



Gardien de la Salle de Lecture Feb 19 1906 Assemblée Legislative

Tory Catholicism and Home Rule for Ireland.

English Catholic hostility to Home Rule for Ireland has been just recently brought once more into prominent notice through the action of the Earl of Denbigh, one of the Catholic members of the House of Lords, in displaying by means of questions in the House his opposition to the Government's Irish Home Rule policy.

The Earl of Denbigh, it may be noted, was one of the English Catholic peers and gentry numbering over a hundred, who in 1893, published in the London Times a declaration against Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill.

A remarkable feature of this British Catholic manifesto against the National claims and right of Ireland to self-government, was its arraignment of the Irish Catholic clergy as sympathizers with the revolutionary agitation.

Another O'Connell Relic.

Belfast, March 12.—The preservation by a gentleman in Belfast to which attention has been directed as an historic relic of a bird cage, the home of a pet canary owned by O'Connell, when a prisoner in Richmond-Bridewell, may render it of interest to record that another relic associated with the imprisonment of O'Connell is still extant—the green flag which floated over the tent in the garden of the governor of the prison in which O'Connell and his fellow-prisoners received and entertained their friends.

virtues of the Irish clergy. We are familiar with their heroic history. We are not unmindful of the benefits we have received at their hands. We know that now, as always, hundreds of Irish priests wholly devote themselves to their sacred duties and that their labors bear abundant fruit among their flock.

But even worse than this it was that the English Catholics could not hope that the clergy would be able under Home Rule to avert revolutionary dangers. "We can see no adequate reasons," said they, "for supposing that under Home Rule the Irish clergy would be better able to induce their people either to discard revolutionary leaders or renounce revolutionary courses than they are under the present Constitution of the United Kingdom."

The first name to this British Catholic declaration against Home Rule for Ireland, a proposal of justice cordially approved by the civilized world—was that of the Duke of Norfolk; the second was the Earl of Denbigh's. And the "revolution" which so much scared these Catholic gentlemen is now an Act of Parliament in the shape of a law authorizing the extinction of landlordism in Ireland by purchasing out the landlords.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

the late Mr. T. M. Ray, the Secretary of the Repeal Association, to whom many of O'Connell's public letters were previously addressed. O'Connell's Dublin residence contains, strange to say, no relic of the liberator except, perhaps, the wonderfully massive lock on the hall door, which clearly dates from O'Connell's time.

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

The Gaelic Language.

Ar n-Athair a ta air neamh, gu noamhaibhear t'afm. Thigeadh do ríoghachd Deonar do thoil air an talamh mar a nithair air neamh. Thoir dhuinn an duigh ar n-aran laithell. Agus nath dhuinn ar fiachan, mar mhathas sinn d'ar luchd fiach. Agus na leig ann am buaiceadh sinn, ach saor sinn o n-olc: oir is leatsa an ríoghachd, an cumhachd, agus a' ghloir gu stiorruidh. Amen.

Gaelic is the language of the Highlanders of Scotland. The name belongs, also to the sister languages of Ireland and the Isle of Man, but these have other names more commonly applied to them,—Irish and Manx,—and the term Gaelic is usually reserved for that spoken in Scotland.

One of the letters most frequently used in writing Gaelic is "h," yet strictly speaking it has no place in the Gaelic alphabet. It is used only to indicate changes in the pronunciation of some of the other letters. If "h" is placed after "b" or "m" these letters must be pronounced like "v," if placed after "d" or "g" these are then pronounced somewhat like "y."

Another sign of age is the fact that all Gaelic words are accented on the first syllable. The tendency in most languages is to bring the accent or emphasis nearer and nearer the beginning of words. Within our own recollection some common English words have had the emphasis transferred from the third to the second syllable, or from the second to the first.

Gaelic contains all the sounds that occur in English, and several that do not, though all these sounds are represented in writing by combinations of eighteen letters—five vowels and thirteen consonants. For this reason a knowledge of their mother tongue is never despised by Gaelic students trying to learn other languages, for they have in it already acquired sounds and words that are sore stumbling-blocks to those who know it not.

There are in Gaelic no neuter nouns; they are all either masculine or feminine. Sun, moon, star, tree, rock, stone, etc., are feminine nouns; sky, air, bird, fish, house, barn, etc., are masculine. A hill is masculine; a mountain, feminine. The ocean is masculine; the sea is feminine. Strange to say, the word for "a female" is a masculine noun, and the word for "a man servant" is feminine. But these two curious exceptions stand practically alone.

In the construction of sentences Gaelic is very different from English. People who know enough about the languages to make dangerous use of it will tell you, for instance, that in Gaelic you have to talk backwards. By this is meant that you do not begin by using the same word that you would begin with in English. In Gaelic the verb comes before the noun, and the noun before the adjective. Thus, if you were going to say "a wise man

An Irish Victim of the French Persecution.

In the cabled reports of the expulsion of the venerable Cardinal Richard from his residence in Paris there was no mention of violence. It appears, however, from a statement appearing in the Catholic Young Man, a magazine published in Ireland, that the occasion was marked by at least one serious collision between Catholics, and supporters of the infidel government, and that a tragedy resulted therefrom. The Catholic Young Man says: "We are proud to have to record that the Irish nation has given one life to the cause of Catholic defense in France. The late Mr. O'Keefe, of Belfast, received his death wound on the occasion of the expulsion of Cardinal Richard from his palace. While the venerable Archbishop was being escorted from his palace to his new residence an anti-cleric made an insulting remark. Before the words were well out of his mouth he was felled to the ground by the young Irishman. The Frenchmen might sing hymns, but the Irishman had a quicker way of shutting up the blasphemer. If the Catholic crowd was any use they would have torn the ruffian and his companions asunder. But no. Though attacked by about a dozen of the anti-Christians, there was no one to aid him but another Irishman, a brother of one of the directors of this paper. Both were severely wounded by the gendarmes—Mr. O'Keefe, who was a very powerful man, not quite so badly as his companion, who had his head opened with a sabre and his lung pierced with a rapier. Unfortunately Mr. O'Keefe travelled over to Ireland wounded as he was, and succumbed at the end of the journey. His companion is still in France, his condition not permitting of removal. A little of the muscular Christianity displayed by the two Irishmen would soon end the French crisis."

An Incident of the First Revolution.

Events in France to-day are constantly bringing up memories of the awful days of the French Revolution but perhaps none of the actions of the government offers a more striking parallel to the efforts of the Jacobin party to depose Christianity than the recent order of the Minister of Finance to take from the coin the inscription "God Protect France" and to substitute "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity," the shibboleth of the maddened Jacobins, at whose command rivers of blood were shed

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

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

ALL DRUGGISTS, 25 and 60c. BOTTLE.

BRENNAN'S Just a few Reminders for Easter Buying. Our lines of Easter Neckwear are now complete, which means, we offer one of the most up-to-date lines of Men's Ties at 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50 in all the newest colorings and Styles. Special Gloves, Tan and Grey, \$1.00. Hats, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, and \$5.00. Caps, 25c, 35c, 50c, \$1.00. 1-4 SIZE COLLARS. SHIRTS TO ORDER. BRENNAN'S 7, ST. CATHERINE ST. EAST.

Anglo-Saxon Catholics

Have Vigorously Taken Up Cause of Church in Conflict With The French Government

Rome, March 27.—The prominent Anglo-Saxon prelates now here have presented to Cardinal Merry del Val, Papal Secretary of State, a memorandum setting forth the importance of the Anglo-Saxon Catholic world, compared with the remainder of the Catholic world. It was stated in the memorandum that the Catholics in Great Britain, Canada, Ireland, the United States and the British colonies number in all about forty-five millions, and it was pointed out that no Catholics so vigorously took up the cause of the Church in its conflict with the French Government as the English, Irish and Americans, who were also classed as the wealthiest Catholics, and, as those from whom the Holy See can expect the greatest amount of support. The memorandum concluded with asking for better representation of Anglo-Saxons in the Sacred College. It is believed that the step taken by the Anglo-Saxon prelates has had considerable effect and it is even hoped that the Pope may reconsider the list of cardinals to be appointed at the consistory of April 15, with the possibility of the inclusion of an Anglo-Saxon prelate who would be created in pectore, that is to say that his name would not be published for the present, although his elevation to the Sacred College would date from April 15.

SIR WILFRID WILL ATTEND COLONIAL CONFERENCE.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Sir Frederick Borden will sail for England on April 5. It is extremely doubtful whether Messrs. Fielding, Paterson and Brodeur will be able to get away owing to Parliamentary duties. Several important social functions have been arranged in honor of the colonial visitors. Mr. Balfour will preside at the banquet of the 1900 Club to the Colonial Premiers, to be held on Thursday, April 18, at Albert Hall, and will be supported by all the members of the late Unionist administration. The colonial promoters will be the guests of the Eighty Club on Friday, May 3, at a dinner to be given at the Hotel Cecil. Mr. Asquith, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, will preside, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier and General Botha will be invited to speak.

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

"It is safe to say," declared a physician, "that one half of the women are simply starving for fresh air, and if they would throw away their pill bottles and headache powders and exercise freely in the open air for at least two hours daily they would feel like new women at the end of the year. Nature cannot be cheated, nor can impaired forces be restored by swallowing medicine every time warning pains and illness overtake the offender. A busy woman may be compelled to neglect some duty or pleasure for a time in order to obtain outdoor exercise, but under the circumstances it will be excusable and in the long run she will make up for it because of increased bodily vigor."

LOVERS' DAY IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

In the middle ages troth plighted on Easter Sunday was regarded as peculiarly sacred, and it was customary for lovers to exchange poetical addresses somewhat after the manner of valentines. The following, rendered into modern spelling, is by Athelstane Wade, a folk poet of the time of Richard I., and is regarded as one of the best specimens of its kind:

"Th' God's Sunday, precious one,
That binds your heart in love to me,
Let us, then, all folly shun:
Be true, my sweet, as I to thee.
Troth plighted on Christ's rising day
Is sacred, holy, good and true.
Let come to me whatever may,
In life or death I'll cling to you."
—New York Herald.

A PRETTY SPANISH EASTER CUSTOM.

In the country districts of Spain the people bring birds in little cages with them to church, and at the moment the Gloria is pronounced open the little gates and throw the feathered singers high over their heads in the air.

EASTER, GODDESS OF SPRING.

Many of the most popular and curious customs and observances of Easter and Eastertide are of remote and pagan origin. The name Easter itself is undoubtedly derived from the artistic appellation of an ancient Saxon goddess, "Eostre," or "Eostre." This bright lady, tall and flaxen-haired, was popularly supposed to preside at the annual birth of the spring, when earth began to deck herself with flowers and beauty and heaven itself was clearer. She was evidently a relation of Steg-fried, and before him Baldur, all of them types of the glory and beauty that arose in the world when the early spring was born and the days grew longer, as the death of the great saga heroes was also, typical of the decline of summer and its death at the hands of the cold and cruel northern winter.

These beautiful myths appear to have been strangely suggestive and indicative of that great truth which was soon to follow them—to be born into the world and never to leave it, come summer, come winter—in the person of our Lord Jesus Christ.

It was the policy of the early church to give a religious significance to all those ancient and heathen customs which she could not easily uproot. In this case of the not very devoted worship of the goddess Eastre, diluted as it was with the leaven of all manner of social gaiety and festive rejoicing, the conversion was not a very difficult matter. The spirit of joy and festivity of the occasion was left untouched. The cause alone was changed, and almost unconsciously the Saxons accepted new reasons and sympathies without having to deviate from their established customs.—Living Church.

THE SPRING SHIRTWAIST.

The plain, mannish model has the lead for business and morning wear. The touch feminine about it is the tiny plaited frill each side of the centre box plait in front and on the turn-back cuff.

LUBY'S
50 CENTS A BOTTLE
To prevent the too early appearance of gray hairs LUBY'S PARISIAN HAIR RENEWER...
It imparts a most beautiful gloss and color to the hair, and keeps the head cool and free from dandruff.

