

World's Greatest Figure.

Pope Pius a Simple Man of very Quiet Dignity, Modest and Meek to all Classes.

The dominant figure in all the world is now Pope Pius X., rousing the admiration of two continents through his defiance of the powerful French Republic in upholding the rights of the Church, says a Rome correspondent of the Boston Transcript.

If one knew nothing of the man his imagination would immediately conceive a colossal figure to do and dare, whilst what is the reality? A simple man of quiet dignity, modest and meek, who thinks of others before himself, and whose motto is "Restore all things in Christ." There was only one circumstance which could arouse so saint-like a character—an attack on the Church—and once aroused, Europe and America have seen to what heights he can rise.

EXPRESSIONS OF LOYALTY AND ENCOURAGEMENT FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD, ESPECIALLY FROM AMERICA.

It would, however, be totally wrong to suppose that Pope Pius X. does not suffer under circumstances so abnormal. The day after Monsignor Montagnini's expulsion from France I had occasion to approach one of the intimates of the Pontiff, who said, with tears in his eyes, "I have never in my life seen such impersonal anguish. For Pope Pius X. to defy France is exactly like a father bitterly differing with his family. He thinks of nothing else, and speaks of nothing else, and, being human, he cannot look ahead sufficiently not to feel anxiety for the Church. He is resigned because it is God's will, but he cannot help being preoccupied. He has, however, many consolations, one being the expressions of loyalty and encouragement coming to him from all over the world, especially from America. One prelate not far from Boston telegraphed: "Holy Father, we are with you to a man, depend upon us both morally and financially."

All who would follow the politics of the Church are acquainted with the public life of the Pontiff, while few really know him in private. There has not been so much charity dispensed in the Vatican for years as now. One of the greatest joys of the Pope's new position is that he has the wherewithal for his charities. As Patriarch of Venice his pleasure was sometimes denied him, as his purse was not bottomless; but at the Vatican much goes to the poor.

GENEROSITY TO THE POOR.

The Club of St. Peter maintains in Rome seven or eight so-called "houses" where the poverty-stricken for a nominal sum can get a hearty meal. The club, finding itself on the point of a breakdown, decided to appeal to Pius X., asking only a small amount. The Pontiff asked how much was needed by the club, and replied being \$800, whereupon he promptly sent \$1000, with the instruction that it might expect more during the winter was out.

The Church Cough.

Why do so many persons cough in church who do not cough elsewhere? The churches are neglected in matters of ventilation. The only way they get in the periodical opening of the door when people enter. In the air allowed to sweep inside. Closed the greater part of the week, the large congregation Sunday adds to the vitiated condition of the atmosphere. At a late hour, with several hundred persons present, a breeze sweeping through the windows, and the epidemic disease, as soon as the windows

which must have taxed the Papal exchequer, but when the eruption of Vesuvius came, only a few months later, he again opened his hand and heart, saying in these precise words, "I will be without food myself, before these poor souls shall go hungry."

It is wonderful how much Rome occupies herself with Pius X and his doings, although she declared herself absolutely indifferent to all things Papal. That she is not, however, is proven by the interest which was taken in a dispute begun in the late Pontificate, the end of which is a magnificent illustration of Pius X's generosity.

MAGNANIMITY OF POPE PIUS.

A certain Neapolitan priest, dying, left his money to Leo XIII, who accepted it. The relatives went to law to dispute the will, but the courts upheld the Pope. Leo XIII meanwhile died, and the case remained suspended. The new Pope had to be asked for a power of attorney to act for him, but the relatives of the deceased priest petitioned Pius X., who having their financial condition investigated and finding them numerous and needy, straightaway renounced the whole hereditage, absolutely in their favor, with the intimation, however, that a donation to the poor fund would not be refused. Strangely enough, so far, the recipients of the papal generosity have not seen fit to respond to the gentle hint.

The routine of the daily life of the Pontiff is of the calmest. Even in these days of stress the only difference on the surface is a little less sleep, longer hours of application to the business in hand, more and longer periods of prayer, and less meditation and study.

A BUSY DAY AND PLAIN FOOD.

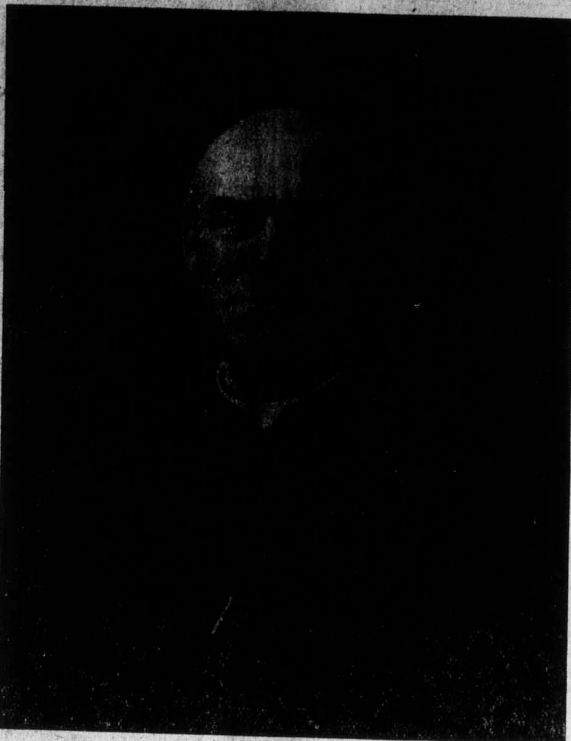
He rises very early, says Mass, and then partakes of a cup of coffee and milk, with the yolk of an egg and a bread roll. He then shuts himself up for state affairs, then there are perhaps two or three audiences, after which he dines alone. The dinner consists of soup, fish, roast with a vegetable, perhaps a sweet and some fruit with wine very abstemiously taken, and a cup of strong black coffee. After this comes a short nap, a visit to the garden on foot, if the season permits, an hour or two of reading, a few more audiences, followed by a frugal supper of bouillon, one course of meat and fruit, and the usual wine and black coffee. The evening is passed in conversation with his familiars, in which laughter is not wanting, sometimes a game of chess, and then bed. It cannot be said that it is all very different from his life in Venice, it lacks just one other element—freedom.

Pius X's health has been much spoken of lately as being very precarious. This I believe to be erroneous. He is subject to gout which sometimes becomes very acute but otherwise his health is so good that the late Dr. Lippont's last prediction was that his days would outnumber those of his predecessor, who attained the age of ninety-four. Oberfulness, calmness and frugality must have their influence, and they are his daily food.

But, there is another menace! Unless the floors of the church are mopped, the dust becomes a great enemy. This evil is even more serious in school rooms, particularly in such where the children sweep after school.

Why is not floor oil used? Two applications per year in church and school will keep the dust almost completely under control. No one will deny that the dust in school rooms is a great danger to the children.

President Suspectors. Style, comfort, service. 50c everywhere.



Rev. William O'Meara, P. P.

Named Honorary Canon of Cathedral by Archbishop Bruchesi. Celebrations in Honor of Pastor of St. Gabriel's.

In recognition of his great services to the Church in the city of Montreal generally, and as parish priest of St. Gabriel's parish, Point St. Charles, in particular, the Rev. William O'Meara, P.P., has been named by Archbishop Bruchesi an honorary canon of the Cathedral. Father O'Meara's friends among all classes of the city will be greatly pleased to hear of the honor conferred upon him.

On Sunday evening a demonstration will take place in St. Gabriel's

Church in celebration of the honor conferred on the pastor. A reunion of the catechism classes from 1890 to 1907 will take place. In addition to the regular catechism pupils of the last 17 years there will be about a hundred and fifty converts who have been received into the church during the same period.

On Monday evening a concert will be given in St. Gabriel's Hall, while on Tuesday evening there will be another concert for the parishioners generally.

The Lull Before a Storm.

Competent Observer in France States that Socialism is at Bottom of All Church Persecution.

Ernest Aroni has been sent by the New York Mail and Express to investigate conditions in France. His views are credited with impartiality. In the course of a recent article he says, in part:

"This country is to-day the scene of the most tremendous conflict in recent world history. Socialism is reaching a development and a strength here that it never has attained in Germany, Belgium or any other of its strongholds.

"The struggle of the State and the Church here is of importance because it is the first of the century's great battles. But the American who thinks it is merely a battle between atheism and Christianity is almost as far wrong as the one who considers it a laudable attempt by a republic to bring about real religious liberty and freedom of thought and action in all that pertains to spiritual and material affairs.

"But the conviction is fairly forced upon one conversant with the progress of the Marxian doctrines in other countries that the center of the collectivist battle line is massed in France to-day, and that the religious policy of the government is only one phase of the strategy that is bent upon the destruction of capitalism—under which title the socialists group all existing institutions of government, property and individuality in the civilized countries of to-day.

"It is the pause in a wrestling match, when both athletes are motionless, one seeming to rest contentedly on hands and knees while the other crouches over him, exerting no apparent pressure with his arms gripped around throat and shoulder.

"But in reality every muscle is strained, and any moment may see a shift of posture and a whirling test of strength.

"As for the holdings of all other property save church buildings, the confiscation is complete. Here also, at least in Paris, admiration is compelled for the tact of the Clemenceau government. To degrade by utterly unworthy uses edifices sacred to all Christians in the country would have been a gross blunder. The system may be outlined in citing a few instances.

"The old official residence of Cardinal Richard is transformed into a minister's palace for M. Viviani. The famous old seminary of St. Sulpice is being turned into a second Luxembourg—a museum for the works of living artists.

"Rents for confiscated property are being adjusted with such skillful, seeming fairness that it is likely that not a single priest connected with the central parishes of the Madeleine and St. Roch will be able to live within the boundaries of his parish. But in all these and all similar actions, save the ineffective recognition of Vilatte, tactful refraining from extreme affront is the watchword of the government.

"Meanwhile a power is growing daily which may dwarf all other forces now working in France. The 'Compagnie Generale du Travail' is attaining a strength never previously dreamed of by a national labor organization.

"It put out the lights of Paris in one night. It threatens openly to deprive every city in France of food on any day which it may select, and announces that no warning will be given. Its chiefs have already constituted themselves 'the commission of the general strike.'

"It is fighting bitterly a proposed law which restricts all unions of government employes to form a federation except among themselves. The bureaucracy rules this ultra-cen-

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

A few kind words from The Sisters of Misericorde. "Having" made use of Abbey's Salt for some time in our Hospital, we are pleased to say that it is a very good medicine in cases of indigestion."

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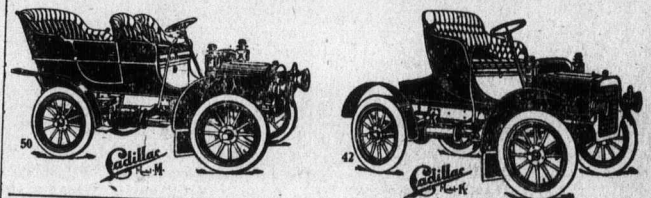
75 doz. Men's natural wool spring weight underwear at - - - - - 85c
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1-4 size collars, only at

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tration nation to-day. Let the federalization of government employes with the non-governmental workmen be accomplished and there will be but one power in the country.

"But for the moment it is a time of waiting. People are waiting until April 11 for the trial of Abbe Jouin on a charge of what amounts to treason, which nobody takes seriously, because it may cause the production of the papers seized at the nunciature.

"They are waiting for the report of the special committee selected to put forward these papers in case they are not produced at the trial; they are waiting for May 1, to see how great a demonstration the socialists and unionists will make; they are waiting for a vote on the foredoomed income tax; they are waiting for a change in the tactics of passive resistance by the Church and sullen silence by the State.

"It is a period of lull. But it is the lull before a great storm."

Pope Pius' Interest in Catholic Press.

With the hard-headed sagacity which is one of his prominent characteristics, Pope Pius X. never misses an opportunity to show his high appreciation of the importance of the work performed by Catholic journalists and to encourage them in its diligent performance. Not long ago he said: "My predecessors blessed the swords of Catholic warriors; I bless the pens of Catholic journalists." One of the questions when

he invariably puts to the bishops who visit him is said to have reference to the condition of the Catholic press in their dioceses. His latest manifestation of the deep interest which he takes in the cause of Catholic journalism is an autograph letter which he has sent for publication in a special edition of La Croce, of Naples, and which reads: "In face of the unrestrained license of the anti-Catholic press, which impugns or denies the eternal laws of truth and justice, which stirs up hatred against the Church, which insinuates into the hearts of the people the most pernicious doctrines, corrupting the mind, fostering evil appetites, flattering the senses and perverting the heart, all ought to recognize the great importance of the union of all good people in turning to the advantage of the Church and of society a weapon which the enemy is using for the injury of both. We have therefore only the highest praise for Catholic writers who strive to oppose the antidote of the good press, and that they may not lose courage amid the labors, trials and difficulties inseparable from all good works we bestow upon all of them our blessing, that the Lord may support them in the good fight and pour out on them an abundance of heavenly assistance."

Father Judge, editor of the New World, of Chicago, has passed his examination in Rome for the Doctorate of Theology, and has been publicly praised by the examiners for the brilliancy of his answers.

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

There is nothing better for a person sometimes than a little hearty praise. Many good people conscientiously act on the direct opposite and seem to think nothing better than hearty blame.

at hand.—Charlotte Perkins Gilman, in the Woman's Home Companion.

