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The True Witness



Vol. LIV., No. 41

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, APRIL 13, 1905.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

ABSOLUTE NECESSITY FOR HOME RULE.

One of the greatest demonstrations Irish members have ever addressed in Liverpool took place St. Patrick's Day in the Hippodrome, West Derby. Mr. John Redmond, M.P., who was welcomed with ringing cheers, said: I recall that two years ago when I spoke to you, I told you that, instead of disbanding our force in the face of these promises, on the contrary it was our duty to stand to our guns; and I remember saying that, while we put our trust in the Land Bill, it was our duty to keep our powder dry. That was sound advice, and the last two years have certainly shown that, while we have made enormous strides, both on the question of the land and on the question of Home Rule, yet there never was a time when the organization of our race was more necessary than at this moment, because the hopes then held out have to a large extent been falsified by the events. Our organization is more widespread, more united, and more powerful than ever it was in the past twenty years.

The settlement of the Irish land question and of the Irish land war rested solely upon two things. One was, and I put it first, the restoration of the evicted tenants to their homes. The end of the land war in Ireland would be a national disgrace for the Irish people if it left the wounded soldiers of the war unattended, and we were promised that the Land Act would restore these men to their homes. The second necessary condition of the ending of the land war was the solution of the problem of the West of Ireland. An entirely different problem, as you know, from the general land question, because in the West the problem is not to enable the people to purchase the land that they have got, but to enable them to get more land and better land to enable them to live. And we pressed upon the Government this consideration, that unless that Western problem was solved by the Land Act, as well as the restoration of the evicted tenants, the Land Act would fail in the settlement of the land question, and that the land war should go on.

In both these respects, I am sorry to have to say, that up to this moment the Land Act has failed. There have been in the year and a half of its operations only about ninety evicted tenants restored to their homes. But while I consider that if the Land Act only restored one evicted family to its home, that it would have been an act worth taking. At the same time it is absurd for any man to contend that this act can settle the Irish land question, unless it is so accelerated in its working as to enable every single evicted tenant to be restored to his home. And so far as Connaught and the West of Ireland is concerned, the Land Act to-day is a dead letter.

Everything that has happened has proved the wisdom of our contention during the committee stage of that bill. We declared that, in our opinion, unless compulsion were brought into play to compel the landlords to sell the great untenanted tracts of grazing lands to be used by being broken up into small farms, or used in enlarging existing small farms, that problem would not be solved. And to-day we have the undoubted fact that all over the West of Ireland the landlords, acting in concert, are refusing to sell the untenanted grass lands, with the result that the act in the West of Ireland to-day is an absolutely dead letter.

What, on the other hand, have we gained on the land question? Well, now, in my judgment, notwithstanding the failure of our hopes, to a large extent we have an incalculable gain on this Irish land question. For the first time the total abolition of Irish landlordism has not only been admitted by all political parties in England to be the only solution of the Irish land question, but we have had the principles of the total abolition of landlordism inscribed on the statute book of the kingdom; that is to say, the principle for which Michael Davitt contended, for which

for twenty years the Irish people had made unparalleled sacrifices, has been accepted by the Legislature, and not only accepted, but a hundred millions of public money have been provided for the purpose of carrying that principle into effect. Already within the last year and a half, land to the value of £16,000,000 or £20,000,000 has changed hands from the landlords to the occupiers. It will take longer to settle this question than was thought. It will cost more to the Irish people to settle this question than was thought. It will be necessary for us to continue the land war until we have so amended the existing act as to make it work in the case of evicted tenants, and to make it work in the case of the West. Still, making every allowance for all these difficulties and drawbacks and disappointments, the great fact remains, and is beyond the range of doubt or misgivings, that now we have got the land question into such a position that it must be settled—aye, and settled very soon—in the lifetime of us all.

Now, let me turn to the other question of national self-government. How has the cause progressed? I was always of recent years—and I am to-day—most sanguine of the effect which the working of the Land Act will have upon the question of Home Rule, especially when that act is amended and made of such a character that it will complete its work; but it would be foolish, indeed, in my opinion, to expect any instantaneous results. Time, after all, must be given for its workings—for its working in the mind of the public in England of all political parties—and the chief fault I have with Lord Dunraven as a tactician is that from his point of view he tried to go a trifle too fast; but there is no cause for disappointment to us in all that has happened.

On the contrary, everything that has happened for the last two years on the question of Home Rule is, to my mind, an enormous gain and advance for the cause. The devolution proposals of Lord Dunraven, of course, do not satisfy our idea of Home Rule; but those proposals mean a frank and public confession of the absolute breakdown of Castle government in Ireland—an open admission of the impossibility of continuing the present system, and also a confession of the absolute necessity of making some attempt at any rate to govern Ireland through and for the people. It is more than that. It is a confession from a number of distinguished men who have been up to this moment Unionists, arrayed in a hostile camp to the National movement; and, more than that again, it is a confession such as I have mentioned by the Unionist Government of Ireland itself.

Wyndham made one fatal mistake. For a moment he lost heart, for a moment he bowed his knee to that little intolerant faction of anti-Irishmen who have been the curse of Ireland for a hundred years, who have been not only the curse of Ireland, but the curse of England, because they have all through the century stood in the way of England's settling their Irish question on such broad terms of unity and conciliation as would have changed Ireland from an enemy into a friendly nation by her side. He lost his nerve for a moment, and he allowed himself to be guilty of the utterly unworthy conduct of joining in the Cabinet in the vote of censure on Sir Anthony MacDonnell for pursuing a line of policy which, though he may not have approved of this detail or that detail, was a broad line of policy that he did approve and dare not deny.

The result of the whole business is that we have now obtained from these proceedings a most striking testimony given to the English people by a party of Unionists in Ireland by the strongest Unionist Government in Ireland that ever existed, as the absolute necessity of Home Rule in some shape or form if Ireland is to be well governed.

I can look back now to a personal acquaintance with Irish politics for a quarter of a century. What has been the fate of English ministers who went over from this country convinced Unionists to attempt to govern Ireland through Dublin Castle, men of different parties? Let me take some of them. Lord Spencer went to Ireland as a Unionist, went to Ireland as a Coercionist. The result of his experience in Ireland was to change him into a Home Ruler. Another statesman, from the other party, Lord Carnarvon, went to Ireland as a Unionist. He was not long there until he sought an interview with Mr. Parnell to discuss Home Rule.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the present leader of the Liberal party, also went to Ireland as Chief Secretary, as a Unionist; and he learned to be a Home Ruler; and even Mr. Gerald Balfour, although I am not going to pretend that he is what we call a Home Ruler, yet he had not been many months in Ireland when he found that the system he was trying to administer was rotten, and when he set about the task of endeavoring to improve it in the direction of public liberty and he carried the Local Government Act of 1898, and it is notorious to anybody who knows anything about Ireland that he was driven from Dublin Castle by the ascendancy faction, headed by Lord Londonderry, because they believed that he was inaugurating a system of government that inevitably would lead to a policy of self-government or Home Rule.

And, if you take the minor officials—so-called minor officials—if you take the under-secretaries of that time, who were they? Sir West Ridgeway, who was under-secretary at Dublin Castle when Arthur Balfour was carrying on the Coercion Act of those days, and who now is in favor of national self-government; Sir Robert Hamilton, of whom the same is true; Sir Redvers Buller, who, while he was in Ireland, had the courage to declare before the world his deep sympathy with the masses of the Irish people; Sir Alfred Turner, who was Balfour's chief instrument in dragging the people at one time, and who learned by experience to be what he is to-day, a Home Ruler, and, finally, Sir Anthony MacDonnell. Every Englishman, every man sent from this country, of intelligence and breadth of view and any human sympathy, has become a Home Ruler after he had attempted the task of governing Ireland by the present methods.

(Continued on Page 4.)

THE GAELIC REVIVAL.

A genuine impulse seems at length to have been given to that Celtic or Gaelic "revival" of which in recent years we have heard much but seen little. For poets and playwrights of minor significance to pose as the apostles of a Gaelic renaissance means little, save for mirth. For important universities to establish chairs of Celtic language and literature means much. For it is thus that knowledge of Gaelic is properly to be increased.

It is commendable to promote the academic knowledge of the literature founded by St. Columba and his colleagues and successors at Iona, and of the language which is still commonly used by some hundreds of thousands of people, and which other hundreds of thousands are able in some measure to use. The mass of ancient Gaelic manuscripts is considerable. Those who have studied Skene's catalogues and Ferguson's works on Ogham and other scribes must appreciate the worth of those old writings to the student of philology, of literature and of history.

The best schools for the study of Gaelic are in Germany. That is not surprising, seeing what a passion the Germans have for philology. But it is not creditable to America, including Canada. There are more people of Gaelic origin here than in any other country. A century ago Gaelic was the common speech of numerous communities in the United States and it is still in use among thousands in the Dominion. It will be an appropriate and a not unprofitable thing, therefore, to have Celtic chairs established in universities in both these countries.—N. Y. Tribune.

D'YOUVILLE READING CIRCLE.

At the meeting of the D'Youville Reading Circle last Tuesday evening, a special note was made by the chairman on the Canadian situation, and the April numbers of the Catholic World and the Messenger were recommended as containing interesting information on the subject of the world's recent happenings.

Review notes on three recent books were presented by the chairman and Miss V. McMahon. The books reviewed were two works of fiction, "Julia," by Catherine Tynan-Hinkson, and "The Divine Fire," by Miss May Sinclair; and a find study of Herold Froude, by Louise Inogen Guiney, a remarkable woman, whose writings are noted for their profundity of thought, breadth of view, and scholarly insight. "The Divine Fire," another noteworthy book which has created much favorable comment among the critics, is an encouraging proof that the novel is not entirely declining in quality while increasing so fearfully in quantity. "Julia," the latest from the pen of Catherine Tynan-Hinkson, is a story of Irish life and character, but treated in a somewhat different style from others of its kind. It presents a more favorable and cheerful view of peasant life in that "most interesting of all sea-girt lands," than that to which we have been accustomed, and makes us hope that if the picture shown be not, in all respects, a true one, the time may not be far distant when such a criticism can be no longer offered. The three books, and especially the first two, are splendid samples of the good work done by the women writers of to-day.

A paper in the current number of the Catholic World, by the Rev. Thos. McMillan, on "Religious Knowledge and United States Schools," was mentioned as of special value to those who are following the discussion on education, the great subject of the day. Concerning John Morley's optimistic assertions, made on his return to England after his tour of the United States schools, during which tour he received some false impressions on the subject investigated, the Rev. Father McMillan says: "A manifest purpose seems to dominate much of the fulsome laudation of the United States system." For Lenten reading the Meditation in the same number by Rev. Father McSorley on the Son of Man was recommended. It was remarked as worthy of note that the special devotion of this age is for our Lord, a devotion that seeks expression in every way, and finds it especially in literature, art and music. This devotion is the redeeming feature of an age marred by materialism, scepticism, atheism.

An article in the March Dolphin by A. A. McGinley on the Convention of the Religious Educational Association was also recommended as being of timely interest.

As before decided, the remaining Oxford studies will consist of short personal sketches of the chief actors in the movement. The names selected last Tuesday evening were those of John Keble and Herold Froude, two very dear friends of Cardinal Newman, earnest, serious thoughtful men, who, we have every reason to believe, followed their light as far as it led them, though it did not lead them quite as far as Rome.

Herold Froude was the brother of James Anthony Froude, who wrote the remarkable History of Henry VIII., and was one of the most interesting and notable movers at Oxford. John Keble, the author of the Christian Year, was a close and intimate friend of Newman's, and the amicable relations between these two great matter-minds continued even after the one had taken the final step that the other could not understand. Keble presents a very interesting study in character. We read his sweet poems and imagine him as an angelic man, gentle and devout, something of a St. Aloysius; his letters to Newman show us another side of his nature, gay, cheerful, witty, even playful. Yet at all times he is thoroughly in earnest. His was one of those characters in which sweetness and strength are beautifully blended. One of his letters to Newman was read to show the simplicity and power of his style. In this let-

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN JAPAN.

"Finding of the Christians" a Notable Feast in the Church There.

"It is a little known fact among those who have watched St. Patrick's Day celebrated with pomp and circumstance," said a Catholic priest, "that in far off Japan the 17th of March is celebrated as a great feast day by the Catholic Church. The day is known as the Feast of the Finding of the Christians.

"The traits of valor and loyalty that the world has recently discovered in Japanese character fit very well with the remarkable story of faith told in annals of the Church in Japan.

"The feast day is celebrated in honor of 6000 Japanese Christians who, on the reopening of the country to missionaries on March 17, 1865, were discovered to have kept the faith unshaken, though absolutely isolated for three centuries, since 1640, when more than 1000 Augustinians, Dominicans, Franciscans, and Jesuits, together with 200,000 native Christians, suffered martyrdom, and the faith preached by St. Francis Xavier was apparently stamped out.

"It is significant of Japanese character that when St. Francis Xavier left Japan, in 1551—Japan then possessed 500,000 converts—he wrote: 'So far as I know, the Japanese nation is the single and only nation of them all which seems likely to preserve unshaken and forever the profession of Christian holiness if once it embraces it.'

"At this time the annals of Christianity in Japan began to parallel Rome under Nero. In 1857 the Mikado Hideyoshi, who otherwise was a splendid ruler, ordered all Christians out of Japan in twenty days. On Feb. 5, 1597, twenty-six Japanese Christians were crucified at Nagasaki.

"This persecution only seemed to inflame the people's faith, and soon almost two million Christians figured among the population of Japan. Under the next Emperor, Yeyasu, from 1614 to 1640, the very name of Christian seemed to be wiped from the land, 40,000 Christians being massacred at one time.

"Nearly 200 years afterwards a Japanese junk was wrecked on the shores of the Philippines, and the twenty Japanese survivors were found to be wearing Christian medals which they revered. They proved to have been baptized and properly instructed by their parents, who in turn had descended from the early Christians.

"The next year, 1832, missionaries visited their ancient field, but they were not allowed to talk Christianity to natives until a church was built on the site of the Nagasaki martyrdom in 1865, and that favor was granted through political pressure by America, France, England and other nations.

"On March 17, 1865, the feast of the Finding of the Christians had its inception. On that date fifteen Japanese entered the church, and, kneeling down, proclaimed that they were of the same faith, having celebrated Christmas all through the years of isolation, and prayed to Deous Sama (God), O Yaso Sama (Jesus Christ), Santig Maria Sama (the Blessed Virgin), and O Yaso Samana yo fu (the Foster Father of Jesus, St. Joseph).

"During the next month 7,000 steadfast Christians revealed themselves, and the next year a Papal brief decreed that 'the almost miraculous event of March 17, 1865,' should be celebrated as a feast under the title, 'The Finding of the Christians.'

The condemnation of life is that man hath carried friction and bath stirred up malign elements and sowed fiery discords; so that the gods track him as they track a tornado by the swath of destruction he has cut through life. The praise of life is that a man has exhaled bounty and stimulus and joy and gladness wherever he journeys, fulfilling the poet's thought, who knew which pathway through the forest the goddess Ceres had taken by the vine which sprang up in her footsteps.—N. D. Hills.

"What are you studying now?" asked a fond mother.

"We have taken up the subject of molecules," answered her son.

"I hope you will be very attentive and practise thoroughly," she said, earnestly. "I tried to get your father to wear one, but he couldn't make it stay to his eye!"

EXPRESSION OF SYMPATHY.

The following letter of sympathy was sent to Mrs. James Morley by St. Vincent de Paul Society of St. Mary's Parish:

Montreal, 10th April, 1905.

Dear Madame:

It is with pleasure I have to inform you that, as Secretary, I am honored with instructions to convey to you and family, as best I can, the sincere sympathy so unanimously expressed at the meeting on Sunday, 9th instant, of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, in your sad bereavement, through the will of Almighty God, by the death of your late beloved husband, James Morley, after a long illness borne with Christian submission. We well remember his praiseworthy principles and Christian charity while he was our esteemed and zealous president, always ready to aid a poor applicant himself, rather than wait for the action of the Society, and ever willing to assist every good work brought to his notice. Now we respect his memory, having known him as a churchwarden and benefactor of St. Mary's Church. Permit us to unite with you all in prayer—the best thing we can do—beseeching God in His mercy to pardon and receive his soul into that heavenly court away beyond this earth, there to abide in peace and glory, free from all further care and pain for evermore.

"Eternal rest grant him, O Lord! And let perpetual light shine on him."

Trusting earnestly that this humble effort may serve, in some measure, to give you all a little consolation in your time of trial, and that you may be blessed with the requisite grace to bear up with Christian fortitude and bow in submission to the Divine will.

I have the honor, dear Madame, to be

Yours respectfully,
F. C. LAWLOR, Sec.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

"What are you studying now?" asked a fond mother.

"We have taken up the subject of molecules," answered her son.

"I hope you will be very attentive and practise thoroughly," she said, earnestly. "I tried to get your father to wear one, but he couldn't make it stay to his eye!"

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

It was while standing by a little white coffin and witnessing the grief of those out of whose lives a precious one had been taken back by God, to remain in His safe keeping until the day when they would claim the baby soul unsullied, that the knowledge of the perfection of resignation came to me.

FASHIONS.

The new short coat has the effect of a straight Dalmatique worn over an under robe, the sleeves of which are formed of three flowing flounces of cloth stitched on the edge.

Panama cloth is enjoying a decided popularity, though it cannot be called beautiful. It is being much used in place of the heavy canvas and etamine suitings of last season.

The flowered lawns, dimities, crystallines and other sheer summer fabrics not too fragile for service are made up into one piece negliges, all bearing more or less of a family resemblance, but varying in details.

In the thin, light silks there are neglige robes of every form imaginable. China and India silks are the most generally used, and least expensive, but the light weight soft messalines and similar silks are very popular, and crepe is, as always, a favorite material for the elegant neglige.

The surplice fronts of lingerie frocks are trimmed with batiste embroidery with scallops on both edges and valenciennes shirred under the scallops.

The tucked skirt is very adaptable for charming frocks in batiste Swiss, etc.—the tucks being graduated from deep to shallow or set in groups from the hem to well above the knee.

The present vogue of colored handkerchiefs suggests a practical use for scraps of lawn, organdies and similar materials. Have you ever realized what a dainty affair a little handmade handkerchief can be?