Minister Speaks to Mothers

Tells His Wife's Experience for the Sake of Other Sufferers.

The following letter has been sent to Dr. T. A. Slocum, Ltd., for publication.

Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited.—Dear Sir: Within the last two years my wife (who is of a delicate constitution) has had two severe attacks of la grippe, both of which have been speedily corrected by the use of Psychine. We have such faith in the efficacy of your remedies that as a family we use no other. For toning up a debilitated system, however run down, restoring to healthy action the heart and lungs and as a specific for all wasting diseases your Psychine and Oxomulium are simply perfect. Yours sincerely, Rev. J. J. Rice, 51 Walker Avenue, Toronto.

PSYCHINE, Pronounced Si-keen, is a scientific preparation, having wonderful tonic properties acting directly upon the Stomach, Blood and weak organs of the body, quickly restoring them to strong and healthy action. It is especially adapted for people who are run down from any cause, especially Coughs, Colds, Catarrh, LaGrippe, Pneumonia, Consumption and all stomach or organic troubles. It has no substitute.

PSYCHINE (PRONOUNCED SI-KEEN)

is for sale at all dealers, at 50c and \$1.00 per bottle, or write direct to Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited, 179 King St. W., Toronto.

There is no other remedy "Just as Good" as PSYCHINE.

Dr. Roo's Kidney Pills are a sure and permanent cure for Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Pain in the Back and all forms of Kidney Trouble. 25c per box, at all dealers.

LITERARY REVIEW.

THE APRIL WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION.

A distinct contribution to contemporary literature is the epic poem, "At Pilate's Judgment Seat," by Thomas Nelson Page, in the April Woman's Home Companion. In this poem, which occupies two full pages of the magazine, Mr. Page depicts the usual procedure and describes the Judgment from Pilate's point of view. The result is a mastery and novel treatment of the most marvellous trial scene in the world's history. The poem is strikingly decorated by Herbert Paus. Another important feature in this number of the Woman's Home Companion is a characteristic editorial by Edward Everett Hale, "Some Reminiscences of the Nation's Capitol." Homer Davenport, who recently visited the Arabian Desert for this magazine, has a notable article, entitled "The Arab Horse in Legend and Story," in which he gives a wealth of first-hand information on a very interesting subject. The ever helpful subject of home building is treated by Henry Harrison Lewis in an article, "Selecting the Site," which describes in detail this important preliminary in home construction. An unusually strong array of fiction headed by a timely short story, "Mrs. Sackett's Easter Bonnet," by Mary E. Wilkins Freeman and including Josephine Daskam Bacon's serial, "The Domestic Adventurers," and short stories by Jennette Lee, Temple Bailey, Lulu Judson Moody, and Gelston Spring give added interest to the April number. Among the special departments are "For the Girl Who Earns Her Own Living," by Anna Steese Richardson; Mrs. Sangster's Home Page; Sam Loyd's Puzzle Page; The Campaign Against Child Labor, a department specially conducted by the National Child Labor Committee; a page for "Serious-Minded Women," conducted by Herbert D. Ward; Dan Beard's Own Page for Boys; Practical Fashions, by Grace Margaret Gould; Cooking Lessons, by Fannie Merritt Farmer; and Aunt Janet's department for children. The art features are fully up to this magazine's highest standard.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

Waiter—What would you be pleased to order, sir? We have potage psintanier a la julienne, fricaudeau de veau avec croquettes des pommes de terre, rissoles de bœuf—
Diner—Yes; well give you a plateful of whichever of them's nearest to Irish stew.

A Medicine Chest in Itself.—Only the well-to-do can afford to possess a medicine-chest, but Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, which is a medicine chest in itself, being a remedy for rheumatism, lumbago, sore throat, colds, coughs, catarrh, asthma and a potent healer for wounds, cuts, bruises, sprains, etc., is within the reach of the poorest, owing to its cheapness. It should be in every house.

WEATHER NOT PERMITTING.

A correspondent of the Manchester Guardian relates that he saw on the notice-board of an Ipswich reading-room the following appeal:

"Will the gentleman who took a horn-handled umbrella from the stand on Wednesday kindly return it to the Librarian?"
Some one wrote beneath in pencil: "Certainly not; weather still unsettled."

COULDN'T FOOL THE BOY.

A physician was annoyed by a small newsboy, who would run into his office and yell "Evening papers" in a way to startle the patients. Thinking to break him of the habit the doctor stretched a wire across the room arranging it so that a skeleton hanging in a closet would slide out by pulling a string.

The next day, when the boy appeared in his usual noisy way, the skeleton danced out in front of him, shaking its bones in a most terrifying manner. The boy gave one yell and disappeared down the stairs. Thinking that the trick might have been rather too severe the doctor went down to the street to reassure the boy, whom he found hiding behind a tree. He called to him to come back, but the boy shook his head.
"No, you don't," he yelled. "I know you if you have got your clothes on."

Biliousness Burdens Life.—The bilious man is never a companionable man because his ailment renders him morose and gloomy. The complaint is not so dangerous as it is disagreeable. Yet no one need suffer from it who can procure Par-melee's Vegetable Pills. By regulating the liver and obviating the effects of bile in the stomach they restore men to cheerfulness and full vigor of action.

A LITTLE MAID'S GUESS.

A certain wise little woman eight years old has two brothers. She participates in their joys and sorrows, in their pleasures and their toil, as much as circumstances will permit. And she has a thorough understanding of a boy's character. The other day her brothers came home from school with a problem in arithmetic which had caused a good deal of discussion among their playmates, and submitted it for the edification of the family at the lunch table:
"If a boy draws his sled to the top of a hill nine times and slides down eight times, where is he?"
The wise young woman from the depths of her experience answered without hesitation:
"I duss he has done home for his mudder to mend his pants."

MILBURN'S
Heart and Nerve Pills.
Are a specific for all diseases and disorders arising from a run-down condition of the heart or nerve system, such as Palpitation of the Heart, Nervous Prostration, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Faint and Dizzy Spells, Brain Pain, etc. They are especially beneficial to women troubled with irregular menstruation.
Price 50 cents per box, or \$1 for 3 boxes.
All dealers, or
THE T. MILBURN CO., LIMITED,
Toronto, Ont.

THE SIN OF THE COPPENTER MAN.

The coppersenter man said a wicked word,
When he hit his thumb one day,
En I know what it was, because I heard,
En it's somethin' I dassant say.

He growed us a house with rooms inside it,
En the rooms is full of floors,
It's my papa's house, en when he bought it,
It was nothin' but just outdoors.

En they planted stones in a hole for seeds,
En that's how the house began,
But I bet the stones would have just growed weeds,
Except for the coppersenter man.

En the coppersenter man took a board en said
He'd skin W en make some curls,
En I hung 'em into my ears en head

THE POET'S CORNER

AFTER THE PASSION.

Lord of my heart, by Thy last cry,
Let not Thy blood on earth be spent—
Lo, at Thy feet I fainting lie
Mine eyes upon Thy wounds are bent,
Upon Thy streaming wounds my weary eyes
Wait like the parched earth on April skies.

Wash me and dry these bitter tears,
O let my heart no further roam,
'Tis Thine by vows and hopes and fears
Long since—O call Thy wanderer home
To that dear home safe in Thy wounded side,
Where only broken hearts their sin and shame may hide.
—John Keble.

AN EASTER LILLY.

Spikenard and frankincense and myrrh,
And spices savory and sweet,
They brought unto the sepulcher,
To lay them at the wounded feet.
The precious gifts their hands betwixt,
They came in that first Easter dawn;
And she who was called Magdalene
Before the other hastened on.

But at the door the spices slipped
From hand upraised in reverence,
And to the ground, unheeded, dripped
Spikenard, and myrrh, and frankincense,
With finger on her lips she turned
And in a whisper tense with awe,
With eyes that in their rapture burned,
She told the glory that she saw.

The tomb aglow with holy light,
A radiant one of gentle voice,
Whose lustrous wings were jewel bright,
Whose lips made music, thus: "Rejoice!
Your hearts no more need shelter fear."
And one sat where had been his head,
Who said to them: "He is not here,
For he is risen, as he said."

Then, turning back upon their way,
They set their feet; and then the sun
Flung from its arms the Easter day,
As bright as was that shining one,
And she that was called Magdalene
Paused, for before the sepulcher
A lily, stately and serene,
New-bloomed, flung back the dawn
to her.

EASTER SUNDAY.

Peace and joy reign everywhere,
Heavenly odors scent the air.

En they made me look like girls.
En he squinted along one side, he did,
En he squinted the other side twice
En then he told me, "You squint 't, kid,"
'Cause the coppersenter man's reel nice.
But the coppersenter man said a wicked word,
When he hit his thumb that day;
He said it out loud, too, 'cause I heard,
En it's somethin' I dassant say.

En the coppersenter man said it wasn't bad,
When you hitted your thumb kerspat!
En there'd be no coppersenter men to be had,
If it wasn't for words like that.
En if there wasn't no coppersenter men,
We'd all have to live in the barn,
'Cause there wouldn't be any houses en then,
Then what would we do—by darn!

En the coppersenter man said a wicked word,
When he hitted his thumb one day,
En I know what it was, because I heard,
En it's somethin' I dassant say!
—Edmund Vance Cooke, in Woman's Home Companion for March.

HEAVENLY MUSIC FILLS OUR EARS.

Heavenly music fills our ears,
Making us forget our tears,
Those days of sorrow, pain and gloom
Are left behind Him in the tomb.
Our hearts rejoice, freed from their care,
The earth once more seems bright and fair.
The valleys bloom with timid shoots
The streamlets sing like angels' lutes,
The merry robins fill the trees
With their peaceful symphonies.
What's the reason of all this?
Why on earth this heavenly bliss?
All things of earth in one vast shout
Unite their voices and cry out,
In words that up to heaven reach
And through hell's stygian caverns screech,
And penetrate men's stony hearts
As rays of light through darkness dart:
Rejoice! Rejoice! He's risen to-day!"

The God that for mankind hath died
To-day hath risen glorified,
The faithful few who sorrowing wept
Rejoice, God's holy word is kept.
Heavenly choristers far on high,
With hosannas fill the sky,
In similar cadence that to earth
Announced the sweet Redeemer's birth.

In heaven, on earth, a joy doth reign
That men nor angels can restrain.
Heaven's eternal walls are rent
With angelic merriment,
And the whirling earth's vast bounds
With the creatures' joy resounds.
Human passions that were pent
Through this holy time of Lent,
Now burst out in grand acclaim
Sounding praises to His name.
Humanity sends up this cry,
Sweet-voiced angels make reply:
"Rejoice! Rejoice! He's risen to-day!"
—Thomas P. Neeson.

SEEING THE SUN.

One of the oldest Eton tales, around which legends, spread belief in the sun in the general felicity by dancing in the heave day. Devonshire maids up early on the morning to observe not only the but the lamb and flag of the disk. An old S makes his sun even more there it is expected to like a mill wheel and leaps.—New York Post.

ONE RESURRECTION.

A soul once beautiful lay dead in sin
And all who loved it sorrowed at its state;
Bright was its glory once,—its promise great;
But, the despoiler long had entered in;
Gone was the life and beauty that had been,
Hideous, it lay, deformed by sin and hate.
A far earth cry arose—"Was it too late
For One Sweet Power that fallen soul to win?"
Too late? Ah, no:—One, pitying, loving, came
Unmindful of ingratitude and shame,
He touched that soul with the divinest grace:
All glorious, it looked into His face,
Remembering the long lost Saviour Friend,
It wept,—and served and loved unto the end.
—Mary Louise Murphy.

EASTER GOBLIN.

Novelties in the East goblins made out of egg purpose the contents of removed through a hole and on the shells is peace. Then with a li legs and arms are attached a very comic effect. The egg is an "egg rocker," made by pouring sealing then melted lead through in one end of an egg. The material shall on other end, the natural ing been previously blowing. Then the shell with a comf face, and cap are added, the resulting figure of fun that will sit in sitting upright how it is disturbed.

