



LITERATURE OF THE GAELS.

The following is a lecture delivered by Dr. Douglas Hyde at the University of California: "Trelawny, a companion of Byron and Shelley, surveying the achievements wrought by Greece emerging from a desperate, unhappy condition as a nation to a place of comparative strength and vigorous life, said, with an evident eye to Ireland: 'No country, possessed of a name and language, no matter how black its prospects for national life, need despair.'"

"Now, after seventy-five years, Ireland is taking to heart the lesson of Greece and the Hellenes. A halt was called when Ireland was almost on the brink of a precipice, beyond which lay death and extinction, and although faint hearts have cried, 'Too late!' a few noble spirits, nerved by the very difficulties of the situation, and persevering in the face of dreadful difficulties, with their path marked by the deaths of some of the hand, worked to check the downward movement, and now a few, comparatively speaking, of the land stand solidly on the unassailable basis of a nationhood for Ireland, founded upon a natural national language and national customs."

"We are now relearning our language and finding that it is a splendid instrument of thought and expression. We have to consider, in attempting to weld the modern Gaelic literature with the ancient, to make the body of Gaelic literature complete, that for three centuries Gaelic literature has been regarded almost altogether from the archeological or academic standpoint, and not from the literary point of view. It has not been regarded as having a bearing upon life or upon the existence of a nation. Now we see that it has such a bearing and we are attempting to make our modern literature a rational continuation of the Gaelic literature of the past."

"There is only one body in Ireland, an auxiliary of the Trinity College in Dublin, competent to purchase and husband such manuscripts, and it has meager funds at its command and purchases only moth-eaten vellums. There have been manuscripts of almost incalculable value found by travellers in Ireland of recent years that were perhaps being torn up by children. One Liverpool merchant, fishing in Ireland, discovered that a trunkful of precious manuscripts had been thrown into the river to make room for his luggage. One such manuscript dealt with the ancient Irish belief in the reincarnation of souls. Another such manuscript, kicked about in Irish houses, was discovered to be of such value that it has been published by a German scholar in an important philological journal."

"Do not, my friends, blame the Irish woman or her children who ignore and throw away these precious manuscripts. Blame, rather, those who have taught them, in school and out, to undervalue and fail to appreciate the worth or meaning of these old Gaelic manuscripts. There were no people that knew more of poets, more of literature, than the Irish, until their knowledge and love of such was repressed and killed by treatment accorded them and methods pursued in offering them education at the hands of another nation."

at that time. He was of Norman descent. Forced to flee from the city in which he preached because of a pointed sermon which displeased a lady favorite of a foreign minister, Keating wandered in the hills, searched in old records, examined old vellums, and from his materials wrote a history of Ireland."

"I read you now an extract from Keating's works, and you see, as I do so, something of the strength and beauty and force of the man. One extract shows him as a story-teller, with sense of humor keen; another illustrates the florid beauty of his prose, and perhaps the adjectival excesses of which the ancient Gaelic writers were prone to be guilty. Here is an account of the sufferings of men in hell, which place has always been a happy hunting ground for the lovers of adjectives. Our motto now is, I may say, 'Distrust the adjective.' (The speaker read some extracts.)"

"Now, after hearing some of these paragraphs from Keating, you may say: 'Why not give us these works in other tongues?' Emerson said he would as soon think of swimming the River Charles to get to Boston as to read works in the originals. That may apply to works read for information, but not to literature. That cannot adequately be translated. Thought and language react upon one another. An acquaintance with a nation's literature must be made through the medium of the language itself."

"Ireland, although an island, has not been, even in centuries back, an insular island. She has been in touch, through her children abroad, with world movements and problems and thought of other lands. An Irishman, centuries ago, had but to say that he was an Irishman on the Continent and he was welcome where learned men or cultured men were found. Now, the Gaelic tongue contains, as then, sufficient in itself to make an Irishman, knowing no other language, a cultured, educated man."

"I read you now an extract from a Gaelic writer of centuries back that will illustrate perfectly to you the black bitterness of spirit in which the Gaelic writers and literary men of that time seemingly must write. It shows how deep was the hatred of England inspired by the events of the times. It is the work of the Gaelic League to pass a wet sponge upon and over all that and to create a new Gaelic literature that shall be absolutely free from everything that partakes of that spirit of hate."

"Of old Irish poets were educated in special schools and bards flourished by hundreds. They sang the advantages of a united Ireland as against the advantages of some petty chieftain, and so their songs stimulated national patriotism. The effect was admirable. These poets, too, effectually contradict the idea argued for by some, that there was not in those old days a national war between England and Ireland but merely a social upheaval, in which Irish gentlemen warred with their overlords. We see by the work of these bards that they wore themselves out trying to urge the Gaels to combine against the Gaels, which latter word is Gaelic for foreigners."

IRELAND'S POETS LOVED MELODY.

"The Gaelic poets were enamored of melody, and they frequently became intoxicated with it, the tendency accordingly being to sacrifice luminosity of thought to beauty or melody of the verse. I read you illustrations of this, showing the desire and love of the bards for a wealth of metaphors and such rhymes as were conducive to sweet sounds and melodious effects, without adding to the clearness or strength of the thought desired to be expressed. These bards of old, too, believed that a rhyme of the vowels, without regard to the consonants, was ordinarily sufficient. There is a story of one Irish poet, who composed a bit of doggerel about an Irish piper, likening in one line the noise of the pipes to a pig. The piper, offended, asked the poet to change the line, and seriously suggested that the word nymph be substituted for pig, saying that the rhyme would be unspoiled and the sense made better. He believed that as the vowel sound in nymph corresponded with the vowel sound in pig there could be no loss of rhythmic melody."

"The Highlanders of the North, at that time using the same language practically, wrote noble poems, with a sweetness of melody that was perhaps less cloying and that contained perhaps clearer thought. The Gaelic tongue, accordingly, is suitable for such work, and the temperament of the bards, and not the instrument they used, may be regarded as responsible for the richness, adjectival and rhythmic, of their verses."

"The last three centuries of Ireland produced a great crop of bards, but it is sad to have to confess that their work has been scattered almost to the four winds of heaven. All of this work, by poets and prose writers, it is proper to remember, was done, with all of its excellences and its defects, under circumstances that meant misery for the most part throughout the land in which the poets lived and worked. The conditions were repressive; the encouragement to poets and prose writers was nil. The production of literature accordingly meant that the life of letters existed and was not snuffed out by any extraordinary series of repressive measures. The literature has survived, in part, and the spirit has not died out. We seek now to gather together, for we know how important it is that this be done, all that can be procured of the manuscript survivals of this old body of Gaelic literature made by our Gaelic ancestors, for we desire to work it into the literature we are now creating, and that which we are creating is even as the literature any nation creates of song and story and verse."

Marries Catholic Japanese.

On the day of the Longworth-Roosevelt wedding at Washington a unique and unusual nuptial ceremony was performed in St. Joseph's Church, Washington, when Dominic J. Sonayama, of Japan, and Miss Margaret Sherry of that city were married. It is not often that such an event takes place in a Catholic Church.

Mr. Sonayama comes of one of the best families of Japan and, as usual with the men and women of this race, can trace his progeny back many centuries. He is, first of all, a Christian, and in this connection he has declared to friends that his family has been numbered among the Christian fold for very nearly 300 years. It is a matter of pride with Sonayama that his family was converted by St. Francis Xavier, and fifty years after the advent of St. Francis, when thousands of Christians were slaughtered at the hands of the Buddhists, a number of his family survived and fled to the mountains. Here the refugees formed a colony and lived for many years. Mr. Sonayama has an uncle in the priesthood, Father Fukahori, in Nagasaki.

Irish Estate Rented by Earl.

The Earl of Eglinton, who rented last year the deer forest at Glendoll in Forfarshire, has taken for the coming season the forest, famed in song and story, of Glenveagh, in the Donegal Highlands, belonging to Mrs. Adair.

Glenveagh, which is one of the wildest and most picturesque districts in Ireland, was purchased by Mrs. Adair's late husband, a man of immense wealth.

Lord Eglinton has not lived in Ireland since he was a boy of ten years old, when his father (the "tournament" Earl, and one of the most public-spirited noblemen of his generation), was reigning in Dublin as Viceroy for the second time.

His first wife, mother of the fourteenth and fifteenth Earls, was a lady of Irish family, a sister of Theresa, Countess of Shrewsbury, who was the loveliest bride of her day, just half a century ago, and who is still an attractive and popular personality in society.

What did he mean when he wrote: "Watchman, tell us of the night?" As if the watchman or policeman knew of anything after dark.

SILVER-TONGUED ORATOR ON O'CONNELL.

(By Wendell Phillips.)

I do not think I exaggerate when I say that never since God made Demosthenes has He made a man better fitted for great work than He did O'Connell. You may say that I am partial; but John Randolph, of Roanoke, who hated an Irishman almost as much as he did a Yankee, when he got to London and heard O'Connell, the old slave-holder threw up his hands and exclaimed: "This is the man, these are the lips, the most eloquent that speak English in my day," and I think he was right.

Webster could address a bench of judges; Everett could charm a college; Rufus Choate could delude a jury; Clay could magnetize a senate, and Tom Corwin could hold a mob in his right hand, but no one of these men could do more than this one thing. The wonder about O'Connell was that he could out-talk Tom Corwin, he could charm a college better than Everett, and leave Henry Clay far behind in magnetizing a senate.

It has been my privilege to have heard all the great orators of America who have become singularly famed about the world's circumference. I know what was the majesty of Webster; I know what it was to meet under the magnetism of Henry Clay; I have seen eloquence in the iron logic of Calhoun, but all three of these men never surpassed and no one of them ever equalled the great Irishman. I have hitherto been speaking of his ability and success, I will now consider his character.

To show you that he never took a leaf from our American gospel of compromise, that he never filed his tongue to silence on one truth fancying so to help another, let me compare him to Kossuth, whose only merits were his eloquence and his patriotism. When Kossuth was in Faneuil Hall, he exclaimed, "Here is a flag without a stain, a nation without a crime."

We abolitionists appeal to him. "O eloquent son of the Magyar, come to break chains, have you no word, no pulse-beat for four millions of negroes bending under a yoke ten times heavier than that of Hungary?"

He exclaimed, "I would forget anybody, I would praise anything, to help Hungary."

O'Connell never said anything like that.

When I was in Naples, I asked Sir Thomas Buxton: "Is Daniel O'Connell an honest man?"

"As honest a man as ever breathed," said he, and then he told me the following story: When, in 1830, O'Connell first entered Parliament, the anti-slavery cause was so weak that it had only Lushington and myself to speak for it, and we agreed that when he spoke I should cheer him up, and when I spoke he should cheer me, and these were the only cheers we ever got. O'Connell came with one Irish member to support him. A large party of members (I think Buxton said twenty-seven) whom we called the West India interest, the Bristol party, the slave party, went to him saying: "O'Connell, at last you are in the House with one helper—if you will never go down to Freemason's Hall with Buxton and Brougham, here are twenty-seven votes for you on every Irish question. If you work with these abolitionists, count us always against you."

It was a terrible temptation. How many a so-called statesman would have yielded! O'Connell said:

"Gentleman, God knows I speak for the saddest people the sun sees; but may my right hand forget its cunning and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if to help Ireland—even Ireland—I forgot the slave one single hour."

"From that day," said Buxton, "Lushington and I never went into the lobby that O'Connell did not follow us."

And then besides his irrefragable character, he had what is half the power of a popular orator, he had a majestic presence. In youth he had the brow of a Jupiter or Jove, and the stature of an Apollo. A little O'Connell would have been no O'Connell at all.

Sydney Smith says of Lord Russell's five feet, when he went down to Yorkshire after the Reform Bill had passed, the stalwart hunters of Yorkshire exclaimed, "What, that little shrimp, he carry the Reform Bill!" "No, no," said Smith, "he was a large man, but the labors of the bill shrunk him."

You remember the story that Russell Lowell tells of Webster when we in Massachusetts were about to break up the Whig party. Webster came home to Faneuil Hall to protest, and four thousand Whigs came out to meet him. He lifted up his majestic presence before that sea of human faces, his brow charged with thunder, and said:

"Gentlemen, I am a Whig; a Massachusetts Whig; a Revolutionary Whig; a Constitutional Whig; a Faneuil Hall Whig; and if you break up the Whig party, where am I to go?"

"And," says Lowell, "we all held our breath, thinking where he could go. But," says Lowell, "if he had been five feet three, we should have said, confound you, who do you suppose cares where you go?"

"Well, O'Connell had all that, and then he had what Webster never had, and what Clay never had, the magnetism and grace that melts a million souls into his.

When I saw him he was sixty-five, lithe as a boy. His every attitude was beauty, his every gesture grace. Why, Macready or Booth never equalled him. It would have been a pleasure to look at him if he had not spoken at all, and all you thought of was a greyhound. And then he had, what so few American speakers have, a voice that sounded the gamut. I heard him once in Exeter Hall say, "Americans, I send my voice careering like the thunder storm across the Atlantic, to tell South Carolina that God's thunderbolts are hot, and to remind the slave that the dawn of his redemption is drawing near," and I seemed to hear his voice reverberating and re-echoing back to London from the Rocky Mountains."

And then, with the slightest possible flavor of an Irish brogue, he could tell a story that would make all Exeter Hall laugh, and the next moment there were tears in his voice like an old song, and five thousand men would be in tears. And all the while no effort—he seemed only breathing.

"As effortless as woodland nooks sent violets up and paint them blue."

Pius X. Blesses Priests' T. A. League of America.

Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, on returning to his diocese from Rome and Ireland recently, brought with him a cordial blessing from the Holy Father for the Priests' Total Abstinence League of America, which has already enrolled over seven hundred priests and several bishops in its ranks. Archbishop Ryan is the honorary president (who is always chosen from the American hierarchy) of the league. He himself took the pledge one day nearly seventy years ago in the streets of Thurles from Father Mathew.

Rector of St. Bernard's Hospice in the Alps Visits Rome.

One of Rome's most distinguished visitors recently was the Venerable Father Peter Chanoux, rector of the Alpine Hospice of St. Bernard's, where he has permanently resided for forty-three years. His long stay in the glacial heights of Mont Blanc, snowed up during many months of the year, constitutes a record. The long winter which cuts him off from the outside world is spent by Father Chanoux in the profound studies which won for him the esteem and friendship of many scientists of world-wide fame.

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is an unparalleled remedy for colds, coughs, influenza and diseases of the throat and lungs. The fame of the medicine rests upon years of successful use in eradicating these affections, and in protecting mankind from the fatal ravages of consumption, and as a neglected cold leads to consumption, one cannot be too careful to fight it in its early stages. Bickle's Syrup is the weapon, use it.

JOHN A. MCCALL.

John A. McCall is dead. The doctors say he died of carcinoma. Everybody who knew him believe he died of a broken heart. The hue and cry from the insurance investigation demanded a victim and John A. McCall was the man whom it chose to crucify.

The sad part of it all is that people who benefited from the generosity and friendship of Mr. McCall were recreant enough to memory and disloyal enough to gratitude to play the part of the leaders of a baying pack of bloodhounds and it was these bloodhounds who hounded John A. McCall to death.

And oh! the hypocrisy of it all! John A. McCall was neither better nor worse than other big business men of this day. In business he professed and practised the moral code of ethics common in the dollar-and-cents world. That code is not idealistic. It is utilitarian. It takes things as it finds them. It tries to bend and twist existing circumstances the best way it can to promote business interests. This John A. McCall did. This ninety-nine out of every hundred business men in the country do every day.

True, John A. McCall did not take up a Don Quixotic lance to reform the abuses in the insurance world. He knew it was useless for any one man to try and perform this Titanic task. He knew the same abuses existed in a less or greater degree in the business transactions of other big corporations. The truth of the matter is that neither insurance companies nor other corporations spend money on legislative matters because they want to. It is because they have to. The remedy for this evil must come from the people. They must elect men to office who cannot be bought and who will pass and enforce honest laws despite all the money in the world, and who will not levy blackmail by strike legislation.

Of course, John A. McCall made some mistakes. Who wouldn't in his position? Mistakes we all make and Lord pity the human race if all men had to be crucified for their mistakes as John A. McCall has been. But whatever his mistakes were, all who knew him will never believe that they were of the genus of dishonesty. John A. McCall did not have a dishonest hair in his head and such will be the judgment of posterity.

Were he at all dishonest, he could easily have made himself a billionaire with his countless chances of making money. But this was not John A. McCall's make-up, and consequently he died practically a poor man. Had he been dishonest, he would have laughed at criticism and ridden in glee over the storm of disapprobation—partly real but equally as much manufactured by designing enemies. But he was honest, and his heart cracked and broke under the unjust suspicion and undeserved blame.

As an insurance man he had no peer in his day and generation. He was the greatest of them all. He made the New York Life a Gibraltar of insurance companies. This will be his monument. This will ever stand as a ghost to haunt his detractors and his hounders. This in its totality will engulf and bury in oblivion forever the mistakes over which his critics have barked and bawled like jackals and vultures.

In his private life John A. McCall was as clean as the driven snow. He was a gentleman ever, and his religion consisted of actions, not words. The sanctity of home, the purity of marriage, the responsibility of fatherhood, teaching by example were gospels and epistles which he never forgot and from which he never wavered. "Mother" was his last word, and this was significant of his whole character. A better son, a kinder father, a more loving husband never lived.

In pure intellect he was a giant, in energy a human dynamo, in executive ability a power that placed him among the leading business generals of his age.

GEORGE R. KELLEY.  
"Better late than never," if applied to going for a train, is incorrect.



Corner.

ERRY."

father yester-

ing-lipped, yet

a wrong deed

ow I heard her

an to disobey."

ful father bent

breast. Then,

singing on her

I—so old in

that I blindly

urt and grieve

t trembling and

have troubled

mean to dis-

### OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys:

How glad I was to get letters from two new nieces, Irene and Helena. I am pleased to know they enjoy the stories, and as they are making scrap books I will certainly provide more poetry. I often ask the question they have asked: Why do not all the cousins write oftener. M. Edna says she is going to live in Calgary. We will all be anxious to hear from the great prosperous West, Edna. John B. need have no qualms in writing to the Corner. I will look for the weekly letter he promises with pleasure. Love to all the little cousins.

Your loving AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I have just received the True Witness and was sorry to see only one letter from the little cousins. We have had lovely weather; it seems more like spring than winter. There has been very little snow, and the people go about in wagons. I have not gone to school since Christmas, as we intend going to Calgary next month and I had to stay at home to help mamma to get things ready to go. As news is scarce, I will now finish, hoping to see lots of letters from the cousins next week. Love to all.

Your loving niece, M. EDNA M. Kensington, P.Q.

Dear Aunt Becky:

We are two new nieces for you to love, two little cousins who live in the country on farms that join one another. We go to school and are in the fourth grade. Both of us take music at the new convent in St. Eugene. Irene takes instrumental and Helena vocal. Your niece Irene has for pets, her old horse Dexter and her cat Flossy, but Helena still sticks to her dolls. We are both preparing for confirmation and we are trying hard to get through. Don't you hope we will get through, Aunt? We like to read the little stories on your page, but as we are making scrap books, we like poetry also. But why don't all your little nieces write oftener?

With best love from IRENE M and HELENA A.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I feel quite timorous thus writing to you, as this is my first letter to the True Witness. I hope you will put it in the Cosy Corner, and if you do I will write you every week. I live in St. Lambert, but I attend school in Montreal named the Archbishop's Commercial Academy, where I learn Sacred History, arithmetic, Catechism, shorthand and typewriting. In St. Lambert I have lots of fun. I skate, play hockey, slide and toboggan. As I have not much time I will close.

Believe me, you have a firm and loving friend in JOHN B. Montreal, Feb. 2nd.

#### THE BROWNIES' BALL.

The Brownies gave a rustic dance Beneath a greenwood tree; When bluebells rang the midnight chime, A band played merrily, The players came from forest glades; A jolly crowd were they, And every one just tried their best To while the hours away.

A bullfrog from a meadow brook Was quite the hoarsest bass, While harvest flies played tenor horns With most exquisite grace. The tree toads and the crickets led The altos with a vim; While nightingales and whip-poor-wills Sang in the shadows dim.

Sopranos were the katy-dids, Repeating o'er and o'er That "Katy did, she did, she did," A hundred times or more. Some contradicted, said "She didn't" And seemed determined quite; She either didn't or she did: I wonder which is right? With "Promenade" and "Right and Left," With "Balance All" and "Swing," The ball went on until the morn' Lit up the magic ring. As Brownies only dance at night, In shadows dim and deep, At peep o' day they scurried home And cuddled down to sleep.

-H. L. Brisbee

#### BETTINE'S SUNSHINE.

Outdoors the day was dull and showery. At the Noonday Rest Club, on the third floor of a city building, where girls who are employed down town gather for their midday meal the atmosphere seemed charged with the depression of the weather. A girl seated at one of the corner tables arranged an exciting employer; at the long center table another girl murmured at the weather, while a girl beside her complained about the bill of fare. Suddenly some one said:

"Here comes Bettine!" A little creature with a moist, shining face walked rapidly down the room and took the only vacant seat at the long table.

"I'm late," she announced, a trifle breathlessly, as she beamed at one and another. "Mr. Wilson couldn't find time to dictate until nearly noon; business is picking up splendidly."

"You never seem to mind working over time, Bettine," grumbled the girl beside her. "I shouldn't think you'd be so enthusiastic about business picking up, when it means extra strokes for you."

"A queer kind of business woman I'd be, Cassie, if I didn't want business to improve!" Bettine laughed; adding, "Don't you think this is just the kind of weather to make one hungry? I like it. Makes your skin feel so soft and lovely, too."

"There isn't a single tempting thing on the bill of fare," said the girl at the head of the table. "I know what I want, and I hope they have it," Bettine replied, as she arose and passed to the other side of the room where the food was arranged. Presently she returned. "I like to wait on myself, as one may do here; it seems so homey," she said, setting the plate and cup she carried on the table.

"Bacon of all things," exclaimed the girl opposite with a disdainful toss of her pretty head. "It is more satisfying than your cream puffs, Miss Emily," Bettine retorted, smilingly. "I smelled it coming along and decided that and there to dine like a queen. It's fine with sweet potatoes. Anybody any news?"

"Emily has had her salary raised. But she isn't altogether pleased, because Mr. Keech wants her to take charge of the files in addition to her other work," vouchsafed Cassie.

"Why, Emily, it will be a decided help to you to keep in touch with the files," Bettine affirmed, as she spread her roll with butter. "The more you learn about certain points of the business, the more valuable will you prove to Mr. Keech. Oh, girls, I must tell you about a nice thing that happened to me this morning," Bettine added eagerly.

"Do you ever have any but nice things happen to you, Bettine?" Cassie asked, half-smilingly.

"Yes, ma'am. But the unpleasant ones I forget as soon as possible. It takes practice, but it can be done," Bettine replied gravely—that is, gravely for her. Then she went on in lighter tones to tell about her nice happening. When she had finished, Emily remarked:

"Your faculty for finding things to be glad about is positively inspiring, Bettine."

"It's helpful, anyway," the latter answered as she arose. "Come, girls, time to pay checks!"

A dozen girls left the Noonday Rest together and walked down the street until their paths diverged. The sky was still dull, but the faces

of the girls had brightened and their voices held a cheery note. The companionship of brave, sunny Bettine had dispelled the gloom.

#### FUN FOR A BIRTHDAY FUNCTION

A bright little girl celebrated her twelfth birthday with a party, the details of which she arranged herself. She called it a tree and animal party.

When the guests arrived she gave each a booklet, which she had made, on the cover of which was painted a tree and an animal. In the room were two screens, with pictures of trees pinned on one, and animals on the other. The pictures were numbered, and opposite the numbers in the booklets were written the names of the trees and animals.

A growing plant, in a pot covered with red crepe paper, was the prize for the child naming the most trees; a little rabbit filled with candy was awarded for the animals, while to the one naming the greatest number of trees and animals was given Ernest Thompson-Seton's book, "Wild Animals I Have Known."

After the guessing contest games were played at the tables scattered throughout the rooms. The scores were kept with acorns attached to red ribbon, which were looped on tiny wooden rings every time any one progressed. The rings were decorated with green bows, by which they were pinned to the clothing of the players. The acorns were picked up by the little girl on a trip to Lookout Mountain.

"The idea of trees and animals was carried out in the decorations of the dining table. The center-piece was a miniature holly tree on a mound of moss and ferns with little rabbits here and there.—The Pilgrim.

#### DELIVERING A MESSAGE.

It had been a wearing day in the office and Elsie longed to go straight home. She hesitated as she alighted from the car at the corner near her house, but she was used to listening to the call of duty and she wearily mounted the steps of her neighbor, Mrs. Briggs, and rang the bell.

"Well, Elsie," exclaimed Mrs. Briggs, coming to the door. "I'm glad to see you. Now you are here you must stay to dinner with us. You needn't say no, for I've been wanting you to—"

"No, thanks, really, I can't," interrupted Elsie. "I just stopped to—"

"It's about time you stepped in," laughed Mrs. Briggs. "I was saying to Edward only yesterday that you never come here any more and you go by the house twice a day, too. I declare, it's really unneighborly."

"I am so busy, I really don't have time for visiting. I just came to-night to—"

"Talk about being busy! I guess I'm busy. Why, do you know, I've had my kitchen and dining room cleaned and now I'm going to have all the woodwork in the house painted and three of the bed rooms papered. It seems to me we never were so upset as we are this spring and I want to put up a lot of early strawberries. I never think the ones that come cheap and late are as good for preserving. When your mother makes jelly does she strain the juice before she—"

"I don't know, but mother will gladly give you her rule. To-day while eating lunch at Merrill's, I—"

"Oh, do you go there? I always thought it was a pretty expensive place. You are sensible, though, not to economize on your lunches. Now there's Miss Norris that used to room here and help Mabel with her lessons, she always ate a cold lunch at noon and I believe that's what made her so sallow and I—"

"Mrs. Briggs," broke in Elsie with determination. "I saw Mr.—"

"That's the good thing about going down town every day, you meet so many of your friends. Now, who did you see, my dear? But just let me tell you who I saw the other day. You remember that Mrs. Wheaton who was in the sewing circle with your mother and me and afterwards went to the north side, well she—"

"Yes, but I wanted to tell you—"

"What do you think, Elsie, her hair has turned snow white? It's becoming to her, I must say, and some believe that she put something on it to make it white, but I hardly think so. Still, she isn't old, and she hasn't had any trouble, has she?"

"I really don't know, Mrs. Briggs, I met Mr.—"

"That's so, you were going to tell me who you met. Was it Evelyn Bard, whose engagement was just announced? I declare, I never was more surprised in my life than when I saw in the papers that she was going to marry James Hale. Where in the world did she ever meet him.



**SURPRISE**  
A PURE SOAP  
HARD

I wonder if her aunt got her into that rich set. Maybe she did, because you know how she—"

"Good night," said Elsie suddenly, and as she fled down the street she could still hear Mrs. Briggs' voice.

