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The True AND CARROLL CENTRESS



Vol. LVII., No. 41

THE EVIL GENIUS OF HOME

RULE.

Lord Rosebery has been the evil genius of the Home Rule movement, and indeed of the Liberal Party. It was the last, and by no means the least, of Mr. Gladstome's mistakes that he selected this dilettante to succeed himself as Prime Mimister. It was Lord Rosebery who disintegrated the Liberal Cabinet by his finicky notions and his malignant antagonisms to those with whom he should have co-operated. And it was he who originated the notion that England is "the dominant partner" in the United Kingdom, and that a

England is "the dominant partner" in the United Kingdom, and that a majority made up of Scotch, Welsh and Irish members had no right to carry out a policy to which a majority of the English members objected. As a Scotchman himself, he

carry out a policy to which a majority of the English members objected. As a Scotchman himself, he should have had more self-respect than to accept such a doctrine, much more originate it. Scotland never bargained that she should have nothing which England as such did not assent to. The terms of the Union of 1707 were that both countries should be united and absorbed in a new unit, Great Britain; and even that their old mames should cease to be used officially. But just as England, has not only gone on using the old maine, but has made it include the whole of Great Britain, so has she assumed that what does not receive the sanction of a majority of English votes is not to 'be enacted as law.

NER" NOTION TO THE REALM OF PRIVATE WHIMSIES.

It was suspected that Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, and Sir Henry Fowler were tainted with this notion that nothing short of an English vote for Home Rule would justify its enactment. This action

of the Liberal majority in the Commons, with the assent and consent of the Cabinet, retires the "dominant purtner" notion to the realm of private whimsies. It makes Irish Home Rule a part of the Liberal

rogramme once more, even more formally than was done by the action taken at Newcastle years ago. It draws the Liberals together on the only point which was supposed to divide them. Mr. Asquith and the others now stand beside Mr. Morley and Mr. Lloyd-George. and

THE NEW PRIME MINISTER.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, APRIL 16, 1908

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Gardien de la Salle AINED. de Lecture Feb. 19 1908 Assemblee Legislative

The adoption of Mr. Redmonu's Home Rule resolution by the House of Commons even with Mr. Asquith quith's addition about the supreme authority of the Imperial Parliament, is distinctly a gain for the Irish cause. It marks the unification of all classes and sorts of Liberals in support of the Gladstonian principle, that when Parliament has a majority which favors Home Rule, and has been elected with this in the issue of the campaigm, Home Rule shall be enacted.

The acceptance of Mr. Redmond's resolution means that Liberal councils are not to be distracted by any plan of "Devolution," such as the

The acceptance of Mr. Redmond's resolution means that Liberal councils are not to be distracted by any plan of "Devolution," such as the Irish Nationalists rejected last year. Such Home Rule as the Liberals are prepared to give is at best the proverbial "half a loaf." The offer of something less than half is not in order, and will not be proposed verbal half a loaf." The offer of something less than half is not in order, and will not be proposed again. The creation of a national council with members not chosen by the people along with chose who have been so chosen, would be no recognition of the right of the Irish people to control local affairs or anything else. The Home Rule Parliament will represent the Irish people, and not special classes of that people. Whatever restrictions may be placed on its powers it will possess all the powers conceded to it as the representative of the whole country, and as uttering the national voice. What it says Ireland will say, and will be heard by the world, as she cannot be heard without some such organ. The new action is an advance since it abandons the proposal of anything short of such a Parliament.

LIBERALS MUST HAVE THEIR VICTORY OVER THE HOUSE OF LORDS FIRST.

Home Rule cannot come in a day. The Liberals must have their victory over the House of Lords first, before it will be worth while to pass any bill on the subject. They must win that victory in such a way bill on the subject. They must win that victory in such a way as to set a limit to the Lord's Vote of the legislation of the House of Commons, even before they go to the country with Home Rule as an issue. If they make this an issue of the next general election, they would have to combat so much British prejudice that they probably would lose control of Parliament. They must fight the next battle on Education, the Liquor Traffic and Taxation, with distinct notification that they will give the constituencies a chance to vote on Trish Home Rule before to vote on Irish Home Rule before they enact it. They may even be defeated on those issues next time, through the passionate antagonism of the brewers and the publicans. But the defeat cannot be permanent, as a preliminary to doing some sort of justice to Irish aspirations.

HOME RULE IS NOT AFINALITY

HOME RULE IS NOT AFINALITY.

HOME RULE IS NOT AFINALITY.

As I said when Mr. Gladstone's bill was introduced, Home Rule is not a finality. It is worth having, partly for what it is worth, but some more as furnishing the means for an agitation which will end in the Repeal of the Union. It will create as it did in those days of disaster and despair in which Lord Rosebery was its official leader.

THE HOME RULE CAUSE OWES MUCH TO SIR HENRY.

The resolution removes the objection to accepting Mr. Asquith as the Prime Minister, on the retirement of Sir Henry Campbell-Bamerman. The Home Rule cause owes much to Sir Henry Campbell-Bamerman. The Home Rule cause owes much to Sir Henry. He has stood by it from the first day of its presentation by Mr. Gladstone to the present, without wavering. His support saved it at critical moments from the treatment which the followers of Lord Rosebery would have given it. His good sense and good humor have obliterated most of the irritation which his smilling lordship cultivat.

IRELAND CAN RECOGNIZE NO FINALITY SHORT OF ABSOLUTE JUSTICE.

good sense and good humor have obliterated most of the irritation which his smiling lordship cultivated among the leaders of the party. While lacking in the great qualities and powers which belonged to Mr. Gladstone, he has made the Liberal party what Mr. Gladstone would have kept it, if his leadership had been prolonged. His breakdown, under the strain of excessive work and much worry, seemed an irreparable loss. But this action shows that he had done for Liberalism the greatest service possible. He had brought both wings of the party into agreement on the question The English will proclaim it to be a finality, as they did Catholic Emancipaction, the abolition of Tithes, Disestablishment, the first Land Act, the third Land Act, and every other dole of half justice to the country. But Ireland can recognize no finality short of absolute justice, which means the restoration of what mill it is settled right," as the first the first invasion and the bribed Union took from her. "Nothing is settled, mill it is settled and of the compromises and half-way measures, by which it was announced the whole question was "settled at last." Nothing is settled until it is upon the basis of eternal right; and for a Nation this means the right to be itself and control all its affairs with the best wisdom it can command. into agreement on the question which threatened to divide them. He had eliminated "the dominant partner" out of practical politics.

Mr. Asquith is by no means an ideal Prime Minister. He has no lightness in his mood. He is not ungratiating. He has no charm of manner, and no fine felicity of speech. But he has convictions and he commands everybody's respect, both by the steadfastness of his principles and by his ability as an administrator. Most of us would rather have seen Mr. Lloyd-George at the head of the Cabinet. But he is Mr. Asquith's lunior by a decade, has none of the presumptions in his favor which are conferred by a university education and an early introduction to the. House of Commons. He is even a Dissenter and a. Welshman. But

### An Odious Expulsion.

The expulsion of Bishops from their palaces and parish priests from their presbyteries has been going on a long time, yet the impious work is not quite finished, writes the Paris correspondent of the Irish Catholic. Indeed, scarcely a week clapses without some such cruel act being perpetrated in the name of the law. The other day an exceptionally odiout some such petrated in the name of the law. The other day an exceptionally odi-The other day an exceptionally odi-ous expulsion was effected at Vil-lards-sur-Thones, a little village in the Haute Savoie. The old par-ish priest and his curate, who are beloved by all their flock, had, with the consent of all, remained in their presbytery. They were the justified in doing so because there was not a single house in the ham-let in which they could find shelter. There was not even a cottage to let. the consent of all, remained in their presbytery. They were the more was not a single house in the hamlet in which they could find shelter. There was not even a cottage to let. Nevertheless a strong force of gendarmes was sent to turn them out of the presbytery in which the old priest had lived nearly all his life. No fewer than forty gendarmes, commenced the siege of the house and called on the priest to surrender.

All the inhabitants of the village went that rest. It is my privilege to tell them, and at the same time reveal a that rest. It is my privilege to tell them, and at the same time reveal a that rest. It is my privilege to tell them, and at the same time reveal a that rest. It is my privilege to tell them, and at the same time reveal a that rest. It is my privilege to tell them, and at the same time reveal a that rest. It is my privilege to tell them, and at the same time reveal a that rest. It is my privilege to tell them, and at the same time reveal a that rest. It is my privilege to tell them, and at the same time reveal a that rest. It is my privilege to tell them, and at the same time reveal a form the same time reveal a form the same time reveal a form the rest. This was quite true, but the general public has never been ingeneral public bas rever been informed where and how shel took
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manded by a captain named Bretan, for its hospitality to travelers and commenced the siege of the house and called on the priest to surrenger.

All the inhabitants of the village, who had been warned of the arrival of the armed force by the ringing of the church bell, assembled to protest against the outrage. Even the women and children were so carried away by their indignation that they attacked the representatives of authority, though they should have known by the experience in other parishes their retistance would be useless. The first encounter, during which heavy blows were exchanged, resulted in the arrest of five persons. When the gendarmes were takinged, resulted in the arrest of five persons. When the gendarmes were takinged, resulted in the arrest of class floor, an odd, little, oval window, with a large flower-pot in it, and charged with such vigor, in the hope of rescuing their relations and friends, that several of the gendarmes were wounded and their captain felled to the ground by a formidable blow with a heavy cudgel. He remained several minutes lying unconscious on the road, but was the crowd became yet more infuriated, and charged with such vigor, in the hope of rescuing their relations and friends, that several of the gendames were wounded and their capital blow with a heavy cudgel. He remained several minutes lying unconscious on the road, but was ultimately conveyed back to Amnecy. The prefect of the department, being informed of this regrettable incident, arrived at Villards-sur-Thones in the afternoon, accompanied by a strong force of other gendames. With these reinforcements further resistance was impossible. Twenty-two of the most ardent partisans of the parish priest were arrested and were, with five captured in the morning, incarcerated in the Annecy prison.

The Revule du Diocese d'Annecy, which has just come to hand, gives further information concerning this deplorable affair. A large number of the inhabitants were more or less seriously wounded. It was with the consent and with the reiterated request of the Municipal Council that the priest remained in the pressly-

which has just come to hand, gives further information concerning this deplorable affair. A large number of the inhabitants were more or less seriously wounded. It was with the consent and with the reiterated request of the Municipal Council that the priest remained in the presbytery and the expulsion of the workers and the expulsion of the workers. and the expulsion of the worhy abbe from his home was effected by the order of the prefect, in spite of the protest of the Mayor and of all the other Municipal Councillors.

The Croix affirms that the expulsion was not only odious, but about the stillers have been every six to be about the stillers and the stillers are the stillers and the stillers are the stillers and the stillers are th

ion was not only odious, but olutely illegal, as it had been son was not only omous, but assolutely illegal, as it had been established by precedent that if the municipality has by law the right to demand of the prefectorial authority to expel the priest from the presbytery, which is the property of the commune, the prefectorial authority has not the right to expel the parish priest against the legally expressed desire of the municipality that he should be left in peaceable possession of his home. I quote the opinion of the Croix, but I regret to say that I fear it is erroneous. The iniquitous law on the subject seems to me to empower the prefect to expel the priest if, in his opinion, the priest does not agree to pay the commune what that official may consider to be the fair rental value of the building. The municipality is consider to be the lar rental value of the building. The municipality is forbidden by law from g ving any sort of subsidy to the priest, even in the form of a house free of rent, or at a nominal rent.

Rev. Father Buckley, for the past three years chaplain of the Rhode Island State Institutions, was tendered a farewell reception a few days ago, preparatory to his departure for St. Louis. The dimer and reception took place at the home of Acting Superintendent of State Institutions, James F. McCusker, and was attended by a number of prominent persons and State officials. Among the latter was the Rev. C. H. Ewer, Protestant chaplain of the State Institutions, who on behalf of the numerous friends and admirers of the priest. presented him with a purse of gold. Father Buckley was taken completely by surprise at the gift, but responded appropriately, thanking his friends for their present.

#### Noted American Actress

Recently Sought Rest and Peace in a

A London correspondent of the New York Herald writes the follow-ing to his paper: Americans wondered a few years ago when Miss Maude Adams dis-

appeared from the stage what had become of her. It was amounced that she had retired for a year to

ing was like a new, powerful beam of light entering their sombre in-stitutions, and that her going was sure to be a day of very real sad-

fields adjoining the convent, at orisons by dawn, at gatherings in sons by dawn, at gatherings in the rectory at twilight, thus it was that Miss Maude Adams, the little fugitive from a wearying series of triumphs on the American stage, obtained the complete rest which she sought and incidentally became perhaps the best French conversationalist pay on the American stage. now on the American stage

Modernism, or whatever other term we may give to a certain aspect of French Politics, has driven away from Tours the saintly little com-munity that peopled the convent. The convent itself has become a barracks for troops, and travellers

French Politics, has driven away from Tours the saintly little community that peopled the convent.

The convent itself has become a barracks for troops, and travellers through Tours stopping at the gate are no longer told of the wonderful little lady who "came to us from America and lived our life for a whole year" under the guidance of their Mother Superfor. The entire sisterhood sought and have found a home in England. The lace industry which they fostered in Tours declines constantly because of their absence.

England is a poor substitute for the perfect climate and rich fields of France, but at least the wanderers

and when the Cardinal in Sydney received the tidings, he had his bags packed immediately and in a few hours had begun to cover the thousands of miles that separated him any and the Cardinal from Spain, France, Gerdrom that he would arrive in time to take part in the election of Pius as very slender chance indeed that he would arrive in time to a representative of the Cardinals from Spain, France, Gerdrom that he would arrive in time to any on the Cardinal from Baltimore, besides Cardinals from Spain, France, Cardinals from Spain, France, Cardinal from Baltimore, besides Cardinals from Spain, France, Cardinals from Spain, France, Cardinal from Baltimore, besides Monte and the Cardinal Legate from the Cardinal from Spain, France, Cardinals from Spain, France, Cardinals from Spain, France, Cardinal fro forbidden by law from g ving any sort of subsidy to the priest, even in the form of a house free of rent, or at a nominal rent.

PROTESTANT MINISTER

Presents a Rhode Island Priest With a Purse.

Presents a Rhode Island Priest With a purse.

Presents a Rhode Island Priest With a purse.

quiet.

It is perhaps the greatest delight of Miss Maude Adams' daily life, so Mr. Levering tells me, to render all the assistance she can to this sisterhood, now settled just outside Bir-

Indulgenced Prayer

Composed by Cardinal Capecelatro for Pope's Jubilee.

The following prayer has been composed by Cardinal Capecelatro and indulgenced by the Holy Father with 100 days for each devout re-

thanking his friends for their present.

Michael Angelo Letters.

Michael Angelo Letters.

Sixty-eight autograph letters of Michael Angelo to Vasari have been discovered in the family archives of Count Rasponi Spinelli at Florence.

The letters will he published soon.

## EASTER.



### We are Ready

With a bright selected Easter stock. Shirts, Ties, Collars, Hosiery, Gloves. We are well acquainted

with Fashion, and often receive her first order.

### BRENNANS

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been fifty years a priest, and is striving with all his power to reflect in his life Thee, the Eternal Priest, praying, loving and making sacrifice of himself to save souls.

"O Jesus, graciously hear the prayers we offer Thee for Thy Vicar, true apostle of faith and of charity. Fulfil his ardent desire to see a reform in our lives and in the lives of all our-brethren in the Church. Grant ever greater light of supernatural ever greater light of supernatural wisdom to his intellect, and kindle ever more in him the flames of that wisdom to his intellect, and kindle ever more in him the flames of that charity which Thou didst pour into his heart through the Holy Ghost. Grant that he may have the most desired consolation of seeing fulfilled in his own days that close union

At Seventy-eight He is About to Undertakel he Journey from Sydi ey to Rome.

One morning nearly five years ago a little group of Romans, Irish, English and others met here at the railway station to tid God-speed to His Excellency Cardinal Moran for his long journey to the other side of the world. The year before he had been in Rome on his ad limina visit, but when the cable flashed the news all over the world that Leo XIII, had breathed his last on that fiercely hot day of mid-July, 1903, and when the Cardinal in Sydney received the tidings he had his been

smiling pointed to that of Cardinal Sarto as a likely Pope. At another stage farther on he received a cable amouncing that the election was over, and he at once sent a long despatch to His Holiness offering his homage and expressing his gratitude that Providence had given the Church such a great and holy pastor. But homage and expressing his gratitude that Providence had given the Church such a great and holy pastor. But though he was the only member of the Sacred College who was not present at the conclave, Cardinal Moran was very close to the new Pope during those first trying months of the Pontificate, and his counsels were greatly treasured by His Holiness. Just as he was getting into the train for Naples one of the group above mentioned said: "We all hope to see you soon again in Rome," and the Cardinal with a spankle in his eye replied: "No, do not expect me for twenty-live years at least." Only five years have passed, yet he announced the other day in Sydney that he will very probably make the journey again this year.