USEFUL AT ALL TIMES.

summer Parmelee's V will cope with and o irregularities of the di gans which change of residence or variati perature may bring at should be always kept once their beneficial known, no one will be There is nothing man structure, and the mo use them confidently.

EASTER LITTY

Easter lilies, soft, unfold
Emblems of eternal love
Close within their challenge
The truth below of Ch

Easter lilies, sweets imb
Let your incense rise
To our Lord, who, nev
Leads us o'er the thor

Easter lilies, life inflodi
Germ and seed for futu
So our life-germs we su
For the future life su

EASTER EG

Rabbit eggs, accordin
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There is nothing man
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use them confidently.

Dr. Wood

Cure Coughs, Colds,
Hoarseness, Croup,
Pain or Tightness
Chest, Etc.

It stops that tickling in
pleasant to take and soo
ing to the lungs. Mr. E
the well-known Galt gard
I had a very severe at
throat and tightness in
times when I wanted to
not I would almost choke
who got me a bottle of
NORWAY SYRUP, I
price I found it could
not be without it if it cost
ble, and I can recommend
bothered with a cough or
Price 25 Cents

Norway Syrup

It stops that tickling in
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price I found it could
not be without it if it cost
ble, and I can recommend
bothered with a cough or
Price 25 Cents

EASTER GOBLIN.

Novelties in the East
goblins made out of egg
purpose the contents of
removed through a hole
and on the shells is pe
peace. Then with a li
legs and arms are attac
a very comic effect. T
egg is an "egg rocker,"
made by pouring sealin
then melted lead throu
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The material shall on
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ing been previously r
blowing. Then the sh
with a comf face, and
cap are added, the resu
figure of fun that will
sit in sitting upright
how it is disturbed.

"No Alum or Acid there"
"I saw, in an official report, that 70% (over 2/3) of the baking powders sold in Canada, contain alum and acid phosphates."
"It seems to me that folk ought to be mighty careful what baking powder they use."
"I know, if I baked my own cake and pastry, that there is only one baking powder I would buy. That's
St. George's Baking Powder
It is a genuine Cream of Tartar Baking Powder—free of alum, acids, lime, ammonias and phosphates.
ST. GEORGE'S is healthful—and makes Biscuits, Cake, Pies, etc., that are not only deliciously light and inviting, but wholesome as well.
Our Cook Book tells how to prepare a number of novel dishes—and in present old favorites in new guises. Write for a free copy to the NATIONAL BAKING & CEREAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED, Montreal, Qc.

EASTER LILIES.

Easter lilies, soft unfolding, Emblems of eternal love, Close within their chalice holding The truth below of Christ above.

Easter lilies, sweets inhaling, Let your incense rise to-day, To our Lord, who, never failing, Leads us o'er the thorny way.

Easter lilies, life unfolding, Germ and seed for future time, So our life-germs we are molding, For the future life sublime.

EASTER EGGS.

Rabbit eggs, according to our correspondent at Daffitown, are best for Easter purposes. The reason he gives is that the shell of rabbit-fruit retains the various dyes used to color Easter eggs more easily and permanently than the eggs of domestic fowl.

It seems that the shape varies, the egg being round if the rabbit that lays it is a squarehead and square if the one that lays it has a round head.

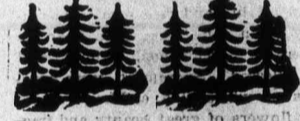
In order to die a rabbit's egg, continues our correspondent, you must first select the color you wish to die it. This being done, soak the egg in glycerine for three hours, and after this operation wipe it off with a piece of manila rope.

Our correspondent does not say whether we should take the egg out of the dye at the end of this time, but we presume that we should.

SEEING THE SUN DANCE.

One of the oldest Easter superstitions, around which cling many folk-lore tales and legends, is the widespread belief in the sun participating in the general felicity of the season by dancing in the heavens on Easter day.

Dr. Wood's



Norway Pine Syrup

Cures Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Pain or Tightness in the Chest, Etc.

It stops that tickling in the throat, is pleasant to take and soothing and healing to the lungs. Mr. E. Bishop Brand, the well-known Galt gardener, writes:—I had a very severe attack of sore throat and tightness in the chest.

EASTER GOBLINS.

Novelties in the Easter line are goblins made out of eggs. For this purpose the contents of an egg are removed through a hole in one end, and on the shells is painted a funny face.

Useful at all Times.—In winter or summer Paroel's Vegetable Pills will cope with and overcome any irregularities of the digestive organs which change of diet, change of residence or variation of temperature may bring about.



The Secret of the Silver Lake

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

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

"Or had been carried off, like the princess from Aladdin's palace, by some sprite," replied Ernest, with his mouth full. "I suspect we shall wake up presently. Hallo! what's that?"

"A Maori, I think; he has disappeared now. I just caught sight of something dark moving. Let us hide," said Stephen. "Drop down and then crawl."

The lads suddenly stopped, and then wriggled through the luxuriant verdure as quickly as possible, rather enjoying the adventure, and unfortunately ignorant and unconscious of all the perils which lay before them in that strange land.

CHAPTER IV.—IN THE FOREST.—A MEETING WITH BUSH-RANGERS.—THE RESCUE.

The boys had hidden for a considerable time, but as nothing occurred to alarm them further, Stephen rose quietly and looked about him. Save for the twittering and screaming of the birds, no sound disturbed the great silence; so he said:—"All right, Ernie; let us push along. The sun is getting to the southward. Let us steer by the sun."

"Are you sure that the sun is in the south?" asked Ernest, after a pause. "Isn't everything quite topsyturvy here? The sun may be in the north! At any rate, I have read that the south wind is the coldest wind in these countries."

"I never thought of that," replied Stephen; "but I don't suppose it alters the sun. It must be right! If our English South Pole is the Australian North Pole, as we are standing feet to feet—"

"No," interrupted Ernest, "then the north wind would be the cold wind. But, never mind; the sun is sure to rise in the east and set in the west, any way. Come on; let us get out of this forest if we can."

They plunged manfully on, quite careless of snakes, and other reptiles or insects, of which latter there were numbers. After a most trying excursion, they fortunately found a track, and following it, they came upon more open but rugged ground near a creek or stream. They felt knocked up; the way through the forest had been troublesome, and they thought they had walked many miles from the Maori camp; but, in reality, they had been going nearly in a circle until they reached the track.

The sun was declining in the west, so they found they were going in the proper direction as the track led southwards, with the sun on their right-hand side. They had eaten all their food, and were getting very hungry. The prospect of another night in the bush was not very pleasant, and they had as yet seen no signs of any settlement.

"Look, Stephen, here are marks of horses' hoofs. Hurrah!" cried Ernest. "We will follow these, and will surely come to a farm or something."

"Perhaps," replied Stephen. "But suppose these are the horses of the bushrangers! Eh?"

"I wish you hadn't read so many stories of Australian bushmen," exclaimed Ernest, half angrily. "You won't let me eat the fruits for fear of poison; and now you won't follow a trail for fear of bushrangers! I'll go on, any way."

"Come on, then," said Stephen. "We have nothing to lose—but I may, as well hide my revolver inside my shirt—it's not heavy."

They quickly followed the tracks, and for a long while. The sun had nearly set when the boys came to a sudden stop. Smoke was rising from behind a rising ground almost in front.

"A camp," whispered Stephen. "There are two horses hobbled. Then there are two men. What shall we do?"

"Go on," said Ernest boldly. "I am almost dying of hunger, and we shall be all the better off if they give us some supper."

their way, and mounting the low rugged slope, soon found themselves in full view of the fire, at which were seated two men, engaged in cooking. They were armed—each had a pistol in his belt, and guns lay beside them. They wore broad-brimmed hats, and were clad in rough ordinary costume, much the worse for wear—torn by thorns and very shabby.

In a moment the boys were detected. One of the men snatched up his rifle and called out—"Step out here!"

Stephen and Ernest exchanged glances as they obeyed this rough order. "They must be bushrangers," whispered Stephen. "Keep up heart, Ernie."

Ernest made no reply. He was frightened. "Now come on, you two imps!" shouted the man. "Who are you?" he asked, as the lads came nearer.

"We are English boys who were shipwrecked: we have lost our way. We have run off from the Maori camp."

"Oh! and you expect us to believe you, do you?" cried the other man, who was cooking some bird he had shot. "Anything else to tell?"

"It is quite true," replied Stephen boldly. "You need not believe us unless you like."

"Then, as you have given us the choice, we won't, eh, Murty?" said the first man. "Come now, turn out your pockets, you young scamps!"

The boys hesitated, until the man who had presented his rifle at them caught them both suddenly by the legs, and pulled them down to the ground. "Now tell all," he said.

"We have hardly any money," cried Ernest, "and we are very hungry. Don't hurt us!"

"Oh, no, certainly not! Where are ye bound for?" asked their captor, fiercely.

"We want to find Uncle Manton's place," replied Stephen, rubbing his legs, which had been hurt.

"Uncle Manton!" mimicked the man. "Here, youngster, hand me your watch," he continued to Ernest.

Ernest gave up his silver watch—a present from his father just before they had left home.

"Now your money," continued the man.

The boys both put their hands in their pockets, and Stephen pulled out some coins, with part of his conjuring apparatus: little boxes and simple tricks. Ernest also had some money.

The men took no notice of the conjuring boxes; they just tossed them aside. Fortunately they did not inquire for Stephen's revolver. By this time the meat and the bird they were cooking were done, and as they could not mind the boys, and eat their suppers at the same time, they quietly tied the poor lads to a tree close by, above the bank of the "creek"—a tiny rivulet which flowed through a pool beyond.

It was no use to struggle. Stephen and his brother, hungry and tired and exhausted, were tightly bound to an immense tree with the same rope, standing back to back. They could scarcely move, but they cried piteously for mercy, and for food and water.

"Water, water! please give us some water!" they cried. But the hard-hearted bushrangers took no notice.

"If I could get my hand free," whispered Stephen. "I would get away. The wretches!"

"I shall go mad soon," replied Ernest. "I can't bear this rope—my arms are numbed. Hallo, you men! untie us. We have done you no harm!"

"Stop your noise, or I will pretty soon let daylight into you," said one of the men, drawing a pistol.

"Then do!" retorted Ernest boldly. "I would rather be killed than tortured like this."

"It's all the same to us," shouted the man, and leveling his pistol carelessly, as if he were practising at a target, he fired. The bullet grazed Ernest's shoulder, and blood flowed at once.

have a party after us. There's police about, I believe."

The boys were very quiet now; indeed, they were very faint. As evening came on a quantity of mosquitoes rose from the creek and the swampy ground beyond it, and came buzzing about in regular clouds. The men seated at the fire did not feel their attacks so much, because the smoke kept the insects away; but the boys were fearfully tormented at first.

This mode of torture is by no means unusual amongst the New Zealand natives. Some revengeful savage may tie his victim in some swampy ground, and when night comes on he will be literally eaten up by mosquitoes. The lads kicked and struggled manfully, but the men at the fire did not pay any attention to them. They knew they were tied tightly, and they intended to let them go after a while. But they were cruel, and enjoyed seeing the lads' misery and in watching their struggles.

Ernest's arm was rather painful, and the horrible mosquitoes were so maddening that he twisted himself round, and in so doing managed to loosen the cord by which he was tied. He wriggled again, and turned about as far as he could, then looking at his wounded shoulder, he perceived that the bushranger's bullet had cut the fastening, and that the strong cord was nearly severed. This was such a cheering discovery that he almost forgot his pains and worries.

He called in a low voice to Stephen, who was very much exhausted, and told him the good news.

"Make haste, then," replied his brother: "I am half dead. These horrible insects are draining all the blood from my body."

"Just wait a few minutes: I can get my arm free. Those robbers will not see us in the dusk. Cheer up, Stephen."

