

THURSDAY, MARCH 4, 1909.

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MARCH 1909.

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has not been seen in yards went out with the purchase. For the centre of interest.

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38c to \$1.00
71c to 1.45
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51c to 1.15
56c to 1.25
23c to 56c
64c to \$1.25
56c to \$1.00
41c to 82c
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42c to 94c
22c to \$1.05
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PED SATIN

Goods

To-morrow
85c
25c
65c
115c
225c
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8c
11c
485c
5c
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Business of Manufacturers
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Business advice free. Chan
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OTICE.

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Isaie Hurlbut, son,
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& PRUD'HOMME.
Attorneys.
3rd, 1909.

OTICE.

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Charles Chaput, Far-
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1909.
ANGER, ST.
N & GUERIN,
Attorneys.

ISEPTIC TABLETS
Effective remedy for
and COUGHS
remedial value of Cro-
of all types of ailments
from us, 10c in stamps
Montreal, Agents, Montreal.

The True Witness

TESTIS IN COELO FIDELIS
AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, MARCH 11, 1909

Vol. LVIII., No. 37.

PRICE, FIVE CENTS

St. Patrick's Day.

Commons R. R.
Dec. 1908

Patron Feast Will be Fittingly Observed by Montreal Irishmen.

Details of Arrangements.

Various Irish societies will fittingly observe the great patronal festival. Naturally beginning the day with the religious services and following that with the parades and public exhibit their love for the land and the race.

In the afternoon and night there will be many entertainments, both musical and dramatic.

His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi has sent letters to the Irish Catholic pastors of the city granting them permission to have solemn high Mass on the feast of St. Patrick in their own churches.

This is a departure, as in former years all the parishes united in procession and service at St. Patrick's parish church, until last year, when St. Gabriel's held a service of its own.

This year, however, each of the Irish Catholic parishes will have its own celebration.

At St. Mary's parish the members of St. Mary's Young Men's Society and several divisions of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, together with the school children of the parish, accompanied by bands of music, will hold a procession in the East End, then march to Church, where solemn high Mass will be sung and a special preacher will deliver the sermon.

At St. Gabriel's, St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Agnes, the celebrations will be of an elaborate character.

At St. Patrick's Church the pontifical high Mass will begin at 9.30 a.m. Celebrant, His Grace Most Rev. Paul Bruchesi, D.D., Archbishop of Montreal, Preacher, The Very Rev. Thomas Barrett, O.P.D.D., Moore Organ Prelude, Moore Processional, Responses, Chancel Choir, Riga, Gregorian, Ave Maria, Owns, Organist and Director of the Choir, Mr. P. J. Shea.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY DINNER

The fifty-third annual dinner of St. Patrick's Society will be given on Wednesday night at the Windsor Hotel. Previous to the dinner there will be a reception in the Hotel parlors. The toasts will include "The King," "Ireland," "Canada," "Our Guests," "The Press," and "The Ladies." The speakers will include Hon. Victor J. Dowling, Justice of the Supreme Court, New York; Hon. Geo. P. Graham, Minister of Railways and Canals; Hon. Charles Murphy, Secretary of State; Hon. J. J. Curran, Justice Superior Court; Mr. R. L. Borden, Leader of the Opposition, Hon. C. J. Doherty, M.P., Mr. Henri Bourassa, M.L.A., Mr. Henry Kavanagh, K.C., Mr. E. McG. Quirk, Mr. Walter Kennedy, D.D.

A special musical programme has been arranged for the occasion. An orchestra will play Irish melodies, and the sweet voiced boy singers of St. Patrick's School will render Irish choruses, Miss Margaret McCann, of Toronto, soprano; and Mr. Frederick D. Carter, of Montreal, basso, will be the soloists. Miss McCann is well known to Montreal music lovers, while Mr. Carter will be remembered for his success in "The Messiah."

For the convenience of those who desire to attend the dinner, tickets have been placed on sale at the Windsor Hotel, and Hyman's, St. James street.

YOUNG IRISHMEN.

The Young Irishmen's Literary and Benefit Association will produce the Irish drama "Rosaleen" at the Princess Theatre, St. Catherine street west, on St. Patrick's night. The cast is a strong one, and Miss H. O'Brien, who will appear in the title role, is said to be a young lady of exceptional dramatic talent.

Other members of the cast are Mrs. George Arless, Miss Nellie Tierney, Miss White, Miss A. Jones, Messrs. M. J. Power, T. J. Murphy, Jno. P. Cunningham, R. Kelly, J. P. O'Connell, R. Love and T. Kartizza. The play is a racy drama in five acts, and will be produced with appropriate scenery and music of the Emerald Isle. There will be songs by Miss H. O'Brien, Miss Ida Palmer, Miss Gertie Gallery and Mr. George Morgan. Mr. Wm. Flanagan and Mr. Wm. Kitts will dance an Irish jig. Mr. Edmund T. Savers will act as stage manager and Signor Camillo d'Allesio as musical director.

ST. MARY'S YOUNG MEN.

St. Mary's Catholic Young Men's Society will present an Irish comedy drama, "The Boys of Drogheda in '98," in the Theatre National Francais, corner St. Catherine and Beaudry streets, on St. Patrick's Day, afternoon and evening. The young men have been hard at work on the play for some time, and promise to excel all their past performances. The cast is a strong one, including such well known talent as Messrs. P. J. Doyle, P. Doyle, P. J. Carroll, M. Kenny, J. Chambers, J. P. Kavanagh, M. Ralters, H. O'Neill,

History of Ireland.

Demands That it Should Receive Attention in Parochial Schools.

A. O. H. Donates Prizes.

The following letter is self-explanatory and deserves serious consideration: To the Editor, True Witness: Dear Sir,—The Ancient Order of Hibernians of this country wish through the medium of your valuable paper to make a special plea on an important work that has occupied their attention for a number of years, viz. the study of Irish History in our parochial schools.

The Order in the United States are at the present time exerting every effort to engage the attention of the various authorities on the important question. In many dioceses they have succeeded in making it a compulsory study in the parochial schools. It has been placed in the curriculum of the Boston public schools and the educational department of New York State has placed it in their official list of studies.

On a thorough knowledge of the history of our race by the younger generation depends the spirit of nationality that will be manifested by them and the perpetuation of Irish sentiment in Canada.

We are all proud of our race, its noble past and present achievements in all parts of the world. But there is no part of the world in which our people have not distinguished themselves as scholars, statesmen, soldiers, or as men of affairs—above all as champions of freedom and justice.

But the question arises: What do our children know of Ireland? What do they know of its bright and glorious record of ages past? What do they know of the struggles and sufferings of their ancestors? We have a right to ask these questions when we consider the neglect with which the history of Ireland is treated in this country.

As a matter of fact it is almost lost sight of in our schools and homes while the children of our grand old race can get all the instruction they wish in the annals of other countries that are of far less concern to them from every point of view. Is it not a fact that our children are far more familiar with the names in foreign histories than they are with the names and deeds that have glorified the land of their forefathers? It is a shame that our children do not know of these things and we owe it as a debt to them that they should know it. This can be done only by making general provision for the study of Irish History in our parish schools, and agitation should be kept alive until that end is accomplished.

It is with just pride we assert that through the untiring efforts of the A.O.H. quite a number of children in the Catholic schools of Montreal are studying that glorious history of that land which gave them their nationality and faith, opening their eyes to the fact that they have a mother-country and a history of which they may justly be proud.

The County Board of Directors, A. O. H. are offering this year, as in the past, twelve gold and silver medals for competition in the various parochial schools, and trust that in the near future the various Irish societies will co-operate with them in the fulfilment of this great work, by taking similar action that will insure its adoption in the Catholic schools of this city.

Thanking you, Mr. Editor, for your valuable space, I remain, Yours truly,
T. HEAVERS,
County Secretary, A.O.H.

A. O. H. CELEBRATION.

The Hibernian Knights, Div. No. 7, A.O.H., are making great preparations for the due celebration of the feast of Ireland's patron saint, St. Patrick's Day, and intend giving their friends a rare treat in the form of an Irish patriotic concert, lecture and social, to be held in the Auditorium Hall on that evening.

They have secured one of the most gifted speakers in America, Mr. Matthew Cummins, the National President of the A.O.H.—a man who has at heart whatever should be dearest in every sense to the Irish Celt at home and abroad, and has on many occasions championed the cause of liberty, virtue, charity, education and truth. To him is due the credit of bringing before the National Convention of the A.O.H. the proposition of erecting a Celtic Cross to the memory of the stricken shipwrecked emigrants who are buried at Grosse Ile. In addition to the lecture a very fine programme of vocal and instrumental selections has been prepared, and the fact that Casey's orchestra has been engaged is in itself a guarantee that the balance of the programme will be appreciated.

Brother Prudent Leaves

Director of St. Patrick's Removed to Toronto University.

A Touching Farewell.

Many persons in Montreal will receive with regret the announcement that Rev. Brother Prudent, who until this week had been director of St. Patrick's Boys' School, has been transferred to Toronto and is now serving in an executive position at La Salle Institute in that city. Brother Prudent has been a member of the Brothers of the Christian Schools for a period of thirty-five years, of which some thirty years have been spent in Montreal at St. Ann's School, the Archbishop's Academy, Mount St. Louis Institute and St. Patrick's School. In the various capacities in which he has served Brother Prudent proved possessed of exceptional qualities as an educator, and the thousands of boys who have passed from under his care recall pleasant memories of the hours spent in the schools with which he has been connected.

The short notice given of Brother Prudent's departure precluded any elaborate leave-taking on the part of those who would have wished to have been able to offer a sympathetic handshake to a former teacher, which took place at St. Patrick's school on Tuesday afternoon, must have conveyed to Brother Prudent a fair idea of the great esteem in which he is held in Montreal. On that occasion the boys of the school were summoned to the large hall and in the presence of members of the clergy and the laity there was a touching scene. The choir boys sang several choruses, after which one of the boys read a charming address to Brother Prudent. This was followed by the reading of some admirably written verses and the presentation of a very handsome bouquet of roses. Rev. Father McShane, pastor of St. Patrick's, spoke most sympathetically of Brother Prudent and his work, and said that the first ideas of his own vocation had been suggested by Brother Prudent. Mr. Justice Curran spoke for the laity and expressed the hope that Brother Prudent would at some time return to Montreal. Brother Prudent thanked the speakers for their kindly expressed appreciation. He said that it was a sorrowful duty he was about to perform, but like a soldier he must obey.

Those present included:—Rev. Father McShane, Mr. Justice Curran, Father Killoran, Father Elliott, Father Singleton, Father O'Reilly, Father McPhail, C.S.S.R., Brother William, St. Ann's, Ald. O'Connell, Dr. Mullally, Mr. Martin Eagan, Mr. J. Fallon, W. E. Doran and the editor of the True Witness.

Here is something for the chap who is always telling how much better they do things elsewhere: Writing to the Daily Chronicle from Kamloops, British Columbia, "Britisher" says: "I have been in this beautiful country nearly three years, and I would like to point out where my countrymen are wanting in one or two respects. Some of them come out here and in speech and action assume that they are, so to speak, demi-gods, and that Canadians should adore them, because they have come from England. This kind of thing will never work out here, because there is a spirit of democracy which will never die out; that spirit which claims that every man is as good as another. Why is it the Scotch, Irish and Welsh get on here so well? Because they can adapt themselves to the conditions they find themselves in, while—I say it cautiously—the Englishman cannot: he wants things like they are 'at home.' Canadians get sick of employing men like that. They want not an England. 'When you are in Rome do as Rome does,' is a proverb that the average Englishman should take to heart."

No man or woman should hobble painfully about because of corns when so certain a relief is at hand as Holloway's Corn Cure.

Irish Brothers.

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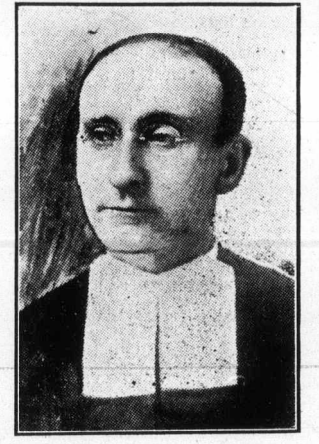
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The announcement was made at this week's meeting of the Catholic School Commissioners that episcopal sanction had been granted to the Commissioners to invite the Irish Christian Brothers to send teachers to Montreal. There has been for some time a scarcity of English-speaking teachers in the local schools. The Brothers of the Christian Schools were unable to supply the lack of teachers, hence it became necessary to seek them from the Irish brothers. A deputation consisting of Canon O'Meara, Ald. Gallery and Mr. Joseph McLaughlin interviewed His Grace the Archbishop on the subject and received from him permission to invite the Irish order to send teachers to Montreal.

The Christian Brothers of Ireland is an institute founded at Waterford Ireland, in 1802, by Edmund Ignatius Rice, a merchant of that city. At the close of the eighteenth century a cloud of ignorance and misery hung over the Catholics of Ireland, the inevitable result of two centuries of dreadful penal enactments. During those unhappy years it was illegal either for a Catholic to educate his children as Catholics or for a teacher to undertake the work. The wretched state of the Catholic boys of Wexford excited the pity of Mr. Rice. He had some idea of joining a religious order on the continent, but the miserable state of his surroundings decided his future course. The Bishop of the diocese, the most Reverend Dr. Hussey, warmly approved his intention and promised him every support.