Although very tired, she wrote a note that evening before going to bed.

"My dear Mrs. Briggs: When I called at your house to-day it was with the intention of telling you that I met your cousin, Mr. Wells, this noon. He was passing through the city in haste. He asked me to say to you that he would be back late to-morrow afternoon on his way home and he wished you, Mr. Briggs and Mabel to meet him at the Union hotel at six, for dinner, if you can."

"I'll send this by a boy in the morning," she sighed, as she signed her name, "and I devoutly hope that next time Mr. Wells will deliver his own invitation to the Briggs family."

#### THE BEST WAY TO RISE IN THE WORLD.

Young men are always being advised to "rise in the world."

Which may or may not be good advice. It depends upon:

How the young man rises.

What he rises upon.

What he takes up with him.

If your idea is to rise in the world by making money and having people look up to you on that account it is easy enough.

If you want to go up like a man, however, put some foundation besides dollars under you. What will you rise to? To something worth while. Ideals are worth while, and one way to define ideals is to say they are what your mother wants you to be. When men go up to ideals they are the light of the world.—Chicago Journal.

#### DO YOU KNOW.

Do you know that the bayonet was so called because it was first made at Bayonne, France?

That coffee first received its name for the reason that it first came to Europe from Kaffa?

That candy was first exported from Candia?

That tobacco was so called from the island of Tobasco, the home of Daniel Defoe's imaginary hero, Robinson Crusoe?

That gin was invented at Geneva and early became an important factor in the commerce of that city?

That the tarantula was a notorious pest in the vicinity of Taranto?

That cambric was made at Cambrai?

That muslin was made at Mougse-line?

That calico was made at Calicut?

That dimity was made at Lamietta?

That milliners first plied their trade at Milan?

That the magnetic property of iron ore was first noticed in that drug in the neighborhood of Magnesia?

#### Painless Home Cure for Cancer.

Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont., will gladly send you the names of Canadians and others who have been cured by this truly marvellous remedy that cures without pain and even your own family need not know you are using the treatment.

#### An Early Christian Woman.

Cardinal Rampolla, formerly Secretary of State to His Holiness Leo XIII., is a deep student in the field of early Christian history, furnishing to the learned world an admirable and trustworthy Life of Saint Melania, junior wife of a Roman Senator. This Christian patrician lady belongs to the fourth and early part of the fifth century of the Christian era. And the Cardinal's book opens with an magnificent description of the society in Rome at that interesting period in which the supreme struggle was waged between Christianity, which had recently come out of the Catacombs into the daylight, and the fading out and moribund idolatry of the pagan Empire. The stage was then filled with great and noble figures whose names still stir the enthusiasm of readers to-day—St. Jerome and those of his school, St. Marcella, and Paula, Eustochius, Principia, and the two Melanias. The author traces the life of the younger of these, who was born in 383. His work is founded on a valuable contemporary biography, found by himself in a manuscript of the Library of the Escorial in Spain. Cardinal Rampolla was, it may be remembered, Pontifical Nuncio at Madrid, and this position he turned to account in the furtherance of his favorite studies.

The story of Melania's life, taken from this authentic document, is very attractive, and, as Maruchini— in describing the Cardinal's book—says of it, it presents one of the noblest figures of a woman whose history is interwoven with the great events of the period in which she lived; and in it the author throws light likewise on other celebrated personages. Melania, admirably educated in the learning of the time, united to her intellectual culture a deep faith and the most ardent religious enthusiasm; whence after the death of her children she retired into one of her vast possessions, and began a life of Christian severity, and distributed large charities to the poor. After the year 403, she left Rome, visited the celebrated St. Paulinus of Nola, went to Sicily and thence into Africa, where she met with St. Augustine, the great Bishop of Hippo, and stayed at Tagaste with her husband, Pinianus. Later she made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and went even as far as Egypt to visit the famous monasteries of the Thebaid. Returning to Jerusalem she there founded a monastery on the Mount of Olives, and there she led a life of penitence and study for a long time. After a visit to Constantinople, where she was received at Court with great distinction, she returned to the Holy City, and there died, in the dear monastery she had founded, on the 31st December, 439.

Very Rev. Father Fitzgerald, O. F. M., the celebrated Franciscan, who for the past twenty years has been resident of Australia, has been recalled to Ireland, and will be stationed at the picturesque old Franciscan monastery in Wexford. Father Fitzgerald, who was Commissary-Provincial of the Order in Australia, visited Europe about eighteen months ago. In Rome the Pope decorated him with the Cross of the Order of Leo XIII., in recognition of his services to the Church as a missionary and a writer.

A Liniment for the Logger.—Loggers lead a life which exposes them to many perils. Wounds, cuts and bruises cannot be altogether avoided in preparing timber for the drive and in river work, where wet and cold combined are of daily experience coughs and colds and muscular pains cannot but ensue. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, when applied to the injured or administered to the ailing, works wonders.

**ROOFERS, Etc.**  
**FOR A TIGHT ROOF, OR DRY BASEMENT; FOR METAL SKYLIGHTS Or Any SHEET METAL WORK CALL ON**  
**GEO. W. REED & CO.,**  
337 Craig St. W.

**PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED**  
We solicit the business of Manufacturers, Engineers and others who realize the advisability of having their Patent business transacted by Experts. Preliminary advice free. Charges moderate. Our Inventor's Advice sent upon request. Marion & Marlon, New York 117 1/2 E. 4th St. Montreal 1 and Wash. 704, D.C., U.S.A.

#### BUSINESS CARDS.

**M. J. MORRISON,**  
Advocate,  
ROOM 587 - TEMPLE BUILDING

**T. J. O'NEILL,**  
REAL ESTATE AGENT,  
180 ST. JAMES STREET.

Loans, Insurance, Renting and Collecting of Rents. Moderate charges, and prompt returns.

Bell Tel. Main 3552 Night day & service  
**CONROY BROS.,**  
228 Centre Street  
Practical Plumbers, Gas and Steamfitters  
ESTIMATES GIVEN.  
Jobbing Promptly Attended To.

Established 1864.  
**G. O'BRIEN,**  
House, Sign and Decorative Painter  
PLAIN AND DECORATIVE  
PAPER-HANGER  
Whitewashing and Tinting. Orders promptly attended to. Terms moderate.  
Residence, 78 A. VANDER BRUGER. Office, 647 Dorchester street, east of Bleury street, Montreal.  
Bell Telephone, Up 205.

**LAWRENCE RILEY,**  
PLASTERER  
Successor to John Riley. Established in 1866. Plain and Ornamental Plastering. Repairs of all kinds promptly attended to. Estimates furnished. Postal orders attended to.  
15 PARIS STREET, Point St. Charles.

The new principle of coal oil lighting employed in the Angle Lamp is fast displacing gas and electricity. Partly due to the quality of light; best in the world. Soft, mellow, restful to the eyes.  
**Light Without Any Shadow.**  
You light and extinguish like gas, you can fill without extinguishing. The only lamp of its kind—the light for country homes. Equals the best light of the city man at a fraction of the cost. You can't know all about it until you use it.  
**Sold On 30 Days Trial.**  
Send for catalog and full information.  
THE BACHE SPECIALTY CO.,  
355 1/2 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

#### SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba on the Northwest Provinces, 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 may be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situate, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the local agent receive authority for some one to make entry for him.

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

- (1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.
- (2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.
- (3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

Six months' notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

**W. W. O'RY,**  
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

The True Witness and Catholic Chronicle... 25 St. Antoine Street, Montreal, Canada.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE... Canada (city excepted), United States and Newfoundland, \$1.00

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—When ordering change of address it is necessary to send old as well as new address.

NOTICE.

Subscribers will please take notice that when their year is due, and should they wish to discontinue their paper, they are requested to notify this office, otherwise we will understand they wish to renew, in which case they will be liable for entire year.



THURSDAY, MARCH 8, 1906.

SUNDAY OBSERVANCE.

Straightforward talks by the Protestant ministers of this city to their congregations on the subject of Sunday observance is reported in the press.

It is common enough to hear the remark that a difficulty in this matter of Sunday observance in Montreal is greatly accentuated by the fact of our mixed population.

We recommend Dr. Hill's remarks to those Toronto journalists who, with more Phariseism than we are customarily acquainted with in Montreal, tell their readers that never can there be Sunday observance in Montreal because the population is overwhelmingly Catholic.

SCIENTIFIC LOGIC.

In our last issue we noticed at some length a lecture by Prof. MacBride. As there was at least one point to which we did not do justice, we beg our readers' further attention.

This may be a typical scientific argument and explanation of the resurrection and the establishment of the Church, or it may not be. If it is typical, so much the worse for science.

The third sophism maintains that this belief evolved the Church. The Church, therefore, was not the work of Christ. It is not His Kingdom, vested with His power, teaching His truth and dispensing His mysteries.

like lightning to the doing of His word. All that we can say is that we are here in the twentieth century, and we believe 'for the works themselves.'

Passing to the second point—that the disciples believed they saw their Master after His death—this denies the reality of the resurrection, the great central doctrine of our religion and the decisive event of all history.

The Montreal City Bill came before the Legislative Council's Private Bills Committee on Tuesday. The annexation clauses 23 and 24 were first taken up and were the subject of a long discussion.

CANDLES And Oils for the Sanctuary... Best quality—no cheap imitations. All goods absolutely guaranteed.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Canada's mineral production for last year was valued at \$68,000,000. The gold production alone totalled nearly \$14,500,000.

Chicago lithographers are taking up the pure food crusade in earnest, and have decided that unless certain manufacturers order labels for their food products which tell the truth, they will refuse to print them.

A painting of great historical value and a work of art, entitled 'The Mouth of Hell,' representing monster jaws toward which are drawn human beings in the midst of flames, and which is supposed to be a part of an original Maffeo de Verona, which served in the decoration of one of the cupolas of St. Mark's, has been discovered in Venice.

The mild weather of this winter has not been without its satisfactory side, so far as the civic finances are concerned. The total expenditure to date on snow-clearing from those streets on which car tracks are laid has been \$28,000, as compared with \$139,100 to the same date last year.

Two American priests recently visited Shanghai, China, when returning from the Philippines. Passing from the European into the Chinese quarter, their attention was suddenly drawn to a cross glittering on the top of a building.

He was, like Newman, a son of the Oratory. When the Order was suppressed by the Law of Associations he was its Superior-General. It was a strange destiny that made him in his later years—this champion of liberty, the friend of Ireland, the friend of Poland, the admirer of Montalembert the inheritor of Cardinal Lavergne's mission against African slavery—one of the figures round which raged the most violent polemics of the civil strife in France.

Still another amendment carried was one preventing the question of annexation from being raised again for one year in any municipality after the by-law presented for the purpose may have been rejected by such municipality.

Authors are spoken of as living in attics because so few of them are able to live in their first story.

A DEAD FRIEND

There passed away on Saturday a great Churchman of France, who in his prime, was one of the warmest defenders of Ireland and her cause on the Continent of Europe—Mgr. Perraud, Cardinal Bishop of Autun, member of the Academy of France.

He was, like Newman, a son of the Oratory. When the Order was suppressed by the Law of Associations he was its Superior-General. It was a strange destiny that made him in his later years—this champion of liberty, the friend of Ireland, the friend of Poland, the admirer of Montalembert the inheritor of Cardinal Lavergne's mission against African slavery—one of the figures round which raged the most violent polemics of the civil strife in France.

His last days were given to the task of preparing for the revolution. He had prepared a Lenten Pastoral in which the organization for the maintenance of public worship throughout his diocese was formulated.

would be exposed if ever after the spoliation they should be forced to present themselves to the people in the character of dependents. His solution of the difficulty he had already published. The cures of the diocese should take no part in the collection of the funds necessary to make good the deprivation.