Fortunately, as it happened, the bushrangers were indulging in eating and drinking, and they did not trouble themselves about the miserable boys any more. So as darkness came on, Ernest continued to struggle, and at length got one arm free. He then quietly took out his pocket-knife and cut the bonds, taking care to move as little as possible, so as not to attract attention.

"I am free, Stephen," he whispered. "Now stand still, and I will cut your cords too."

Stephen only said, "Make haste, then. I am bitten to pieces nearly, and shall go mad soon!"

In two minutes both lads were free, and the bushrangers had not taken any notice of them. Ernest felt behind him for the cord and cut without turning round.

Now that they were at liberty, the lads did not know what to do. They could not run away, but they could keep off the mosquitoes better—that was one comfort.

Meanwhile the men at the fire were getting very sleepy. They were very drowsy, so that they could hardly sit up; and though one man tried to rise and untie the boys at last, he soon dropped down again, and fell asleep. The other man sat silent, and dozed also by the fire. Now was the time!

"Let us rush on them, Ernest. I have the revolver. If they fight we must fight! Do you quietly steal down, and take away the guns lying there. Then we shall have the best of it."

Ernest did not like to go; but he plucked up his courage, and in the darkness crawled down the sloping bank behind the sitting robber. The other fellow was lying fast asleep. The fire lit up the scene for a little distance, but beyond that all was gloomy, so Ernest was enabled to crawl—very cautiously, indeed, and very slowly—behind the man, who did not turn his head. Perhaps he was asleep, too. A twig cracked.

Hush! the man lifted his head. Ernest's heart beat loudly; he could hear it go thump, thump in his chest, and he felt the throbbing in his throat. Just for one moment Stephen thought of rushing down upon the bushranger—but when he perceived that Ernest was safe, he remained quiet, but ready to start down and help his brother.

As soon as the man had resumed his position, his head hanging down and nodding, Ernest crept on, and succeeded in snatching up the rifles and pistols. One pistol was still in the belt of the sleeping bushranger, so when Ernest had carried away the other weapons, Stephen, revolver in hand, crept in the darkness gently up behind the sleeping man. He lay on his back, snoring loudly, and Stephen had not much difficulty in drawing the long-barrelled pistol from the man's belt. But the man turned round, and woke up suddenly; then catching sight of Stephen leaning over him, he said indistinctly—

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Is published every Thursday by The True Witness P. & P. Co. 25 St. Antoine St., Montreal, P. Q. P. O. BOX 1138

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE. Canada [City Excepted], United States and Newfoundland... \$1.00 City and Foreign... \$1.50 Terms: Payable in Advance.

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NOTE WELL.—Matter intended for publication should reach us not later than 5 o'clock Wednesday afternoon. **CORRESPONDENCE** and items of local Catholic interest solicited.



THURSDAY, MARCH 28, 1907.

HOLY WEEK.

The Universal Church is this week, the Silent week, reverently contemplating the commemoration of the magnificent climax of the great tragedy on Calvary, and extends an invitation to all of her children to halt on their busy way and place a tribute of grateful affection at the feet of the crucified Saviour. Centuries have come and gone; kingdoms have risen and crumbled into dust; men—philosophers, savants, they called themselves—have tried with all the ingenuity of their pigmy minds to tear into shreds the fundamental principles of the old religion, to take away from us, if possible, our priceless inheritance; yet notwithstanding the many onslaughts against her battlements, the Church of God continues to flourish, strengthened by the life-giving blood which flowed from Calvary down the ages, washing away our transgressions, bedewing hardened hearts and making fertile unto a bountiful harvest.

The momentous events of the closing days of the Saviour's career, His triumphant entry into Jerusalem, His agony, the institution of the Eucharist, His passion and crucifixion, each breathe a salutary lesson, a lesson which we know full well. Let us, therefore, enter into the spirit of the Church so that the lessons of the holy penitential time having been accepted may avail to our salvation. With almost the first intimation of the awakening of Nature from her winter sleep comes the glad some feast of Easter. The gentle Saviour on an Easter morn, in the long ago, cast aside His winding sheet, and, coming forth in fulfilment of His promise, proclaimed to the world that He was indeed risen, and added one more proof of His great love for us. Nature, too, is bursting her bonds and the captive treasure hidden deep in her bosom is about to come forth. All is renewed and buoyant with fresh life, so we, also, having been regenerated by the crimson stream which flowed from the heart Divine, will experience that personal peace which surpasseth all understanding, and be truly one with the Risen Christ.

NO COMPROMISE.

The cable is almost silent about the French situation. Things are in statu quo. As far as can be gathered, says the London Tablet, it would seem that all is over between the government and the episcopate in the matter of negotiations on the leases for the use of the churches. All that could be done has been done by the bishops; they went to the very furthest limits of conciliation and concession; and the sincerity of the government can be estimated from the fact that when an agreement seemed imminent, fresh demands, known to be impossible, were made. It is the old story: first, present the Church with her own death-warrant for signature, and then when she refuses to sign, round and blame her intran-

sigence and medievalism for refusing to commit suicide. Meanwhile in many, nay, most parts of the country, the mayors have shown a readiness to come to terms with the curies, but so far as one can see, this readiness and goodwill is wasted. But though the Church is thus reduced to a position of deplorable insecurity, she has at least escaped present sufferings. The Republique Francaise and the Solei both agree that the bishops have done their utmost to effect a settlement and that they could not do otherwise than refuse the last demands of the government.

The Journal des Debats, however, still refuses to believe that the negotiations are absolutely at an end. It thinks that the initiative taken by the bishops is too precious in the cause of peace, and believes that the negotiations will eventually be resumed, and that peace will be the result. If that hope is to be realized, the government will have to show itself more reasonable. The Rome correspondent of The Gaulois sent the following significant telegram, which is given for what it is worth: "The Pope has decided to refuse henceforth all participation by the faithful in France in the contribution of Peter's Pence, considering that in existing circumstances it is necessary for French Catholics to keep their resources for the assistance of the clergy in the painful situation which doubtless awaits them in the future."

France has had to eat humble pie for its brutal seizure of the archives of the papal nunciature at Paris. The London Tablet's Rome correspondent says:

"The Emperor of Austria, supported by the Emperor of Germany especially, and by other great powers, has asked for the restitution to their rightful owners of all the papers stolen from the nunciature; that some of these have already been delivered up to the representative of Austria; that the others also will be returned in spite of the truculent statements of Clemenceau."

A despatch from Rome says that the general feeling at the Vatican just now is that, notwithstanding the anti-clerical attitude of the French mipistry, the Church in France will be able to get along. The French government is pledged to keep the churches open and as it can not utilize them without some co-operation on the part of the Church, it is deemed absolutely certain that some kind of modus vivendi will be reached, at least for a time. It is known that many of the French mayors have already signed contracts with the parish priests in their towns, and a recent declaration from M. Briand says that such contracts will be considered valid by the government, even if the conditions laid down have not been inserted.

As to keeping the churches in repair, which in the case of large cathedrals would involve a large yearly expense, M. Briand and the French ministry have already receded somewhat from their previous pretensions. It has now been arranged to establish a central fund out of the property of the churches and religious congregations which, according to recent French laws, were to be turned over to benevolent institutions, and out of this central fund M. Briand expects to supply the money needed every year for the material maintenance of the churches.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The marvellous progress of the Catholic Church in Australasia was touched upon by Cardinal Moran in a recent address at Kensington, New South Wales. There are many men living to-day, he said, 86 or 87 years of age—Australia is a wonderful country for old men—who could bring their memory back to the time when there was not a single priest in the whole of Australian territory. To-day, however, the servants of the Church are everywhere—in New Zealand, New Guinea, and all the islands of the Pacific, as well as in the Island Continent itself. "There were," said Cardinal Moran, "thirty-six bishops carrying on the work of religion at the bidding of the Divine Master. There were fully

1800 churches erected for Divine worship. There were 1400 priests engaged in the mission of the Redemption, and with them were associated more than 700 Brothers teaching and fully 6000 devoted nuns, of whom Australia and Australasia were justly proud for the spirit of sacrifice in which they were carrying on the work of Christianity. And the great majority of these are Irish or the sons and daughters of Irish parents.

In the Catholic Directory for Britain for 1907 figures are supplied which prove that the Church in that country during the past year has steadily advanced. The total number of churches and chapels at present in England and Wales is 1703, as compared with 1640 a year ago. The number of priests has grown from 3414 to 3484. In Scotland the number of priests has increased from 525 to 540, and the churches, chapels and stations remain as before, viz., 373. Of the 4024 priests in Britain, 2636 belong to the diocesan clergy and 1388 are regulars, many of them being French exiles.

The estimated Catholic population of the United Kingdom of Britain and Ireland is from five millions and a half to five and three-quarters. Including British America—Canada—(with a Catholic population of about 2,650,000), Africa, Australia, India and all other possessions, the total Catholic population of the British Empire is set down as probably about ten millions and a half.

The Irish Nationalist members are lying low at Westminster. This is what Campbell-Bannerman desires, but it is like holding a wolf by the ears—equally dangerous to hold on or let go. In the meantime the Nationalists intend to conduct a vigorous campaign on Irish soil, with innumerable political meetings and processions. Ulster Protestants, too, are preparing for a strenuous fight against Home Rule. Pastorate protests are coming thick and fast from Ulster against any serious proposals to hand them over to the mercies of an Irish Parliament.

The Prime Minister must sooner or later introduce the Home Rule bill and then will come a scattering of his forces because the moderate Liberals in his party believe that an attempt to realize Home Rule leads up to the towering unscalable wall of impossibility.

Friends of Ireland are pleased to learn that immense beds of coal and black-band ironstone have been found in the Ballycastle district of North Antrim, besides great deposits of fireclay suited to the manufacture of brick. It is estimated that there are 55,000,000 tons of coal and 150,000,000 tons of iron ore, all of good quality. These minerals can be made the basis of large industries that will diffuse wealth among the Irish people. "The old country," says the Engineering and Mining Journal, "has waited for prosperity a long time. We hope that at last good times are really going to come through the development of a great mining industry."

In the course of a splendid eulogy on Count Creighton, the great philanthropist, William Jennings Bryan said:

"John A. Creighton was a Christian, and that is the secret of all else there was in him. I care not for your theories of theology, for your ideas of science; one thing you cannot answer, and that is a Christian life. In the heart of John A. Creighton was the wholesome fear of God, which is the beginning of wisdom. Who will say how many in the life beyond the grave will thank Count Creighton for the good he did while on earth. There are many here who must say the night is darker because his light has gone out, and the world is not so warm because his heart is cold in death."

What many experts consider a genuine Raphael cartoon has been discovered at Radicea, a remote town in Calabria. The subject is the "Triumph of Constantine," and, as there is a cartoon with this title

attributed to Raphael in the Paris Louvre, the question of the latter's authenticity is raised. The newly found cartoon hangs in the house of a Radicea resident, Signor Tascona. It is a curious fact that a Raphael cartoon on the same subject was stolen from the royal palace at Naples by a servant in 1800.

A "high noon Mass" has been introduced at the Church of St. Francis of Assisi, in New York city. Probably not another church in the country has a mass at this hour of the day regularly for any length of time, but in Europe such worship is not infrequent. The mid-day mass has proved very successful. Not scores but hundreds of people of both sexes and all classes avail themselves of the opportunity of hearing mass during lunch hour and are flocking to the church.

The Pope's new private physician, Dr. Giuseppe Petacci, who has succeeded the late Dr. Laponi, is one of the most eminent doctors in Rome and the favorite practitioner in Vatican circles. He is described by an old friend as "a man of inspiring presence, and of the finest manners, giving one the impression of possessing a singularly sweet disposition."

The Rev. Henry Grey Graham, formerly a Church of Scotland minister at Avondale, Strathaven, who some years ago joined the Catholic Church and went to Rome to study for the priesthood, has been ordained priest at the Scots College, Rome.