In the making of these handkerchiefs many quaintly pretty effects are obtained with seemingly useless scraps. Just a tiny piece of flowered lawn inserted in a corner, or a narrow strip may be utilized with insertion to form a border around a square of white lawn.

These handkerchiefs are here trimmed and finished without hems. A stunning velvet dress is carried out in that new tone of rich red.

something entirely different from a garnet and not the least cardinal in nuance, but a delightful mingling of both. The skirt hangs full and plain, just escaping the ground with a smart little swing very fascinating.

TIMELY HINTS.

Save all bacon rinds (cut them off before boiling the bacon), wash thoroughly and keep in a glass preserving jar. They are delicious for seasoning greens in cooking and form an added zest to fricasseed chicken.

To remove machine oil stains from white linen, saturate the stain with fresh lard, rubbing it in well. The stain will disappear when the garment is washed. Ammonia will answer the same purpose if applied immediately.

Rubbing slices of lemon on the temples and back of the neck will soothe some kinds of headache. Another way of taking lemon for a bilious headache and one said to be a cure, is to put a teaspoonful of juice into a small cup of black coffee.

It is far better, however, to use lemons freely at all times and so keep the liver active and avoid bilious tendencies.

One way of curing a bunion is to bathe the afflicted part every night in hot water to which have been added a tablespoonful of starch, a teaspoonful of salt and half a teaspoonful of arnica. After bathing the foot and wiping it dry with a soft, clean towel, a small quantity of tincture of iodine should be applied with a camel's hair brush.

If troubled with tartar dip an orange wood stick in water, then in fine ashes and scrub the teeth till the tartar is removed; then keep the teeth free from it. Powder should not be required oftener than once a week. If the gums are sore, paint with the following: Bicarbonate of soda, 10 grains; powdered alum, five grains; pure carbolic acid, 12 minims; glycerin, half ounce; water, one ounce.

Brushing the eyebrows every morning with a solution of green tea improves them.

Black stockings are apt to assume a greenish look after repeated washings. A simple way of preserving the color is to wash them in soap free of soda and in the last rinsing water to add a teaspoonful of good vinegar. Wring them out and clap them into shape. A hot iron tends to destroy the color, particularly if they are wet.

Glycerine and lemon juice, half and half, on a bit of absorbent cotton is the best thing in the world wherewith to moisten the lips of a fever patient.

Next time you happen to want a night light and find your stock is exhausted try this plan: Take an ordinary wax candle and some finely powdered salt; cover the top of the candle, which should have been burned until the top is level, with a thin layer of the salt, leaving only the blackened end of the wick exposed. Light the candle and it will give a faint but steady light all night.

A hot water bath in which has been dissolved about two ounces of coarse salt will cure tired, swollen feet.

Tender feet should be rubbed with spirits of camphor after being washed in warm water and thoroughly dried.

A hair tonic said to be unsurpassed—one that will develop the growth and improve the lustre, is given here. It is not a dye, is perfectly harmless, and is indeed a hair food. To sixteen ounces of bay rum add two ounces of sulphate of quinine and one-half ounce of oil of rosemary. Dissolve in enough spirits of wine to make it smooth. Any good druggist will put it up for you, or the ingredients may be obtained and the mixing done at home. Rub into the scalp at the roots of the hair each night. Regular treatment for two or three months will show surprising results.

RECIPES.

Peach Omelet—Pare and stone three very mellow peaches, then press them through a sieve; add two tablespoonful of powdered sugar and the yolks of three eggs well beaten. Then stir in carefully the whites of six eggs beaten to a stiff froth.

Lenten Dish may be made of boiled fresh cods or from the desalted salt fish. For the former take a pound of fresh fish, pick in small pieces, put in a saucepan, cover with cold water and bring slowly to a boil. Drain the fish and leave in the colander while you make a cream dressing, using two tablespoonful each of butter and flour, a cup and a half of milk and a little cayenne.

than that the family is the unit of society; while society is but a federation of families. Christian morality insists on three things as fundamental principles of the family life. First is the unity of one man and one woman. America can never tolerate polygamy under any disguise.

Second is the indissolubility of the two in one flesh. Prevailing divorce customs have already become a withering scourge. Third is the divine guarantee of the contract. "This is a great sacrament," says St. Paul, speaking of the mystery of marriage. Like the cunningly contrived bank lock when it is shot into place no one can open it but he who has the combination; so in marriage when hands are clasped in marital union, God puts His seal on it, and He alone knows the combination.

Oyster Bouillon—Cut up twenty-five or fifty oysters, according to the number of cups required; let them stew in their own juice for five minutes, then add a sufficient quantity of water—a pint or a quart—season to taste, and boil ten minutes. Strain and serve with cream.

"Pink Velvet Soup" (Puree of Tomato).—Half a canful of tomatoes, one pint of water, one tablespoonful of butter, one large onion, chopped small; one potato shaved thin, a salt-spoonful of celery seed, a teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of sugar and a pinch of sweet marjoram. Boil all together for half an hour, or until the potatoes melt. Strain, thicken with granulated tapioca or corn-starch, boil five minutes more, add a pinch of baking soda, and then pour in a pint of hot milk. Serve at once.

Press rings of cold boiled egg whites upon thin rounds of buttered brown bread. Fill the rings with caviar mixed with a little lemon juice and above the caviar place a freshly opened oyster. Garnish with cress and serve as a dainty savory at the beginning of the meal.

PLAIN TALK BY FATHER DOYLE, C. S. P.

The Very Rev. A. P. Doyle, C.S.P., rector of the Apostolic Mission House, Washington, D.C., for the training of diocesan missionaries, preaching recently in St. Paul's Church, Washington, on "Marriage," said:

"The President has never uttered stronger or more significant sentiments than those he voiced at the Mothers' Congress.

"Much of the trouble nowadays arising from divorce and race suicide comes from the prevailing distorted type of gentleness. There is something wrong in the social training that produces such a type. Her ideals are entirely paganistic. She is said not to be mere woman, and therefore is unwilling to put up with the sacrifices and confinements of the home. As a consequence she refuses the burdens of motherhood, and when the ardor of the passion masquerading under the divine name of love burns out some other stimulus must be found in another environment. The exquisite feminine is not a man's wholesome ideal. The woman with a fully developed vanity and with an embryo heart; the coquette who is a trifler with humanities and an evader of life's realities; the human butterfly who must live on honey and disport only in life's sunshine and who has no taste for suffering and the quiet retirement of the home life; the spendthrift whose chief use for a partner in marriage is that of a bank on which she has an unlimited letter of credit—this is not the woman stuff of which wives and mothers are made. Their conception of marriage is but a new ring for their finger or new incense for their vanity. Marriage is a divine reality, the most solemn fact in life, not to be entered into as a whim, not to be contracted under the influence of a passing passion. There is a transforming power in restrained and elevated love that changes the fickle maiden into the matured matron, who eagerly embraces the sacrifices of life and who participates in a man's work and at the same time is glad to share his better; who easily becomes a past master in courage, tenderness and fidelity. Such women, whether they be in humble life or in elevated station, are the home builders of the nation and are worth more to it in the long run than standing armies and mighty navies. The country's wealth and the nation's prosperity without such women are but the vapor of the morning. They are the miasma that poisons and the elements that corrupt.

The one urgent reform that is needed to give every other reform efficacy and strength is the restoring of Christian morality to the family life of the nation, for no other reason

than that the family is the unit of society; while society is but a federation of families. Christian morality insists on three things as fundamental principles of the family life. First is the unity of one man and one woman. America can never tolerate polygamy under any disguise.

Second is the indissolubility of the two in one flesh. Prevailing divorce customs have already become a withering scourge. Third is the divine guarantee of the contract. "This is a great sacrament," says St. Paul, speaking of the mystery of marriage. Like the cunningly contrived bank lock when it is shot into place no one can open it but he who has the combination; so in marriage when hands are clasped in marital union, God puts His seal on it, and He alone knows the combination.

Put this divine sanction aside, and what is then left to cement the union? Even love in its highest and purest conception often dies out. Are, then, marriages to be broken because there is no love? God alone, and conscience, guided by the divine law, can preserve marital fidelity until 'death do us part.'

Don't wait too long. Too many people keep the flowers they have plucked for you until the day of your funeral. Their songs of praise are not heard until your procession is passing their door. The mantle of charity does not become public property until put into use by the preacher who conducts the 'last sad rites.' If a man has flowers for me, I want them while I am on earth and can smell their fragrance. They will do me no good sitting at the head of my coffin. The grass that is kept green about my last resting place will be of little avail to me on the other shore. Here is where I need the flowers and the smiles and the praise, not over there. If the fellow who is going to go around to the house after I am gone to see 'if he can be of any help' will come around to-morrow I can tell him how he can be a whole lot of help. Carry your flowers to the living and sing your songs of praise at the dinner-table. Don't wait for the funeral.—Osborne (O.) Farmer.

Little Laughs. NOT TRUE TO NATURE. "Mark Twain was visiting H. H. Rogers," said a New York editor. "Mr. Rogers led the humorist into his library.

"There," he said, as he pointed to a bust of white marble, 'what do you think of that?' "It was a bust of a young woman coiling her hair, a very graceful example of modern Italian sculpture. "Mr. Clements looked at it a moment, and then said: "It isn't true to nature." "Why not?" Mr. Rogers asked. "She ought to have her mouth full of hairpins," said the humorist."

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etc., is certainly not in harmony with liturgical law, which sanctions the singing of any approved music, even in the vernacular, at low Mass a fortiori music which from its intimate connection with the Mass would seem to be the most appropriate of all. The singing of parts of the Ordinary during low Mass is customary in many countries, and has never been interfered with by the supreme authority. Moreover, as your correspondent observes, this regulation tends to exclude Gregorian Chant from the Sunday singing, and is therefore opposed to the Holy Father's expressed wish. (2) The limitation of the singing to two short motets seems arbitrary, and certainly finds no support in liturgical law, which places no restriction on the singing of even vernacular hymns during low Mass. (3) The prohibition of organ playing apart from mere accompaniment is clearly opposed (a) to the "Motu Proprio," (b) to the Decrees of the S.R.C., and (c) to the Ceremoniale Episcoporum: (a)—Par. 18 clearly supposes playing apart from accompaniment, inasmuch as it lays down rules for the guidance of the organist in "Preludes, interludes, and the like"; (b)—The "Ordinatio" of the S.R.C. (July, 1894), gives similar directions; (c)—The Ceremoniale Episcoporum directs that the organ be played "gravely and sweetly" at a time when it imposes silence on the choir, viz., during the Elevation. "The choir is then to be silent and adore with the others. The organ, if there be one, is to be played with all possible sweetness and gravity." (Book II, chapter viii, section 70). If the organ may be played during the Elevation, it is hard to see on what grounds it can be prohibited at other parts of the Mass. Of course the music played should be in suitable ecclesiastical style.

The first of the sealing steamers, the SS. Eagle, under the command of the well-known veteran, Captain Arthur Jackman, steamed into port on the night of the 29th ult., with a full load of 38,000 prime young harp seals. Captain Jackman brought news of only eight steamers and out of the eight only one had procured a full load. Eleven steamers are unreported. It is feared that owing to the great severity of the winter, the seal fishery will not be as good as former years. Captain Arthur Jackman is a relative of the Rev. William Jackman, acting pastor of Salmonier. This trip is the second best of the veteran seal hunter, his best being when he brought in 35,000 seals in the SS. Resolute.

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The more we trust in Mary, the more she justifies that trust. But it must be a trust accompanied by repentance, prayer, and good works; a trust expressed by zeal for her honor, by personal devotion toward her, and by heartfelt thanksgiving to Almighty God.—Bishop Hedley. Let us never be hard towards those who are weak in virtue; the distrust inspired by harshness would more than counterbalance the good to be expected from a severe reprimand.

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Dear Boys and Girls: I hope none of my are setting bird traps or pleasure at the expense I saw quite a big boy taking delight in throwing a cat which he had cornered. Now this cat if he were faced by a dog, would, in all probability, be killed. Always remember, that the meat you eat will influence your later years. Sometimes we see a boy or twelve years, teasing and treating one much younger like this is termed a bully. A bully is always a coward. Believe that any of those who contribute to this paper are doing so for the sake of those feelings; but this is your thinking.

Your loving, AUNT BECKY.

I was very glad to see your print, and I would like to see you. I have never seen one. I have never sugar made. We get to eat, but papa has to buy sugar. I go to school and have never missed a day and last year I attended hundred and eighty-four lessons, gave me a nice book, better now and we are a for she is very good to ways tells us nice stories go to Boston soon, to m lives there.

I remain, your loving West Frampton, Que.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Boys and Girls:

I hope none of my little friends are setting bird traps or having any pleasure at the expense of the weak. I saw quite a big boy the other day taking delight in throwing stones at a cat which he had cornered on a doorstep. Now this cowardly boy, if he were faced by a pretty large dog, would, in all probability, take to his heels. Always remember, little ones, that the mean, cruel, cowardly things you do in childhood will influence your later years, and that there is no fun in tormenting the smallest animal. To go further:

Sometimes we see a boy of, say, ten or twelve years, teasing and even ill-treating one much younger. A boy like this is termed a bully, and a bully is always a coward. I cannot believe that any of the little folks who contribute to this corner have those failings; but this is just to set you thinking.

Your loving,
AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I was very glad to see my letter in print, and I would like to tell you about sugaring off, but I have never seen one. I have never seen maple sugar made. We get lots of it to eat, but papa has to buy it at the store. I go to school every day. I have never missed a day this year, and last year I attended school one hundred and eighty-four days and a half, and my kind teacher, Miss Hennessy, gave me a nice book. Grandma has been very sick, but she is better now and we are all very glad, for she is very good to us and always tells us nice stories. She may go to Boston soon, to my aunt, who lives there.

I remain, your loving niece,
MARY E.
West Frampton, Que.

A CONDESCENSION.

Gwendolen Jones was chubby and sweet, and her age was half-past three; and she lived in a house on Wellington street.

In the yard with a walnut tree.

Harold Percival Marmaduke Smith was almost half-past four; and he said, when they gave him a baseball and bat,

That he'd "play with the girls no more."

Gwendolen Jones she gazed through the fence, at an end were all life's joys, as she saw the friend of her youth depart.

"To play with the great big boys."

Harold Percival Marmaduke Smith up to the field marched he; but his eye was blacked, and his head was whacked, and his ball no more did he see.

And the boys called him "Baby" because he cried,

Did Teddy and Willie and Tim, and they chased him away when he threatened to tall,

And said they'd "no use for him."

Gwendolen Jones came down to the fence, and her face wore a joyful smile.

When Harold Percival Marmaduke said,

He'd play with her "once in a while."

—St. Nicholas.

ONE OLD-FASHIONED BOY.

"I can't figure out what's become of all the unsophisticated boys, or are there any of them left at all?" said a man who, though well under fifty, is a noted figure in the railroad world. He was speaking to a representative of the Sun. "The lads that we meet up with nowadays are so marvelous wise, finished, up-to-the-minute, that I never cease to wonder where and how they pick it all up."

"I've got a household of growing boys myself, and I declare that they are a deal more blase than I am. Things that still divert and entertain me have long since become a bore to them."

"And I am quite certain that any imposter could fool me, right now, a great deal easier than he could any of those boys. They appear to know all the kinks. Nowadays, in fact, boys know so blazed much that I gravely doubt if they have as much

sun during their youth, and especially during their early manhood, as the boys of my generation did.

"I fell to thinking of all this when I took on a few extra young men—most of them under twenty—in my office the other day. They were well groomed lads, held themselves well, looked alive and alert and seemed to be smarter than steel traps. The sight of them caused me to think of what a Rube of a boy I was when I took my first job—and it was with the same railroad that I am still connected with, by the way."

"I was fifteen, and small for my age. I was born and brought up in a little Indiana town."

"When I was a bit over thirteen I made up my mind to be a shorthand writer. I peddled newspapers, and did odd chores to get the money to attend a shorthand class twice a week in Terre Haute. I studied stenography for about six hours a day, and bamboozled all of the boys in my neighborhood to dictate to me when I got to the point where I could take dictation."

"In just one year I was an expert stenographer—not only an amanuensis stenographer, but able to take speeches. Yet I was about as uncouth a yap of a country boy as ever you heard tell of."

"My mother had a relative who was auditor for a railroad that had its headquarters in Omaha. She wrote to this relative that she had a boy who was an expert stenographer and typewriter and wanted a job."

"The auditor didn't remember how old I was, if he ever knew, and my mother didn't tell him in her letter. He wrote to her to send me along to Omaha, and he would put me to work in the railroad's Omaha office. He enclosed a letter for me to present to the railroad's agent in Chicago to enable me to get transportation from Chicago to Omaha."

"Well, when I left the little Indiana town for Chicago I had exactly \$30.25 in a huge wallet that had belonged to my father. I kept it inside my shirt. The money was what remained of my own savings as news and chore boy. I had, besides, one of those big glazed bags, which contained all of my clothes and other possessions, and one of those extremely heavy typewriters of that period."

The train was late in making Chicago, and it was after office hours when I arrived there. My idea was to get that transportation from Chicago to Omaha and go right through.

"So I started to lug my big black glazed bag and the exceedingly heavy typewriter through the Chicago streets to the office of the railway agent to whom I had the letter calling for transportation. I was, as I say, only a small boy, and the things were so blamed heavy that I had to drop them about every half square and rest up."

"After about an hour, however, I reached the railroad office. It was then 7 o'clock at night, and the agent, of course, had gone home. The janitor of the building gave me his house address."

"I determined to start for his house immediately. But I had no idea of taking a street car to reach his house. The reason for this was that I was afraid to show my money, or to break a bill."

"I had spent my odd change for food on the way to Chicago, and I had six \$5 bills left. Nothing in the world would have induced me to expose the wallet containing them on a Chicago street car."

"So I walked to the agent's house, which was away over to the South Side of Chicago. It makes my arms ache now to think of that journey. It took me four hours to get to the house and four hours to get back. I had to drop the heavy bag and the typewriter three or four times in each block."

"It was 11 o'clock at night when I pulled the doorbell of the railroad agent's house, and the wooden paved street was as quiet as death. I thought it would be all right to pull the door-bell at that hour—didn't know any better."

"I rang for ten minutes before the agent poked his head out of a second story window and gruffly asked what was wanted. I told him."