WITH OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

- Quebec. Please find enclosed M. O. for renewal to your invaluable paper for another year.
Wishing you the greatest success in your most important mission.
BRO. TOBIAS.
McCormick, Ont. Please find enclosed \$1 for a year's subscription to your valuable paper. Excuse delay. Wishing you success.
F. McCARRAGHER.
Chatham, N.B. Enclosed herein please find one dollar for one year's subscription for Herbert Sullivan, Nelson, N.B. Wishing the True Witness a prosperous year.
D. SULLIVAN.
Madrid, N.Y. Enclosed please find two dollars for last year's subscription and renewal. I have taken the paper 24 years, and I would miss it very much if I tried to get along without it.
C. FAY.
St. John's, Nfld. Please find enclosed P. O. order for two dollars. I regret having delayed in making remittance.
E. F. CARTER.
Brooklyn, N.Y. I wish to become a subscriber to your paper, so I send you P. O. order for one dollar.
(Mrs.) CATHERINE DUFFY.
Ste. Marthe. Please find enclosed one dollar as renewal to your paper. Am always glad to receive it, and enjoy its reading matter.
T. MONAGHAN.
West Frampton. Please find M. O. enclosed for two dollars. One dollar to pay my own subscription and one dollar for new subscription for John Moran. I have got this customer for you. I work all I can for your valuable paper.
J. R. DOYLE.
Bay de Verte District. Enclosed please find one dollar for renewal for 1907. Wishing you and your paper every success.
P. KINSELLA.
Richmond, Que. Please find enclosed \$2 renewal for my subscription. Wishing you and your valuable paper every success.
P. M. HEALY.
Maynooth, Ont. Enclosed please find \$1, my subscription for 1907. I am a little late with it. I wish you a prosperous year.
J. WARD.
Norfolk. Enclosed please find \$2 for my subscription. Wishing you success.
(Mrs.) M. MURPHY.
Open Hall, Nfld. Enclosed please find \$1 as my subscription to your esteemed paper.
J. LONG.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

- ILLNESS OF ABBE BELLEMAIRE. Abbe Bellemare, of the Nicolet, was stricken with illness last Friday. His condition serious.
MGR. EMARD HAS AUC WITH PIUS X. The Pope yesterday received private audience the High Joseph M. Emard, Bishop of Nicolet.
BAG NEWS. Mr. H. C. McCallum, who for the past sixteen years has been in charge of the printing department of the Canada Jute Company, has resigned and will assume the duties of the new "Smart" March 15th, with temporary quarters in Toronto.
FIRE IN SEMINARY AT BROOKE. What might have been a disastrous fire in St. Charles Seminary, Sherbrooke, last night, was nipped in the bud by fire arrival and splendid work of fire brigade. It started mysteriously in the study by a candle together with the recreation room. Damage to the building some \$3000.
DIOCESAN WORK. At the beginning of the year, a new diocesan newspaper, inaugurated by the White Star, Quebec, that of aiding in the poor circumstances. His order to express his sympathy in the good work, presided at the ceremony. The Rev. Superior of the White Star planned the work and it was carried out in a very interesting manner.
RETURN OF HIS LORDSHIP SHOP McEVAY. His Lordship Bishop McEvay, accompanied by Rev. Father O'Connell, returned to St. Peter's Cathedral in London, Ont., on Sunday evening from New York, where he had landed on Sunday for a short stay. His Lordship's father, Mr. McEvay, was met by a number of priests and prominent laymen. The Bishop was accompanied on his visit to Rome on Sunday. On that day the presentation of the Bishop and his father to both the Bishop and the Pope.
TEMPERANCE DELEGATION WAIT ON ARCHBISHOP BRUCHESE. On Sunday a delegation of the Temperance Society waited on Archbishop Bruchese and him their respectful wishes on the inauguration of the campaign which he had undertaken. The delegation was composed of the Society's council and numerous members. The Rev. P. O.M.I. chaplain, presented the delegation to the Archbishop. The Archbishop expressed his happiness in being thus welcomed and explained in a magnificent manner the means to be taken to obtain the victory of the temperance cause. He encouraged the delegation to continue the good work in hand and gave them his blessing.
ARCHBISHOP BRUCHESE'S CRUSADE. Archbishop Bruchese has crusade with a view to the sale and exposure for sale of obscene picture cards in the city, and on Tuesday the Rev. Canon Decarie, Henri, and the Rev. Father Luche, were present in the Enquete to support the before Judge Desnoyers of the court, of St. Lawrence street, west, the charge of being that of selling and view for sale obscene picture cards in their respective parishes. The defendants pleaded guilty. The defence is that the picture cards are not obscene. The Rev. Canon Decarie had been requested by the court to attend the court to support the prosecution, in order to see that the law was not done to the evil and mischief which had been done among the young people of the city by the placing of picture post-cards in the streets and by the sale of them. After looking at the picture cards, Canon Decarie said that from a moral point of view they were vile, and certain.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

ILLNESS OF ABBE BELLEMAIRE. Abbe Bellemaire, of the Seminary, Nicolet, was stricken with paralysis last Friday. His condition is very serious.

MGR. EMARD HAS AUDIENCE WITH PIUS X. The Pope yesterday received in private audience the Right Rev. Joseph M. Emard, Bishop of Valleyfield.

BAG NEWS. Mr. H. C. McCallum, who has been in the past sixteen years in charge of the printing department of the Canada Jute Company, has resigned and will assume the duties of Superintendent of the Printing Department of the new "Smart Bag Co." March 15th, with temporary headquarters in Toronto.

FIRE IN SEMINARY AT SHERBROOKE. What might have been a disastrous fire in St. Charles Borromeo Seminary, Sherbrooke, last Friday, was nipped in the bud by the timely arrival and splendid work of the fire brigade. It started quite mysteriously in the study hall, which together with the recreation hall suffered damage to the extent of some \$3000.

DIOCESAN WORK. At the beginning of the month of February, a new diocesan work was inaugurated by the White Sisters at Quebec, that of aiding seminarians in poor circumstances. His Grace, in order to express his sympathy with the good work, presided at the opening ceremony. The Rev. P. Forbes, Superior of the White Fathers, explained the work and its motives in a very interesting manner.

RETURN OF HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP McEVAY. His Lordship Bishop McEvay, accompanied by Rev. Father Aylward, rector of St. Peter's Cathedral, arrived in London, Ont., on Monday evening from New York, where they had landed on Sunday from Queens-town, Ireland. His Lordship and Father Aylward were met at the depot by a number of priests from the palace and prominent Catholic laymen. The Bishop will address the congregation on the subject of his visit to Rome on Sunday next. On that day the presentation of a purse and an address will be made to both the Bishop and Father Aylward.

TEMPERANCE DELEGATION WAIT ON ARCHBISHOP BRUCHESE. On Sunday a delegation from St. Peter's Temperance Society waited upon Archbishop Bruchese and offered him their respectful homage, for the inauguration of the temperance campaign which he had undertaken. The delegation was composed of the Society's council and numbered 24 members. The Rev. P. Villeneuve, O.M.I., chaplain, presented the address to the Archbishop. His Grace replied thanking the delegation and expressing the happiness he experienced in being thus waited upon, and explained in a magnificent discourse the means to be taken advantage of to obtain the best results. He encouraged the Society to continue the good work they had in hand and gave them his blessing.

ARCHBISHOP'S CRUSADE. Archbishop Bruchese has started a crusade with a view to stopping the sale and exposure for sale of indecent picture cards in certain stores in the city, and on Tuesday afternoon the Rev. Canon Decarie, of St. Henri, and the Rev. Father Armand Luche, were present in the Court of Enquete to support the prosecution before Judge Desnoyers of Ostor-Berouson, of St. Lawrence Boulevard, and J. H. Superior, of St. Catherine street, west, the charge in each case being that of selling and having on view for sale obscene picture post-cards in their respective stores. The defendants pleaded not guilty. The defence is that the pictures are works of art. The Rev. Canon Decarie said he had been requested by the Archbishop to attend the court to support the prosecution, in order to see if something could not be done to put down the evil and mischief which was being done among the young people of the city by the placing of obscene picture post-cards in the shop windows and by the sale of these cards. After looking at the cards, etc., that had been seized at the two stores in question, Canon Decarie said that from a moral standpoint they were vile, and certainly not

artistic productions. They were samples of nudity and vulgarity. Rev. Father Armand Luche stated that he had been asked by the Archbishop to take part in the crusade against these cards, and he was attending court with a view of doing some good for the community. After glancing at several of the cards produced as evidence before the judge, the reverend gentleman said one needed a pair of pincers with which to handle them. There was nothing artistic in the pictures. The case was adjourned until next week.

OBSTACLE TO TEMPERANCE. The Hon. Mr. Tarte says in the Patrie: "One of the most serious obstacles to a re-establishment of our old temperance habits is the custom of 'treating.' If we could only stop that injurious and ridiculous custom, the great peril that threatens us would be half averted. 'The evil is perhaps as great in the Province of Ontario as it is here. Mr. McNaught, the new Conservative member for the constituency of North Ontario, has just given notice before the Ontario Legislature that he will shortly introduce a bill to abolish the 'treating' system. Any person offering a treat to others in a bar-room will be liable to pay a fine or even to be imprisoned. Mr. McNaught does not believe that his Draconic measure will be accepted by the House, but he reckons that the effect produced among the public by the discussion brought on will be beneficial. 'Any man who can put an end to that detestable custom would deserve the greatest gratitude from his fellow-beings. It is seldom, however, that mortals are reformed by means of severe restrictive laws.'

Support of Church and Pastor (Lenten Tract.) Catholics are bound under pain of sin to contribute to the support of their pastor and of his assistants. In this country there is the obligation, likewise, to contribute to the building and maintenance of church and school.

Whatever means are adopted in the parish to this end, Catholics must be willing to do their share whether it be by paying a fixed amount of dues, pew rent, seat money, or by contributing to certain collections and entertainments, and making certain customary offerings in receiving the ministrations of religion. All members of the parish who have an income of their own, whether they are married or single, whether they have families or not, whether they live with their families, board, or live by themselves, moreover, sons and daughters who pay their board, and have the balance of their income for their own use, are bound equally as well as their parents, to contribute to the support of their church, school or pastor.

Persons not able to pay the fixed dues, either through continued poverty, or for the time being, are bound to make their circumstances known to their pastor, or be considered delinquent. To neither pay nor make any excuse to the pastor, is considered either pure neglect of duty, pride or obstinacy. Parties failing both to pay for their pews or seats, and to give an explanation for it, should remember that they forfeit their right to them. It requires no notice on the part of the pastor to such, in order that he may be justified in disposing of their pew or seat in favor of others. Pay your dues or pew rent at the appointed time and place, and see that you receive credit for it. Do not expect the pastor or anyone else to carry the pew book about with him. If through neglect of these rules, and through your own awkwardness, you find that you have not been credited for your payment, you will have yourself to blame. Parties unwilling to take part in church entertainments or unable to attend them, should at least do their share by purchasing tickets or otherwise contributing to their object. If the character of such entertainments be not always to one's taste, the object of them, at least, should always be.

If you have been accidentally overlooked at a regular church collection, either at one that is taken up within the church itself, or at a house-to-house collection in the parish, bring your contribution nevertheless, to the pastor, or to those in charge. Do not take advantage of such an oversight when you would otherwise have contributed. Such conduct is unworthy of anyone calling himself a Catholic. German statistics show that seventy-two per cent of women miss railroad trains.

THE LENTEN SEASON, Eloquent Discourses from City Pulpits on Sunday Last.

IMMENSE CONGREGATIONS IN ATTENDANCE.

NOTRE DAME. At Notre Dame on Sunday last the renowned pulpit orator, Pere Plessis, was listened to by a congregation which filled the grand old edifice from sanctuary to doors. For upwards of an hour he held the attention of the vast concourse. His theme was the contrast of two principles of life. Upon the person of Christ he showed how there played the conflict between the forces that would have moulded him into the Messiah whom the Jews desired and the Divine nature that impelled him to carry out that other and far different Messiahship of God. He set forth the nature and origin of the Hebrew ambition till his audience seemed to live in the captivity period and to burn with the hope that held the Jews of that time, the hope of worldly mastery over those who now mastered them. Some men believed they could trace in the person and character and works of Christ the point of contact of this Messiahship with the Divine Messiahship. If so they were more seeing than Satan himself. Satan in his most marvellously devised temptation sought to play on that ambition of earthly domination, and failed, finding no traces of it in Christ's nature. The Messiahship of God was a mission of renunciation. In a superb peroration the preacher showed how worldly ambition had succeeded in writing in history many names which would stand there until the end of time; but time was not all, and in the endless ages of eternity only those would be honored who had made obedience and renunciation the guiding principle of their existence. Archbishop Bruchese occupied the throne, and was assisted by Rev. Abbes Filiatreault and Bedard. Rev. Gerald McShane was celebrant.

AT THE GESTU. Father Schmidt commenced a series of Lenten sermons on the Sacraments, choosing as his opening theme Baptism. Taking his text from the phrase, "I am sent to cure the broken-hearted," he declared that Christ was the great Physician of the soul, and in order to carry out remedies for curing, preventing and strengthening. These remedies were the Sacraments: Baptism, Penance, and Extreme Unction, a cure; Confirmation and matrimony as preventives, and Holy Eucharist to strengthen the weak souls, although the latter Sacrament partook of the nature of all three.

Dealing with Baptism, Father Schmidt spoke of Christ's baptism, as St. Augustine said, "Not to purify Himself, but to purify the water." It was the symbol of adoption by God, bringing in its train all the splendid privileges and aids that such adoption must mean. CONVERSION OF PRINCESS ENA. Princess Ena, bride-elect of King Alfonso, formally joined the Catholic Church yesterday. The ceremony took place at the Church of El Antiguco; which is close to Miramar Palace, in San Sebastian. There is great satisfaction that the ceremony took place on Spanish soil. Princess Ena thus gave the strongest denial to the statement that her conversion was only half-hearted and formal.

WANT PRIVILEGES LIKE CANADA. It is announced that Mr. Field, Nationalist, Dublin, will this week call the attention of the Government to the fact that in Canada during the session members of Parliament are not only allowed to send correspondence and bluebooks free of postage, but that they obtain by act a free pass over all the railways of the Dominion. Thus a movement is now on foot to imitate Canadian Parliamentary customs in three important respects: the payment of members, the franking system, and railway passes. Should the payment of members be conceded, it is not thought that more than £200 or £300 sterling will be allowed.

C. M. B. A. OF CANADA. Change of Meeting Hall. Branch 26, C.M.B.A., give notice to members of change of meeting Hall from St. Patrick's Hall to 2381 St. Catherine street (Anglis Building), and their evenings of meeting from 2nd and 4th Mondays to 1st and 3rd Fridays of each month, from 1st March.

SUDDEN DEATH OF MR. F. DOWD. About nine o'clock on Tuesday night, Mr. F. Dowd fell unconscious at St. Patrick's Church. He was carried into St. Patrick's Hall, and Dr. Duzston Gray was summoned,

but nothing could be done to save him, and he died in a few minutes. The last rites of the church were administered to the dying man. Mrs. Dowd was at the time attending St. Patrick's Church mission, and her husband was waiting for her. Mr. Dowd, who lived at 76 Aylmer street, was 59 years of age, and a devoted member of St. Patrick's Church.