Mr. Rice's career as a merchant came to an end in 1800, and his whole fortune and future life were devoted to the great work he had selected. In 1802, in Waterford, he opened his first school, assisted for a time by a few secular teachers. Soon after, some pious young men, drawn by the influence of his zeal and example, came to his assistance, and in 1803 a monastery was built for them by the citizens of Waterford. As the number of assistants increased and the reputation of the school became known through the island, many applications for brothers reached Mr. Rice. Houses were soon opened in Carrick-on-Suir, Dungarvan, and Cork. The Most Rev. Dr. Murray, then Bishop of Cork, summoned a meeting of the principal citizens and expressed to them a strong desire to procure similar advantages for that city. Two gentlemen offered to devote their lives and fortunes to the good work, and the first house was opened there in 1811. For almost a century the history of the Christian Brothers' schools of Cork has been one unbroken record of progress in primary, secondary and technical education. The Most Rev. Dr. Murray, Archbishop of Dublin, in 1812, established a community in Dublin. A second community was founded in 1818 and in 1907 there were ten communities in Dublin, educating more than 6000 pupils. These establishments comprised not only extensive primary and secondary schools, but orphanages, industrial schools, and a large deaf and dumb institution. The Limerick community was founded in 1816, and enlargements were made in 1825 and 1828, while many houses were opened later in the principal towns of the county.

In 1820 came the crowning of Mr. Rice's work in the Apostolic Brief by which the Holy See constituted his little band of workers into a religious institute of the Church. The Christian Brothers was the first Irish order of men formally approved by a charter from Rome. Encouraged by a regular succession of excellent members, the order gradually spread not only through the principal Irish towns, but also to Liverpool, London, and other large centres in England. Having gradually strengthened itself in the British Isles during the remaining years of the nineteenth century, the institute ultimately extended its influence into distant countries. In 1868 a colony was sent to Australia, and so fruitful was the effort that, out of a community of four, a province has grown up containing about fifty establishments, schools, colleges, orphanages, and a flourishing novitiate. Another extension of great importance was the opening of a school in St. John's, Newfoundland (1875). From the beginning the efforts of the brothers there have been very successful, and through the zeal and energy of the Benevolent Irish Society there are now five large institutions under their management. Between the regimental schools on one side and those of Anglicans and Methodists on the other, Catholic education was at a very low ebb in Gibraltar, when the Most Rev. Dr. Scandella introduced the brothers there in 1878. Soon the whole aspect was changed, and there are now on the Rock four establishments of the highest repute. From Gibraltar to New Zealand, from Australia to Newfoundland, the brothers had carried the standard of Irish monastic education, when, in 1886, Cardinal



REV. BROTHER PRUDENT.

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Ireland His Subject.

Father Naish, S. J., Will Lecture at Monument National.

Poet, Musician and Orator.

In honor of Ireland's patron saint an entertainment will be given at the Monument National on Monday night by the choral union, under the auspices of St. Agnes' Parish. Rev. Father Naish, S. J., will deliver a lecture on Ireland, and there will be a musical programme under the di-

Note and Comment.

The Catholic Press.

At all events, this session of the Quebec Legislature will not be dull and listless, judging from the lively manner in which proceedings have begun.

Oxford students refused to listen to Keir Hardie when he tried to address them. This would indicate the people become tired of hearing unpleasant things about themselves. Mr. Hardie has been a merciless critic.

Hiram Maxham has invented a silencer for firearms. Hiram would confer a great boon if he would devise a silencer for some of our political propagandists.

Another man has killed the golden goose. A farmer in County Antrim found half a sovereign in the craw of the goose he had just acted as executioner of.

A temperance lecturer brought to Canada by the Dominion Alliance says that Canada is a long way behind Great Britain in that work. Wonder if he thinks big breweries and countless distilleries make for drinkless districts.

If the Police Committee is to be believed, Montreal is a most moral spot, being apparently free from all corruption and sin. Is that faith or ?

Says the Milwaukee Catholic Citizen: "A Catholic who finds a Catholic paper too 'dull' to read is a Catholic who rarely opens a prayer book. It is 'dull reading' too."

Now, if any person can offer a suggestion as to the best means of making the True Witness snappy and bright, as well as accurate, just write to the Editor.

Mgr. Francis Xavier Profontaine, member of the parol household, and the oldest priest in Seattle, Wash., is dead in that city, aged seventy years. His first congregation numbered ten white persons. On September 21, by special papal decree, he was invested with the purple robes of the Pope's household.

Bishop McFaul says: "Priests should not hesitate to go into the newspapers. Give them the news. Tell them what is going on in Catholic circles. Don't pay any attention to those who charge you with rooting your own horn when you give news to the newspapers."

We recommend this injunction to our friends of the Montreal Diocese. The Catholic journal is the place for all the Catholic news.

Serious charges in connection with the recent earthquake in Italy, were made against the Italian government and the Red Cross Society by the Rev. Angelus Idone, on his arrival in New York from Calabria on the Deutschland, of the Hamburg-American line. He is pastor of St. Marian's Catholic Church, Cleveland, Ohio. With him was his ten-year-old brother, Arthur Idone, whose home was wrecked in the earthquake. Father Idone made a statement to an immigration officer, Edward Flannery, for official action.

Briefly his charges are that the Italian soldiers were brutal and negligent and paid little attention to the sufferers, many of whom could have been rescued; that they were chiefly concerned in distributing the choicest of the American contributions to their friends; that provisions and blankets were carried away and that the looting continued until a lieutenant in command was finally transferred, but not punished.

"When I protested," he said, "the lieutenant ordered my arrest. My papers of American citizenship saved me. When I asked the Red Cross attaches by what right they gave away American supplies to their friends they told me to mind my own business or I would be arrested. I saw acts of cruelty which no newspaper would dare print."

The cheapness of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator puts it within reach of all, and it can be got at any druggist's.

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The Christian Brothers of Ireland is an institute founded at Waterford Ireland, in 1802, by Edmund Ignatius Rice, a merchant of that city. At the close of the eighteenth century a cloud of ignorance and misery hung over the Catholics of Ireland, the inevitable result of two centuries of dreadful penal enactments. During those unhappy years it was illegal either for a Catholic to educate his children as Catholics or for a teacher to undertake the work. The wretched state of the Catholic boys of Wexford excited the pity of Mr. Rice. He had some idea of joining a religious order on the continent, but the miserable state of his surroundings decided his future course. The Bishop of the diocese, the most Reverend Dr. Hussey, warmly approved his intention and promised him every support.

Mr. Rice's career as a merchant came to an end in 1800, and his whole fortune and future life were devoted to the great work he had selected. In 1802, in Waterford, he opened his first school, assisted for a time by a few secular teachers. Soon after, some pious young men, drawn by the influence of his zeal and example, came to his assistance, and in 1803 a monastery was built for them by the citizens of Waterford. As the number of assistants increased and the reputation of the school became known through the island, many applications for brothers reached Mr. Rice. Houses were soon opened in Carrick-on-Suir, Dungarvan, and Cork. The Most Rev. Dr. Murray, then Bishop of Cork, summoned a meeting of the principal citizens and expressed to them a strong desire to procure similar advantages for that city. Two gentlemen offered to devote their lives and fortunes to the good work, and the first house was opened there in 1811. For almost a century the history of the Christian Brothers' schools of Cork has been one unbroken record of progress in primary, secondary and technical education. The Most Rev. Dr. Murray, Archbishop of Dublin, in 1812, established a community in Dublin. A second community was founded in 1818 and in 1907 there were ten communities in Dublin, educating more than 6000 pupils. These establishments comprised not only extensive primary and secondary schools, but orphanages, industrial schools, and a large deaf and dumb institution. The Limerick community was founded in 1816, and enlargements were made in 1825 and 1828, while many houses were opened later in the principal towns of the county.

In 1820 came the crowning of Mr. Rice's work in the Apostolic Brief by which the Holy See constituted his little band of workers into a religious institute of the Church. The Christian Brothers was the first Irish order of men formally approved by a charter from Rome. Encouraged by a regular succession of excellent members, the order gradually spread not only through the principal Irish towns, but also to Liverpool, London, and other large centres in England. Having gradually strengthened itself in the British Isles during the remaining years of the nineteenth century, the institute ultimately extended its influence into distant countries. In 1868 a colony was sent to Australia, and so fruitful was the effort that, out of a community of four, a province has grown up containing about fifty establishments, schools, colleges, orphanages, and a flourishing novitiate. Another extension of great importance was the opening of a school in St. John's, Newfoundland (1875). From the beginning the efforts of the brothers there have been very successful, and through the zeal and energy of the Benevolent Irish Society there are now five large institutions under their management. Between the regimental schools on one side and those of Anglicans and Methodists on the other, Catholic education was at a very low ebb in Gibraltar, when the Most Rev. Dr. Scandella introduced the brothers there in 1878. Soon the whole aspect was changed, and there are now on the Rock four establishments of the highest repute. From Gibraltar to New Zealand, from Australia to Newfoundland, the brothers had carried the standard of Irish monastic education, when, in 1886, Cardinal

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REV. VINCENT NAISH, S. J.

left shortly afterwards for the Calcutta mission, where he remained for thirteen years during which time he filled the offices of rector of St. Xavier's College

HOUSE AND HOME

CONDUCTED BY HELENE.

A growing plant should be kept in the room with a piano, says a piano tuner. As long as the plant thrives the piano will. The reason that a piano is injured by a dry, overheated room is that all the moisture is taken out of the sounding board. The board is forced into the case so tightly that it bulges up in the center and, though the wood is supposed to be as dry as possible when this is done, it contains some moisture and gathers more on damp days. When this moisture is dried out the board flattens and finally cracks.

TELL ME, YE WINGED WINDS.

Tell me, ye winged winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the west,
Where, free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?
The loud wind whistled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered,—"No."
Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary man may find
The bliss for which he sighs,
Where sorrow never lives,
And friendship never dies?
The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for a while, and sighed to answer,—"No."
And thou, serene moon,
That, with such lovely face,
Dost look upon the earth,
Asleep in night's embrace,
Tell me, in all thy round,
Hast thou not seen some spot
Where miserable man
May find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
And a voice, sweet but sad, responded,—"No."
Tell me, my secret soul,
O, tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting place
From sorrow, sin and death?
Is there no happy spot
Where mortals may be blest,
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest?
Faith, Hope and Love, best bonds to mortals given,
Wave their bright wings, and whisper,—"Yes, in Heaven."
—Charles Mackay.

True Witness Paris Patterns

PATTERN COUPON.

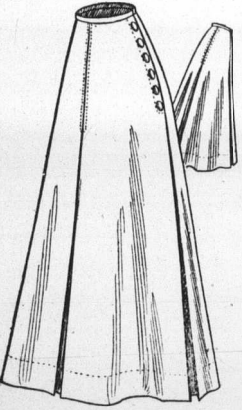
Please send the above-mentioned pattern as per directions given below:

No. _____

Size _____

Name _____

Address in full _____



2754

MISSES' FOUR-GORED SKIRT.

Paris Pattern No. 2754

All Seams Allowed.

Closing at the left side of the front, this is an excellent model for the general knockabout walking skirt of tweed, moiré, cheviot, serge, French or English worsted or Venetian cloth, as well as for the summer skirt of white or natural colored linen, Victoria lawn, Indian-head cotton, duck or khaki. Wide inverted box-plaits give the required fullness to the front, back and sides, and the lower edge is finished with a wide hem. The skirt closes at the left side of the front and makes an excellent part of a coat suit or shirt-waist dress. The buttons used for the closing are either the pearl or cloth-covered variety, according to the material used in the making of the skirt. The pattern is in three sizes—12 to 17 years. For a miss of 15 years the skirt requires 6 1/2 yards of material 36 inches wide, 2 1/2 yards 36 inches wide, 3 1/2 yards 42 inches wide or 2 1/2 yards 44 inches wide.

Price of pattern, 10 cents.

TWO LENTEN LUNCHEON DISHES.

A delicious luncheon for non-meat eaters. Scald one-half pint of milk in a double boiler, add one-third cup butter, and when melted two cups of soft bread crumbs, free from crust. Place the dish containing the mixture directly over the fire and cook, stirring vigorously for five minutes. Then add one cup of walnut meats chopped fine, a teaspoon of onion juice, one-fourth level teaspoon of celery salt, three beaten eggs and salt and pepper to taste. Turn into a buttered dripping pan and shape into a roll. Bake for twenty minutes, basting often with a little butter melted in hot water. For a sauce, melt two level tablespoons of butter and add one level tablespoon of finely minced onion and a sprig of parsley. When well browned add two level tablespoons of flour, and when this has browned add a cup of hot water gradually, cook until thick, and smooth, and after the roll has been removed to a hot platter add the sauce to the pan. Stir well and strain over the roll.

CHEESE AND BREAD (GERMAN)

Plain bread cut in rather thick slices, mix three eggs (whole), three tablespoons grated cheese, a good sized piece of butter and one table-spoon of cream, pepper and salt to taste. Pour on bread and put cheese side down into boiling butter and cook for about two or three minutes. Serve hot.

FASHION NOTES.

The hipless figure remains the mode. The soft satins continue to be very popular. Horse-hair braids are used for between-season hats. Hand embroidery gives individuality wherever applied. All lines introduced by trimmings are long and straight. Many smart new frocks show a waist-line near the normal. The Dutch collar is a popular feature of the plain shirt-waist. Many of the new waists have sleeves perfectly plain at the top. Flower designs are giving way to motifs of insects in Irish laces. Gimpes and sleeves of dressy gowns are often made of gold or silver net. Women of taste will not wear jewels nor stiff ribbon bows in their hair in the morning. Tunics are good for almost any kind of dress, but they are particularly beautiful for evening gowns. A waist that closes in the back is always pretty with tucks extending to yoke depth in front. Colorless stamping dies is a fad of the moment, although not so effective as the gold, silver, or the white. All of the beautiful soft fabrics are used for indoor wear, where any style of dressy gown is in demand. The big shawl collar and deep cuffs are an excellent way for utilizing half-worn furs that can be cut. The fashions of to-day are eminently youthful. They demand the straight, unformed figure of the schoolgirl. For once we have stumbled on a fashion that is really an economy: for instead of having a high necked gown for the theatre and a semi-long necked gown for an informal dinner, a woman now needs but one dress for both occasions.