"G'way, boy! If growled the agent. 'What the dickens do you mean by ringing me up in the middle of the night on such an excuse? Come to my office in the morning and I'll look at your letter.'

"And so there was nothing for me to do but to pick up those two

heavy burdens and walk down-town again. I didn't know where to go, but I wanted to get where the lights were.

"It was nearly 3 o'clock in the morning when I got down-town again. What with fatigue and sleepiness, I was just about able to stand up, and that was all."

"I was also pretty lonesome for home, I was decidedly sorry that I had ever learned to be a shorthand writer. I thought of my cosy bed at home, and then I dropped my black glazed bag and sat on it and blubbered."

"I was thus engaged when a huge figure of a uniformed man—I didn't know it then, but he was one of those watchmen who used to patrol the Chicago streets at night—swung by me, carrying a lantern. He saw me, and heard my suppressed blubbering."

"Hey, what's the trouble, son?" he asked me, in a kindly sort of way.

"I told him,

"Oh, that's nothing to cry about, buddy," said the big man with the lantern. "All you've got to do is to go to a hotel—I can direct you to a cheap one—and get some sleep. You've got the price of a bed, haven't you?"

"That's just what I'm afraid of," I replied. "I've got so much money with me that I'm afraid to go to a hotel—'fraid I'll be robbed."

"Oh, small chance of that son," said the big watchman, good naturedly. "The place I'll take you to is all right. Come along. I'll pack your gear—great Scott, this is heavy truck for a little chap like you to be carrying!" and the fine fellow picked up my black glazed bag and the typewriter and led the way around the corner to one of the few remaining places with lights still going.

"A decent looking young fellow was behind the hotel desk."

"Jack," said the watchman to the hotel clerk, "here's a lad I've found who wants a night's lodging. He was afraid to go to a hotel, for the reason that he has a great deal of money on his person, and he doesn't want to be robbed, of course. Better have the boy hand you the money to put in the safe, if it's so much."

"Well, I don't care to be responsible for a large sum of money," said the hotel night clerk, looking at me in a wondering sort of way. "How much is it, son?"

"It's \$30, sir," I replied, impressively.

"No, neither of them laughed. They were thoroughly decent fellows, and so they didn't laugh. I don't doubt, however, looking back that they both wanted to laugh. They merely exchanged amused glances."

"Oh, well, I wouldn't mind assuming that responsibility, son," said the hotel clerk. "Let's have the money."

"I was a bit doubtful about it, even then, but the clerk's honest, kindly countenance reassured me, and I dug the wallet out of its hiding place and handed it over to him. He stuffed it into one of those old-fashioned key safes."

"The watchman shook hands with me and bade me a bluff good-night. I never saw him again, but he was a decent man."

"The hotel clerk gave me a nice, clean room. I slept like a top all the rest of the night and for a part of the day."

"The day clerk handed my money over to me, after taking 50 cents out for my night's lodging. I saw the railroad agent, who laughed over my waking him up, and I went on to Omaha, to amaze my auditor relative with my diminutiveness, my queer, country kid make-up, and, not least, my ability to write shorthand faster than he could talk."

"But I certainly was, at that age, a thousand years behind my own boys in sophistication, even if I was making my own living, which they aren't."

A QUESTION OF PAY.

"Would you mind going round by Court street to-night?" asked Margery, as she and Vida Moore came out of school together.

"Not a bit. I'd just as lief go that way. Have you an errand?"

Margery nodded. "I promised Mrs. Plummer that I'd go to the hardware store and ask them to send a man to see about her stove. She's so lame, you know, that it's hard for her to get around to places."

"I never saw such a girl as you, Margery Ingis!" Vida exclaimed, with a laugh. "You're always doing errands for somebody. If you were paid for what you do, you'd have a pretty good salary, I guess."

A contented laugh rippled from Margery's lips. "They do pay me," she said; and then as Vida stared in surprise, she went on merrily. "Not in money, of course, or anything like

that. But all the people I know are so lovely to me; they always seem so glad to see me when I go to their homes, and they do the nicest things for me, and act as if they really and truly loved me. And that's the kind of pay I like best of all."

"Of course they love you!" Vida said, earnestly, with an affectionate look at her friend. "Nobody could help it. And if that is the kind of pay you like best, you'll always get it, and plenty of it, too."

Vida spoke truly, for the heart that expresses its love in kindly helpfulness to others is always repaid with love.

WAIT FOR THE MUD TO DRY.

Father Graham was beloved by every one, and his influence in the little town was great, so good and active was he.

A young man of the village had been badly insulted and came to Father Graham full of angry indignation, declaring that he was going to demand an apology.

"My dear boy," Father Graham said, "take a word of advice from an old man who loves peace. An insult is like mud; it will brush off much better when it is dry. Wait a little till he and you are both cool and the thing is easily mended. If you go now it will only be a quarrel."

It is pleasant to be able to state that the young man took his advice, and before the next day was done, the insulting person came to beg forgiveness.—Exchange.

ALL BOYS SHOULD LEARN.

To run, to swim, and to carve. To be neat; to make a fire, and to be punctual. To do any errand; to cut kindling, and to sing if they can. To help their mothers; to hang up their hats, and to respect their teachers. To hold their heads erect; to sew on their own buttons and to read aloud when requested. To wipe their shoes on the mat; to cultivate a cheerful temper, and to speak pleasantly to an old person. To attend strictly to their own business. A very important point. And finally to be as kind and as helpful to their sisters as to other boys' sisters.—Ex.

Saved by Prayer and A Statue of St. Anthony.

(Concluded)

After remaining a few days as a guest of the pastor at Bell Island, we left for a famous island on the northern coast of Newfoundland called Baccalieu. We procured the Government steam launch for our trip. We left at early morning, the day being a beautiful one, the water being calm, and the sun shedding its rays over the vast expanse of water which glistened far and near. Hour after hour passed, and as we passed several villages, the large church and school buildings stood out prominently, being generally built on an elevation and keeping sentinel over the cluster of well-regulated cottages. As we proceeded, we passed several small fishing boats containing the horny-handed sons of toil, the well-known Newfoundland fisherman, with several assistants. They were away out on the mighty deep, laboring from daylight, trying to load their boats with the treasures of the sea. How anxious were these poor fisher folk to hear the news of the day. As our launch passed the boats, the occupants wanted "the latest from the capital." At four o'clock we neared Bay de Verde, a thriving settlement, and our landing place. As we steamed to the landing you would have imagined that it was the Governor of the Island that was coming, as the place was filled with people—all eager to catch a glimpse of the strangers or intruders. That evening we dined at the summer residence of the venerable parish priest of Bay de Verde, and left about nine o'clock for the Island of Baccalieu. It was a beautiful moonlight night. The water was smooth as glass. Two hardy fishermen rowed us across the Tickle from a place called Red Head Cove, a distance of three miles. When we reached the landing-place, a novel sight presented itself. A ladder nearly one hundred feet long, divided into three pieces, hangs perpendicularly from the stage head to the water's edge, and in order to effect a landing on the island, the person or persons must climb the famous ladder hand over hand. The parish priest of Bell Island ascended first. I was in the centre, and the parish priest of Bay de Verde last. We reached the top safely and then had to mount the

hills and walk a quarter of a mile to reach the lighthouse, which stands hundreds of feet above the level of the sea, and by its revolving light tells the local and foreign mariners that they are on the northern coast of the island of Newfoundland, and that near this island a few dangerous reefs are scattered, where many a ship has foundered and many a strong and sturdy sailor has found a watery grave. The morning after our arrival the Stations were held at the lighthouse by the pastor of Bay de Verde. The Stations are peculiar to Newfoundland, and are held for the convenience of those who live too far away from the church. As there were several fishermen engaged at different parts of the Island, the summer season was opportune time to hold the Stations at Baccalieu. Confessions were heard, Mass celebrated, and all received Holy Communion. About ten o'clock that morning the two pastors returned homeward, and I was left to spend a month on the lonely Island. All went well until one Sunday morning, the lighthouse keeper with his assistants and myself were to cross the Tickle in order to get the weekly mail. It was customary to go over to Mass in the summer once every week to the little church in Red Head Cove. But word reached the lighthouse that the pastor could not be there on the Sunday in question, so, as is the custom, we said the beads in common. When we had finished, and as we were leaving the lighthouse to go to the landing, I remarked that no matter what would befall us, we had said our prayers. We descended the famous ladder, jumped into a neat little boat, hoisted sail and away we went. The water was a little choppy, but we reached the other side in safety. After getting the mail, we started for the island again, but by this time the wind had increased a little. When we had reached over half way across the wind died out considerably. As we were thinking of taking the sail down and using the oars, a sudden squall arose, struck the boat, which rapidly filled with water and we three were facing certain death. The lighthouse keeper grew excited, I shivered from fright, but the assistant keeper was perfectly cool. Fortunately the boat turned bottom up, and I was upheld by my two companions until help reached us from the island. Two things favored us in our mishap: First, that we were not far from the shore, and second, that as soon as the squall struck the boat, one of the fishermen was watching us from an elevation, and rushing down the bank, he jumped into a boat and rowed like sixty towards us, amidst the cries of the excited lighthouse keeper to hurry, before I would drown. The place where the accident occurred has a famous, but sad history of wrecks and loss of lives. Hundreds have lost their lives in Baccalieu Tickle. Steamers have foundered near the island, as well as sailing vessels and small craft. The SS Lion disaster of twenty-five years ago forms one of the saddest of the many wrecks which have occurred in these waters. The steamer left St. John's for Trinity, a place directly across from Baccalieu, and the distance was by no means long, but it was supposed that the boilers of the steamer burst, and all hands were lost, and the bodies were carried away with the swift current of Baccalieu Tickle, which runs from ten to twelve miles an hour. When we reached terra firma we had to mount the hill to reach the lighthouse. We were a little heavier than usual owing to the quantity of salt water we had taken. As the clock was striking three in the afternoon, we marched in single file into the kitchen, the lighthouse keeper leading, and he announced our mishap to his mother, who nearly dropped from fright. However, none of us suffered from our immersion and our struggle with the elements in the treacherous waters of that dreaded place. Searching my pockets after I was fixed up, and had put on dry clothes, I came across a little statue of St. Anthony enclosed in a brass case, and to this day it bears the marks of the salt water. I carry it with me all the time, for to it as well as to the saying of the beads that morning, I attribute my salvation from a watery grave. One thing bothered me now, and it was to cross the Tickle for the last time on my homeward trip. The thought of another adventure like the previous one often came back to me, but the day was fast approaching, and another hour of fear

and trembling had to be encountered. During the balance of my stay at the lighthouse, we had three concerts, followed by the old familiar Newfoundland dance. The first concert lasted one and a half hours, and had an audience of forty persons; the second lasted two hours and a half, and 102 persons were present, the affair being in honor of the birthday of the mother of the lighthouse keeper. The third and last was of four hours' and a half duration, and had 60 of an audience. After each the fishermen danced until four o'clock in the morning, and then left the lighthouse and went to their fishing boats and went out and spent the day fishing. When the day of my departure had arrived a surprise awaited me. All the fishermen came in early from the fishing grounds, and we sang together a few stanzas of a farewell song as follows:

"This is one song more, and then we part. But not with sigh nor tear; We leave these scenes of childhood dear, For home and friendly cheer. Farewell, with a cheerful strain we part. No tear shall dim our eyes, We'll join our hands, for our hearts are joined, Farewell, we'll meet above the skies."

After singing the above, the fishermen got their guns and a salvo was fired as a send-off. The neighboring hills reverberated with the sound, and continued until we were half way across the Tickle. When I entered Bay de Verde that evening, a concert had to be given, to which the whole village assisted; those not finding admission into the hall remained in the yard and heard the whole proceedings. The performance was repeated with several additions the next evening, and was followed by the dance which they all love so well. Many of them would walk ten or twelve miles to participate in such enjoyment. As I was the means of obtaining the hall that evening for the dance, I was heartily cheered as I was leaving the hall after the entertainment. I spent the next three days in the village awaiting the arrival of the mail steamer for St. John's. But here another experience presented itself. The steamer was a day late, being delayed by a severe storm. When the mail boat steamed into the harbor, it was a wild day on the deep. There being no wharf in the place, the steamer remained in the stream, while the seamen were sent in the lifeboat to convey passengers and the mails to a landing called a "stage," which is the next best thing for a wharf. Several passengers, including the parish priest, and myself, boarded the boat to be rowed to the steamer. The whole village turned out to bid me farewell, the ladies on one side and the gentlemen on the other. The ladies' choir was to have sung a farewell greeting, but when the time came the singers lost courage. The men were to have given the usual parting salute of musketry, but a powder famine had struck the place, and this part of the programme could not be carried out. Being rowed to the steamer, the boat at times went up almost perpendicular with the huge waves, but still I had the thought of my former experience before me, and now going through the worst of the lot, I had lost that timidity, being seated in the boat near the priest. When we reached the steamer, we had to watch our chance as the boat was lifted up with the waves, to step on the ladder and get aboard. The storm continued nearly all night, and the ship rolled badly, and to add to our discomfort, the weather was cold, wet and foggy. When I landed at St. John's I resolved never to go through such an experience again. I still carry about me my treasure, the little statue of St. Anthony, and each time I gaze upon it it reminds me of the dangers and perils of the deep from which I had been saved.

FELIX.

Lady Teacher—Children, you should always respect your teacher. Now, Willie, tell me why you should always respect me.

Willie—On account of your age, Miss.

The two essential instincts of humanity are the love of order and the love of kindness. By the love of order the moral energy is to deal with the earth, and dress it, and keep it, and to deal with all rebellious or dissolute forces in lower creatures, and in ourselves. By the love of kindness the moral energy is to deal rightly with all surrounding life. So shall every passion have full strength, and yet be absolutely under control.—Huskin.

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Wanted: A young man of the village had been badly insulted and came to Father Graham full of angry indignation, declaring that he was going to demand an apology.

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THURSDAY, APRIL 13, 1905.

A SHAMEFUL EPISODE.

The ranting bigots in the House of Commons and in the press and pulpit of Ontario have settled down to their old familiar slogan:

No Italian priest Shall tithes or toll in our Dominions.

We heard the bawl of King John during the Jesuit Estates agitation, again in the course of the Manitoba school trouble; and now it is supposed to have particular point and application, inasmuch as it is hurled at Mgr. Sbarretti, the representative of the Pope in this Dominion. A Toronto paper prints the quotation across its front page: W. F. Macleary, M.P., slings it across the floor of the House of Commons at Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and we have it given as a toast at a Conservative banquet. The anti-Catholic press have demanded that Mgr. Sbarretti be deported as an undesirable alien, and many other choice attentions have been paid to the feelings of the Catholic people of Canada.

To very many minds the question must arise: should we bear these things? It is well, however, before allowing our feathers to be ruffled to consider the character of the offenders. A mere blackguard cannot offend you. The press of Ontario that leads in the present fuss is without an excuse. The press of Ontario can descend to lower tricks of blackguardism than the yellowest press the United States ever produced. The principal backing of the press comes from a class of preachers who believe in making hay while the sun shines by advertising their antipathy to the Catholic faith. Apart from the press and the preachers, the politicians who would make capital against Sir Wilfrid Laurier's government by disreputable means are the only element worthy of attention. It is a profound pity that a man holding the position of Mr. R. L. Borden should allow himself to be dragged like an old tin tied to the tail of such a demagogue as Robert Rogers, the Manitoba Minister of Public Works, who pretended a week ago that he held an interview with Mgr. Sbarretti, but who has been obliged to admit since that he never met or spoke to the Papal Delegate. Mr. Rogers' performance is the most discreditable ever avowed by a public man. Evidently his colleague, Attorney-General Campbell, was ashamed to join him in the deliberate distortion of the facts he had prepared for the public; and when he had been caught at gross and deliberate misrepresentation, Mr. Campbell declined to give more than a half-hearted excuse for the means resorted to. Throughout his entire statement published on April 5, Mr. Rogers used the word "we" in reference to the parties to the interview. The note of invitation was sent to Mr. Campbell alone, and he only accepted it,

and spoke with the Apostolic Delegate. When called to task, Mr. Rogers took refuge in the bald evasion that he (Mr. Rogers) had not said in so many words that he himself had personally conducted the interview.

Mgr. Sbarretti, in a public statement, published in last week's issue, explains the much discussed interview in the most natural way. Having met Mr. Campbell in the west he took occasion, finding him a visitor in Ottawa, to send him a friendly invitation. The conversation was of a private and personal nature, and the remark about the Manitoba boundary was incidental to it. His Excellency merely said, as if he were taking the Manitoba view, that he would think a better educational standpoint expedient or wise on the part of Manitoba. Because he admits the use of the word "political" in this connection Mr. R. L. Borden has attempted to read a sinister meaning into the whole conversation, and to insinuate that Mgr. Sbarretti was expressing the political views of Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

We have already said the raising of this discussion and the desperate attempt that has been made to fan the fires of fanaticism throughout Ontario and Manitoba, involves the most rascally political trick ever attempted in Canada or any other country. The Winnipeg Free Press freely confesses the shame of Manitoba; but shame does not easily appeal either to Mr. Robert Rogers or to the yellow newspapers that are backing him up in this business.

AN APPROACHING ROYAL MARRIAGE.

The marriage of the King of Spain with a Princess of the Blood Royal of England is the first event of its kind since the revolution, that is to say, the first instance of an alliance between an English Princess in line of succession to the Throne and a Catholic. The effect of the marriage will be to exclude the bride-elect from all right of succession to the throne of England. The statute grimly named the Bill of Rights has provided that "every person who shall be reconciled to or hold communion with the See of Rome shall profess the Popish religion, or shall marry a Papist, shall be excluded and be for ever incapable to possess or enjoy the Crown, and that in such case the people shall be absolved from their allegiance, and the crown shall descend to such persons being Protestants as would have inherited the same in case the person so reconciled, holding communion, professing, or marrying were naturally dead."

This enactment is still the law of England, and in as full operation to-day as when it was placed on the Statute Book.