He made the announcement just as he was about to take a long ocean you age of 1200 miles to New Zealand to consecrate still another of these numerous churches under the Settlern Cross which have been bleved by him. Very likely he will be present at the combine Fucharistic Congress in London, where he will meet the Cardinal from Armagh, the

The New Dry Goods Store.

## GrandRemoval Opening April, 1908

Late of Notre Dame East.

Your Patronage Cordially Invited New and Up-to Date

Dry Goods and House Furnishing

James Cuddy & Co. 706 ST. DENIS, near Roy.

### The Montreal City & District Savings Bank.

The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of this Bank will be held at its Head Office, St. James street, on Tuesday, the Fifth day of May next, at 12 o'clock noon, for the reception of the Annual Reports and Statements and the Election of Directors.

By order of the Board,
A. P. LESPERANCE, Manag Montreal, April 2nd, 1908.

### Rabboni.

O! dear Rabboni, when life's thread

is spun,
Teach me to say "Thy will be
done";
Show me the light beyond the skies,
Eternal light that never dies—
1) Thou hast loved us with that
love divine—
Forsake me not, this day of mine
Must soon be ended; and each word
And thought and act by Thee, my
Lord.

And thougare Lord,
Lord,
Be judged: be merciful, I pray
To me, Rabbsoni, on that last dread
day.

Rev. P. T. O'Reilly.

Holy Thursday.

By E. P. Tivnan, S.J.
Flow, flow from my soul, little
river of sorrow,
Flow on to the great, the infinite

sea,
To mingle thy brine-bitter flood on
the morrow. the morrow.
With Christ's tears of blood in Gethsemane.

## HOUSE NO HOME

CONDUCTED BY HELENE.

And there are better things to think about of a person than his faults. The friend you love has faults as well as the enemy you hate. In fact, the only difference between hate and love is one of direction. In the former case our mind is bent on the former case our mind is bent on the former case our mind is bent on the evil, in the latter upon the good were to turn it from the and if we were to turn it from the evil in our enemy to the good in him we should certainly come to love him also. There is good in every human being, for we are all the children of one Father; and the nearer we approach to Him in goodness the more readily do we discover the good in our brother.—Anna C. Migood in our brother.—Anna C. Mi-nogue—"The Garden Bench," in the \* \* \*

#### LOVE IS ALL.

"I had,—as it were—a sudden and swift vision of an angel, bringing a sheaf of the flowers of Heaven; each flower was an attribute of the soul. He said to me: 'Which flower wilt thou choose?'

"There was courage—a blood-red lily, with a rosy light at its heart Purity-a white star; Hope-shining like an emerald in the moonlight-and many others. I said to him: "'Of them all, give me Love.'

"Of them all, give me Love."
"He held the sheaf towards me, saying (and oh! his smile): "Thou hast chosen them all. Love is ail." -Book of Items.

#### + + +

#### CHINESE WOMEN STUDENTS.

For the first time in history Chinese lady students are proceeding to various foreign countries to complete their education with western knowledge. Each such student is a of a Chinese college.

#### + + + LETTERS OF CHRISTINA ROS-SETTI.

In the forthcoming "Letters of Christina Rossetti" will appear not only her own epist;es—which are filled with expressions of family affection, literary opinions and religious convictions—but also letters addressed to her by more or less distinguished newspages. distinguished personages.

#### \* \* \*

#### FURNISHINGS OF LIVING-ROOM.

The living room will be more sat The living room with the distribution of furnished in modern style instead of confiring the furnishings to any one period. Brown is a warm, cheerful color, and if the right shade is selected a room with this color scheme can be made very that the color scheme can be colored to the color scheme can be colored to the colored inviting. Touches of green bright yellow will add to the inviting.

feet.

The wall covering of a medium brown shade should have a cream ceiling. Curtains and portieres of printed linen in a shade to match the walls with figures in green and vellow. The sash curtains would The sash curtains if made of very yellow. coarse meshed coffee-colored net

Modified mission style is a of for furniture. A large li-table, one or two small tables and comfortable easy chairs will be and comfortable easy chairs will be necessary, and if there is room for it there should be a davenport or couch of some kind,

Much of the attractiveness of the

Much of the attractiveness of the room depends apon the arrangement of the furniture. In front of the fireplace is a good place for the davenport, with the library table placed behind it. The other chairs and tables may be arranged in groups in other parts of the room or near the library table, but the awkwardness produced by arranging the chairs around the room facing the center should be avoided.

#### \* \* \* A SPICY LETTER.

("Quis," in the Monitor, Newark.)

The new marriage regulations have sown a new crop of gessip for a certain class of light and stupid Catholics to split hairs over, and for the time being, at least, have turned their attention away from their own parish priest and church to things in general.

"Isn't it perfectly silly," said one the other day, "about gesting engaged in writing? The whole thing to be signed, sealed and delivered?"

"I'd like to know," said another, "why I can't go where I like and have anybody I like to, perform the

"Yd like to know, band "Yd like to know, band "have anybody I like to, perform the ceremony when I am married."

In one family the members, who had all listened to the same explanation of the new regulations the Sunday before, could not agree at all. Each one held out for what he or she thought was said, and drew she thought was said, and drew many wonderful conclusions; but all agreed that the thing "is a mix-up." There is a spirit of critical levity There is a spirit of critical levity about some Catholics nowadays in

matters ecclesiastical that calls a serious word of correction. It uncalled for; it is unworthy of good Catholic; it is an abuse; it ometimes a scandal

Every Sunday brings its special quotum of table talk. The sermon, the ceremonies, the choir, the people are discussed, sometimes before the young people, bringing ridicule upon the Church, its regulations and its teachings. eachings.
Even the young folks have a say,

and they can be disagreeable and slangy even when speaking of sacred persons and things. All this is perfectly natural, quite the mode of the times in which we live. Wealth, position, have not brought with them respect with them respect. Education is not

with them respect. Education is not engendering reverence.

And these people wonder why the priest is not more sociable; why he does not call. He has been asked to dinner many times, but he always has some excuse. They cannot understand that the whole atmosphere in which they live is oppress. phere in which they live is oppressive to a priest. He is not at home phere in which they live is oppres-sive to a priest. He is not at home among them. Shop is all they think he cares to hear—"the Bishop," "the school"—and they are ready with all sorts of advice. After all, the priest is not a financier; that is not his training. Why doesn't he do this and that? Doesn't he think that taking

door money looks badly?

And so it goes. Is it any wonder most priests prefer to stay at home or to seek the company of their own kind as a recreation from the routine and the drudgery? They go out so-cially among lay people as little as possible. In their own parish partic-ularly they rarely if ever pay a so-cial call, preferring that the people should know them only over the sanc-tuary railing. Once a year they call on all the people. There is no jealousy. on all the people. There is no jealousy the people soon understand and ap

the people soon understand and appreciate. Their priest is father, the friend of all alike in his parish.
Change, movement, drift: we must go with the times, Catholics and all alike. Progress it is called, shaking

off the shackles.
"No cierical interference," a young man said the other day, when the priest advised the association not to hold an evening affair in a particularly common if not disreputable

Catholics are not priest-ridden They wear no shackles. To shake off the authority and guidance of the priest, even in our clubs and asso-ciations, is to deprive ourselves of the one sure centre of unity and harmony in our associate life; is in some way or another eventually to run counter to the Church's ideas of mony in our associate life; is in some way or another eventually to run counter to the Church's ideas of right and wrong in our conduct, is to do something foolish or worse. Every child that has ever disobeyed his mother has learned to regret his mistake.

mistake.

We are not so bad, I know, only we are not so bad, I know, only naughty and rebellious at times, and just like children, we want our way; we want to throw off parental au-thority and be free to think and act ourselves, as if it were not a and times wiser and better for ourselves, as in tweet who was thousand times wiser and better to have a firm counsellor and guide to lean upon and to direct us. We do obey the Church and respect our priests. Yes, but who knows? If we processing and being independent priests. Yes, but who knows? If we go on progressing and being independent, if we bring our free and easy talk and our light and flippant ways into church with us, who knows where it will end?

Let us become

where it will end?

Let us become attentive listeners, truly in earnest and eager to learn. Let us acquire a little first-class information directly and from the proper source. Let us be loyal and less critical. Let us, in a word, become more Catholic and less Protestant.

THE MAN WHO SINGS.

Give us, obl. give us, writes Carpeter and the supplies that the supplies the supplies that the supplies that the supplies that the supplies the supplies that the suppl

Give us, oh! give us, writes Car-lyle, the man who sings at his work. lyle, the man who sings at his work. Be his occupation what it may, he is superior to those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness. He will do more in the same time, he will do it better, he will persevere longer. One is scarcely sensible of fatigue while one marches to music. The yery stars are said to make The very stars are said to make their spheres. Wondrous is the strength easily for a of cheerfulness; altogether past calspneres. Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness; altogether past calculations are its powers of endurance. Efforts, to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous, a spirit all sunshine, peaceful from your allogers, beautiful. beautiful bright.

#### + + + A BEAUTIFUL STORY.

A BEAUTIFUL STORY.

A beautiful story is told in the Catholic Virginian, in describing the life of an aged couple, whose first purchase on the eve of their marriage was a crucifix. The modest little crucifix in plaster was given in their home the place of honor over the mantlepiecs, where it seemed to reign as the true ruler, the undisputed master over the whole lives of these humble and courageous workers who had asked God to protect and bless the union of their hearts.

### The 100 Year Old Cough Cure

### Bole's Preparation of Friar's Cough Balsam

Weeks and years passed, and the crucifix was rever taken down. Now the man and his wife are old. Their whole family is exemplary and edifying; they are esteemed and loved by all who know them.

Nobody has ever heard any quarrel expenses them; they love each other

Nobody has ever heard any quarrel amongst them; they love each other tenderly, because they have learned how to practice the domestic virtues. It happened that a friend coming asked the old grandmother, now bent with age, how her children were kept so good and walked so uprightly. And the old woman pointed her hand to the white crucifix nailed to the wall above the fix nailed to the wall above must piece for half a centuey. "You must ask him," she said, her face lighting up with a scrone smile, as of one who knew the secret of true Christian happiness.

### FUNNY SAYINGS

A RELIGIOUS DIFFICULTY.

A Scotchman who is a prominent member of a church in Glasgow one Sunday recently put by mistake into the collection a piece of silver in-On returning stead of a penny. On returning home he discovered the serious blunhome he discovered the serious blunder. He spent the afternoon in considering the matter and talking it over with his wife. "Ye see," he said to her in explanation of his loss, "I micht stay awa' for twentynine Sawbaths to mak' it up, but then I wad be payin' seat rent an gettin' nawthin' for't. I'm thinkin' lassie, this maun be what the medister ca's a religious deefficulty."

A LESSON FROM A BABY. A tiny 4-year-old was spending a

night away from home.

At bedtime she knelt at the knee

At bedtime she knet at the knee of her hostess to say her prayers, expecting the usual prompting. Finding Mrs. B. unable to help hrr out, she concluded thus:

"Please, God, 'scuse me. I can't

remember my prayers, and I'm stay-ing with a lady who don't know \* \* \*

#### STILL TREASURED.

An army officer in charge of a native district in South Africa

### Decorating the Church.

The approach of the Easter season adds interest to a discussion of church decorations, which we find in the London Tablet. A well posted correspondent, (Mr. W. Randolph), writes:

coration of churches, and especially of altars and chancels, is assuredly one of highest interest and importance and I trust it will be further

an incomparable sense tinguished by an incomparable sense of the natural fitness of things in all that belongs to the aesthetic dramatic expression—a faculty since then lost or rejected.

It may not be out of place to ob-

serve, parenthetically, that our se-parated brethren of advanced views seem to recognize these facts more fully than ourselves, and that the "English Churchman's Kalendar" has for some years past included some most interesting notes and illustra-tions of altar-equipment—ancient and

there appears to be an obvious in the appearance in the ments of floral adornment. The right usage of flowers as decoration must naturally accord with decorative law. Now the keynote of decoration floral adornment. The right n'a church is necessarily given the building itself as such. Th bserved.

Flowers belong to another order and if they are brought into this must be appropriately treated. growing flower-bank, or any dominance of floral decoration, i pre dominance of floral decoration, in an architectural setting, is a solecism It cannot be brought into proper repre- lation with the latter, and the asso-

The question of the suitable

one of highest interest and importance, and I trust it will be elucidated.

The Middle Ages were in the full tide of tradition and development in these matters, and were, besides, dissectional by a recovery by severe

most interesting notes and illustrations of altar-equipment—ancient and
revived—on traditional lines.
As to decorations in general, and
floral decorations in particular, it
strikes one at once that the permanent is to be preferred to the pertishable, and that hence the transtient and corruptible nature of flowers renders them a less practical and
in some sense less worthy embellishment than a work of art.
But the point I wish more particularly to bring forward is that
there appears to be an obvious law
of taste and aesthetics (acting, of

nakes against the modern developo say, we are there no longer in he realm of nature, but of art and onvention, and congruity must be

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To MRS. ST

TOWN

ented to the Kafir servant a pair ciation is injurious to both nature of strong, heavily nailed army boots.

The boy was delighted with the gift, and at once sat down and put the boots on. boots on. They were the very first pair he had ever had in his life, and several days afterward he strutfor several days are avairable is structed proudly about the coamp with them. But at the end of the week he appeared as usual with bare feet and the boots tied round his neck. "Hello!" said his master. "Why !" said his master. "Why you wear your boots? Are

too small for you?"
h no. sah," replied the Kafir, "Oh, no, sah," replied the Kafir,
"they p,enty big. Berry nice boots,
sah, but no good for walking or running. Make um fellah too much
slow, sah. Keep boots now for
wear in bed."

#### \* \* \* BLICE.

(London Chronicle.)

(A correspondent is puzzled as If several mouses

Your houses are hice and your sal spouses are spice, And if you've two blouses—they're

#### \* \* \* HOW THEY FOUND OUT.

When the Lawtons had lived in Willow Park about a month, they were invited to a succession of little dinners at the houses of their new neighbors. Mr. Lawton was on a dyspeptic's diet, and Mrs. Lawton was endeavoring to reduce her weight. "I suppose we shall have to eat all sorts of things we don't wish, or else seem rude," said Mrs. Lawton, mounfully, as they set out for the first dinner. To their growing surpaise, the bills of fare placed before

and design. Nor is it the natural fitness of things that the perfume of flowers should be battling with the odor of incense. They are different atmospheres, and assort with different ideals.

WHAT OUR CATHOLIC ANCESTORS DID.

It was, I feel sure, largely an stinctive perception of such considerations as the above that led our Catholic ancestors to use flowers and greenery in a sparing and subordinate manner, and duly tionalized for their position wreaths and garlands, or as duly conve the flowers; while, on the hand, they adorned their tes with the richest and most upon the flo other hand, churches with exquisite productions of human han-dicraft; tapestries and sculptures and picturings, gold and silver and jewel work, marbles, mosaics and polywork.

About the altars themselves, with their draperies of frontal and dossal the word "blice," which appeared in these columns.)

The answer one trows in a trice, these last, of course, symbols as well as ornaments. Sometimes the dospitude and tracks the shape of a sculpture of the spring aptly illustrated the sand unclosing aptly illustrated the sand the peritential seasons. At the time the idea of the baldacening or canopy is found persisting in England, in some shape or form, down to the Reformation. It must be always to the Reformation in the sand to illustrate that I will give you an experience of mine; I had they you an experience of mine; I had they you are adeparture from earlied and I am here to tell the tale. There were not more than forty of the vere a departure from earlied and simpler practice, but they do great when it asked the manager what was to be my subject I was amazed when it asked the manager what was to be my subject I was amazed to be, with Are You a Subject. I was a suited what a challenge in the suited and is an interesting as and distracting, and contrary, in particular, to teclesiastical dignity and severity.

Many of your readers will doubtless be aware of the custom in the Peninsular of planting the church floors, on Mannyd Thursday, with a veritable bed or carpet of flowers. I take it that this, although the results of the point I want to possible the state, and an abuse of the older and perfectly natural habit of simply strewing them along the processional opath. But as a rule, continent observances in these matters is, I dhink, more correct than English. Catholic Citizen, Mitwaukes.