THE IDEAL WOMAN.

The ideal woman is a woman without an ideal. She is easy to live with. She is worth living for. She is light in the charcoal drawing of humanity, man being the charcoal. She is the skylight in the edifice of human life. She has no history. She has no story. She is the rhythm which transforms the prose of life into poetry. She wears a reasonable hat at matinees. She is too clever to talk of woman's rights; she matches them. She wears frocks that match her hair; she does not dye her hair to match her frocks. She helps her husband to build up a future for himself and never seeks to rake up his past. She knows that when men talk about a woman being good looking they mean that she is well dressed though they don't know it. She does not insist upon her husband's eating up the cucumber sandwiches left over from one of her parties. She eats them herself and suffers in silence. She is not such a fool as to fancy that anyone is ever convinced by argument. She does not reason. She loves. She does not believe that a man can love only one or only one. She herself prefers loving much to loving many. She knows that every real woman is the ideal woman, the fact being that every idea of the ideal woman is wholly dependent on the idealist, and every woman who is idealized is idealized.

CULTURED PERSONALITY.

A "cultured personality" includes cleanliness, neatness, a certain control of art, in dress; a well-modulated voice, an attractive manner in listening to others, a well-poised body, a direct and easy carriage and walk, and a pleasant, agreeable expression of countenance.

The haughty, disdainful and cold demeanor is incompatible with culture.

Only the vulgarian, with an outward veneer of polish, "puts on airs." The really cultured, like the really great souls of earth, are always affable and simple and natural. That quality which most uplifts and beautifies character is consideration of others and obedience of one's own highest instincts.

The man who is considerate of his fellow-men pays his debts promptly, does not endeavor to "beat" his neighbor in a bargain, does not haggle over prices, and is tolerant of others' political and religious ideas. He is kind and affectionate in his family, appreciative of his wife and children, and patient and thoughtful with those in his employ.

All these homely virtues "uplift and beautify character." Without them the most heroic and brilliant deeds cannot make an admirable human being.

The woman who wishes to possess a "cultivated personality" and a beautiful character must keep her engagements, pay her social and financial obligations, shun gossip and harsh criticism, suit her dress and her amusement to her income, keep her home orderly and attractive, and herself a pleasure to the eye, ear and heart.

The path to character building is a long one; there is no short cut. It requires continual watchfulness, continual self-control, to travel that path.

But it is a way which grows more beautiful, and the world seems more interesting and life sweeter each year as we advance, when the goal of a beautiful character is our aim.

THINGS WORTH REMEMBERING.

Cheese is a good meat substitute. Flowers lend an air of freshness to a bedroom. Good seed are cheap at any price, and bad ones dear even as a gift. Spinach needs thorough cleansing or it will be sandy when cooked. All fish out of season are unwholesome and sometimes positively injurious. As an illuminant alcohol comes as near to perfection as any artificial light yet invented. The orange is the most wholesome, delicious and refreshing of all fruits. Sunshine is necessary in the propagation of plants from seeds, at least at the start. Heavy carpets are a thing of the past in the best-kept houses, and in bedrooms, especially, the lightest rugs are used. A spoonful of sugar and a clove of garlic put in a pan with a roast of mutton will improve the flavor of the meat. A good lamp is one of the essentials of a living room, and should be a dignified and harmonious part of the decorative scheme. When compressed yeast breaks off sharp and brittle it is fresh; when soft it is not fresh and may not give satisfaction.

TWO GOOD RULES.

It is a good thing to have some rules or maxims for the government of one's life. Here are two that are worth adopting:

Rule 1.—Never be discouraged. Pretty hard rule, isn't it? Never mind the hardness of it. Just resolve to obey it. Discouragement is the devil, he who trusts God and does right, has no business to listen to the devil, no matter what happens. God is supreme, and will win in the end; and His victory will be the victory of all who stand with Him.

Rule 2.—Never be a discourager. What can be meaner than to tempt another to defeat and failure in the contest of life? That is too much like the devil's work for any sensible self-respecting person to engage in it. Every temptation to wrongdoing has some element of discouragement in it. Stand aloof from any such satanic-like work. Be a dispenser of sunshine when there are despondent.

HOW TO MAKE A COOKBOOK.

Cut from the newspapers and magazines all recipes which you think you would like and after trying and approving of them paste in a blank note-book. Arrange under heads in alphabetical order, and in no time you will have a good cook-book which is composed of recipes which you would like and have tried.

A NEW FAD.

There is nothing more effective when worn by a person to whom it is entirely becoming than a smart black costume, and now there is quite a fad in vogue among slender young women for the wearing of an all-black street toilette. The effect is picturesque in the extreme. The skirt is long, plain and narrow, making it necessary to hold it up for walking. The coat is one of the long, slender, plain, cutaway type, and there is a black hat, black gloves, black suede shoes or ties, and a black veil, while one of the immense black muffs completes the costume.

WHAT IS A JOURNALIST?

People who read the newspapers, but are not familiar with newspaper work, commonly refer to newspaper men as journalists. Many enterprising young gentlemen, as a rule just out of college, style themselves journalists. Just how it is in other cities I do not know, but I do know that in New York the "journalist" is considered as a joke, just as the actor who calls himself an artist is considered a joke along the Rialto, says a writer in The Editor and Publisher.

People who are connected with the editorial departments of newspapers are in journalism, but I never yet heard a live one call himself a journalist any more than I have ever heard a skillful doctor call himself a physician. It seems to be a distinction without a difference, yet there is a difference.

Henry Watterson—"Marse Henry"—once said that he was trying to be a newspaper man and that some time in the future he might become a journalist, but he hoped not.

The following are some original definitions regarding the difference between a newspaper man and a journalist:

Charles D. McCall of Brady & Griscom: "A journalist writes for the wastebasket. A newspaper man writes for the paper."

Ada Patterson, New York American: "A journalist uses a fountain pen. A newspaper man writes copy with a pencil."

Joseph Dillon, with James K. Hackett: "A journalist wears a cane."

Don't forget to order the True Witness St. Patrick's Day Souvenir. Price 15c.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP

Is a Remedy Without An Equal For COUGHS, COLDS, And All Affections Of The THROAT and LUNGS.

Coughs and Colds do not call for a minute recital of symptoms as they are known to everyone, but their dangers are not understood so well. All the most serious affections of the throat, the lungs and the bronchial tubes, are in the beginning, but coughs and colds.

Too much stress cannot be laid upon the admission to all persons affected by the insidious earlier stages of throat and lung disease, as failure to take hold at once will cause many years of suffering, and in the end that terrible scourge of "Consumption."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is not sold as a Cure for Consumption but for affections tributary to, and that result in, that disease. It combines all the lung healing virtues of the Norway pine tree with other absorbent, expectorant and soothing medicines of recognized worth, and is absolutely harmless, prompt and safe.

So great has been the success of this wonderful remedy, it is only natural that numerous persons have tried to imitate it. Don't be humbugged into taking anything but "Dr. Wood's." Put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark; price 25 cents.

It is No Trouble To Work Now

So says Miss Elsie J. Allen after using Dodd's Kidney Pills

She Suffered from Weakness and Kidney Trouble, but the old Reliable Kidney Remedy Cured her Completely

St. Croix, N.B., March 8.—(Special.)—That the pains and weakness which make life almost unbearable to so many women are easily and completely cured by using Dodd's Kidney Pills, is once more shown in the case of Miss Elsie J. Allen, of this place.

"I suffered greatly from kidney trouble and weakness before I began taking Dodd's Kidney Pills," Miss Allen says. "I was so weak I could hardly get around and work was almost impossible. Life was a struggle till I heard of Dodd's Kidney Pills. I began taking them and soon felt better. I took seven boxes in all and they cured me."

"I can now do my work the year round and do not feel it. My back which used to trouble me so much is well and strong, and I don't feel any pains at all."

"The root of women's troubles is in the kidneys. That is why a Canadian suffering woman in Canada that Dodd's Kidney Pills will not help, and in nearly every case Dodd's Kidney Pills will work a complete cure."

ST. JOSEPH.

Seek ye the grace of God,
And mercies from on high!
Invoke St. Joseph's holy name,
And on his aid rely.

So shall the Lord, well pleased,
Your earnest prayer fulfill;
The guilty cleanse from guilt, and make
The holy holier still.

So shall his tender care
To you through life be nigh;
So shall his love with triumph crown
Your dying agony.

Locked in the virgin arms
Of Mary and her Son;
Embracing each in speechless joy
And sweetest union.

O Joseph, in what peace
Was breathed thy latest sigh!
Dear pattern of all those to come
Who should in Jesus die!

Hail, mightiest of saints!
To whom submissive bent
He whose Creator-hand outstretched
The starry firmament.

Hail, Mary's spouse elect!
Hail, guardian of the Word!
Nurse of the highest, and esteem'd
The father of the Lord!

Blest Trinity, to thee,
From all in earth, in heaven,
And to St. Joseph's holy name,
Be praise and honor given.

It is Wise to Prevent Disorder.—Many causes lead to disorders of the stomach and few are free from them. At the first manifestation that the stomach and liver are not performing their functions, a course of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills should be tried, and it will be found that the digestive organs will speedily resume healthy action. Laxatives and sedatives are so blended in these pills that no other preparation could be so effective as they.

Oshawa Fireproof Building Materials

You can gain buying from us everything in the line of Fireproof Building Materials for Exteriors and Interiors. Free Catalogue for the asking.

PEDLAR People of Oshawa
Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, St. John, Winnipeg, Vancouver

however, he was much annoyed to hear peals of laughter from below and called back the man to explain. The valet answered that it was just a little joke, but his lordship would have none of it and demanded details angrily.

"Well," admitted the man, with reluctance, "it was really a little game we were having, my lord."

"What game?"

"Well, my lord, a kind of guessing game."

"Don't be a fool, Walters. I rang for you in order to get an explanation. What guessing game are you playing? Guessing what?"

"We blindfolded the cook, to tell you the truth, my lord, and then one of us kissed her, and she had to guess who it was. The footman held up the mop, and she kissed it and then cried out, 'Oh, your lordship, how dare you?'"

"Theodore Roosevelt has a fine sense of humor," said an old-time New Yorker. "When he was police commissioner he used to go around and keep tabs on the police himself. He came upon one standing at a bar one night before a large full grown glass of whisky which he was about to consume. Roosevelt touched him on the shoulder.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"What business is that of yours?" the cop demanded. "What's your name?"

"My name is Roosevelt," answered that gentleman.

"The cop drank the liquor, set down the glass, wiped his lips with the back of his hand, and then turned on the commissioner.

"If your name is Roosevelt," said he, "my name is Dennis."

"Roosevelt let him off with a reprimand."

Father Gray, Catholic Mission, Fakenham, Norfolk, England.

P.S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation and send with my acknowledgments a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart, and St. Anthony.

Letter from Our New Bishop.

Dear Father Gray.—You have duly accounted for the aims which you have revealed, and you have placed them solemnly in the names of Diocesan Trustees. Your efforts have gone far towards providing a permanent Mission at Fakenham. I authorize you to continue to solicit alms for this object until, in my judgment, it has been fully attained.

Yours faithfully in Christ,
F. W. KEATING,
Bishop of Northampton.

Synopsis of Canadian North-West HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

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

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

Entry by proxy may, however, be made on certain conditions, by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

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

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

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(By Katharine)

When I think strange, unreal might be called life ship away in a sheepshead of leaves about upon a shepherd recall the litter picture—it was mous tableaux twenty years I mind I seem to top against a top white cloud Young Shepherd—and, at that when the soft merges into a boy, Leo was such a shepherd boy upon the Attic

I had often course, about the older sister Hed sister Sue's mus bably more boy perceptions at finished my school—I sized Leo's peculi ty until I saw there, freed from garments, trans lad of Greece.

Leo's parents a father, of aristoc fact to which the family features l one of the many ca in the early s cially deteriorate case with the be mans in this ec quite content with of his honest. And our acquaint Sue's professional Hedwig, was limi of cordial greeti But we know, as one's humbler nei small community, more or less talen played together in the pleasant Germ knew also, that was a violinist in chestra and that name was Leopold of a youthful vi flute.

Sometimes I st Hedwig when she ber lesson. With extraordinary beau delicate aristocrat and manner—I can tinctly even now, more intelligent an the other Newberri ings might easily frequent and assun somal character, ha the watchfulness of mother, and, even n for the girl's own penetrable dignit y until we had, in De Long tableaux, cation to remember had inquired for L that a little shadow face at my questio answered with an pride in her annou

"Oh, Leo—he ha York to study the And I had inquir fute?"

"The obists rec wigg explained. "The them, so they are m I asked why t seemed to me that s simply and directly remember she said that not every music lented, could becom that a bassoon-play orchestra with Otto cently visited them. Leo had the equipm in a thousand,—the chest development, t reel. Obists, she c soon-player as sayi not made. So he v arship with him, to v said, "and it seem Leo somehow. It rashes and brooks an Arcady."

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The Pipe of Pan.