Although there is no instance in Protestant times of the marriage to a Catholic of a Princess of the Blood Royal of England, there is an instance of the marriage of the heir-apparent to the English throne, who afterwards ascended that throne, to a Catholic. On the 21st December, 1785, the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., was married to Mrs. Fitzherbert, a young and beautiful Catholic lady of good family and reputation. The witnesses to that marriage were Lord Onslow, Lord Southampton, Mr. E. Bouverie, and Mr. Keith. George IV. admitted the marriage to Earl Grey, the Premier of the Reform period, and there is no doubt whatever of its having taken place. The Bill of Rights and Act of Settlement throws the Prince contracting a marriage with a Catholic out of the throne. George IV. had the incredible baseness to declare on his honor to Fox, who repeated the declaration in the House of Commons, "on his immediate authority," that there had been no marriage. Shortly after this denial in Parliament the Prince deserted Mrs. Fitzherbert for a new attachment, and then followed his marriage with Princess Caroline of Brunswick. Mrs. Fitzherbert survived her husband for seven years, dying only in 1837. It is remarkable that both George III. and his Queen and the

other members of the Royal Family always treated her with marked kindness and intimacy, showing that they knew of her marriage, of which, indeed, it is said, there is legal proof still extant.

VALUE OF THE CLAUSES.

Among our French-Canadian fellow-Catholics there is being threshed out a pretty decided difference of opinion as to the value or sufficiency of the substituted clauses of the autonomy bills concerning education. On one hand the opinion prevails that the clauses offer but the shell of a Catholic system of schools. Compared with Quebec this may be so; but we have already quoted the most reliable Catholic opinion from the Territories to the effect that Catholics out there are satisfied with the working of the system erected upon the local ordinances. To be explicit about the features of the Western system this much may be said, that it conforms closely to the English system, with which the Catholics of England are fairly well satisfied and with the Irish system of national schools, also working with the approval of the Irish clergy.

The True Witness is fully advised by the leading Catholic English-speaking layman of the West that the clauses will operate justly and adequately, and that it is needless for Catholics in Quebec at this juncture to question their practical utility.

The Orangemen of Winnipeg say they will give their lives if necessary to keep Catholic schools out of the Northwest Territories. Orangemen in this portion of the planet are addicted to giving their lives—by resolution.

Mr. Robert Rogers says he did not wish it to be understood that he had interviewed Mgr. Sbarretti himself. How did his own press understand his statement? The Toronto World, in demanding that Mgr. Sbarretti be summoned to the bar of the House, says: "He owes it to the Canadian public to make a frank statement concerning his negotiations with the representatives of the Manitoba government."

Mr. Robert Rogers should be summoned to the bar of truth to explain an incendiary falsehood.

The Tablet—"When the Westminster Cathedral began to arise from the ground, a (Protestant) family in one of the neighboring mansions looked out upon it with dismay. They did not divine any darker deeds than, perhaps, the darkening of their windows, and what they dreaded to hear was the clamant invitation of the bells. The record of the various stages of their sentiment may be briefly put forth as follows: First stage—Indignation at the intrusion of the stone monster and resentment against the chip of the mason's chisel, the bang of the carpenter's hammer, the cry of the carters in the early morning. Second stage—Letter to landlord demanding a reduction of the rent. Third stage—Rather interested in the progress of the edifice, and a willingness to go to the window to watch the crane and to look down on Cardinal Vaughan, as he stood in the street below. Fourth stage—Invitations to friends to tea, fortified by an allusion to the fine sight of the Cathedral afforded by the family's windows. Fifth stage—Visits to the interior of the Cathedral as soon as the roof was on. Sixth stage—Presence at the services, once the Cathedral was opened. Seventh stage—Reception of the family into the Church at the Cathedral."

Every kindness done to others in our daily walk, every attempt to make others happy, every prejudice overcome, every truth more clearly perceived, every difficulty subdued, every sin left behind, every temptation trampled under foot, every step forward in the cause of what is good, is a step nearer the cause of Christ, through which only death can be really a gain for us.

ABSOLUTE NECESSITY FOR HOME RULE.

(Continued from Page 1.)

Now that is a great and striking fact which stands out from this MacDonnell business. This important lesson has been taught to the English people. Surely, if they give their minds at all to the Irish problem, what has happened must have the effect of enormously advancing the cause of Home Rule to a successful issue. The second lesson which I think recent events must impress upon the English people is that the real governors of Ireland are not the Irish Government in Dublin Castle, but are the little ring of ascendancy men who come from a small corner in the northeast of the island. These men have been the cause of all the trouble in the past. The permanent officials in Dublin Castle are all recruited from them. Why, people are sometimes surprised that that portion of Ulster is opposed to Home Rule, and sensible Englishmen have said to me, "What do these men mean? Surely, they are not honest in believing that if Home Rule were carried the Catholics would march on Belfast and destroy her industries and murder all the Protestants? No, they are not honest in that profession, but any one who knows Ireland will understand perfectly well why they are opposed to Home Rule. The reason they are opposed to Home Rule is that the present system of government provides a job, large or small, for every child who is born a member of the ascendancy class. They fill all the permanent offices in the government of Ireland; they occupy all the seats upon the bench, and in every walk of life they possess all the leaves and fishes. They fear that if Home Rule were granted that would end. They do not fear that they would be refused their fair share, but they do fear that they would be deprived of their monopoly of emoluments and office. To-day these men are the real governors of Ireland. They run every single one of the public boards which constitute Dublin Castle government.

Chief secretaries come and chief secretaries go. In the last century they have had an average political life of about two years apiece. They come totally ignorant of Ireland, and the best of them set to work to try and learn something, and when they are beginning to learn a little they are removed and another ignorant man is put in the place. The real governors of Ireland are the permanent officials, who are never changed, who hold the reins of government whatever political party is in power, and who govern the country upon the principles of ascendancy and of oppression.

There are over sixty Nationalist members in the House of Commons. They represent five-sixths of the Irish people, but in the government of Ireland they have not sufficient power to get a policeman removed in any village in the country. There are five members of the ascendancy faction in the House of Commons who are not yet provided for. There are five others who are provided for, who are in the government in one position or another, but the five Ulster members who are not provided for are able to revolutionize the government of Ireland and drive the Chief Secretary from his office. Now, I ask in sober earnestness the English people, is that a system of government which is tolerable? I am convinced that the exposure which this MacDonnell episode has brought about of the system of government in our country will sink deep into the minds of many unprejudiced and fair Englishmen, and that the result will be that inevitably our cause will rapidly advance in the future.

T. P. O'CONNOR'S SPEECH.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., rising amid great cheering, said: We are very close to the general election. If the Liberal members had been as faithful and constant in their attendance in Parliament as the Irish party we should have had that election within a few weeks, and as we are approaching that election, it is rather curious to observe the attitude of the British political parties. I take first the attitude of the Tory party, and I find myself confronted immediately by a difficulty. What is the attitude of the Tory party? Is it the attitude of Mr. Balfour, is it the attitude of Mr. Wyndham, is it the attitude of Sir Antony MacDonnell, or is it the attitude of Lord Londonderry and Sir Edward Carson, the Solicitor-General? I say what I said in the House of Commons—that I expected to see the day when I would see Balfour or some other Tory leader rise up in his place in the House of Commons and make two declarations. The first would be that with that accursed thing called Home Rule neither he nor any member of his Government or party would have anything to do, and the second declaration would be that if Irishmen abandoned the pernicious and treasonable and impracticable doctrine of Home Rule and adopted the policy of self-government then he was not there to refuse them their reasonable wishes.

In other words, I have been of opinion that we would get Home Rule finally either from one English political party or the other, and I don't care very much which. We would get Home Rule disguised under a different name, and if I wanted confirmation of that faith of mine I would find it in the notorious facts associated with the MacDonnell incident. I do not myself believe that any officially recognized leader of the Liberal party has said anything inconsistent with the Home Rule policy, of which Mr. Gladstone was the apostle, but it would be folly to deny that there is a section of Liberals who appear to think that Home Rule can be, if not indefinitely shelved, at least be kept from the attention of the next House of Commons, I am too old a Parliamentary hand to be very much concerned as to what people say will be the programme of a future House of Commons.

My first speech was made on the night of the first Queen's speech when Parliament met under the leadership of Gladstone with a majority of nearly 100 against us. The Parliam-lite party did not count 30 at the moment. In the Queen's speech there was not a word of allusion to the Irish land question. Gladstone came into office to confirm the liberties of Bulgaria, to spread the frontiers of Montenegro, to diminish the Empire of India, to spread liberty and right in every part of the world. He never had given up to that hour a single thought to the question of Irish land and at that very moment the Land League was spreading the prairie fire of liberty in Ireland.

Within two or three weeks of the meeting of Parliament we had the Government staking its fate on an Irish land bill, and within six months of the beginning of the session of 1881 we had Mr. Gladstone proposing a bill which is the parent of the Land Act of 1903. Every single session of Parliament at which I have been present has had more or less the same tale, and yet every session of Parliament has begun with an Irish speech, and there has rarely been an occasion when Black Rod gave the three knocks and summoned the House of Commons to attend at the House of Lords that he did not interrupt an Irish speech; and, therefore, I am not, as I said, in the least concerned with what leaders of any political party may say as to whether Ireland shall be omitted or shall be mentioned in the next House of Commons.

Nor do I pay much attention as to whether the next issue before the British electorate is the fiscal question, and not the Irish question. Other nationalities and parties may make what issue they like at the next general election, but they make that issue without us. The next election, as the last election, and as every election before, until Ireland has Home Rule, will be fought by Irishmen on the issue of Home Rule, and that alone. There is a second and equally important moral. If you had asked any Englishman before the opening of this session what would be the most dangerous question to the Government, you would be told the question of Free Trade or Protection.

For the first time in fourteen years there was no allusion whatever to Ireland in the speech from the throne. Therefore, so far as the Government and its intentions were concerned, Ireland was not to be named during the coming session of Parliament, except, perhaps, in connection with the question of redistribution. On the third night of the session we were in the midst of an Irish debate. On the fourth night we were in the middle of an Irish debate, and on the fifth night of the session, in which Ireland was not mentioned, we were in the midst of an Irish debate, and we have not got out of the Irish debate ever since.

What the philosopher calls self-love or selfishness is a dissolvent of the best relations of life. All men need the grace and spirit of God in their hearts to sanctify and sweeten their every relationship. In every relation of life there is need for the virtues and graces of character which are the fruit of the indwelling spirit of Christ. And with His indwelling spirit we may meet successfully all the trials and temptations to which we are exposed and be true and faithful.—Rev. M. V. McDuffie.

ETHICS OF THE PEN.

In the course of an address to the International Catholic Truth Society in New York last week, Rev. Dr. Shanahan dealt with truth and its responsibilities. He said:

Through your organized endeavor that decent regard for the rights of others, which is the inspiration of our civic life, is fast becoming a literary virtue also. In quickening the sense of moral responsibility which should govern all statements of Catholic doctrine by whomsoever made, this society has added a real contribution to the ethics of the pen and established itself as a factor in moral progress. It has not rested its plea for a fair hearing and a fair account of Catholic belief on the grounds of injured feelings, but has taken the question out of the domain of sentiment altogether and raised it to the dignity of a moral and ethical issue. Institutions, like individuals, have a moral character and right to good name, which publishers and penny-a-liners alike are bound to respect. Irresponsible utterances were never more out of place than in these bookish times when accurate and official sources of information are within the easy reach of every penman; and the retailers of shop-worn prejudices have no longer the old excuse of ignorance which shielded their sires. It is no small achievement, therefore, for this society to have taught many among those who live by the pen that the Catholic Church is not the legitimate prey of their profession, a convenient butt to sharpen their wits or vent their spleen upon, a shining mark for every poison-tipped arrow in their quiver.

Self-control in the matter of thought and expression is a noble virtue, and those who teach it do no mean service to the moral uplifting of the world that thinks and writes. Accuracy is the badge of scholarship and the prime duty of those whose business it is to report the doctrines of the historic Church of Christendom for whatever purpose. No man can disclaim responsibility for his utterances when the rights of individuals or institutions are invaded by them. The bit and bridle have their place and use in moral progress much more than the slackened rein. Falshood is not always overtaken by its refutation, and this fact alone is sufficient to condemn the wilful haste of those who make woful want in the souls of others without so much as a thought of the havoc they are producing. If the same high sense of responsibility actuated those who start misinformation on its career as actuates you who, for truth's sake, set out to overturn it and to run it down, the burden of your apostolate would indeed be lightened, and Macedonia, with outstretched arms, would not implore you so incessantly as it now does "to come over and help us."

But circumstances make men and men make circumstances, too. The very contagion of your example is spreading. The instinct of fair play is too deeply ingrained in the American character not to respond to the stimulus of your proceedings. Those who do not accept our faith have been made to see the moral necessity of stating Catholic belief correctly. Truth has rights; travesty has none. And in helping to spread the spirit of fair-mindedness and reverence for the eternal verities you have made your influence felt even outside the household of faith and inaugurated an ethical movement that is for the good of all. Not only has the annual output of misinformation been reduced, but the circulation of Catholic doctrine rightly stated has been increased. The woful vigil which you have kept for the past six years in this central despatcher's office, in order to send truth whithersoever caricature proceeded, has not been kept in vain when you can point to such positive and preventive effects as these. What better tribute could be paid to this society, and who is he that would withhold his sympathy and congratulations?

It is better to do things than to talk about them; a little work done is better than a lot of work promised.

Were I to speak to you of the heart of God, I would speak of but one word, Love. The whole plan of creation of earth and man, shows His matchless love. Even after the fall of man from the perfect and Godlike state we have the hope of deliverance through the love which He manifested through Jesus Christ.—Rev. L. J. Vaughan.

NOTES FROM THE PARISHES OF THE

ST. PATRICK'S PILGRIM. Arrangements have been made for the annual pilgrimage of the clergy of St. Patrick's Church. The pilgrimage is to be held on the 15th July. A banner crowd is expected to grace the occasion. The pilgrimage will be under the direction of Father Killoran.

ST. ANTHONY'S PARISH. At high Mass last Sunday Father Thomas Hoffmann, at his best. The subject of the Apostolicity of the Church, the reverend gentleman proved, in its original doctrine and its past history, Christ was on earth the Him and heard His doctrine as He was not to stay on earth, it was necessary should in some way perpetuate the work. In the year 34, persons were assembled to the Cenacle at Jerusalem. Christ appeared and the Church was formed. He spoke to His Disciples and them to "Go and baptize them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I commanded you, and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." no other church which has made of the true Church Holy Catholic Church, and is the one true Church. He has taught in every age and clime, the same doctrine continue to do so until time, for Christ will be with you until the consummation of the world.

In conclusion he said that he should often thank the members of the parish of St. Anthony's. It often appeared that trials and troubles arose. Himself, but as was told in the pel of the day, it was on white.

"Thus every age has produced its word, First pledged to man by the erring Lord, Against my Church the powers of hell shall not prevail." ST. GABRIEL'S PARISH. The Forty Hours' devotion opened on Monday morning at Father Donnelly, P.P., St. Anthony's, was the celebrant. Mass. Father Single, Agnes, as deacon, and Rev. Fahey as sub-deacon. The closed on Wednesday morning. The Juvenile Total Abstinence Society will hold their monthly meeting on Saturday evening.

The Catholic Order of received Holy Communion at the early Mass on Sunday. Rev. Father O'Meara presided.

Rev. Father Fahey, who is at Sherringham, is again at Gabriels.

ST. MARY'S PARISH. On Sunday evening, Rev. G. O'Bryan, S.J., opened the mission for the ladies. Next evening the men's mission opened.

AT THE FRANCISCAN CHURCH. Rev. Father Wulstan, preached on Sunday afternoon. The monthly meeting of the branch of the Third Order of St. Francis will be held on Sunday evening. The closed the proceedings.

ST. HENRI RETREAT. The closing of the retreat of English-speaking people took place on Sunday evening.

At the conclusion of the retreat, Rev. Father Decaris, P.P., addressed a few words to the congregation. He told them that they should get to work and try to be an English-speaking parish. If they were successful, the congregation could have the honor of St. Henri Church until time as a new church could be built. SPOKE FEELINGLY TO CHILDREN. Rev. Abbe Corbell, the new pastor of St. Joseph's Church, St. Paul street, gave a short instruction to the children of the parish at 7 o'clock Mass on Sunday last. He spoke feelingly to them, telling them to be good, to be pure, and obedient to their teachers.

NOTES FROM THE CATHOLIC PARISHES OF THE CITY.

ST. PATRICK'S PILGRIMAGE.

Arrangements have been completed for the annual pilgrimage to St. Anne de Beaupre, under the patronage of the clergy of St. Patrick's Church. The Beaupre has been chartered for the 15th July next, and a banner crowd is expected. The pilgrimage will be under the direction of Father Killoran.

ST. ANTHONY'S PARISH.

At high Mass last Sunday, Rev. Father Thomas Hoffmann was heard at his best. The subject was the Apostolicity of the Church, which the reverend gentleman clearly proved in its origin, in its doctrine and its pastors. When Christ was on earth the people saw Him and heard His doctrine, but as He was not to stay on earth forever, it was necessary that He should in some way perpetuate His work. In the year 34, when twelve persons were assembled together in the Cenacle at Jerusalem, the Holy Ghost appeared and the visible Church was formed. Our Saviour spoke to His Disciples and commended them to "Go and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you, and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." There is no other church which has the four marks of the true Church except the Holy Catholic Church, and she alone is the one true Church. The Church has taught in every age and in every clime, the same doctrine, and will continue to do so until the end of time, for Christ will be with His Church until the consummation of the world.

In conclusion he said that Catholics should often thank God that they were in the fold of the true Church. It often appeared when trials and troubles arose Christ hid Himself, but as was told in the Gospel of the day, it was only for a while.

"Thus every age has proved the promised Word, First pledged to man by Truth's unerring Lord, 'Against my Church the impious powers of hell shall not prevail.'"

ST. GABRIEL'S PARISH.

The Forty Hours' devotion was opened on Monday morning. Rev. Father Donnelly, P.P., St. Anthony's, was the celebrant of the Mass. Rev. Father Singleton, St. Agnes, as deacon, and Rev. Father Fahy as sub-deacon. The devotions closed on Wednesday morning.

The Juvenile Total Abstinence and Benefit Society will hold their regular monthly meeting on Sunday afternoon.

The Catholic Order of Foresters received Holy Communion in a body at the early Mass on Sunday last. Rev. Father O'Meara preached the sermon.

Rev. Father Fahy, who was visiting at Sherrington, is again at St. Gabriel's.

ST. MARY'S PARISH.