GETTING THE BEST OUT OF LIFE.

The women who get the most out of life are the busy women—not necessarily those who set themselves regular tasks, not those who from choice or necessity are wage-earners, but the women whose days are full and whose interests are diversified.

"Don't put all your eggs in one basket," is a vulgar but tried old adage, and has its uses in the social as well as in the financial world.

There was once a woman whose devotion to her mother was a by-word among her friends and neighbors. "Kate never goes anywhere without her mother."

Her mother was Irish and poor, and she toiled in a factory at a wage that was an insult to humanity. She did not like to work, and, in idle moments, often wondered what life was and why so little of jollity fell to her lot.

Fellow working-girls often told her of music and dances and of gay beaux met in quiet evenings, and one night a female acquaintance took her to Mike's place, and she went into the sitting room and drank of the beer and the wine and the ragtime, and laughed a silvery little laugh and was foolishly happy.

And after that she went again and again, and her mother slept, and her father smoked his pipe off the fireplace and talked of the Fenians of old days and Home Rule and the Plan of Campaign. He did not know she was at Mike's; and one night she disappeared.

Michael O'Hoolihan was an Alderman, but he had to die like an ordinary mortal. He had six doctors at his bedside, but no priest; and, in spite of the doctors, death struck him over the heart with a black rod, and he ceased to live.

The Great Door swung open a little way and a shining one looked through his soul and declared sternly: "Through you poor Mary McCarthy was brought down to ruin—yes, and through you a thousand souls were lost. Go hence to the place appointed you, where there is weeping and torment forever."

And then a Mighty Terror seized him and bore him away, and a great gate shut upon him, and he began to hear sad cries and pale moans and the thousand bitterly reproaching him, while millions of red demons flew past him, laughing at his anguish.

And the next day, in the land of the living, a bank went crash, and his widow was a pauper. God had avenged the ruin of Mary McCarthy, and of the Thousand that were lost.

GROWING OLD COMFORTABLY.

I find I am called an old man by other people; but I get along myself without thinking of this or talking about it, unless some correspondent asks me to.

The woman who get most out of life need not be clever, nor talented, nor beautiful. They need not have money or great charm, but they must possess the ability for taking things as they find them, for making shifts cheerfully and for defying "the Blues."

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

(From the Catholic Sun.) He was born and reared a Catholic, but the desire of making money easily crept into his heart. He was not taught a trade as he grew up, and he did not like to work.

It would be a pity for such a bright, handsome fellow as he to go to work anyway, he told himself. So he set up a low saloon and over its door put the long-honorable name of O'Hoolihan, and in a back room he put a number of chairs and tables, and, although he didn't care particularly for music, he put a cheap, clamorous piano in this sitting-room, and hired a cheap, glary-eyed Italian to play it evenings.

And around him, little by little, gathered the vile and the depraved of the city—female birds of prey, gray-haired scoundrels, thoughtless girls whose mothers slept, bloated sots and gilded youths seeking victims.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

During a Lenten lecture on the poor, Jacob R. Riis, author of "How the Other Half Lives," said: "The slums of New York, when I first came to know them as a police reporter, were disheartening indeed. To clean them seemed as hopeless as cleaning the Augean stables. It was like the case of a stum boy whom I heard about the other day. 'Jackie,' said this boy's mother, 'your face is fairly clean, but how did you get such dirty hands?'

"Washin' me face," said the boy."

DRINK Blue Ribbon Tea

And they strayed into that sitting-room and drank whisky and beer and wine and absinthe and rag-time; and the money rattled into his till and his wife wore silks and rode in an automobile, and men said that Michael was getting rich.

She was an innocent simpleton. Her parents were Irish and poor, and she toiled in a factory at a wage that was an insult to humanity.

Seumas MacManus tells this story about Mary Nolan, "whose bones all ached but those in her tongue." "An old Irishman had been down to visit the morgue in a big city," he said, "and after viewing all the dead bodies was seized with a violent coughing spell as he started for the door."

A well-known artist was once engaged upon a sacred picture. A very handsome old model named Smith sat for the head of St. Mark. Artist and model became great friends, but when the picture was finished they lost sight of one another.

In a little schoolhouse in the north of Scotland, the schoolmaster keeps his boys grinding steadily at their desks, but gives them permission to nibble from their lunch-baskets sometimes as they work.

"Tom Bain," said the master, "listen to the lesson, will ye?" "I'm listening, sir," said the boy. "Listening, are ye?" exclaimed the master. "Then ye're listebing wi' one ear an' eatin' pie with the other."

"Oh, Miss Tuttleston," said little Bobbie, who had been kept after school, "whenever I see you I can't help thinkin' of experience."

"What do you mean?" the lady demanded with a good deal of asperity. "Experience is a dear teacher, you know."

Then she gave him a pat on the cheek and said that he might go if he would promise not to make faces at any of the little girls again.—Chicago Record-Herald.

IF YOU KNEW DAD! It is on Decoration Day that my pa awells with pride, and talks in words of fire of the gallant men who died A-savin' of their country in the dark days of the war—

He seems the bravest mortal that a feller ever saw. Why, you'd think he'd been a colonel or a general, maybe, and in the very fore rank of his cheering soldiers he Had won a hundred battles, perhaps been wounded bad!

But, No, you wouldn't think so, if you knew dad! Ma says, "Pa's brave enough, I 'low but he's so mortal slow That when he'd got his courage up there was no war, you know."

And pa looks daggers, and remarks, "Matilda, you must own You begged me not to go because you was 'fraid to stay alone. You know," adds pa, quite proudly, "I'd have enlisted, too, But you said it was my duty plain to stay and care for you."

Of course I wasn't living then—I only wish I had, But I have my opinion, for I know dad!

—Edgar Welton Cooley, in the May Woman's Home Companion.

THE POET'S CORNER

SPRING.

We don't have time to watch the apple blossoms blow, Because, forsooth, the house needs cleaning so; Then, having missed the blossoms, do not see the budding fruit Because it's time to see about a new spring suit.

And if to hear the robin's note, or oriole's we wait, An ogre from behind pipes up, 'Late for a winter hat, too late.' If we but open the windows to gaze toward vernal skies, It's time to put the screens in, to keep out the flies;

And even when the organ man comes down our street to play, The sound of beating carpets drowns out his tuneful lay. Though long for him we've waited, through winter's frost and rime, We only catch a broken strain of 'The Good Old Summer Time.'

Warm zephyrs whisper "Moth-balls"; our hearts fill with regret As we give up hunting Mayflowers to sprinkle camphore. —Katherine P. Fuller, in Good House-keeping.

DULCIS MEMORIA. Long, long ago I heard a little song— Ah, was it long ago, or yesterday? So slowly, slowly flowed the tune along

That far into my heart it found the way, A melody, consoling and endearing; And still, in silent hours, I'm often hearing The small, sweet song that does not die away.

Long, long ago I saw a little flower— Ah, was it long ago, or yesterday? So fair of face and fragrant for an hour, That something dear to me it seemed to say.

A thought of joy that blossomed into being Without a word; and now I'm often seeing The friendly flower that does not fade away.

Long, long ago we had a little child— Ah, was it long ago, or yesterday? Into his mother's eyes and mine he smiled Unconscious love; warm in our arms he lay.

An angel called! Dear heart, we could not hold him, Yet secretly your arms and mine enfold him, Our little child, who does not go away.

Long, long ago—ah, memory, keep it clear! It was not long ago, but yesterday.

So little and so helpless and so dear, Let not the song be lost, the flower decay! His voice, his waking eyes, his gentle sleeping; The smallest things are safest in thy keeping, Sweet memory, keep our child with us always. —Henry Van Dyke.

AT THE BACK O' GALTMOORE.

A Ballad of Tipperary. There's a peaceful little village at the back o' Galty Mountain Where in blithe an' merry spring-time through an' linnets sing all day!

Where the wild primroses cluster, an' the blue-bells past all countin', An' the hawthorns veiled in blossom for the bridal o' the May! From the fevered city flyin', from the strife of men together, Oft I seek this quiet village when my heart is sad an' sore, An' the mountains' holy silence, an' the fragrance o' the heather, Are my healing balm o' Glead at the back o' Galtymore!

Such a happy little village with its kindly folks an' witty, Tho' they never saw the city, nor the harbor, nor the sea! An' when at them I wonder, "Sure," they say, "'tis little pity; Isn't Ireland all around us an' God's mountains soarin' free? We could never love the city where the very skies are darkened, Nor the cruel, wicked ocean bringin' trouble o'er an' o'er."

Such the foolish-seeming answer, yet I muttered as I hearkened, "They are wiser than their betters, at the back o' Galtymore."

For how oft in bitter failure dis the city's high endeavor, As the call of human anguish pierces upward to the skies, From the crowded marts an' byways, where the grace o' God is never, An' the mists o' sin an' sorrow ever linger, never rise!

While the shrinking spirit shudders at the menace o' the ocean, With its Ullagun of exiles, risin', fallin' evermore, Ah! how blessed is their portion, who can fly the world's commotion, In that cozy little village at the back o' Galtymore.

—Rev. James B. Dollard, in Down-Home for April.

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The Secret

By Henry Frith, Author

CHAPTER VIII.—THE B... —A NARROW ESCAPE... IS THE SCOUT?—TE... FOR THE "PAH."

"What do you call that Scout again, as a sudden air came into the small c... the forest."

"What do you call it, several of the party in re... "Well, I call it fire, and we can get out of this p... better for our skins. If hemmed in we shall all be... "What is the matter whispered Stephen, as he took each an arm of Mr... clung to him."

"I am afraid it is a f... and Australia. If the fl... vance we may be in a fl... "But, father, surely we... cape. No fire can possi... through these trees," said... "My dear boy, you d... cannot imagine what a bu... It devours great trees a... straws, and its progress i... rapid. I have never seen c... but I can at least pictu... fear it."

While this little conversa... going on, the settlers and... had accompanied them ve... ing for a start in a nor... direction, so as to head... which was apparently bur... north-east. But no one c... for certain. Mr. Belton v... alarmed about Amy, for h... she had gone off with h... to the north-east settleme... "Come along," said the S... have no time to lose; this... suffocating."

The wind began to blow... now, and the heat consequ... came greater. The me... along the track—no longer... natives; they were tryin... round the great fire, thou... course, ignorant to what e... was spreading, and whete... increasing in front, or only... right hand.

As Mr. Belton and t... glanced upwards through t... they could at times percei... they believed was smok... down in their direction. T... hurried on as quickly as... along the track, which wa... impeded by creepers and fa... or logs, all quite dry and c... food for the fierce fire, like... twigs in an ordinary bonfi... boys knew that there was... around them, but did not t... great was the peril.

The smoke became thick... thicker. Over the tops of... it came in great black clou... by the wind, which thos...

Does Your Food Digest Well?

When the food is imperfect the full benefit is not derived... the body and the purpose of... fasted; no matter how good... how carefully adapted to the... body it may be. Thus the d... becomes thin, weak and debilit... is lacking, brightness, snap ar... low, and in their place come d... appetite, depression and languo... so great too wisdom to know w... digestion, some of the follow... ones generally exist, viz.: coo... our stomach, variable appetit... heartburn, gas in the stomach, e... bounding health and vigor.

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is constantly effecting cures of... because it acts in a natural w... way upon all the organs involv... process of digestion, removing... impurities and making easy th... digestion and assimilation.

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Our Boys and Girls
BY AUNT BECKY

The Secret of the Silver Lake

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

CHAPTER VIII.—THE BUSH FIRE—A NARROW ESCAPE—WHERE IS THE SCOUT?—THE START FOR THE "PAH."

"What do you call that?" said the Scout again, as a sudden puff of hot air came into the small clearing in the forest.

"What do you call it, Bond?" said several of the party in reply.

"Well, I call it fire, and the sooner we can get out of this place the better for our skins. If we get hemmed in we shall all be burnt."

"What is the matter, father?" whispered Stephen, as he and Ernest took each an arm of Mr. Belton and clung to him.

"I am afraid it is a forest fire. You have read of them in America and Australia. If the flames advance we may be in a fix."

"But, father, surely we can escape. No fire can possibly get through these trees," said Ernest.

"My dear boy, you do not—you cannot imagine what a bush-fire is. It devours great trees as quickly as straws, and its progress is fearfully rapid. I have never seen one, either, but I can at least picture it—and fear it."

While this little conversation was going on, the settlers and helps who had accompanied them were preparing for a start in a north-westerly direction, so as to head the fire, which was apparently burning in the north-east. But no one could tell for certain. Mr. Belton was much alarmed about Amy, for he believed she had gone off with her captors to the north-east settlements.

"Come along," said the Scout; "we have no time to lose; this place is suffocating."

The wind began to blow steadily now, and the heat consequently became greater. The men hurried along the track—no longer after the natives; they were trying to get round the great fire, though, of course, ignorant to what extent it was spreading, and whether it was increasing in front, or only at their right hand.

As Mr. Belton and the others glanced upwards through the trees they could at times perceive what they believed was smoke rolling down in their direction. The men hurried on as quickly as possible along the track, which was greatly impeded by creepers and fallen trees or logs, all quite dry and crackling—food for the fierce fire, like so many twigs in an ordinary bonfire. The boys knew that there was danger around them, but did not think how great was the peril.