(By Katharine Metcalf Roof, in Pu-tnam's Magazine.)

When I think of Leo now, all the strange, unreal happenings of what might be called the last year of his life slip away and the picture that his name calls up is of a little boy in a sheepskin girdle with a chaplet of leaves about his head, playing upon a shepherd's pipe. I do not recall the literal background of the picture—it was one of De Long's famous tableaux at Newberry, almost twenty years ago now,—but in my mind I seem to see a sun-burned hill-top against a blue sky piled high with white clouds. "Pan and the Young Shepherd," De Long called it,—and, at that evanescent moment when the soft roundness of the child merges into the slim strength of the boy, Leo was surely as beautiful as any shepherd boy that ever piped upon the Attic hills.

I had often seen him, before, of course, about the village streets. His older sister Hedwig was my little sister Sue's music-teacher. But probably more boy than artist in my perceptions at that time—I had just finished my first year at the art school—I seemed never to have realized Leo's peculiar, distinctive beauty until I saw him in the frame there, freed from his uncouth boyish garments, transformed into a little lad of Greece.

Leo's parents were German. His father, of aristocratic antecedents, a fact to which their name and the family features bore testimony, was one of the many who fled to America in the early seventies. But, socially deteriorated as is often the case with the better class of Germans in this country, he seemed quite content with the maintenance of his honest little grocery shop. And our acquaintance, except for Sue's professional connection with Hedwig, was limited to the exchange of cordial greetings on the street. But we knew, as one knows even one's humbler neighbors' affairs in a small community, that they were all more or less talented musically, and played together in the evening after the pleasant German fashion. He knew, also, that an older brother was a violinist in a New York orchestra and that Leo (whose whole name was Leopold) was something of a youthful virtuoso upon the flute.

Sometimes I stopped to talk with Hedwig when she came to give Sue her lesson. Without possessing Leo's extraordinary beauty, Hedwig had a delicate aristocratic charm of face and manner—I can recall her distinctly even now,—and, being far more intelligent and interesting than the other Newberry girls, our meetings might easily have become more frequent and assumed a more personal character, had it not been for the watchfulness of my conservative mother, and, even more than that, for the girl's own gentle yet impenetrable dignity. One conversation we had, in the summer of the De Long tableaux, which I had occasion to remember afterwards. I had inquired for Leo, and I noticed that a little shadow came upon her face at my question, although she answered with an obvious sense of pride in her announcement. "Oh, Leo—he has gone to New York to study the oboe."

And I had inquired, "Why not the flute?" "The oboists receive more," Hedwig explained. "There are fewer of them, so they are more in demand." I asked why that was, and it seemed to me that she answered less simply and directly than usual. I remember she said for one thing, that not every musician, however talented, could become an oboist, and that a bassoon-player in the same orchestra with Otto who had recently visited them had said that Leo had the equipment of one man in a thousand,—the flexible lips, the chest development, the breath control. Oboists, she quoted the bassoon-player as saying, were born, not made. So he had taken Leo away with him, to work for a scholarship at a conservatory. "It is a poetic instrument," I said, "and it seems to belong to Leo somehow. It suggests green rushes and brooks and Greece and Arcady." But Hedwig, instead of meeting my outburst with her German responsiveness which I found so charming, looked suddenly grave. "But my mother is so unhappy about it. Her oldest brother was an oboist."

"But why should she be unhappy?" I wondered. "You mean because he is leaving home?" I remember that Hedwig hesitated, then, merely saying, "It is bad for the health," changed the subject.

I did not see Leo again for twelve or fifteen years; for the next summer I went to France to study, and after that the break-up of our home kept me from spending any more summers at Newberry. It was just I had received the contract to decorate a new Western state-house that one spring evening, as I sat in a front-row seat at a concert in Carnegie Hall, I noticed among the wood-wind players a smooth-shaven young man with an extraordinarily beautiful profile that had something vaguely familiar about it. He was the very type I had wanted, without hope of discovering it, for the youth in the Grecian outdoor scheme I was working out for this decoration. I watched him through the rest of the performance, mentally posing him, adjusting him in my composition, yet all the while vaguely tormented by the resemblance that eluded identification. Then at a certain moment, the angle of the raised arms, the turn of the head, suddenly brought it to me. It was Leo!

I recalled having heard that orchestral musicians were moderately paid, and it occurred to me as quite possible that I could get him to pose for me. So I directly after the performance I went around to the musicians' entrance, and happening to catch him just coming out, I introduced myself to him. He did not recollect my face, of course, but he recalled quickly, with a native charm of manner that I remembered as characteristic of the family, my name and my little sister Sue—now grown up and married. I inquired for Hedwig. "She still teaches music," Leo answered. "All the others are married. She is the only one at home with father."

I felt a little pang at the sense of her wasted youth and charm. Hedwig had been too fine to accept the kind of man that her family's social status in their adopted country would conceivably furnish. Then I spoke of the De Long tableaux of Leo's childhood. "I want you in that same character now," I said, and went on to elaborate more fully. After a moment's consideration Leo said he thought he could manage it, and asked whether he should come to see me to make the arrangements or if I would come to him. I decided in favor of the latter, for I have a fancy for seeing the kind of man that her family's social status in their own environment, however remote intention of my representation, and hastily took down his address on the edge of my program.

He lived, I discovered, in an old-fashioned house with a small square of grass in front of it, in a neighborhood bordering upon that part of the town known as Greenwich village. It had a sort of continuous veranda built out from every floor with wrought-iron railings which were covered with wistaria vines at that time just beginning to blossom. Leo's room was rather bare and fitted out with depressing cheap furniture, but it was large, sunny and clean, and was saved from any air of loneliness by the large display of family photographs, among which babies and half-grown children conspicuously figured. There were also a print of Beethoven and one of Schubert upon the wall. Leo greeted me with his cordial, half-formal German courtesy, which American birth and plebeian associations seemed not to have obliterated, then saying, "It is pleasanter outside," led the way out through the open French window to the balcony.

I discovered a canary in a particularly roomy cage hanging among the wistaria vines. Leo stopped and whistled to it, and with the pathetic quivering response of the caged bird it broke at once into a joyous soft little song full of overtones. "What an extraordinary song!" I exclaimed. Leo smiled. I saw that he loved the little bird. "Oh, Hans, he is a musician also," he said. "Hans, I laughed. 'What a funny name for a bird!'" "Does it seem so? In Germany almost all canaries are Hans, as in America they are Dick. All our canaries at home were named Hans. But you shall hear him perform." Leo went back into the room and

came out again directly with his oboe, upon which he played a few bars of a Mozart melody, and the canary, to my astonishment, after the prelude of a few chirps, repeated it exactly.

"I didn't know a canary could be taught a tune," I exclaimed. "Oh, yes, with a little patience. But few birds are so clever as Hans." Then he made the bird repeat his little solo. "You recognize it! It is the melody with which Tannino charms the birds and beasts in 'Zauberflöte.'"

"I hadn't just placed it, but the divine Mozart simplicity is unmistakable," I replied. Leo looked off at the drifting clouds above the dingy roof-tops. As he stood there among the vines, the light and shade from the wistaria playing over his head and face, he looked more than ever like a young wood god; yet I realized, in the revealing outdoor light, some tired, worn lines in his face that should not have been there, for he was built like a young Hercules.

"Yes, there is but one Mozart," he said. "But after all one could not easily mistake them one from the other, the inspired ones." He turned and looked at me, a light shining in his blue eyes. "There is Schubert—he is the wild woods, the smell of ferns and the sound of the brook. Beethoven is the placid meadows and yet also the fury of the storm. And Wagner, he is everything—the winds and the tempest, the earth, the sea and all that in them is, and the morning stars singing together. But Mozart—he is an eighteenth century formal garden, with wide green lawns and clipped yews and little temples—but always above, the great eternal sky and the eternal sunshine."

It was not only his little rhapsody that held me silent for the moment, but the rapt look in Leo's face. Certainly he had made no mistake in choosing his profession. "Now I do not know which you love best," I said. "I love them all best," he replied smiling. "They are all music, and they are all outdoors. All great music is cosmic, a part of nature. Such music as the compositions of Rossini and Donizetti is the music of indoors. It is charming, of course, in another way, like a quaint little spinnet in an old-time drawing-room. But one cannot listen to them for long."

"You seem to me to belong outdoors," I said. "I had thought it might be the association of that childish tableaux that I see now that it is your real self." "It is the way I feel," Leo answered. "Perhaps because I was born in the country. Sometimes I feel suffocated in these streets. That is why I live down here where I can at least see the vines and sit in the sunshine. Unfortunately one cannot be a professional musician and live outdoors—that was for the golden age in Greece. But how beautiful it must have been to play one's pipe under the trees and have the birds answer from the branches!" He paused; then, with the air of one laughing at himself for his fantastic imaginings, he turned to the little concentrated fragment of life in the cage. "But here I have Hans—and we are both in a cage—although mine is a bit larger." Then he asked Hans if he would like to come out for a while, and the bird as if it understood began to jump excitedly from perch to perch. "Aren't you afraid of losing him?" I asked as Leo opened the cage door and drew the bird out upon his hand.

He shook his head. "I could not lose Hans." Then we sat down on the veranda and discussed the best days and hours for sitting, while Hans flew about like an embodied sunbeam among the violet wistaria blossoms, returning from time to time to perch upon Leo's hand or shoulder. "I am never lonely since I have had him," Leo said. "We have lived together five years. Hans and I. Not since a mate."

His remark induced a reflection which I saw no reason for not voicing frankly, for our old Newberry association, slight as it had been, seemed to have placed us upon a friendly, informal footing. "You have evidently escaped matrimony so far." Leo's face became grave. "I am too poor." "I suspect you have made your choice," I observed. "Yes," he replied, simply. "It is Anna Schultz. She lives in the house here on the second floor. If I could make money enough I should marry her." "Surely," I exclaimed, "a musician in a big orchestra is well enough paid for that!" "I get eight dollars for each performance with the orchestra," Leo explained frankly. "But there are only fourteen concerts in the year, so I have to make up at the theatres, and there they pay only two dollars and a half a night, and one must play such stupid music! It is not music at all, usually. And I have to play there all summer, if I am not fortunate enough to get a place in a summer concert orchestra. But next year, perhaps, I shall get a position at the opera house. There I would have six performances a week at eight dollars each. There's much hard work about it, but then we could afford to get married and spend the whole summer outdoors."

"But two dollars and a half a night!" I exclaimed. "Why the stage carpenters must get more than that!" "More than twice as much," replied Leo calmly. "Art often does not pay—from that standpoint." "And yet I am told that good oboists are scarce," I wondered. "Yes, and good reason," replied Leo with an odd smile. "I did not understand when I began to study. And now it seems hard to start any

thing else. But then I am so strong I shall escape." "Escape!" I echoed. But Leo did not explain. Instead he returned to the subject of his prospective posing.

We arranged for three or four afternoons a week. During these hours in my studio our acquaintance developed into that impersonal sort of intimacy that frequently comes about between the painter and his subject; yet I never came to feel that I actually understood what was going on in Leo's mind, and from the look I often caught in his eyes I felt sure that something was going on. I had an idea that he had some worry or trouble—the uncertainty of his little love affair, perhaps; but he never confided in me. In the beginning he had talked a good deal, although seldom of personal matters, but as time went on he became more and more silent, so that when I spoke to him it seemed as if his mind had to travel a great distance to reach me, and I had invariably to repeat my remark. Then again he would have sudden fits of gaiety that somehow did not seem natural. One day he told me suddenly out of a long reverie that he expected to be married next fall, as he had finally succeeded in securing a position in the opera orchestra.

"Then Hans will be jealous," I remarked, after I had congratulated him, for Hans's name had appeared frequently in our desultory conversation. Leo laughed. "Anna says that she had been jealous of Hans a long time." As I glanced at him I saw in his eyes the happy light of a lover. But the next moment an odd gleam came in them. "She has reason—I tell Hans all my secrets." "A safe confidant," I observed, and to my surprise the strange look in Leo's eyes became more marked; it was almost a look of cunning. "That is what I think. Hans cannot tell. He can only say what I teach him." Then he laughed. I could not explain what it was about that laugh that jarred upon me. "I am sure," I replied hastily, "that you have no secrets you would mind having any one know."

He gave me a sidelong look. "We all have our secrets," he replied non-committally. Then he relapsed into one of his silences. One day, about a week after that, when he had finished posing, we walked down through the park, which is near my studio. A storm was coming, and the wind was rustling the leaves. The sky was quite black. I noticed that Leo cast frowning glances at the trees as we walked along. "What an ominous sort of whispering sound they make," I said. "It always gives me a sense of impending disaster." I noticed that he looked at me curiously. "You hear them, too?" he said.

Then he came closer to me and spoke in a low tone, looking about as if he feared being overheard. "What have you heard them say?" "Instinctively I moved a little away from him. 'Heard who say? I don't understand.' He made a motion of his head in the direction of the trees, saying 'The voices.'"

I hesitated, scarcely knowing how to answer. He again edged closer to me. "Have they said the same thing to you?" he asked. "I began to feel as if I were in a bad dream. 'What have they said to you?' I asked." "But he only moved away from me and laughed, shaking his head as if to say that I could not get it out of him that way. 'You tell me first,' he said, childishly. The whole little episode made me so uncomfortable that I was relieved when we had covered the few remaining yards to the Fifty-ninth street entrance to the park, where Leo took his Eighth Avenue car. I turned back into the park again, thinking over his strange words and manner all the way home. Suddenly Hedwig's remark that morning long ago when she had announced Leo's choice of his profession returned to me. She had said that oboe playing was bad for the health—for the nerves she meant, no doubt, for Leo certainly was either very much run down or seriously upset about something.

