irish. The New York Sun became great and famous under the guidance of Charles A. Dana and John M. Laffan; the first daily paper in Boston, called the Polar Star and Daily Advertiser, was founded by John Daly Burke; the St. Louis Republic was founded by Robert Charles, the Chicago Tribune by Joseph Medill, and Collier's Weekly by P. F. Collier. All of these men were of the talented Gaelic race. Henry W. Grady, the former brilliant editor of the Atlanta Constitution, was also an Irishman.

As educators the Irish have furnished such men as William Rainey Harper, father of the University of Chicago; Robert Alexander, the founder of Washington and Lee University; William H. Maxwell, for

eight years the superintendent of the New York public schools; Maurice Francis Egan, professor in the Catholic University; Jeremiah Curtin, one of the greatest philologists and linguists; and Archibald DeBow Murphy, "the father of North Carolina public schools," the first native historian of the State of North Carolina, and the foremost geological worker in America.

John Mitchell, the labor leader, comes of the "fighting race," so does James Whitcomb Riley, F. Marion Crawford, and Cyrus Townsend Brady, the well-known writers. Among prominent living Irish players are Ada Rehan, John Drew, Marie Cahill, James O'Neil, Andrew Mack, and Chauncey Olcott. The present day Irish boast of Victor Herbert, the tuneful composer and brilliant leader. The Corcoran Gallery of art in Washington was founded by an Irishman. The work of no American sculptor is superior to that of Augustus St. Gaudens, and it was an Irishman, Thomas Crawford, who chiseled the Goddess of Liberty which stands on the capitol dome.

Radical Change in Nervous System Strength of Nerves and Vigor and Health of Body Fully Restored. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

The process of revitalizing a nervous system which is on the verge of collapse must of necessity be slow, but the results are certain and highly satisfactory when Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is used.

It took 24 boxes to cure Mr. Branton, but the cure is in many respects a most extraordinary one, as you will realize by the following description.

Mr. Wm. Branton, Victoria street, Stratford, Ont., writes: "Before using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food my nervous system seemed all unstrung. I could not sleep, had no appetite, hands and feet cold, my digestion was poor and I had jerking of the limbs. The first box of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food helped me, and I continued until I had taken 24 boxes. This treatment has made a radical change in my condition, building up the system and strengthening the nerves. I would strongly recommend it to all suffering from nervousness."

Paralysis in some form is the natural result of neglected diseases of the nerves; but paralysis, instead of coming on suddenly, as is generally supposed, is almost invariably preceded by months or years of warning symptoms. Sleeplessness, headache, failing memory, loss of vigor and energy, stomach troubles, weakness in the mornings, dizziness, weak heart action and despondency are some of the indications of exhausted nerves which gradually and certainly yield to the reconstructive influence of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food or if neglected lead to paralysis, locomotor ataxia or insanity.

New nerve force must be added to the body, and this can best be accomplished by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, which is sold at 50 cents a box, 6 for \$2.50, at all dealers or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto. The portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

Lay Apostolate Movement in the United States.

For many years there has been a question as to what should be done with the increasing number of Protestant ministers who become Catholics. Where those ministers are unmarried there is practically no problem. Like Cardinal Newman, Father Maturin and similar they naturally gravitate into the priesthood. But where they are married and have families there is often genuine difficulty. Trained in one direction, it is well-nigh impossible for them, late in life, to take up another profession, with any chance of success.

Out West they seem in a fair way of finding a solution. Dr. Liley, the Protestant Episcopal minister who recently entered the Catholic Church, last week lectured to non-Catholics in Cleveland, and each of his lectures crowded the hall. Bishop Horstmann, at the close of one of them, said that he went to the meeting to give expression to his approval of the great movement inaugurated, the mission of a lay apostolate, the splendid realization of his hopes of many years. No one could measure, he declared, the possibilities of this apostolate or predict what far-reaching effects this new missionary effort would have upon the future of the Church in this

country. He wished the movement Godspeed and he hoped from its auspicious beginning in St. Agnes' parish it would spread throughout his diocese and throughout the country.

Just the Thing That's Wanted.—A pill that acts upon the stomach and yet is so compounded that certain ingredients of it preserve their power to act upon the intestinal canals, so as to clear them of excreta, the retention of which cannot but be hurtful, was long looked for by the medical profession. It was found in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which are the result of much expert study, and are scientifically prepared as a laxative and an alterative in one.

NOTABLE CONVERT.

The London Tablet announces that the Rev. J. H. LeBreton Girdlestone, M.A., late vicar of St. Andrew's Worthington, England, has been received into the Catholic Church at Lourdes, by the Bishop of Tarbes. It is somewhat noteworthy at a time when so much hostility is shown towards Lourdes by free-thinkers, that it is there the Rev. Mr. Girdlestone has been received into the Church.