The smoke became thicker and thicker. Over the tops of the trees it came in great black clouds, driven by the wind, which those in the

recesses of the bush could not feel.

"If we can reach the road, well and good," said the Scout. "We can get away faster there, and pull in front of it. But unless we turn to the left we must meet it."

"Let us turn to the left, then," said Mr. Belton.

"If so, we shall lose our trail," said his brother.

"Better do that than all lose our lives," retorted Mr. Belton. "Scout, can't you turn?"

"Yes, I could, but we shall find a very rugged country, hilly and bare; and—yes, it will be safer, the fire will die out there."

So it was determined that the party should turn round till the wind blew behind them, and then they would continue their flight. It was apparently impossible to seek for Amy in the proper direction. But poor Mr. Belton began to be afraid that his daughter was dead; burned with the natives in the terrible forest fire!

Our travellers hurried along, nearly blinded with smoke, and half-suffocated with heat. At length they reached a road, and found themselves comparatively safe.

They were in a terrible state of heat, and so dirty that they could hardly recognize each other; but the fire would not reach them along the road when they got to the end of the belt of trees. They got so far, and then sat down to wait until it was safe to continue their journey.

The coach-road had been cut through the bush, and was rather rough. As the men were wiping their foreheads, and resting, stretching their limbs and congratulating each other on their escape, a shouting and whooping were heard, then a rushing sound, mingled with cries and the galloping of horses, and the continued cracking of a whip!

"Hallo, what's the matter?" said one of the men. Ernest and Stephen jumped up, and both ran to a mound near, from which the road could be seen beyond.

"It's a coach or something, rushing at a fearful rate!" shouted the boys. "Look you, it will be down among you in a minute."

Those in the road cleared out of it, and in a few moments a coach, with a few passengers only, came tearing down the road. The driver was shouting and gesticulating; his horses seemed hardly able to stand on their feet as he tried to pull them up. The passengers were blackened and burned; the paint was in big blisters from heat; the horses were almost hairless and terribly frightened, as well as severely scorched. The coach had been caught in the fire, and very nearly destroyed.

"It has been a terrible business," said the coachman. "I thought I could get clear, and made a dash for it, but the fire came down in front and nearly cut us off. We'll do well if I push on, but the cattle can't stand. By-bye!"

"He's a brave fellow!" cried Mr. Belton. "and seems a nice man."

"He's the son of an English earl," said one of the party. "He prefers the bush to his baronial halls—at present."

Stephen and Ernest were very much surprised to learn that this young nobleman should be driving a common coach in New Zealand. But many more curious things have happened in the Antipodes. They had plenty of time for reflection on this fact, for the day was waning, and the leader of the expedition advised a halt until morning. They had to consult among themselves.

"We cannot possibly go through the bush to-night," said Mr. Manton. "Let us remain here. What do you say, Scout?"

"We cannot possibly go through the bush for several days," replied Scout quietly. "The fire will smoulder and may break out again. We must try another route. Let us rest here for a while, as the white Rangitira says, and then start when the moon is up round yonder hills, to reach the mountain near which the Maori 'pah' is situated."

As the Scout's experience was great, he was permitted to act as he suggested, and the party, having set a watch, lay down in a safe position to try to rest. But when they arose, at two o'clock in the morning, to continue their journey,



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ing—for he was out of breath. "Let me come in, and give me a drink of water. I'm more than half dead."

They quickly supplied his wants, and after a deep draught he continued—

"I hurried off in the early part of the night, as perhaps you know, so that I might reach the camp of my people, and find missy. But the bush was burning and smouldering, so I had to go up the gullies and cross the hills round yonder. After a while I reached the encampment—"

"And my daughter?" cried Mr. Belton. "Did you find her? Is she well?"

"I didn't find her," replied the Scout, "because the Maoris have gone on amid the hills to their 'pah' with missy, whom they evidently intend to retain with them."

"Do they?" muttered Stephen.

"Well, Scout?"

"Well, when I found they had quit, I went some distance on the truck, and discovered their line towards the 'pah.' Then I began to think it time to return, and I would have been here by sunrise, perhaps, had I not lost my way; the fire has altered everything, and all the old marks are burned away; paths hidden, and so on. I dare say you fancied that I had deserted you?"

"Some of us did," replied Mr. Belton candidly; but no one confessed to the fact of his private suspicions. The Scout looked round quietly on the men, and said nothing. Mr. Belton continued—

"What do you propose, Bond?"

"You must come on at once, and we will try to gain admittance to the 'pah.' If not, then we must attack it, and so release missy—there ain't another way."

"Perhaps the natives will give her up," suggested Mr. Manton.

The Scout shook his head. "No," he said. "They have found the White Queen, who will, they believe, enrich their tribe, and perhaps restore their ancient fame. You men who understand Maoris know how superstitious they are. We must persuade them somehow. But the first thing to be done is to leave here and find the 'pah.'"

"What is a 'pah'?" asked Ernest.

"Is it a town?"

"No, a fortified village," replied his father: "a place hedged or fenced around. Don't you remember reading of your cousin Fred's battle, the storming of the Maori 'pan,' a few years ago?"

"Now, boys, dinner is ready; and then we shall start once again. Here comes the Scout," said Mr. Belton.

The whole party had dinner, and then prepared for the march. After a fatiguing journey the Scout led them round hills, and when he had gained an elevation, he said—

"Yonder is the 'pah'—in the valley, see?"

"Yes; and what is that shining there—like a plate?"

"That?" replied the Scout. "Oh, that is the end of the Silver Lake, alongside which is the Mysterious Cavern. Come, let us go on."

The men and boys followed, wondering what would happen to them next. But nothing occurred till next day, when a very important step was taken, as will be told in the next chapter.

(To be continued.)

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do me a favor if you would not send that man again to report my sermons. The editor apologized and promised to comply with the Archbishop's request, but added that the reporter was one of the best on his staff and a member of the Catholic Church, and he could not understand how he had come to misquote the Archbishop.

"What is his name?" inquired the Archbishop.

"Kilpatrick," responded the editor.

"Well, he came pretty near doing it," said Archbishop Ryan, as he moved on.

EXPENSIVE ARITHMETIC.

This letter was sent a short time ago to a schoolteacher by an anxious parent:

"Sir: Will you in future give my boy easier sums to do at nites? This is what he's brought home two or three nites back. If four gallons of bere will fill thirty-two pint bottles, how many pints and half bottles will nine gallons of bere fill? Well, we tried, and could make nothing of it at all, and my boy cried and laughed, and sed he didn't dare to go back in the morning without doing it. So I had to go and buy a nine-gallon keg of bere, which I could ill afford to do, and then he went and borrowed a lot of wine and brandy bottles. We filled them, and my boy put the number down for an answer. I don't know whether it is right or not, as we split some while doing it.

"P.S.—Please let the next some be in water, as I am not able to buy more bere."

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Killed Patrick.

Bishop Broderick tells a good story of Archbishop Patrick Ryan of Philadelphia.

"Once every month Archbishop Ryan preaches in one of the Catholic churches of Philadelphia," said Bishop Broderick. "His sermons always attract large congregations, and the Philadelphia newspapers report them rather fully. One of the papers has been in the custom of sending a particular young man to make a report of the Archbishop's sermon, and the young man had always written a report that was accurate and pleasing to the Archbishop. Some time ago this young man was sick, or off duty, and the city editor of his paper assigned another reporter to cover the sermon. He wrote a long story of the sermon, but it was full of inaccuracies and attributed to Archbishop Ryan expressions that were nothing less than heretical. The Archbishop was still thinking of it the next day when he met the editor of the paper on the street. The Archbishop hailed him, and naturally he referred to the report of his sermon.

"You didn't send the same young man to report my sermon that you usually do," said the Archbishop.

"No, he was not available," replied the editor.

"Well, your new man has got me into a peck of trouble," said the Archbishop. "He has me uttering the rankest heresies. You would

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THURSDAY, MAY 2, 1907.

New Postal Regulations between Canada and the United States.

At a conference recently held at Washington between postal representatives of the United States and Canada, the postage on newspapers passing from Canada to the States was not only increased to sixteen times the former rate, but it was decided to make Canadian publishers affix stamps to the papers instead of paying on bulk weight as formerly.

IRISH CHORAL SOCIETIES SUCCESSFUL.

That there is a world of latent vocal talent among the young Irish ladies and gentlemen of this city is well known. It has been evidenced on many occasions in the past, and has always received the flattering encomiums of the public and press.

The matter is being taken up in a great number of large cities, why not in Montreal?

Our esteemed contemporary, the Catholic Union and Times, of Buffalo, is advocating the organization of a society of the kind in that city. Significantly, in the current issue of the Catholic Mirror of Baltimore—Cardinal Gibbon's official organ—a writer on Gaelic subjects presents a page summary of Miss Margaret Donegan's article on "The Irish Choral Movement in America" (Donahoe's Magazine for April) and urges the formation of an Irish Choral Society in that city.

In the same connection, the Syracuse Sun says:

Evidently the Irish Choral Movement has come to stay. If anything could prove that it is liable to become as permanent as the far-spread German Liederkranz it is the almost phenomenal success that has attended the first concert of the Irish Choral Society of Syracuse. In the matter of attendance the Syracuse experiment simply broke all records of anything Irish previously given in the city. It is worthy of note that this must be written of every Irish Choral Society concert hitherto given in the country. People turn out in thousands to hear Irish music where only hundreds turn out to hear lectures on Irish topics.

eloquent than the old lectures. Artistically, socially and financially the Syracuse venture was a marked success also. The daily press next morning declared that the city was proud of the Irish Choral Society. It was a generous compliment, but it was meant and it was deserved. The Irish had shown that they, too, could do artistic things in an artistic way—these sons and daughters, or grandsons or granddaughters, of men who fifty or sixty years before had come to the city as humble laborers and, somehow, all at once everybody seemed glad. There were Germans, members of the Liederkranz, in attendance and they went away praising the performance, and the three songs in Gaelic brought out the aged grandfathers, and also professors and students of philology from the university, and these, too, were appreciative and glad. It was something new to hear songs sung in a language older than ancient Greek, and older than ancient Egyptian, and sung, moreover, by the descendants of the founders of the language—the children of the deathless Kelt. The Irish Choral movement is upon its feet and is walking throughout the country. It has a mission to perform and it is a noble one. This mission is to revive, popularize and advance Irish music—the old songs and the new. In making its concert equal to the best it will deal a death blow to the stage Irishman and to all vile caricatures of the race. It will advance Keltic ideals and promote race-respect. Because the concerts given by Irish Choral Societies always bring out numbers of people belonging to other races, the world is shown that there is a beauty in things Keltic of which it has before little dreamed. The race which in our day has produced a Narelle and a Maud McCarthy is not unmusical. It needs only inspiration and encouragement in order to go forward and do its part and take its place. Are we not proving this true?

AT THE COLONIAL CONFERENCE

We are told by the London papers that Sir Wilfrid Laurier showed especial delight in the quaint ceremony of the presentation to him and his colleagues of the Freedom of the City of London, each freedom enshrined in a massive gold casket. The assembled Courts of Aldermen and Common Councillors were gravely assured, on the unimpeachable authority of a Mr. Tickle and his fellow civic dignitaries, that the Colonial Premiers were each and all good men and true, who could and would pay their scot and bear their lot. In due order they took the oath of allegiance to the King and of obedience to the Lord Mayor, and undertook in the phraseology of mediaeval days to keep clear of street brawling and other riotous behaviour while within the civic limits. The bare thoughts of the dignified Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the sombre General Botha painting London town red to the tune of "Mafeking" or "Rule Britannia" was too much for the composure of both recipients and auditors. Still there was the solemn oath solemnly read and administered, and it was duly taken and the roll signed.

Sir Wilfrid and the Hon. Louis Botha may shake hands over "De Papineau Gun." It has been the keynote of the Conference of 1907—the keynote struck by the dead poet of the French-Canadian habitant and echoed from the far distant Boer veldt—the freedom of British citizenship. An' Papineau, an' Nelson too, they're gone long tam, but we are free;

Le Bon Dieu have 'em way up dere. Salut Wolfred! Salut Louis! There are some, said Sir Wilfrid in his Guildhall speech, who predict failure for this conference. Failure? How can there be failure when you see my friend Dr. Jameson and my friend General Botha sitting at one table in free and friendly consultation? And with memories of the Jameson Raid, the beginning of the Boer war, he added: "The relations between them were not always so cordial." The keynote was struck in the Canadian Prime Minister's few words at a meeting of the Conference. "It," he said, "the basis of the union which now binds the British Empire remains as it is now, a proper and always permanent recognition of the principle that every

community knows best what does for itself, then we cannot go wrong, and our deliberations must be fruitful." This acclaim of the national status of each self-governing Colony—the full freedom of self-government—has dominated the deliberations of the Conference from first to last, and especially has it dominated the attitude of Canada towards the several problems of preference, defence, and administrative co-operation. But the conference has lacked in one vital point to make a harmonious whole, be it said to the discredit of British statesmanship, in that it did not include in the deliberations John E. Redmond, or some other equally good man, as Prime Minister of Ireland.

ARCHBISHOP WILLIAMS.