A few days after that I had occasion to change the hour of our appointment and, glad of an excuse to get out in the wonderful May sunshine, I walked down to Leo's house instead of sending him a note. I found him sitting at a table with a piece of manuscript music paper before him. He rose as I entered, but greeted me a little absently, I thought. One of the first things I noticed was the canary's cage covered with an old coat. "What has Hans done?" I asked, "and what are you doing?" "Composing," he answered, but I observed that the sheet of paper was quite blank except for the name scribbled across the top: "The Snake's Song." Leo looked up and my expression must have conveyed to him the necessity for some explanation, for he remarked: "Snakes and birds were originally of the same species, as you, of course, know. And that to my mind is the explanation of the fascination which snakes have for birds, and of the treacherous nature of the bird."

"The treacherous nature of birds," I gazed, wondering if I could have heard aright. Leo did not answer directly. His eyes returned to his strange title. "The idea is the song of the snake that fascinates the bird and lures it to death," he explained calmly—so calmly that it almost reassured me, although I could not but feel his motive to be a most unpleasant manifestation of the German fantasticism. I did not pursue the singular subject further, however. "I suppose Hans wanted to sing his own songs. Is that why he is in disgrace?" I asked. "No, he did not sing," replied Leo slowly. "What then?" I asked for a canary's facilities for self-expression after all seem limited. Leo stared a long time at the covered cage before he answered me, and as his face was almost entirely turned from me I could not see his expression. "He was laughing," he said at last. "Laughing!" I exclaimed. Then I laughed myself, but as one laughs at the shock of the incongruous, not with any sense of mirth. After a moment Leo laughed also, but artificially, as if he wanted to put me off my guard, or seem to fall in with my delusion. I began to be distinctly uncomfortable, and as soon as we had fixed upon an hour for the next pose I rose to go. But as I was leaving I said, "My dear boy, you ought to get away to the country. You look quite run down."

"I would like to get into the country," replied Leo wistfully. And looking at him at that moment I felt that I must have imagined these last two strange conversations, for his face had again its gentle boyish look. "Some days I feel as if I must just run away to some cool brook and lie down among the rushes." It was so exactly the way one pictured Leo, yet a thing one would be so unlikely to see in practice unless one were a wood god! "I know such a place," he went

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It is by a river in New Jersey—I would go there for the whole summer, but you see Anna must wait until her vacation. Another stay here this summer. So I shall year we can both go. "That is very foolish of you," I said. "And you ought to go much farther away than New Jersey." And I decided if possible to get Leo away from New York before I left myself. The next day he did not come to keep his appointment with me, and as I had found him the son of punctuality and reliability I feared—especially in consideration of his recent strange symptoms—that he might be ill. So late in the afternoon I started down in the direction of his lodgings. As I walked up the half-light staircase I met a young girl coming down. Her cheeks were flushed and there was a frightened look in her eyes. It occurred to me that it was Anna—I had seen her photograph in Leo's room—and from her manner I feared that something might have happened but in answer to my knock he called me to come in, in a perfectly natural voice. He was working over his instrument and looked up and nodded as I entered, but continued his work without apology. That was not like Leo; but I noticed the two thin bits of wood that belong to the mouth-piece of the oboe lying on the table, and supposing that, like many other players of wind instruments, it was his custom to make these reeds exactly adapted to his individual use, I felt a sense of relief at the apparently normal and commonplace nature of his occupation. "It has played false lately," he explained, "but now I have fixed it. Listen." He picked up the instrument and blew into it, but there was no sound, for he had removed the reeds. Then he looked up at me with a smile of peculiar radiance. "Is not that a wonderful tone? So fine, so delicate, so ethereal? At last it is perfect. It is the pipe of Pan!" He laughed softly. For the moment I could not be sure that this was not some obscure irony on Leo's part, both voice and expression were so natural. Yet somehow I shrank from continuing the conversation. Instead I inquired where Hans was, for I did not see his cage about. An odd expression came into Leo's face. "He is outside," he said. I walked to the open window and looked out and saw Hans's cage on the railing of the balcony, but again covered. "Does his singing bother you?" I asked, wondering if his strange delusion still persisted. Leo shrugged. "He sings no more," he said. "Then why must the poor little chap be covered up in this hot weather?" I ventured. "He will smother."

Leo frowned. "When he is uncovered he talks. I am tired of hearing him." "Talks," I cried. Continued on Page 6.)

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A MOUNTAINOUS MOLEHILL.

Half a truth not infrequently implies a whole untruth, a fact useful to remember when affairs Irish and Catholic are under discussion by a section of the daily press.

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THE CHURCH AND THE WORKINGMAN.

From the quiet calm of Stillwater—which place, by the way, is situated in the State of New York—arises a voice in criticism of the Church, the Church in this instance being Christianity in the abstract.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It is a rather striking sign of the times to note the presence of Catholic representatives at a meeting of a non-Catholic body identified with the temperance movement.

THE CARE OF BOYS.

By the terms of the new civic by-law it is an offence to sell cigarettes to any boy under sixteen years of age and policemen have been instructed to begin an active campaign against the practice.

THE WEATHER MAN.

The weather man usually begins his active spring campaign on St. Patrick's day. It is to be hoped that he will provide warm sunshine and clear skies for our benefit next Wednesday.

WILLIAM TAFT.

William Taft was inaugurated as President of the United States last week. A couple of days later it was possible to sit in a warm, comfortable place of amusement in Montreal and watch lifelike pictures of Inauguration Day in Washington, and see the pleasant face of smiling William brought almost to one's very doors.

A WORTHY PARSON.

A worthy parson, declared to a Montreal gathering that there is no devil. Now that is a real, comforting doctrine and much more interesting than another parson who lectured but previously on the subject of "Blue Devils."

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Owing to the rapid increase in the export business of The Page Wire Fence Company, of Walkerville, Ontario, since the introduction of its "Empire" white fencing for railway farm and ranch use, it has been thought best to have the foreign business handled by a company of a name similar to that of the fencing.

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Again was St. filled with an et congregation to Barrett; indeed I gathering of the ed to the impre had been present of his introduct are the old trad in listening to the ly by this proac tell of are not peal with a new in clearness and well worthy of e are appointed to At High Mass ing for his text is my Beloved S well pleased," sa "There is one that eclipses all one man compar others—even gre significance. H all things, and He is the key o Erase His name stood on the Gos tion, as the Mos us, between Mos one man, and John on the oth represent the p symbolize the fu Pedestal of His And to prove th man, He lived a earth. In the lived in type an came in person types during the finally, for ninte lived again in th who believe in H mighty King of The feet with th Thee. It is well Lord, studying T through which th Divinity radiates through Thy Bo Transfiguration.

DESTINY

Nations have a individuals—, they istence to realiz of the divine pl they fail to ch Then Christ wept wept over Jerus at the vocatio How sublime! T be the depositar four primary tru God, the Creatio demption to be v siah, God raised fend them, King Saints and proph buke them. The and warriors we Saviour. And as types grew more last the voice of is heard in the the immediate co He came. Oh he are the figures n with the Reality dom, ye prophet ye Saints, what infinite Wisdom. Omnipotence! Brethren, the li beautiful tissue o bites. He made tellect of man by what marvellous longer Greece of a greater than I what ease He so cut problems!

A PROFOUND

How profound with how simp that peers down things, that read What masterpiece sublime doctrine literary form! His wisdom fla than in replyin queries of the Sc Ah, you poor be tion Him no fur strain Him to your pretensions His wisdom! Ver as this Man. Th Grecian philosophi himself has come to the human H makes the most our heart? Is it characteristic re pel is "God is Li life of the Saviou on that text. H cast such a spell Love beamed on in His voice. H power He exerci

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The Rev. Father Eugene L. Gervais, Notre Dame de Grace, writes in an unsolicited letter to the **Abbey Effer- vescent Salt Company**, to the following effect:—"I take your Salt every morning before breakfast, it regulates my bowels and I could find nothing to do me good until I came across your Salts. They are wonderful. You may publish this letter, and any person who writes me, enclosing a stamp, I promise to reply telling them all your Salts have done for me."

The Transfiguration, His Subject.

Father Barrett's Second Sermon Was Impressive Link in Lenten Series.

Again was St. Patrick's church filled with an earnest and attentive congregation to listen to Father Barrett; indeed it was an even larger gathering of the faithful that listened to the impressive Irish Dominican last Sunday than that which had been present upon the occasion of his introduction to Montreal on the previous Sunday. How striking are the old truths so fully realized in listening to them told so eloquently by this preacher. The facts he tells of are not new, but they appeal with a new interest when told in clearness and simplicity, traits well worthy of emulation by all who are appointed to direct.

At High Mass Father Barrett taking for his text these words: "This is my Beloved Son in whom I am well pleased," said:

"There is one name in History that eclipses all others. There is one Man compared with whom all others—even great men—pale into insignificance. He is the centre of all things, and their interpretation. He is the key of universal history. Erase His name—all is chaotic. He stood on the Mount of Transfiguration, as the Gospel of to-day tells us, between Moses and Elias on the one hand, and Peter, James and John on the other. Moses and Elias represent the past—The Apostles symbolize the future. Between them Christ towers aloft, raised on the pedestal of His Divine Personality; and to prove that he was no mere man, He lived a threefold life on earth. In the Old Testament, He lived in type and figure; then he came in person and realized these types during the thirty-three years; finally, for nineteen centuries, He has lived again in the hearts of those who believe in Him and love Him. O mighty King of Ages, prostrate at Thy feet with Thy Apostles, we adore Thee. It is well for us to be here, Lord, studying Thy beautiful life, through which the brightness of Thy Divinity radiates, as it radiated through Thy Body on the Mount of Transfiguration.

DESTINY OF NATIONS.

Nations have a destiny—just as individuals—, they are called into existence to realize a definite portion of the divine plan. Were they not to fail to achieve their destiny? Then Christ weeps over them as He wept over Jerusalem. Let us glance at the vocation of the ancient Jews. How sublime! They were chosen to be the depositories and guardians of four primary truths; the unity of God, the Creation, the Fall, and redemption to be wrought by the Messiah. God raised up warriors to defend them, Kings to rule them, Saints and prophets to teach and rebuke them. These prophets, saints and warriors were all types of the Saviour. And as time went on the types grew more perfect, until at last the voice of the great Baptist is heard in the desert, proclaiming the immediate coming of the Messiah. He came. Oh how faint and feeble are the figures now when confronted with the Reality! What is your wisdom, ye prophets, what your love, ye Saints, what your strength, ye warriors, compared with Him who is essentially, and at the same time, infinite Wisdom, infinite Love, and Omnipotence!

Brethren, the life of Christ was a beautiful tissue of those three attributes. He made an appeal to the intellect of man by His wisdom. And what marvellous wisdom! Boast no longer Greece of your Divine Plato—a greater than Plato is here. With what ease He solves the most difficult problems!

A PROFOUND TEACHER.

How profound his teachings!—and withal how simple! Here is an eye that peers down to the very root of things, that reads the inmost heart. What masterpieces His parables are; sublime doctrine wedded to perfect literary form! But nowhere does His wisdom flash more luminously than in replying to the insidious queries of the Scribes and Pharisees. Ah, you poor benighted men, question Him no further; you but constrain Him to reveal how paltry your pretensions are, how sublime His wisdom! Verily never man spake as this Man. The wish of the great Grecian philosopher is realized—God himself has come to teach mankind.

The Saviour's second appeal was to the human heart. And what makes the most persuasive appeal to our heart? Is it not love? Now the characteristic revelation of the Gospel is "God is Love"—and the whole life of the Saviour is a commentary on that text. How is it that he cast such a spell over the people? Love beamed on His face, vibrated in His voice. Hence the magnetic power He exercised over the multi-

One their ardent young affection. O bad men arise and light the fire of persecution, and order forth the hungry lion and leopard, to exterminate the followers of the Galilean. Alas in vain! Gentle high-bred maidens walk into the arena, and dare the jaws of the ferocious beast, for Thy dear sake, O Lord.

THE TRUTH OF FAITH.

Lord Jesus Christ, Thy triple life testifies that Thou art God, and we believe it. Oh! let our lives bear witness to this tremendous truth! What will it avail us if while giving These our intellect, we give the world our heart? Better we had never known Thee, Lord. Oh, dear Saviour, bring our life into harmony with our professions. Abide in our heart as well as in our mind. Let Thy love dominate our will, and through the will, our whole life. And thus cleaving to Thee by faith that worketh through charity we shall arrive one day at Thy Holy Mount, and shall see Thee there transfigured, not as on Thabor for a moment, but for everlasting ages.

THE REMINDERS OF RHEUMATISM

Cold, Wet Weather Starts the Pain But the Trouble is in the Blood.

Cold, damp weather brings on the twinges and pains of rheumatism, but is not the real cause of complaint. The trouble is rooted in the blood and can only be cured by enriching the blood and driving the poisonous acid out of the system. This is a great medical truth, which every rheumatic sufferer should realize. Liniments and outward applications can't cure the trouble—they can't reach the blood. The sufferer is only wasting valuable time and good money in experimenting with this sort of treatment—and all the time the trouble is becoming more firmly rooted,—harder to cure. There is just one sure way to cure rheumatism—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They act directly on the impure, weak blood. They purify and strengthen it, and so root out the cause of rheumatism.