Have you tried Holloway's Corn Cure? It has no equal for removing these travels and an along the processional opath. But as a rule, continent of the processional path. But as a rule, continent of the processional path. But as a rule, continent of the processional pa these last, of course, symbols as ornaments. Sometimes

their growing surposed of such dishes as they could both enjoy.

"I don't see how you all hit on just the right things, when Mr. Lawton and I really are such difficult guests," said Mrs. Lawton, in a burst of confidence one afternoon when the neighbors were taking tea.

"The ladies looked at each other, and then one of them spoke.

"You know Mary Sloan, who comes to wash for you Tuesday mornings?" she said. "Well, I have her Mondays, and Mrs. Green has her Wednesdays, and she irons for Mrs. Porter Thursdays and scrubs for Miss Homer Fridays, so you seen. The roice trailed off into silence, but Mrs. Lawton no longer wondered; she saw "Youth's Companion."

## WITH THE POETS !

A FAILURE.

snappy coat, twine-sewed mittens, and frayed strip of shawl winds, in winter, round his wrinkled throat.

We do not count the trifling, kindly

deeds
To which through all the years
those hands have turned,
Nor deem it a success that over weak
And feeblest forms of nature

heart vearned.

We smile to see him feed the wornout horse That worked for him, but now can

work no more;
and that the swallow might not
miss her nest
He carved an entrance through the old barn-door.

We deem it folly that a blind, deaf dog
Rests on the braided mat beside
his hearth,
Sharing his daily meals of meat, of

milk. Because of some long past remembered worth.

And ever when the winter, with its Its ice-bound stream, its blinding

tempest comes, The storm-tossed bird will seek his unkempt home, Sure, here, of grain, of meat, of scattered crumbs.

We know that never wife has clasped his hand, Nor child of his been dandled

his knee;
And yet each child who greets his
halting step
Has some small gift to keep in memory

The willow whistle, or the birch bark belt, The peach-stone basket or the graygreen chair, Woven of brook-tide rushes, and the

ring, Or wee girl's bracelet, from her own fair hair. If but our eyes could see with clear-

er view, Upblinded each bare heart and purpose scan, Then might we as success or failure gage,
In verity, the measure of a man

—Cora A. Matson Dolson, in

Circle Magazine.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

must be strong of soul and staunch

of heart.

No matter what the odds;

The long day's sturdy struggle is my part—

The far result is God's.

Not mine to wet the page of yesterday With unavailing tears,

Nor strive to clear the mystery of

Far-leading through the years. Mine just to meet and conquer, hour

by hour,
The thing that men call Fate,
Going from strength to strength,
from power to power,

Rising from state to state;

They say he has done little, failure stamps
Its mark on that bent form, that shabby coat,
The twine-sewed mittens, and frayed strip of shawl

They say he has done little, failure the changing wars.
With which a word is rife, So that my soul may borrow from the stars.
Courage and light and life;

Cleaving the shadows with So I may move aright;

Down to the valley of the shade of

death Walking a path of light;
Till at the last, weary, I touch the

goal,
And know the journey blest,
Ready, though staunch of heart and
strong of soul,
Aye, ready—for my rest!
—Namry Byrd Turner ILLUSION OF WAR.

I abhor I abbor, And yet how sweet The sound along the marching street Of drum and fife! And I forget Wet eyes of widows, and forget Broken old mothers, and the whole Dark butchery without a soul.

Without a soul-save this bright drink

Of heady music, sweet as death; Of heady music, sweet as death;
And even my peace-abiding feet
Go marching with the marching
street;
For yonder, yonder goes the fife,
And what care I for human life?

The tears fill my astonished eyes,
And my full heart is like to break;
And yet 'tis all embannered lies,
A dream those little drummers

make. Oh, it is wickedness to clothe Yon hideous grinning thing, that stalks Hidden in in music, like a gucen

That in a garden of glory walks. Till good men love the thing th loathe! Art, thou hast many infamies But not an infamy like this,
Oh, snap the fife and still the drum,
And show the monster as she is!

—Richard Le Gallienne.

LOVE'S SHRINE.

(Golden Jubilee of Lourdes, February 11, 1908.) Neath sunny skies in far-off France,

'Mid climbing rose and vine,
There stands beside a rocky ledge
A wondrous blessed shrine. And everything in that dear spot Seems part of Mary's fame; The azure skies, the lilies white, All whisper her sweet name.

Unnumbered souls in eager love Have sought a refuge there; Innunmbered gifts from Mary's hands Have crowned faith's carnest pray-

Yet we who cannot go to Lourdes, Our tribute there to lay,
May build a shrine within our heart
Where we can homage pay.

And, joining with the pilgrims blest In great St. Louis' land, Our humble prayers shall graces Our draw

From Mary's gentle hand. -Ave Maria

#### Homeseekers' Ex uis on to North-West via C. P R

The Canadian Pacific Railway have decided to run two excursions month commencing April 14th. Winnipeg, Edmonton and intermediate stations at very low rates for ate stations at very low reacher the round trip. Tickets good for sixty days. Full information on application to City Ticket Office, 129 St. James street, or any other agent of the Company.

### Jesuit Among the Ladies.

A few days ago the Rev. W.

"' 'We know,' the lady said, 'an immortal soul is quite hard to get hold 'Another lady said: 'Well, if "Another lady said: Well, if I could be convinced of a personal God I would accept a good deal of what you say.' And another said, Well, now, the Catholic Church is very consoling: I believe that fully. If I could only believe, I would accept all you teach.' It made me sad, and I come away a wiser men and all you teach. It made me sad, and I came away a wiser man, and I considered the advantages that we Catholics have, that the children in our schools are innocent of almost all the objections of these refined, educated ladies:

### Pius X's Gift to Menelik's Que

THURSDAY. BOY

THE LI

Farmer Crewhere the earling over him tortoise-shell tortoise-shell across his la stroked the right hand withe cowyard, had stood a there was a mass of refi had stood the bors, warped had stood the bers, warped ened shingles, from the kitc milkroom and minus its win were warped It had been a was saved.

Farmer Cre and looked just showing mold by the tor's rig stoo had been cryin but the cries the kitchen ce being washed. that, in the that, in the shaded sitting at last sleepin excitement of tears in the thought of th the pillow wh was swayed to apply the process. spring breeze. read on the tor, case in h "Well, how

"Well, how them?"
"Very, well close call, an struck an inch didn't!" The firmly as tho had said so a quickly, "You markably." markably. markably."
"Is Red Her
"Miss Kent's
never noticed.
"That's que
help it?"

than heads.
derfully capab
right thing.
good trained;
"Good anyt
trained," said pushed the car you, Doc, I myould have be ground, if she gine here. A seen her rip o board when y the hose in be "I can image".

"I can imag

"Doctors 1

on slowly and
"You can de
It has to be
way that girl
said the farme
ward and said
in his even in his eyes. quite such foo there? Now, and the farmer more to his er up from Star found who the left them wrai of five applica the place-had it didn't look ton District w show for its n a girl like tha much, ma'am! lieve it, there school—and the ones, too—nor she hasn't to without any traiteemen, eith pretentious-loo.

The doctor I judge by appear The doctor I judge by appear Farmer Cresc tor whirl away was a tap of clothed hall, a gray jacket an thrust in amor her hat, stood

thrust in amor her hat, stood stood a short "They're ji Crescrow, the minded taking he's sleeping hi Bascomb will : back." The farmer s young girl from young girl from to the tip of

## ETS

state to state

e star-ward, through ing wars t word is rife, bul may borrow from

ght and life;

shadows with faith, ove aright; salley of the shade of

th of light; t, weary, I touch the

e journey blest, staunch of heart and soul, for my rest!

M M M ON OF WAR.

sweet
ng the marching street
ife! And I forget dows, and forget thers, and the whole without a soul.

l-save this bright , sweet as death; eace-abiding feet
with the marching

nder goes the fife, I for human life?

my astonished eyes, heart is like to break; I embannered lies, cose little drummers

dness to clothe grinning thing, that

c, like a gueen den of glory walks. love the thing the

many infamics,
infamy like this,
ife and still the drum,
ife and still the dru

ee of Lourdes, Febru-11, 1908.) kies in far-off France,

rose and vine, eside a rocky ledge blessed shrine. in that dear spot of Mary's fame; s, the lilies white, her sweet name.

uls in eager love a refuge there; fts from Mary's hands d faith's earnest pray-

nnot go to Lourdes, here to lay, herine within our heart homage pay.

ith the pilgrims blest Louis' land, prayers shall graces

gentle hand.

the lady said, 'an imquite hard to get hold

y said: 'Well, if I cared of a personal God to a good deal of what d another said, 'Well, holic Church is very believe that fully. If elieve, I would accept.' It made me sad, yay a wiser man, and he advantages that we that the children in e innocent of almost

to Menelik's Queen.

en written of the rege of courtesies be-us X. and the Emperor yssinia, but there has on in this connection yssima, but there has
one in this connection
monarch's consort. In
the Propagation of
Father Bernard, O.M.
ded as the Holy Famessenger to Empetives an interesting acsception at the African
audience with Menelik
September 17, when
de pinned upon the
test the insignia of the
foly Sepulchre of Jesew weeks later, on Ocsempress gave a most
most proper to the proper of the
set the insignia of the
consented as a gift from
very beautiful mosaic
ur Lady of Perpetual

y." writes Father Bereet to meet me as I entence hail. After the
v bow of salutation, I
her a few words which
ed by an interpreter. I
I to her the letter of
her and the Papal gift.
E picture of the Blessed
in I have been all title cry of admirabeen the mosaic. "I will
to the Holy Father and
r his paternal remem'she said."

BOYS AND GIRLS -

THE LITTLE TEACHER.

THE LITTLE TEACHER.

Farmer Crescrow sat on the piazza where the early spring sun was fall-where the early spring sun the stroked the fur. thoughtfully. His stroked a group of straw stacks, had stood a group of straw stacks

but the cries were stilled now. From
the kitchen came the sound of dishes
being washed. The farmer knew
that, in the big bedroom off
the shaded sitting-room, his wife
at last sleeping quietly after all the
excitement of the fire. There were
tears in the farmer's eyes as he
thought of the pale, pained face on
the pillow where the white curtain
was swayed to and fro by the fresh
spring breeze. There was a heavy
tread on the piazza, and the
doctor, case in hand, stood beside
his

"Well, how is it going with

them?"
"Very, well indeed. The buby had a close call, and if that brand had struck an inch nearer the eye—but it didn't!" The doctor pressed his lips firmly as though regretting that he had said so much. Then he added quickly, "Your wife is bearing it re-

"Is Red Head in there?"
"Miss Kent? Is her hair red? I ever noticed." never noticed."
"That's gueer! How could you help it?"

help it?"
"Doctors look at hands rather than heads. Miss Kent has a wonderfully capable way of doing the right thing. She would make a good trained nurse."
"Good anything, trained or not trained," said the farmer. Then he pushed the cat off his lap. "I tell you, Doc, I never saw the like! We would have been hunned down to the uld have been burned down to the

would have been burned down to the ground, if she hadn't got that engine hiere. And you ought to have seen her rip off the end of a clapboard when we were trying to get the hose in between!"

"I can imagine," said the doctor with a smile, drawing one glove on slowly and then the other.

"You can do nothing of the kind. It has to be seen to be known, the way that girl gets her innings," said the farmer. Then he leaned forward and said, with a quizzical looks in his eyes. "Say, there never are quite such fools as old fools, are there? Now, do you know, Doc—" been to see me the day before, I had said in my own mind, 'Not much, ma'am!' But if you'll believe it, there isn't a boy in that school—and there's some pretty big ones, too—nor is there a girl, that she hasn't toeing the mark, and without any talebearing to the committeemen, either. And such an unpretentious-looking girl, too!''

The doctor laughed. "You can't judge by appearances, you know."

"Me loved 'Martha, and her sister, and her sister, and sup lazare in the showed us so lovely a ministry. I am just the little teacher, but I can be the big lover."

At the creek she stopped and pulled great bunches of golden cowwithout any talebearing to the committeemen, either. And such an unpretentious-looking girl, too!"

The doctor laughed. "You can't be children awaiting her."

teen years, six months and two weeks old."

money if they proposed hiring a slip of a girl like that for the Dalton District. But you've come off with flying colors, Miss Kent."

"Thank you, Mr. Crescow; I am glad you think I am succeeding."

"Succeeding? There's not one;"

"Succeeding? There's not one in a thousand could have done what you have. But what amazes me is the way you've got everyone—the boys and girls—in line. I must say I don't see how you accomplished it with our Ben."

"Benjamin? Oh, he's fine! He's my "Benjamin? Oh, he's fine! He's my right-hand man. There! he's ringing the bell now! He said he would open the school for me. The scholars just stand by Benjamin."

She stopped and looked over the

road to the meadow that lay between the schoolhouse and the Crescrow farm, and which was now emerald green, with a line of golden cowslips down by the creek. At last she turned her quiet eyes to Mr. Crescrow's questioning ones. rescrow's questioning ones.
"I don't think it would be just

fair, Mr. Crescrow, not to say that I go a little further, perhaps, than some teachers. Some teachers love their work and stop there. I go further, and love my scholars. I love every one of them."

every one of them."

"I believe you do," said the farmer, heartily. "And you don't stop at the children, either. Why, Miss Kent, you've donemore for that little woman in the house this spring, keeping her chirked up, than seen her rip off the end of a clapboard when we were trying to get the hose in between!"

"I can imagine," said the doctor with a smile, drawing one glove on slowly and then the other.

"You can do nothing of the kind. It has to be seen to be known, the way that girl gets her innings," said the farmer. Then he leaned forward and said, with a quizzical loois in his eyes. "Say, there never are quite such fools as old fools, are there? Now, do you know, Doc—and the farmer adjusted the sing more to his ease.—"when I came up from Stanford's horse sale and found who the committeemen—I had left them wranging over who, out of five applicants, should be given the place—had decided upon, I said it didn't look to me as though Dalton District was going to get much show for its money, hiring a slip of a girl like that. You see, she had been to see me the day before, and I had said in my own mind, "Not a girl like that. You see, she had been to see me the day before, and I had said in my own mind, "Not a live woice she said:

"He loved 'Martha, and her sister, I am so glad he showed us so lovely a ministry. I am soult with the big lover." anyone who has come to her of late.

the stairs.

"May I come up, girls?" called a cheerful voice, and Aunt Anna briskly ascended without waiting for personal control of the cheerful voice. As she pushed open the mission. As she pushed open the door, it uttered a dismal sound like

oor, it uttered a dismal sound like a protest against her entrance.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Aunt Anna.
"How that door creeks!"
"Everything creeks in this house," said Angie.
"Even the pedals of the piano," added her sister.

"We've been complaining about the squeaks for I don'tknow how long," said Angie, "and scolding because it was so hard to run the machine. And all the time a few drops of oil would have made everything right."

"It's often that way," said Aunt Anna. "Folks go through life thinking they're having such a hard, unpleasant time, and all they need to make things easy and pleasant is

to make things easy and pleasant a few drops of oil. Sometimes it the oil of politeness that is needed.

'Please,' and 'Thank you' will stop
a lot of creaking. Sometimes the
oil of cheerfulness is what you
want. A laugh often makes the dif-

ference between hard running and easy. If our world isfull of squeaks and creaks, it's our own fault nine times out of ten. Keep your oil can handy." ten. Keep your oil

+ + + "THEY SAY."

"Do you know, Gertrude," she said, "I had such a surprise at Mil-

drid's !" drid's !"
"What was it?" Gertrude asked, interested at once, for Mildred was a great favorite with the other

a great favorite with the other girls.

"Well, we had mentioned Esther Morrill's name, and Mildred leaned over to me, and began: 'They say,' Helen,'—I aimost gasped, Gertrude, for you know that when anybody begins 'they say,' it means that there's some unkind or unpleasant story to follow. L. would not have thought anything of it from some of the girls, but Mildred is always so lovely and charitable that I was distributed. ly and charitable that I

ly and charitable that I was disappointed."

"And what was the story?"

"That's the funny part of it," Helen resumed. "She told me the sweetest story about Esther, and how she has given up her trip East and sent her mother instead. I was so relieved, Gertrude! I couldn't really believe that there would be averthing unkind to say about. Es really believe that there would be anything unkind to say about. Esther, and I didn't want to think that Mildred would say it if there were. But I've heard that beginning a good many times, and I don't wonder I was frightened for a minute. I'm surprised Mildred would begin that way."