On Sunday evening, Rev. Father G. O'Bryan, S.J., opened the mission for the ladies. Next Sunday evening the men's mission will be opened.

AT THE FRANCISCAN CHURCH.

Rev. Father Wulstan, O.F.M., preached on Sunday afternoon at the monthly meeting of the ladies' branch of the Third Order, Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament closed the proceedings.

ST. HENRI RETREAT.

The closing of the retreat for the English-speaking people took place on Sunday evening. At the conclusion of the retreat, Rev. Father Decarie, P.P., St. Henri, addressed a few words to the large congregation. He told them they should get to work and try and form an English-speaking parish, and that if they were successful, the new congregation could have the basement of St. Henri Church until such time as a new church could be built.

SPOKE FEELINGLY TO THE CHILDREN.

Rev. Abbe Corbell, the new pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Richmond street, gave a short instruction to the children of the parish at the 9 o'clock Mass on Sunday last. He spoke feelingly to them, telling them to be good, to be pure, and to be obedient to their teachers, whether in

religious or secular, for both were doing their best for them. He cited the example of St. John, who, on account of his purity, was allowed by our Saviour to rest his head on His bosom. He asked the prayers of the younger portion of the flock so that God would bless his labors in the parish.

FIRST COMMUNION AT ST. ANTHONY'S.

Saturday, May 13th, the children of St. Anthony's parish will make their First Communion. In the afternoon of the same date His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi will confer the Sacrament of Confirmation.

GENERAL CHAPTER TO BE HELD IN BELGIUM.

Representatives of the Brothers of the Christian Schools are about to assemble from different parts of the world in which the Order is established at Belgium, for the purpose of holding a general chapter for the benefit of the Order. The representatives of Canada will be Rev. Brother Edward of Mary, Provincial; Rev. Brothers Malachy, Edward and Gemel Martyr, visitors.

THE NEW PASTOR OF ST. LOUIS DE FRANCE.

Rev. Abbe Belanger, the new pastor of St. Louis de France, was inducted as pastor and as successor to the late Rev. Abbe Bourassa, on Sunday. The new pastor felt honored that His Grace the Archbishop had appointed him to such an important parish as that of St. Louis de France.

Farewell to Faithful Worker of Temperance.

Tuesday evening a happy gathering of the members of St. Patrick's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society took place at their hall. The occasion was to show in a suitable manner some recognition of the faithful services of a brother member, Mr. W. Alcock, one who had labored long and well, in season and out of season, for the progress both numerically and financially of the cause of total abstinence in the ranks of the oldest temperance society in North America, that of St. Patrick's. The President, Mr. J. H. Kelly, presided, assisted by Rev. Father Killoran, spiritual director, and the other officers. Mr. Kelly, in opening the proceedings, stated the object of the gathering, and said that the society was about to lose the services of an esteemed member and very active worker. They could not let him depart without thanking him for his valuable services, and also give a memento to remind him of his fellow associates of St. Patrick's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society. The Secretary, Mr. D'Arcy Kelly, then read the following address:

"We, the undersigned, on behalf of the members of our Society, desire to present Mr. W. Alcock with a slight token of our appreciation for the valuable services he has rendered our society, and pray you to accept the accompanying memento as emblematic of our esteem. Whilst sincerely regretting the departure of our worthy fellow-member from our midst, our regret is tempered by the knowledge that his decision is taken in furtherance of his interests, and that no matter how great the distance that separates, he is always assured of a warm place in the hearts of the members of old St. Patrick's. In thanking Mr. Alcock for the unselfish devotion he has always manifested, we unite in wishing him and his family every success and prosperity in their new home."

REV. JAMES KILLORAN, Spiritual Director.

J. H. Kelly, President. J. D'ARCY KELLY, Sec. The address was beautifully illuminated. It was the work of Mr. W. J. Berrigan, a member of the society.

The president presented Mr. Alcock with a set of carvers enclosed in a magnificent case, bearing the following inscription on a silver plate: "Presented to Mr. W. Alcock, by the members of St. Patrick's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society."

Mr. Alcock made a happy reply, thanking the members for their great kindness in presenting him with such a beautiful address and souvenir. Speeches were made by Rev. Father Killoran, Messrs. Costigan, Gunning, Walsh, Doyle, O'Donnell, J. McCaffrey, Milloy and the officers, all praising the zeal of Mr. Alcock in the cause of the advancement of good old St. Patrick's.

Mr. Alcock takes up his new home at Vernon, B.C., and the members of St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society wish him bon voyage and every successful result will follow.

GENERAL ITEMS OF INTEREST AROUND THE CITY.

DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES.

The distribution of prizes to the successful scholars of the night schools will be held on Friday evening at 8 o'clock in the hall of the Montcalm School, corner of St. Hubert and Demontigny streets. Hon. Lomer Gouin, Premier of Quebec, will preside.

BRANCH 26, C.M.B.A.

Bester Monday night, Branch 26, C.M.B.A., will hold a grand euchre and social in the King's Hall. Every effort is being made by those in charge to have the affair a grand success. The committees in charge of the events are as follows:

Chairman, Chancellor J. J. Costigan; secretary, Bro. W. J. McDonald; treasurer, Chancellor W. A. Hodgson and President Kennedy.

Reception—Chancellors P. Reynolds, W. Egan, F. J. Curran, P. J. D'Arcy, M. Sharley, A. D. McGillis, F. J. Sears, W. F. Wall, Hon. Dr. Guerin, Hon. Mr. Justice Curran and Dr. H. J. Harrison. Music—Brothers W. Palmer, J. T. Stevens, E. J. Lynch, R. J. Dolan and J. W. Kelly. Euchre—Brothers J. H. Maider, J. E. Conway, J. E. N. Nagle, J. D. McGillis and P. J. D'Arcy. Refreshments—Brothers W. F. Wall, B. Tansey, J. M. Kennedy, J. A. Hartensten, J. Walsh, J. P. Dooley, L. R. Stevens and W. J. McGillis.

Austrian Prelate in Ottawa.

Mgr. Vay, of Haya, Austria, is in Ottawa enquiring into the prospects of immigration. He is staying at the Basilica.

A.O.H. Supports Appointment of Ald. Walsh to Provincial Cabinet.

At a convention of the County Board of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, representing the various divisions in Hochelaga County, resolutions were unanimously adopted favoring the appointment of Ald. M. J. Walsh, M.P.P., to a seat in the Provincial Cabinet, claiming this honor as a right by precedent, and the fact that Ald. Walsh has the confidence and represents, both as an alderman and member of the Provincial Legislature, one of the most influential constituencies in the Province.

PRESIDENT OF THE LACROSSE UNION.

Saturday's meeting of the Lacrosse Union was remarkable for its brevity and its unanimity on all motions. Mr. Thomas O'Connell, the veteran captain of the Shamrock lacrosse team, was the choice for President. Mr. Wm. Foran, Ottawa's lacrosse enthusiast, was named first vice-president, and Mr. Mercier, of the Nationals, second vice-president. The Caughnawaga team will play exhibition games with some of the senior teams in order to prove their worth for admission into senior ranks next season. The following schedule was adopted, and it will be seen that the old time rivals, Shamrocks and Capitals, will come together four times during the season.

- May 27—Capital at Shamrock. June 3—National at Montreal. June 3—Cornwall at Capital. June 10—Montreal at Shamrock. June 17—Cornwall at Shamrock. June 24—Capital at National. July 1—National at Cornwall. July 1—Shamrock at Ottawa. July 8—Cornwall at Montreal. July 15—Montreal at Capital. July 15—Shamrock at National. July 22—Capital at Cornwall. July 29—National at Shamrock. August 5—National at Capital. August 5—Shamrock at Montreal. August 12—Cornwall at National. August 19—Shamrock at Cornwall. August 19—Capital at Montreal. August 26—Shamrock at Capital. August 26—Montreal at Cornwall. Sept. 2 or 4—Montreal at National. Sept. 9—Capital at Shamrock.

For the Welfare of Mankind

A gathering of Church and State assembled on last Friday evening, at the residence of His Worship Mayor Laporte, for the purpose of discussing the social evil of Montreal as dealt with recently in a report by Mr. Justice Taschereau.

The chief object of the conference was to enable the heads of departments at the City Hall to exchange views with representatives members of the Bench, and clergymen of the city, and it is expected that important results will follow.

Those present were: Archbishop Bruchesi, Mr. Justice Taschereau, Rev. Hugh Pedley, Rev. Mr. Symonds, Rev. Father Luche, Judge Choquet, Mr. Recorder Weir, Mr. Recorder Poirier, Judge Sicotte, City Attorney Ethier, Chief Campeau, Ald. St. Denis, chairman of the Police Committee; Ald. Vallieres, chairman of the Finance Committee; Ald. Gallery, M.P., and Ald. Walsh, M.L.A.; Dr. Lecavalier, Mr. F. X. Perras, deputy clerk of the Recorder's Court; Mr. Rene Bauset, assistant City Clerk.

It is hoped that a similar conference will be held with delegates from the total abstinence bodies of the city to adopt ways and means of fighting the liquor traffic. Such a move would greatly tend to lessen the evils of intemperance, which is holding sway in the Metropolis of Canada.

OUR TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES ACTIVE.

Sunday afternoon, St. Patrick's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society held a largely attended meeting at St. Patrick's Hall, St. Alexander street. The date of the annual excursion was fixed for Thursday, August 3rd, and a special committee volunteered to lend assistance to the regular committee to make the affair a success.

A communication was read from St. Gabriel's Total Abstinence Society, referring to the motion passed last Sunday at the monthly meeting, of holding a convention, and thanking the members of St. Patrick's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society for their hearty support in the matter. Mr. W. J. O'Donnell was heartily in accord with the holding of a convention, and as one of the members of the convention a few years ago, spoke of the good they accomplished. Mr. Easton said that there was quite a lot of work for the convention to do. Mr. W. P. Doyle was glad to see the members take such an interest in the affair. Time and again the question had been brought before the meeting, but no definite action was taken.

Mr. J. J. Costigan was in perfect harmony with the move. Being secretary of the former convention, he could speak from experience. The conventions of old had accomplished what they were intended to do. He would be glad to see them in working order again, and would give the secretary of the convention valuable information regarding the transaction of its business. Mr. R. J. Louis Cuddihy said that the resolution of holding such a convention was carried unanimously at the last meeting of St. Gabriel's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society. A committee of five was formed and waited on the Rev. Father O'Meara, pastor of St. Gabriel's Church, who promised to consult the pastor of the two Irish parishes where temperance organizations were formed. "We read," said the speaker, "that church and state assembled a few nights ago, to discuss ways to remedy the social evil. We must admit that there are many deaths from contact with live wires in our city and elsewhere. There are many 'live wires' in Montreal that carry moral ruin to young and old both night and day. The official hand of Montreal has at last been raised to warn unfortunate humanity against contact with the 'live wires' of immorality, but it behooves the temperance organizations in our midst to check the traffic in the vicinity of the death-dealing electric fluid of the liquor traffic, which is destroying thousands." Mr. T. Ahern thought it would be wise to invite the members of St. Peter's Total Abstinence Society to assist at the convention. Mr. John McCaffrey was pleased to favor the move for a convention, but would like if some member would read an essay dealing in detail with the scope of the work, so that the members would know exactly the workings of such a convention.

A committee of five was then named by the chairman as follows: Messrs. M. J. O'Donnell, W. P. Doyle, J. J. Costigan, John Walsh and J. P. Gunning, who will confer with St. Gabriel's committee for future plans.

At St. Ann's on Sunday afternoon a very largely attended meeting, Mr. E. J. Colfer brought the matter of a convention before the meeting, and a lengthy debate followed. The matter will be placed before the spiritual director of the Society, Rev. Father McPhail, C.S.S.R.

The following total abstinence societies have been asked to co-operate in the movement: St. Patrick's, St. Ann's, St. Peter's, St. Gabriel's, Juvenile, and also the Canadian Association of Social Economy.

Every kind word said, every kind deed done, makes the whole world better and gladder.

REDEMPTORIST FATHERS, Of Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Give a Most Successful Mission at St. Michael's Church.

The new Church of St. Michael's, Boucher and St. Denis streets, which has recently been opened and blessed for the English-speaking Catholics of the neighborhood, is this week the scene of unusual spiritual activity. The Rev. Pastor, Father Kiernan, had contemplated this mission as a means of uniting and solidifying the members of his scattered congregation. His scheme has been rewarded with unprecedented success. Three different exercises are being conducted daily. The first Mass and instruction for working people is held at 5 a.m.; the second at 8.30. The evening services, 7.30 p.m., consisting of the recitation of the beads, a short instruction to the people, a sermon on the eternal truths, and Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament conclude the services of the day.

The large congregations attending morning and evening devotions prove conclusively the timely need of a parish for the English-speaking people of this vicinity. A week's mission is also being conducted for the children of the parish who are over ten years of age. About 150 children attend the exercises twice a day.

The Fathers conducting the mission are Rev. Stephen L. Connolly and George A. Mylett. Both these gentlemen are natives of Quebec, and belong to two of the oldest and most respected Irish Catholic families in the Ancient Capital. The good pastor, as well as the Rev. Fathers, are highly pleased and enthusiastic over the good attendance and devotion of the men and women of the parish. A rather sad incident happened before the opening of the mission. Father Joseph Hamel, who had been appointed to join Father Connolly in conducting the exercises at St. Michael's, received news on Saturday last of the death of his beloved father. He was obliged to return to Philadelphia to attend the funeral of his departed parent. We recommend this estimable Christian father to the prayers of the community.

The order of exercises for the rest of the mission will be: Thursday—7.30 p.m.: The Last Day, Rev. S. L. Connolly. Friday—5 a.m., The Bread of Life, Father Connolly; 8.30 a.m., Father Mylett; 7.30 p.m., Catholic Societies, Father Connolly; 8 p.m., The Stumbling Block, Father Mylett. Saturday—5 a.m., Love of Neighbor, Father Mylett; 8.30 a.m., Father Connolly; 7.30 p.m., Importance of Prayer, Father Mylett. Sunday—10.15, Solemn High Mass and singing of the sacred Passion; 7.30 p.m., Obedience to the Church, Father Connolly. Monday—5 and 8.30 a.m., Sins of the Tongue, Father Connolly; 7.30 p.m., procession of children and sermon on Blessed Virgin Mary, Father Connolly. Tuesday—5 and 8.30 a.m., Our Dear Departed Ones, Father Connolly; 7.30 p.m., Perseverance and solemn Benediction, Father Connolly.

A Week's Spiritual Retreat.

Last Sunday morning Father Cullen, C.S.S.R., of Saratoga, N.Y., delivered the opening address at the late Mass. He took for his text: "Which of you shall convince me of sin." After the preacher had extolled the human character of Christ, he depicted Him as standing in all His self-conscious innocence before a dishonest-hearted assembly of men who sought to entrap Him in His speech. Looking them straight in the eyes, He asked which of them could point out one flaw, or fault in His character. The preacher asked if Christ were to take His stand in every pulpit and on every platform before the vast congregations that throng the different churches all over the land, would He not find many whom He could convince and convict of sin, and as deserving of punishment as were the Jews. How many are there not, said the preacher, whose souls are irretrievably lost, and to whom may be applied the words of Holy Writ: "They have eyes, and see not; they have ears, and hear not." They drift along with the tide of an unthinking world, and are absorbed in their various pursuits, pausing at times to the whims and fancies of their lower appetites. The preacher expressed a hope that there were none such to be found among the parishioners of St. Patrick's parish, and that there should be but one such man in the parish, he hoped he would join

the men this evening in making this retreat.

In the evening Father Cullen spoke on spiritual blindness, taking for his text the words of the blind man mentioned in the Gospel: "Lord, that I may see." He pointed out the various classes of persons who are spiritually blind, and to what it leads in time and eternity.

On Monday evening Father Cullen spoke on spiritual death. There was not a vacant seat in the church. At each of the morning services there is a remarkably good attendance.

Father Crosby, of Saratoga, N.Y., came to assist Father Cullen. Father Crosby's zeal is manifest, and those who listened to him last Tuesday evening were much pleased. The retreat will terminate on next Sunday evening. Archbishop Bruchesi is expected to be present.

Rev. Martin Callaghan, pastor of St. Patrick's, is much pleased with the deep religious spirit which the men of St. Patrick's have manifested. The Rev. Dr. Luke Callaghan has done much to render the retreat a great success by calling personally on many of the men and by his encouraging words drew them to take an active interest in the retreat.

Seven priests are constantly engaged from five o'clock in the morning till ten at night in hearing confessions.

ST. JOSEPH'S HOME.

The management of the Home have to acknowledge with many thanks the receipt of a box of Copeo soap from the Fairbanks Company, as also the following donations in money: Hugh Gallagher, \$2; I. G. Fennell, St. Etienne street, \$3; Mrs. P. Gallery, Mrs. Meade, P. J. Gordon, W. Furlong, Joseph Sarraint, Buckingham, one dollar each; C. W. Pearson, Buckingham, \$10; Miss Woods, \$5; Miss Brown, Moate, Ireland, \$2; Miss Flanagan, Moate, Ireland; Mrs. Charles O'Donoghue, Ballinahone, Co. Athlone, Ireland; Miss Florence O'Donoghue, Glasson, Ireland, five shillings each; Mr. P. Flanagan, Moate, Ireland, one sovereign. The following kind friends contributed to the light fund: Mrs. T. J. O'Neill and F. Bolger, St. Antoine street; Mrs. George, St. David's street; I. G. Fennell, St. Etienne place; Mrs. W. Foley, Fournier ave.; Mrs. George Hayes, James Roach, Colborne street; John Vasey, St. Columban street, and Mrs. Fournier, Mrs. P. Kelly, of Bray's Crossing, proceeds of the sale of Father Holland's photograph, in all fifteen dollars, and is asking for more.

The Home is getting along well in its noble work, although several beds are unoccupied. The sale is giving great satisfaction, although more than what is sold is given away to the needy.

OBITUARY.

MR. MICHAEL FORAN. At the residence of Mr. Jas. Kirwan, Quyon, on Sunday, March 26, there passed away from the effects of an attack of pneumonia, Mr. Michael Foran, in his 75th year.