Struggling Infant Mission

IN THE DIOCESE OF NORTHAMPTON, FAKENHAM, NORFOLK ENGLAND.

Where is Mass said and benediction given at present? IN A GARRET, the use of which I get for a rent of ONE SHILLING per week.

Average weekly Collection...3s 6d.

No endowment whatever, except HOPE. Not a great kind of endowment, you will say, good reader. Ah, well! Who knows? Great things have, as a rule, very small beginnings. There was the stable of Bethlehem, and God's hand is not shortened, I HAVE hope. I have GREAT hope that this latest Mission, opened by the Bishop of Northampton; will, in due course, become a great mission.

Best outside help is, evidently, necessary. Will it be forthcoming?

I have noticed how willingly the CLIENTS of ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA readily come to the assistance of poor, struggling Priests. May I not hope that they will, too, cast a sympathetic and pitying eye upon me in my struggle to establish an outpost of the Catholic Faith in this so far as the Catholic Faith is concerned—barren region? May I not hope, good reader, that you, in your zeal for the progress of that Faith, will extend a helping hand to me?

I cry to you with all earnestness to come to my assistance. You may not be able to do much; but you CAN DO LITTLE. Do that little which is your power, for God's sake, and with the other "littles" that are done I shall be able to establish this new Mission firmly.

DON'T TURN A DEAF EAR TO MY URGENT APPEAL.

"May God bless and prosper your endeavors in establishing a Mission at Fakenham.

A Havana Holy Week.

Down on the Plaza an immense crowd was gathered. It was nearly dark, but in the clear twilight we could see, hung aloft, the absurd figure or effigy of Judas. There was no attempt to follow the costume of Iscariot's own time. His effigy was attired in a very ragged postilion costume, with a pair of very long cavalry boots. A straw hat and gay necktie finished the attire. Imagine one of the Apostles in cavalry boots and spurs, with a straw hat! Slowly the uncouth figure was lifted to the top of the scaffold, while the crowd jeered and cursed the traitor.

"Burn him! Fire him!" shouted the crowd. Torches were brought out, but none of them could reach the figure. At last, a soldier on horseback rode under the scaffold. He carried a long pole with a lighted candle at the end.

"Bravo! Bravo, caballero!" sang out the excited crowd. The smoking candle touched poor Judas, and then such an explosion! The whole effigy was a mass of flames. The gunpowder and the fire-crackers were exploding in all directions. Pieces of burning cotton fell over the crowd who yelled, cheered, and sang until the effigy burned out.

The next morning, Holy Thursday, we were out early to see the grand procession of the Blessed Sacrament, as it wound its way around the city. Those who have only seen this solemn service in non-Catholic countries can form no real idea of its grandeur in a Catholic city. Every official, every religious and social organization, joined in the ranks of devout followers of the Hidden God. The streets were thronged. Windows and galleries, and the flat roofs of the houses, which are promenade gardens in Havana, were filled. Children gayly dressed, ladies with their graceful black mantilles over their heads, looked from the verandas down into the crowded streets. We caught the soft strains of the

EASTER WITH THE POETS.

Hail, day of days! in peals of praise Throughout all ages owned, When Christ our God hell's empire trod And high o'er heaven was throned. —Bishop Fortunatus.

Ye heavens, how sang they in your courts, How sang the angelic choir that day, When from His tomb the imprisoned God Like the strong sunrise broke away. —F. W. Faber.

Jesus lives, to Him the Throne Over all the world is given, May we go where He is gone, Rest and reign with Him in Heaven! —C. F. Gillert.

The fasts are done; the Aves said; The moon has filled her horn, And in the solemn night I watch Before the Eastern morn. So pure, so still the starry Heaven, So hushed the brooding air I could hear the sweep of an angel's wings If one should earthward fare. —E. D. Proctor.

Ring, snow-white bells, your purest praise To glorify this Easter day, And let your risen Savior's joy Your voiceless fragrant breath employ. Fill every valley with perfume And lighten Death's appalling gloom; Teach ye our troubled hearts the way To trust our Saviour every day. —W. J. Taylor.

PROF. COREY'S NEW OPERA.

Cal. H. Corey and his pupils gave his opera "Nona" at Stanley Hall last Friday, March 22nd, in which the leading roles were sustained by Mr. M. G. Shaw, lyric tenor soloist, from London, Eng., and Miss Helena Taft, of Montreal, mezzo contralto. There was a very large and appreciative audience present, who seemed to thoroughly enjoy the entertainment, which was given with full orchestra. Mr. Corey has been working on his opera for nearly three years, and has succeeded in giving to the world a pretty and haunting composition, which seems to have escaped the notice of Montreal critics. We would be inclined to place Mr. Corey's work in the first rank, seeing he is the only individual out of Montreal musicians who has successfully composed words and music and orchestrated same and conducted it to the entire satisfaction of a Montreal audience.

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PRIESTS AND PARISHIONERS.

Archbishop Moeller, of Cincinnati, is one who believes in the good old-fashioned custom of parochial visitation. He says: "I wish to emphasize the importance of parochial visits in cementing relations between the clergy and the laity. If a fuller understanding had been reached between the priesthood of France and the people of their congregations I am confident the present trouble which is rocking the French Church could have been avoided, at least in part. "One means of reaching such an understanding is by regular parish calls, so that the families of the congregation and the parish priests may become acquainted. It is a rule of the Church that these calls shall be made once in two years, but I think they ought to be made once a year, at least. "During the present year I propose to forward this movement. I think a congregation of 600 to 700 families should have three priests, and those congregations that have more families should have more priests in proportion to their size. If the visiting is done as it should be, the priests will all be busy. The work of the Church is made much more effective through perfect cooperation.

The Catholic Student's Manual.

Great care has been devoted to the preparation of this manual. It will be found admirably suited to the wants of Catholic Young Men, for whom it is specially intended. The chief aim of the compiler has been to provide authorized devotions; clear, concise and accurate instructions on the doctrine and practices of our Holy Religion. Competent judges declare that in these respects, this Manual is unequalled. It contains over 700 pages and forms a volume of very convenient size. Price 75c. Postage, 5c extra.

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military band, subdued to solemn music. Gleaming-tapers sprang up. Every man and boy lifted his hat and sank upon one knee. The ladies drew their veils closer and devoutly knelt. I was awed by the solemn silence, the great hush broken only by the beautiful notes of the band. How I wish I could bring to your mind the beauty of that pageant as it glows in my memory to-day, the vision that delighted my childish eyes and heart! Soldiers, civilians, religious orders, all in handsome regalia, marched past in rank upon rank. Near the venerable archbishop, who carried the Blessed Sacrament, were hundreds of white clad children strung flowers of great beauty and fragrance. We knelt until the procession had passed far out of sight. The scent of tropical flowers, the spice of incense, the echo of exquisite music, the vision of worshipping faces, lingered far after, even as, in my mind, that Holy Week in Havana. Singers, sweet, solemn, bright and fragrant.—Catholic World.

PRIESTS AND PARISHIONERS.

Before leaving him Rev. Ouellet wished to know if the converted was really happy. "It is beyond expression," he had received an ivory crucifix memento of his baptism, and did not cease to kiss it with sports of devotion. While veiling his beads, he seemed filled withapture, and with a childlike joy in reciting prayers with who surrounded him. Every priest repeated a pious action, he would in turn repeat with touching eagerness, and continual requests of "pray, again!" well revealed that his was overflowing with joy and pride. Visits from relatives and friends of the separated church do not weaken his faith, and serve the contrary, to prove how famous his great act had been, that it remained the result of a small and profound conviction. At noon, about three hours after the departure of Reverend Ouellet, who was uncasing in goodness, the good old man received Holy Communion. The appeal could be communicated by telegraph, his beautiful smile of beatitude rested on his face. The funeral was very imposing. Ouellet, pastor of the parish, read the Requiem Mass, read by Rev. J. St. Laurent, pastor of Newport, as Canon, and

THE SOVEREIGN

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Abjuration and Death John J. Baker, Senior, River Gaspe.

The parish of Grand River has just been rejoiced by a man that will ever remain as one of the most beautiful in its history. John Baker, senior, former river and one of the most prominent men of Gaspe County, has his happiness to abjure the erroneous Anglican sect, and to be before his death, by the Sacrament of the Catholic Church.

In the last days of January, venerable old man had a grippe, and this, joined to the infirmities of old age, made him understand the grievousness of his state. On the 5th of February, feeling worse, he expressed to his son, Mr. Baker, the desire to see Father Ouellet, pastor of the parish, and to declare openly that he wished to become a Roman Catholic. The next day, which was the closing of the Forty Hours devotion in River, the pastor called at the residence of Mr. John Baker, not expecting yet the happiness that would be his. "Oh! Monsieur le Cure!" cried the venerable old man on seeing him enter. "It is fifteen days I wished to see you." The pastor was doubtless easy for the catechumen, for on the evening following day he was ready to receive baptism, which was given without delay, owing to the singular character of the illness. "Nothing more touching," the privileged witnesses of the ceremony than to see his beautiful head as it bended, docile and under the effusions of the baptismal water." Then followed the solemn formula of which he was with all his heart, and he confessed his adherence by saying several times with an inimitable accent: "I believe all that the Holy Catholic Church teaches and believes." He received Extreme Unction, which filled him with joy. The morning the impressive ceremony of the first Communion took place, the happy neophyte looked as if he had, and his fervor touched the hearts that followed the ceremony with thanksgiving.

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Death of Sister Mary of the Immaculate Conception. [Rachel Curran.]

It is our painful duty to record the death of Rev. Sister Mary of the Immaculate Conception, who passed away on the 21st instant, at the Mother House, Water street, Ottawa, at the ripe age of seventy-four.

This venerable religious was the sister of Mr. Justice Curran of the Superior Court of this Province, and of the late Brother Noah, who died at Manhattan College a few years ago. She was one of three Grey Sisters, members of the same family. The eldest, Rev. Sister Curran, who died just one year ago at the Convent of the Grey Sisters in Montreal, having spent the greater part of her life in the Northwest of Canada, and Rev. Sister Curran of Ottawa, now secretary-general of the order in that city.

Sister Mary of the Immaculate Conception was born in Montreal on the 26th August, 1833. She was educated at the convent of the Ladies of the Congregation of Notre Dame, and on the 26th April, 1848, entered the order of the Grey Sisters at Montreal. She was immediately sent to the Mission of By-town (now Ottawa city) and was the first nun to make her vows at the Water Street Mother House, on the 2nd October, 1850. One year later she was sent to St. Andrews, Ont., where she founded a new mission. Subsequently she was sent to Buffalo, N. Y., where for several years she was a teacher in the Holy Angels' Academy. In 1863 she was one of the founders of the Convent in Plattsburg, N. Y., one of the most successful missions of the Order. Three years later she was recalled to Ottawa on the opening of a school on Wellington street, Upper Town. There she remained until the school was replaced by the convent of Our Lady of the Rosary on Primrose Hill. She then became secretary-general of the order, an office she held for many years.

On the 2nd October, 1900, the good Sister celebrated her golden jubilee, 50 years after her profession. Since that date her health has been failing, but it was not until the month of February last that a serious apprehension was entertained by the community. The funeral took place on the 23rd instant.

His Grace Archbishop Dubauzel sang the requiem Mass and conducted the funeral service. A delegation from the Grey Sisters of Montreal was present at the obsequies, Rev. Mother Ward and Sister Quinn having been sent to Ottawa by the Superior-General.

Sister Mary of the Immaculate Conception will be mourned not only by her brother and sister, but by the Community of which she was such a distinguished member, and by hundreds of ladies now occupying positions in religion as well as in society, who remember the careful training they received at her devoted hands.

A Successful Lecture.