"Good for Mildred, I say!" Helen declared with enthusiasm. "She'll be

"Good for Mildred, I say!" Helen declared with enthusiasm. "She'll be doing a good work if she does even a little to change the atmosphere that hangs about those two harm-less little words."
"They say,"—the two words are

"They say,"—the two words are almost always taken as indicating unkind, uncharitable gossip. Why should this be so?" Can we not do a small part toward making them the sign and token of charity?

### How Ireland Treats Anarchists.

Ireland is evidently not a fruitful

him.
The police rescued him after several heads had been broken, and the next morning he was sent to prison for three months. As he left the police court he remarked that Belfast did not seem ripe for anarchist propagagands.

Pains Disappear Before It—No one need suffer pain when they have available Dr. Thomas' Eelectric Oil. If not in the house when required, it can be procured at the nearest store, as all merchants keep it for sale. Rheumatism and all bodily pains disappear when it is applied, and should they at any time return, experience teaches the user of the Oil how to deal with them.



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#### An Odd Occupant of a Pulpit.

Possibly Bishop Blomfield would have considered that Norfolk pulpit, which Mr. Ditchfield tells us about in "The Parish Clerk," appropriately occupied. "Many years ago ecclesiastical matters in Norfolk were in so slack a state that absentee rectors and vicars subscribed to pay a gurate to discharge all their Suna curate to discharge all their Sundev services. Hence some parishes were necessarily without his services for a month or more. The parish clerk would stand outside the church to watch for the parson, and, if he saw him in the distance, would impediately tall the ball; if set, the mediately toll the bell; if not mediately toll the bell; if not the parish went without a service that. Sunday. It happened on one of these monthly occasions that the parson on his arrival at the church door was met by the obsequious clerk, who, turging at his forelock, asked, 'Sir, do vew mind a-preachin' in the readin' desk to-day?' Of course I do wind "The relation to the course I do wind the course I do mind. course I do mind. The pulpit is the place to preach from.' 'But, you see, sir, we fare to have an old guse a-sittin' in the pulpit. She'll be arf her eggs to-morrow; t'would be a shame to take her arf to-day."

### Banish Pimples and Eruptions

pressed condition and feeling of conpressed condition and feeling of constant biredness which affects so many people every spring. This condition means that the blood is impure and watery. That is what causes pimples and unsightly eruptions in some; others have twinges of rheumatism, or the sharp, stabbing pains of neuralism. rheunatism, or the sharp, stabbing pains of neuralgia. Poor appetite, frequent headaches, and a desire to avoid exertion is also due to bad blood. Any or all of these troubles can be banished by the fair use of such a tonic medicine as Dr. Williams', Pink Pills. Every dose of this medicine helps to make new, rich, red blood, which drives out impurities. Stimulates every overen impurities, stimulates every organ, strengthens every nerve, and brings a feeling of new health and new energy to weak, tired out, asling men and women. Here is proof that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the greatest of all spring medicage. dripping from their long stems, steptore whit away. A little later there there was all the step of the received and with a white quill thrust in among the gray velved on her hat, stood where the doctor had stood a short time before.

"They're just doing fine, bet in a patent rocker with an iron farme, slowly swyinging back to hack" in the accompaniment of back."

They for girl from their long stems, step of the stems, and stood a short time before.

"They're just doing fine, "They're just doing fine, "They're just doing fine, bett in a patent rocker with an iron frame, slowly swyinging back to hack" in the accompaniment of back."

"They for girl from the tips of her shoes said:

"How old are you, anyway."

Louise Kent laughed. "I am eighin like as a like and of clothes—injures none.

Plannels washed with

Surppise

"I would't ever sit in it if it were hot was thrown from the police rescued him after seven land of clothes—injures none.

Plannels washed with

Surppise

"The police rescued him after seven land of contral are becoming Catholing and hand the surprised him."

The police rescued him after seven land of canache.

"You have the dotted the the the country and the came from the land was not with the propagand of anarchism and one of the prepagand of anarchism and one of the propagand of anarchism and one of the propagand of anarchism and one of the prepagand of anarchism and on

Protestants are becoming Catholics all over the country. Almost every pastor of a parish has some neophytes under instruction. Rarely does a Bishop administer confirmation without giving that sacrament to a number of converts.

There are two strong currents in religion, which are rapidly growing stronger. One current is bearing multitudes out to the ocean of infidelity, by way of the gulfs that one religion is as good as another; that it does not matter what a man believes so long as he does what he thinks is right; that it is not necessary to belong to any church; that it is not necessary to belong to any church; that it is not necessary to belong to any church; that it is allowable to pick and choose mat one will believe out of Christ's teaching; that agnosticism is the proper thing; that doubt is not sin-

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L. Styles and Dr. John CurDeputy Minister of the Interior. E. J. O'Connor, Dr. Merrils, Dr. W. A. L. Styles and Dr. John Cur-

ful, and that there is nothing clear and sure concerning God and the future life.

The other current goes out towards

authority, doctrine, certainty and infallibility. It is flowing towards the Catholic Church.

the Catholic Church.

Protestantism is declining as a religious force. It is losing power to with the people. It cannot exact obedience or insist on sacrifice. It is still a strong social influence, but it is turning more and more from things spiritual to things mundane.

Catholics should spread good books if like "The Faith of our Fathers," "Plain Facts for Fair Minds," "Clain would help to make converts. Thus they would hasten the time when there shall be one fold and one Shepherd.

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THURSDAY. APRIL 16, 1908.

#### Episcopal Approbation.

If the English Speaking Catholics of Montreal and of this Province consulted their best interests, they woul soo ma e of the TRUE WITNESS one in us, that His mercy is crowned of themost prosperous and powerful Catholic papers in this country. I heartily bless those who encourage this excellent work.

> † PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal

#### EASTER SUNDAY

Religion brings joy the whole year round-on no day, however so much joy as on glorious Easter morn. The very grave exults with hope fulfilled and sorrow changed. Religious joys are chaste and pure-opening up the soul to God and drawing God to the soul as its life, its crown and perfection. No hymn of praise through the circling calendar is so far above the taint of sense time as the Alleluia which hails the risen Saviour standing over His open sepulchre. All the sorrow, of death, all the pain of pierced limbs and thorn-crowned head, all the dolors of the grieving Mother by the Cross, are swallowed up in the victory of the resurrection. The hour of weakness and suffering is gone emancipation at long last has come But we start to the weary world. ed with the joys of Easter; let us continue. Easter is no doubt the great day of freedom and emancipais, however, a day of joy. There is the joy of Jesus Himself No longer the Man of Sorrows-no marks of the thorns upon His brow. He is majestic and calm in the kingly joy which kindles His face with gentle smile and fills His 'eyes with tenderest love. His look is so diso royal and yet so human, that it wins without terrifying and charms without commanding. Jesus Risen, as He said! His Divinity shines through all the features with masterful majesty, and a gladness so bright that we stoop to worship it. The floodgates of the Godhead are

with the created gifts of the Holy Spirit; the delight our Lord had in worshipping God, in having Mary for His Mother—and countless other loys like light from these great centres streamed across the sky of our Lord's blessed soul continuously. There is land enough for all the dispetance of the loys came to His support Im Gethsemani's agonizing prayer and Calvary's breaking Heart. None of the loys were like those of the Resurrection; or more correctly speaking all the loys meet in this overpowering costsay—sunshine after rain, victory after combat—all the loy at second the sunshine after rain, victory after combat—all the loy at second His support the workness, how they can other wise improve the artisans' conditions of the workness, how they can other wise improve the artisans' conditions of the workness, how they can other wise improve the artisans' conditions of the workness, how they can other wise improve the artisans' conditions of the workness, how they can other wise improve the artisans' conditions they will do much for the been five all the logs that how they can secure cheap housing for law workness, how they can other wise improve the artisans' conditions they will do much for the been and the sword of sorrow gone from her soul forever more, the thought that He had finished His tremendous.

work—that He had glorified His Father—all that He had sufhad the joys of the Sacred Heart were surrection. It was like a new In- fish and grasping whilst the in all its fulness. We must not understood that He was less Son of God before Easter morn, in to-all this disturbing causethe crib of Bethlehem or on Good consequences Pilgrim who having sojourned here for our sake was making His immediate preparation to return to His Our dearest Lord, how-Father. ever, had another Easter joy-He thought of us; He rose for our iustification. What gladness to Him that He is our Redeemer! If o add to it, we must rise to newess of life and imitation of our dearest Lord. In these days when by modernists the resurrection of Christ is openly denied as impossible we must make acts of faith in it as the crown and seal of our Redeemer's Divinity and as the type of our own future rising from the dead. What a joy for us when we shall

stand over our open gravenew joy it will be for that dearest Lord that His work has not failed and that we are home with Him through the eternal Easter. will, let us hope, be our Easter when for the first time we, unprofitable servants, look upon our Master's

#### MAY DAY.

A very ardent invitation has been ssued by the Secretary of the May Day Conference calling upon his fel low workers to celebrate the with appropriate demonstration. we may judge by the circular this means the red flag, and wordy war against capitalism. It is an appeal to "the thinking, struggling and intelligently discontented workers of the world to show their discontent their aspiration, their demand, their feeling of unity with their fellowworkers of every land; their defiance to oppressors and oppression of every These may not be all sort." themes of speakers or items of programme. There may be othersbut the coup de theatre is discontent

and defiance. The most deplorable and threatening feature of the present social outlook is the discontent of the working classes. Discontent may be used for the purpose of advancement. In these cases back of this sentiment is the strong determination of not disturbing things around them, but of stepping higher. Too frequently discontent is either aggravated jealousy or demagogic attempts at social upheaval. We have deep sympathy with the struggling workers and bread winners of own land and of every other. Our heart is larger than our head. We acknowledge the hardships of their lot, the increasing difficulty of the influence their condition exerts upon the character of individuals and the prosperity of the nation. Our sym- citizens. prosperity of the nation. Our sympathy is aroused; but our judgment coming to our cities sowing dispatch are moved by the socialistic sension, talking license and calling is not even moved by the socialistic endeavors to aggravate the discon- it freedom. We want fair play all opened to fill the human soul and tent. So far as we can form an round.

overflow upon the glorified Body opinion we think Socialists are observed. overflow upon the glorified Body opinion we think Socialists are
with inexpressible and unending joy. barking up the wrong tree. Instead of the city for this first act of arena for
Baster was not our Lord's first joy of improving the laborer's position freedom in flag carrying, in speech lities, and in the good name of in 1834. Daster was not our Lord's first joy of improving the laborer's position nor will the resurrection be our first joy. Like our loving Saviour we shall have a trail of joys like from the Socialists' growling and complaining about capital and the unhome-like habits the working The Incarnation was a joy. What was the thrill of that human soul so awonderfully, personally united to the Adorable Word! What was its patricians had privileges which they particians had privileges which they particians had privileges which they result in freedom in flag carrying, in speech making and in the good name of the good name of the making and in the good name of the making and in the good name of Montreal.

It was, however, as a song writer and movelist, not as a painter, that he became popular. His reception in the leading literary circles was most flattering.

Perhaps the most gorgeous spectacle case in the world, says the body of Rory O'More, which is merely a slightly altered setting of "The Jolly Ploughman." and wedded to an old Irish tune, made his fame on both sides of the carries of the particians had privileges which they particians had privileges which they are making it worse. Worse it is a Gentle Gleam," together with the air, was published. There are many kinds of cars used in Ireland. There is one in particular used by the peasantry in bringing the leading literary circles was most flattering.

He began novel writing in 1836, is a Gentle Gleam," together with the air, was published. There are many kinds of cars used in reland. There is one in particular used by the peasantry in bringing the leading literary circles was most flattering.

He began novel writing in 1836, is a Gentle Gleam," together with the air, was published.

There are many kinds of cars used in reland. There is one in particular used by the peasantry in bringing the leading literary circles was most flattering.

He began novel writing in 1836, the body has particular used by the peasantry in the leading literary circles was most of the leading litera

pital has its duty to fulfil to Sofered had now come back to Him ciety as well as to its workmen as bread upon the water-surely all Both capital and labor are preparing for a death struggle. Both enewed a thousandfold in the Re- wrong, for the one grows more selcarnation-not that the Person was walks brooding and threatening unchanged or the human nature—but der the mistaken notion that labor the glory of the Sonship had come is all and capital nothing. Money, in all its fulness. We must not be irreligion, materialism, low ideals the are some of the errors leading up have not yet been Friday—or when He lay in His grave drawn in the logic of events and the waiting the dawn of His eternal markets of human activity. The cir-He was always the begotten cular complains that exploiters "are On Easter morn the fire was planning and reducing wages and kindled afresh with the glory of triumph and the gladness of that workers into still worse poverty"; that "the signs of the general dustrial oppression continue to accumulate," and that "the shut downs, shutouts, and layoffs will continue as long as capitalism lasts." No one will deny that there is much truth in these querulous statements. We cannot expect that wish to share in His joy, if we wish the day is at hand when exploiters are extinct. As long as selfishness is a motive in the human heart, so long will there be wrong-doing and oppression in industry and in supply and demand by which world is ever largely governed. The law which but for selfishness might keep the relations between men fairly balanced, is continually disturbed by the greed and exaction of selfishness. Nor is the evil less attributable to the erroneous theories about money and wages advocated since the rise of Protestantism. It was not that Brotestantism had any view upon the subject, for there was the entire want of principle. Destroying the working guilds, Protestantism never replaced them by

fostering union of any kind amongst In those days money had not the artificial value which it has since acquired and which serves as a snare to entice and deceive workmen. Industry received a remendous impetus from the troduction of machinery and later ing some against Machinery is labor-saving and trusts are organizations economizing service. Labor thus thrown out in the improvements of the times, feels aggrieved, complains, quarrels and threatens. No good can come of it all. No union can be maintained upon principles of division and sentiments of hatred. If capital and labor would come together on May Day, and in free speech and devoted patriotism, explain their various positions and complaints—lay aside, the one its unbending silence, the other its bitterness-good might come of it for terness—good might come of it of the country at ful gifts he possessed as a story large. The call to workmen alone is foreboding. "Come," says this secretary, "with your organizations, cretary, "with your organizations, sonal quarters were such as to gain carry your flags, come in the spirit of comrades and fighters for dom, and rally for another year's of the recognized social lions of the advance." Such language cannot be capital too severely condemned, for the whole situation, and the disturbing no priviliged class, no oppression of passion the poor. We want no flag on May tary day except the common flag of all demy. citizens. We want no coming to our cities sowing discoming the composition of the city for this first act of of the city for this first act of the city for the cit want no strangers the Worse d more Montreal.

cestacy as in its consciousness it gazed into the majesty of God the Son, and strew at its first glance that it itself was the soul of the Word-made-flesh! The delight that twas so inextraustibly enriched twas so inextraustibly enriched the special speci

#### Samuel Lover.

The County Dublin Association of dred and eleventh anniversary of the birth of Samuel lover recently with a concert and lecture. The discourse was delivered by Peter A. Conroy, or Samuel lover recently with a concert and lecture. The discourse was delivered by Peter A. Conroy, vice-president of the Association.

Mr. Conroy recalled the achievements in art, literature and music of their fellow citizens of Dublin, one

their fellow citizens of Dublin, one whose name is familiar to every Irish man and woman from childhood, through his writings both in poetry

through his writings both in poetry and in prose.

Mr. Conroy continued: It has been said of our people that we are prone to dwell too much on the bygone glories of our race, that we live too much in the past. But we should accept that criticism as being much more of a compliment than a reproach, we should endeavor to perpetuate the memory of those of our race who by their natural talents (often exercised under the

born in Dublin on Feb. 24, 1797. He was the eldest son of a member of the Dublin Stock Exchange and was a delicate, precocious and sensitive child, possessing, however, that greatest of life's blessings, a good mother, to whom in a great measure he was indebted for his success. Almost before he could reach the keyboard of the piano he exhibited aptitude for music and composition. His carly years being spent amid seens of violence and bloodshed in consequence of the military occupation of our unfortunate country let an indelible impression on his youthful mind.

At the age of 13 years we find

from collectivism in capital. By on small donations turmsnee by the valis in Ireland that both of these interventions of talent mother. Those years were spent valis in Ireland that both of these interventions of talent mother. Those years were spent valis in Ireland that smiles in its sleep it is talking the angels, and was made us the angels. labbyr was, notwithstandcompensation, legislated from of his time and in serious efforts to secure their approbation and 
lachinery is labor-saving arronage. He studied painting and 
are organizations for music and was largely assisted by the friendship of Comerford, who ranked among the foremost portrait painters of the period, and succeeded ly in the century.

even beyond his own expectations in The Shamrock is always represent

painters of the period, and succeeded even beyond his own expectations in that direction.

The excellence and delicate finish of his miniatures soon attracted at-tention at the annual exhibitions of the Hibernian Academy and won for him the patronage of the leaders in

Dublin society.