A Warning to the Enemies of Ireland. (By John Dillon.) Believe me, that the defeat of Balfour and Chamberlain will be a warning to English statesmen in the future when they propose to coerce Ireland, and now the same men who advised us to enter into an alliance with the broken and discredited Tory party are advising us to adopt a policy of subservience to the Liberal party. I shall oppose that policy, as I opposed the other. The success of the Liberal party I rejoice to see, and I triumph in the complete defeat of the Unionist and Coercionist party; but don't imagine for a single moment that I rejoice in that because I believe Home Rule is won, or that we can place our hopes of Irish liberty and freedom in English Ministers or any English party.

No, we have a good long road to travel yet, and the time and hour has not yet come to lay aside the weapons which have served us so well in the past. This is not the hour to untie the bonds of party discipline, this is not the hour to disband the Irish party and to trust the future fortunes of Ireland to a scratch alliance with Lord Dufferin and Thomas Sloan. No, I say that now and more than ever we need to preserve our weapons and our fighting forces, because now is but the moment when victory is half won, and if you study history you will learn the lesson that in innumerable cases when the forces of the enemy are broken and the victory within the grasp of generals, it has been lost by want of maintaining that discipline that had all but secured the triumph. I say, therefore, that now more than ever we ought not to lay down our weapons and disband our party in this hour of triumph and approaching victory. No, I don't place trust, and I shall not place trust, in any Liberal party or in any other party in England. We are grateful and thankful to any English Liberals, like Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who are faithful and loyal to their promises, but in the ultimate resort, until victory is actually won, and an Irish Parliament is sitting upon Irish soil, our trust must be in one pledge-bound Irish National Party—one policy, and one party and one leader. The moment we depart from that principle I say our hands will be paralyzed, and even though victory were almost within our grasp, it would be snatched from us.

After a very short illness of pneumonia, there passed away at Richmond, Mr. E. J. Bedard, L.L.B. This young lawyer possessed more than the ordinary intellect, was a clever writer and popular orator. He was very widely known throughout the district of St. Francis and in fact in the whole province. His preliminary education was received at St. Francis College, Richmond. Subsequently he took the full arts course at St. Charles Seminary, Sherbrooke, where he graduated with honors in 1881, being one of the first pupils of that institution. His law studies were pursued at Laval University, this city, which conferred the degree of LL.B. upon him in 1885. In the same year he was called to the provincial bar and practised in this city first with Judge Davidson, and later with Senator Cloran, in the firm of Cloran and Bedard, and for several years was the Crown Attorney of Richmond. He was also P.C.R. of Court St. Francis, No. 333, Catholic Order of Foresters, and a member of St. Jean Baptiste Society. The funeral took place from the parish church, Richmond, on Saturday. Representative citizens from all parts of the province filled the edifice to render a last tribute to the memory of one of Richmond's most popular young men. The hearse was preceded by the members of St. Francis Court, 333, in mourning regalia. The mourners were: Mr. Joseph Bedard, father; Messrs. F. J. Bedard, H. F. Bedard and A. J. Bedard, brothers. In the cortege were: Archdeacon Roe, E. W. Tobin, M.P.; M. T. Stenson, Collector of Customs, Sherbrooke; L. E. Panetonn, advocate; M. O'Bready, Judge Mulvena, all of Sherbrooke; J. McGovern, uncle; E. McGovern, Dr. J. J. McGovern, cousins; J. P. Connaughton, cousin; Claud Orsall, St. Hyacinthe; J. Wright, J. Cuddy, E. Lemieux, F. Connaughton, all of Montreal; T. P. Millette, county warden; B. Quinn, Windsor Mills; Dr. McCabe, Windsor Mills; Dr. Meagher, Windsor Mills; E. H. Gilbert, Magog. The True Witness extends its sincerest sympathy to the bereaved family.

MR. JAMES BURKE. Mayo, March 2nd.—Mr. Jas. Burke, of this parish, has passed away to his eternal reward. On Tuesday morning, Feb. 27th, he breathed his last at the home of his uncle, Mr. Thos. Lavell, of this parish. He had been ailing for the past couple of months. The kind and genial disposition of deceased made friends for him of all those who had the favor of his personal acquaintance.

OBITUARY. VICTOR DALEY. Victor Daley, Australia's poet laureate, died recently at Sydney. He was twenty when he landed in Australia. His native place was Armagh, where he was born on August 5, 1858. There, as in other parts of Ireland, nearly every square foot is historic ground. Every rath has its fairy tale, every ruin its thrilling historic memories. The youth drank in these traditions—fairy lore and song and story—and the old charm and spirit of them seemed to breathe in his after work which smacked of the truest traits in Irish life. Young as he was when he touched the Australian earth, his memories were well defined. Few of his age would have stored their minds with a fraction of those rich memories which Daley brought with him to the new land from the old. But he was no ordinary man. He had that spark of immortal fire which burns from cradle to the grave in the soul of genius. And so it was he sang of "the old dead flowers of bygone summers" and "the old yearning sadness of the transplanted Celt striving to twine the shamrock with the wattle and endow each with the glory of the other. He began Australian life as clerk in Adelaide, and to a suburban paper sent his first chirpings. Thus he made known his aspirations to the public, and thereafter he ventured to Melbourne and Sydney, and laid the readers of Sydney Punch, the Freeman's Journal, and the Bulletin under tribute to his talent. In Queenbeyan, whither he went on foot, he met the late John Farrell, and the two destined to brighten Australian literature, helped to illumine a local journal with their flashing pens. To the Bulletin Daley drifted with his stock of poetic outpourings, and his name became a power in its pages as in those of the Sydney Freeman's Journal, and other avenues.

E. J. BEDARD. After a very short illness of pneumonia, there passed away at Richmond, Mr. E. J. Bedard, L.L.B. This young lawyer possessed more than the ordinary intellect, was a clever writer and popular orator. He was very widely known throughout the district of St. Francis and in fact in the whole province. His preliminary education was received at St. Francis College, Richmond. Subsequently he took the full arts course at St. Charles Seminary, Sherbrooke, where he graduated with honors in 1881, being one of the first pupils of that institution. His law studies were pursued at Laval University, this city, which conferred the degree of LL.B. upon him in 1885. In the same year he was called to the provincial bar and practised in this city first with Judge Davidson, and later with Senator Cloran, in the firm of Cloran and Bedard, and for several years was the Crown Attorney of Richmond. He was also P.C.R. of Court St. Francis, No. 333, Catholic Order of Foresters, and a member of St. Jean Baptiste Society. The funeral took place from the parish church, Richmond, on Saturday. Representative citizens from all parts of the province filled the edifice to render a last tribute to the memory of one of Richmond's most popular young men. The hearse was preceded by the members of St. Francis Court, 333, in mourning regalia. The mourners were: Mr. Joseph Bedard, father; Messrs. F. J. Bedard, H. F. Bedard and A. J. Bedard, brothers. In the cortege were: Archdeacon Roe, E. W. Tobin, M.P.; M. T. Stenson, Collector of Customs, Sherbrooke; L. E. Panetonn, advocate; M. O'Bready, Judge Mulvena, all of Sherbrooke; J. McGovern, uncle; E. McGovern, Dr. J. J. McGovern, cousins; J. P. Connaughton, cousin; Claud Orsall, St. Hyacinthe; J. Wright, J. Cuddy, E. Lemieux, F. Connaughton, all of Montreal; T. P. Millette, county warden; B. Quinn, Windsor Mills; Dr. McCabe, Windsor Mills; Dr. Meagher, Windsor Mills; E. H. Gilbert, Magog. The True Witness extends its sincerest sympathy to the bereaved family.

His funeral service took place on Thursday, March 1st. His bereaved mother, sister and brother and relatives have the sympathy of all in the loss they have sustained. May his soul rest in peace.

We try to bow in silence Neath the blow that on us fell, Knowing He whose hand had dealt it Ever doeth all things well, But we miss him; yes, we miss him, And we list, alas, in vain, For the sound of coming footsteps We shall never hear again.

PATRICK O'SHEA. Patrick O'Shea, the nestor of the Catholic publishers in America, is dead at his home in Summit, N.J., in his seventy-fourth year, having been born March 17th, 1832, in Kilkenny, Ireland. He came to the United States in his 19th year, and in 1854 began business in New York. During the fifty-two years that his business had been established he published a great many Catholic story, school and standard books. He was author and editor, as well as publisher of most of his text books. During the Civil War Mr. O'Shea was an earnest advocate of the cause of the Union, and his letters, signed "An American Citizen," published in the Boston Pilot and the Dublin Nation, excited much interest.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM Reduced Fares. Until April 7. Second Class Colonist Fares from Montreal to SEATTLE, VICTORIA, VANCOUVER and PORTLAND \$48.30 ROSHLAND, NELSON, TRAIL, ROSSON, SPOKANE..... \$46.40 ANACONDA, BUTTE, Helena, SALT LAKE..... \$45.90 COLORADO SPRINGS, DENVER, PUEBLO..... \$45.50 SAN FRANCISCO, LOS ANGELES..... \$49.00 Low Rates to many other points. TOURIST SLEEPING CARS Leave Montreal Mondays and Wednesdays at 10:30 p.m. for the accommodation of passengers holding first or second class tickets to Chicago and West thereof as far as the Pacific Coast—monthly charge is made for berths which may be reserved in advance. FOR COMFORT TRAVEL by the GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM CITY TICKET OFFICES 137 St. James Street, Telephone Main 460 & 461, or Bonaventure Station

CANADIAN PACIFIC CHEAP RATES. FROM MONTREAL Vancouver, B.C. \$48.90 Victoria..... 48.90 Seattle..... 48.90 Tacoma..... 48.90 Portland..... 48.90 2nd Class until April 7th, 1906. Proportionately low rates for California, Montana, Washington, Oregon, etc.

Tourist Sleeping Cars For Chicago, the North West & Pacific Coast SLEEPING CARS—MONTREAL—OTTAWA. Above service has been resumed on train leaving Windsor Station, at 10:10 p.m. At Ottawa passengers for Montreal may board car any time after 9:00 p.m., and remain in sleeper until 9:00 a.m. City Ticket Office: 129 St. James St. Next Post Office.

BUILDING ASSOCIATION IN AID OF St. Michael's Parish, Montreal. By a resolution passed at a meeting of the Fabrique of St. Michael's, dated the 3rd of January, 1906, and with the approval of His Grace the Archbishop, the Fabrique binds itself to cause to have said in St. Michael's during four years two masses a month according to the intention of those who contribute 50 cents yearly. Help yourselves, help your deceased friends and help the new church by joining this Association. The two masses in favor of contributors to St. Michael's Building Association, are said towards the end of every month. They are said with the intentions of those who contribute fifty cents a year. Contributors may have any intentions they please, they alone need know what their intentions are, they may change their intentions from month to month—they may have a different intention for each of the two masses in every month, they may have several intentions for the same Mass, they may apply the benefit of the contribution to the soul of a deceased friend. Contributions for the year 1906 (50 cents) may be addressed to REV. JOHN P. HEENAN P.P., 1008 St. Denis Street, MONTREAL, P.Q. (All contributions acknowledged.)

THE COLORED SUPPLEMENT.

Lindsay Swift, in 'The Printing Age,' says some very true and timely words in denunciation of that hideous monstrosity of the modern Sunday newspaper—the colored supplement. He condemns it from a humorous, an artistic and a moral standpoint, as it deserves to be condemned, and says that it is the ugly symbol of an almost incredible vulgarity of taste, a shameless travesty of art and humor.

'Who has not watched of a pleasant Sunday morning in some country village or watering place the arrival of the train or boat bearing these fell messengers of a crude civilization? A crowd listlessly awaits their appearance, and when they come the crowd becomes a mob for their possession. There is a distinct preference for the hideous yellow, red, green and blue splotches which form the prevailing "color schemes" of these corrupting sheets.

Long before a merciful twilight comes with its effacing touch the sidewalk, the piazza, the rustic seats are strewn with these diseased windfalls of the press. It is impossible to describe the vulgarity and insanity of their drawing and coloring.

'The leading motive of most of these humorous illustrations is the practical joke,—a theme which in literature, as everybody of the simplest knowledge understands, died a natural and deserved death at the end of the eighteenth century. No more in books are we expected to laugh over the ducking of parsons in horse-ponds, or other bucolic and heavy modes of enjoyment. But there is a strange recrudescence today in our comic illustrations of the making merry over the mistakes of another. Yokels now, as one hundred and fifty years ago, are to be amused at the butting of elderly frames by the horns of the irreful goat; mules are perpetually warring on the corporeal welfare of the unwary; policemen are defacing the features of innocent citizens; the negro, the Irishman, the Jew, are presented, but not with that fair sense of fun which need offend no race or person, but with a cynical distortion of ethnic characteristics.

'The pencil of our humorist is most malign in its delineations of children. Their young faces, with prolonged upper lips, upturned noses and otherwise mis-shapen features, give them the appearance of aborted monsters fit only for the specimen bottles of a medical museum. The speech put into their mouths is all of a piece with the drawing—some curious argot supposed to be peculiar to the streets of New York, but unintelligible even to the intelligence of the facile Chimmie Fadden.

'It would be bad if these wretched perversions of so innocent an helpul a relish of life as the comic reached only persons of mature life. Even readers whose time is so valueless than he can afford to waste more than a glance at a Sunday paper must realize how worthless pictures of this sort really are. It is the children who suffer, for they absorb unconsciously the unsavory quality of such efforts to amuse, and are thus involuntary victims of voluntary and responsible corruptionists.

WHY HE LOST.