(The Leader, Morrisburg.)
The Rev. Gerald McShane, S.S., D.D., delivered a most interesting lecture entitled "Memories of the Seven Hills," and of Ireland, in the Music Hall, on Monday evening, as a fitting celebration of St. Patrick's Day. The hall was well filled with a mixed audience, who listened with profit to the eloquence of the gifted lecturer, and Father Salmon and his congregation are to be congratulated for having furnished our citizens with such an intellectual treat. The musical part, under the direction of Miss M. Hickey, was well received.

The lecture was a series of reminiscences carefully and charmingly collected with a view of instructing an audience in an entertaining way. There are few cities in Europe, said the speaker, that possess so many varied attractions as Rome. There is no place where a foreigner feels less a foreigner and more at home, than within the walls of the Eternal City. Even those who are not of the Roman faith experience this singular fascination, this magnetic influence of the ancient seat of the Caesars; and time or separation do not seem to remove their affection for Eternal Rome. Lord Byron aptly expressed these feelings when he wrote:

O Rome, my country, city of the soul,
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead empires, and control
In their shut breasts their petty misery.

Father McShane certainly contributed by his lecture to spread among his hearers a love and taste for the beauties of the Seven Hills.

Beginning by Mount Vatican, which, without being among the classical seven, was an interesting, historic hill of Rome, the speaker led his audience in spirit through the wonders of the Grand Basilica, greeting it with the poet's words:

O thou of temples old and altars new,
Standest alone with nothing like to thee.

The art treasures of the Vatican, called by a free thinker, "The Divine City," were also strikingly illustrated, the figures of Pius X., Leo XIII., Cardinals Merry del Val and Rampollo, with a short sketch of their careers being religiously listened to. An appropriate digression, briefly describing the French crisis and the Vatican's policy was here inserted with proper illustrations. The Collean Hills then opened its mine of recollections of Pope Gregory, England's conversion, the Appian Way, the Catacombs, the sensuous Roman customs at the Baths, the life in art, of Cecilia, daughter of a rich Roman patrician. The Coliseum offered a connecting link to the lecturer between the Seven Hills and Memories of Ireland. The latter was splendidly brought out by a series of stereoscopic views of the beauty spots of Ireland, made famous by the men in history who shaped the destiny of Erin, O'Connell, Tom Moore, Emmet, Grattan and Father Mathew. Some pleasing anecdotes, brimful of Irish wit, were appreciated in this part of the lecture.

The other Roman Hills were shown, the Palatine, the home of consuls, the emperors, the patricians and vestals. The Capitoline—the seat of the Conscript Fathers—the Forum, ringing with the silvery voice of Cicero and Mark Antony. The Aventine, with its poetic recollections of Jerome, Dominick and his army of white-robed sacred orators that gave to the world a Thomas Aquinas, a Lacordaire, a Monsabre and a Tom Burke; Alexius, sung by the verses of Cardinal Wiseman; the Knights of Malta with their luxuriant and picturesque gardens. Last came the Quirinal and the Pincian, with pleasant narratives of modern life in the Roman colleges.

A very pleasing feature of the evening's programme was the arrangement of appropriate musical

numbers in connection with the subject matter treated. These were admirably rendered by the young ladies of Morrisburg under the direction of Miss Hickey.

After the memoirs of the Roman Madonnas, and the life in art of Cecilia, the patroness of music, came a beautiful Ave Maria, rendered most creditably by Miss Aggie Laskey.

At the conclusion of the lecture a hearty vote of thanks was tendered the lecturer, moved by Mr. Thos. McDonald, in a happy speech, seconded by Mr. William McGannon.

In acknowledging this, Rev. Fr. McShane expressed his gratitude for the cordial welcome extended to him by such a large gathering. He exhorted his hearers one and all to cultivate a taste for the study of the history of Rome, noting that whilst Pagan Rome, the Rome of the Caesars, was now a mass of doleful ruins, the Rome of Peter and Pius was still extant with all the freshness and vigor of her youth.

The musical part of the programme was as follows:

Piano overture, "Whisperings from Erin," Misses Brown and Hepburn; chorus, "Great and Glorious St. Patrick," choir; song, "The Old Plaid Shawl," (Haynes), Miss M. C. Hickey; encore, "The Dear Little Shamrock."

At this juncture Rev. Dr. Salmon, in his usual happy style, introduced the lecturer.

The second part of the musical programme was as follows:

"Ave Maria" (Mine), Miss Aggie Laskey; "Meeting of the Waters," Miss Ida Pariseau; "Killarney," Miss M. C. Hickey; song, "Ashore," (Trotter) Mr. R. H. Montgomery.

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Abjuration and Death of Mr. John J. Baker, Senior, Grand River Gaspe.

The parish of Grand River, Gaspe, has just been rejoiced by an event that will ever remain as one of the most beautiful in its history. Mr. John Baker, senior, former merchant and one of the most prominent citizens of Gaspe County, has had the happiness to abjure the errors of the Anglican sect, and to be consoled, before his death, by the Sacraments of the Catholic Church.

In the last days of January the venerable old man had an attack of grippe, and this, joined to the infirmities of old age, made him soon understand the grievousness of his state. On the 5th of February, feeling worse, he expressed to his wife and to his son, Mr. Andrew Baker, the desire to see Reverend Father Ouellet, pastor of the parish, declaring openly that he wished to become a Roman Catholic. The next day, which was the closing day of the Forty Hours devotion in Grand River, the pastor called at the residence of Mr. John Baker, not suspecting yet the happiness that awaited him.

"Oh! Monsieur le Cure!" exclaimed the venerable old man on seeing him enter. "It is fifteen days since I wished to see you." The task was doubtless easy for the generous catechumen, for on the evening of the following day he was ready to receive baptism, which was given him without delay, owing to the threatening character of the illness.

"Nothing more touching," relates the privileged witnesses of that scene, "than to see his beautiful white head as it bended, docile and pious, under the effusions of the baptismal water." Then followed the abjuration, the formula of which he signed with all his heart, and he confirmed his adherence by saying several times with an inimitable accent: "I believe all that the Holy Catholic Church teaches and believes." Afterwards he received Extreme Unction, which filled him with joy. The next morning the impressive ceremony of the first Communion took place. The happy neophyte looked as if transfixed, and his fervor touched more than one heart during the happy moments that followed the first thanksgiving.

Before leaving him Rev. Father Ouellet wished to know if the newly converted was really happy. "My happiness," he answered, "is so great that it is beyond expression." He had received an ivory crucifix in remembrance of his baptism, and he did not cease to kiss it with transports of devotion. While venerating his beads, he seemed filled withapture, and with a childlike piety joined in reciting prayers with those who surrounded him. Every time the priest repeated a pious aspiration, he would in turn repeat it with touching eagerness, and his continual requests of "pray, pray again!" well revealed that his soul was overflowing with joy and gratitude.

Visits from relatives and old friends of the separated church could not weaken his faith, and served, on the contrary, to prove how spontaneous his great act had been, and that it remained the result of personal and profound conviction. Sunday soon, about three hours after the departure of Reverend Father Ouellet, who was increasing in his devotedness, the good old man asked to receive Holy Communion. Before the appeal could be communicated by telegraph, his beautiful soul soared its heavenward flight, while a smile of beatitude rested on his venerable face.

The funeral was very imposing. Rev. Fr. Ouellet, pastor of the parish, conducted the Requiem Mass, assisted by Rev. J. St. Laurent, curate of Newport, as deacon, and by

Rev. J. C. Lavoie, curate of Percé, as sub-deacon. Rev. A. Poirier, curate of Cape Cove, acted as master of ceremonies. In the choir was present Rev. J. O. Caron, vicar of the parish, whose devotedness contributed largely in the preparation of these imposing obsequies. A great number of our separated brethren were present, thus rendering homage to a noble fellow-citizen whom we regret with them, and whose memory will ever be in benediction.

His remains were placed in a special vault under the church. There they lie, till the day of the resurrection, on which the truth of the Lord will so royally triumph in all the faithful souls.

BABY'S DOCTOR.

"With a box of Baby's Own Tablets on hand I feel just as safe as if I had a doctor in the house." This is the experience of Mrs. John Young, Auburn, Ont. Mrs. Young adds: "I have used the Tablets for teething and other troubles of childhood and have never known them to fail." Hundreds of other mothers are just as enthusiastic in their praise. Colic, indigestion, diarrhoea, worms, constipation and other little ills are speedily cured by this medicine. It is absolutely safe—always does good—cannot possibly do harm, and you have the guarantee of a government analyst that the Tablets contain no opiate or poisonous soothing stuff. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Lines to the Memory of W. K.

The dear, dear friend we loved so well,
Death for his own did claim.
Still deeply cherished in our hearts
Shall his memory ever remain.
Yes, dimmed forever are those eyes,
The voice we loved to hear,
Will never greet us as of yore,
We'll miss that friend so dear.
Snatched from us by the hand of death,
While life was in its bloom,
Oh! can it be, we see that form
Consigned unto the tomb.
Tho' naught on earth can e'er unite
What death alone has riven,
Faith points onward, whispering,
We'll meet again in Heaven.

L. L.

COUNTY BOARD, A. O. H.

The regular meeting of the County Board of Directors, Ancient Order of Hibernians, was held in their hall on Tuesday evening, the 19th inst., every division of the county being represented. A vast amount of correspondence was received and acted upon, amongst which was a letter from the eminent Irish writer and lecturer, Seumas MacManus, stating that it was his intention on Easter Monday evening, April 1st, to deliver a lecture in this city. The Karm Hall has been secured for the occasion, and a programme arranged that will meet with the approval of the Irish race in this city. He requested the co-operation of the A. O. H. and all other Irish organizations of this city. The Directors were unanimous in their decision to render Mr. MacManus all assistance to make his entertainment a success.

CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

On Tuesday last, Rev. Father Cox, S.J., of Loyola College, closed a retreat for the English-speaking Catholics of that parish. The retreat was the most successful held in the north-east end for years, and the increase in attendance was very gratifying to the Fathers who have charge of the English-speaking portion of that parish.

Holloway's Corn Cure is the medicine to remove all kinds of corns and warts, and only costs the small sum of twenty-five cents.

MAN OF EVIL OMEN.

It is not generally known, or perhaps it is conveniently forgotten, for it is often as useful to forget as to remember, that M. Clémenceau, the present President of the Council, was implicated in some of the worst scenes of the Commune.

In making his protest in the chapel of the Grand Seminaire at the recent expulsion of the students, Mgr. Delamare said: "M. le sous Préfet, this is the second time in my life as priest and French citizen that I have seen a similar and lamentable spectacle presented before my eyes. The first time was in Paris, thirty-five years ago, when your chief, M. Clémenceau, then Mayor of Montmartre, stood by with gaiety of heart while the mob assassinated two French generals within a few steps of him and neither raised his voice nor a finger to assist the victim. To-day this man of evil omen no longer permits our soldiers to have their throats cut beneath his eyes, but he does worse—he gives to our unfortunate officers commands which dishonor them."

After the Commune, when order was restored, M. Clémenceau was present at one of the trials to give evidence. On that occasion the presiding judge said to him significantly: "M. Clémenceau, your place by right should not be in the witness box."

It is this "man of evil omen" who now holds the reins of power in France and who declares that the Basilica of Montmartre, the Church of the National Vow, built to expiate the crimes committed during the Commune, at which he assisted, shall be the first Church closed under the new regime.

OUTREMOUNT CONVENT.

On Saturday afternoon last the pupils of Outremont Convent held the closing exercises of the calisthenic classes, which showed a very creditable year's work. The exercises comprised: Delsarte movements, fancy marches, ball exercises, barbell drill, freehand, dumb-bells, club swinging and fancy drills—hoops and scarfs. Miss Baker-Edwards's faithful teaching and the excellent work of the pupils received commendation from the Sister Superior, who presented the various badges and medals won. After the presentation of pins and badges to the successful pupils, Miss Baker-Edwards addressed them in part as follows:

"I would like to express the pleasure I have enjoyed in teaching these classes, and my appreciation of the constant willingness, courtesy and adaptation of the pupils; also to thank very cordially the Sisters in charge of each division for their very valuable help in carrying out the instructions for drill. The pupils have made good progress in the exercises and if I have succeeded in giving them an interest in the improvement of their bodies and a desire to carry out what they have learned, I shall not have spent the year in vain. I heartily congratulate those who have been successful and would add just a word to those who have been disappointed in not winning a medal or badge: Remember two things—that you have all gained in the improvement made by the exercises, also that to fall cheerfully and gracefully is one kind of success—a kind which, when learnt, serves us well through our after life.