At this time he began to contribute to the Dublin magazines some of his inimitable tales and legends. Though handicapped by a naturally feeble voice, he was enabled to feeble voice. overcome this weaknerful gifts he possessed sonal qualities were such as to gain

In 1827 he married a Miss Berrill spirit which animates it is unpatriotic and anarchistic. There is no
twant of freedom in this country—trouble and many a swaying tide of

In 1828 he was appointed secre to the Royal Hibernian Aca-His miniature of Pagamini, iolinist, made on the occasion

### with him have done in later days, and of them all, none was sweeter

and of them all, none was sweeter than "Molly Bawn."

Like many others of our Irish poets, Lover used to advantage in his writings the quant superstitions of the peasantry, one in particular which spoke of a beautiful child, who from me apparent cause sidened and from no apparent cause, sicken died after being stolen by f This legend he has immortalize "The Fairy Boy."

"The Fairy Boy."

An Irish peasant maid in the heydey of her youth with her pretty figure, her abundant black hair, her figure, her abundant black bair, her large blue eyes, with their indescribable half alluring, half shy expression and the soft lulling intonation of her coaxing and berbrogue, is quite irresistible and the boy has too often an impressionable heart and a deludering tongue. Lover makes this the theme of his song, "I'm Not Myself At All."

The peasantry of Ireland are emo-

nent in Not stysell at All.

The peasantry of Ireland are emotional and sentimental, but though
there seems to exist a widespread
the impression that strong, passionate,
masterful love is a characteristic of of our race who by their natural talents (often exercised under the most disadvantageous conditions) reflect credit upon the land which gave
them birth, and who have left us a
glorious heritage, of which we muwell be proud.

Samuel Lover, poet, novelist, dramatist, etcher and composer,
born in Dublin on Feb. 24, 1797.

He was the eldest son of a member
and list season of a member attribute to Carolan, the last of the
lrish bards, but do not state their

mind.

At the age of 13 years we find him, much against his will, entering the office of his father, whose wish it was that he should follow in his own footsteps in his chosen profession and who had no sympathy with his youthful drawings. All the lad's leisure moments and much of the time that he was expected to give to his office duties was spent in drawing, music and writing theatrical entertainments.

In the very 1815 the young man. of putting things, for his declaration induced the girl to yield to his wishes. Lover gives us an instance of this method of wooding in his characteristic song, "Barney O'Hea."

A superstition of great beauty prevails in Ireland that when a child smiles in its sleep it is called.

Lover in his song, "The Whisper," published in 1840. air under the title, "Mary, d Fancy Me," is in Bunting's Irish Melodies, volume 1, issu

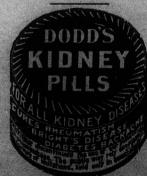
ed by three leaves on one stem rock, which is supposed to endow the finder with magic power and is of course much sought after. It is of course much sought the subject of a beautiful poem by rock." An Irish country gentleman

a very flattering one. spelled through it, scratched his hea spelled through it, scratched his head and remained silent. "Well," said the man, "don't you consider it favorable enough?" "Oh, no sur, not that, shure it couldn't be better—but—but—" "But what?" angrily inquired the man. "Begorra sir," was the replya" I was just thinkin' that your before might give me some your honor might give me some-thing to do yourself on the strength of that recommendation." This is a blarney, about which Lover and which was published as a sheet in Dundee about the year 1814
Toward the close of 1835 Loven writing drama of "Rory O'More" followed and was succeeded by "The White Horse of the Peppers," "The Happy Man," and others now less known.

Lover next became with

and others now less known.

Lover next became a public entertainer, and in 1846 he carried his
"Irish Evenings" from the United
Kingdom to America, where he made
money but suffered in health. It
was in this year that his song "There
is a Gentle Gleam," together with



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What Pri A

THURSDAY, AP

In Bordeaux, a a free-thinker, h compartment of was making I when a factor. They were the that part of the was speeding the rie district when they caught sign seemed to be with the compartment of the priest as he turned to such a fellow go he commenced a such a fellow get he commenced a ligion, Church a dthat it would drive such peopletry. His comparation while the treatment denly the laborated a man of denly the labo jacket, a man of and placing hims attitude before if "We are now tre lonely region am far apart. Suppyour money and I could do so we would throw you." ould throw you would throw you window; and no wiser for it." said the mero fright, "I have and you would a death." What wou have death." "What borer, "you have not stand by you dow of the bank counted out 30, you now carry in merchant now tr pen leaf, but the ly: "You need without your more and the way." ther your mone ither your mone I went to scho by a priest, and fear God, and to of virtue. Now, what these 'fello

Mr. Stead Many honors of

to Mr. W. T, St course of a busy sertive lifetime, b nor is his selection

able wretch, have

of Oliver Cromw Pageant. ed a press represe ate the greatery. An personate the gre lish history. An ters represented t is a patch on Cr point of historic worth." That i worth." That is worship; it mak think and speak tives. But Mr. tives. But Mr. ; at his prospect role, that even hi ly to be sacrifice "I mean," he sai thoroughly." the that here akes a virtue marely remark the else for it. Crom with some success even Nature to be tulations, however he is not called a ual sacrifice thoroughly" as C

HEALTH FO

A mother who h Own Tablets for ways use them for ments that come The Tablets are to the world for the colic, constipation ing troubles, and And the mother h a government and dicine contains no or narcotic. Mrs Eleanors; P.E.I., s Baby's Own Table of results, and kn equal them for th and bowel trouble safe unless I have Own Tablets in the by medicine dealer 25 cents a box fragians' Medicine Communication of the same of

Unique and Co

Jewelry to the Jewelry to the contributed by the Francis Xavier p. N.Y., was melted manufacture of a trance, used for Sunday at the Fition. Into the mored vessel went.

Sunday at the F tion. Into the n cred vessel went of the jewelry pre gregation, but pre number of 94. 'it stands is value The monstreamee thie style, is three weighs 124 ounce entirely by hand rose gold, 14 car monstrances the 14 of radiating brane present the rays (Around the lume monds of large sapphires and 2 have been constant since last Sentemb

have been constant since last Septemb A NEWMA

One is apt to jurity of Cardinal I that he was a set le character with ven of humor in this notion will I if you read this him by the Pall London:

"That Presbyter late Dr. John Cun

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What Priests

Are Good For.

In Bordeaux, a merchant, who was a free-thinker, had just entered the compartment of a railway ear and was making himself comfortable was part and the confortable was part and the confortable was perfectly and the confortable was peeding through a lonely prairie district when at a small station rie district when r I went to school I was that the total the taught me to fear God, and to walk in the path of virtue. Now, perhaps, you know what these 'fellows,' as you, miserable wretch, have called the priests, are good for."

### Mr. Stead as Cromwell.

Many honors of a kind have fallen to Mr. W. T. Stead so far in the course of a busy and sometimes assertive lifetime, but the crowning honor is his selection to play the part of Oliver Cromwell at the London Pageant. "I would not," he assured a press representative, - aspire to personate the greatest man in English history. Among all the characters represented there is not one who is a patch on Cromwell from the point of historic value and personal worth." That is the worst of heroworship; it makes the worshipper think and speaks so much in superlatives. But Mr. Stead is so exalted at his prospect in the Protector's role, that even his beard is cheerfully to be sacrificed for the occasion: "I mean," he said, "to do the thing thoroughly." We will not assume that here the versatile journalist makes a virtue of necessity, but merely remark that we see nothing else for it. Cromwell bearded others with some success, but allowed not even Nature to beard him. Compratulations, however, to Mr. Stead that he is not called upon in a spirit of equal sacrifice to "do the thing thoroughly" as Charles the First! Many honors of a kind have fallen

this Church is the one Church and the only Church that Jesus Christ established. This fact is as clear and unshaken in his mind as the mathematical proposition that two and two make four. It admits of no question, no shadow of doubt. The logical Protestant is and must be a seeker after truth; the Catholic believes that he has already found it. The Protestant, therefore, can take part in any religious service, for he knows not at what turn he may receive more light to cause him to change his present denomination.

to change his present denomination for another, but the Catholic, because of the facts stated, cannot, without violating the essential principles of his Church, take part in the religious service of any Church but that which he believes to have been instituted by Christ. Participation therefore, in a Protestant service is; to the Catholic mind, not merely a question of liberality or toleration, or broad-mindedness; it is a question simply of right and wrong.—Catholic Standard and Times Almanac. to change his present denomination

#### · A Remarkable Conversion.

A singular conversion was witnessed in Washington, D.C., last week, when Mr. Rolla T. Marshall, a pronounced freethinker, was recieved into the Catholic church on his death bed. Mr. Marshall who is a ripe to the Caunolic church on his death bed. Mr. Marshall who is a ripe scholar and a man of marked liter-ary talent, has been writing a book the sole object of which is the defa-mation of the Catholic church in gen-eral and an attempt to prove by the Old Testament that the Pope is an-ti-Christ in particular. eral and an attempt to plan old Testament that the Pope is anti-Christ in particular.

Tuesday last while in apparently robust health, Mr. Marshall informed the plan who is a devout Catho-

robust health, Mr. Marshall informed Mrs. Riley, who is a devout Catholic and an employe of the Government, that he would become a Catholic ere long. Two days later when he was striken with paralysis, he requested Mrs. Riley to send him a priest, where-upon she telephoned for Rev. Father Finnerty, of St. Dominick's church who immediately responded and received into the one true church a man who throughout his long life—he being seventy-five years old—was an intense hater of everything Catholic.

After being baptired and given the

A Record of the principle of the princip

faith in his ability to cure their bodily ills as had their Catholic neighbors. To them he ministered with the same kindness and patience that characterized every action of his noble life.

The same kindness and patience that characterized every action of his noble life.

The same kindness and patience that characterized every action of his noble life.

The same kindness and patience that the Holy Father has been extremely patient in dealing with the erring French priest. For criticism such as that published by the Liverpool Daily Post and Mercury—not to mention the incorrect obiter dictarded we are, of course, prepared, A great mention the incorrect obiter dicta-we are, of course, prepared. A great deal of it is issued in the course of every twelve months by journalistic pontiffs who become enamored of the latest theory about the profoundest problems of religion just as they are seized with admiration for a new canon in literature or art. The Ca-tholic Church's way is not theirs. She is no admirer of the latest fash-ions in doctrine.

### The Merry Monarch

That vivacious and original writer, Mr. Gilbert Chesterton, must be flattered by the marked attention paid to his utterances by certain critics in The Dublin Review. It is true that the Catholic critics in question seek to refute his arguments and reverse his judgments. But refutation, like imitation, may be regarded as a form of unconscious flattery. The criticism may be accompand by greaterly experience by accompanied by graceful compliments

true church a man who throughout his long life—he being seventy-five years old—was an intense hater of everything Catholic.

After being baptired and given the last rites of the Church, Mr. Marshall sat rites of the Church, Mr. Marshall for the past year boarded with an Irish Catholic family and also roomed with a Catholic one, that of John A. Crowley, with whom he often engaged in religious controversies, and it is more than likely that what he saw and heard in his recent environments dispelled the prejudice that had controlled him throughout his long life and enabled the prejudice that had controlled him to recognize the truth and holiness of the teachings of the Church and

The The Church and the the meaning a controlled in the newspapers that the newsp

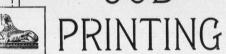
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### There is Always God.

The Professor sat in an arm-cheir overlooking the busy London thoroughfare, waiting for Lady Student. He did not like lady students any more than he liked waiting, for he tapped the desk in front of him every now and then, as an accompaniment to something inaudible which he muttered between his teeth. He was a small man, with a sharp, intelligent face, lighted up by a pair of keen Irish gray eyes. Seen casually, it was a face that repelled, for it was usually adorned with a black stubby growth; and the thick crown of jet-black hair looked as if on bad terms with a brush; but when he smiled the face assumed a new characteristic. One observed the perfect chiseling of the features, and the softened look in the eyes, as of kindly thoughts kept in check by some perverse fancy lest they should betray the tenderness of soul which kindled them.

rindled them.

Presently a step was heard on the creaking stairs, a hurried knock at the door, which, on an instant was unceremoniously and opened unceremoniously and the Lady-Student entered, looking rather

belated and somewhat out of breath.
"I'm late," she ventured.
"You are," he answered laconically.
She looked at him fixedly with her great eyes, in the depths of which trouble lurked.
"Well," he remarked, after an

awkward pause, as he roughly pushed back the thick hair from his

ed back the thick hair from his broad, intellectual brow.

"I—I," she began. Then she relapsed into silence and a chair. The Professor smiled grimly. It was a little way he had. It irritated the Lady-Student past forbearance. She just felt the irritation as if all her nerves had been rubbed the wrong

way.
She was very tall—nearly six feet.
Her figure would have been passable
if she had ever practiced gymnastics.
Never having done so she slouched Never having done so she shalong a little sideways with back slightly arched. Her fa slightly arched. Her face was handsome; but a very t broad gave it an air of distinction. Her hair might have been beautiful had she learned the art of dressing it. the mind of a man encased in the body of a woman. It was this lat-ter reason which induced the Profester reason which induced the Professor to number her among his pupils. Her mind was so broad and guick that he sometimes forgot her sex. It was only when she was late and kept him waiting that he rememberable is included. ed his mistake in admitting lady students. He was angry now and she knew it, but she made no apolo-It was her way. She couldn't unless she had wilfully and apologize unless she had wilfully and deliberately done wrong. It was not her fault that the omnibus had to stop a quarter of an hour through congestion of traffic. Her silence did not sooth the Pro-

He would have liked an apologyn fact thought one justly due to him, and vented his chagrin by way of scathing comments on her work. The lesson was not a success. The professor was irritable, sharp, autocratic. The Lady Student, divining something absorption was flurrent something absorption. something abnormal, was flur ried out of her philosophic calm and spasmodically. Professor eyed her keenly from his half-closed lids. It did not under his hall-closed lids. It did not penetrate his masculine mind that his own irritability might account for his pupil's behavior. He only asked the question of his own heart: "What is the matter with her?"

And the answer came: "She is a woman." All women are full of moods. Why can they not do one thing at a time. One carnot indulge moods and receive full benefit form a lesson."

m a lesson."
My head aches," she gasped at
t. "I will leave with your per-"By all means," he replied a trifle

The Lady-Student jammed her hat

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ever to-day. I felt as if I would like to write to him to say I would not come again," he heard in the unmistakable accents of the Lady-Stu-

dent.
"Can you not cease the lessons
without writing? I presume you've
paid the man," answered a highpitched masculine voice, in querulous

"That would be so rude; and he is a splendid teacher. I sometimes "What do you wish?"

"What do you wish?"
"Oh, nothing."
"Just like a woman. But—I say, dear—what's the good of all this culture? Things are looking up a bit, and with your money we might safely marry this year. It seems a shame to be flinging money away like that when it puts off the farther."

pleasant sensation of sickness, had arisen on first hearing the voices, and staggerigg aimlessly through the density towards a lamp that tered sickly in the yellow fog, found himself face to face with found himself face to face with the Lady-Student and a man with a vapid face and a very untinished chin who suggested to his fancy a lay figure in a tailorshop. He thought he saw a look of recognition on the girl's face, but he had retreated into the darkness again ere she had time to make any remark, supposing that the had been noticed. The next week the appointed time found her fingers trembling with the quick beating of the appointed time found her trembling with the quick beat her heart. His hope that she not observed him was a vain one for the week had been spent by her in considerable perturbation of spirit That he had overheard her remarks That he had overheard her remarks or at least part of them she had not the slightest doubt, and she considered and rejected suggestions that arose in her mind scores of times anent some sort of apology. Her manner as she entered was hurried manner as she entered was hurried and nervous. The Professor smiled and nervous. The Professor smiled with his eyes as he noted this, but he sat at his desk with his face so utterly spinx-like that she could not fathom his thoughts in the very least concerning that unfortunate meeting in the fog. Sitting down opposite him, and looking him full in the face—a habit with her when in the face—a habit with her when speaking to people, she almost exclaimed at the transformation in his appearance. His face was as clean as a boy's, his hair shone with excess of brushing, and his attire was spotless. A half-opened rose peeped shyly at her from the lapel of his cost and a signet ring gleamed on coat and a signet ring gleamed on the little finger of his left hand. She who could conceal

the little finger of his left hand. She was not a girl who could concea any emotion. Transparency was her greatest fault of virtue, and the Professor noting her look, smiled a little to himself as he asked, "Shall we commence?"