Kind Lady—Poor man! Here's a quarter for you. Have you no home? Tramp—Not now, ma'am. I wunst had a happy home wid t'ree square meals er day; but I lost it.

King Lady—How did it happen? The Tramp—Me wife got de room-ertism, an' couldn't take in no more washin', ma'am.

There are a number of varieties of corn. Holloway's Corn Cure will remove any of them. Call on your druggist and get a bottle at once.

THE GREATEST JOY.

The people do not turn to gaze When he goes by; He toils denied the joy of praise, No banners fly.

In token of his worth; his name The busy world has never learned, If Death should come to-night to crouch

Relentlessly beside his couch The world would roll on unconcerned.

Yet, when his common task is done, Beside his gate There stands an eager little one With arms that wait To clasp themselves around his neck. With pure lips that await his kiss. And though his work may never bring Him fame or wealth, what greater thing May any man achieve than this?

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

PURE RED BLOOD

Is Necessary to Health, Strength and Happiness.

Pure, rich, red blood is what is needed by every woman, young or old. Thin, weak, watery blood is the cause of all the headaches, and backaches, and sideaches—all the weakness and weariness, all the dizziness and despondency, all the nervousness and fainting spells that affect girls and women. The only thing that can help you is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills make new, rich, red blood, that gives new life and strength to every organ of the body. In this way they make pale, feeble girls develop into healthy, happy women, and for the same reason bring ease and comfort, and regularity to women at all ages of life. Miss J. Dietrich, St. Clements, Que., is one of the many thousands made well and happy through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She says:—"I tried several medicines but got nothing to help me until I took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was subject to palpitation of the heart, a throbbing in the head, and dizziness and fainting spells. I had no appetite and was weak, pale and discouraged when I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Six boxes of these have made me feel like an altogether different person, and have given me new health and strength."

Rich, red blood is the true secret of health and strength, and it is simply because Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new, pure blood, that they cure such troubles as anaemia, loss of appetite, indigestion, neuralgia, rheumatism, St. Vitus dance, partial paralysis, kidney troubles, and the special ailments that only women-folks know. But you must get the genuine with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around each box. If in doubt, send to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be mailed at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

ROYAL PRINCE A JESUIT.

Prince Rainer of Bourbon, son of the claimant to the throne of Naples and nephew of the late King of the two Sicilies, has joined the Order of the Society of Jesus and entered upon his novitiate, says Marquis de Fontenay in the New York Tribune. He is a brother of the Infant Charles of Spain, and like him received his education in Spain, being brought up, in fact, at the expense and under the direction of the Queen Mother, Christina. Prince Rainer is twenty-three years of age and holds a commission as a cavalry officer in the Spanish Army.

While there have been several royal and imperial princes who have entered Orders—there is one of the brothers of the present King of Saxony who is a priest and professor of theology at the University of Freiburg, in Switzerland, while in the early part of the nineteenth century there was an Archduke Leopold of Austria who was a Cardinal—that is, I believe, the first instance of any scion of royalty joining the Order of the Society of Jesus.

Many Catholic monarchs and princes have received their education from the Jesuits. Indeed, the Order has made a specialty of furnishing tutors and mentors to the reigning houses of Europe and to those families of the old aristocracy from whom the leading statesmen were apt to be recruited. Prince Rainer of Bourbon constitutes, so far as I am aware, the sole instance of a prince of the blood openly joining the Order as one of its priests since its foundation, hundreds of years ago.

SUFFERING WOMEN

who find life a burden, can have health and strength restored by the use of

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

The present generation of women and girls have more than their share of misery. With some it is nervousness and palpitation, with others there is a general collapse of the system. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills tone up the nerves, strengthen the heart and make it beat strong and regular, create new red blood corpuscles, and impart that sense of buoyancy to the spirits that is the result of renewed mental and physical vigor.

Mrs. D. O. Doughton, Orlinda, Ont., writes: "For over a year I was troubled with nervousness and heart trouble. I decided to give Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills a trial, and after using five boxes I found I was completely cured. I always recommend them to my friends."

All dealers or The T. Milburn Co., Limited Toronto, Ont.

CRUMPLED PAPER A RAPHAEL.

An interesting drawing by Raphael has been discovered among a lot of waste paper at the Ambrosiana Library in Milan. The director of the library picked up a dirty crumpled sheet of paper which on being smoothed out showed evidence of being a drawing. He had it cleaned and the discovery now turns out to be Raphael's sketch for the portrait of Bramante, which the artist has used for his figure of Archimedes in the frescoes at the Vatican. It was thought that such a drawing existed, but its whereabouts were hitherto unknown.

Learn to hide your pains and aches under a pleasant smile. No one cares to hear whether you have the earache or rheumatism. Don't cry. Tears do well enough in novels, but they are out of place in real life. Learn to meet your friends with a smile. The good humored man or woman is always welcome, but the dyspeptic or hypochondriac is not wanted anywhere, and is a nuisance as well.

DON'T THROW MONEY AWAY



THE SETTING HEN—Her failures have discouraged many a poultry raiser.

You can make money raising chicks in the right way—lots of it.

No one doubts that there is money in raising chickens with a good incubator and brooder.

Uses of the Chatham Incubator and Brooder have all made money. If you still cling to the old idea that you can successfully run a poultry business using the hen as a hatcher, we would like to reason with you.

On the first place, we can prove to you that your actual cash loss in eggs, which the 20 hens should lay during the time you keep them hatching and brooding, will be enough to pay for a Chatham Incubator and Brooder in five or three dozen eggs. Let the Chatham Incubator on the hatching, while the hen goes on laying eggs.

Our No. 3 Incubator will hatch as many eggs as twenty setting hens, and do it better. Now, here is a question in arithmetic:—

If you keep 20 hens from laying for 3 weeks, how much cash do you lose if each hen would have laid 3 dozen eggs, and eggs are worth 15 cents per dozen? Ans.—\$9.00.

Therefore, when the Chatham Incubator is hatching the number of eggs that twenty hens would hatch, it is really earning in cash for you \$9.00, besides producing for your profit chicks by the wholesale, and being ready to do the same thing over again the moment each hatch is up.

If you think, therefore, that it pays to keep the hens laying, and let the Chatham Incubator do the hatching!

There are many other reasons why the Chatham Incubator and Brooder outclasses the setting hen.

The hen sets when she is ready. The Chatham Incubator is always ready. By planning to take out the hatch at the right time, you may have plenty of broilers to sell when broilers are scarce and prices at the top notch. If you depend on the hen, your chicks will grow to maturity just when every other hen's chicks are being marketed, and when the price is not so still.

The hen is a careless mother, often leading her chicks amongst wet grass, bushes, and in places where rats can condescend to her young.

The Chatham Brooder behaves itself, is a perfect mother and very rarely loses a chick, and is not infested with lice.

Another reason is absolutely no reasonable reason for continuing the use of a hen as a hatcher and every reason why you should have a Chatham Incubator and Brooder.

We are making a very special offer, which it will pay you to investigate.

Small Premises Sufficient For Poultry Raising.

Of course, if you have lots of room, so much the better, but many a man and woman are carrying on a successful and profitable poultry business in a small city or town lot. Anyone with a fair sized stable or shed and a small yard can raise poultry profitably.

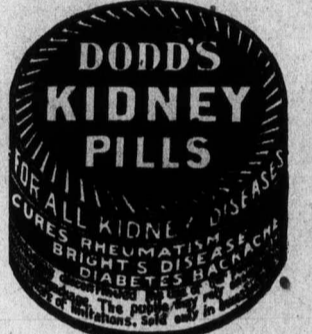
HIGH FINANCE BY THE VERGER

A clergyman, taking occasional duty for a friend in one of the moorland churches of a remote part of England, was greatly scandalized on observing the old verger, who had been collecting the offertory, quietly presenting the plate at the altar rails. After service he called the old man into the vestry, and told him, with emotion, that his crime had been discovered. The verger looked puzzled. Then a sudden light dawned on him. "Why, sir, you don't mean that old half crown of mine! Why O've 'led off' with he this last fifteen years!"—Buffalo Commercial.

SHE SPEAKS IRISH.

Mrs. Hyde, who accompanies Douglas Hyde on his trip, is an Austrian by birth. Like her distinguished husband, she is a brunette, and slight of stature. The Gaelic language has become a necessity to her, for it is the language of her home, and she speaks it fluently.

Cardinal Logue, in the course of a letter inclosing a subscription to Barry O'Brien for the memorial which it is proposed to erect to the Irish Brigade at Fontenoy, says "the monument will be one not only to the bravery of Irishmen, but also a monument to the folly which, by persecution and misgovernment, turned them into enemies."



THEY MADE THIS COUPLE HAPPY

Dodd's Kidney Pills Doing Good Work Around Port Arthur.

Mr. Dick Souvey and Wife both had Kidney Troubles, and the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy Cured Them.

Port Arthur, Ont., March 5.—(Special.)—That Dodd's Kidney Pills cure the kidney ills of men and women alike has been proved time and again in this neighborhood, but it is only occasionally they get a chance to do double work in the same house. This has happened in the case of Mr. and Mrs. Dick Souvey, a farmer and his wife, living about seven miles from here. In an interview Mr. Souvey said: "My wife and myself have used Dodd's Kidney Pills, and have found them a big benefit to our health. We had La Grippe two winters and were exposed to much frost and cold. Our sleep was broken on account of urinary troubles and pain in the Kidneys. We each took six boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and now enjoy good health."

A PAINFUL DILEMMA.

Senior Partner—What are you looking so glum over? Junior Partner—Got a note from my wife that the pug is lost. Now, if I don't sympathize with her a whole lot she will say I am a cold blooded brute, and if I do sympathize she will suspect that I hired some one to steal the dog and am just con-doing with her for a bluff.

If either man or woman would realize the full power of personal beauty it must be by cherishing noble thoughts and hopes and purposes, by having something to do and something to live for that is worthy of humanity and which by expanding the capacities of the soul gives expansion and symmetry to the body which contains it.—Upham.

The Chatham Incubator and Brooder has created a New Era in Poultry Raising. The setting Hen as a Hatcher has been proven a Commercial Failure. The Chatham Incubator and Brooder has always proved a Money Maker.

A Light, Pleasant and Profitable Business for Women

Many women are to-day making an independent living and money out of a very small raising poultry with a Chatham Incubator.

Any woman with a little leisure time at her disposal can, without any previous experience or without a cent of cash, begin the poultry business and make money right from the start.

Perhaps you have a friend who is doing so. If not, we can give you the names of many who started with much misgiving only to be surprised by the ease and rapidity with which the profits came to them.

Of course, success depends on getting a right start. You must begin right. You can never make any considerable money as a poultry raiser with hens as hatchers.

You must have a good Incubator and Brooder, but this means in the ordinary way an investment which, perhaps you are not prepared to make just now, and this is just where our special offer comes in.

If you are in earnest, we will set you up in the poultry business without a cent of cash down. If we were not sure that the Chatham Incubator and Brooder is the best and that with it and a reasonable amount of effort on your part you are sure to make money, we would not make the special offer below.

WE WILL SHIP NOW TO YOUR STATION FREIGHT PREPAID

A CHATHAM INCUBATOR and BROODER

You Pay us no Cash Till After 1906 Harvest

THEY MADE THIS COUPLE HAPPY

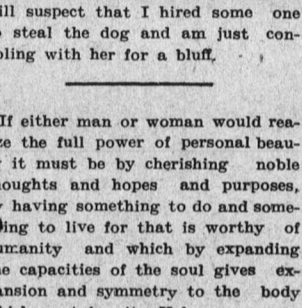
Dodd's Kidney Pills Doing Good Work Around Port Arthur.

Mr. Dick Souvey and Wife both had Kidney Troubles, and the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy Cured Them.

Port Arthur, Ont., March 5.—(Special.)—That Dodd's Kidney Pills cure the kidney ills of men and women alike has been proved time and again in this neighborhood, but it is only occasionally they get a chance to do double work in the same house. This has happened in the case of Mr. and Mrs. Dick Souvey, a farmer and his wife, living about seven miles from here. In an interview Mr. Souvey said: "My wife and myself have used Dodd's Kidney Pills, and have found them a big benefit to our health. We had La Grippe two winters and were exposed to much frost and cold. Our sleep was broken on account of urinary troubles and pain in the Kidneys. We each took six boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and now enjoy good health."

A PAINFUL DILEMMA. Senior Partner—What are you looking so glum over? Junior Partner—Got a note from my wife that the pug is lost. Now, if I don't sympathize with her a whole lot she will say I am a cold blooded brute, and if I do sympathize she will suspect that I hired some one to steal the dog and am just con-doing with her for a bluff.

If either man or woman would realize the full power of personal beauty it must be by cherishing noble thoughts and hopes and purposes, by having something to do and something to live for that is worthy of humanity and which by expanding the capacities of the soul gives expansion and symmetry to the body which contains it.—Upham.



THE CHATHAM INCUBATOR—Its success has encouraged many to make more money than they ever thought possible out of chicks.

Every Farmer Should Raise Poultry

Almost every farmer "keeps hens," but while he knows that there is a certain amount of profit in the business, even when letting it take care of itself, few farmers are aware of how much they are losing every year by not getting into the poultry business in such a way as to make real money out of it.

The setting hen as a hatcher will never be a commercial success. Her business is to lay eggs and she should be kept at it. The only way to raise chicks for profit is to begin right, by installing a Chatham Incubator and Brooder.

With such a machine you can begin hatching on a large scale at once.

You can not get one crop off your fields in a year, but with a Chatham Incubator and Brooder and ordinary attention, you can raise chickens from early Spring until Winter and have a crop every month. Think of it!