Mrs. S. Bailey, Newcastle Creek, N.B., says:—"In the summer of 1906 I became lame in my ankles, but thinking I would soon get over the attack I did not seek medical aid, but used liniments to allay the pain and swelling. Instead of getting better the trouble increased and I then consulted a doctor who pronounced it articular rheumatism, and treated me for this trouble. Instead of getting better the pain and the swelling became worse until I was hardly able to hobble about. The house was so full of the morning I was unable to bear my weight, especially with extreme pain. Having tried so much medicine without benefit I began to think I was doomed to be a cripple. One day a cousin advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She said, 'I take them every spring as a tonic for my blood, and they make a new person of me.' After some persuasion I decided to try them. I had taken three or four boxes before I noticed any change, and then it seemed my ankles were less painful. By the time I had used a few more boxes there was a wonderful improvement in my condition. Not only did my ankles get well, but I felt like a different woman and had not been as well in years. In speaking of this to a doctor afterward he said that no doubt Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had enriched my blood thus driving out the painful disease."

Not only rheumatic sufferers but all who have any trouble due to weak, watery blood or impure blood can find a cure through the fair use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE FINE EDGE

off the enthusiasm of the Gaelic Revival and bring down the study of Irish to the level of the study of Latin. Do you think you could get up a torchlight procession in support of compulsory Latin, or compulsory algebra? (cheers and laughter). It is said that if Irish is not made compulsory for matriculation, it must be placed at a disadvantage in comparison with compulsory subjects, and that the poor man's child, from a district where Irish is taught, would be placed at a disadvantage. There is only one respect in which making Irish compulsory could advantage an Irish-speaking student, or the poor man's son from the Irish speaking district, and that is by limiting competition for prizes in the University, through the operation of compulsory Irish in excluding from the University a number of students who would otherwise enter, and I cannot conceive any course more calculated to injure and lower the university itself, than by a policy of exclusion to make the winning of prizes more easy for the Irish-speaking students (cheers). With some people "compulsion" appears to be a blessed word, and the more compulsion is introduced into all the acts of a man's life, the better it seems to them. I am inclined to an opposite view. I think the tendency in education for a long time has been towards too much compulsion, and my own inclination has always been towards more variety and more liberty (hear, hear). If there were to be any compulsion in the matter of Irish, the proper compulsion, in my opinion, would be to require all students to attend courses in Irish, in literature, and history. To that form of compulsion I should offer no opposition, although, in my judgment, the cause of the Gaelic

Catholic Social Life.

Our social entertainments need a constant grading, lest they grade down. Nowadays, there isn't a drop of liquor at Catholic social entertainments. This is a gain. But a social life running on hops and stunts and card shuffling, soon palls. The desirable people naturally drop out. The social entertainments then become pastures for bumptious persons to wear off their angles.

There must be some higher appeals in our society entertainments than to the feet, or the card habit, or the hah-hah propensity. The intermissions in a concert or in a program of clever talks are opportunities for social converse; such affairs, too, are calculated to attract the attendance of others besides dancing class pupils. When we say "clever talks" we do not, of course, mean warmed over sermons or lengthy addresses by boy lawyers on constitutional or ethical questions.

There is a degree of social converse in the process of good works. Many a happy marriage has dated from a Christmas bazaar for the poor. Many a Damon and Pythias friendship was born in the work of a St. Vincent de Paul Society. Catholic young people have found life harmonious in the self-improvement of a musical circle, and romances more real than those of the stage have developed out of a dramatic club.

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Irish Compulsory.

Keen Debate on this Question at the National Convention.

Dr. Hyde's Strong Plea.

The question of including the Irish language as a compulsory subject in the matriculation examination of the National University of Ireland was one which led to a warm debate. Mr. J. P. Toland, M.P., moved:

"That this convention approves of the inclusion of the Irish language amongst the compulsory subjects for matriculation at the National University of Ireland.

Mr. John Dillon, M.P., spoke to the motion and after reviewing the struggles for a National University, said:

"The question truly stated is not an issue between friends and foes of the Celtic revival. It is a question of educational method. There is no difference of opinion that I know of in the Senate or outside the Senate as to the question whether Irish studies are to have a place in the new University ('question' that the LANGUAGE, LITERATURE, AND HISTORY OF IRELAND should hold a place of honor in the new native University of Ireland, and the only difference of opinion that exists is as to the best method by which those objects could be secured. Now, after all, is the question one of academic method? This is really the question—whether compulsory Irish for matriculation will best serve the interests of the Gaelic Revival as regards the University and best interests of the study of Irish in the University, or whether it will injure the language, and injure the University. That is my statement of the case. It is pressed and held and everyone is agreed that within the walls of the University the literature, language, and history of Ireland should hold the place of honor. Now, let me take some of the many arguments for compulsory Irish at the University. In the first place, it is said that if not compulsory it will not be an Irish or a National University at all. Does compulsory Latin make a University a Latin University? Does compulsory Greek make a University an Arithmetic University and compulsory arithmetic make a University an Arithmetic University? Then how does compulsory Irish make it an Irish University? Now, in the next place, it is said that if Irish is not made compulsory it will be degraded, and be put to one side behind the compulsory subjects. Are theology or Christian doctrine to be made compulsory subjects for matriculation, and if they are not, are we therefore entitled to say that they are degraded, banned from the University and made to take a back seat, behind Latin and arithmetic, and that the University is agnostic or anti-Christian? I hold, precisely the opposite view. I am of opinion that if any question of degradation arises, the subject, degraded is the compulsory subject, because the fact of compulsion involves the admission that it would not be studied without compulsion. Why are arithmetic, algebra, Latin, and Greek made compulsory? Precisely because there is no enthusiasm behind the study of these subjects. Take care that in making Irish compulsory you may not

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"The question truly stated is not an issue between friends and foes of the Celtic revival. It is a question of educational method. There is no difference of opinion that I know of in the Senate or outside the Senate as to the question whether Irish studies are to have a place in the new University ('question' that the LANGUAGE, LITERATURE, AND HISTORY OF IRELAND should hold a place of honor in the new native University of Ireland, and the only difference of opinion that exists is as to the best method by which those objects could be secured. Now, after all, is the question one of academic method? This is really the question—whether compulsory Irish for matriculation will best serve the interests of the Gaelic Revival as regards the University and best interests of the study of Irish in the University, or whether it will injure the language, and injure the University. That is my statement of the case. It is pressed and held and everyone is agreed that within the walls of the University the literature, language, and history of Ireland should hold the place of honor. Now, let me take some of the many arguments for compulsory Irish at the University. In the first place, it is said that if not compulsory it will not be an Irish or a National University at all. Does compulsory Latin make a University a Latin University? Does compulsory Greek make a University an Arithmetic University and compulsory arithmetic make a University an Arithmetic University? Then how does compulsory Irish make it an Irish University? Now, in the next place, it is said that if Irish is not made compulsory it will be degraded, and be put to one side behind the compulsory subjects. Are theology or Christian doctrine to be made compulsory subjects for matriculation, and if they are not, are we therefore entitled to say that they are degraded, banned from the University and made to take a back seat, behind Latin and arithmetic, and that the University is agnostic or anti-Christian? I hold, precisely the opposite view. I am of opinion that if any question of degradation arises, the subject, degraded is the compulsory subject, because the fact of compulsion involves the admission that it would not be studied without compulsion. Why are arithmetic, algebra, Latin, and Greek made compulsory? Precisely because there is no enthusiasm behind the study of these subjects. Take care that in making Irish compulsory you may not

Irish Compulsory.

Keen Debate on this Question at the National Convention.

Dr. Hyde's Strong Plea.

The question of including the Irish language as a compulsory subject in the matriculation examination of the National University of Ireland was one which led to a warm debate. Mr. J. P. Toland, M.P., moved:

"That this convention approves of the inclusion of the Irish language amongst the compulsory subjects for matriculation at the National University of Ireland.

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In this and subsequent issues will be found verbatim reports of sermons delivered by **FATHER BARRETT**, Irish Dominican, and lenten preacher at St. Patrick's Church.

Revival would be better served by leaving the students free and trusting to their enthusiasm. The great work of the Gaelic League has been done up to this

BY VOLUNTARY EFFORT AND ENTHUSIASM,

and their demand has been for a fair field and no favor. I think they are making a profound mistake in departing from this programme, and I should like to ask how far do they propose to go on the compulsory road? I watched the discussion with very great interest to see what proposals would be made in regard to the intermediate schools and the other Universities. At the Castlebar meeting Canon Lyons made a proposal which I knew was bound to come, that Irish should be made compulsory in the intermediate schools. This suggestion was received with loud applause. This is an argument which, judging from the literature of this controversy, has captured many people. On examination, however, it will prove to be utterly illusory and a complete fallacy. If it be open to any candidate to substitute Irish for any of the compulsory subjects, getting equal marks for Irish as for the subject for which it is substituted, how can the Irish speaker or the poor man's son be placed at a disadvantage by not making Irish compulsory? (Cheers.) I have sometimes hoped—looking over the literature and looking for some accommodation on this subject, because I do sincerely hope that we may come together and not be fighting over it, but to join in making it a great success (hear, hear)—I have sometimes hoped that this suggestion might meet all the difficulties, because, of course, in that way Irish would be included among the compulsory subjects or could be substituted for any compulsory subject. (A voice—"English," and laughter.) I am strongly opposed to making English compulsory for coming into the University. I say it should be open to all who wish to become students of it, and I say therefore that it is impossible for any man in this room to assert or maintain that that being allowed—and I know there will be no difficulty about that—the Irish speaking student is at a disadvantage in any respect compared with any other student in the place. But there is one way, and one way only, in which Irish-speaking students coming from an Irish district can be advantaged by making Irish compulsory all round on everybody coming into the University, and that is if the operation of such a rule resulted in excluding a large number of students who would otherwise have entered the University and thereby lessened the competition for prizes and emoluments for the Irish students. If that be the object, it would, in my opinion, be impossible to conceive a more fatal way of **INJURING AND LOWERING THE UNIVERSITY,** and in the long run injuring the Gaelic revival, whose future is in large measure tied up with the success of the University.

As Mr. Dillon returned to his seat, Dr. Douglas Hyde stepped to the ground and shook hands with him.

The Chairman—We have here today, on my invitation, as the guest of the Convention, the President of the Gaelic League, Dr. Hyde (loud applause). I feel sure that his presence amongst us, and the welcome that he will receive from us all, will do a great deal of good (hear, hear) in softening in lessening—that friction which, unfortunately, in some places has existed between our organization and the organization over which he presides (applause). He will find from this Convention clear proof that in essentials both organizations are working for the same end. I know that although he is not a delegate, and, therefore, technically, is not entitled to take part in our proceedings, I know that I will be voicing the wishes of this convention if I now ask him to address the Convention in Irish. He was enthusiastically received, first addressed the Convention in Irish. He said he knew there was no difference whatever between the people who were working for the Irish language and who were working for the land and for the country (applause). He had come there to discuss the question of

DOES NOT NEED A DOCTOR.

Mrs. F. Poirier, Valleyfield, Que., says: "I always use Baby's Own Tablets for my little one, and therefore never need a doctor. When my baby is feverish or restless I give her a Tablet and in a couple of hours she is all right. They have been of the greatest benefit to her when teething, and are just the thing in all emergencies." These Tablets promptly cure colic, indigestion, constipation, diarrhea, and destroy worms, break up colds and make teething easy. Good for children of all ages. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SON & HATCHET... J. HATCHET... L. LAJOIE & LACOSTE... P. WHELAN... I & MATHIEU... & Dossaulies... MURPHY BERARD... LOLETTE & TANSEY... & CEBRAS... SH & GO... SOCIETY... A. & B. SO... BRANCH 26... W. F. WALL... DEPT. T.W., NATIONAL DRUG & CHEM. CO. LIMITED

BOYS and GIRLS

Dear Aunt Becky: I hope you have not forgotten that I had a niece by the name of Sarah. I am staying in the school. We have a nice teacher; her name is Miss Susie Brennan. I am learning Catechism, Sacred History, Grammar, Geography, History of Canada and French and arithmetic. I have a sister staying in the convent, her name is Bridget.

Dear Aunt Becky: I hope that you have not forgotten that you have a niece by the name of Amanda. It is so long since I have written to you. My sister and I are staying in the school; this is the fourth year I am staying in school. I have a nice teacher, her name is Miss Susie Brennan. I learn grammar, third reader, catechism and arithmetic. I have four brothers and two sisters. I am 12 years old. I made my first communion last year. I can't think of any more news for the time. I hope to see my letter in print. I remain, as ever, Your loving niece, AMANDA LECLERC. West Frampton, March 2.

Dear Aunt Becky: It is so long since I have written to you that I suppose you are thinking I have forgotten you, but I have not. What has become of all your nephews and nieces that none of them write to you now? I am still going to school, and we like our teacher very well; her name is Miss Susie Brennan; she is a cousin of mine. I am learning catechism, Sacred History, French and English Grammar, History of Canada, Geography. I read in Fourth Reader in English and I learn French also. The inspector of schools will soon be coming, then we will get prizes. There are not so many coming to our school this year because there was a new school built and there were eight scholars left and Mary Enright and Bridget Barry went to the convent. Mamma is in Montreal this winter again; she will soon be coming home, then we will get presents. One of my uncles from North Dakota came to see us, we were very glad to see him. Hoping to see my letter in print, I remain, Your loving niece, LIZZIE COURTNEY. West Frampton, March 2.