"If you please," came the reply, extended to the cirl's usually confident. "If you please," came the reply, not in the girl's usually confident tones, but in timid, beseeching ones, as much as to say, "I never meant to hurt your feelings by my injudicious remarks in the fog." What a success that lesson was! The Professor brought out all his wonderful teaching nowers. His explanations success that resources all his wondering sor brought out all his wondering sor brought out all his wondering.

The Lady-Student jammed her hat on sideways and fled.

"What a bear he is!" she muttered to herself as he held the door for her, for the Professor was a gentleman by nature and never forgot the small civilities of life, even when angry.

He looked after her critically, noting that her skirt was untidy round the bottom and hung askew, that her coat did not fit her well, and her hair rebelled for lack of considerateness in the way of pins. This ied to a train of thought regarding the pity it was that a woman could not cultivate her brains and the virtue of neatness at the same time as he contrasted his pupil with some other women friends who irritated him with their unintellectual complacency, yet gladdened his eyes with their daintiness.

Success that lesson was! The Professor had not teaching powers His explanations were clear, decisive, convincing. None knew better than he how to pick out the gems in his pupils with and hold them up for their delectation and encouragement, as no one knew better how to crush out any fantastic pride and egotism; take hold of it as it were and lay it as a mirror before the students' eyes to shame them into serious work and thought. The shallow mind he held up before its owner for the thing it was, in the hope that, knowing its own limitations, it might grow deep-rayin the light of perseverance. The frivolous mind he ridiculed into steadiness. But the deep mind he dug and cared for and nourished until it became a beautiful mind of knowledge. Of the latter kind was the Lady-Student's, but the Professor had not

An unformed thought took root in his mind, to wit, that if the Lady-Student could be induced to consider her personal appearance, he —but here he broke off suddealy, and, returning to his desk, plunged into a treatise on some abstruse subject which, however, did not interest him as usual. Irritated with his wandering mood, he flung down the book, and taking up his hat, left the room.

He did not notice which way he turned on reaching the street, but, presently, he found himself seated by the pond in the green park, watching the swans with lumps of bread and evidently enjoying the wandering passage of the food down the long, slender necks of the birds.

Soon they went away, for the evening was closing in and a fog loomed thick and yellow in the distance. As he sat alone, deep in thoughts which he had tried to smother, his own name was borne to him through the mist.

"He was more disagreeable than ever to-day. I felt as if I would like to write to him to say I would not come again," he heard in the unmistakable accents of the Lady-Stu-she in the mistake of mistakable accents of the Lady-Stu-She did not commit the mistake of she was a loone, and a latter as she walked home to her flat in Westminster.

She did not committed by him—to congly undewn gems of great worth. It would be his joyful task to polish and brighten them, to draw gently into the light of day, to gladden a treation they for fay, to gladden a world not too bright with giant intellects. He had never really known her before for what she was. He had been a little contemptuous of her as pirations—unsual with the majority of her sex—a little indulgent occasionally when she did better than let had been a little contemptuous of her as pirations—unsual with the majority of her sex—a little astonished often when her quick mind in each street. The had been a little contemptuous of her sex—a little contemptuous of her as pirations—unsual with the majority of her

ly to her own neart, and her step was quite buoyant as she walked home to her flat in Westminster. She did not commit the mistake of being late again. neither was she again so injudicious as to speak his name aloud, indeed she ceased to speak of him at all, although he beak of him at all, although he numted her thoughts always. During the months that followed he was so kind to her in a gentle, unobtrusive way that she sometimes wonder-ed if his giant intellect were failing and if he were coming down to the level of ordinary humanity. That she was anything more to him than the books on his shelves she did not imagine for a moment, but his pa-tient considerateness nerved her to great effort and she worked really as much for the pleasure of pleasing him as for the work's reward.

The examination at which she was or or dishonor his name loomed very near, and she was determined that, whether he had or had not heard her remarks that ill-fated evening in the fog, she would make am-ple apology both to him and to her own heart by a special triumph on that eventful occasion. He rarely spoke to her on any subject uncon-nected with her work, therefore when she came one day with the third finger of her left hand minus the brilliant opal ring which had adorned it so long it was only natural that he should not have commented on the lutely nothing in common with her was so great that she wanted woman-like she wanted to hint that his giant mind had won her freedom of another kind, the freedom of speech which is not the property of women on one occasion

The examination was over and the Lady-Student had been true to her-self. She topped the list of a long line of students, as well as being able to sign, henceforth, two disable to sign, henceforth, two tinguished letters after her name was more from force of habit t from any need of help that she found knocking at the Professor's donned her best clothes and looked so trim that he in turn was aston-ished almost into uttering an ex-clamation, as she had been once

He stood up as she entered, face flushed, his eyes shining.

"You have crowned me with
glory," he said in a voice strangely
husk as he took her hand, and forgot to drop it after the usual conrecttional schole.

"I am glad-glad," she answered. her eyes beaming.
"We could work so well togethe

if—if—" he began, and looked up at her in some perplexity, "If what?" she queried. After which a strange thing happened. Her

usual direct gaze faltered and long lashes fell on her cheeks. "If you would marry me," he said, "Why—I was wondering if you "Why-I was wondering ould ever ask me," she

There was no lesson that evening save the old, old lesson which is ever new and which lovers learn from the throbbing of their own hearts.—Nora Frances Degidon, in Donahoe's Magazine.

Plea for Magdalen's Sister.

It is one of the most remarkable facts, in the analysis of modern cha-rity, that, wherever they exist, the various Homes of the Good Shepherd conducted by the Sisters of the Good conducted by the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, are poorly supported, says the Syracuse Catholic Sun. In several cities of the Union we have been told by the Mother Superior of those institutions that often there is actual want under their roofs, simply because the world, so generous in other cases, in this goes by and does not see.

ous in other cases, in this goes by and does not see.

A few days ago, on looking over a copy of the Kilkenny (Ireland) Journal, we came across the of the most eloquent appeals for these Magdalen Homes that we have ever seen. It was a sermon in behalf of the Magdalen Asylum, Kilkenny, preached by Rev. M. Phelan, S.J., of the Sacred Heart Church, Limerick, and was certainly a masterly utterance. We present a few passages which amply prove that oratory is not dead in Ireland. The words are as vital nour country as they are oversea. Brethren, for Magdalen's sister in sorrow, as in shame, I plead to-day. Why do I ask you to assist the penitent outcast? To afford you an opportunity of performing one of the moblest acts within human reach. Let me put the case this way. Do not the purest recollections of your life cluster round the Church in which you have worshipped since infancy? The memories of its stained windows and stately ritual, its bel-

fry chimes and organ swells cling to you for life. Every remembrance that is high and holy belongs to it. The evening visit of adoration, the glow of love that went up with the incense clouds at Benediction, the rapt ecstacy after Holy Communion. Now when in manhood years you found yourself in far off lands under strange stars, these recollections would come floating back like memories of a lost Eden, and as they passed the heartwould soften and the eye grow dim with the mist of love. eye grow dim with the mist of love Should you then return to discover Should you then return to discover that one more cyclone of persecution had swept over your native land, and you find a roofless tempte and a desolate sanctuary. The hooting owls and the beasts of the field are seeking shelter within the holy walls. As you dashed the tear of rage and As you dashed the tear of rage and sorrow from your eyes, would you not swear to coin your very blood into gold until the ancient glories of that temple rose once more. Behold, I to-day present to you the desolate temple of the human soul, once over-behodoved by Gold; explenders. Altar.

shadowed by God's splendors. Altai lights of sacrifice pure.

Inghts of sacrifice pure.

Inghamed there, and the sweet incense of prayer rose up from it to Heaven. But behold it now, rent, torn, made desolate by sin. The wild ousts of passion have sweet its of passion have sweet its of passion have sweet its of the proposed in the prop every asse, and unclear things have tenanted this opec sanctuary of God. Will you not help to restore the beauty of this God's fairest home, to rebuild the sanctuary of a human heart! Christ is anxious to tabernacle there once more as in of innocence and cry shall I rest; here shall I abide!' The Church rarely displays

charity more triumphantly than in

the regeneration of a fallen woman This is an achievement no mere human agency can hope to accomplish As well attempt to control the ocear and what power has mastered it? Science has grasped and yoked the lightnings of the sky, making the ductile instrument of her with which to flash thought from pole to pole. Lamp in hand she has ransacked the caverns of the earth, classified and ticketed the buried strata of the rocks. She has swept ransacked the caverns of the earth, classified and ticketed the buried strata of the rocks. She has swept the heavens with telescope, and brought within apparent finger touch the starry wonders, rusning ... path through space. But the ocean will not brook one thread of her control, she cannot chain the timest wavelet or hush to sleep one mutaval sob. The power of God alone tered sob. The power of God alone has ruled its wildest fury. Two thousand years ago the storm sweeping over the barren hills buffeted Genesareth into foam. The Apostles tossed in an open boat amongst the breakers; cold terror seized them; small wonder that they tremble, for they knew that the ocean floor bethey knew that the ocean floor be-neath was bleached with the white bones of many a Gallilean fisherman. But peering through the gloom they see a streak of light, and behold! a divine form with fluttering garments

over the snowy ridges of the main ''Tis the Lord,'' they cry, "'Tis the Lord.'' He breathes forth His over the snowy ridges of the main.

"Tis the Lord," they cry, "Tis
the Lord," He breathes forth His
power. "Peace"—"Peace, be still,"
and lo! the storm spirit folds its
wings, the waves sink into slumber,
the dark clouds roll back, and the
stars gleam down once more from
peaceful skies. Water, air and sky
attest His presence, and obey His
will. That same power of God, and
it alone, can transform into pictures
of peaceful penitence the souls where
passion tempests raged and held high

nd streaming hair walks in maje

sion tempests raged and held high

What other power could reclaim a allen woman? Circle round her every force this world boasts of and see how puny it becomes. You have payonets, but shell and bayonets were mocked and dared by the wowere mocked and dared by the wo-name of the French Commune. I rison gyves—in her final breath she hisses scorn at them. Oh! but you have the power of mind—cloquent tongues wise philosophy anther giaring through its You have gold—yea, your gold she will clutch, but only to purchase a leeper hell. All power of earth and nind are vain. The Spirit of God

mind are vain. The Spirit of God, alone whispering, "Peace, be still," can call the furies of the soul.
"Simon, dost thou see this woman?" The bright spirits of heaven once saw and loved her; when the baptismal waters rell from her brow, seraphs gazed with protuce on the eraphs gazed with rapture on the eauty of God that flashed from her infant soul. In childhood she went to sleep with the sweet name of Josus and Mary on her lips; her young soul, so fresh from heaven, dreamed and whispered with the angels. She grew in beauty; her conceited fancy was caught by the gaudy tinsel of fashion, and the devil whispered that surely such a graceful rose was never destried to waste its perfume among plain villagers. She listened to the tempter and sought the town. nfant soul. In childhood she

perfume among plain villagers. She listened to the tempter and sought the town.

"Simon, dost thou see this woman?" Yes, men saw her, and their unholy glances fell like sparks upon her soul and lighted passion flames that consumed her. Men gazed upon her as the vulture on the dove; vice clutched her in its unholy talons, tore and dashed her life to wreckage. Rushing to escape from her guitty self she turns homewards, but even plain villages will not brook the shame of a soiled and bleeding rose. She sought the town again.

"Simon, dost thou see this woman?" Yes, the world saw her "dealing in shame for a morsel of breat." Gashed, torn, withering under a load of scorn, flung from society as a thing accursed, the air she breathed a plague, shunned and loathed as a leper.

His grace sought an entrance. At last its triumph came. How did it happen? One night when the wi try skies were as dark and starle as her own life, she shivered und the city lamps. The chime of neighboring Convent came borne her ear, that simple messenger the herald of God's grace. I called the "Angelus" of her m village, it awakened the nobler that had slept for years, it rec the thousand memories clasped with-"home, the sea-shell for ever murmurs music of its native deep, the per of evening prayer—these come floating back like spirit voices from a brighter land. Thus God's triumph came. The cruel casem passions broke and crumbled, calling for home, and peace, God, and a strange impulse alas, the Nun whose heart s to take her to her bosom and wipe the tears from the cheek of herfallen sister, is forced with a quivering lip to utter words that fall like a death sentence. "We have no shelter, we have no food!" Great God! no we have no food!" Great God! no food, no shelter! Back to darkness and sin once more she staggers. Her guardian Angel veils his face in sorrow, and hell in mocking glee is ringing with the words "They have have the stagger of their property." food, they have no shelter no food, they have no shelter."
Through the dismal night winds the
wailing spirits of despair are sobbing. "They have no shelter, they
have no food." Shall there be no
shelter, shall there be no food? Shall whole fortunes be squadered to en-compass one frail woman's fall? Shall fashion erect palaces where-with to shelter crime? Shall the s Aspasias strut in all of lavish splendor, and in ian land shall there be world's

local ailment easily dealt with. But many neglect it and the result is often the development of distressing eizures of the bronchial tubes lungs that render life miserable for the unhappy victim. As a first aid there is nothing in the hands medicine line so certain in curative re-sults as Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the far-famed remedy for colds and coughs

Magdalen, whose cheeks are

wet with the beads of sorrow? This is the question I came here to ask and this is the question I now leave your generous hearts to answer.

Christ's

fruly a Struggling Mission In the Diocese of Northampton, Fakenham, Norfolk.

H ELP! HELP! HELP! --- or the Love of the Sacred Heart and in Honor of St. Anthony of Fadua, DO PLEASE and a mite for the erection of a new worthy Home for the Blessed Sacrament. True, the out-nest at Falia.

worthy Home for the Blessed Sacrament. True, the out-post at Fakenham is only a GARRET But it is an out-post; it is the SOLE SIGN of one vitality of the Catholic Church in 35 x 20 miles of the County of Nordolk. Large donations are not sought (though they are not objected to). What is sought is the willing CO-OPERATION of all devout Clients of the Sacred Heart willing CO - OPERATION of the Covery willing CO - OPERATION of the Sacred Heart vont St. Anthony in England, Ironand Scotland, Wales, and the Each Client is asked to send a small offering—to put a few bricks in the new Church. May I not hope for some little measure of

esent I am obliged to SAY MAS
d give Benediction in a Garret,
y average weekly collection is only
6d, and I have no endowment cept HOPE. What can I do alone? Very little.

want can I do alone? Very lttle. But with your co-operation and that of the other well-disposed readers of this paper, I can do all that needs to be done.

In these days, when the faith of rean; is becoming week, when the task as a straight as the straight as the straight and is about to treat Our Divine Lord Himself as it treatment. Our Divine Lord Himself as it treated His Holy Church, the Catholic Faith is renewing its youth in England and bidding fair to obtain possession of the hearts of the English people agair. I have a very up-hill struggle here on behalf of that Faith. I must succeed or else this vast district must be abandoned

IT RESTS WITH YOU

to say whether I am to succeed or fail. All my hopes of success are in your co-operation. Will you not then extend a co-operating hand? Surely you will not refuse? You may not be able to help much, indeed But you can help a little, and a multitude of "littles" means a great deal.

Don't Turn a Deaf Ear to My Urgent

'May God bless and prosper your endeavours in establishing a Mission at Fakenham.''

ARTHUR, Bishop of Northampton.

FATHER H. W. GRAY. Catholic Mission, Fakenham

P.S.—I will gratefully and prompt ly acknowledge the smallest dona-nation, and send with my acknowledge-ment a beautiful pictur of the Sa-cred Heart and St. Anthony. THE NEW MISSION IS DEDICATED TO ST. AMERICAN OF PADUA. Constant pre would make here Ausses for Benefactor.

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He sat alone furnished librar oppressively sti through the came the faint ous waltz.
A grim smile
the corners of
was rather con
from the world
of a "Marche F

THURSDAY. A

Leaning back, he thought ove said that the was practically their whole live in full review, ing his. He se very beginning his grandmothe bleak Irish bog of sixteen, to his miserable treated worse erty, the hards when he was bigirl of seventee if the young with mascot—as, lau he had often the gradual tuchad "struck lie ing expressed i had been little at twenty, had millionaire. A millionaire and glanced—this face—round Who would hax

who would have poor, beaten, he chin of the log blossom out, seems genius? thought, toogrimmer—that proved himself did talent for wonderful grip be a fool at away his vast His ruin had upon him for bled-foolishly, ly. He had s money that he sweat and blo grasp—and he why had the spent the best in striving for and ashes to hit, he did not A look of in into his eyes. did talent for her, the pretty made his wife py in the poor en home—happ any rate, had And Square. And ney had begun had drifted ap

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remembered no in the evening they would m way, these followed; the bab shoulder; Harr eldest girl, ON Comr

> BUT IT BE MATTER PNEUMO ASTHMA. SUMPTION Get rid of Dr. No

Pine

Obstinate cousistent cough, of
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Be careful w
you get the ge
Pine Syrup. P
three pine trees
Mr. Wm. O
Alta, writes;
ettled on my h
of Dr. Wood's

#### APRIL 16, 1908.

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mach Means a Clear a presume of a nervousiness men of the constrained to live upon their vitality al to their health. It most careful treatvare able to keep and active in their s ameny of them of Parmelee's Vegequiating the stomach y keeping the head

### Fetters of Gold.

THURSDAY, APRIL 16, 1908.