The Most Rev. John J. Williams, D.D., Archbishop of Boston, celebrated last Sunday his eighty-fifth birthday, in excellent health of mind and body, having but recently participated in the deliberations of one of the most important annual meetings of the American Archbishops. Most Rev. Archbishop Williams was born in Boston, April 27, 1822. Looking back to that day over the changes and progress of the intervening years seems indeed like going back to primitive times. It was the day of the stage-coach. Stephenson had not yet built his railroad from Liverpool to Manchester, and it seems strange to think that when young Williams came to Montreal to enter the Seminary, he had to travel from Boston to the St. Lawrence by frequent relays of coaches drawn by horses. In 1822 Bishop Cheverus was still in Boston. John Adams and Thomas Jefferson were still alive. The Diocese of Boston then embraced all New England, with a Catholic population of less than ten thousand, attended by not more than half a dozen priests. It was in 1822 that Boston obtained its charter as a city and had a population of some 45,000—of whom scarcely more than 3000 were Catholics.

Contrasting this with the conditions to-day—New England with a Catholic population of fully one million and a half; Boston with a Catholic population of probably 350,000, within a five mile radius of the State House, over 1800 priests in what now forms the Province of New England, together with the churches, schools and charitable institutions everywhere to be found—all forms a picture of growth and progress during these eighty-five years that seems more like a dream of romance than an actual reality and leaves us in admiring wonder how such a development could take place within the span of a single life.

Archbishop Williams was ordained to the priesthood, at Saint Sulpice, in Paris, in 1845. There he had made his theological studies, and after ordination he returned immediately to Boston, stopping on the way for a short visit to the home of his parents in Ireland. The young priest enjoyed in a high degree the confidence of the third Bishop of Boston, the Rt. Rev. John B. Fitzpatrick, D.D., whose Vicar-General he became at an early age, having already rendered efficient service as rector of the old Cathedral. Father Williams combined with the office of Vicar-General that of first rector of St. Anne, where he established the first conference of St. Vincent de Paul in New England. It celebrated, the other day, its forty-fifth anniversary.

Bishop Fitzpatrick sought and early in 1866 obtained the appointment of his Vicar-General to be his Coadjutor-Bishop. On March 22, in the same year, Bishop Fitzpatrick having died about a month previous, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Williams was duly consecrated as his successor. For the rest, his history is known of all men, as also that of the phenomenal growth of the Catholic Church in the old capital of Puritanism.

The superiority of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is shown by its good effects on the children. Purchase a bottle and give it a trial.

THE CONVERSION OF ROBERT HUGH BENSON.

Readers of Catholic papers are aware of the fact that Robert Hugh Benson, the highly gifted son of the late Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, is a convert to the true faith, a zealous priest of God, and a writer of books which are not only entertaining and instructive, but are very helpful to those who are anxious and willing to obtain "peace through truth." What makes the conversion of the son remarkable is the circumstance that the father was somewhat of a bigot in his attitude towards the Catholic Church. And yet, with all his prejudice against her, this Anglican archbishop was once convinced of the truth of the claims of the Catholic Church and was converted to her fold in a dream! The dream was so vivid that it made a deep impression on his mind—so much so that he was wont to say that were he ever to see them again he would certainly recognize both the priest who convinced and converted him and the place in which the interview occurred. In a memorandum which Professor Sidgwick contributed to the "Life" of the archbishop the matter is thus described: "I have indeed an impression that in his undergraduate days he passed through a stage in which the attraction exercised by the Church of Rome upon Newman and his followers was felt by him sufficiently to cause him some mental struggle and anxiety; but no trace of this was ever perceived by me in even the earliest talks that I remember on these topics. Indeed, the only definite ground that I can recall for the impression is a description he once gave me in talking of dreams, of a peculiarly vivid and memorable dream which he had at Cambridge, in which he seemed to be holding a critical and final dialogue with a Catholic priest, terminating in his conversion to Romanism. The dialogue was held in a certain room in a country house with an oriel window; the man and the room were both unknown; but so definite was his memory of the dream that he felt he should recognize them with certainty if he ever saw them in reality."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It is quite common to see distinctive Irish names figuring in the business of prize-fighting, says the London Record. The impression, in consequence, prevails that the sons of the Emerald Isle are prone to follow pursuits of the lower order. Oftentimes we see in the sporting page such names as "Kid O'Brian," "Young Murphy," "Jack Shea," etc. but these unlabeled personages are frequently found to be Germans, Italians and Poles. The same holds good in police court circles. Some time since the Irish societies of New York, having made careful investigation, discovered that Italian criminals had been in the habit of giving Irish names when taken to the office of the chief of police. In the last number of the Utica Globe, a picture is given of "Terry Martin," a new aspirant for honors in the prize ring. Any one hearing the name would at once conclude that "Terry" was a full-blooded Celt. But such is not the case, for a sketch of his career in the same paper gives his real name as Martin Martinson, and his native country Norway.

The Italian government has paid over the sum of nine millions of francs (\$1,800,000) to the Cardinal Vicar of His Holiness. In 1878 the Italian government calmly suppressed the religious congregations in the Pontifical states and took possession of their property. An exception was made in the law for the houses in Rome occupied by the generals of the religious orders and their consultants; but notwithstanding this exception the government took possession of these also. Two years ago it recognized that it would certainly lose the action that was about to be brought against it by the rightful owners for the recovery of the confiscated property and the arrears

due, with compound interest, for the thirty years of its unlawful occupation. The government preferred to compromise, and a year and a half ago signed an agreement to pay over the above-named sum to the representatives of the religious orders.

The way the Catholic Church is carrying out her divine commission to teach all nations is shown by some interesting statistics, which we find in L'Univers. From these statistics we learn that the Fathers of the Foreign Missions of Paris have opened three ecclesiastical seminaries in Japan, one in Corea, four in Manchuria, thirteen in China, one in Thibet, six in Tonquin, five in Cochinchina, one in Cambodia, one in Siam, one in Burmah, four in the Indies, one in Laos. The number of native students in these ecclesiastical seminaries is 2246. Considering the vast territory these students, when ordained, will have to cover, their number is comparatively insignificant. But the seminaries themselves are the nurseries in which the work of supplying indigenous priests is begun.

Andrew D. White, a trustee of Cornell University and its first president, gave an interview this week on the subject of Bishop McQuaid's proposal to erect a hall and chapel at Cornell University. The following is an extract of the interview as prepared by Mr. White: "Bishop McQuaid's proposal must be considered as of happy omen, since it indicates that the Bishop sees the truth that the thinking young men of the country, whether Catholic or Protestant, are more and more determined to avail themselves of the advantages of the great facilities of the larger universities over the small denominational colleges, imperfectly provided with laboratories, libraries, professors, lecturers and the like."

Irish blood tells. Governor Cummins of Iowa is not a Catholic, but this is what he says in a recent letter: "The confiscation of church property is utterly indefensible and it grieves me beyond measure to observe that the recent attack in France grows out of a spirit of hostility towards religious teaching. I have often said, and I repeat it to you, that I look upon the Church as the most potent ally of good government, and I thoroughly believe that if its influence was destroyed it would be impossible to perpetrate free institutions among men. I assure you that my voice is for the rights and privileges of the Church, and for the maintenance of its beneficent influences."

That 75 per cent of present day Protestant sermons from the pulpit could be dispensed with to the betterment of church attendance was the opinion expressed by a delegate to the national conference of church clubs in session at Washington last Thursday. "The church might stagger under the blow," he remarked, "but its recovery will be rapid and lasting." The utterance was warmly applauded and was delivered during a discussion of the question "Why men do not go to church."

The commission appointed to select music to be played in churches in the Archdiocese of Baltimore has passed on several Masses. Poniatoski's entire Mass was rejected. Four of Gounod's and one of Mozart's Masses were accepted in part. The portions rejected will be omitted. The Masses are Gounod's "Mass of the Sacred Heart," "Orpheus," "Convent Mass" and "Joan of Arc Mass," and Mozart's "Seventh Mass."

We are in receipt of a copy of the second edition of "The Catholic Confession and the Sacrament of Penance," by Rev. Albert McKeon, S. T. L., St. Columban, Ont. This valuable booklet can not help doing a great deal of good by giving correct notions of a subject which has been misrepresented by non-Catholic writers and speakers. It will likewise serve to remove prejudices from the

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Winds of some of our Protestant friends who happen to read it. Says the Irish-American, of New York City: A movement is already on foot among the American friends and admirers of Dr. Drummond to put a memorial of him, which shall be distinctly associated with persons on this side of the line, in some fitting place, probably Montreal, or, if possible, in the new public library building in this city. The Rome correspondent of the Daily Standard, of London, England, states that Bishop O'Gorman of Sioux Falls, N.D., has been positively assured that the Pope, at the next consistory, which it is understood will be held in June, will satisfy the just aspirations of the United States and will create one or two American Cardinals. At the meeting of the Archbishops held last week in Washington, a letter from the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris was read, thanking the American prelates and people for their continued expressions of sympathy for the French hierarchy in their troubles.

Seamus MacManus, the writer of Irish folk stories, called at the White House on April 12 to pay his respects to the President. He and Mr. Roosevelt had a long chat about literary matters, the President having expressed a keen interest in Irish songs and general literature.

THE SOVEREIGN Randolph Macdonald, D. M. Capital Subscribed Capital Fully Paid Reserve Fund Assets over General Bank Inter Main Offices: Uptown Branch City Law Dep Says Charter does no Authority to Censor

Apropos of His Grace's application for a censorship of the law department the City Hall has given a decision which in effect is that the charter does not give sufficient power to pass an enactment, shall be submitted to a special commission before they are referred to the Council must make for increased powers to the Chief of Police that are constitutional when produced. The special civic commission now pass a resolution as Legislature for the increased matter, a member of the Committee said: "I approve of the application has been made by Archbishop and others for the ap It has already been shown would have been a mo thing for a body of censor that the manuscript of should be sent to them fo ation before the plays ve the boards. According advice, which the aldermen sess, they are in the posit having the necessary powe an ordinance creating a sors. "It is likely that the ou be that the task of censor will be left to the clergy, all immoral plays, —if the moral in their present have to be forbidden by of Police."

CHILDREN OF MARY ANN'S PARISH During this month the Children of Mary will be usual on the first and day. There will also be a inia the Sodality. 'CATHOLIC SAILORS' On Wednesday, May 8th concert in connection with tholic Sailors' Club will t under the auspices of t Committee of the Club. carts have always been a pleasure to the sailors ar friends in the past, and the good cause for which established—the entertainm sailors while in port—they heartiest support.

A Cure for Rheumatism. Arterial uric acid into t vessels is a fruitful cause tic pains. This irregulari ing to a deranged and condition of the liver. A fect to this painful affecti find a remedy in Parnel's table Pills. Their action kidneys is pronounced a ficial, and by restoring h tion they correct the impu the blood.

HOME FOR INCURABLE On Sunday, the 14th ult of the Church of Notre D Grace kindly sang during diction of the Blessed Sa the Home for Incurables. requiem Mass was celebr Wednesday, the 18th Apr o'clock a.m. for the repos soul of the late Sir WILL con, also on the 25th im was a requiem service fo of the soul of the late M mond, mother-in-law of th J. Forgive.

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Table with financial data: Capital Subscribed \$4,000,000; Capital Fully Paid 3,998,000; Reserve Fund 1,255,000; Assets over 25,000,000.

General Banking, Savings Department. Interest Credited Quarterly.

Main Offices: 232-236 St. James Street. Uptown Branch: 754-756 St. Catherine St. West (Corner Guy.)

City Law Department

Says Charter does not Confer Authority to Censor Plays.

Apropos of His Grace the Archbishop's application for a theatrical censorship the law department at the City Hall has given a legal opinion which in effect is that the city charter does not give sufficient power to pass an enactment that plays shall be submitted to a special commission before they are produced.

The special civic committee will now pass a resolution asking the Legislature for the increased powers referred to. In referring to the matter, a member of the Finance Committee said: "I approve of the application which has been made by Archbishop Bruchest and others for the appointment. It has already been shown that it would have been a most difficult thing for a body of censors to order that the manuscript of all plays should be sent to them for consideration before the plays were put on the boards. According to legal advice, which the aldermen now possess, they are in the position of not having the necessary powers to pass an ordinance creating a body of censors."

"It is likely that the outcome will be that the task of censoring plays will be left to the clergy, and that all immoral plays, if they are immoral in their presentation, will have to be forbidden by the Chief of Police."

ITEMS OF INTEREST

CHILDREN OF MARY OF ST. ANN'S PARISH.

During this month the meetings of the Children of Mary will take place as usual on the first and third Monday. There will also be a reception into the Sodality.

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB.

On Wednesday, May 8th, the first concert in connection with the Catholic Sailors' Club will take place under the auspices of the Ladies' Committee of the Club. These concerts have always been a source of pleasure to the sailors and their friends in the past, and considering the good cause for which they were established—the entertainment of the sailors while in port—they merit the warmest support.

A Cure for Rheumatism.—The intrusion of uric acid into the blood vessels is a fruitful cause of rheumatic pains. This irregularity is owing to a deranged and unhealthy condition of the liver. Anyone subject to this painful affection will find a remedy in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. Their action upon the kidneys is pronounced and most beneficial, and by restoring healthy action they correct the impurities of the blood.

HOME FOR INCURABLES.

On Sunday, the 14th ult., the choir of the Church of Notre Dame de Grace kindly sang during the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament at the Home for Incurables. A solemn requiem Mass was celebrated on Wednesday, the 18th April, at 9 o'clock a.m. for the repose of the soul of the late Sir William Hingston, also on the 25th inst. there was a requiem service for the repose of the soul of the late Madame Raymond, mother-in-law of the Hon. L. J. Forget.