Quite a few farmers have discovered that there is money in the poultry business and have found this branch of farming so profitable that they have installed several Chatham Incubators and Brooders after trying the first.

Perhaps you think that it requires a great deal of time or a great deal of technical knowledge to raise chickens with a Chatham Incubator and Brooder. If so, you are greatly mistaken. Your wife or daughter can attend to the machine and look after the chicks without interfering with their regular household duties.

The market is always good and prices are never low. The demand is always in excess of the supply and at certain times of the year you can practically get any price you care to ask for good broilers.

With a Chatham Incubator and Brooder you can start hatching at the right time to bring the chickens to market, and broilers when the supply is very low and the prices accordingly high.

This you could never do with hens as hatchers.

We know that there is money in the poultry business for every farmer who will go about it right. All you have to do is to get a Chatham Incubator and Brooder and start it. But perhaps you are not prepared just now to spend the money. This is why we make the special offer.

IS THIS FAIR? We know there is money in raising chickens. We know the Chatham Incubator and Brooder has no equal.

We know that with any reasonable effort on your part you cannot but make money out of the Chatham Incubator and Brooder.

We know that we made a similar offer last year and that in every case the payments were met cheerfully and promptly, and that in many cases the accompanying list of letters expressed satisfaction.

Therefore, we have no hesitation in making this proposition to every honest, serious farmer or woman who may wish to add to their yearly profits with a small expenditure of time and money.

This really means that we will set you up in the poultry business so that you can make money right from the start, without having to pay a single cent from you until after 1906 harvest.

If we know of a fairer offer, we would make it. Write us a post card with your name and address, and we will send you full particulars well as one beautifully illustrated book, "How to make money out of chicks. Write to-day to Chatham.

Whitney, New Westminster, B.C., Montreal.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY—Established March 6th, 1856; incorporated 1868; revised 1840. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P.; President, Mr. F. J. Curran; 1st Vice-President, W. P. Kearney; 2nd Vice, E. J. Quinn; Treasurer, W. Durack; Corresponding Secretary, W. J. Crowe; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansley.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, at 8.30 p.m. Committee of Management meets in same hall on the first Tuesday of every month, at 8 p.m. Rev. Director, Rev. Jas. Killoran; President, J. H. Kelly; Rec. Sec., J. D'Arcy Kelly; 13 Vallee street.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, Branch 26—Organized 13th November, 1889. Branch 26 meets at New Hall (Inglis Building) 2381 St. Catherine street. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 1st and 3rd Fridays of each month at eight o'clock p.m. Officers: Spiritual Adviser, Rev. J. P. Killoran; Chancellor, J. M. Kennedy; President, J. H. Maldaun; 1st Vice-President, W. A. Hodgson; 2nd Vice-President, J. B. McCabe; Recording Secretary, R. M. J. Dolan, 16 Overdale Ave.; Ass. Rec. Sec., E. J. Lynch; Financial Secretary, J. J. Costigan, 325 St. Urbain st.; Treasurer, J. H. Kelly; Marshal, M. J. O'Regan; Guard, J. A. Hertenstein; Trustees, W. A. Hodgson, T. R. Stevens, D. J. McGillivray, John Walsh and Jas. Cahill; Medical Officers, Dr. H. J. Harrison, Dr. G. H. Merrill and Dr. E. J. O'Connor.

Be Sure

and examine a copy of our catalogue if you have any idea of taking a preparatory course for a

GOOD PAYING POSITION.

We believe there is no school equal to ours for methodical business training and for producing good results. We solicit investigation and comparison.

Enter any time. No vacations.



W. H. SHAW, - - - Principal.

CHURCH BELLS



MENBELY BELL COMPANY

TROY, N.Y., and

177 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

Manufacture Superior CHURCH BELLS

SELF-RAISING FLOUR.

BRODIE'S CELEBRATED SELF-RAISING FLOUR

Is the Original and the Best.

A PREMIUM gift for the empty bag returned to our Office.

10 BLEURY ST. Montreal.

DRUGS At Wholesale Prices

Table with 3 columns: Name of drug, Wholesale Price, Retail Price. Includes items like Dodd's Kidney Pills, Little Liver Pills, Salladonna Peppery Plantain, Dr. Chase's K. I. Pills, etc.

Any of the above items will be sent post-paid on your order. All other drugs, patent medicines, trusses, rubber goods, electric belts, and ink-room supplies at wholesale prices.

THE F. E. KARR CO. Limited

Canada's Greatest Mail Order Drug House.

123-124 Victoria St., Dept. W, TORONTO.

an illustrated Catalogue Mailed free.

THE TRUE WITNESS is printed and published by J. F. Carr, at the True Witness Press, 25 St. George Street, Montreal, P. Q.

SOLI

By REV

CHAPTER XII.—

"Wine?" said Peter, with a look of surprise. "Ah, bother, man! I was made of? Well, yes, I'll make of it, if you say so," he said. "That Florian had poured it, I dunno, though I don't think I should have done it, Paul? Paul, the poetical, with his long hair! I don't think I should have done it, I won't! It's late, an' it's to be drinkin' before goin' to bed. Florian, amused, assisted some wine, and drank up the wine to Peter, who had thumbs crossed and a expression on his spongy face. "I am glad to have said Florian. "Press only prevented me from myself long ago. I heard of our peculiar resemblance was curious to see you, you had similar feelings."

"Yes, indeed," said Peter, often thought it strange have been a month in those without meeting. "There's a wide distance between the garret and the Peter broke in; and haven't the politeness to fellow, I'll take on my a mouthful. I hold place," he added, as he glass to the light and exclaim. "I'm the ground, at which ye two meet a views of each other. We your future joys and so the war strangle the other. The last sound was that of Peter's satisfaction as liquid, swelling in his his round eyes outward legs once or twice into a roar of laughter. good-humor and oddities far to put the young man stant and happy level of It was impossible to get fire and not get warmed very short time all taken gone and they were at freedom and assurance of Meanwhile Peter felt the tears of Erin.

"Since our friend is g of slumber," said Flor you mind taking a walk time?" "With all my heart," wored. "Let Peter stay he is until our return. old fellow, isn't he? A kindly and jolly that you annoying oddities and f sake of his company." "I have met him oft Florian said as they re street, "but never paid tion to him nor to h night. I shall know hi the future."

"I met him when I fir scribbling, like myself, We are of the same cr to each other on that he has been of use to matters as introduction and publishers." Paul did not add th had as yet come of the tions, for Peter usually incipient favor by h rashness and headlong d to push by main for friend to the topmost ture's ladder.

They had an animat the boarding house to and came quite unexpect open space looking out so suddenly that an ab in the flow of talk pass ed, and in an instant t both were far away fro and the scene. What thoughts might have b at least found himself inward eye over the s on such a night as this of sorrow for the "might The waters of the bay about in rude, irregular boys at play, and across ed spectral vessels at dows. At this hour th was shining on a waste snow in Clayburgh, twinkled from the houses, and far away stood dark and ghostly, there in his loneliness, cabin, or spearing picked light of a fire; and Tru girl—ah? well, it foolishly, perhaps, to ran sore for the sake of rom They returned home and parted at Florian am not here one-third c said he to Paul as good-night. "My lib tionally good, and if y

SOLITARY ISLAND

By REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

"Wine?" said Peter, with a cough. "Ah, bother, man! what d'ye think I'm made of? Well, yes, I think I'm made of it," he added, seeing that Florian had poured it out quietly.

advantage of it the premises are yours every day while I am absent." Paul, thanking him warmly, accepted the kindness. On the second floor he met Peter with a lamp in his hand and a handful of coppers.

CHAPTER XIII.

The kindly offer of Florian to his post-friend that he should make use of his library at all times, in which offer he veiled delicately his desire to make the attic less miserable, was eagerly accepted by Paul. Rossiter. In Florian's room he now passed a great part of his leisure time, finding among the thousand volumes scattered there his greatest pleasures.

Musing, writing, and reading were the pleasant sunshine of Paul's life, and in this room the sunshine fell brightest. Often his musings were interrupted by the quick opening of a door and the rush of childish feet, and his neck was hugged by a curious specimen of an infant before he was aware of her presence.

"There's a wide distance between the garret and the best parlor," Peter broke in; "an' seeing ye haven't the politeness to ask the old fellow, I'll take on my own account a mouthful. I hold a middle place," he added, as he held up his glass to the light and eyed it moistly.

"Ach!" was the first exclamation, "is this the Fraulein?" "Yaw, Herr Paul," was the invariable reply, "das is me, de Fraulein."

"I'm the ground, as it were, on which ye two meet and exchange views of each other. Well, here's to your future joys and sorrows; may the war strangle the other—m!"

"That will do, Fraulein," he said gravely; "I think now you look like the president's daughter." And as this was the highest criticism he could pass on her, the Fraulein was made happy for the moment.

"With all my heart," Paul answered. "Let Peter stay just where he is until our return. He's an odd old fellow, isn't he? And yet so kindly and jolly that you will forget annoying oddities and faults for the sake of his company."

"How is the mother," was the next question—"the good mother that brought the Fraulein from heaven to Germany, and from there to America on the ship?"

"I met him when I first came here, scribbling, like myself, for a living. We are of the same craft and took to each other on that account; and he has been of use to me in such matters as introductions to editors and publishers."

"That is right," said the poet, holding up a twenty-cent piece. "Take this, Fraulein, for her goodness, and see that the good mother has everything needful. Now sing."

"I met him when I first came here, scribbling, like myself, for a living. We are of the same craft and took to each other on that account; and he has been of use to me in such matters as introductions to editors and publishers."

"Very good, Fraulein; that will do for to-day." And she vanished down the stairs. Through the same performance she went daily for Paul, receiving her money, and retired unconscious that the poet went without light, wood, and many other necessities for the purpose of keeping her sick mother and herself in some kind of comfort.

"I met him when I first came here, scribbling, like myself, for a living. We are of the same craft and took to each other on that account; and he has been of use to me in such matters as introductions to editors and publishers."

"It's not a bad investment, however," Paul thought. "Such a voice as that will one day be a gold mine."

"I met him when I first came here, scribbling, like myself, for a living. We are of the same craft and took to each other on that account; and he has been of use to me in such matters as introductions to editors and publishers."

"I met him when I first came here, scribbling, like myself, for a living. We are of the same craft and took to each other on that account; and he has been of use to me in such matters as introductions to editors and publishers."

finding it regularly and succeeding thereby in keeping poor shelter over his unlucky head. Then Frances, her daughter, had a very sweet face and a bright disposition, and was not unwilling, with all his poverty, to talk literature occasionally and let him play on her piano when strangers were not present.

"O, Mr. Rossiter!" was madame's first cry, and a very severe one, when he entered in response to one of the usual invitations, "here I have waited another three days over you and yet I have to send you my card and ask for another interview."

"I have taught all the gentlemen so to remember the right day that it seems hard to fail with you. Four weeks, Mr. Rossiter, and twenty dollars due."

"I'm sure I did my best," said he. "But these people don't appreciate genius. If you were the publisher, now, madame, I would have no hesitation. You understand me, I think, and you would make others understand me. But in these hard, matter-of-fact days poets will starve somewhat easier than in Queen Anne's time. I think of giving it up and going back to the country."

"I might shovel coal," said he, "and be dependent on no one save hospital charity, or wear my life out in a shop as a clerk. But I only ask time, madame, only time; and as I paid you in the past, so shall I pay you in the future, I need time."

"Money is so scarce," began madame, who liked to hear him plead. "I have always heard the rich say that. Now, I think it plentiful, and it is. And how regularly you must get your money from your wealthy lawyers and doctors, and statesmen. O madame! do you stand in such need of a paltry twenty dollars that you call money scarce? And what would you do with your attic if I went? Poets are scarcer than dollars you know. And when shall you have the distinction of harboring a poet in your attic again?"

The matter ended, of course, as usual.

A WOMAN'S BACK IS THE MAINSPRING OF HER PHYSICAL SYSTEM.

No woman can be strong and healthy unless the kidneys are well, and regular in their action. When the kidneys are ill, the whole body is ill, for the poisons which the kidneys ought to have filtered out of the blood are left in the system.

They act directly on the kidneys, and make them strong and healthy. Mrs. Mary Galley, Auburn, N.S., writes: "For over four months I was troubled with a lame back and was unable to turn in bed without help. I was induced by a friend to try Doan's Kidney Pills. After using two-thirds of a box my back was as well as ever."

Which are You Going to Use? WOODEN SHINGLES METAL SHINGLES. Dry out, warp and crack to rain and snow soak in. Are instantly in flames from sparks or lightning. Compel you to pay highest insurance rates. Last from 3 to 10 years.

Paul knew it would, and he went away smiling, yet sad, to wonder at the prospects of getting the twenty dollars. Peter was parading the third floor corridor in visible impatience.

"I was lookin' for ye, b'y. See what I have for ye! Smelt, the publisher of the Tom-Cat, wants a poem of three hundred lines—"

"Well, well, well!" And she tapped her pencil on the desk, and put on her eye-glasses to examine the account for the twentieth time.

"I have taught all the gentlemen so to remember the right day that it seems hard to fail with you. Four weeks, Mr. Rossiter, and twenty dollars due."

"I might shovel coal," said he, "and be dependent on no one save hospital charity, or wear my life out in a shop as a clerk. But I only ask time, madame, only time; and as I paid you in the past, so shall I pay you in the future, I need time."