The Sale of Liquor.

The Third Council of Baltimore, held in 1884, declares, No. 268: "We admonish Catholics engaged in the sale of intoxicating liquors to consider seriously how many and how great are the dangers and the occasions of sin which their business though not in itself illicit, is surrounded. Let them if possible choose some more honorable way of making a living. And if they find it impossible to quit it, then let them strive with all their might to remove the occasions of sin from themselves and from others. Let them not sell drink either to minors or to those who they foresee will go to excess. Let them keep their saloons closed on the Lord's day. Let them at no time permit on their premises blasphemy, cursing or obscene language. But if through their action or with their co-operation, religion is dishonored and men are led to ruin, let them remember that there is an Avenger in heaven, who will certainly demand of them a terrible retribution."

Catholic Church Most Efficient.

Rev. Dr. Walter Laidlaw, the Protestant executive secretary of the Federation of Churches and Christian Organizations in New York City talking at the federation's annual meeting in Calvary Episcopal Church, said: "We can fairly say that the Roman Catholic Church is the most efficient in Greater New York; that the Protestant churches are twenty-five per cent. inefficient, and that the Jews conserve their faith by attending special feasts rather than by regular appearance at the synagogue." Dr. Laidlaw explained that this was not merely his opinion. He had a stereopticon full of figures to prove it, collected by federation agents in 1906. In Brooklyn, he said, it is not unusual to find forty different forms of Protestantism, represented among four hundred people in a single block, yet forty per cent. of them don't go to church at all. Everywhere in the city except Brooklyn there are relatively fewer Protestants than there were fifty years ago. "And the difficulty is not in immigration from abroad, but in emigration of Protestants from church habits." Dr. Laidlaw continued, "At bringing back the unchurched Catholics succeed far better than we do."

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Whitewashing and Tinting. Orders promptly attended to. Terms moderate.
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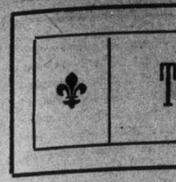
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(By Charles L. O'Donnell)
Mrs. McMullen stood before her pastor. "Sure, you are a boy yourself," she said with a challenge in her eyes. "Yes, and I'd never been man if I'd been up to that lad of yours," retorted O'Rourke. "Such a boy has been killed outright master in Killybegs."

"But isn't it always there?" urged Mrs. McMullen and give a chance and when Father Hugh away out of the window, she persuasively, "I'm more than a more chance, please, I'm determined to keep out of time, and, for that matter, at heart he's the best."

"All right," broke in priest, though it was the memory rather than the "I'll let him go on again," he thundered as Mr. with smiles and bows thanks started to go, "a boy at any more of his this church it's off the for good, and never—"

gate had already clicked McMullen, and she was care about Father O'Rourke that Michael was stated in his old post servers at St. Aidan's. "To think of it," indignantly the venerable parolighted his old brown pl rubber and asafetida new censer I bought for the sacristy smelt like a market."

After a few minutes of smoking, however, he burst into a hearty laugh. "Poor fellow," mused as the gray smudged about his white head, "I fun we thought of the method of curing the calf to Dr. Dorr at Mayo's."

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The Easter Thrifter.

(By Charles L. O'Donnell.)

Mrs. McMullen stood humbly before her pastor. "Sure, you were once a boy yourself," she pleaded, though with a challenge in her eye.

"Yes, and I'd never have been a man if I'd been up to the tricks of that lad of yours," retorted Father O'Rourke. "Such a devil would have been killed outright by the master in Killybegs."

"But isn't it always better, Father," urged Mrs. McMullen, "to let live and give a chance to reform?"

and when Father Hugh, looking far away out of the window, only grunted, she persuasively added: "One more chance, please, Father; he's determined to keep out of mischief this time, and, for that matter, sure at heart he's the best."

"All right," broke in the old priest, though it was the logic of memory rather than the mother's that brought him to this conclusion. "I'll let him go on again; but mind you," he thundered as Mrs. McMullen with smiles and bows and profuse thanks started to go, "if I find that boy at any more of his tricks around this church it's off the altar he'll go for good, and never—" but the iron gate had already clicked behind Mrs. McMullen, and she was too happy to care about Father O'Rourke's threats now that Michael was to be reinstated in his old post among the servers at St. Aidan's.

"To think of it," indignantly muttered the venerable pastor as he re-lighted his old brown pipe, "burnin' rubber and asafetida in the bran' new censer I bought for Easter; why the sacristymelt like a German meat market."