OBITUARY.

MISS MAY McCORRY.

On Friday last little May McCorry passed peacefully away. Delicate for a long while, everything possible was done in order to give her the strength she craved, but it was ordained otherwise, and He who so loved the little ones while on earth took her to Himself. Of a very affectionate nature, her piety, too, was most remarkable, intense childish simplicity and confidence always characterizing her little demands to the Sacred Heart, in particular, and to the other blessed intermediaries before the great white throne. This can best be understood by reading the following letter written by little May a few days before she gave her pure spirit back to her gentle Saviour. The confidence that the favor she was asking would be accorded was only secondary to the resignation if it were "not for her good." We reproduce the letter as it was written:

Dear Sacred Heart, Every night in my prayers I mention your name, but perhaps I am not fervent enough, but, dear Sacred Heart, you know well that what I say in this letter is from the bottom of my heart. Dear Sacred Heart, when you were a little boy you know how children loved to play. Now, Darling, I want you to do me a favor, and please don't refuse unless you see that it is for my good. The favor is I want you to make me well and strong. I am going to pray to St. Joseph and St. Anthony, and I know that my darling mother will also pray for me, so when these three come to your throne and ask you to make me better please say "Yes." And then, darling Jesus, I will get big and strong and be a help to my mother, and I promise you I will always be a loyal child to my blessed mother and to St. Anne your grandmother, to both of whom I am consecrated, and, Jesus, I know that my two little brothers, Frank and Jack, will also pray for me. Now Jesus darling, who died on the cross for me, grant my prayer if it is pleasing to you, it is your will, not mine. Now good-bye, dear Jesus, and don't forget me as I have forgotten you. Now good-bye once again, and don't be angry at a poor child venturing to send her love, but I know you won't. Your loving child, MARY.

The service took place on Monday morning to St. Patrick's Church and was largely attended. The Rev. Martin Callaghan, P.P., received the body, and Rev. James McCorry, cousin of deceased, celebrated the solemn requiem Mass, assisted by Rev. Luke Callaghan as deacon and Rev. James Killoran as sub-deacon. At the cemetery the Rev. Luke Callaghan recited the prayers at the grave. The True Witness offers its deepest sympathy to the bereaved relatives.

SISTER MARY LORETTA.

News reached the city, on the 31st ult., of the death of Rev. Sister Mary Loretta (née Winifred Walsh, of this city), which took place at Victoria, B.C., on the 30th. Deceased was the sister of the late Very Rev. Thos. E. Walsh, C.S.C., for many years president of Notre Dame University, Indiana, and was a member of the Congregation of St. Ann, which she entered some 25 years ago, after graduating at Lachine Convent. From the beginning of her religious career, she was stationed at Victoria, being there connected with St. Ann's Academy, first as a teacher in the academic course, and for the past few years as Superioress.

Death was rather unexpected, as the Rev. Sister was still in the prime of life. A few weeks ago, being fatigued by the many duties entailed in the administration of affairs, she was forced to retire to the Sisters' Hospital, as it was supposed, for a rest. Complicated stomach trouble unfortunately proved to be the cause of her illness, and an operation was deemed necessary. It was performed with apparent success on the 23rd. Everything seemed favorable to a speedy recovery, when, to the consternation of the beloved Sisters attending, on the 30th, she gradually sank and passed peacefully away in the midst of her spiritual children.

Deceased was universally known and loved, not only in Victoria, but in the Western Coast States, whence came the majority of the young ladies attending the Academy. By Catholic and non-Catholic alike, in fact by all who came in contact with her, she was ever remembered for her Christian sincerity, broadmindedness and profound piety. But it was by those who came directly under her charge as students in the Academy that her real worth was appreciated.

ed and her influence did not end with the conferring of the graduation parchment. The passing years but seemed to deepen that influence, and to render stronger still the bonds of motherly solicitude that united her to her old pupils. To the Sisters she was in every respect a model, kind, cheerful under the painful malady from which she suffered for months, self-sacrificing to a fault, her only desire was to help and encourage them in every way. Possessing great executive ability in the administration of the convent, she was ever the humble servant of them all. Preferring to obey, but called upon by her Superior General to rule, she strove and prayed for light to do everything in Christ, for the good of all. That she succeeded is eloquently attested by the universal sorrow of her co-laborers at her unexpected demise. May her pure soul rest in peace.

To her three sisters and relatives resident in this city we offer our sympathy.

MGR. BERNARD O'REILLY.

Mgr. Bernard O'Reilly, once confessor to Emperor Napoleon III, and godfather to King Alfonso XIII., is dead at Mount Vincent, N.Y. He was 91 years old. Mgr. O'Reilly was born in County Mayo, Ireland. When he was 16 years old he emigrated to Quebec. There he was graduated from Laval University. For a time he was connected with St. John's College, in Fordham, and later, in 1847, he entered the Society of Jesus. During his stay in Canada he kept in touch with Irish affairs, and was an eager worker for home rule. He was chaplain of the Sixty-ninth New York Regiment in the Civil War. On the close of the war he went to France, and as confessor to Napoleon III, remained there until the downfall of the empire. He was well known to nearly every royal personage in Europe. He was godfather to the present King of Spain and wrote the biographies of Pope Pius IX, and Pope Leo XIII.

MR. LEO CONDON.

After a long and painful illness, born with patience and resignation, Leo Condon, only and dearly beloved son of Mr. John Condon, passed to his eternal reward.

The deceased had been a student at Loyola College for the past eight years, and was dearly loved by both his teachers and classmates.

The service took place on Tuesday morning at St. Gabriel's Church, the Mass being sung by deceased's teacher, Rev. Father Cox, assisted by Rev. Fathers Fahey and Polan as deacon and sub-deacon. Rev. Fathers Hingston and Quirk assisted at the Libera. The many friends and classmates who followed the remains testified to the respect and esteem in which deceased was held.

THE CATHOLIC SUMMER SCHOOL.

The sixteenth session of the Summer School at Cliff Haven, on Lake Champlain, will open in July and continue until September. The lecturers will include Rev. John Talbot Smith, President of the Summer School; Francis T. Moloney, Prof. Denis O'Sullivan, Catholic High School, Philadelphia; Miss Elizabeth Pattee-Wallach, Rev. Robt. Schwickerath, S.J.; John T. Nicholson, Rev. D. F. McGillicuddy, Worcester, Mass.; Rev. James J. Fox, S.T.D., St. Thomas' College, Catholic University Washington; Rev. W. L. Sullivan, C.S.P.; Rev. Gerald J. McShane, S.S., Montreal; Joseph Dunn, Ph.D., Catholic University, Washington; Miss Margaret McCann, Australia; Hon. M. J. Ryan, President U. I. L., Philadelphia; Rev. J. T. Driscoll, Albany, N.Y.; Mary Catherine Crowley, Boston; Rev. Michael P. Smith, C.S.P.; Dr. James J. Walsh, Rev. John T. Donlon, Brooklyn; Prof. James C. Monaghan, Washington; Dr. John G. Coyle, New York; Rev. D. J. O'Sullivan, St. Albans, Vt.; Rev. P. P. Siefried, Overbrook, Pa.; Rev. F. C. Kelley, Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P.; Mrs. B. Ellen Burke, Loretta Hawthorne Hayes, Waterbury, Conn.; Prof. Camille Zeckwer, Philadelphia, and Catherine J. Collins, Boston.

PEEVISH AND CROSS.

Peevish, cross babies are sick babies—the well baby is always happy. Perhaps there may be nothing to indicate just what is the matter, but you may depend upon it there is something troubling the little one or he would not be cross. A few doses of Baby's Own Tablets will remove the cause and make baby happy. They are a certain cure for the minor ills of babyhood. Thousands of mothers keep them continually in the house to guard against the sudden illness of baby. A Tablet now and again will keep the little one well. Mrs. James Jewers, Beaver Harbor, N.S., says: "I have given Baby's Own Tablets to my baby as occasion required since she was a day old. They have always helped her, and now at a year and a half old she is a fine, healthy child. The Tablets, I think, are indispensable to mothers of young children." Sold by druggists or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Society Indignant at Father Vaughan.

Father Bernard Vaughan has been receiving from society ladies, and gentlemen of England letters of indignant protest against his condemnation of "cat and dog worship" as among the sins prevalent in British society or the "smart set." Telling about those letters in a sermon at Liverpool, the Rev. Father said he did not wish to descend to further particulars than to give samples of what some of his assailants had written. "My dog is dearer to me than anyone else on earth." Another: "I don't know whether you have a soul, but I know my dog has." Yet another: "You seem to think I shall be damned because I love my faithful friend; well, I should prefer to be lost with him than saved without him." And again: "You may say what you like, but my dog has more logic than any man, and more love than any woman I ever met." Once more: "I once thought of becoming a Catholic, but after hearing of your abominable cruelty to dogs I shall never join your Church."

"I might," continued Father Vaughan, "read whole volumes of quotations not unlike those I have given, all of which go to show that I was more than amply justified in condemning what has been called 'cat-and-dog worship.' I do not think that perversion of love, man's most God-like gift, could go further. Surely it is not a wholesome sign of our times."

Mother Sainte Croix of Quebec.

Probably Oldest Ursuline Nun in the World.

Mother Sainte Croix, of Quebec, is the oldest Ursuline nun in the world; but probably very few know that this remarkable woman is a native of New Hampshire, one of the Colebrook family of Holmes. She was Susan Holmes, and a Protestant until sixteen years of age, when she went to the Ursuline convent at Quebec, and became a convert to the faith. Three years later she made her vows as an Ursuline. This was in 1836, so that she has been a nun seventy-one years. She was 90 years old on February 19 and is well and strong. Mother Sainte Croix has lived in the house of the Ursuline order for all but three of these seventy-one years of her life as a member of the order. For the first time in fifty-one years, she left it in 1887 to take charge of the Ursuline house at Springfield, Ill. She had not been outside of convent walls once during these fifty-one years, and this was her first sight of a locomotive and other modern wonders.

Her fame spread in Illinois while she was there, and she was entertained once by no less a personage than the Governor of the State, who interested himself in the work and charities she was directing. Mother Sainte-Croix had a brother of remarkable intellectual gifts, who also became a convert to Catholicism and then a priest. This brother of the aged nun became famed as an Indian missionary, and the name of Abbe Holmes was known far and wide. He also lived to be very old. The Holmeses were quite a clan. There were thirteen brothers and sisters of them, and the majority became Catholics at the instigation of Father Holmes, who was the first in the family to embrace the Roman Catholic faith. All the girls became Catholics. All are dead now except Mere Sainte Croix.

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NEW CHURCH AT ST. JOHNS.

About two thousand people attended the ceremony of the laying of the corner stone of the church to be erected in the newly established ecclesiastical parish at the northern extremity of the town, at which Bishop Racicot officiated Sunday evening. At 3 p.m. His Lordship, accompanied by Rev. Mr. Collin, cure of St. Johns, and Rev. Mr. Labreche, cure of the new parish, started in carriages from the presbytery, followed by prominent members of the church, the band playing on route, a large procession proceeding to the new parish. The service commenced at once and was conducted by the Bishop, assisted by Rev. Fathers Collin and Labreche and the choir of the church. His Lordship proclaimed the parish as Notre Dame Auxiliatrice. After the usual ceremony and address by the Bishop, those present were requested to tap the corner stone with the Bishop's hammer. His Lordship then entered his carriage and pronounced the benediction. The building will be 125 by 55 feet. The basement will be used as a class room, the first floor as a chapel, and the upper floor as a parish hall for church gatherings.

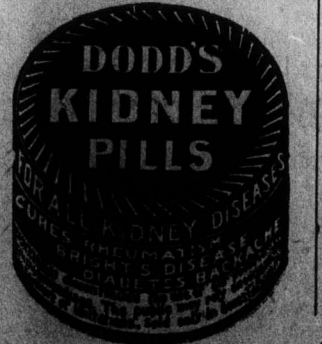
Torturing Rheumatism.

Suffered for Five Years—Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Agonizing pains, sometimes in one part of the body, sometimes in another, more often in the back or joints—that's rheumatism. Do not delay in finding a cure. Each day makes the disease worse—increases the torture. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured thousands. They cured Mr. Horace Plante, of Sorel, Que., of a most aggravated case of rheumatism. What they did for Mr. Plante they can do for you. He says: "I was seized with rheumatism. I walked as if my boots were filled with pebbles. The pains, starting in my feet, spread to all parts of the body; my back and joints became affected. For upwards of five years I suffered the greatest agony. Often I was confined to bed, hardly able to move. Nothing seemed to help me. I despaired of ever being well again. By good chance Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were brought to my attention, and I decided to try them. I got six boxes—before they were gone I felt a great improvement. I continued the treatment and my health gradually came back till now I do not feel the least pain—I am totally cured. It was a surprise to my friends to see me on the street again well and strong after five years of torture. They wanted to know what brought about the change. I told them Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for I took no other medicine once I began their use. Rheumatic sufferers give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial; they will do for you what they did for me."