The deceased, who was a thorough Irishman in his principles, warm-hearted, generous and charitable in fact, a man whom all trusted, was born in Co. Waterford, Ireland, on the banks of the Suir. He left his native land during the troubled times following the insurrection of 1848, crossed the Atlantic, and served in the ranks of the Federal army in the United States civil war, at the close of which he came to Canada, remaining a resident of this locality ever since.

Mr. Wm. Ryan, Mayor of Onslow, was funeral director. The pall-bearers were Messrs. Wm. O'Reilly and Martin Kelly, Onslow; Wm. Foran, Aymer; Wm. Lunney, Pakinham; W. McLean and P. Nolan, Quyon. After a solemn requiem Mass, offered by the Rev. Father Kiernan in St. Mary's Church, the funeral wended its way to Pontiac cemetery, where all that was mortal of kind old Michael Foran was laid to rest.

The writer asks all who believe in the communion of saints to offer a prayer for the repose of his soul.

He is the noble man who does noble deeds.

Love will always find work for willing hands to do.

The greatest gift we can bestow on others is a good example.

Good advice is more precious than gold; a tender word, a tear, a prayer.

Laughter opens more doors and wins more hearts than tears.

POLITICAL ADMINISTRATION IN FRANCE.

(Special Correspondence of the New World.)

So far the new ministry has met with no difficulties. It will find them soon, however, but for the present it is at peace. The greatest obstacle which will present itself will be the separation of Church and State. The Minister of Worship has formulated a project of law on this subject which does not give to Catholics any more confidence than the one formulated by Premier Combes. The minister assures the public that his project will accord liberty of public worship, but he puts in so many conditions that such liberty will never exist. It was, in his opinion, very easy to make a law. It was first necessary to cut off all relations with the Pope, as one of the predecessors of Pius X. on the throne of Peter signed the concordat which is now being suppressed. But the Masons and the free-thinkers of France want a bloody law and not a liberal one. There will be great debates soon to take place in the Chamber of Deputies. We shall then see what are the intentions of the people's representative.

I have also stated that there are 590 deputies and 800 senators. Perhaps a word on the way in which our governmental machine is run might be of interest. At the foot of the political ladder we have the municipal councils. There is a municipal council in each country town, the number of members being regulated according to the population and importance of the place. At the head of this council is the Mayor, who presides over the council and also at civil marriages. No matter how important the town or city, it has its municipal council, elected by general vote.

Paris alone is managed in a different way. The capital is divided into twenty wards. In each there is a mayor, named by the government, who fills the role of officer of the civil state. He is only there for marriages and to sign all administration papers. Each ward is divided into four quarters. Thus there are eighty quarters in Paris. Each quarter elects a municipal councillor at the general election. Those 80 councillors compose the municipal council of Paris and they themselves choose their president every year.

Immediately above the municipal councils comes the ward council. The ward is a portion of the department, and the councillors are elected at the general election. They are employed in collecting certain contributions.

Besides, each department—there are 86 in France—elects general councillors who have charge of all the affairs of the department. The general council is the highest assembly in the province. They choose their own president. It is forbidden for them to enter into politics but they do it sometimes.

There is in each department a prefect who is the official representative of the government; there is a sub-prefect, who is also a government official.

The two political assemblies in France are the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate. The Deputies are chosen at the general election. Every citizen, 21 years old, who has not suffered condemnation for some offense, is a voter, and every citizen, who is at least 25 years, is eligible to be deputy. There is a district deputy; the district is defined by the population.

The deputies are elected for four years, and are always eligible for re-election. They receive 25 francs a day all the year round, and they travel free on all French railroads. They choose their president each year in the month of January. The president lives in a palace belonging to the state, and receives a salary of 75,000 francs a year. The deputies have the right to present laws, they have the right to question the ministers on their acts of political administration, and if the majority of the deputies are not in favor of any minister, it is usual for the minister to give in his resignation.

They fix the dates of their meetings themselves, except the first one of the year, which is fixed by law for the second Tuesday in January.

The Senate is composed of 800 members. The senators are not chosen at the general election, but at what we call restrained elections. They are elected for nine years, and like the deputies they receive 25 francs a day. They also partake of the same privileges. The restrained vote (?) is composed of general councillors and delegates from the municipal councils.

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principal councils. In each department the senators, of whom the number is fixed by the population, are elected by the general councillors and delegates from the municipal councils. The senators have also the right to present laws, to question the ministers. They choose, too, a president, who lives in a state palace and receives 75,000 francs a year. Then above the senators is the president of the republic, named by the senators and deputies for seven years. He lives in the palace of the Elysee, and the state puts at his disposition several palaces in the provinces. He receives one million, two hundred thousand francs a year. The constitutional law of 1875, which established the functions of the government, points out precisely its duties and does not leave it much initiative. It cannot directly present a law, but it chooses its members.

In fact it chooses a political leader whom it charges to constitute a ministry, and it accepts, as a rule, the ministers whom this man proposes. The ministers are always taken from among the senators and deputies. Sometimes they put a general as minister of war, sometimes an admiral as minister of the navy, but more often they are civilians.

The ministers are responsible for their acts before the parliament; they can be compelled to resign if they are in disfavor with the majority of the chamber or the senate. They can introduce laws, but all laws and decrees must be signed by a minister and by the president of the republic and must be inserted in the official journal.

The president of the republic is, in the Constitution, chief of the armies on land and sea, but he cannot dispose of them without the signature of the proper minister. The ministers have an annual salary of 60,000 francs and live in a state palace. The salaries of the deputies, senators, ministers and president are all inscribed in the budget.

So thus, in a few words, is how the governmental machine is run in France.

LOUIS BARD.

ITALIAN WORKINGMEN HAVE A PLACE IN THE CHURCH.

In Italy, as Elsewhere, She is the Church of All Classes.

(From the Sacred Heart Review.)

Does the Catholic Church in Italy stand aloof from the working people? Do the working classes maintain an indifferent or a hostile attitude toward the Church? Is there in that country among the laboring population a feeling of constraint with regard to the Church, as there is in this country between a corresponding class and the various Protestant churches? Does the workingman in Italy so suspect the Church of lack of sympathy with him and his problems that he takes small interest in Church affairs? Does he avoid church-going through a feeling that he has no place there? Is there, in fine, in Italy a church-labor problem such as so many Protestant preachers and editors in America recognize as existing (so far as their denominations are concerned) here in the United States? Evidently not. Everything, on the contrary, points to the fact that the Catholic Church is the Church of all classes in Italy as she is elsewhere.

Recent proof, of this comes under eye in a recent issue of the Christian Register. A writer in that Unitarian paper, whose article as a whole shows little trace of sympathy with the Catholic Church, was witness recently to the public welcome given by the people of Palermo to the new Archbishop, Monsignor Lualdi, and

was pleasantly surprised to find that on that occasion, in the great Cathedral, the working men of the city, in all their fraternities, stood with banners furled, closely packed from door to altar rails. No such thing, he believes, could have happened in England. The common people would not have a prominent place at such a function in Great Britain. The poor man in that favored land of the Anglo-Saxon could not afford to dress well enough to go to church, but, in Palermo, "dress does not count," says the writer; and she continues: "It was a touching sight—the interior of the Cathedral that day. The entire floor, filled with artisans, men who earn their living, and a scanty one as a rule, by their daily labor, and all so orderly, self-respecting, brothers of Christ, and of the highest in the Church. And their little boys from 5 to 15! There they were standing on the costly inlaid altar rails, perched high on the top of confessional boxes, clinging to saints and angels wherever they could find a place from which to see over the heads of their elders. Many of them were far from washed and combed for the occasion. Their boots or shoes were white with dust or mud. No one rebuked them! One thought of 'Suffer them, forbid them not, of such is the kingdom.' Into this midst, preceded by chanting choir, with the great bells ringing pean overhead and organ triumphantly expressing the gladness of the throng, the really fine noble-looking Archbishop came up the aisle to his throne."

And in the great procession in honor of the Archbishop the working men were seen in all their strength. The writer says that all the working men of Palermo, in their ordinary working clothes, but carrying banners of many colors, took part in the procession. "On and on they came, quietly, without haste, without rest, until we wondered if their long line would never end," she writes.

There are good people in this country who, viewing the Catholic religion as an abomination, and believing the highly-colored reports of Protestant missionaries in Italy, contribute money for what they expect will be the speedy "evangelization" of Catholic Italy. They believe in their simple-mindedness that the common people of Italy are growing tired of the Catholic Church. We wish they all could have seen this impressive popular welcome, and the part taken in it by the laboring population of Palermo.

DEFINITIONS.

The following are gleaned from the definitions given by English school-children:

Henry VIII. was brave, corpulent and cruel, he was frequently married to a widow, had an ulcer on his leg and great decision of character.

Simon de Montfort's father was a crusader, and from him he inherited religiousness, which was very useful to him afterward when he became Archbishop of Canterbury.

The climate of Bombay is such that its inhabitants have to live elsewhere.

Etc. is a sign used to make believe you know more than you do.

The equator is a menagerie lion running round the centre of the earth.

The zebra is like a horse, only striped, and used to illustrate the letter Z.

A vacuum is nothing shut up in a box.

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"FIRST IN PEACE."

A Notable Tribute to the Irish People as Factors in American Progress. (From the New York Times.) Why is it in these modern times when we all profess to abhor war, that if by chance a statesman, poet, scholar, preacher, or teacher gets on his feet to extol the virtues of a race he straightway begins to call the roll of those members of it who have distinguished themselves in war?

No, doubt President Roosevelt pleased his St. Patrick's Day audience when he told them how Barry had helped to build up our infant navy, how Montgomery fell so gloriously at Quebec, how Sullivan conquered the Iroquois, how Mad Anthony Wayne fought like a tiger against the British, and how Andrew Jackson of the old Irish stock became "the victor of New Orleans." The tributes he paid to these brave men were deserved, but where one American of the Irish strain has won distinction upon the field of battle ten thousand Irishmen "guiltless of their country's blood" or of any other blood have given their unsparing toil to develop the resources of the United States of America. We should cut a pretty poor figure if the fighting of our Irish Generals had not been supplemented by the labor of Irishmen who have built our railroads, cleared our forests, worked our mines, and manned our shops and factories. That has been the great work of the sturdy Irish race in this country; the President made a mere reference to it when he spoke of the Irish virtue of "working hard in time of peace," adding, of course, "and fighting hard in time of war." It would have been temperamentally impossible for Mr. Roosevelt to leave that out.

The President may know, but he would not disclose the knowledge that the Irish are first-rate farmers—among the very best that ever put a plow into American soil. Many an indomitable toiler of that race has taken a farm which successive New England Yankees had failed to get a living on, and by downright hard work with head and hands has made it support a good-sized family and build up for him a small fortune, as fortunes go in the farmer's calling. The Irish are great managers of men elsewhere than on battlefields. Great numbers of the most successful contractors in the country are of Irish blood. Subtract what these Generals in peaceful fields have done with their men and their material from the sum total of our achievements and we should be a good deal less far advanced than this year of grace finds us. New York would have no subway, for instance. The President alluded in a perfunctory sort of way to what the men of the Irish race have done for the artistic and literary development of the country, and mentioned in passing their standing at the bench and at the bar, in business and statesmanship. But of all the races out of which this great American blend has been made the Irish are pre-eminent in politics. The President knows that, certainly. His own skill in that art tends powerfully to confirm the tradition that there is an Irish admixture in the hot Batavian ichor that tumultuously courses through his veins. Although the aptitude of the Irish for politics is proverbial, probably the President felt that it might be considered rather delicate ground, and being much more regardful of the sensibilities of his hosts than our present Ambassador at the Court of St. James showed himself to be upon a similar occasion, he kept within the safe line of complimentary platitudes, chiefly about the Irish warriors. For our part it seems not at all right that the Irish arms that have tugged and the Irish backs that have ached in making this country what it is, should be deprived of their due recognition and meed of praise. The Irish qualities that the President chiefly lauded, the qualities that make the Irish hard fighters in war, are common to all the great races of earth. The qualities that make them indomitable in toil, that make them so successful in innumerable arts of peace, are not so universally diffused among the branches of our human stock that they may be lightly passed over by eulogists of the race.

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By a resolution passed at a meeting of the Fabrique of St. Michael's, dated the 3rd of January, 1904, and with the approval of His Grace the Archbishop, the Fabrique binds itself to cause to have said in St. Michael's during four years two masses a month according to the intention of those who contribute 50 cents yearly. Help yourselves, help your deceased friends and help the new church by joining this Association.

The two masses in favor of contributors to St. Michael's Building Association, are said towards the end of every month. They are said with the intentions of those who contribute fifty cents a year. Contributors may have any intentions they please, they alone need know what their intentions are, they may change their intentions from month to month—they may have a different intention for each of the two masses in every month, they may have several intentions for the same mass, they may apply the benefit of the contribution to the soul of a deceased friend.

Contributions for the year 1905 (50 cents) may be addressed to REV. JOHN P. KIERNAN, P.P., 1002 St. Denis Street, Montreal P. Q.

No story is the same to us after the lapse of time; or rather we who read it are no longer the same interpreters.—George Eliot.

The way to be wise is to keep your attention on the present. Every little thing that happens to you now is worth your attention.

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The way to be wise is to keep your attention on the present. Every little thing that happens to you now is worth your attention.

WHAT WE NEED, NOWADAYS, IS TO COME BACK TO A BELIEF IN THE PASSING DAY AND TO-DAY'S WORKS, EVEN THOUGH WE HAVE TO DISMISS SOME VISIONS FOR THEM. THE VISION THAT IS WORTH HAVING WILL COME BACK ALL THE CLEARER FOR OUR DOING SOMETHING ABOUT IT. "THE WILL IS VISION." WE NEED NOT BE AFRAID THAT SOME MIGHTY OPPORTUNITY WILL SLIP BY US IF WE TAKE UP WITH SOME DEFINITE LABOR, NOR FEAR THAT GOD WILL ANY GOOD ESCAPE.

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THAT DR

I must begin by confessing am a very nervous woman—Scripture has it a woman fears—for unless this is clear I understood my story will convey little to the reader, especially little to the superior male. I gaily with his half-pitying contemptuous comments on the me of my sex. I am brave at any rate to acknowledge of courage, and will freely state I am afraid of mice, entertaining rooted aversion to spiders, at the scratching of a rat, g and nerveless in the dark, at lastly collapse at the mere mention of ghost or burglar. So don't think it's quite fair of chaff me so about this defect, especially when he has a more serious one, a self-will which to carry all before it, and every woman will admit, is the most aggravating quality one's own will happens to be the very opposite direction.

In this case the trouble was a house that Dick (did I mention that Dick is my husband) wanted me to see—a house, thought of buying, several away from the city and at so distance from any other dwelling this because he had heard was a well-finished house and cheap and likely to turn out gain at some future time, which I should have succumbed to the horrors it had engendered. Let the way open for Mrs. Reynolds number two.

He said (Dick said of course) the children needed fresh air (looked pesty, but this necessity had been enduring calmly enough all the advent of an officious lawyer, Mr. Miles, who said "your husband's imagination one unlucky night when I simple goodness of my heart had led me, Mr. Miles, to dinner. Now it seems to me that I been talking rather flippantly far, but if so it is with a view shaking off the attack of the generally entitled upon me by collection of that night I am to describe—as a would-be bra- whistles his loudest passing church-yard of a dark night. I often been complimented on my being of a ghost story, and have nessed with pardonable pride blanched cheek and moistened some dear and valued friend had selected as a good subject experiment. But though my eyes were quite creasy enough the night aforesaid ghosts had part in them, and faint hope indeed of shaking the steady of readers well inured to warr

It was just this way. My sl- obnate husband, my two children supposed to be in nee country and my nervous had been for some time living pensively and somewhat constrict in a city far away (Dick tight enough there) from true pure air and all the dear delig- Nature. We were always plau- optimistically, summer trips never materialized, and doing little best meanwhile to make lack of better things by sundri- culously extravagant and exce- lly wearisome all day expeditio- toasts and cars. These exped- began cheerfully in early mo- and ended in utter collapse of and body towards sunset, at peaceful hour we victims to pa- feeling might often have been wearily dragging or carrying hired offspring homewards, out- temper and decidedly out of po- It may be easily imagined with what interest Dick and I listened to Miles' interesting ac- of this beautiful country resi- just a few miles from town, surr- ed by a good bit of land—incl- a flower and vegetable garden a- as a couple of fine fields—an playground for our little peopl- Dick looked radiant, but my thinsam began to cool after- tormented from Mr. Miles, who could tell a lie, lawyer as he was, damning fact that this paragon was what he called, ahem! "a what remote," namely a good on either hand from its nearest hor, but—and at this I saw in the certainty of the street rad- being continued to the very was assured, inside a year, he not afraid to say.

"And I may tell you in all the table with an aggravating

THAT DREADFUL NIGHT.

By MARY CHADWICK.

I must begin by confessing that I am a very nervous woman—as the Scripture has it a woman full of fears—for unless this is clearly understood my story will convey but little to the reader, especially the lady superior male reader, ever ready with his half-pitying, half-contemptuous comments on the weakness of my sex. I am brave enough at any rate to acknowledge my lack of courage, and will freely state that I am afraid of mice, entertain a deep-rooted aversion to spiders, tremble at the scratching of a rat, grow sick and nervous in the dark, and hopelessly collapse at the merest mention of ghost or burglar. So that I don't think it's quite fair of Dick to chaff me so about this defect of mine, especially when he has a much more serious one, a self-will which wants to carry all before it, and which, as every woman will admit, is simply the most aggravating quality when one's own will happens to be set in the very opposite direction.

In this case the trouble was about a house that Dick (did I forget to mention that Dick is my husband) wanted me to see—a house, that he thought of buying, several miles away from the city and at some distance from any other dwelling. And this because he had heard that it was a well-finished house and was cheap and likely to turn out a bargain at some future time, when probably I should have succumbed to the horrors it had engendered and left the way open for Mrs. Richard Reynolds number two.

He said (Dick said of course) that the children needed fresh air, and looked party, but this necessity he had been enduring calmly enough until the advent of an officious and fussy lawyer, Mr. Miles, who set my dear husband's imagination aflame one unlucky night when I in the simple goodness of my heart had asked him, Mr. Miles, to dinner.