After a few minutes of meditative smoking, however, he broke out into a hearty laugh. "Poor Riley," he mused as the gray smoke drifted about his white head, "it's little but fun we thought of the night we tethered the calf to Dr. Donovan's door at Maynooth."

Mrs. McMullen was ambitious in an unworlly sense she had no daughter to "marry" successfully, no husband to goad on to high, or low, political offices—she had only one boy, Michael, and ever since he had come to her, with his angelic eyes, for all their wicked twinkle, it had been the sole wish of her life, her only desire on earth, that one day she might see him behind the chancel, nor was this ambition of hers changed nor her faith shaken when Michael's father left her eight years before. She would toil, and pinch, and scrape. God would do the rest, she was sure. No matter if Mickey was the terror of the parish, the abomination of all the mothers of "nice" boys; he was her boy, and she loved every freckle on his face, and she had much to love.

She was going home happy now, wondering how she could best impress Mickey with the uncertainty of his tenure to a place as server at St. Aidan's; for though she knew that he was all right at heart and had, as she believed, a real vocation, there was no telling what moment he would break forth into some freak of devilry that would argue the want, to some the impossibility, of any seriousness in his character.

As Mrs. McMullen approached the house she heard children screaming in the rear of the woodshed. "You won't kill us, Mickey," was the terrified cry, and a prompt "Just watch me," was the heartless answer. Quickening her steps, Mrs. McMullen got behind the house seemingly just in time to prevent what might be a terrible slaughter. Tied together to the back door-step lay little Jimmie and Kath Malone, their eyes protruding in horror, while off a few feet was the redoubtable Mickey, brandishing a hatchet and a saw as he did a war-dance, his face streaked and blotched with green and yellow paint, preparatory to executing his wrath on the children of the pale-face. As Mrs. McMullen appeared a war-whoop ended in a gasp of astonishment.

"Michael Paul McMullen—what in the name of heaven are you up to?" demanded the disheartened mother with tears of vexation in her eyes.

"Nothing, ma," confessed the perspiring, though composed, aborigine, "only showing the kids what it is not to have Christian parents what don't love you, and—" Ten minutes after the Malones children were safe on their own side of the fence, Mrs. Malone knew from lusty "velocution" in the wood-shed that one child of Christian parents was ascribing the strength of a mother's affection.

During the remainder of Lent, a

wonderful change came over Mickey whether his mother's talk had made him realize the high expectations she cherished for him, or whether the willow branch was the stronger argument, it is hard to say—perhaps both made deep impressions on him. Perhaps, too, he had been sobered by the fact that his mother had received a slight stroke of paralysis, the second one, a week after the incident related above. At any rate, his conduct at school got to be remarkably good, and he never missed a practice for the services, even Father O'Rourke began to think there might perhaps be something in him.

By Holy Saturday Mickey had got his part down fine. There was to be a solemn high Mass at St. Aidan's on Easter Sunday; true,—there would be only one priest, but the impossibility of securing the other ministers didn't bother Father O'Rourke—if he could not have a deacon and a sub-deacon, well, it spared him the agony of instructing a master of ceremonies for the occasion. It seemed, moreover, from the amount of time and attention he lavished on Mickey (with the new censor!) that he expected to fill up with the incense whatever tubercular voids there might otherwise be in the Easter ceremonies.

Mickey was now an adept in his peculiar line of service; he could swing the censor to a perilous arc without upsetting its contents; he could swing it for twenty minutes without striking the floor once. Nor was all the glory of these achievements to be given to Father Hugh's patience or Mickey's own exertion. Night after night his mother put him through his paces, made him swing a pail of water, hung from a string, till Mickey's arms ached from weariness; and now Mrs. McMullen's crowning usefulness and delight was in mending and pressing the slightly frayed cassock that Mickey was to wear and in "doing up" his surplice; for it was the historic practice at St. Aidan's for the boys who were going to serve at Easter to take home the surplices the week before and have them washed and ironed. No boy in the sanctuary, Mrs. McMullen was resolved, should look neater than Mickey.

Easter Sunday opened fresh and pure on the world like a golden-tongued lily, and Mickey thought as he stood beside the wash-basin in the morning that never before had he seen the sun dance so splendidly on the wall.

"Hurry up, now, or the eggs'll be cold," called his mother; "if you're late for that Mass this morning—" "There's two hours yet," yawned Mickey, though he moved about with an eagerness and enthusiasm his voice did not betray. His Sunday clothes had been pressed by Mrs. McMullen till they glittered like an armor, and Mickey had exhausted himself the night before putting a shine on his rather well-worn and stubby shoes.