It is in the blood—poor blood—that such troubles as rheumatism, indigestion, dizziness, heart palpitation, anaemia, weakness and a host of other diseases find their root. It is the blood that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills act upon. They make it pure, rich, red and health-giving. That is why they cure all the common ailments of everyday life. Sold by druggists or by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

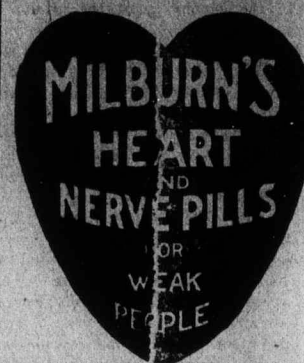
Wear Trade Mark D. Suspenders guaranteed 50c.



Religion and the Peace Congress in New York.

At the First National Arbitration and Peace Congress in New York, last week, addresses were made by Archbishop Farley...

ral peace, for all such effort is essentially Christian and supremely humane and uplifting. The real evil of our modern industrial and commercial conditions is the selfishness they tend to engender.



Are a True Heart Tonic. Nerve Food and Blood Enricher. They build up and renew all the worn out and wasted tissues of the body...

Edward Hooper, and "Europe on Two Dollars a Day," by Esther Brook. Lovers of music will be delighted with the double page contribution "Fragrance," a new song by Victor Herbert.

Pullman Chapel Car.

Unique Extension Campaign.

Two movements of importance in the Catholic world were inaugurated last week when the board of governors of the Catholic Church Extension Society of the United States resolved at its meeting in Chicago:

First. To spend \$60,000 during the fiscal year for the spread of the Catholic faith through the southern and western states.

Second. To establish a monthly magazine, to be known as Church Extension, backed by all the power of the Catholic Church.

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SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

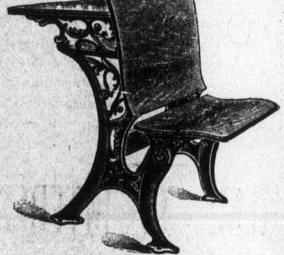
ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY—Established March 6th, 1856; incorporated 1869; revised 1840. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Mr. F. J. Curran, P.P.; President, Mr. F. J. Curran; 1st Vice-President, W. P. Kearney; 2nd Vice-President, J. Quinn; Treasurer, W. Dureak; Corresponding Secretary, W. J. Crowe; Recording Secretary, T. J. Tansey.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 Alexander street, at 8.30 p.m. Committee of Management meets in same hall on the first Tuesday of every month, at 8 p.m. Rev. Director, Rev. Jas. Killoran; President, J. P. Gunning; Rec. Sec., M. J. O'Donnell, 412 St. Paul street.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26—Organized 18th November, 1888. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, every 2nd and 4th Thursday of each month for the transaction of business, at 8 o'clock. Officers—Spiritual Adviser, Rev. J. P. Killoran; Chancellor, J. M. Kennedy; President, W. A. Hodgson; 1st Vice-President, J. T. Stevens; 2nd Vice-President, M. E. Gahan; Recording Secretary, R. M. J. Dolan, 16 Overdale ave. Financial Secretary, J. J. Costigan, 504 St. Urbain street; Treasurer, F. J. Sears; Marshall, M. J. O'Regan; Guard, James Callahan. Trustees, D. J. McGillion, John Walsh, T. R. Stevens, W. F. Wall and James Cahill. Medical Officers—Dr. H. J. Harrison, Dr. J. O'Connor, Dr. Merrill, Dr. W. A. L. Styles and Dr. J. Curran.

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Many Women Suffer UNTOLD AGONY FROM KIDNEY TROUBLE.

Very often they think it is from female "Female Disease." There is less female trouble than they think. Women suffer from backache, sleeplessness, nervousness, irritability, and a dragging-down feeling in the loins. So do men, and they do not have "female trouble."

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LITERARY REVIEW.

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION FOR MAY.

The possibility that a defunct cat should have nine ghosts probably never occurred to any writer until Ellis Parker Butler contributed his very funny short story "The Chromatic Ghosts of Thomas" to the May Woman's Home Companion. The story certainly will march down the aisles of fame arm in arm with "Pigs is Pigs" by the same author.

ERIN'S FAITH.

(By the Late Archbishop O'Brien, of Halifax.)

The Faith of Erin's shore will never die; All other nations may Christ's loving yoke Cast off, and, by a demon-guided stroke, The bond of union cut. But she—tho' nigh The icy regions of chill heresy—Unc chilled, with youthful zeal shall e'er invoke That God, whose love, to her, great Patrick spoke, And o'er her faith-forsaken sister sigh,

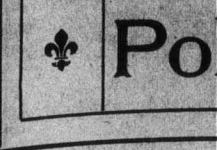
KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.

Kathleen Mavourneen!—The song is still ringing As fresh and as clear as the trill of the bird; In world-weary hearts it is sobbing and singing In pathos too sweet for the tenderest word.

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DEAR MR. I: "I have read your book and I am very much, and I would like you very much, and you know because I think you understand little girls, and why do you not see me at my home. I live in the Mill House at Lynde. Come to tea? Charlotte was here if I asked her, but she has the influenza. So I will try."

It took Rosamund nearly two weeks to write the letter, and even then she was not quite sure about spelling. Influenza in particular was a strange look, she thought at last she folded the thread covered with large, unsteady lines, and put them in an envelope. She dropped much red seal on the letter, and a little while later, she was told that Rosamund was ill. T. went down the dusty road to see her, tying the string of the envelope as she went. T. people at their doors nodded as she passed, and watched her work of net mending and occupation of gossip.

Rosamund and Charlotte went to Lynde. They were very much surprised to find the village people something about something beyond the look of the sky, and the news of times nowadays. Lynne little happened, and the Mill House was empty. That it should be an unmarried lady with one child who was no relation, and a child simply Charlotte, an event still more startling to the tongues of the gossip. Not ill-naturedly, they are kindly folk; and they were found that Miss Hadden was away, and was not "in the matter of allowing Rosamund to play on the beach with the children, Lynne made up its mind, and went on to the Mill House. Now the two had lived together in the house for a year, through the winter seasons; had known all the glories of the autumn over the marsh behind the ruined mill; the strenuous winter, when one is glad to be on the palings to keep one from going down the street; the golden summer, when the low sands are steeped and the sunlight, and the sea is so beautiful—sapphire and diamond; and the chill spring days, when the winds moan across the beach, and the pools left behind are so clear.

They were happy days for Rosamund, alone with the one child. What stories Charlotte told her of the old days, when she was a young girl, and what new and exciting pursuits, resembling only remotely, yet bringing them that sense of duty upon which hitherto had come on the dreariest routine of "learn to read!" As the year swung every day drew Rosamund to her dear, dear Charlotte. Suddenly it was all over. Charlotte was ill; a woman from the city came in for the little business of housework over which the two had been so merry, and Rosamund not allowed even to climb the stairs which led to Charlotte's room, and she was left alone herself as best she could. She read and re-read all her books, and most of all she read and reread the little volume by an unknown author, called Polly and I. She had among Charlotte's books, a little book called "Polly and I," which she read and re-read all her books, and most of all she read and reread the little volume by an unknown author, called Polly and I. She had among Charlotte's books, a little book called "Polly and I," which she read and re-read all her books, and most of all she read and reread the little volume by an unknown author, called Polly and I.

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

THE TRUE WITNESS is printed and published at No. 20, St. John Street, Montreal, Can. by THE TRUE WITNESS PUBLISHING CO. PROPRIETORS.

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Polly and I

LECTURE
 SOCIETY—Established 1856; incorporated 1840. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander Street, Monday of the month, last week of the month, at 8 o'clock. Rev. Director, P.F. Frudon, P.E. Frudon, 1st Vice-President, J. H. O'Connell; 2nd Vice, R. W. Durack; Secretary, W. J. O'Connell, T. P. O'Connell.

A. & B. 80- The second Sunday in St. Patrick's Church, at 8:30 o'clock. J. P. Gunning, J. P. Gunning, J. P. Gunning, J. P. Gunning, J. P. Gunning.

DA, BRANCH 26—November, 1888. St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander Street, every 2nd and 4th months for business, at 8 o'clock. Spiritual Address: Killoran; Chairman: Killoran; Vice-President: Killoran; Secretary: Killoran; Treasurer: Killoran; Steward: Killoran.

COCOA
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RILEY, J. J.
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 \$1.00; large
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DEAR MR. I:
 "I have read your book about Polly and I. I like it very much, and I would like to see you very much, and your little girl, because I think you understand about little girls, and why do not come and see me at my home. I live in the Mill House at Lyme. Will you come to tea? Charlotte would say yes if I asked her, but she has got the Influenza. So I will say goodbye."
 "from your loving friend,
 "Rosamund."

It took Rosamund nearly two hours to write the letter, and even then she was not quite sure about the spelling. Influenza in particular had a strange look, she thought. But at last she folded the three sheets covered with large, unsteady writing, and put them in an envelope. She dropped much red sealing wax on the letter, and a little on her hands; but she would not cry, because Charlotte was ill. Then she went down the dusty road to the post office, tying the strings of her sunbonnet as she went. The fisher people at their doors nodded to her as she passed, and watched her out of sight before they resumed their work of net mending or their occupation of gossip.

Rosamund and Charlotte had been a goddess to Lynne. They gave the village people something to talk about—something beyond the tides, the look of the sky, and the hardness of times nowadays. For in Lynne little happened, and the letting of the Mill House was an event. That it should be let to an unmarried lady with one little girl, who was no relation, and who called the lady simply Charlotte, was an event still more startling; and the tongues of the gossips were busy. Not ill-naturedly, though, for they are kindly folk; and when it was found that Miss Haddon "paid her way," and was not "stuck up" in the matter of allowing Rosamund to play on the beach with the fisher children, Lynne made up its mind to the situation, and went on talking.

Now the two had lived in the Mill House for a year, through the changing seasons; had known all the varying glories of the autumn sunsets over the marsh behind the black, ruined mill; the strenuous gales of winter, when one is glad to hold on to the palings to keep one's footing as one goes down the street; the golden summer, when the wide, yellow sands are steeped and dyed in the sunlight, and the sea is a living jewel—sapphire and diamond in one; and the chill spring days, when sea and sky are one pale opal, and the winds moon across the marshes and the beach, where the gulls fly low across the pools left by the tide.

They were happy days for Rosamund, alone with the one she loved best. What stories Charlotte knew, what stores of songs, what enchanting games, and what new and fascinating pursuits, resembling lessons only remotely, yet bringing with them that sense of duty performed which hitherto had come only after the dreariest routine of "learning by heart!" As the year swung round, every day drew Rosamund nearer to her dear, dear Charlotte. And now suddenly it was all over. Charlotte was ill; a woman from the village came in for the little business of housework over which the two had been so merry, and Rosamund was not allowed even to climb the stairs which led to Charlotte's room. A bed was made up for her in the little dining room, and she was left to amuse herself as best she could, without songs or stories or games. So she read and reread all her books, and most of all she read and loved a little volume by an unknown author, called Polly and I. She found it among Charlotte's books, and failed it as a treasure. It was a father's record, simply given, of a child's ways and words; of the goodness and naughtiness of a little child, a little child like herself. She had many other books that told of the sayings and doings of children, their sins and their repentances; but none like this. Rosamund could not have analyzed her sensations, could not have told why this book was dearer to her than all the others. Perhaps it was not so much the fidelity of the picture of child-life as the passionate love, the tender insight of the father, that held her. For the book was no story, was not really a child's book at all; had only the tale of how Polly planted seeds, how she gathered

flowers, how she was lost in the snow, and above all—not told in words, but revealed in every detail, every phrase—the story of how Polly's father loved her. And as Rosamund read the book over and over, it seemed to her that since Charlotte was ill, and the world was empty and sad, it would be a happy thing to see this father and his little girl come down the road to the Mill House. Unconsciously Rosamund had identified herself, as children will, with the child of whom she had read. She had come to believe that this father loved her, Rosamund, as he loved his own little girl with the pretty name. She never doubted that he would come.

Rosamund was sitting on the gray fence opposite the house. As she sat there, looking at the red sunlight behind the black mill, she heard a footstep on the road, and turned to look. It was a man in brown nickerbockers and jacket, with a beard. The beard looked red in the evening sunlight, and the man looked kind, she thought; but he was a stranger. She was not afraid of strangers, but all the same she sought the moral support of her own home. She got off the fence, ran across to the garden gate, shut it after her, and from between its white bars stood to watch the stranger go by. She was interested in him because he was walking. Nearly all the brown knickerbockered figures who passed the house were on bicycles; their passage was too swift to allow time for the development of interest.

But this stranger did not pass. He looked at the house, and looked at the mill, looming black from beyond the patch of green behind the house. Then he looked at her, and came close up to the gate.
 "You are Rosamund," he said. "I got your letter, and I have come to tea."
 "Are you really 'I'?" inquired Rosamund, "Where is Polly?"
 "I couldn't bring her. Are you glad to see me?"
 "Yes, Mr. I; very glad."
 "May I come in?"
 "No, don't. Only yesterday I asked Ethel to tea—she's Marsh's little girl; he's one of the coast-guard—and Mrs. Bates said I wasn't to have any one to tea till Charlotte was better."