The Eminent New York Jurist

T. P. O'Connor, in a review of the Thaw case in his London paper, has this on Judge Fitzgerald, under the caption "Judge Jim" Fitzgerald: "And finally it may be that there is some slight cause—some obscure factor—which is the key to the drama, and which one has not yet heard. In the tangled web of human character and incident there is always some unknown and small factor like this which produces the catastrophe; whatever it may be, there they now stand before the world in this awful court—the baby-faced girl, the heavy-browed and undisciplined boy, and there is on the horizon the ghastly spectacle of the electric chair where precious life is squeezed in a second out of the poor shivering creature."

There is one prominent figure in the drama of whom I can speak with long personal acquaintance. It is more than twenty-five years now since I first met the judge who presides over this momentous trial—Judge James—or, as he is known to his friends, "Jim"—Fitzgerald. He is, of course, an Irishman. I believe he comes from the County of Limerick. He was then a slight young man with brilliant dark eyes, a slight frame, and a very eloquent and even burning tongue. He is still a great speaker, but he has the stout figure of the middle-aged whose employment is sedentary. He has a sympathetic and kindly soul, a keen

Pilgrimage To Rome.

If any of our readers or their families are contemplating a trip to Europe, this coming summer, why not encourage and patronize the one connected by McGRANE'S CATHOLIC TOURS, 187, Broadway, New York City.

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

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


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 said land.

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

W. W. CORY,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.
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Paying Way for Home Rule

Mr. Birrell Makes Good Start.

Dublin, March 10.—As Irish Chief Secretary, Mr. Birrell has begun well. He has made it clear that the bill which he will introduce, for the amendment of Irish government is one that will inevitably lead to Home Rule. "The Prime Minister, like myself in that respect," he said in his speech in parliament, "is perfectly satisfied that ultimately the only solution that will give satisfaction to the great majority of the population of Ireland will be what is generally called a Home Rule Parliament."

under which Irish elementary schools are maintained. The methods by which it is hoped to carry out the objects of the association include popular lectures on health subjects, simple "health talks" with circles of working mothers, the appointment of women health officers, and the placing of district nurses in districts where such are not already working.

Back So Lame Could Not Walk.

DOCTOR'S EFFORTS WERE IN VAIN, BUT CURE CAME WITH THE USE OF DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS

It is not always the doctor's fault when he tries to give temporary relief instead of lasting cure. Sometimes patients demand it.

The thorough, far-reaching and lasting effects of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are well illustrated in this case, in contrast with the doctor's failure to even bring relief. Mr. Geo. Tryon, Westport, Leeds Co., Ont., writes:—"For two years I was completely laid up with lame back, and could neither walk nor ride. I tried many treatments and the doctor put on a fly blister, which only increased the suffering and did not do me the slightest good."

The urea, uric acid and other poisonous waste substances which are left in the blood after the process of digestion has taken place are eliminated from the system by the action of the kidneys.

The cause of such ailments are most promptly removed by the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. This great family medicine has a combined action on the liver, kidneys and bowels which is not possessed by any similar preparation.

Mixed Marriages Are Banned.

In an effort to check the number of "mixed" marriages which, throughout the length and breadth of the land, is being decreed by prelates of the Catholic Church, Bishop N. C. Matz issued a pastoral letter on the subject which was read in every church in the diocese of Denver last Sunday.

More stringent rules than were ever attempted by the Church are laid down by the Bishop of Denver. He orders that in future no Catholic man can marry a Protestant woman in that diocese. The priests are forbidden to solemnize such a marriage. Absolutely no dispensation is provided for, and if such marriages are to take place, they must be performed outside the State of Colorado, if a priest of the Church is to officiate.

The records of the Cathedral parish at Denver show that the number of marriages in which only one party was Catholic outnumbered the thoroughly Catholic unions by a wide margin last year. Although the church shows her displeasure of such marriages by forbidding them to be solemnized in the Church and

will not allow the use of the sacred vestments nor the bestowal of the nuptial blessing, they continue in favor with the young people.

The orders of the Bishop in this respect are explicit and will cause some radical changes in the plans adopted by a great many young people. The salient feature of the pastoral letter is an absolute rule that no Catholic man may marry a Protestant woman and remain in the Church. No priest may officiate. The idea of this order is that the children of such a union are invariably lost to the faith, as shown by statistics in possession of the Church. The Protestant mother has the raising of the children, argues Bishop Matz, and the father seldom insists on their being brought up in the faith.

Although a promise is exacted of the non-Catholic party to a mixed marriage that the children shall be brought up in the Catholic faith, it is generally ignored, according to Bishop Matz.

In the case of a Catholic woman marrying a Protestant man, the man must submit to a course of instruction before the priest will be permitted to unite them in matrimony. The idea is that the father may understand what is expected of him and comprehend the tenets of the Church in which his children are to be raised. This instruction must cover ten days or two weeks prior to the marriage.

From all parts of the country Bishop Matz has been showered with congratulations on the solid position he has taken with regard to mixed marriages. The appalling popularity of the divorce court is due, claim churchmen, to the lax rules governing marriages between Catholics and non-Catholics. When two Catholics marry they understand that it is "for better or worse," but where one of the contracting parties is not of that faith the indissolubility of the tie is not thoroughly comprehended.

"Mixed marriages—marriages namely, of Catholics with persons not baptized or baptized Protestants, constitute one of the worst drains upon the Church in the United States. Our numerical strength in this country would be much greater only for these unfortunate mixed marriages. The United States census reports are authority for the statement that 65 per cent. of these marriages are lost to the Church. We know that 80 per cent is nearer the truth. The reason for these losses will be found in the want of Catholic education in mixed families.

"Considering the baneful effects of mixed marriages and the constantly increasing number of calls for dispensations, we believe the time has come for the application of stringent regulations calculated to check this evil; save the Church from the enormous losses incurred through mixed marriages, and protect our Catholic men and women from such a galling yoke as that of an indissoluble union with one who is not of the faith and who for this reason can never be one mind and one heart in that bond of all the most holy and most intimate; union with God in the one true faith. Of all the different states entering into the formation, government and maintenance of society, there is none which imposes greater sacrifices and demands greater graces than the state of matrimony. Countless are the sufferings and privations which follow in its train, and if the contracting parties are not proof against them, by their patient forbearance supplied by the sacramental grace, their lives will not be happy."

HEALTH IN SPRING.

Nature Needs Assistance in Making New Health-Giving Blood.

Spring is the season when your system needs toning up. In the spring you must have new blood just as the trees must have new sap. Nature demands it. Without new blood you will feel weak and languid; you may have twinges of rheumatism or neuralgia, occasional headaches, variable appetite, pimples or eruptions of the skin, or a pale, pasty complexion. These are sure signs that the blood is out of order.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the best tonic in all the world. They make new, rich blood—your greatest need in spring. They clear the skin, drive out disease and make tired, depressed men and women bright, active and strong. Mrs. John McAuley, Douglastown, Que., proves the great value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in building up people who have been weakened and run down. She says: "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been of great help to me. My blood was weak and watery and I was badly run down. But through the use of

the pills my health was fully restored. I always recommend them to my friends who may be ailing. There are fraudulent imitations of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and to protect yourself see that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is printed on the wrapper around each box. Do not take any other so-called pink pills. If your dealer has not got the genuine send to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brookville, Ont., and get the pills by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

The Last of "The Nation" Poets.

On the 26th of January a notable person, Mr. Samuel M'Millan, passed away, at the home of his son-in-law, London.

Mr. M'Millan's interest in public affairs was keen to the last days of his life; but his memory went back to generations of Irishmen whose names have now melted into national history. A native of Derry city, where he was born in 1830, he went to Belfast when he was only nine years old. While little more than a lad he wrote patriotic verses for the old Vindicator; and later on he contributed several ballads and poems to the Nation, thus forming one of the "goodly company" which included Davis and Duffy, Williams and D'Arcy Magee, Mangan and De Jean Frazer. In 1863 he removed to Limerick, where he soon found many friends in Southern literary circles, one of his cherished companions being Michael Hogan, the gifted "Bard of Thomond." The native of Derry and the Limerick poet maintained a constant correspondence until the death of the latter a few years ago. During his stay in the South Mr. M'Millan wrote many fugitive verses. A brief poem written by him at that period will be interesting now.

EVENING NEAR LIMERICK. O'er Cratloe's wood the sun has set, But bright above the hills of Clare The golden cloudlets linger yet, As loath to leave a scene so fair. Released from labor's daily care, Far from the shadows of the town, With eager steps I hie me where I trace the winding Avondoun.

Softly its crystal waters flow As o'er their pebbly bed they glide, Scarce murmuring as they onward go

To swell the Shannon's lordly tide. Majestic river! By thy side At evening hour I love to be Where thy proud waters swelling wide Roll onward to the boundless sea.

How fair the scene that meets the eye Within this leafy solitude; The fertile plain, the golden sky, The heath-clad hill and leafy wood. And I, who oft have listless stood, Where men at sacred altars bow Before the omnipresent God, Do bow in admiration now.

Here, from the altar, where at morn The lark his heaven taught anthem sings. Here, upon Fath's unfettered wings, And, on the breeze, the fragrant thorn. Glad nature's holiest incense flings; A while from sensual passion free, My soul involuntarily springs, God of the Universe, to Thee!

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The F...

Dear Katherine: In making up my house- face comes before me, and you. It seems so long since happy college days. O how in ten days from Tuesday for two weeks? Don't me. I want my friends to and vice versa. Yours most cordial Louise Archer

Katherine sat re-reading in a dazed fashion. Of course I couldn't think of going! I she only could! She had no time at all with Louise that one precious year at college had been her admiration ly, because she was the or rich girl she met who seemed utterly unspoiled and natura She couldn't go, of course. erine repeated the words v decision. Oh why could two weeks of gayety scenes after a year and a loneliness, and strained in dull village, would mean s to her. It was warm wa she could wear less expensive Couldn't she possibly squeeze the extra money somehow? shook her head; she had month's allowance, but the not half enough.

Had she nothing to sell? took in mentally the shabb house, with its belongings, by Aunt Jane. There was there. Then she remembers a start, the amethyst earring in Aunt Jane's trunk in the attic chamber. She had her aunt say that Mrs. Peyton Judge's wife, would give her price any day for them. They were handsome. They had to Aunt Jane's mother. The no time to be lost. Katherine had them in her hand and her way to Mrs. Peyton's, handsome house in the villa. A few moments later the ried home, the earrings left and a check for \$100 in her The color burned in Katherine's cheeks like a mass of fire. He was in a whirl. She could would at least catch a glimpse that world which had so long dreamed allured her. She shutters to the voice of prudent gesting that, with her poverty money should be put away for inevitable rainy day.