"Mother, I'll never be Pope," he remarked, as he fastened his father's large-linked watch chain in his waist-coat and surveyed himself in the glass. "I don't think my eyes could stand the sparkle of the pictorial cross."

"Go along now, you and your hierarchal brag," called out his mother from the rattling dish pan in the pantry, "and get that part straight in your hair."

At half-past nine, after the most careful attention on the part of Mrs. McMullen and untold agony on her son's, Mickey stood forth as handsome, as perfect generally, as nature and art and his mother could make him.

"You'll do," exclaimed Mrs. McMullen at last, with a sob of happiness, and then, ruining in a moment the effect of half an hour's sedulous labor, she threw both arms around Mickey and gathered him to her heart in the true mother way.

"That's all right, ma," spoke Mickey, reassuringly, as he caught a moment's shading of doubt in his mother's eyes, "you'll see me wearing the two-story hat yet before I get the long distance call."

Mrs. McMullen smiled absently over his banter, and murmured: "Your father would be a proud man this day," and then starting Mickey off with complete instructions as to how he was to carry the carefully done-up surplice, she busied herself getting ready for Mass. In fifteen minutes she had locked the house and walked to the gate, when she stopped, put her hand to her head for a moment, and sank heavily down to the sidewalk. Mrs. Malone, who was also on her way to church, saw

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"God save us, John," she cried to her husband, "come quick, Mrs. McMullen has got her third stroke."

"Get me Father O'Rourke," moaned Mickey's mother, as she opened her eyes, "and my boy."

The sacrist at St. Aidan's was on fire with suppressed excitement, and almost bursting with coked enthusiasm. As the door leading to the sanctuary opened strains of music came in with the last two acolytes who had been lighting the candles.

"It's great," whispered the "head" acolyte; "candles by the hundreds,"—"and lilies by the ton," added his partner.

A dozen boys in stiff, rustling surplices, their faces wearing a waxy shine and crowned with hair that in most cases seemed with difficulty persuaded to lie a certain way, were moving about trying hard to look unconcerned. One alone was undisturbed; aloof, in dignity removed, as it were, wearing the thrifter's violet, his surplice snowier than all the surplices, the part still straight in his hair, stood Mickey, his face as blank as the face of the clock, the clicking censor swinging before him with pendulum-like regularity. Off to one side he stood, in office at least the envy, if not in native appearance the admiration of half the boys in the vestry.

The last bell began to ring and Father Hugh came in to vest. Within the organist was insinuating a *Vid Aquam* which Father O'Rourke caught up and practised sotto voce.

"Are they all in?" Squint-eyed Willie Blake opened the door half an inch. "Yes, Father," was his judgment after a minute.

"Line up, boys; thrifter, to the front!"

"Please, Father," Mr. Malone broke hesitatingly into the sacrist, "Mrs. McMullen is dying and wants the priest at once."

"Dying!" Father O'Rourke exclaimed.

"My mother!" gasped Mickey, turning as white as his surplice.

"The Mass will be delayed a few minutes," announced Father O'Rourke from the altar, "and in the meantime let ye say the prayers for the

dying for Mrs. McMullen."

Stopping only to take off his cope, Father O'Rourke appeared at the sacrist door where Mr. Malone had driven up a farmer's rig. Mickey stood leaning against the wall as though stunned; the priest pushed him into the carriage just as he was, ready for the procession. In a few minutes they were at the dying woman's bedside.

"Thanks be to God," sobbed Mrs. McMullen as she opened her eyes and saw that Christ and His ministers were under her roof, "it's me that isn't worthy. Michael, dear, pray for your mother. God speed ye back to my soul. Michael, come closer, a-honey; what's this, the censor, God be praised!" and her dim eyes turned from her boy to the priest and back again.

"Kneel, Michael," whispered Father O'Rourke as he presented the dying woman with the Bread of Life.

Mickey knelt, with streaming eyes, but almost automatically his arms brought the censor up as the rubrics demanded of the thrifter when he kneels at the Elevation.

The odor of fresh-budding things full of new life came through the open door and the incense rode out the window on a shaft of sunlight. A look of exquisite peace breathed over Mrs. McMullen's plain, lined face as her eyes opened for the last time and saw dimly through the incense, dimly through the film of death, her Mickey in the violet cassock and the cloudy white lace surplice, his eyes in tears more angelic than she had ever thought them before.

"You'll get the ring, ashore," she murmured dreamily and slept in peace.

There was no "solemn high" Mass at St. Aidan's that Easter, but there will be one there to-morrow, and "Mickey" will officiate, wearing the "pictorial" cross and the "two-story" hat.

short period of four days on which it is opened. Mr. Coghlin states that the objects of the exhibition are to promote the industries, arts and sciences of Ireland, by a display of the products for which the country is famous, and of the products of partially developed industries for which special facilities exist in the country, as well as to stimulate commercial development and promote industrial education by inviting all nations to exhibit their products both in the raw and finished state.