Now it seems to me that I have been talking rather flippantly thus far, but if so it is with a view to shaking off the attack of the horrors generally entailed upon me by the recollection of that night I am going to describe—as a would-be brave boy whistles his loudest passing the church-yard of a dark night. I have often been complimented on my telling of a ghost story, and have witnessed with pardonable pride the blanched cheek and moistened eye of some dear and valued friend whom I had selected as a good subject for experiment. But though my experiences were quite creepy enough upon the night aforesaid ghosts had no part in them, and faint hope have I indeed of shaking the steady nerves of readers well inured to weird tales of terror.

It was just this way. My slightly obstinate husband, my two little children supposed to be in need of country air, and my nervous self, had been for some time living expensively and somewhat constrictedly in a city flat far away (Dick was right enough there) from trees and pure air and all the dear delights of Nature. We were always planning, optimistically, summer trips which never materialized, and doing our little best meanwhile to make up for lack of better things by sundry ridiculously extravagant and exceedingly wearisome all day expeditions in boats and cars. These expeditions began cheerfully in early mornings and ended in utter collapse of mind and body towards sunset, at which peaceful hour we victims to paternal feeling might often have been seen wearily dragging or carrying our tired offspring homewards, out of temper and decidedly out of pocket.

It may be easily imagined then with what interest Dick and I had listened to Miles' interesting account of this beautiful country residence, just a few miles from town, surrounded by a good bit of land—including a flower and vegetable garden as well as a couple of fine fields—an ideal playground for our little people.

Dick looked radiant, but my enthusiasm began to cool after I extracted from Mr. Miles, who could not tell a lie, lawyer as he was, the damning fact that this paragon house was what he called, ahem! "some-what remote," namely a good mile or either hand from its nearest neighbor, but—and at this I saw in Dick's eyes that he had leaped to decision—the certainty of the street railroad being continued to the very door was assured, inside a year, he was not afraid to say.

"And I may tell you in all friend-ship," Mr. Miles went on, peering at the table with an aggravating head,

rather circumscribed view of adjacent domestic interiors and highly confidential articles of clothing hung out upon kindred balconies about.

I am almost sure that before I went off to sleep that same evening I decided to go to see the house—that is to go of my own free will and when I chose,—and I preferred going without Dick's knowledge and surprising him with my account of it some evening at dinner.

Before I had seen Elinor next day Dick got letters which obliged him to go on the day following to a place where his firm had a branch, and he told me at luncheon that he would start in the morning, remain all night, and be home for late breakfast on the day after, as was his custom on such occasions.

Nothing could have been better. I at once decided on inspecting the new house during Dick's absence, and sitting down at once wrote to Elinor asking her if she would drive out with me on the following afternoon to look at a charming house in the country, which Dick thought of buying. She answered at once regretting that she would be unable to go out with me as she had a luncheon engagement, but suggesting that I should drive out with Sarah and the children and that she would follow with all speed and come back with us.

So far so good. I accepted her suggestions as to the children, who were all ready and looking forward to their expedition, when, as fate would have it, who should suddenly appear but a long-invited country cousin bringing her children to spend the day while she tore madly about the city with an endless shopping list in her hand.

I had almost made up my mind to send off a line to Elinor and give up what seemed my well-timed project when nurse stepping into the breach begged of me to leave all the children to her, promising them a thoroughly good time all around, while I drove out and met Miss Elinor as agreed upon.

Reflecting that Elinor had not only gone to luncheon by this time, but might even have accomplished her intention of slipping away early, I determined on setting out alone, in spite of a latent uneasiness added to my usual extreme distaste for solitary expeditions. My only crumb of comfort was the hope that as I had started a little later than the hour named, Elinor might even have reached the house before me and would be waiting at the door to receive me.

Alas! how little I dreamt as I got into my cab and drove off countrywards that I was on my way to passing the most terrible night of my hitherto peaceful life.

My way lay for some time along familiar streets, and rather to my surprise I found myself actually enjoying the peace and quiet of a little solitude. Dearest of children's voices jar occasionally upon the overstrung nerves of a tired mother, and I felt that I could give myself up to the luxury of rest. The remembrance of their satisfied happy faces about the nursery play table left me nothing to worry about on the score of what might have been their disappointment.

Presently the endless brick and mortar began to show gaps here and there, and patches of intervening sky glimpses of distant pools and bits of woodland added to a distinct freshening of the air proclaimed the beginning of the country, or that imitation of the real thing suggested by the suburbs.

(To be Continued.)

"that this is an opportunity you will not have the chance of refusing every day, my dear Richard. But!" the hands flew up in deprecation, "if Madame does not like the idea there is no more to be said, the lady should have the casting vote."

To which sentiment Dick listened in opposing silence, and only waited till Mr. Miles had gone smilingly away to reopen the subject, and convince me against my will as is his way.

"Why does this Mr. Jessup he speaks of sell the house if it is in every way desirable?" I asked in answer to Dick's expressed conviction that this house was the one and only house for us, and that he regarded our hearing of it as providential.

"As if I had not asked Miles that the very first thing," scornfully.

"Jessup built this house and thoroughly well too, lived in it comfortably and happily for years and only leaves it to reside with his daughter-in-law and little grandchild, as well as to be under the care of a specialist for some complaint he has."

"Now you have been long talking of the desirability of the country," my husband went on.

I certainly had not used the word desirability. I detest long, high-sounding words, but I let that pass, and listened.

"And here is a splendid chance of our getting, and for a mere song, such a house as we could never aspire to in the city, in the common course of events, such a house as you could be proud of, and just because you fancy it may be what you call lonely, you prefer this, this cage—there is no other name for it."

I kept listening, and Dick continued with the mistaken idea that he was convincing me.

"Lonely! well I suppose it might be for a solitary woman, or even a couple of women, but with the children, such a perfect, capable nurse as Sarah, and above all with Cousin Elinor, who, you will remember, only waits for us to go to the country to join forces with us,—not to speak of the extra protection of a coachman, for we shall very easily manage keeping some sort of a trap out there,—why I think that plea falls to the ground at once."

I drew pictures, with Dick's pencil, all over a sheet of paper, which—come to think of it—had been carefully placed on the table with a view of putting down facts concerning the new house, a way of Dick's at times very aggravating because I never find any difficulty in remembering anything I want to remember.

Dick glanced at my pencil impatiently, sighed gently, and went on tentatively.

"So I hope you'll go out and see it, Marion, and the sooner the better. It won't commit you to anything, you know. Elinor would go with you I am sure, and then if you both like it, or see your way to live out there, I shall try to get a day and look it over myself. I don't want to waste time if you've made up your mind beforehand, you know."

Now I don't mind adopting a suggestion of my husband's now and then; in fact, strictly speaking I think one ought to, but still I do like thinking for myself, and there was something in dear Dick's manner of speaking so smacking of a settled determination that, instantly, uprose my own particular little demon of contradiction, and—I don't mind avowing it—I did what I considered the most annoying thing under the circumstances, said nothing, thus leaving my lord and master entirely at a loss.

But, honestly, it wasn't a contradiction. Far from it. All the dismal experiences of friends stranded in superior suburban residences which they had one and all entered into so hopefully and lingered on in so despairingly came crowding into my mind, and "Mind a turned" me against Dick's latest fad. It was only after a firm resolve to talk it over with Elinor, the day following, that I could get myself to sleep.

Dick said absolutely no more about the matter, and if I had judged by his silence I might have considered the question closed. But knowing his little ways I could see he had set his heart upon this suburban residence, and already saw himself in imagination smoking his evening cigar in majestic seclusion on the ornate veranda overlooking his spacious grounds, instead of the ridiculously narrow and somewhat rickety balcony which we at present had a right to call our own, with its

MUKDEN.

The Most Sacred City in the Chinese Empire.

(The New York Times.)

If one looks at the map of the present zone of war operations in Manchuria one can hardly fail to be struck by certain remarkable circumstances. The Russian railway, which enters so many important cities of Manchuria, makes a wide detour when it approaches Mukden, the most important city of all. The Chinese railway from Shan-hai-Kwan, instead of being continued to Mukden, has its terminus at Sing-min-Tung, a small and comparatively unimportant place thirty miles to the west of the capital.

Why, it is natural to ask, should the Russian surveyors who laid out the Central Chinese Railway and the British surveyors who planned the Imperial Chinese Railway, have deliberately avoided the capital of this great territory, the wealthiest city in Manchuria, the most important market in the region, and the centre of an ever-growing trade?

They avoided it because they had to. The British capitalists who provided the money for the Chinese line wanted to continue it to Mukden, but China would not hear of it. Russia also found the Peking Government unexpectedly obstinate on this one point. Ten years ago, when China had been beaten by Japan, and Russia had stepped in to save her from having to pay the price of her defeat, China was willing to give Russia about everything that was asked, but she insisted on making one reservation. Russia could have Port Arthur, she could build her railway through Manchuria, she could send troops to guard it, but she must promise not to go too near Mukden.

The veneration of the Chinese for this city can perhaps hardly be realized by Occidental peoples. The feeling of the English for Westminster Abbey, of the Italians for Rome, may serve to give a faint idea of it. But in the Far East the veneration for the past, as expressed in the worship of ancestors, is actually an important part of religious belief, and for this reason Mukden is the most sacred city in the whole great Chinese Empire.

Mukden is the ancient capital of the present dynasty of China. It was there that in the year 1625 Nurhachi, the famous founder of that dynasty, established himself. It was there that the ancestors of the Manchu Emperors were buried.

Mukden stands in the middle of a great alluvial plain, about 320 feet above the level of the sea. All the soil around it is rich and highly cultivated. It is reputed to have a population of 260,000, chiefly Chinese. The houses, both those of the Chinese mandarins and merchants and those of new Russian construction, are built on a magnificent scale.

There is a "Forbidden City" in Mukden, like the one in Peking, but while the Boxer outbreak of 1900 was followed by the entry of the allies into the hitherto mysterious palaces within the inner walls of Peking so far as is known no European or American has ever penetrated into the Forbidden City of Mukden. It is believed to contain wonderful treasures of ancient art and buildings which surpass in beauty and elaborateness even those of Peking.

Judging from the portions of the city which foreigners are allowed to see, the place must be a very treasure house of the art of the old Chinese. Even the streets are full of carvings of a delicacy unattainable in modern work, while the tombs of the Emperors combine a purity of design with an elaboration of detail which show how far the art of China has deteriorated from the old standards.

The city is surrounded by a great brick wall, with picturesque high towers at the eight gates and the angles. Outside are the suburbs, inclosed by a mud wall, while in the middle of the city are the ancient palaces of the Manchu Emperors inside a third wall. The streets of Mukden are broad and straight. Like Peking, the city possesses a drum tower and a huge bell. The administration buildings and the Hall of Examinations are within the precincts of the Forbidden City.

The early history of the warlike monarchs whose chief city was Mukden, and who in the seventeenth century became the rulers of the whole Chinese Empire, is veiled in legend. Three heaven-born maidens, so the story runs, were bathing one day in a lake near the Shan-a-Lin Mountains, when a passing magpie dropped a ripe red fruit into the lap of one of them. The maiden ate the

fruit, and in due course a child was born to her, whom she named Aisin Gioro, or the Golden. When Aisin Gioro was a lad he was elected chief over three contending clans. His reign was not of long duration, for his subjects rose against him and murdered him, together with all his sons except the youngest, Fancha, who was miraculously saved from his pursuers. It was Aisin Gioro who named his people Manchu, which means "pure." His descendants, through the rescued Fancha, fell into obscurity until the middle of the sixteenth century, when one of them, Nurhachi, born in 1559, the seventh in descent from Aisin Gioro, welded the Manchu tribes into one great kingdom. The Emperor Nurhachi, toward the close of his long and illustrious reign, transferred his capital to Mukden, and his tomb there is the most venerated of all the royal tombs of the city.

In 1617 Nurhachi drew up a list of "seven hates" against the Chinese, and declared war on them. The Chinese were defeated with great slaughter, and seventy cities were captured. The war was followed by an alliance between the Manchus and the Chinese, who were then ruled over by the Ming Dynasty. The later Emperors of this dynasty were weak and cowardly, and China was continually invaded by the Tartars. In the end the Manchus were begged to save the country. They consented with great alacrity to send an army, and the result of it all was that in 1644 the grandson of Nurhachi ascended the Dragon Throne without serious opposition on the part of the Chinese. He was Sun-Chi, the first of the Manchu Dynasty, which has retained the throne of China ever since.

Mukden is identified with all that is glorious in the records of the Manchu Emperors and the Manchu people, who have become so intermingled with the Chinese that the veneration for the city is shared by all the inhabitants of Northern China. Under these circumstances the Peking Government's anxiety as to the fate of Mukden can be understood.

It was hoped that the Russians and Japanese would do what they could to respect the sacred tombs and the other relics of the past in the Manchu capital. Both belligerents know the temper of the Chinese; both are aware that to desecrate the Mukden tombs would result in a wave of passionate indignation in China, and both are naturally anxious to keep on good terms with the Chinese.

In the eyes of the natives the possessor of Mukden is the possessor of Manchuria. The whole administrative machinery of the region centres in Mukden as completely as that of Korea does in Seoul, and the moral and political effect of the withdrawal by the Russians will be incalculable.

It must be remembered that China not only obtained Russia's promise before the railway was built that it should not go near Mukden, but when the present war began and the question of the neutrality of China came up, the Peking Government made a special stipulation that Mukden should not be excluded, as was the rest of Manchuria, from the neutrality arrangement.



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Apples, on the kidneys—oranges, for stomach and appetite—prunes and figs for the bowels. But—fresh fruit won't CURE these organs when diseased; they can only HELP to keep them well.

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she had come to the end of her accustomed route. Then she halted and turned to look round into the buggy inquiringly.

The pucker disappeared from mother's brow, and she beamed upon the roan mare as if it had been all her doing; for this was the one girl out of the whole township whom she would have chosen herself if she had been consulted.

THE ENCORE FIEND.

(Musical Opinion, London.)

The nuisance attending the existence of the encore or applauding fiend is so great and so permanent that I could welcome with effusion the advent of a sort of special Star Chamber tribunal endowed with despotic powers to crush the wretches responsible by any means which might seem desirable, not excluding the pillory. Indeed, I should greatly favor the revival of this time honored institution, because one might attend the proceedings and there find relief. With the exception, perhaps, of the advanced Wagner operas, it is almost impossible to hear good music with unalloyed pleasure. If no unseemly interruption takes place, you are haunted with nervous apprehension that it may do so at any moment; opera, oratorio, orchestral concert, recital—it is all one. Instances could be piled up by the thousands. At the Crystal Palace, Mr. Ben Davies sang the opening bars of "The Sorrows of Death" in dumb show; at a "Rigoletto" performance at Covent Garden, applause began for a distant note of Caruso just as the Jester was approaching the sack containing his murdered daughter. What about the pillory in this case? I have twice heard the applause begin in the middle of the last movement of Tchaikowsky's Fifth Symphony; applause began twice during Schumann's "Carnival" at the second Otto Voss recital; and, if a concerto is played with piano accompaniment, the latter is accounted of no consequence at all when the solo player is silent. At one of Von Vecsey's recitals (the fourth, I think) Herr Schmidt Badekow, after beginning an orchestral passage, stopped deliberately; waited until the noise had ceased, and then began again from the end of the solo part. So far from any hint being conveyed by this line of action, it might as well have been tried on an audience of owls.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S BATTLES.

Stonewall Jackson's negro body servant knew before anybody else when a battle was imminent. "The general tells you, I suppose," said one of the soldiers.

"Lawd, no, sir! De gin'ral nudder tell me nothin'! I observates de 'tention of de gin'ral dis way: Co'se he prays, jest like we all, mornin' an' night; but when he gits up two, three times in a night to pray den I rubs my eyes and gits up too, an' packs de haversack—ca'se I done fine out dere's gwine to be old boy to pay right away."—From Mrs. Roger A. Pryor's Reminiscences.

HIS REASON.

The other day a young man gave a reason for not dancing, the spirit of which might be made to apply to a good many failures in life.

"I should like to dance," he said, "and I should dance, only the music puts me out and the girl gets in my way."

What is a virtuous man? Some one who possesses a perfect whole of religious, social and domestic virtues, perfumed with dillanoy.—The Abbe Roux.

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A Wilderness Apostle.

The name of Pere Lacombe, the Oblate missionary of the Canadian forests, is a somewhat familiar one to the readers of Catholic papers, where from time to time mention of his labors has been made, but perhaps not all Catholics are familiar with the really great work which this unassuming priest has accomplished. An appreciative sketch of his labors and successes among the Indians is published in the April number of *Outing*, from the pen of Agnes C. Laut. Allowing for the limitations of a magazine article, it gives a comprehensive account of some of the most dramatic occurrences in the life of Father Lacombe with a sympathetic glimpse of the man himself.

"In the month of September," wrote Miss Laut, "there passed through Montreal, on the way from France to the foothills of the Rockies, a distinguished figure unique for the last three-quarters of a century in the annals of the great Northwest. 'Doers of big things—men who have made history—we still have with us; but not every maker of history has by the mere lifting of a hand prevented massacres that might have wiped out the frontier of half a continent. Few leaders have rallied half a hundred men to victory against a thousand through pitchy darkness, in the confusion of what was worse than darkness, panic. And not every hero of victory can be the hero of defeat, a hero—for instance—to the extent of standing siege by scourge, with three thousand dying and dead of the plague, men fleeing from camp pursued by a phantom death, wolves skulking past the wind-blown tent-flaps unmolested, none remaining to bury the dead but the one man whose hands are over-busy with the dying."

"He at once went to the House of the Oblates, Montreal. The Oblates were preparing to capture this field. (The great up-country of the Northwest.) A curious old pile of unpretentious gray stone is this house of dreams, that has sent so many brave men to heroism and death in the Northwest! It is a house of poverty and ideals as well as dreams. Perhaps they go together. Vespers were ringing as I drove up to the door; and I could not but think as I listened to the lilt of the chimes how many young mystics had dreamed of the white-robed victory to the sound of those bells, only to go forth to life-long exile, to death by famine or cold, or the assassin hand, like young Fafard and Marchand at Frog Lake."

Here, presently, in the "parlour" of the famous old monastery, Miss Laut met Father Lacombe, "a muscularly built, close-knit man, who looks more as if he were in the sixties than in the seventies, with hands that could take a bulldog grasp of difficulties, shoulders broad to carry the heaviest weights unbent, and on his face a kindness inexpressible."