Dear Aunt Becky: It is so long since I have written to you I hope you have not forgotten that you have a niece by the name of Katie Barry. I am going to school every day. We have a nice teacher; her name is Miss Susie Brennan. I like her very well. I am learning grammar, Sacred History, geography, Fourth Reader, French, catechism, arithmetic. The inspector is coming soon, and then we will be getting prizes. My sister Mary and Nora and I and Amanda Leclerc and her sister Anna are staying too, so there are a lot in school now. This fall my father got hurt very badly; he broke two or three ribs. He is better now. I have three brothers and six sisters. I have one sister staying in the convent, her name is Bridget. I am eleven years old. I made my first Communion last year and was confirmed. Well, dear aunt, I think I will have to stop for this time. Hoping to see my letter in print, I remain, as ever, Your loving niece, KATIE BARRY. West Frampton, March 2.

THE LESSON SARAH MARIA LEARNED. "Mother, may I go skating on the pond-hole?" Abby Lote and Annie are coming for me. "No, indeed, you can't go—not one bit, mother!" exclaimed the little girl, pleadingly. "That will do now," replied the other. "You can't go. I don't want to hear another word about it. Go to the sitting-room and study your arithmetic for to-morrow."

Sarah Maria went slowly out of the kitchen. She was biting her lip to keep from crying. "Shut the door," called her mother. "So the smell of the fat won't all over the house." Sarah Maria did not quite dare hang the door, but she shut it in a very decided manner. After Abby Lote and Annie Lee had come and gone, Sarah Maria sat down by the window and listlessly began to study her arithmetic lesson; but she did more looking out of the window than studying. "Mother didn't say I couldn't go and look on," said Sarah Maria to herself, presently. "I guess I'll just go for a little while."

So she put on her hat and coat, and went very quietly out of the front door. She knew very well that she was not doing right. She "Oh, good!" she called to herself, "I've only come to look on a minute," said Sarah Maria. "Oh, come on, it's such fun; the ice is lovely 'Ben-doughnuts.'" "I haven't got my skates." "No matter; Carrie May's just going home. She'll let you take hers." "No, I guess not," said Sarah Maria. "I can't stay only a few minutes. I'll watch the rest."

The ice was very soft and "limber," bending up and down, but not breaking, as the children skated rapidly over it. Such "bendy" ice they always called "Ben-doughnuts." Poor Sarah Maria! She felt that she must go on, and the children kept teasing her "to try it just once across and back."

"Poh!" at last said one boy, "you don't darst; to you are a 'fraid cat, that's what you are. I stump you to go across five times." This was too much for Sarah Maria, she never could take a "stump." In a twinkling she had put on Carrie May's skates and had dashed out upon the pond-hole. "Pears to me, Tiddy," said Grandma to Sarah Maria's mother, "you are just a little hard on Sary. Why couldn't you have let her go to look on, or skate just a little mite?"

"No, ma," said Mrs. Brown, as she quickly filled and folded over a dried-apple turnover. "I can't have you spoiling that child. It was not safe for her to go; and I know it is the best thing for her to stay in the house, and she must learn when I say no, I mean it. Just see how still she is." "Just as still as a mouse," said Grandma, with a sigh. "I am making her an extra nice turnover with some lemon juice and a few raisins mixed in the dried apple, for being so good."

without a murmur. "Can't I go in and sit with that poor child?" asked Grandma. "No, ma," said Mrs. Brown. "Sarah Maria has been very naughty, and she must be punished. I want her to grow up a good girl." "I don't think I was ever quite so hard with you, Tiddy," quavered Grandma.

There were no fried pies for Sarah Maria that day, nor any of the good things she could smell cooking in the kitchen, but she had plenty of warm gruel, which was, perhaps, full as much as she deserved.

Grandma begged hard "to give poor little Sary just one cookie." But Mrs. Brown was firm. "Sarah Maria must be taught to mind; she must learn a lesson from this disobedience." "Sarah Maria's lesson was a hard one; but she learned it well. She was ill several days in the bed with a feverish cold. Her mother nursed her tenderly, and had several long talks with her little daughter. Sarah Maria never tried "Ben-doughnuts" again, and what was more, she never again disobeyed her mother.—W. Cassidy in Union and Times.

Is it not surprising how Lent sharpens the appetite and develops the weaknesses and infirmities which were before latent in our constitution? Up to Ash Wednesday we were perhaps hardly aware whether we had an appetite or not. We often sat down to the table with indifference, perhaps, sometimes, even with disgust. Then, too, how often, when the exigencies of business or the accidents of travel required it, have we gone without our regular meals for half a day or more, without serious inconvenience, certainly, with no damage to our health. We took it all as a matter of course and made the best of it. But the moment Lent commenced we immediately became conscious of an intolerable gnawing at the stomach which was well high irresistible.

The Church is founded in all her conditions and phases upon the rock of true reason, and her care for the souls of men has never prevented her from caring for their bodies. And so it is that modern science is now going to her to find in her methods the secret of happiness. First among them it has discovered that the reason of the all-pervading calm that marks the true believer in his faith and the practical follower of Catholic truths, as well as the endurance both of body and intellect, is to be found in the submission to a regime which tends in every way towards the cultivation of a healthy mind in a healthy body.

The late Lord Kelvin, one of the greatest thinkers the world has produced, was accustomed to say that "the feeding man" or the near-glutton was never really good at heart or efficient in his life-work, the bulk of the twenty-four hours of the day being taken up with the travail and the trouble of digesting the surplus of food. The consequence was that his life really afforded him no leisure

GILLETT'S PERFUMED LYE CAUTION. Put a strong glass on the label and examine it closely every time. Like all good articles, which are extensively advertised, Gillett's Lye is frequently and very closely imitated. Insist On Getting Gillett's Lye and decline to accept anything that looks to be an imitation or that is represented to be "just as good" or "better," or "the same thing." E.W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED WINNIPEG, TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL.

for thoughtfulness for others, a virtue which grows with practice and contracts with disuse. Nor can the mind be expected to work with all its lucidity in play, when the body is laboring in discomfort. Lord Kelvin reached a patriarchal age as a result of a life of temperance, and though not a Catholic, it was known that he observed the Lenten fasts of our Church, and abstained when his engagements permitted it on every Friday.

The late Sir Henry Thompson, a surgeon of European note, was accustomed to recommend high-living patients to spend in out-of-the-way villages, where he was morally certain they would willingly have to submit to a fish regime. Though he was confessedly an atheist, and abused most systems of religion, it was his custom to say that the Catholic Church was the only one which took charge of man's body and soul by giving each the diet which was especially suited to it.

The Number of Roman Catholics in the United States. A Roman Catholic census of the United States compiled from advance sheets of the official Roman Catholic Directory has shown the number of Roman Catholics in this country, exclusive of transmarine dependencies, to be 14,235,451. The correctness of these figures has been disputed on the alleged ground that Roman Catholic statisticians, in compiling the numerical strength of their church do not as statisticians of other religious bodies do, confine their enumeration to actual membership. It is averred, for instance, that in the case of mem-

HAD GIVEN UP ALL HOPE OF LIVING. Heart Trouble Cured by MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS. Mrs. Andrew Savoy, Gratton, N.B. writes: In the year of 1905 I was taken sick and did not think I could live any length of time. My trouble was with my heart and people told me that nothing could be done for a case like mine. I consulted the very best doctors but they could do me no good. For seven weeks I could hardly walk. I had no pain, but was so weak nobody in the world can believe how I felt. I had given up all hope of living and had given my little girl to my sister-in-law.

St. Joseph's Home Fund. The actual date of Father Holland's birthday has passed and we had hoped that a goodly sum would have been realized to present to him on the 19th; but so many have been out of the city during the summer that our appeal failed to reach them and consequently nothing like the necessary amount came in. However, every day is a birthday—somebody's—so if each one contributed, his number of years either in dollars or cents, quite a comfortable sum in a little while would be realized. We thank those who answered our appeal and trust that those who have not already done so will send in their mite to help a worthy cause—To pay off the debt on the St. Joseph's Home for Working Boys. A cent will be as welcome as a dollar and will be acknowledged in issue following receipt.

FILL OUT THIS COUPON. FOR ST. JOSEPH'S HOME FUND. Name Address Amount

bers of the Protestant Episcopal Church, who are represented as numbering only 830,659, the inclusion of persons affiliated by family relationship to that body would double the number of nominal adherents. The assertion is made that all persons thus affiliated are included in the statistics of the Roman Catholic Church whether they belong to the organization or not, and that the entire population of Roman Catholic districts is made to swell the total.

Archbishop Ireland proceeds to show that the conditions adopted for the basis of calculation may be summed up as follows: "Those shall be reckoned as Catholics who, baptized in the Church whether in their infancy or in their later years, still profess to be Catholics—not having since their baptism withdrawn from the Church either by open act of apostasy or by conduct impliedly tantamount to a renunciation of the Catholic faith—mere infrequency, however, in attendance at Mass or at the sacraments not constituting such renunciation." In other words, the instructions plainly given to the several Bishops and parish priests were that those only were to be enumerated as Catholics who, having been baptized in the Church, still continue to make personal profession of the Catholic faith. There is no foundation for the charge that in the enumeration are included persons having no other affiliation with the Church than such as family ties may give them.

Mothers Value This Oil.—Mothers who know how suddenly croup may seize their children and how necessary prompt action is in applying relief, always keep at hand a supply of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, because experience has taught them that there is no better preparation to be had for the treatment of this ailment. And they are wise, for its various uses render it a valuable medicine.

"A Grand Medicine" is the encomium often passed on Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, and when the results from its use are considered, as borne out by many persons who have employed it in stopping coughs and eradicated colds, it is more than grand. Kept in the house it is always at hand and it has no equal as a ready remedy. If you have not tried it, do so at once.

GIN PILLS are just as good for the Bladder as they are for the Kidneys. If there is trouble in retaining urine—if you have to get up three or four times or often during the night—if the urine is hot and scalding—Gin Pills will quickly relieve the trouble. They cure the kidneys and heal the irritated bladder. 50c. a box; \$1.00 for \$2.50. At all dealers or sent on receipt of price. DEPT. T.W., NATIONAL DRUG & CHEM. CO. LIMITED TORONTO

ST. ANTHONY'S MISSION.

Last week the services in connection with the women's mission in St. Anthony's Church were held both morning and evening. The morning services were at 8.30 and 8.80, and in the evening at 7.30 o'clock.

ENTERTAINMENT AT ST. GABRIEL.

On St. Patrick's Day, the dramatic section of the St. Gabriel Juvenile T. A. & B. Society will present an Irish musical and dramatic entertainment in aid of St. Gabriel's Church, in the Church Hall.



MR. C. P. COLLINS. Dramatic Instructor of St. Gabriel Juvenile T. A. & B. Society.

rollicking musical comedies, full of Celtic wit and humor, which will be supported by a clever cast of favorites and a chorus of fifty boys. All musical numbers are under the personal direction of Mr. Jerry J. Shea, who will also direct the grand orchestra which will be in attendance.

LECTURE AT ST. MICHAELS.

On the evening of the 16th there will be given a lecture in St. Michael's school hall by the Rev. Martin Callaghan. He is taking for his subject, "Music." Those who have heard the rev. speaker on former occasions can testify to his capacity in handling his subject.

Correspondence.

VERY TRUE.

To the Editor of The True Witness: Sir,—It occurred to me to wonder why there were no advertisements in your paper relative to the many entertainments taking place on St. Patrick's night.

Surely our Catholic societies ought to support our own publication, which goes into almost every Irish home, even if they feel it necessary to advertise elsewhere also.

M. T. O'MEARA,

Irish Proverbs.

A man is bothered until he is married, then he is bothered entirely. A kind word never broke a tooth. Many a man's tongue has broken his nose.

God never shuts one door but that He opens two.

The silent mouth is melodious. It is bad manners to talk of ropes in the house of a man whose father was hanged.

It is better to have a bald head than no head at all.

A Catholic Defence League.

Canada possesses a Defence League that is unique in its aim as well as in its plan of action. Its raison d'être is not to create a religious war but to render one unnecessary and impossible.

Its object is to reply promptly to every anti-Catholic article appearing in the secular papers, and this is accomplished by printing the Catholic reply in the same columns in which the slander was printed.

The tone of all Catholic Defence League (C.D.L.) correspondence is expository, but not acrimonious. The plan of action is simplicity itself. The subjects of debate are distributed between twelve different departments, and at the head of each Department is placed a writer who is a specialist in the subjects assigned to him.

A few weeks ago our Presbyterian writers of the fire-brand variety undertook to make it tropical for the "Roman Church" in the Diocese of London, Canada. Presently two of the C.D.L. heavy weights swooped down on the Calvinists and put all of them out of commission in quick succession.

The following taken from the London Free Press, is a sample of the C.D.L. work in Canada:

C.D.L. II ANSWERS LAYMAN.

Editor Free Press: (1) Layman's letter in to-day's Free Press urges three objections against the Catholic Church of Rome. Firstly he attacks the claims of Peter; secondly he attacks the claims of Peter's successors; and lastly he attacks the Catholic rule of faith, and advocates the rule of faith sanctioned by the Presbyterian Church, Queen's avenue, London.

2. The writer could fill a volume with answers to Layman's fallacies, but for lack of space I shall abbreviate my arguments. There is one power that God has never conferred upon any man, Presbyterian or Catholic, priest or parson, layman or cleric, and that is the power to reform Christ's religion, or to establish a new religion in opposition to the church or religion which God established. It was God who established the natural religion in the Garden of Eden (Gen. ii, 7) It was God who established the Jewish religion on Mt. Sinai (Ex. xxix, 18.) And it was God who said to the Pope of Rome: "Simon, thou shalt be called Cephas, which is interpreted Peter (John i, 42.) "And I say to thee thou art Peter (Cephas or Rock), and upon this Rock (Cephas or Peter) I will build my church and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it, and I will give to thee the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, etc." (Matt. xvi, 17.) St. Peter was Pope of Rome until June 29 A.D. 67, when he was crucified by the order of Emperor Nero. Now Pope Pius X is Peter's lawful successor in the See of Rome.