He sat alone in the big luxuriously furnished library. The room was copperated by still, but from without oppressively still, but from without of the strains of a languor-came the faint strains of the business which he had just in an uhumble way begun to start, and make pans-half jokingly—of the wonderful things which they were sty in an uhumble way begun to start, and make pans-half jokingly—of the wonderful things which they were sty in an uhumble way begun to start, and make pans-half jokingly—of the wonderful things which they were sty in an uhumble way begun to start, and make pans-half jokingly—of the wonderful things which they were sty in an uhumble way begun to start, and make pans-half jokingly—of the wonderful things which they were sty in do when "they got rich!" Harry, the boy, should be sent to a good school—he had always sorely god school—he had always sorely god school—he had pa

bled-foolishly, heartlessly, reckles ly. He had seen everything, all the money that he had striven for, in sweat and blood, slipping from his grasp—and he had not cared! And why had the wealth, which he had spent the bost years of his manhood in striving for, proved such and ashes to him that, when he lost; the did not mind?

A look of intense bitterness crept into his eyes. Ah! he had loved her, the pretty village maiden he had made his wife! They had been happy in the poor little poventy-strick and owner happier far than he, at any rate, had ever been in Grosvenor Square. And then. Then the morey had begun to come in, and they had drifted apart. Many had such a big house now to attend to—she had her visitors, her gayeties, her numerous rounds of what she called helf "duty" calls. It takes three generations to make a gentleman, they say, it only takes about three years to make a lady. He had never been a gentleman—never would be one, he knew—and he remembered his sudden feeling of amazement, of shock, when he had seen his wife on the occasion of her presentation at court. Mary, at twenty, had been shy, awkward, a typical county miss, nothing more; at thirty, she had had the ease and graciousness of a young queen. She had carried herself superbly, her little head—on which the diamond tiare had seemed, to him, to twinkle with mocking derisive eyes—was poised proudly on her slender throat. She wore her court train, her feathers, as if she had been accustomed to such gorgeous rainent all her life. Mary had been generated herself two had been accustomed to such gorgeous rainent all her life. Mary had been generated herself two had went here had been accustomed to such gorgeous rainent all her life. Mary had been generated herself two developments and been accustomed to such gorgeous rainent all her life. Mary had very soon adapted herself two developments the color of the receive had been accustomed to such gorgeous rainent all her life. Mary had very soon adapted herself two developments the color of the receive h

they would meet mm in the door! John: I wish you would not way, these four beings whom he talk like that. You won't come to loved; the baby crowing on Mary's the ballroom then?" shoulder: Harry, the boy; Molly, the eldest girl, clinging to her skirts. "No." "Why not?" She leveled up at him. He softened

# ONLY A Common Cold BUT IT BECOMES A SERIOUS MATTER IF NEGLECTED. PNEUMONIA, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CATARRH or CON "I—I am busy. I have something Welse to do—just now." He clutched feverishly at the weapon behind his back. What a mercy she had not seen it! She sighed. It seemed to him—or was it fancy?—that the wistfulness on her face deepened a little. A shadow fell across it. "That is what it has been for years. John. You have always been

had been little better that a beggar at twenty, had, at forty, become a millionaire. A millionaire! He opened his eyes and glanced—the grim smile still on his face—round the splendid room. Who would have thought that "the poor, beaten, half starved little urpoor, beaten, half starved little urpoor papa's bourgeoisie," as they called it, had fortunately been at left out. Molly was married—to the left out. Molly was married—

did talent of the wonderful grip of his trade, would be a fool at gambling, and fritter away his vast fortune?
His ruin had been creeping steadily upon him for years. He had gambled-foolishly, heartlessly, recklessly. He had seen everything, all the money that he had striven for, in sweat and blood, slipping from his grasp—and he had not cared! And why had the wealth, which he had spent the bost years of his manhood in striving for, proved such and spent the bost years of his manhood in striving for, proved such and spent the bost years of his manhood in striving for, proved such and spent the bost years of his manhood in the wealth, which he had strives to a satisfactory climax?

Well, they were well provided for—those whom he was leaving behind. If they were going to be left help—less he would not have done it—away his fortune, would not have thrown away his life—but they were some left with settled prospects. Harry's money had been settled on him when

She looked up at him. He softened little at the sweet wistfulness of the face. After all, they have loved each other once. "I-I am busy. I have something

"That is what it has been for years. John. You have always been 'busy.' Making money, I suppose."
He did not answer, and she moved to a sofa and sat down. He noticed how the softly shaded electric lamp drew out the rich tirts in her hair.
"I—I have something to tell you," she 'said, gently, 'about Kathleen. I thought, as the girl's father, 'that you would, perhaps, be interested—" He laughed.
"Kathleen herself has never betrayed the slightest interest in, or affection for, me since she was ten years old. Why should I be interested in her?"
It was rather a cruel baunt, to the

had left a lingering smile-cruel,

mocking—on his lips,
"You interrupted me," he said, harshly; "your entrance just now was—well, ill timed."

"What were you going to do?"
The clear, steady eyes were still fixed on his face. There was something about Mary to-night—her stillher gentleness—which, some-irritated him. It acted on his already overstrung nerves as a match applied to a torch. With a sort of bravado—defiance—he withdrew the revolver from behind his back and brandished it in front of

back and brandished it in front of her face.

"Blow my brains out!" he cried. It was cheap melodrama, but he had expected Mary to be impressed by it. He had expected her to scream—possibly, faint. Instead, however, she sat quite still. Only the sudden whitening of her face, the sudden little catch in her breath, betrayed that she had even heard at all. Then, suddenly, she got up from her sent. mly, she got up from her suddenly, she got up from her seat. He was amazed, and, perhaps, a little disappointed—at her coolness. Then a thought struck him. Mary thought that he was suddenly stricken with madness, and her attitude of calm collectedness was the one which she considered wisest to adopt toward a lunatic. Well, he would show her that his desperate words and actions had not been the idle ravings of a maniae—that

words and actions had not been the idle ravings of a maniac—that he was in deadly earnest.

He laid the revolver down on the table, and caught hold of her hands.

"Because I am ruined!" he said.

The small hands but still Mary did not flinch— the levely, gentle eyes were

still the lovely, gentle eyes were fixed calmly on his face.
"Ruined!" he repeated, and his voice was low and hoarse. "They think I am a millionaire, the people dancing and feasting to-night in my house. "To-mourpow, the whole would house. To-morrow the whole world will know that my money is lost! I am a beggar!'

am a beggar!"
"But how have you lost it?"
He let go her hands suddenly, and threw his out with a gesture of despair. He did not notice that, directly her hands were released, she snatched up the deadly weapon on the table and the table and concealed it behind

"Gambling! Oh, you didn't know "Gambling! Oh, you didn't know that I was a gambler, did you? For the last ten years I have been frittering my hard-earned money away. I gambled on the stock exchange, on the turf, at Monte Carlo—those annual visits which I paid there, when always would go alone, were sim-always would go alone, were sim-bly to indulge my awful passion— and I always—always—lost!"
"But why in the name of Heaven iid you do it?"

She did you treat him to dears

abuses or reproach. She simply stood there calmly, and looked him

stood there calmly, and looked him straight in the face.

Almost unconsciously he hung his fiead. Before, he had not been in the least ashamed of himself. He had thought his conduct—taking into consideration the fact that he was unhappy in his home—perfectly justified. Now—well, some people might think they trent your wife, and think that to ruin your wife, and children by gambling, and then bring further disgrace on them by committing suicide, the action of a

brute and a cad.

"Because—oh, because I was miscrable, reckless, mad—I did not care what I did! A man must go somewhere to find amusement, happiness, and I—I found no happiness in my own home!

"Oh—John!"

At last she broke down. Her face

At last she broke down. Her face worked; tears coursed down, her 'Mary!'' he lifted his bowed head.

"You remember the old days, when we were poor, how we longed to get rich? We did get rich, and I get rich? We did get rich, and I learned to curse—yes, curse—the money which forged fetters of gold around my neck! What was money to me, do you think, when my children and my wife—and especially my wife—were daily drifting away from me? You despised me! You, Mary, were able to take your place in society—women adapt thems:lves to their surroundings far more easily than men do—and I—I was tired. So, now, I am best out of the way." The low, desperate voice proke

So. now, I am best out of the way.
The low, desperate voice proke
off in a kind of sob. He moved to
the table for the revolver—yes, he
would do it now, in front of the
woman who had ceased to love him

The weapon was not there!

# To Build Up

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ing heavily, her face was deathlik two little crimson drops—she h bitten her underlip till the p blood trickled down her chin.

"Have you ever thought, when you had done this dreadful thing-the

had done this dreadful thing—the children are provided for—what was to become of—of—me?"

"You are a beautiful woman, Mary. I know plenty of men who admire you—you will marry again."

She made no reply—it was as if she had treated the remark with She asked him

contempt. thing else. oning else.

"When all your debts are paid—all rour affairs wound up—shall I have

any money?"
"Very little."

She drew close to him. He heard the soft rustle of her gown; a faint, subtle perfume of violets wafted across his face.

"We lived—on 'very little'—once."

He glanced at her, sharply. When had he seen that look before on Mary's face—that look of tender happiness—of love? Ah! he remembered!

On that summer evening nappiness—of love? Ah! he remembered! On that summer evening years and years ago, when he had asked her to be his wife.

"And we were happy, too."

He stood as one struck dumb, gazing at Mary's radiant face, her shining eves.

shining eyes.
"Far happier than we have ever been since we were rich."
The silence in the room was intense. The ticking of the little clock on the mantelpiece—the only sound which broke the stillness—was like the beating of a heart. Suddenly he felt a soft arm round

sound which booke the stillness—was ign to Protestants even more than to Catholics, for from it will result to them a softening of manners, a broadening of mind and a charity of spirit which have been very much seemed to have time to talk to your poor little wife—but for years I—I have hated the money, too. It was all right for the children—they were young, and had—never—known—any—young, and had—never—known—any—young, and had—never—known—any—lity, at the time of Catholic emancipation eighty years ago, and as they have often done, ineffectually, since. But it will be noise and nothing of the past. You thought the new prosperity made me drift apart from you! Well, I thought it made you drift—apart from you! Well, I thought it made you drift—apart from you! Well, I thought it made you drift—apart from you! Well, I thought it made you drift—apart from you. Well, I thought it made you drift—apart from you! Well, I thought it made you drift—apart from you! Well, I thought it made you drift—apart from you! Well, I thought it made you drift—apart from you! Well, I thought it made you drift—apart from you! Well, I thought it made you drift—apart from you! Well, I thought it made you drift—apart from you! Well, I thought it made you drift—apart from you! Well, I thought it made you drift—apart from you! Well, I thought it made you drift—apart from you! Well, I thought it made you drift—apart from you! Well, I thought it made you drift—apart from you! Well, I thought it made you drift—apart from you! Well in the proposition of beautiful in the proposition of the books in which the names of they have received with your business affairs, which is your and the event more than the form in the proposition of the books in which the mame of they have received with the form part of the books in which the mame of they have received with the form part of the books in which they have received with the foundation of the books i

ke a child.
Yes, he would take up his life gain—that life which he had so Yes, he would take up ms the tion? There is some talk of the again—that life which he had so lorange members raising a discussion in parliament on the King's action. Ministers will, doubtless, put every happiness which only love can give.—The Bystander.—The Bys

## Protestant Alliance.

After Grip

(From the Catholic Weekly London)

King Edward II. has once more exhibited his marvelous faculty for exhibited his marvelous faculty and at the Pine Syrup

Define Syrup

The league of the specific of the specific

that, by act of parliament, 1689, 'all and every person and persons that is, are or shall be reconciled to our shall hold communion with the See or Church of Rome shall be excluded, and be forever incapable to inherit, possess or enjoy the crown and government of this realm, and the people of these realms shall be, and are hereby, absolved of their allegiance.'

Referring to this resolution, the "Daily Telegraph," the leading news paper of London says:

"If this is the first time that an

English King has paid the last tri-bute to a loyal ally by worshipping both in a Roman Catholic Church and in a cathedral of the State Church of which he is the head, the innovation is one which all broad-minded Christians will aplaud. For minded Christians will aplaud. For ourselves, we find it inconcievable that the attendance of the King and Oreen at a Requiem Mass should offend the conscience of any one. Such a resolution as that passed by the Council of the Protestant Alliance, which declares that this action on the King's part is—inconsistent with his position as the head of this Protestant patien, and a violation of the position as the head of this Protest-ant nation, and a violation of the spirit of the coronation and acces-sion oaths,' is conceived in the very patriest spirit of religious intoler-ance and bigotry. The mame of Prot-estant is a name of honor; those who support such a resolution degrade it to a name of shame. It would be a sorry commentary, indeed, on our common Christianity if the supreme head of an Anglican Church can not enter a church of another Christian community on such an occasion as thatof Saturday without calling forth such a pitiful exhibition of uncharitableness from those who claim to speak in the name of Christian religion. It is the same blue sky which bends over all, and if, as it is declared to be, this is the first occasion for more than two hundred years that an English sovereign has heard, Mass said in this realm of England, we are glad that King Edward, the most constitutional monarch in the world, has thus publicly recognized that the age of narrow bigotry has passed forever. Intolerance of this sort is hateful and repellant by whatever body it is displayed, and we have mo doubt that this resolution of the Protestant Alliance will receive the contempt it working away soleing shoes on the communion on such an occasion as that of Saturday without calling forth

Alliance will receive the contempt it merits."
The King's action is unmistakable The King's action is unmistakable evidence of the change which has come over the English nation in its autitude towards the Catholic faith. Fifty or sixty years ago no King of England would have dared to do of England would have dared to do what King Edward did on Saturday with perfect ease and confidence. The event will be a memorable one in the history of British Protestantism. And its ending will be a blessing to Protestants even more than to Catholics, for from it will result to them, and the protest of the protest of

again."

She put the revolver back on the King's action on Saturday is plainly table—she knew there was no more contradictory of that declaration, She put the revolver back on the king's action on Saturday is planny table—she knew there was no more need to hide it—and both the soft, clinging arms were round his neck now. And he was sobbing with his gray head upon her breast—sobbing like a child. There is some talk of tion?

### King Edward and the Don't Condemn Yourself to Bright's Disease TAKE GIN PILLS NOW

cussion is, notwithstanding, raised, the Catholic members will, we hope, take advantage of it to discuss the accession declaration. The present ministry, which is so keen on remedying many dubious grievances, may fairly be expected to give serious attention to this admitted grievance. The statute to which the Protestant Alliance have just called the attention of the King was passed in 1689. The clause in question (clause 9) reads as follows: Whereas, it hath been found by experience that it is inconsistent with the safety and welfare of this Protestant kingdom to be governed by a Popish Prince, nor by any King or Queen marrying a Papist, the said Lords Spiritual and Proporal, and Commons, do further Temporal, and Commons, do further pray that it may be enacted that all pray that it may be enacted that all and every person and persons, that is, are or shall be reconciled to or shall hold communion with the See or Church of Rome, or shall profess the Popish religion, or shall marry a Papist, shall be excluded and be forever incapable to inherit, possess or mjoy the crown and government of this realm and Ireland, and the dominions thereup belonging or this realm and Ireland, and the dominions thereunto belonging, or any part of the same, or to have, use or exercise any legal power, authority or jurisdiction within the same; and in all and every such case or cases the people of these realms shall be, and are hereby, absolved of their allegiance; and the said crown and government shall from time to time descend to and be enjoyed by and government shall from time to time descend to and be enjoyed by time descend to and be enjoyed by such person or persons, being Pro-testants, as should have inherited and enjoyed the same, in case the said person or persons so reconciled, holding communion or professing, or

gown and cassock, bands and book.
Once, however, his treacherous clerk
by stealing an egg put the parson so
out of count that he was found
working away soleing shoes on the
blessed Sabbath. His hens seem to blessed Sabbath. His hens seem to have been as profame as those Dork-ings Lady Macneil tells us about. When she asked her Scotch hen-wife how these new fowls were getting on, she replied, "Indeed, my leddy, they lay every day—no excepting the blessed Sabbath!"