"That's unlucky for me. However, let's go down to the sea wall. We'll go to the Mill House again. You must run in."
 "Come to the mill," said Rosamund. "You must run, come along."
 They ran hand in hand across the green to the old mill, Rosamund's favorite play-place. For long enough the mill had been past work; the boards were rotting away, and the great stones lay silent and idle.
 "Come up, Mr. I," she said hospitably, pausing at the foot of the broken stair. "We will prop open the west door, and then we shan't feel the wind, and we can look at the pretty marshes, and see the king go to bed."
 "What king?"
 "Whv. the sun. Don't you know the old French kings used to have lots of people to see them go to bed! But only one king does it now, and he is King Sun. And all the poor people may see him as well as the rich ones."

She had flung open the wooden shutter, and the marsh and the sunset were before them—a picture framed in the soft darkness of the old timbers.
 Rosamund spread a sack on the floor. "Sit down," she said, "and tell me all about Polly and I."
 "Why, all that was told in the book. Have you written a book about Charlotte and Rosamund?"
 "Not yet," was the cautious answer.
 "Then don't you see that you must tell me all about yourself at once, or else we don't start fair?"
 "Oh," she said vaguely, "there's nothing to tell about us. We never got lost in the snow storm or anything. Oh, dear Mr. I, it was good of you to come!"
 "They sent your letter on to me," he pulled her envelope from his pocket and looked at it. It was much marked in blue pencil, through which one could still read in round and shaky characters:
 "To Mr. I,
 who wrote about Polly.
 "There is the name Langton Book Company in the book. I think that is the shop where he bought the paper. Perhaps they will know."
 "I didn't know your address, but

VALUABLE MEDICAL PRESCRIPTION

Recommended by a Well-known Toronto Doctor, Whose Love for Humanity is Greater than His Prejudice Against Proprietary Medicines.

The following very valuable prescription, by an eminent and successful physician, will be appreciated by many who are suffering from la grippe, cold, cough, pneumonia, or any throat, lung or stomach trouble, or run-down system, as it is a certain cure, and will save many a doctor's bill. It is almost a certain preventive as well:—
 "When you feel that you are taking cold or have chilly feeling or aching in any part of the body or head, or feel weak, tired, dizzy, unfit for work, pain in the head or back of the neck, do not neglect these dangerous symptoms, but send immediately to your Druggist and get a bottle of Psychine (pronounced Si-keen), and prepare as follows:
 "Psychine, 2 teaspoonfuls.
 "Sherry, whisky or water, 2 teaspoonfuls.
 "Choice of the latter can be made according to the judgment and preference of the patient."
 "Mix thoroughly and take regularly before each meal and at bedtime."
 This prescription has been used in thousands of cases and has been so universally successful that a number of leading physicians regularly prescribe Psychine in their practice for any of the above troubles, or any run-down, wasting or constitutional difficulty. It is the most reliable and valuable home remedy. It tones up the entire system, giving a feeling of youthfulness and vigor, adding many years to the life of those who use it.
 "Years ago I was almost a physical wreck and was suffering with lung troubles. Friends and neighbors thought I would never get better. I began to despair myself. Losing faith in my physician, I procured another one who recommended the use of PSYCHINE. It was surprising beyond description the effect it had. I seemed to get with every dose. Inside of two weeks I was able to attend to my household again. There are no symptoms of consumption about me now."
 MRS. HENDERSON,
 St. John, N.B.

"I had been suffering from La Grippe. My lungs were weak and I had a cough, but Psychine cured me."
 MRS. H. BEAN,
 Champaign, Ont.

Psychine can be procured from any druggist at 50c. and \$1.00. It is a very valuable medicine.
 I thought it would be all right," she said triumphantly.
 "And so it was. You are a lucky girl, Rosamund, to live in a house that has a windmill to it."
 "That was why Charlotte took it."
 "Ah, yes. By the by, who is Charlotte? They told me in the village Miss Haddon lived in this house."
 "That is Charlotte; she is my dearest dear. She lives in the same house as us in the city." Rosamund shuddered and made a face.
 "I hate it."
 "And how did you come to leave it?"
 "My aunt died. I did not like her very much, but I am sorry she died. It is not nice to die."
 "We'll talk of that another time," he said. "Tell me about your aunt and your dearest dear."
 "My aunt used to go out nearly always to speak at meetings. I haven't anyone else. I haven't got a father, like Polly, nor a mother. How is Polly's mother?"
 "She is well," he said quickly.
 "And so you were left alone? Poor little Mousie!"
 "So then I used to go and sit with Charlotte. She writes history books and she lets me sit with her. Her room is so pretty—not like ours—and we used to make tea."
 "Yes."
 "And then my aunt died. And Mrs. Langridge—she was the woman of the house—and she said I was going to the asylum; and Charlotte was away! And then, just when they were going to send me.

Fooled the Doctors and Got Well

GIN PILLS CURE RHEUMATISM
 They certainly were a surprised lot of doctors out Tyneside way. They had been treating Mrs. Harris for years. Gave her about everything that was ever heard of for Rheumatism—and then told her the disease was chronic.
 A friend told Mrs. Harris about GIN PILLS. Just to oblige her friend, Mrs. Harris took a box. When that was gone, she dismissed the doctors and bought another box of GIN PILLS. By the time these were gone, she was so much better that she bought the third box and laughed every time she saw a doctor.
 Tyneside P. O., Aug. 6, 1905.
 I received your sample box of Gin Pills, but as there was only enough for a trial I got a box from our druggist, and now I am taking the third box. The pain across my back and kidneys has almost entirely gone, and I am better than I have been for years. I was a great sufferer from Rheumatism, but it has all left me.
 The doctors can't explain it. They don't try to. They said Mrs. Harris could not be cured. GIN PILLS cured her. Proof beats explanation all to pieces. Do YOU want proof? Write, mentioning this paper, for a free sample of Gin Pills and try them yourself. Then you will see what Gin Pills will do for YOU. Write now to the Bole Drug Co., Winnipeg, for a free sample.
 Sold by dealers everywhere. 50c a box—6 for \$2.50.

WHEN YOU ASK FOR

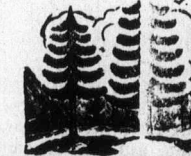
SURPRISE

A PURE HARD SOAP.

INSIST ON RECEIVING IT.

great friends?" Charlotte's interest was awakening.
 "Oh, a long time—two weeks quite."
 "And you never told me? Oh, Rosamund!" The voice was reproachful.
 "Oh, dearest dear, don't be angry," cried Rosamund, throwing her arms around Charlotte's neck.
 "He told me not to."
 "And now he says—"
 "And now he said I was to tell you Polly's father was here; and then he said not to tell you that, but... oh, Charlotte, what is it?"
 "Is he here?" said Charlotte, in a strange voice. "I should like to see him again—just once."
 So Rosamund, now completely mystified, ran across the sand and fetched him, dragging him by the hand to where Charlotte sat in the sun under the sea wall.
 "Here he is!" she cried triumphantly.
 And the stranger dropped on one knee by Charlotte, and said, "Oh, Charlotte!" and he said no more for quite a long time; only he looked at Charlotte's face and at nothing else.
 Then he said to Rosamund, "Go down to the edge of the sea, and bring me the biggest queen shell you can find." So Rosamund went.
 Then he took Charlotte's hand and said, "At last! Oh, my dear, how could you go away like that? How could you do it?"
 "It is five years ago," Charlotte was saying in a dull voice.
 "Can you forgive me? Is it too late? Oh, Charlotte, it isn't too late, is it?"
 "Is she dead?" Charlotte asked, and her face was turned away.
 "Is who dead?"
 "The other woman."
 "What other woman?"
 "Polly's mother."
 Then he laughed out.
 "Oh, my dear, my dear, did you believe it of me? Did you think there was a wife in my heart, when all the time there was only you? There is no wife, there is no Polly. There is nothing but you—but you!"
 "I don't understand," she said.
 "I knew it was your book because of the snowstorm. Do you remember when you took off your coat to wrap me in?—do you remember?"
 "Do I remember! Charlotte, can't you understand how I have thought of you and you and you—and what our life might have been together, and how at last it got itself written? I have no wife but you." He paused a moment, and then said quietly, "Charlotte, Polly was our dream-child."
 Then she crept into his arms, careless of the sympathetic glance of a boatman smoking on the wall above.
 "Then it was not true," she said, after a while; "it was all imagination."
 "Imagination and—love, my dear."
 Here Rosamund returned with the queen shell, flushed and lovely.
 "Rosamund," he said, catching her hands, "you know how well I make up stories? Well, all that about Polly and I was just a make-up, because I had no wife and no little girl, and I wanted them both so badly."
 "O dear," said Rosamund gloomily, "then I shall never have her to play with," and her lips drooped and trembled.
 "You will have me, at any rate.

DR. WOOD'S



NORWAY PINE SYRUP

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

Mrs. Norma Swanston, Cargill, Ont., writes: "I take great pleasure in recommending Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I had a very bad cold, could not sleep at night for the coughing and had pains in my chest and lungs. I only used half a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and was perfectly well again."
 Price 25 cents a bottle.

IRISHMEN INVITE BOTH.

General Botha will be invited by a representative body of Irishmen to visit Ireland during the week that will signalize the opening of the international exhibition.
 Botha has many ties that bind him to Ireland. His wife is Irish; he had a son until recently in one of the Irish colleges, and the sympathies of most Irishmen were with him and his countrymen during the Boer war. Many of the men who comprised the Irish brigade and who fought under Botha's command during the war are now residing in Ireland and would be glad to meet their old comrade in arms. He will be asked to address a public meeting on the subject of home rule, and if he accepts the invitation it is regarded as certain that the gathering will be one of the largest and most representative that has been seen in Ireland since the days of Parnell.

Horse-Power Spramotor



Will pay for itself the first season in removing wild mustard from your fields.

Automatic in action throughout; everything under control of driver without stopping.

Machine automatically stops at 125 lb. pressure, starting again at 100 lb.

Tell us your needs. You will get expert advice.

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The thoroughly safe and mild purgative for family use.

Cure biliousness, sick headaches, constipation—they purify the blood and stimulate stomach, liver and bowels.

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Reliable in any climate, any time, for children, adults and the aged. Get a box, 25c, at dealers or by mail.

THE WINGATE CHEMICAL CO., Limited. MONTREAL, Canada.

In This Spring Weather

See that your feet are properly protected against dampness.

Our Waterproof Boots assure you comfort and dry feet. Every Style of Rubbers and Rubber Boots.

Special this week in Ladies' Good Rubbers. Sizes 2 1/2 to 5. Worth 60c. a pair at 48c.

RONAYNE BROS.

485 Notre Dame St. West. Chabollez Square.

ITEMS OF PASSING MOMENT

The customs collections of duties on imports at the port of Montreal for the Month of April show an increase of \$278,736.96 over the same month last year, the figures being: April, 1907, \$1,227,112.82, and April, 1906, \$1,008,375.86.

A circular has been issued from the headquarters of the Grand Trunk announcing that Mr. W. G. Brownlee, of Toronto, had been appointed to succeed Mr. F. H. McGulgan as general transportation manager of the Grand Trunk, in charge of maintenance and operation.

A good many young men never get anywhere in the world because they are always bumping up against the traffic. Sometimes these young men wonder why they get dumped so hard and so often.

McGill is now the possessor of a gift from Queen Alexandra. At convocation Tuesday the gift, which is a banner emblematic of Canada's destiny, was unveiled.

The "sufficient unto ourselves" policy apropos of the Jap exclusion sentiment in the United States causes the New York Post to say:

We have forgotten how to stand upon our own feet and face the combat with the joy of it in our hearts. If anybody is too "efficient" for us, we propose to shut him out.

In accordance with ancient custom, the troops of the Montreal Garrison will parade to divine service on Sunday, May 12th next.

The whole of the city corps will parade in divine service order in such fashion as to be in line on the Champ de Mars at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

A startling story comes from the States. The third wife of a prosperous farmer died recently after a brief illness, of what was at first supposed to be spinal meningitis.

An amusing instance is quoted in press despatches of the armed resistance to American marines by Honduran revolutionists. Col. Louis Isaulla, a revolutionist in command of Tela, Honduras, drew a revolver upon Ensign McNair, of the Marietta, when the latter was sent ashore at Tela to say that the American marines would protect foreign property.

Among the acts for which an apology was asked was the cutting down of the British flag at Salado. Isaulla's soldiers threatened the life of Wm. Collins, a British subject, who had raised his flag for protection.

Canada seems to be holding the center of the stage at the Colonial conference in London, Sir Wilfrid Laurier especially being lionized since stepping from the steamer.

At the Canada Club banquet the other evening, Sir Wilfrid, alluding to the presence of the Japanese ambassador, said Canada's nearest neighbors, east and west, were Britain and Japan, and he anticipated that Canada would become the highway of communication between the two lands.

Archbishop Farley's speech at the Peace Conference in New York is creating a lot of wholesome thought. "Through centuries of selfish feudalism, when all Europe was splintered into countless little States, the Holy See was the only external force they bowed to and habitually invoked as unselfish, independent, courageous, beloved by the poor and weak, and feared by the rapacious and powerful."

The wife of General Botha was a Miss Emmett, grandniece of the famous Irishman, Robert Emmet, who died in the cause of his country in 1803, at the early age of twenty-five. We all know the romantic story of Robert Emmet. He was intended for the bar, and was studying at Trinity College, Dublin, but was expelled with several others for alleged inciting rebellion.

By a little reorganization, the Italian Warehouse, now to be known as Fraser, Viger & Co., Limited, one of Montreal's oldest and best grocery houses, infuses new blood and continues its campaign of vigorous up-to-date business endeavors.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM Cheap Week End Trips.