All nations are also invited to a full share in the benefits which may be derived from an exhibition of their raw and finished products, and their machinery and most recent industrial methods, in order that mutual benefit of great value may be secured and the industrial education which such enterprises are intended to promote may be fully available in the Dublin Exhibition of 1907.

The promoters of the Dublin show say: "To vast numbers of the people of Canada and other colonies, Dublin and Ireland have peculiar attractions. Many of them have left, or are descendants of those who left the old country, seeking in a new and wider field scope for the energy and ability which they were unable to exercise at home, and having obtained success in the land of their adoption desire to visit the old country. No more excellent opportunity could be found than during the exhibition period."

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The Irish International Exhibition, which opens in Dublin on May 1, and closes in October, is causing much interest in Montreal and throughout the Dominion, from the fact that Canada will be extensively represented among the exhibits, that the Dominion will have an accredited honorary representative on the spot, probably named from Montreal, and, lastly, that many people from this province and the Dominion intend visiting the great show on the banks of the Liffey.

The steamship companies, both out of the St. Lawrence and from New York, are preparing for a very extensive passenger business on account of this exhibition.

The president of the exhibition, which will be held in Herbert Park, Hall's Bridge, a site donated to a great extent by the Earl of Pembroke, is the Marquess of Ormonde, K.P., and amongst the vice-presidents figure the name of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal.

Mr. B. J. Coghlin, of this city, who is going to have an exhibit of patents, and who is taking an interest generally in the exhibition of his mother land, is quite familiar with the neighborhood, and he yesterday stated that Herbert Park is a model place for such a show, the like of which, he added, had never before been seen in Ireland. He said also that the park adjoining the grounds of the Royal Dublin Show, where the famous Irish Horse Show is annually held in the month of August. This show is visited by strangers from all parts of the United Kingdom and the Continent, and upwards of 55,000 people have passed the entrance during the

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organist and musical director at the Church of the Holy Savior and at the Basilica of the Holy Sepulchre. In 1895, he went as organist to Aracooli, in Rome. Here he was successor of Cesti in the directorship of the Conservatory of Santa Chiara, and from 1901 to 1903 professor of Composition and Instrumentation.

His own successor at present is Mascagni. In 1906 he took up his permanent residence in Munich. In 1898 he was elected an active member of the Royal Musical Academy of St. Cecilia at Rome; in 1900, he was made, as Partenio Meonio, a member of the Academy of the Accademians. In 1905, he was made an honorary member of the Accademia Platania of Palermo, with the golden medal; member of the Academy of the 24 Immortals, of Rome; and Honorary Doctor of the Theological Faculty of the Royal Bavarian University of Wuerzburg. As a native of the Tyrol, he is a member of the Tyrolean Order of Nobility, and received, in 1901, from Pope Leo XIII. the gold cross of Honor pro Ecclesia et Pontifice of the first class; in 1902, the large gold medal for Art and Science from Austria, and in 1905, he was appointed by Francis Joseph I. Knight of the Imperial Austrian Francis Joseph Order. In the same year he also received the gold medal of the Vatican Chapter. From William II., Emperor of Germany, he received as a present the large edition of Bach's works; from the Royal Court of Bavaria the scores of Wagner, etc. His chief works, aside from songs and church choruses, are his oratorios. These are:

"St. Peter," composed in 1899, to the text of Cardinal Parocchi, and dedicated to that dignity.

"St. Francis," composed in 1900 to the text of Bishop Ghizzi, and dedicated to Emperor Francis Joseph I.

"The Last Supper," composed in 1902, to the text of Bishop Ghizzi, and the work dedicated to Emperor William II. of Germany.

"The Death of Our Lord," the text written by the composer, and dedicated to the Royal University of Wuerzburg.

The above-mentioned Oratorios were published by Ricordi, of Milan. They were all performed with great success under the composer's own direction in Rome, St. Petersburg, Munich, Naples, Aquila, Geneva, Wuerzburg, Karlsruhe, Mannheim, Amberg, Rozen, Agram, Ljubach, etc.

It Will Prolong Life.—De Soto, the Spaniard, lost his life in the wilds of Florida, whither he went for the purpose of discovering the legendary "Fountain of perpetual youth," said to exist in that then unknown country. While Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil will not perpetuate youth, it will remove the bodily pains which make the young old before their time and harass the aged into untimely graves.

Teacher: Johnny, can you tell me what a hypocrite is?
Johnny: Yes, ma'am. It's a boy what comes to school with a smile on his face.