"Space fails," concludes the narrator, "to tell of the days when the West held its breath lest the Blackfeet should join Riel in the Metis rebellion, and Father Lacombe had the fate of the frontier in the hollow of his hand; or of the old Indian sage, who sent his son to Lacombe to learn if there were no Better Way than the Wolf Code of Brute Existence."

"All night the two men sat talking, the wise man of the Indians and the wise man of the whites; comparing the wisdom of all that each knew about a Better Way, and when the fevered eyes of the dying Indian turned to watch his last sunrise, there was on his face the light that is neither of land nor sea. What his mystic visions had told him might be true, the white man had confirmed."

"These are but a few episodes in the life of a man whom the West venerates and the Indians almost worship. A secular friend has built for him a home called 'The Hermitage,' among the foothills of the Rockies; and, in the shadow of the mountains of the setting sun, he has decided to pass the evening of his life."

raised his cross in his right hand, a flag of truce in his left and marched straight out in the face of the firing line, shouting on the Cree to come out and parley. The Blackfeet could hardly believe their eyes when they realized what he was doing—marching straight in the face of certain death. They called to him to come back. They would fight to the end and die together; but he marched straight on. Bullets fell at his feet. Two or three balls sifted past his ears, singeing his hair. Again the Blackfeet shouted for him to come back; but he was beyond call, and the bullets were raining around him like hail.

"If the sun that rises over northern snowfields ever witnessed a more human piece of unconscious heroism than this solitary figure advancing against the firing line—I do not know of it."

Suddenly the priest fell, struck by a glancing bullet, and this was the signal for a still more furious onslaught by the Blackfeet, enraged to find their heroic friend injured, so that victory was soon theirs. "When the battle was over, the Blackfeet turned to Lacombe. A more haughty tribe never existed among North American Indians. They had no words now to express their pent-up feelings. They threw their arms about him like children, sobbing out gratitude. They prostrated themselves at his feet. They declared that he was divine, or the bullets that rained round him would surely have killed him; but he only told them that that was the way his God took care of men who would risk their lives for His sake; and no doubt the Blackfeet did what the Indians call some 'long thinking.'

Father Lacombe, we learn, was born of habitant parents on the banks of the St. Lawrence, and there he learned those lessons of sense and fortitude that stood him in good stead in the life-work which he adopted. It was the kind act of his parish priest—(it is a pity that his name is not given)—who furnished him with money to complete his education, burdening the gift with only one admonition, that young Lacombe 'be good.' So he decided to consecrate his life to religion.

"He at once went to the House of the Oblates, Montreal. The Oblates were preparing to capture this field. (The great up-country of the Northwest.) A curious old pile of unpretentious gray stone is this house of dreams, that has sent so many brave men to heroism and death in the Northwest! It is a house of poverty and ideals as well as dreams. Perhaps they go together. Vespers were ringing as I drove up to the door; and I could not but think as I listened to the lilt of the chimes how many young mystics had dreamed of the white-robed victory to the sound of those bells, only to go forth to life-long exile, to death by famine or cold, or the assassin hand, like young Fafard and Marchand at Frog Lake."

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Montreal, where he was organizing a colony of half-breeds for settlement on the Saskatchewan, a hundred miles north of Edmonton. It was said then that over one hundred families were preparing to go north in the spring.

HEALTH IN SPRING.

Nature Needs Assistance in Making New Health-giving Blood.

Spring is the season when your system needs toning up. In the spring you must have new blood just as the trees must have new sap. Nature demands it. Without new blood you will feel weak and languid; you may have twinges of rheumatism or neuralgia, occasional headaches, a variable appetite, pimples or eruptions of the skin, or a pale, pasty complexion. These are certain signs that the blood is out of order. The only sure way to get new blood and fresh energy is to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They actually make new, rich blood—they are the greatest spring tonic in the world. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills clear the skin, drive out disease, and make tired, depressed men and women bright, active and strong. Mr. Neil H. McDonald, Estmere, N.B., says: "It gives me great satisfaction to state that I have found Dr. Williams' Pink Pills all that is claimed for them. I was completely run down, my appetite was poor and I suffered much from severe headaches. Doctors' medicine did not give me the needed relief, so I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I used only a few boxes when my former health returned, and now I feel like a new man."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not only the best spring tonic, but are a cure for all troubles due to poor blood or shattered nerves. That is why they cure headaches and backaches, rheumatism, anaemia, kidney and liver troubles, and the special secret ailments of women and growing girls. But you must get the genuine, with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," printed on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Large Gathering at Funeral of Late James Morley.

The funeral of the late Mr. James Morley, J.P., took place from his late residence to St. Mary's Church, and thence to Cote des Neiges cemetery at 8.30 a.m. Wednesday, and was attended by a large number of personal friends and acquaintances. At the church Rev. Father Cullinan was the celebrant of the Mass, assisted by Rev. Father O'Meara, of St. Gabriel's Church, as deacon, and Rev. Father Malone, S.J., of Loyola College, as sub-deacon.

The chief mourners were Mr. Chas. Morley, son of deceased; Mr. Friel, father-in-law, Ald. D. Gallery, M.P., and Messrs. J. D'Mon, J. Bracken, Thomas Phelan, J. Logan, J. Friel and Roland Friel, brothers-in-law; Messrs. Joseph Dillon, G. Dillon, F. Dillon and T. Dillon, J. Phelan, F. Phelan, Arthur Phelan, J. Bracken, James Bracken and T. Gallery, nephews.

Among the large number of others present were Rev. Fathers O'Brien, S.J., of St. Mary's College; Cotter, S.J., of the Immaculate Conception; Brady, St. Mary's; Shea and T. Heffernan, St. Anthony's; Kiernan and Callahan, St. Michael's; Casey, St. Agnes, and P. Heffernan, St. Patrick's, and Father Leonardo, of the Italian missions; Aid. Walsh, Messrs. A. Purcell, Thos. Jones, G. Desrosiers, E. Chenier, St. John's, Que.; L. Danofrid, J. Hoolahan, G. Mundy, A. Denis, F. Rousseau, John M. Phelan, P. Flannery, F. C. Lawlor, J. D. Cogan, E. R. Gunning, Chas. Hart, E. Bissonnette, S. Griffin, A. Hinton, John McIlhorne, Joseph Robinson, Michael Dunn, C. Giroux, J. Mullally, J. Phelan, John Moore, T. O'Rourke, James Rafferty, J. Curran, S. Murphy, D. Donnelly, K. Sutherland, M. Sutherland, B. Tansley, P. Kahoe, P. Scullion, J. Carroll, S. Grannell, John O'Neil, J. Larkin, P. Brady, N. Walsh, D. O'Brien, C. Bell, R. Bannerman, J. Glennon, P. Milloy, J. R. Flynn, L. O'Connell, G. Clerk, M. Fitzpatrick, Kernan (representing O'Keefe & Co., Toronto), P. French, F. Casey, T. McDonald, S. Altimas, G. Roach, Governor C. A. Vallee, J. Slattery, John Killeen, P. Kennedy, J. Sheehan, T. Carlin, J. Walker, A. Nugent, J. A. Heffernan, S. R. Cowan, J. E. Rowan, T. Hall, T. Arnold, J. McGoldrick, J. Condon, J. Connolly, H. Butler, J. Mullin, Sub-chief St. Pierre, P. J. Doran, J. Doran, J. Reddy, B. Law, M. Leone,

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM NEW YORK EXCURSION APRIL 20th, 1905.

From Montreal { ROUND TRIP FARES } \$10.65

Going date, April 20th. Return limit, May 1st. Trains leave at 8.45 a.m. and 11.10 a.m. week days, and 7.40 p.m. daily.

EASTER HOLIDAY FARES:

Quebec, \$4.50 Toronto, \$10.00
Sherbrooke, \$2.35 Hamilton, \$10.65
Ottawa, \$2.50 London, \$12.95
Detroit, \$15.00 Ft. Erie, \$14.50

SINGLE FIRST CLASS FARE

Going April 20th to 24th, inclusive. Return limit, April 25th, 1905.

CITY TICKET OFFICES

127 St. James Street, Telephone Main 460 & 461, or Bonaventure Station.

CANADIAN PACIFIC EASTER!

EXCURSION TICKETS AT ONE WAY FIRST CLASS FARE

Between stations Fort Arthur and East, Going 20th to 24th April, Return until 25th April, 1905.

CHEAP SECONDO CLASS RATES

TO THE PACIFIC COAST

Until 15th May, 1905

Ticket Offices 129 St. James St., Windsor St. Station, Place Viger St.

The John Murphy Co., LIMITED

Voile-de-Paris at 33c a Yard

(First Floor.)

A line of All Wool Voile-de-Paris, in black and all colors, double width. The excellence of the value is revealed in the price, 33c a yard.

White India Lawn at 17c a Yard

600 yards White India Lawn, considered good value at 25c a yard, for 17c a yard.

Redingote Coats at \$16.00

We are going to sell out our 3-4 length Redingote Coats at \$15 each. These were originally priced at \$25.00 each, but because of the increased popularity of the full length coat we have made this reduction.

They are lined with white silk, have the handkerchief cape, nice new sleeves trimmed with lace and are all black.

We need not tell any one of their seasonableness and serviceableness—that goes without saying.

(See Metcalfe Street Window.)

Black Cashmere Hose

(Annex.)

Our underwear Department has this to offer:

600 pairs Ladies' Black Cashmere Hose, full fashioned, double ankle, and soles; soft and elastic—ideal hose for spring wear. Regularly sold at 45c a pair, for 29c a pair.

These are Morley's make, and that means they are the best. Shipped to a firm in Canada unable to foot the bill, we bought them at an unusual advantage, the benefit of which we pass on to our customers.

This Store closes daily at 6.30 p.m.

THE JOHN MURPHY COMPANY, Ltd.

2341 & 2343 St. Catherine St. Corner Metcalfe.

Terms Cash. Tel. Up 2740

COWAN'S Chocolate

for Eating, Drinking or Cooking is the purest and best.

A. J. Mooney, M. H. Butler, M. Kavanagh, M. Aubert, Dr. Prendergast, Dr. Finlay, J. B. I. Flynn, S. E. McInery, Capt. M. Keams, Capt. Loye, C. Street, M. Street, J. C. Walsh, B.C.L., and many others.

Many floral tributes were received, and offerings of Masses.

THE S. CARSLLEY CO. LIMITED

The Greatest Silk Sale Ever Planned

TENS OF THOUSANDS OF YARDS OF LOVELY SILKS

WILL BE OFFERED AT THE LOWEST PRICES EVER HEARD OF IN CANADA.

Thousands of ladies, aye, and men, too, will join Dame Fashion's procession to The Big Store to participate in the greatest Silk Bargain it has ever been our good fortune to offer. The Company has just completed the purchase of three manufacturers' stocks of Fine Silks—probably the largest Silk deal ever brought to such a successful issue in Canada. The price concessions were so liberal that we are enabled to hand the lovely textiles over to our customers at unheard of prices.

THE ENTIRE STOCK DISPLAYED ON SIX COUNTERS.

The Silks will be laid out on separate counters according to quality and price, greatly simplifying the task of choosing among so many. Price helps—

- AT 29c.—WASHING SILKS, with lace open work stripe, 19 inches wide, good shades of sky, pink, helio: a regular 50c quality. Sale Price 29c
- AT 35c.—GEISHA SILKS, plain soft finish, pretty shades of navy, red, sky, brown, and black. Special at 49c. Sale Price 35c
- AT 35c.—CHECK LOUISINE SILKS, maroon and white checks, 5 different size checks, Regular 50c. Sale Price 35c
- AT 48c.—CHECK TAFFETA SILKS, in black and white, and brown and white. 3 sizes of checks. Worth 60c. Sale Price 48c
- AT 57c.—CHIFFON SHOT TAFFETA SILKS, pin check effects, good shades of brown, green, navy, fawn, helio, gray and reseda. Worth 90c. Sale Price 57c
- AT 37c.—BLACK SILK MERVEILLEUX, soft rich black. Regular 50c value. Sale 37c
- AT 41c.—BLACK TAFFETA SILK, 22 inches wide, bright, rustling finish. Good value at 53c. Sale Price 41c
- AT 50c.—LOUISINE SILKS, in elegant plain shades of helio, gray, cream, fawn, pink, sky, navy, Nile, reseda and cardinal. Regular value, 65c. Sale Price 50c
- AT 59c.—BLACK DIAGONAL SILKS, 22 inches wide, a soft bright silk of extra quality. A regular 75c value. Sale price 59c
- AT 84c.—BLACK PANAMA SILK, renowned for its exceptional wearing qualities. Elegant soft finish. Splendid value at \$1 a yard. Sale Price 84c

30 Doz. Ladies' Sample Umbrellas

TO BE SOLD AT GREAT REDUCTIONS

Could any sale be more opportune? Just at a time when umbrellas are going to be absolutely indispensable, a prominent manufacturer offered us a large number of beautiful umbrellas that he wanted to dispose of in a hurry.

Being samples everyone was of top notch quality, materials and workmanship of the best. We bought the lot at figures that allowed us to be generous. We think it will be the best attended umbrella sale ever held in this store. Come early.

\$1.25 Ladies' Umbrellas for 97c.

17 DOZEN LADIES' MERCERIZED UMBRELLAS, best paragon frames and steel rod. This is a splendid lot, with a large variety of handles, straight or fancy, of horn or metal, gilt or silver plated mounts, heavy tassels. Made to sell at \$1.25. Sale Price 97c

\$2.00 Ladies' Umbrellas for \$1.60.

23 DOZEN LADIES' EXTRA QUALITY GLORIA SILK UMBRELLAS, strong 8 ribbed frames, steel rod large variety of wood, horn and gunmetal handles, in elegant designs, two heavy silk tassels, neat, close roll. Regular \$2.00 Sale Price \$1.60

Imported Spring Coats

JUST OFF THE STEAMER.

This superb collection of Ladies' Imported Spring Coats, will undoubtedly attract much attention. They represent the last word in Fashion and are just arrived from their sea voyage. There seems to be no end to the variety, each coat seems to evolve a new style. The showing presents every new idea the season has brought out, from short coats to redingotes. Some brief descriptions follow—

LADIES' HALF LENGTH LOOSE COAT, in Black Peau de Sole, new French back, handsomely embroidered collar and cuffs, loose sleeves, silk lining. Price \$26.25

A FULL LENGTH REDINGOTE, of Black Glace Silk, full sleeves, flat neck design, trimmed fancy silk braid, chic cord buttons. Price \$28.80

THE S. CARSLLEY CO. LIMITED

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

It Is Important To Have Your Home Well and Economically Carpeted and Furnished

Our exceptional values and sale discounts afford unusual advantages for complete comforts in Carpets, Rugs, Curtains, Beds, Bedding and Furniture. Mail Orders solicited and large Corporations supplied.

THOMAS LIGGETT

EMPIRE BUILDING 2474 & 2476 St. Catherine St.

Resolutions of Condolence.

The following resolution of condolence was passed by St. Ann's Court, No. 149, Catholic Order of Foresters, on the death of Alexander Francis Kavanagh, brother of the recording secretary:

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God, in His infinite goodness, to call to His eternal rest your most beloved and esteemed brother, that we tender to you our most sincere sorrow and sympathy.

Resolved, That while bowing down in humble submission to His divine will, we pray that Almighty God may console his sorrowing family and grant them grace and strength to bear with fortitude the loss they have sustained, and it is our fervent wish that he is now enjoying with his Eternal Father the reward which God gives to those who do their duty.

JAMES L. DEVINE, Chief Ranger. JAMES BROPHY, Fin. Secretary.

AN EPITAPH.

O woman-soul, all flower, and flame, and dew,—

Through your white life I groped once up to God

In happier days; you lie beneath His sod,

And now through Him alone I grope to you.

—Harper's.

Money rules merely because men are for sale. And men are always for sale when they have no object of devotion. The progress of civilization to men that are really of the modern spirit, the supreme object of devotion—the object in dying for which they may truly live. The first class men of history are those that have wrought in the passion of some conception of world order. And the great moments of history have been those in which a whole people has been inspired with a clear vision of a universal society.—Charles Ferguson.



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THE POPE AND

Complete Text of the Allocution at the Consistory.

Rome, 31st March.—Consistory which the Pope the Vatican on Sunday night of special importance to the world, inasmuch as it occasion to refer to the re-secution which the Government France is waging against in that country. Besides this occasion, he also noted shops for the vacant See parts of the world.

The Pope, turning to the who surrounded him, said "Venerable Brothers,—ing by the duty of our great assembly for the grieves us exceedingly to again to treat of question not bring joy, but confirm It is, however, well known that this is the will of providently disposes that never be wanting to the order that she may be wo Spouse, Who, in order to glorious and immaculate, she should be a sign of con "We lament with you, Brethren, that in France are in agitation supremely religion; we lament the pr only of rescinding that which, towards the beginning past century, the Roman rulers of the French Republic contracted for the common religion and of the State; that of sanctioning in per a law designed for the separation of the State Church. We, indeed, in days, with all thought and possible way, have striven such a disaster, for it is, I desire to continue in the since nothing is farther from the desire of withdrawing facts agreed upon; nevertheless project has been urged for such ardor as to make you fear that it will soon be re are profoundly grieved on the injury which the French which we love with all our will suffer from it; for we experience that whatsoever done to the Church also turt where to the detriment of fairs. Let them have the present before them, not in France who are of the party, for whom it should cred thing to take up the the Church, but also all are lovers of peace and pu quality, in order that in the common action may spare to the country.

"Meantime, Venerable Br soul is saddened also by of the war through which of time already the regions of treme East have been afflictic acres and conflagration causes for tears. Represent on earth Him Who is the the conciliator of peace, of humility, we ardently God that He may bestow to give to princes and counsels that may bring of many and so grave are the evils that everywhere to human race, that there wa to disturb it still! More clash of arms and the cor war!

"How greatly the love should be held in consider recently been keenly felt I who happily hold the supr ement of Brazil, Peru, via. For controversies hav regarding the delimitation rule of the confines betweo silian Federation and both tions—namely, the Peruvia Bolivians—it seemed that concord was in danger. E who preside over public affi wise and salutary counsel resolve the contention by s it to the judgment of othe this object, deeming very that the office of safeguard was, as it were, innate and in the Supreme Pontificat mon consent they proposi etc of this Apostolic See