Going, Saturday or Sunday by any train. Returning until Monday by any train, as follows:

Table listing train routes and fares: Abenakis Springs \$2.00, Beloeil .80, Bluff Point (Chiff Haven) N.Y. 3.15, Burlington, Vermont 3.15, Cornwall 2.25, Highgate Springs, Vt. 1.95, Massena Springs 2.80, Otterburn Park, including one admission to Park .95, Plattsburgh, N.Y. 3.00, Quebec 4.90, Rouse's Point 2.05, Sherbrooke 3.45, Ste. Anne de Bellevue .80, St. Hyacinthe 1.80, St. Johns 1.10, Vaudreuil .90, Ottawa 13.60.

Also many other points. Good returning until Monday morning trains only.

SUNDAY LOCAL TRAINS FROM AND TO MONTREAL.

Table listing Sunday local train routes and times: FOR VAUDREUIL—8.30 a.m., 9.45 a.m., 1.30 p.m., 7.30 p.m., 8.00 p.m., 9.00 p.m., 11.25 p.m., Retg. arr. Montreal 7.01 a.m., 8.10 a.m., 8.40 a.m., 11.30 a.m., 6.00 p.m., 6.25 p.m., 8.00 p.m., 8.10 p.m., 10.45 p.m., ST. ANNE'S—8.30 a.m., 9.45 a.m., 1.30 p.m., 7.30 p.m., 8.00 p.m., 9.00 p.m., 10.30 p.m., 11.25 p.m., Retg. arr. Montreal 7.01 a.m., 8.10 a.m., 8.40 a.m., 6.25 p.m., 10.45 p.m., BAIE D'URFE—9.45 a.m., 1.30 p.m., 8.10 p.m., 11.25 p.m., Retg. arr. Montreal 8.40 a.m., 6.25 p.m., 10.45 p.m., BEAUREPAIRE and BEACONSFIELD—9.45 a.m., 1.30 p.m., 9.00 p.m., 11.25 p.m., Retg. arr. Montreal 8.40 a.m., 6.25 p.m., 8.10 p.m., 10.45 p.m., PT. CLAIRE and LAKESIDE, VALOISVILLE, STRATHMORE—9.45 a.m., 1.30 p.m., 2.15 p.m., 9.00 p.m., 11.25 p.m., Retg. arr. Montreal 8.40 a.m., 6.25 p.m., 8.10 p.m., 10.35 p.m., 10.45 p.m., DORVAL—9.45 a.m., 1.30 p.m., 2.15 p.m., 7.10 p.m., 8.00 p.m., 9.00 p.m., 11.25 p.m., Retg. arr. Montreal 8.40 a.m., 6.25 p.m., 8.10 p.m., 10.35 p.m., 10.45 p.m., DIXIE and LACHINE—9.45 a.m., 1.30 p.m., 2.15 p.m., 8.00 p.m., (Lachine only), 9.00 p.m., 11.25 p.m., Retg. arr. Montreal 8.40 a.m., 6.25 p.m., 8.10 p.m., 10.35 p.m., FOR BROCKVILLE and INT. STATIONS—9.45 a.m., Retg. arr. Montreal 8.10 p.m., ST. HYACINTHE and RICHMOND—8.00 a.m., and 8.15 p.m., Retg. arr. Montreal 7.00 a.m., 7.00 p.m., ST. JOHNS—9.01 a.m., 7.40 p.m., 8.40 p.m., Retg. arr. Montreal 7.15 a.m., 7.25 a.m., 10.10 p.m.

CITY TICKET OFFICES

137 1/2 James Street, Telephone Main 460 & 461, or Bonaventure Station

Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Canada, New York and Vermont are planning to make the tercentenary of the discovery of Lake Champlain a "blaze of glory." The event will take place in 1909. The New York State Legislature says the discovery of Lake Champlain by Samuel de Champlain, on July 4, 1609, antedates the discovery by the whites of any other portion of the territory now comprising the State of New York, and was an event worthy of commemoration in the annals of the State and nation.

The wife of General Botha was a Miss Emmett, grandniece of the famous Irishman, Robert Emmet, who died in the cause of his country in 1803, at the early age of twenty-five. We all know the romantic story of Robert Emmet. He was intended for the bar, and was studying at Trinity College, Dublin, but was expelled with several others for alleged inciting rebellion.

By a little reorganization, the Italian Warehouse, now to be known as Fraser, Viger & Co., Limited, one of Montreal's oldest and best grocery houses, infuses new blood and continues its campaign of vigorous up-to-date business endeavors.

ser, with the late Mr. Viger, both then clerks with Mr. McGibbon, took the business over. Some years ago Mr. Viger died, and since then Mr. Fraser has controlled the business. He says the present change was not made with any idea of relaxing his efforts to keep the business growing, but rather to increase them by the infusion of new blood from amongst his most trusted employees.

THE S. CARSLY Co. LIMITED

THURSDAY, MAY 2nd, 1907.

The prices of our First Communion Dresses are from \$1.50 up to \$15.00. We have a larger range this year than in previous years. Our stock is full and complete with Childrens Underwear for First Communion.



EXTRA FINE ORGANDIE MUSLIN DRESSES, made with very wide skirts, and a wide hem and two rows of Val. lace insertion, round yoke of Val. lace and insertion running down waist. Special \$2.45. We have also FIRST COMMUNION SETS, comprising 6 pieces, dress, 2 white skirts, one with waist, also white flannellette skirt, cambric drawers and chemise, all nicely trimmed with French Val lace. Special \$10.50 and \$12.00 set.

For First Communion.

We have prepared a large stock of First Communion Dresses at prices from \$1.50 up. Here for instance. EXTRA FINE QUALITY LAWN DRESSES, all over embroidery, skirt very wide, elaborately trimmed, waists with embroidery and insertion to match, skirts, heading and ribbon around waist. Special \$6.75. EXTRA FINE QUALITY CHINA SILK DRESSES, made with very wide skirt and frill, trimmed with French Val. lace, tucks and insertion, waist trimmed with lace, and fancy collar trimmed with lace and insertion. Special \$9.00.



FIRST COMMUNION VEILS 65c. NEW FIRST COMMUNION VEILS, made of best quality net, beautifully embroidered, 2 yards wide, at 65c, 77c, 95c, \$1.35 up to \$5.00. BADGES AND ARMLETS FOR FIRST COMMUNION. BADGES AND ARMLETS FOR FIRST COMMUNION, made of very good quality satin ribbon, with gold fringe and lettering. Special, 75c set. BADGES and ARMLETS FOR FIRST COMMUNION, made of very best quality taffeta silk and beautifully hand painted, prettiest ever offered. 90c set.

THE S. CARSLY Co LIMITED

1765 to 1783 Notre Dame St., 184 to 194 St. James St., Montreal

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

BONAVENTURE UNION DEPOT. Summer Train Service

Table listing Intercolonial Railway train services: 4 Trains Daily. 7:25 A.M. DAY EXPRESS for St. Hyacinthe, Drummondville, Levis, Quebec, Murray Bay, Riviere du Loup, Cacouna, Bic, Kinross and Little Metis. Leaves 7:25 a.m. daily except Sunday, Parlor Car Montreal to Little Metis. 12 noon MARITIME EXPRESS for St. Hyacinthe, Drummondville, Levis, Quebec, Riviere du Loup, Moncton, St. John, Halifax and the Sydney. Through steaming car to Halifax. 7:30 P.M. "OCEAN LIMITED" for Levis, Quebec, Murray Bay, Cap a l'Epingle, Riviere du Loup, Cacouna, Little Metis, Matapois, Moncton, St. John and Halifax. Leaves 7:30 p.m. daily, except Saturday. Through sleeping cars to Riviere Ouelle Wharf (for Murray Bay points), Little Metis, St. John and Halifax. 11:46 NIGHT EXPRESS for Quebec and intermediate stations. Daily, except Sunday, at 11:45 p.m. A sleeping car is attached to this train, which passengers can occupy after 9:40 p.m. GAME and BAY CHALEUR. Passengers leaving by the Maritime Express at 12 noon, Tuesdays, and 7:30 p.m. (Ocean Limited), Fridays, will connect at Campbellton with S.S. "Lady Elsie". All trains of the Intercolonial Railway arrive and depart from the Bonaventure Union Depot CITY TICKET OFFICE. St. Lawrence Hall—141 St. James street, or Bonaventure Depot. Tel. Main 515. J. J. McCONNIFF, City Pass & Ticket Agent. P.S.—Write for free copy, Tours to Summer Haunts, vis "Ocean Limited." Train de Luxe.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Important change in time.

Table listing Canadian Pacific train services: Commencing May 5th, 1907, trains will leave Windsor Station for— PLANTAGENET and CALEDONIA SPRINGS—8.45 a.m., (a) 10 a.m., 4.00 p.m., DALHOUSIE MILLS—4.15 p.m., 5.25 p.m., POINT FORTUNE—(1) 1.30 p.m., 5.15 p.m., RIGAUD—8.45 a.m., (a) 10.00 a.m., (1) 1.30 p.m., 4 p.m., 5.15 p.m., 7.15 p.m., LAVIGNE—10 a.m., (1) 1.30 p.m., 4.00 p.m., 5.15 p.m., 6.15 p.m., HUDSON—HUDSON HEIGHTS, COMO—ISLE CADEUX—8.45 a.m., 10 a.m., (1) 1.30 p.m., 4.00 p.m., 5.15 p.m., 6.15 p.m., VAUDREUIL—8.45 a.m., 9.30 a.m., 9.40 a.m., 10.00 a.m., (1) 1.30 p.m., 4.00 p.m., 4.15 p.m., 5.15 p.m., 5.25 p.m., 6.15 p.m., 6.40 p.m., 6.50 p.m., 7.10 p.m., ST. ANNE'S—8.45 a.m., 9.30 a.m., 10.00 a.m., (1) 1.30 p.m., 4.00 p.m., 4.15 p.m., 5.15 p.m., 5.25 p.m., 6.15 p.m., BAIE D'URFE, POINT CLAIRE and CEDAR PARK—10.00 a.m., (1) 1.30 p.m., 4.15 p.m., 5.25 p.m., 6.15 p.m., BEAUREPAIRE—BEACONSFIELD—LAKESIDE—VALOIS—GOLF LINKS—DORVAL—9.30 a.m., 10.00 a.m., (1) 1.30 p.m., 4.15 p.m., 5.25 p.m., 6.15 p.m., MONTREAL JUNCTION—9.30 a.m., 10.00 a.m., (1) 1.30 p.m., 4.15 p.m., 5.25 p.m., 6.15 p.m., 6.40 p.m., WESTMOUNT—9.30 a.m., 10.00 a.m., (1) 1.30 p.m., 4.15 p.m., 5.25 p.m., 6.15 p.m., 6.40 p.m., (Daily, a Sundays only. (1) Saturdays only. Other trains on week days only.

TICKET OFFICE: 130 St. James Street Next Post Office.



Vol. LVI., No. 4

Gardien de la Salle de Lecture Feb 19 1906 Assemblee Legislative

Little Self If Workable

The English Government on Tuesday its long-awaited bill to the House of Commons. The bill is to meet the demands for Irish Rule. It was presented by Chief Secretary for Ireland, and to a crowded house. The appearance of this measure was popularly termed a "bill," but to-day it is referred to as the "Irish Council Bill."

Compared with the Home bills of 1886 and 1906, sure of to-day confers little government upon Ireland, and to the council control eight departments now in Government boards. Twelve the council are to be appointed the Crown, and while the tenant of Ireland is given nullify its measures, the control of five of the departments, including the lary. The control of the has always been a thorn in the side of the Irish people.

It is natural and quite expected that this half-way wholly pleasing to no party. The Unionists regard step toward Home Rule. The subject to giving to Ireland the management of many departmental affairs, while the Irish members of the House of Commons the right to legislate in affairs for England and Scotland. Criticize also the plan of government by a council through eight members as complicated and burdensome. The Radicals pointed that the measure far short of the actual home and the Irish members a more disappointed with it. Leaders, however, are making diplomatic attitude until time to study the provisions and learn the sentiment people.

A Nationalist convention held in Dublin soon to decide the policy of the Irish parliaments will support the because they are all home. To prevent the first read bill being deferred, and which Home Long was still speaking Birrell moved the closure, and a great uproar and shouts of "gag" the carried by 417 votes to 1 the bill passed its first reading 416 to 121.

After the bill had been explained by Mr. Birrell, criticized and ridiculed by Balfour on behalf of the O. J. John Redmond then delivered brilliant speech, noteworthy especially for its dignified and full exposition of Ireland's complete home rule. The audience was worthy of the orator and parliamentary The entire ministry occupied the front benches. The House was packed, and a notable assembly, including a number of peers, sitting colonial premiers, no-fred Deakin, premier of Australia and several bishops. Many the Irish clergy were conspicuous in the galleries.

Mr. Birrell rose to a height when he described the present system of Irish administration. He called Dublin Castle saying: "There it stands, without a friend, and me while the current of Irish history." "No governor had continued," "the gloomy Dublin Castle without a single heart almost equivalent doing hope." Farnell had one way to govern Ireland send a man there to hold the country in a spirit of and independence, but the ment had no such man in "I would rather write the of a deceased autocrat." M said, "than live under his