Celebrated Franciscan Composer.

Dr. P. Hartmann von An der Lan-Hochbrunn, O.F.M., the celebrated Franciscan composer, who is now in the United States, will give the first performance of one of his great works, the Oratorio "St. Peter," at Carnegie Hall, New York, on Wednesday evening, April 3rd, at 8.15 p.m.

The occasion will be one of unusual interest to lovers of sacred music, since Dr. Hartmann easily ranks among the foremost composers of the present day, and will direct the Oratorio in person.

The great Pontiff, Leo XIII., once said of Dr. Hartmann: "He is a celebrity of world-wide renown; he is the glory of our holy Church."

Dr. P. Hartmann was born in 1863 at Salurn, in the Tyrol, and studied at first singing and violin at the music school of the City Musical Society at Bozen, under the conductor Zeppeler and Prof. Anzoletti. In 1879 he entered the Franciscan Order at Salzburg and studied organ, harmony and composition under Peter Singer. Later on he perfected his musical education still further by special studies of organ playing and the technique of the orchestra under conductor Pembaur, at Innsbruck, and Prof. Homeyer, of Leipzig. While engaged as choirmaster at Linz and Reutte, he received, in 1893, a call to Jerusalem, where he acted as



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Gone to Her Reward.

Once more the sad duty of recording the visitation of the stern death angel to a happy home devolves upon us. On this occasion it is a dutiful wife and a kind and loving mother that is summoned away to the shadowy regions beyond.

of sorrowing friends were the closing scenes of the exit of this faithful servant gone to her reward. May her soul rest in peace.

Easter Sunday.

The day broke bright and clear, with just a touch of frost in the air, but withal a day perfect for pedestrians, and the streets were filled all day.

The usual services were held in all the churches, which were beautifully decorated in honor of the great feast. At St. James Cathedral, His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi celebrated the solemn High Mass with the usual attendance and ceremonial.

At Notre Dame Church, Rev. Abbe Leocq, Superior of the Sulpicians, celebrated the solemn High Mass, attended by deacon and sub-deacon. Rev. Pere Le Marchand, the Dominican preacher, who delivered the series of sermons throughout Lent, closed with a glowing recital of the glorious mystery of the Resurrection.

At St. Ann's Church, Rev. Father Rioux, rector, assisted by the Redemptorist Fathers Lemaire and Saucier, as deacon and sub-deacon. The choir rendered Gounod's "Messe Solenne," a difficult but pretty composition. The full choir, under the direction of Mr. P. J. Shea, rendered the Mass in capital style.

At St. Anthony's Church, Rev. Father J. E. Donnelly officiated, assisted by Rev. Fathers Shea and T. Heffernan. The sermon was preached by Rev. Father Heffernan. He took for his text: "You seek Jesus of Nazareth, who was crucified; He is risen; He is not here." (St. Mark xvi.)

At St. Patrick's, the Church of the Gesù, St. Mary's, St. Gabriel's, St. Joseph's, St. Louis de France, St. Agnes, St. James (St. Denis street), St. Michael's, St. Peter's, St. Henri and St. Charles the ceremonies were carried out with the usual splendor.

On Catholic Newspapers

Commenting on a late article by the editor of the Syracuse Sun on Catholic newspaper successes and failures, Charles J. Phillips has this

to say in regard to our Canadian contemporary, The Catholic Register, of Toronto:

"I have been making a brief stay in Toronto, and as usual have lost no time in looking up the local Catholic press. A few days after I arrived here I set out to visit The Catholic Register. It was with many misgivings that I found all trace of its office, where I had called a year or two ago, to have disappeared. My thought was—'Well, it has gone the road of the rest of them, it has met the usual fate of the Catholic paper.' And I prepared to drop my tear upon its grave and go my way.

I was soon treated to a pleasant surprise. A very short time afterward I discovered The Register, and far from being 'a buried thing,' it proved to be so very vigorous and prosperous that I am sure you will enjoy hearing about it. Here, without a doubt, is a successful Catholic paper!

I never saw a busier place than the office of The Register, for all its activities were encompassed about by the noise and bustle of building. The reason of my failure to find The Register at its former stand was startlingly demonstrated. For its old quarters had been outgrown, and now its own exclusive home is being built—a fine substantial three-story brick building, extending in depth from one street to another, commodious and modern, and a very valuable property. The best part of all these evidences of prosperity is that they are not of mushroom growth. The Register is an old paper, having been published as such for the past fifteen years, and with an actual history extending back nearly half a century, being a continuation of an older paper. It has passed through all the vicissitudes of the ordinary Catholic journal, but it has weathered the storms and now is on the crest of the wave. Its circulation is solid, something over eleven thousand papers being turned out weekly, and this number is being rapidly increased. Yesterday's issue, which I have before me, shows about eighteen columns of live advertising, and as the sheet is the usual newspaper size, this is significant of success. You are very likely familiar with the paper, and know how well it is made up, using an unusual quantity of original matter. It attracts to its columns the best Catholic scholars of Canada, and among the daily papers it commands a vast deal of respect. The secular press of the city has to keep its weather eye open for The Register.