3. Every visible society is established for some end; this end cannot be obtained without order; order cannot be maintained without unity, and unity cannot be maintained without one supreme visible ruler or primate. Christ knew all this. In Matt. xv, 18, He promised that Peter would be the visible primate of His church. He fulfilled His promise later on (John xxi, 17) and from Christ's ascension until June 29, A.D. 67, Pope Peter always ruled as the visible head or primate of the whole Christian church. Pope Peter was the first apostle to suspend the laws of nature (Acts iii, 4); the first to address the multitude after the descent of the Holy Ghost (Acts ii, 14); the first to receive the Gentiles into the church (Acts x, 45); the first to raise the dead to life (Acts ix, 40.) Moreover Pope Peter was the only apostle endowed with plenary authority to terminate the "much disputing" at the Council of Jerusalem (Acts xv, 7-12); the only apostle to preside over the election of Matthias (Acts i, 15); the only apostle for whom Christ prayed in a special manner (Luke xxii, 32); the only apostle with whom St. Paul wished to take counsel (Gal. i, 18). Better still Pope Peter was the only apostle upon whom Christ promised to build His church and the only apostle to whom He promised "the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven" (Matt. xvii, 18.) Therefore Christ appointed Peter, the Pope of Rome, to be the visible ruler of His church. Now this church is going to last until the end of the world (Matt. xxviii, 20), and Christ intends His church to remain just as He established it, having one supreme visible primate on earth, and consequently Pope Pius X, the 258th lawful successor of Pope Peter, the First, should be and is recognized as Christ's meek and humble vicary on earth.

4. How does Layman try to meet these arguments? Let him speak for himself. "Paul, the great apostle to the Gentiles," asserts that he "was not a whit behind" the "very chiefest apostle." Does not the phrase, "very chiefest apostle," clearly prove that, even then, Peter was recognized as the primate or supreme visible ruler of the church. In zeal Paul was not a whit behind Peter, but in the matter of authority and jurisdiction he

was always inferior to Peter. Paul, on the other hand, never stood up to Peter's face, because he was to be blamed." (Gal. i, 11.) A man is sometimes blamed without being guilty of crime. Peter was the first innocent pope to be blamed, but he was not the last one. Did Paul ever deny Peter's primacy? No. Does Paul tell us that he rebuked John or James or Andrew? No. Because when an equal rebukes an equal the matter excites no special attention. But when an inferior withstands or "resists" a superior the matter is worthy of special mention, and that is why Paul recorded the Antioch episode to the Galatians. Therefore the argument set forth by Layman confirms the Catholic doctrine of the Primacy of Peter. In that same epistle St. Paul says: "Then after three years I went to Jerusalem to see Peter, and I tarried with him fifteen days (Gal. i, 18) . . . lest, perhaps, I should run, or had run in vain (Gal. ii, 2.) Behold even the great St. Paul required the visible guidance, direction and assistance of Pope Peter the First.

Whenever all the apostles' names are mentioned in the Bible—Pope Peter's name always stands first. In Matt. x, 2, the Greek Testament calls Peter "Protos" (First), and the Latin Bible calls Peter "Primus" (Primate, or first.) Andrew is not numbered second, nor is James numbered third. Why did God inspire Matthew to describe Peter as First—Primus—Primate?

Layman's strongest argument against Peter's primacy may be thus stated: "At Antioch Paul resisted Peter to the face." Therefore Peter was not the primate or premier of the church." In like manner: At Toronto, Hon. Mr. Mackay resisted Sir James P. Whitney to the face, therefore Sir James P. Whitney is not the premier of Ontario. The conclusion is Layman's, not mine.

8. The teaching Church—the church in which Christ promised to be the abiding Teacher until the end of time (Matt. xxviii, 20), is the true rule of faith. This is the rule Christ made for Himself and followed during the three years of public ministry. It is a reasonable rule, a secure rule, and a universal rule. By this universal rule of faith the Catholic knows whether doctrines are or are not revealed by the Holy Ghost.

9. On the other hand, the great difficulty with the Presbyterian rule of faith is that the average citizen can never reduce it to practice. The follower of this rule must determine by his own private judgment and personal knowledge independently of all authority, past or present, what books of all that have been written constitute the collection of booklets called the Holy Bible. The Presbyterian cannot appeal to the teaching of the Jewish Church, or to the teaching of any other church, without appealing to authority which is contrary to the Presbyterian rule of faith. Has Layman discovered the inspiration and canon of the compendium of the Bible by his

Vapo-Cresolene. Established 1879. Whooping Cough, Croup, Bronchitis, Cough, Grip, Asthma, Diphtheria. Cresolene is a boon to Asthmatics. Does it not seem more effective to breathe in a remedy to cure disease of the breathing organs than to take the remedy into the stomach?

always recognized Peter as "the chiefest apostle." And thus Layman's argument collapses like a rope of sand. He quotes the notorious Froude—a no Popery writer that always seems unable, or at least unwilling to distinguish history from romance.

5. Again Layman refused to believe in the Primacy of Peter, because Peter did not compel his Jewish guests to eat shoulder to shoulder with the Gentile brethren at Antioch. If President-elect Taft failed to compel his Jewish guests to eat shoulder to shoulder with the black Gentiles at Washington, would that breach of etiquette prove that Taft is not the president-elect of the United States? What had Jewish etiquette to do with Peter's Primacy, or his infallibility? The infallibility of the church means that in defining matters of faith and morals only the true church cannot teach falsehood. A church or religion that teaches falsehood is not the true church or Christ, because it teaches falsehood and is therefore a false church.

6. Now the question discussed at Antioch was one of diet rather than one of faith or morals; hence Layman errs in not making this distinction. Every Bible student knows that it was customary for the Jews not to eat with the Gentiles. Fearing to offend the Jews Peter withdrew. Paul, on the other hand, not wishing to inflict a slight on the Gentiles, "withstood" or reproved Peter for not compelling the Jews and Gentiles to eat together. Does it follow that a Presbyterian denied his creed, simply because he abstains from eating beefsteak at a Catholic home on Friday? Surely not.

7. Peter did not contradict himself at Antioch. He was unwilling to coerce his guests in a matter of little importance a mere matter of diet, or of etiquette. St. Paul, viewing the subject from a different viewpoint, was inclined to be more punctilious, for he says, "I withstood him to the face, because he was to be blamed." (Gal. i, 11.) A man is sometimes blamed without being guilty of crime. Peter was the first innocent pope to be blamed, but he was not the last one. Did Paul ever deny Peter's primacy? No. Does Paul tell us that he rebuked John or James or Andrew? No. Because when an equal rebukes an equal the matter excites no special attention. But when an inferior withstands or "resists" a superior the matter is worthy of special mention, and that is why Paul recorded the Antioch episode to the Galatians. Therefore the argument set forth by Layman confirms the Catholic doctrine of the Primacy of Peter. In that same epistle St. Paul says: "Then after three years I went to Jerusalem to see Peter, and I tarried with him fifteen days (Gal. i, 18) . . . lest, perhaps, I should run, or had run in vain (Gal. ii, 2.) Behold even the great St. Paul required the visible guidance, direction and assistance of Pope Peter the First.

Whenever all the apostles' names are mentioned in the Bible—Pope Peter's name always stands first. In Matt. x, 2, the Greek Testament calls Peter "Protos" (First), and the Latin Bible calls Peter "Primus" (Primate, or first.) Andrew is not numbered second, nor is James numbered third. Why did God inspire Matthew to describe Peter as First—Primus—Primate?

Layman's strongest argument against Peter's primacy may be thus stated: "At Antioch Paul resisted Peter to the face." Therefore Peter was not the primate or premier of the church." In like manner: At Toronto, Hon. Mr. Mackay resisted Sir James P. Whitney to the face, therefore Sir James P. Whitney is not the premier of Ontario. The conclusion is Layman's, not mine.

8. The teaching Church—the church in which Christ promised to be the abiding Teacher until the end of time (Matt. xxviii, 20), is the true rule of faith. This is the rule Christ made for Himself and followed during the three years of public ministry. It is a reasonable rule, a secure rule, and a universal rule. By this universal rule of faith the Catholic knows whether doctrines are or are not revealed by the Holy Ghost.

9. On the other hand, the great difficulty with the Presbyterian rule of faith is that the average citizen can never reduce it to practice. The follower of this rule must determine by his own private judgment and personal knowledge independently of all authority, past or present, what books of all that have been written constitute the collection of booklets called the Holy Bible. The Presbyterian cannot appeal to the teaching of the Jewish Church, or to the teaching of any other church, without appealing to authority which is contrary to the Presbyterian rule of faith. Has Layman discovered the inspiration and canon of the compendium of the Bible by his

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own private judgment alone? Or rather has he not accepted his little book on the authority of his friends and teachers?

10. In the practical affairs of life Dr. Ross' protector makes much less use of his private judgment than he thinks. If he is sick he renounces his private judgment and submits to "the tyranny" of the doctor. He does not analyze the pills for the approval of his private judgment; no, he simply swallows them on the faith of the doctor. It is the same when "Layman" goes to law; he gives his private judgment a rest and submits to the interpretation of his lawyer. On the boat or train he submits to the authority of the captain or conductor for interpretation of the rules of the company. Therefore common sense demands that all laws, divine and human, must have an authorized official interpreter. Without it human society, civilized or savage, could not exist, and without it the Church of Christ could not long continue to exist.

11. The Catholic rule of faith is the living, interpreting, infallible voice with Presbyterians the rule of faith is a dead letter, which neither explains nor answers any question, when charged with inconsistency by infidels and atheists. Christ never wrote a chapter of the Bible, nor did He ever command His apostles to scatter Bibles—genuine or counterfeit—all over the world. "Layman's" private interpretation is condemned in the following inspired booklets: Deut. xviii, 5; Peter iii, 6 and Acts viii, 31.

Moreover, "Layman's" Presbyterian rule of faith is utterly powerless in its attempts to prove the Divine inspiration of Scripture; to establish the canon of Scripture; to ascertain the true version of Scripture. Furthermore still Layman's "rule" multiplies the number of heretical teachers. It produces Shakers, Quakers, Mormons, Mennonites, Douvistes, and Flying Rollers, all of whom claim to have the "dearly purchased right of private interpretation." Already this Presbyterian "rule" has split up the original religion of Christ into 300 warring sects. It has set up altar against altar, Christian against Christian, and brother against brother; it is not, therefore, it cannot be the rule of faith established by our Savior. All men are encouraged to study the Bible, but

the teaching church alone is the court of final resort for all Biblical controversies.

12.—The Bible is the most excellent of all books. All the inspired authors of the New Testament scriptures were faithful members of the Catholic Church, and one of them was Pope of Rome. The Church was preaching the gospel for sixty years before the whole Bible was written. It was not the rule of faith then, and it is not the rule of faith now. Layman gives a quotation from Galatians 11, 1-4, but the words he quotes cannot be found either in the Catholic Bible, or in King James' Authorized Version. Is it "ridiculous" then, to suppose that the Presbyterians have sanctioned some other version? "Layman" complains that Jerome's Vulgate did not supplant the old versions for 200 years. Jerome died A.D. 420, and the inspired booklets, Tobias and Judith, which he translated from the original Chaldaic, have not yet been accepted by Presbyterians.

13.—Before the Presbyterian Rule of Faith, or private interpretation was introduced, mortgages were unknown and men worked but six hours a day, yet they had plenty to eat and to wear. Now nearly everything is mortgaged to the hilt. Besides men have to work eight, nine, ten, twelve hours a day, and still some of us have to dodge the grocer. And yet this "open Bible" is the stock and trade argument of

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The Institutes and the Curator named to the substitution created by the last will of Isidore Hurlbut, son, do hereby give notice that they will present to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at its next session, a bill to ratify the nomination of a testamentary executor, and several acts or deeds which have been passed by the latter, and for other powers to be conferred to him concerning said substitution. LORANGER & PRUD'HOMME, Attorneys. Montreal, Feb. 3rd, 1909.

NOTICE.

We do hereby give notice, on behalf of Messrs Charles Chaput, Farquhar Robertson, S. D. Vallières and Victor Morin, all citizens of Montreal, that they will present a bill to the Legislature of Quebec, at its next session, to ask that the charter of the City of Montreal shall be amended: 1st. To reduce the number of aldermen from two to one for each ward; 2nd. That a board of five commissioners should be created, of which the Mayor shall be chairman, to administer civic affairs, and also to deal with all questions relating to the civic administration. February 4th, 1909. BEAUDRIN, LORANGER, ST. GERMAIN & GUERIN, Attorneys.

every half-baked theologian from Elijah III to Prince Michael of the Flying Rollers, and from Prince Michael down to the wild-eyed, cart-tail preacher on the market square. As Layman says, "I have no desire to continue this discussion further," I take this opportunity, on behalf of your many Catholic readers, to thank you most sincerely for so much of your valuable space, Good-Bye, "Layman," and good luck to you, whoever you may be.— C. D. L. II.

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Vol. LVIII. Stirring Pat. Irishmen of selves proud in the great patron was St. Patrick's day celebrated. The were attended by the faithful, both the mother parish of the other time held services St. Mary's and St. Gabriel's tions assisted at and afterwards in a grey March day, but the south off the impending time that the street ready at high noon peeped out and swept aside for.