"Money is so scarce," began madame, who liked to hear him plead. "I have always heard the rich say that. Now, I think it plentiful, and it is. And how regularly you must get your money from your wealthy lawyers and doctors, and statesmen. O madame! do you stand in such need of a paltry twenty dollars that you call money scarce? And what would you do with your attic if I went? Poets are scarcer than dollars you know. And when shall you have the distinction of harboring a poet in your attic again?"

The matter ended, of course, as usual.

"I met him when I first came here, scribbling, like myself, for a living. We are of the same craft and took to each other on that account; and he has been of use to me in such matters as introductions to editors and publishers."

"I met him when I first came here, scribbling, like myself, for a living. We are of the same craft and took to each other on that account; and he has been of use to me in such matters as introductions to editors and publishers."

thought, "without adding such misery to it." He talked a moment to the sick boy, who, seeing the handsome youth was interested, kindly told him their sad story. Father was good mostly but now and then drink got the better of him, and this was the usual result. He would be sorry for it next day and would soon mend matters.

"It will take a long time to mend these," said Paul, pointing to the broken furniture; and then he saw that the boy had painted the picture too brightly, for he grew silent and a shade of deeper despair settled on his face.

"You are not well," he said, quietly; "I am sorry for you." "I will never be well, sir, and the sooner I go the better, don't you think?"

"Not at all," said the poet, laughing, and yet he was sick to see so much hopelessness in one so young. "Life is pleasant, even to the sick, and the world is full of the best people, if you happen to meet them. Take this—and a ten dollar bill was slipped into the boy's hand—"

"and never give up, never be any sadder than you can help. Out of your very misfortune God will raise you up joys that could not come in any other way. Don't you see? This will buy you better furniture; and you shall hear from me again."

He did not wait to be thanked or look back as he walked away. At the next grocery he bought wine and delicacies, and some papers at a news-stand, and sent all to the sick boy.

"If only to be happy for one day," said he, "with death so near him; if only to know that there is one soul who pities his misery and thinks of him dying!" Madame De Pon must suffer temporarily and I must freeze—thank God! with the will and the strength to stand the freezing."

He went home with tears in his eyes for the sorrowful face of the boy, and as he went a new resolve took shape in his mind. Five dollars a week was too much to pay when one could live more cheaply, if at the expense of his position in the estimation of the boarders and of madame. There were lunch-houses where the poor congregated. He was poor, and why not congregate also in the same places? he said humorously. The Fraulein was a heavy expense to him, while such incidents as that of the morning were distressing to his purse and were increasing. He went in to see madam on his arrival.

"I am living too high for my means," said he, "and I must economize. Here are five dollars on my account, the rest to be forthcoming shortly; but you must not look for it too anxiously. If you could give me the attic for a certain sum, and let me board elsewhere, I think it would do very well."

My library is exceptionally good, and if you will take

Send name and address, and tell in what paper you saw this offer and we will send you a sample box of GIN PILLS free of charge. GIN PILLS are sold by all druggists at 50c a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50.

Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers, or sent direct on receipt of price. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

Death is hard enough," he

(To be continued)

Cleveland Priest's Unique Idea

Preparing Collection of Irish Folk-songs Which Soon Will be Published.

(From the Cleveland Leader.) To stimulate interest in the history of Ireland by the study of ballads is the purpose of the Rev. Father John McHale, of St. Michael's Church.

He maintains that most Irish histories are too long, too dry, and contain an excess of detail difficult of mastery. It is his opinion that a good general conception of the history of the Emerald Isle can be gained by the perusal of standard Irish ballads.

These ballads are of fine literary quality. They were written by Thomas Davis, Aubrey De Vere, Clarence Mangan, T. D. Sullivan, an Irish member of Parliament, D'Arcy McGee, Gavan Duffy, who was Prime Minister of Australia, and other famous poets, most of whom lived fifty years ago.

In the first part of the book, poems pertaining to the Celtic invasion of Ireland will be found. One of the next periods reflected in ballad form is that in which Christ lived. The old tradition of Connor Mack Nessa, King of Ulster, is one of these.

The burial of King Cormack is one of the succeeding ballads. This king had embraced the Christian faith. He didn't want to be buried with his pagan ancestors.

The expedition of King Dath, in the third and fourth century, is the text of another. The St. Patrick legend is also treated, as is the battle between the O'Neils and the McDonalds, two leading chieftains of the North of Ireland.

These are not all by any means, but they are recited in order that one may gather a little idea of the proposed book. It will be published in Cleveland.

The Most Popular Pill—The pill is the most popular of all forms of medicine, and of pills the most popular are Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, because they do what it is asserted they can do, and are not put forward on any fictitious claims to excellence.

Carolus Durand, the famous French artist, who is now a guest at the home of Cardinal Mathieu, the French resident Cardinal, began last week the work of painting a full-sized portrait of the Pope.

Every morning he arrives at the Vatican, where a special room has been assigned for his use. Mr. Durand is very enthusiastic regarding his model, who carries out the instructions of the painter to the letter and while sitting entertains the artist in familiar conversation.

NEW OPEN AIR CURE FOR PNEUMONIA.

(New York Daily Tribune.)

When one of the physicians at the Presbyterian Hospital, New York, after showing a woman visitor through the various wards of the big institution the other day, stepped to the elevator well and pressing the button, said, "Now we will go to the roof," his companion naturally hesitated.

"Why I—Thank you very much, but really I don't care about the view, you know. And it is so cold outside to-day. I think I will be going." "But the babies—you must see the babies before you go. Really, they constitute one of the sights of the institution," insisted her guide.

"Babies! And on the roof in this weather!" The woman had children of her own and there was a ring of genuine sympathy in her voice. "Why, yes," explained the doctor; "you see, they have pneumonia."

Being a big hearted woman with children of her own, the doctor's guest rushed to the side of the cots. Catching up one of the little folk, she wrapped the tot about with her own heavy fur jacket and exclaimed: "You poor little dear. You'll catch your death of cold up here."

But despite the good woman's concern the little pneumonia patient remained on the roof. She did not die. Indeed, the doctors and nurses say that she will not die, that she is well on the road to recovery, that it will not be long before she can leave the hospital, and they attribute it all to the new open air treatment of pneumonia.

"Why, that child had the disease in its worst form," said one of the nurses in charge the other day. "Double pneumonia, and if she had been shut up in a stuffy room as they used to do with such patients, she would have been in her grave long before this."

Ever since a child lying at the point of death with pneumonia was, about ten months ago, taken to the roof to "get a breath of fresh air," at the suggestion of one of the attending physicians at the hospital, children suffering from that disease have been cared for on the roof of the hospital on every day that the weather would permit.

On every fair day they are to be seen in their cots on the roof, their feet warmly shod, their bodies protected by warm undergarments, and gray capes with hoods attached, and over all the comfortable blankets of the cots.

The theory of this new form of treatment for a disease of which the world has so long stood in fear is that a person whose lungs are already hampered by the consolidation of the pulmonary tissue needs not the stuffy atmosphere and oppressive heat of a tightly closed bedroom, as physicians used to think, but the pure fresh air of outdoors, just as pure and just as fresh as it can be obtained.

J. J. M. Landy

Chalices, Ciboria, Ostensoria. Gold and Silver Plating and Engraving of all Altar Vessels at very reasonable prices. Write for quotations.

MISSEIONS supplied with Religious goods. Write for catalogue and quotations Long distance phone M. 2758.

J. J. M. LANDY, 416 QUEEN ST. WEST, TORONTO

VESTMENTS Chalices Ciborium Statues, Altar Furniture, DIRECT IMPORTERS WE BLAKE, 123 Church St. Toronto, Can.

pyrography COMPLETE INSTRUMENT with two points, only \$1.00 post paid. This is not a toy but a practical working instrument...

Province of Quebec, District of Montreal. Superior Court. No. 2443. Dame Valerie Fortier, wife of Victor Berthiaume, of the city of Montreal, in the district of Montreal, has this day instituted an action in separation as to bed and also as to property against her said husband.

BEAUDIN, LORANGER & ST. GERMAIN, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

BABY'S SMILE.

Baby's Own Tablets has a smile in every dose for the tender babe and the growing child. These Tablets cure indigestion, wind colic, constipation, diarrhoea and feverishness, break up colds, and bring natural healthy sleep.

A REMARKABLE CHARACTER.

The Rev. Matthew O'Keefe, formerly a chaplain in the Confederate Army, who died recently, was a remarkable character in many ways. It is said of him that, although a hard worker, he never took a vacation during the fifty-four years of his ministry.

FIT'S CURED

If you, your friends or relatives suffer with Fits, Epilepsy, St. Vitus' Dance, or Falling Sickness, write for a trial bottle and valuable treatise on such diseases to THE LEIBIG CO., 179 King Street, W., Toronto, Canada.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE PRICES

March 6. Flour—Manitoba spring wheat patents, \$4.50; strong bakers, \$4 to \$4.10; winter wheat patents, \$4.25 to \$4.50, and straight rollers, \$3.90 to \$4 in wood; in bags, \$1.85 to \$1.90.

Mill Feed—Ontario bran in bulk, \$18.50 to \$19; shorts, in bags, \$20 to \$20.50; Manitoba bran, in bags, \$20; shorts, \$20. Hay—No. 1, \$8.50 to \$9 per ton on the track; No. 2, \$7.50 to \$8; clover, \$6.50 to \$6; clover mixed, \$6 to \$6.50.

Provisions—Heavy Canadian short cut pork, \$21; light short cut, \$20; American short cut, \$20; American cut clear fat back, \$19 to \$20; compound lard, 6 1/2 to 7 1/2; Canadian pure lard, 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; Kettle rendered, 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; hams, 12c to 13 1/2c, according to size; bacon, 14 1/2c; fresh killed abattoir dressed hogs, \$10 to \$10.25 country dressed, \$8.75 to \$9.50; alive, \$7.25 to \$7.50, selects and mixed lots.

GRAIN MARKETS.

There are no new developments in the flour situation, and business is quiet. Rolled oats are unchanged, and the market is easy at to-day's nominal quotations of \$1.85 to \$1.90 per bag.

DAIRY PRODUCE.

There is a firmer feeling for certain grades of butter, and this is reflected in the higher prices that dealers are asking for fancy creamery. A local dealer stated that the finest grades are worth 24c, but from 23c to 23 1/2c is a more general quotation.

Tipperary Men in Australia.

The election of Hon. Timothy Francis Quinlan, a Tipperaryman, to the Speakership of the newly-elected House of Representatives of Western Australia, reminds the Westminster Gazette of the great number of Irishmen who have filled the chairs of colonial legislative assemblies, including Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, Sir Francis Murphy, Sir Charles McMahon, and the Hon. Peter Lalor.

Thomas Carlyle once took Lord Houghton (Richard Milnes) to task in regard to the proposed pension. Said Carlyle, taking his pipe out of his mouth, "when are ye gaun to get that pension for Alfred Tenyson?" Milnes tried to explain that there were difficulties in the way and that possibly his constituents, who knew nothing about Tenyson, would accuse him of being concerned in a job were he to succeed in getting the desired pension for the poet.

S. CARSLLEY Co. LIMITED

Store closes at 5.30 daily. THURSDAY, MARCH 8, 1906.

AUTHORITATIVE STYLES IN LADIES' GARMENTS. A preliminary showing of the fine new things for Spring. Better—completer—more varied than Montreal has ever known.

HERE ARE COSTUMES WITH THE NEW SHORT SLEEVES. The Bridge sleeve it is called. The idea is that with the favored long sleeve a long sleeve is in the way. Then, too, the shortened cloth gives opportunity for the use of lace and chiffon.

STYLISH COSTUME OF CANVAS CLOTH, in navy blue and black; coat made with tight back and loose front, skirt in effective pleated style, trimmed with taffeta strappings and small covered buttons; lined taffeta silk. The price is ... \$18.85

FIRST EXHIBITION OF SPRING MILLINERY.

Early? Not at all. Almost any one of these Hats can be worn right now. It is to be an early season—the earliest for many years.

IMPORTED PARISIAN HATS FOR SPRING.

There is scarcely a great name in the Millinery world that is not represented. And because these models come from such famous Ateliers, you may depend on every style being authoritative.

IMPORTED MODEL HAT of pale blue fancy Mohair lace braid, faced with silk. Trimmed with two wreaths of shaded rosebuds, fastened with knot of silver ribbon. Very high back, with pale blue and mauve mechin trimming. Finished with two-tone feather in pale blue and mauve.

S. CARSLLEY Co. LIMITED

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

There are linen dealing establishments here that cover an entire block, bounded by four streets. The buildings run six stories high. The factories owned by these firms are in the country, and here in the city the linen fabrics coming from the factories are converted into all sorts of forms ready for use.

A great deal of the linen is hand-spun and hand-woven. The big companies have 1500 to 2000 hand looms let out to the cottagers in the country where tablecloths, napkins and other fabrics are woven. The linen exported year by year comes to 1,600,000 yards.

CARLYLE'S BLUNTNESS.

Thomas Carlyle once took Lord Houghton (Richard Milnes) to task in regard to the proposed pension. Said Carlyle, taking his pipe out of his mouth, "when are ye gaun to get that pension for Alfred Tenyson?" Milnes tried to explain that there were difficulties in the way and that possibly his constituents, who knew nothing about Tenyson, would accuse him of being concerned in a job were he to succeed in getting the desired pension for the poet.

COLLIER AN IRISH GENTLEMAN

F. F. Collier, of New York, publisher of Collier's Weekly, has settled down in Ireland as a typical Irish sporting squire. The large house which he has rented in County Meath is, like many fine old Irish places, rather dilapidated, but it is very beautiful and there are extensive parks and gardens.

Advertisement for O'CONNOR Splendid Port featuring an illustration of a man in a top hat and text describing the product and its availability.