For several years The Register made strides toward success under the able editorship of Mr. P. F. Cronin. Miss Margaret Lillis Hart was his associate, and she is now the editor. One might aptly call her the Katherine E. Conway of Canada. She abhors the limelight, and will say nothing whatever about herself. However, her work speaks for her, and declares her to be an unusually able and brainy woman. Miss Hart is an English lady, and a sister of Rev. Father William Hart, of the St. Paul Seminary. She is a woman not only of literary ability, but a thorough business manager as well. Through now a "confined journalist," she was formerly a teacher, and stands among the first English scholars of Ontario, being one of three leaders at the time of her matriculation.

Mr. George Plunkett Magann, one of the foremost Catholics of Toronto, and one of the wealthy capitalists of the city, is "the power behind" The Register. He is a business man of reputation, and his backing and interest in the paper coupled with the appreciative support given it by the local clergy, insures a continuance of its success. Needless to say, however, The Register had shown itself well worth Mr. Magann's interest before he took it under his wing.

The Catholic Register has, I would say, "success" written all over it. And I am assured that it is not by any means the only Catholic paper in Canada which carries the same banner. So you will not wonder that one so deeply interested as I am in Catholic journalism, should enthrone over finding such prosperity flourishing in a field that deserves the best, and should be anxious for others to know of it.

A Cure for Fever and Ague.—Farnale's Vegetable Pills are compounded for use in any climate, and they will be found to preserve their powers in any latitude. In fever and ague they act upon the secretions and neutralize the poison which has found its way into the blood. They correct the impurities which find entrance into the system through drinking water or food and used as a preventive fevers are avoided.

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CITY TICKET OFFICE: St. Lawrence Hall—141 St. James street, or Bonaventure Depot. Tel. Main 615. J. J. McCONNIFF, City Pass & Tkt. Agent. P.S.—Write for free copy, Tours to Summer Haunts, via 'Ocean Limited,' 'Train de Luxe'

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Kindling Wood, \$2.00; cut hard wood, \$2.50; cut slabs, \$2.00; hard wood blocks, \$2.50 a large load; also Scranton coal. J. Doran, 375 Craig street west. Phone Main 4263.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE PRICES

- April 3. Flour—Manitoba spring wheat patents, \$4.40 to \$4.60; strong bakers, \$4 to \$4.10; winter wheat patents, \$4 to \$4.20; and straight rollers \$3.75 to \$3.85 in wood; in bags, \$1.65 to \$1.75; extra, in bags, \$1.50 to \$1.60.
Rolled Oats—\$2.10 to \$2.15 in bags of 90 lbs.
Oats—No. 2, 43c to 43 1/2c per bushel; No. 3, 42c to 42 1/2c; No. 4, 41c to 41 1/2c.
Cornmeal—\$1.35 per bag; granulated, \$1.50.
Millfeed—Ontario bran, in bags, \$21 to \$22; shorts, in bags, \$22.50 to \$23; Manitoba bran in bags, \$21 to \$22; shorts, \$22.
Beans—Prime pea beans, in car load lots, \$1.25 to \$1.30 per bushel.
Potatoes—60c to 72 1/2c per bag of 90 lbs., in car load lots.
Peas—Boiling, in broken lots, \$1.10 to \$1.15 per bushel; in car lots, \$1.05.
Hay—No. 1, \$14 to \$14.50 per ton on track; No. 2, \$13 to \$13.50; clover, \$10.50 to \$11.50; clover, mixed, \$11 to \$12.
Provisions—Barrels, short cut mess \$22 to \$23.50; 1-2 bris. \$11.75 to \$12.50; clear fat back, \$24 to \$24.50; long cut heavy mess, \$20.50 to \$22; 1-2 bris do., \$10.75 to \$11.50; dry salt long clear bacon, 12c to 12 1/2c; barrels plate beef, \$11 to \$12.50; half bris. do. \$6.25 to \$6.75; barrels heavy mess beef, \$8.50; 1-2 barrels do., \$4.75; compound lard, 8-8-4c to 10 1/2-2c; pure lard, 11-8-4c to 12c; Kettle rendered, 18c to 18 1/2-2c; tallow, 13c to 16 1/2-2c according to size; breakfast bacon, 15c to 16c Windsor bacon, 15 1/2-2c to 16 1/2-2c; fresh killed abat-

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Good reason for you to be on the scene bright and early. Wearing any one of our hats, you will be admired for your good taste. Not one of these but comes from the Centre of fashion.