#### The Jesuits Will Get You If You go to Rome.

a disease, can never exist unless some of the organs are deranged, which is generally found to be the liver. It consists of an inability to regularly evacuate the bowels, and as a regular action of the bowels is absolutely essential to general health, the least irregularity should receive the restriction.

### MILBURN'S

LAXA-LIVER PILLS LAXA-LIVER FILLS
have no equal for relieving and
curing Constipation, Biliousness,
Water Brash, Heartburn, and ali
Liver Troubles.
Mr. A. B. Bettes, Vancouver, B.C.,
writes:—For some years past I was
troubled with chronic constipation
and bilious headaches. I tried
nearly everything, but only got
temporary relief. A friendinduced
ne to try Laxa-Liver Pills, and

temporary relief. A friend induced me to try Laxa-Liver Pills, and they cured me completely.

Price 25 cents per box, or 5 boxes
for \$1.00, all dealers, or mailed
direct on receipt of price.

THE T. MILBURN CO., LIMITED
TORONTO, Ont.



## Parish News of the Week

Beginning with Sunday last, Beginning with Sunday last, when the blessing of the palms took place, in every church, the solemn offices of Holy Week are being carried out with all the ceremony of the Roman ritual. To-day, Holy Thursday, crowds reay be seen wending their way to all the churches, where magnificent repositories have been prepared, and in quiet adoration pass a few minutes in presence of the Blessed Sacrament. the Blessed Sacrament

To-morrow, Good Friday, all the To-morrow, Good Friday, all the altars, stripped of adornment, will stare out forlorn upon the faithful, gathered together for the solemn singing of the Passion and veneration of the Cross, reminding them that the masterpiece of Redemption has been accomplished.

The blessing of the new fire, and

has been accomplished.

The blessing of the new fire and the paschal candle will take place on Easter Saturday, and will remind us of the light of faith which broke upon the world long centuries ago beaming in its greatest effulgence on the first Easter morn, the commemoration of which will be celebrated with magnificent pomp on next Sunday morning.

social enjoyment, the season

Rev. Father Hazelton, S. J., last evening closed a very mission to the St. Agnes Parish. successful mission to the men of St. Agnes Parish. The church was packed. The standard of the Christians he said is the cross, the sign of victory as of penance. To those who are faithful to its motto, it would being peace, joy, contentment, in this world and the Kingdom of God in the next with its eternal joy, commingled hapuiness and perfect repose.

At the conclusion of the sermon the large congregation of men solemnly promised to receive Holy Communion at least four times a year,

emmly promised to receive Holy Communion at least four times a year, never to miss mass on Sunday without a just cause, not to blaspheme and to make reparation for it, and not to drink in taverns.

Father Meloche gave the papal blessing after the solemn promises. Rev. R. E. Callahan, acting pastor, thanked the men for the noble example they had given and also thanked Fathers Meloche and Hazelton for their successful efforts in the Parish. Rev. Father Meloche assisted by Rev. Father Herbert and O'Gorman imparted solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament which closed the ceromonies.

TOMBOLA IN AID OF SOCIETY FUNDS.

St. Agnes Total Abstinence Society are holding their first tombola in aid of the society funds, to be held in their hall on Wednesday evening, April 22nd. There will be a large number of valuable prizes given. It is hoped that it will be a grand success, as it is a beginning in this field of work.

On Sunday afternoon last the Rev. P. Heffernan gave a splendid illustrated lecture upon the "Life of Ohrist." This was a very fitting opening to the ceremonies of Holy Week, and the large audience testified to their appreciation of the speaker by a deeply religious attention.

Casgrain, son of Mr. P. B. Casgrain, chief clerk of the Circuit Court at Quebec, is entering the Canadian College at Rome, to pursue his theo-logical studies. He is a brother of Senator J. P. B. Casgrain.

#### CARDINAL LOGUE.

Cardinal Logue, Archbishop of Armagh and primate of Ireland, is expected in New York for the ceremonies in connection with the centenary of the diocese. His Eminence will leave Ireland for the United States at the end of Easter week.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH. SUCCESSFUL MISSION

The mission given at St. Mary's last week to the ladies of the parish was one of the most successful ever held in that church, and was a ever held in that church, and was a flattering tribute to the missionaries. The attendance all week was very large, the church being taxed to its utmost to accommodate those wishing to attend.

On Saturday evening took place the dedication to the Blessed Virgin, the exercise when the second second in the common terms of the common terms.

ST. ANTHONY'S.

In a small circular issued in St. Anthony's parish the following items of interest are noted: April 27, 28, 29, the Easter-time festivities will be held in the church hall; on May secration to our Blessed Lady. Rev. 25th will take place a pilgrimage to Lanoraic. On June 13th a pilgrimage to the shrines of Cap de la Madeline and Ste Anne de Beaupre; August 13th, the annual excursion of the young men of the parish down the river. With such a splendid to the dedication to the Blessed Virgin, the ceremony being most impressive. The altar of the Blessed Virgin, the ceremony being most impressive. The altar of the Blessed Virgin, the ceremony being most impressive. The altar of the Blessed Virgin, the ceremony being most impressive. The altar of the Blessed Virgin, the ceremony being most impressive. The altar of the Blessed Virgin, the ceremony being most impressive. The altar of the Blessed Virgin, the ceremony being most impressive. The altar of the Blessed Virgin, the ceremony being most impressive. The altar of the Blessed Virgin, the ceremony being most impressive. The altar of the Blessed Virgin, the ceremony being most impressive. The altar of the Blessed Virgin, the ceremony being most impressive. The altar of the Blessed Virgin, the ceremony being most impressive. The altar of the Blessed Virgin, the ceremony being most impressive. The altar of the Blessed Virgin, the ceremony being most impressive. The altar of the Blessed Virgin, the ceremony being most impressive. The altar of the Blessed Virgin, the ceremony being most impressive The altar of the Blessed Virgin, the ceremony being most impressive The altar of the parish dwirth flowers and lights. A number of the children of the parish dwirth flowers and lights. A number of the children looks the promises and good resolutions social enjoyment, the season looks the promises and good resolutions to be a most promising one, and it they had made during the mission. In the evening Rev. Father Gunpeople of the district will realize the success that their highest expectations warrant.

ST. AGNES.

They had made during the mission. In the evening Rev. Father Gunpeople of the district will realize the success that their highest expectations warrant.

ST. AGNES.

men.

Rev. Father Gunning, U.S.S.L.,
superior of the mission, is a very
eloquent and forceful speaker, and
his sermon on Wednesday evaning on
the last judgment was a masteriy
effort. In Rev. rather Kane he
has a very able assistant.

The everyless of the men's mission

The exercises of the men's mission will close on Sunday evening. Both the Rev. Fathers have been called on during the week by many old friends and acquaintances from

After the close of the mission Rev. After the close of the mission Rev. Father Kane will go to his bome in Quebec to spend a short vacation, and Rev. Father Gunning will likely accompany him to renew old acquaintances.

### REV. FATHER HEENAN.

Rev. Father Heenan, one of oldest and best-known priests in the Hamilton diocese, died on Tuesday oldest and best-known priests in the Hamilton diocese, died on Tuesday in St. Joseph's Hospital, Hamilton, Ont., after an illness of about four week's. Deceased was 74 years of age. For the past 20 years he had phew. been in charge of St. Augustin Church, Dundas, and previously for 27 years was connected with the staff of St. Mary's Cathedral.

MISSIONARY IN INDIA.

REV. P. HEFFERNAN GIVES LECTURE UPON LIFE OF CHRIST.

On Sunday afternow is a fixed by the content of the conte Lincoln, P.E.I.

### OBITUARY.

MR. PATRICK DUFFY.

### OUR MONTHLY CALENDAK GRANDSFRUNK SALVAN

April, 1908. St. Hugh, B C
St. Francis of Paola, C
The Most Precious Blood.
St. Isidore, B. C D

. § St. Vincent Ferrer, C
6 St. Sixtus, P M
7 P.L. Herman Joseph, C
8 St. Dionysius, B. C
10 Seven Sorrows of the B.V.
11 St. Leo the Great, P. D.

S. 12 | St. Julius, P C M. 13 | St. Hermenegild, M T. 14, St. Justin, M V. 15 | St. Peter Gonzales, C Th. 16 | Bl. Ben. Joseph Labre, C F. 17 | St. Anicetus, P M. . S. 18 | Bl. Mary of Incarnation, V. 2

E. 19 St. Leo IX., P. C M. 20 St. Agnes of Monte Pulciano, P. T. 21 St. Anselm, Abb., C. D. V. 22 SS. Sorer and Caius, PP, MM, Th 23 St. George, M S. 25 St. Hielis, M S. 25 St. Mark, Evangelist

S. 26 Our Lady of Good Counsel
M. 27 St. Turibius, B. C.
T. 23 St. Paul of the Cross, C.
W. 29 St. Peter, M.
Th. 25 St. Catherine of Siena. V

father. The sons are John, of the Dominion Police, Arthur, of Cloquet, Minn., James, engine driver, of Sault Ste. Marie. Mrs. Alex. Burgeau, of Hull, is a daughter. The remaining children who live at home are Tessie, Willie, Louisa, Lena and Lilly. Mr. Michael Duffy, of Aylmer, Que, is a brother, also Wm. Duffy, of Eardley. May he rest in peace.

Eardley, P.Q., April 13, 1908.

#### MR. MICHAEL MALONEY.

On Tuesday morning, March 31st an old and respected resident was an old and respected resident was called away in the person of Mr. Michael Maloney. Deceased had been ailing for the past few months and received all the consolutions of holy religion. Mr. Maloney came to this country from County Mayo, Ireland, in the year 1840. He was reland, in the year 1840. He was about 11 years of age at that time. He was first married about 47 years ago to Miss Mary Lavelle, daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Lavelle, of this place. Four children were this place. Four children were born—three girls and one boy: Miss Sarah Maloney, of Chippewa Falls, Mrs. John O'Connor of this place; Mrs. William Gleason of Buckingham, and Mr. Thomas Maloney, deceased. His first wife and son Thomas predeceased him. He was married a second time shout 36 Thomas predeceased him. He was married a second time about 36 years ago to Miss Jane Robinson, of Buckingham. There were eleven of that family, two of whom are dead, one girl and one boy, Anastatiar and Michael. There are nine living, Patrick W. of Duluth, Minn., Mrs. Jas. McNamara, Masson; Stephen, Mary, Lizzy, John, Dan. Vincent and Fred, all of this place. Deceased lived his lifetime in Mayo. His three brothers, Patrick, William and Thomas, lived in the same neighborhood and have predeceased him. He has two sisters living, Mrs. T. Maloney, of Thurso, and Mrs. Martin Murphy, of this place.

tin Murphy, of this place.

Mr. Maloney was a kind husband, a loving father and a hard-working, industrious man, and will be very much missed by a large circle of friends. Deceased always had a pleasant word and a genial pleasant word and a gental smile for every one he came in contact with. He was devoted to his family and a consistent and ardent member of the Catholic faith. The funeral took place on Thursday to St. Malachy's Church, and was attended by a large number of sorrowing friends and acquaintances of all decompositions to new a last tribute of nominations to pay a last tribute of respect. Rev. Father Barrette chantrespect. Rev. Father Barrette chanted the funeral service. The pall-bearers were Stephen, John Dan, Vincent and Fred, sons of the decased, and Thomas Maloney, nephew. Deceased had the consolation of having most of his family around him at the last sad hour. His daughter, Miss Sarah, of Chippewa Falls, Wis., was there when he breathed his last. The only one absent was Patrick, of Duluth, who was unable to get here on time. His wife and family have the sympathy of the whole communi-Previously acknowledged ... \$4.00 the sympathy of the whole community in their hour of sorrow, and with them we will pray that God with them we will pray that God ty in their hour of sorrow, and with them we will pray that God be merciful to his departed soul.

"We try to bow in silence,
"Neath the blow that on us fell,
Knowing He whose hand had dealt

it,
Ever doeth all things well.
But we miss him; yes we miss him,
And we list, alas, in vain,
For the sounding of coming foot-

steps We shall never hear again.

Mayo, April 12, 1908.

MR. PATRICK DUFFY.

The speaker by a deeply religious attention.

The funeral of the late Mr. Patrick Duffy, of Eardley, was one of the largest ever seen in this part. Some ninety rigs followed the remains to St. Dominick's Church, on Sunday, the 5th inst., where the requiem was charted by the Rev. Father Doyle, S.J., director of the mission.

The deceased was born in Nepean, ont., in 1842, and when a young man settled in Eardley, where he tecame a prosperous farmer. For some years he had been a councillor and up to the time of his demise held the office of school trustee.

Besides a widow, he leaves a family of nine children to mourn the loss of a layers hust and end kind dockyard.

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## Easter Holiday Fares SINCLE FIRST FARE

Going April 16 to 20 inc. Return li April 21st.

NEW YORK April 16th, 1908.
From Monfred Round \$11.30

Going April 16th. Return April 27th. Trains leave at 8.30 a.m., 8.45 a.m., 11.00 a.m., 7.40 p.m., 8.10 p.m.

BOSTON

April 16th, 1908 From Monfred Round Trip \$9.65 Going April 16th. Return 27th April. Trains leave at 8.30 a.m. and 8.10 p.m

CITY TICKLT OFFICES 37 St. James Street, Telephone Mai 460 & 461, or Bonaventure Station

#### CANADIAN PACIFIC

EASTER EXCURSION

Lowest one way first-class fare April 16th to 20th. Good to return April 21st, 1908.

### BOSTON

From Montreal ROUND \$9.65 Going date April 16th. Return limit April 27th, 1908.

> EMPRESS OF BRITAIN FROM ST. JOHN, N. B.

A Special Steamship Train will leave Windsor Street Station at 3.00 p.m., on Thursday, April 16th, which will run direct to the ship's side at West St. John, N. B., carrying baggage car, first and se-cond class coaches, dining car and sleep-ers.

TICKET OFFICE: 129 Nt, James Street Next Post Office

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The Maritime Express

for Levis, Quebec, River du Loup, Moneton, St. John, Halifax and Sydney, l'hrough sleeping and din-NOON

ing cars EXCEPT SATURDAY.

3.50 for St. Hyacinthe, Drummondville, St. Leonard Nicolet and intermediate stations. Saturdays Only.

for St. Hyacinthe, Drummondville, Levis, Quebec, River du Loup, St. Flavie and intermediate stations.

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THURSDAY. APRIL 16, 1908.

## Ladies' Easter Coats and Costumes An Easter Display of Exceptional Brilliancy

Ladies' Smart Tailor Made Spring Costumes, made in good quality Venetian Cloth, in navy, golden brown and black. The coat is semi-fitted effect with Gibson shoulder and cut away front, 3-4 sleeves. The skirt is plaited with fold, well finished and guarantee fit; all sizes. Special

## Easter Glove Selling Surpasses All Records

The following descriptions and prices of some of our standard lines tell the reason of "The Big Store's" leadership in Gloves, as well as other things:

"The Josephine."—A Lady's Fine French Lamb Glove, made in 

Ladies' 12 and 16 butto length Silk Mousquetaire Gloves, made of Milanese Silk, in black or white sizes 5 1-2 to 7 1-2. Price pair, 90c

"The Countess."—A superior French Kid Glove, made from fine, 

#### Stylish Easter Millinery.

DEL HAT OF WHITE CHIP AND MOTIVATION With large black osprey, white tulle, black lace and k

### Men's Easter Clothing.

t, at \$6.95, \$8.75, \$12.00 Men's Grey Cheviot and Black Vicuna Spring Coats, faced with

silk, concave shoulders, full fitting \$10,95. Extra fine quality. \$12.50 and \$15.00

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EVERYBODY WANTS A PAIR OF NEW SHOES FOR EASTER

Our new styles are now in and are as attractive as the

Easter flowers Beautiful lines in Patent Leather, Kid, Tan and Chocolate shades, in high and low shoes. We have some very new and handsome effects in Children's wear, combination of white and black and brown and black.

OUR PRICES ARE ALWAYS THE LOWEST. Ronayne Bros.

485 Notre Dame St. West, Chaboillez Square.

Province of Quebec, District of as to property.

Montreal, Superior Court, N. 3174.

Dame Lizzie Cameron, wife of Joseph Luttrell, meanufacturer, of Montreal, has instituted this day against probability of the computation of the computation

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By his proc the marriage Pius X. beco-many observed around the morn their ey morn their ey statute, now a marriage of priest and tw riage, wherea with the cons in the same p might have be contract, and God and the pronounced be the hour of list the first P from the day made this a many Catholi ounced be times who lo car of Christ hate the Pop startled and by the law v now brought TO PREV

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