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CHAMPAGNE SAILOR HAT, trimmed with Dresden ribbon, champagne tulle and large quill. Very stylish tulle hat. Special \$6.95

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toir dressed hogs, \$10 to \$10 25; alive, \$7.40 to \$7.50. Eggs—New laid, 18c to 19c. Cheese—October made, white, 13 3/4c; colored, 14c nom.nal. Butter—Choicest creamery, 27c to 28c; medium grades, 23c to 24c. Ashes—First pots, \$5.50 to \$6; seconds, \$5.25 to \$5.85; pearls, \$6.85 to \$6.95 per 100 pounds.

THE CHARITY OF A NON-CATHOLIC.

The all-absorbing topic in Sterling, Mich., is the act of charity that Commodore C. Sterling did the orphans of St. Francis' Home. Mr. Sterling and his daughter, Miss Ada Mae, were about to leave for an extended European trip, and instead of giving a grand farewell dinner to his own circle of friends, he gave a magnificent banquet to the orphans of St. Francis' Home, to the Sisters having charge of the asylum, and to the Catholic clergymen of the city. After the little ones had done justice to the good things provided, the Commodore arose and in a few words handed to the boys a sack containing \$800 in gold, saying: "Take this gift to your beloved Bishop and tell him it is your own offering for the beautiful new home he is building for you in his home city—Detroit."

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The second period is motherhood. The drain on the system is great and the exhausted nerve force and depleted blood require replenishing. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills supply the elements needed to do this.

The third period is "change of life" and this is the period when she is most liable to heart and nerve troubles. A tremendous change is taking place in the system, and it is at this time many chronic diseases manifest themselves. Fortify the heart and nerve system by the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and thus ride over this dangerous period. Mr. James King, Corvallis, Ont., writes: "I have been troubled very much with heart trouble—the cause I am to a great extent due to 'change of life.' I have been taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills for some time, and mean to continue doing so, for I can truthfully say they are the best remedy I have ever used for building up the system. You are at liberty to use this statement for the benefit of other sufferers." Price 50 cents per box, three boxes for \$1.50, all dealers, or The T. Milburn Co. Limited, Toronto, Ont.



Vol. LVI.,

The Re of t

The tragic ordeal of Church is undergoing a ment is far from being but it is the result of which originated some ago.

Quoting these words, Lafosse, member for Cal French Chamber, opens thoughtful study of the in the well-known paper pondent, of Paris.

Since the days of Jules to the proscription of t tions by M. Combes, th successive ministries al exception, has been av Christian. The man w than anyone else respon impious propaganda is Waldeck-Rousseau, wh even the opponents of Government are wont a to surround with some halo of statesmanship, as having been entirely anything in the nature anti-clericalism. The his successors and ind cency and tact have ind respectability to the m man whose attitude v "correct." Nevertheless remains; he was its inc it is not to be denied magogy gave the presen anti-Christian, anti-m anti-national sentiment merous exponents.

Despite his rearing in family, he found himse ly age without religio portunist of the pronc and it was as leader of nist party that he was troduce his measure a Church.

A true disciple of Ge was to this politician h elevation to parliament his "arrival," everyo advent of a strong man ly calm and dispassioa statesman, appeared. Y Delefosse, who knew th M. Waldeck-Rousseau the man his exterior see To see him and to liste passionate outcry, one gine him to be a strong methods, his demeanor, his indifference were o the masks that concea irresolution, impess and a singular incapac tained effort. He was vert, with no conceptio gious scruple. He loo much as a gladiator i opponent, as something with and if possible to He was, moreover, a passionate admirer i a large circle of pol These men supported h to make use of his pe tige. They, and not h the principal clauses of gramme of "reform." sea only accorded his At the inauguration o cal anti-Christian polle ate friends of former bi from his coterie, wi that their erstwhile co bittered by their repro smartering under their became all the more a moting a policy which monstrate their weakn strength. So, then, th mains that France is dechristianized, solel the personal ambitio revenge of one indivi At it was about the tim opening of the Dreyfus Socialist party made t political support, whic ed by Waldeck-Rousseau but in politics, he had himself by a violent ha the progress of Sociali he found the party us backward in denounci their propaganda.

The occasion arisg cialistic support was his policy, he readly stions to the party, w strong Masonic influ were for the new fanaticism that is bro