Aunt Jane had insisted on girl's setting aside her mourning year. "I don't want you to about in black any longer the it's too doleful for a young I want you to be happy. rine," she had said in those days of her illness. "Dear Aunt Jane! She thought of my comfort, and herself too much for my sake girl's eyes filled with tears thought. She was the only she had ever known, and in of her eccentricities, she had kind and generous and unselfish wards the destitute child left expectedly to her care. She sent her to college for a year all unknown to Katherine, ha in sewing to enable her to do. In the two weeks that fo the sale of the earrings Ka was in a whirl. She consul talogues and sent away for a ready-made suit for travelling general service. She also se slippers, stockings, ribbons a trifles in which girls delight. to a rare chance, she coul Mrs. Peyton's sewing girl for and with her help made dresses of white lawn and organdies. Her white duck su perfectly good. Her summer was remodelled into a very evening dress. Katherine trimmed three hats at very li pense. The fare, fortunately, not very large, and she had over for all money. To Ka it all meant luxury. She was the last to arrive Holman's beautiful country There were four girls besides and Louise, and six men, in Louise's brother. Katherine threw herself into with utter abandon. The slow by winged. Horace Anst the catch of the season," v owed to her. He was the youngest man Katherine had ever attracted attention, and the girl's surprise and dismay, turned into a usually pretty level her last day of her stay he lo completely, and proposed Katherine, her heart torn with the while, accepted him went back to her little home

THE TRUE WITNESS is printed and published at No. 25 St. Antonio street, Montreal, Quebec, Canada. THE TRUE WITNESS P. & F. Co., Montreal, Quebec, Editor.

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The Follies of Catherine

(By Rhodes Campbell.)

Dear Katherine:

In making up my house-party your face comes before me, and I want you. It seems so long since those happy college days. Can you be here in ten days from Tuesday and stay for two weeks? Don't disappoint me. I want my friends to meet you and vice versa.

Yours most cordially,
Louise Archer Holman.

Katherine sat re-reading the note in a dazed fashion. Of course she couldn't think of going! But oh, if she only could! She had not been intimate at all with Louise Holman that one precious year at college; but she had been her admiration especially, because she was the only very rich girl she met who seemed absolutely unspoiled and natural.

She couldn't go, of course! Katherine repeated the words with less decision. Oh, why couldn't she? Two weeks of gayety and fresh scenes after a year and a half of loneliness, and strained means in a dull village, would mean so much to her. It was warm weather and she could wear less expensive gowns. Couldn't she possibly squeeze out the extra money somehow? She shook her head; she had her small monthly allowance, but that was not half enough.

Had she nothing to sell? Her eyes took in mentally the shabby little house, with its belongings, left her by Aunt Jane. There was nothing there. Then she remembered, with a start, the amethyst earrings lying in Aunt Jane's trunk in the tiny attic chamber. She had heard her aunt say that Mrs. Peyton, the Judge's wife, would give her a good price any day for them. The stones were handsome. They had belonged to Aunt Jane's mother. There was no time to be lost. Katherine soon had them in her hand and was on her way to Mrs. Peyton's, the one handsome house in the village.

A few moments later the girl hurried home, the earrings left behind and a check for \$100 in her hand. The color burned in Katherine's cheeks like a fire. Her head was in a whirl. She could go. She would at least catch a glimpse of that world which had so long in her dreams allured her. She shut her ears to the voice of prudence suggesting that, with her poverty, the money should be put away for the inevitable rainy day.

Aunt Jane had insisted on the girl's setting aside her mourning in a year. "I don't want you to go about in black any longer than that. It's too dolorous for a young person. I want you to be happy, Katherine," she had said in those last days of her illness.

"Dear Aunt Jane! She always thought of my comfort, and denied herself too much for my sake." The girl's eyes filled with tears at the thought. She was the only mother she had ever known, and in spite of her eccentricities, she had been kind and generous and unselfish towards the destitute child left so unexpectedly to her care. She had sent her to college for a year, and all unknown to Katherine, had taken in sewing to enable her to do it.

In the two weeks that followed the sale of the earrings Katherine was in a whirl. She consulted catalogues and sent away for a pretty ready-made suit for travelling and general service. She also sent for slippers, stockings, ribbons and the trifles in which girls delight. Owing to a rare chance, she could have Mrs. Peyton's sewing girl for a week and with her help made pretty dresses of white lawn and figured organdies. Her white duck suit was perfectly good. Her summer silk was remodelled into a very pretty evening dress. Katherine herself trimmed three hats at very little expense. The fare, fortunately, was not very large, and she had \$5 left over for pin money. To Katherine it all meant luxury.

She was the last to arrive at the Holman's beautiful country place. There were four girls besides herself and Louise, and six men, including Louise's brother.

Katherine threw herself into the train with utter abandon. The days flew by winged. Horace Anstruther, the catch of the season, was devoted to her. He was the hand- somest man Katherine had ever seen. His attention, and the girls' evident surprise and dismay, turned Katherine's usually pretty level head. On the last day of her stay he lost his completely, and proposed to her. Katherine, her heart turning somewhat the while, accepted him. She went back to her little home tread-

ing on as. The whole universe seemed changed. Henceforth she was to be loved and cared for. The very thought of that last passionate interview with Anstruther brought to the girl her first experience of ecstasy.

The weeks rolled by and Katherine lived on Anstruther's letters. Then one day, without any warning, came one utterly unlike all the rest. It ran:

"Of course you have known all along, Kate, dear, of my propensity for falling in love with every pretty face, I see, and of my fatal habit of change. Your good sense has told you before this that two nearly penniless people with our tastes can never marry. Therefore you will not be surprised to learn that my present fate is a girl as utterly unlike you as possible. She has not your bewildering beauty, but she has, alas! a fortune which, with my modest one, will meet our immediate wants. We are to be married soon. Miss Arnold says she wouldn't trust me away from her side a week. You see that I've been perfectly frank with you, Katherine. I think it best that there should be no misunderstanding. We have enjoyed our brief flirtation and it will always remain in my heart, at least, as one of fadeless memory. Fate is unkind, but we must bow to the inevitable. Yours as ever,"

"HORACE.
Katherine read and re-read this remarkable effusion, her mind refusing to grasp its full meaning. It seemed to her like some horrible nightmare. She longed to shake it off, but something held her bound. The words finally danced before her eyes.

She had so fully trusted her lover that her awakening was slow. She was younger than her years and hitherto she had found no savdust in her dolls. That very day her diamond ring, with the few gifts sent her by Anstruther, was expressed to him with no written word.

Katherine felt that she could never trust anyone again. She knew that no one had ever had such a sickening experience as hers!

As misfortunes are said never to come singly, a few weeks later the investment from which Katherine received her monthly stipend turned out badly. She had to face the problem of earning her living or starving. There was nothing to be done in the village, and Katherine's resources were as limited as her education. She wrote in despair to a cousin of Aunt Jane's in the city, asking if she could take her in till she could find work.

She felt few qualms over leaving. There were almost no young people in the small place, most of the boys had left for a more stirring life. Her two girl friends ran in often with offers of help, and greet her going. To Katherine anything seemed better than sitting at home in suspense. She could hardly wait to plunge into something that meant work and forgetfulness.

The neighbors insisted on helping her to fix over and mend her clothes. Yet the days dragged interminably until the delayed letter came. The cousin, Miss Nettleton, wrote kindly, saying that as one of the boarders had left for a visit of a few weeks, Katherine was welcome to her room. A week later found Katherine, her house rented for \$6 a month, her few household belongings stored and a few dollars in her purse, one of that vast army of unemployed, unskilled working girls in a large city. Her efforts, her discouragements, her rebuffs, are the story of so many others told in magazine and newspaper that it is but a vain repetition to set it down here.

Just as she was about to write failure against her whole enterprise, she obtained a place as clerk in the large establishment of Stockbridge & Co.'s department store, and she received the crumb with a grateful heart. As she could not afford to stay at the cousin's comfortable boarding house, she took the fortunate hall bedroom of a much cheaper and less attractive place without complaint.

The uneventful months slipped by and one day Katherine was surprised to have one of the firm ask her if she could trim hats. She replied that she trimmed her own and a few of her friends.

"There is a vacancy in the millinery department," he said. "Go up there and see what you can do." This was the beginning of better things. Katherine felt that she had

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JOHN BLACKMORE, Postmaster.
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found her vocation. After weeks of training, her hats were pronounced unusual and "chic." Her salary was increased; her room was exchanged for a pleasanter one.

She occasionally indulged in little treats. One of these was to drop in Sundays on her way from church to Zabriski's for luncheon. Once, when there, she had for her vis-à-vis at table a strangely familiar face.

"I don't believe, Miss Armistead, that you quite remember me," the man said at last. "I met you at the Holman's last June. I am—"

"Mr. Theodore Lincoln," supplied Katherine. She talked on, hardly knowing what she said, for it was unbearable to meet any one who had been a spectator of that episode in her life, which had left marks of mortification, and worse, which she felt would never be effaced.

But Mr. Lincoln apparently knew nothing except the bare fact of their meeting at Holman's. He was a good talker, and Katherine, so long deprived of any society save at her boarding house, found herself happier than she had been for months.

Sundays she allowed herself to discard her regulation black working costume, and to-day she was conscious that her plain dark blue suit fitted her perfectly; that her hat, a creation of her own, while simple, was vastly becoming; that her gloves, shoes, collars and cuffs were irrefragable; all of which, alas! often gives a woman more ease of mind and manner than the highest virtues. The pleasant hour drew to a close. Then Katherine's manner changed.

When Theodore Lincoln asked to call she looked straight into his pleasant eyes and said distantly: "I have no place to receive callers. I am a working girl. I am glad to have met you, but our acquaintance must end here. Good afternoon."

She did not see the man's surprise give way to a half smile of amusement. The next day came a box of exquisitely colored violets. With Mr. Lincoln's card. Katherine, in acknowledging them, gave him to understand that all such attentions must cease. "We are in different worlds," she wrote. "I have my work; you have your own friends. Let us each, like the famous shoemaker, stick to his (or her) last."

"There!" said the girl as she slipped the note into the mailbox. "I shall put a stop to all intimacy I've learned my little lesson. No more men for me! I wouldn't trust an angel from heaven in the guise of trousers and coat-tails."

The days seemed, somehow, more than monotonous, but Katherine would not admit it even to her own innermost thoughts. "Every one gets tired and lonely. I wish I had a sensible woman friend," she said.

Saturday afternoon the employes of Stockbridge & Co. were dismissed at 3 o'clock. As Katherine hurried out with the throng of her fellow workers, a voice, familiar, respectful, sounded in her ears.

"My cousin is waiting in her carriage to chaperone us to the matinee. You cannot refuse to see Guy Standing as Dr. Morey in 'The Duel'?" Come, Miss Armistead, let me do you good. You needn't give up a good play if—he paused an appreciable second—"if you are a working girl," he added.

Katherine looked up to meet the serious eyes of Theodore Lincoln. The girl's heart gave a leap. She had seen so few plays—only while she was at college. "But I'm not in trim," she began. "Oh, bother the toga," said Lin-

coln, boyishly eager. "Come! my cousin wishes to meet you." Hardly aware of what she was doing, Katherine found herself shaking hands with a youthful-faced, white-haired woman, dressed, as her quick glance assured her, with the greatest simplicity. A moment later the girl was in the carriage and the three were being driven to the Great Northern.

Katherine hardly breathed during the play. She heard Mrs. Kenwick criticizing one scene, but to her it was all real; it was life. Lincoln watched the changing face furtively, yet with secret satisfaction. He had won this time.

But when Katherine was again in her room, plain and bare, she shook her head vigorously, after a fashion she had when in earnest. "I am very weak," she said. "Just look what the sale of those earrings cost me! And here I am going out with these people of a different world from mine. I must be firm. I shall never allow another affair. Of course, Mr. Lincoln has taken a passing fancy to my appearance. He will keep it just as long as no other fancy claims him. I must put a stop to it at once."

Flowers came regularly, in spite of Katherine's protests, but she did not see Mr. Lincoln for several weeks. Then she ran across him, as she was leaving St. Andrew's one Sunday and he walked home with her. After that it came to be an established fact every Sunday. In spite of herself Katherine, under the influence of Lincoln's manner, found herself thawing. And she could not leave her church for a mere man, she assured herself.

At last Lincoln's self-restraint broke bounds. "You repel my advances, but you cannot drive out the love for you in my heart. I do not know why the honest devotion of any man should be met as you meet mine, Katherine. I have loved you since I met you at Zabriski's."

The rich color came into the girl's face. "Honest," she repeated lightly, "what do you mean call honest love? The variety known as summer flirtation? The kind which lasts till the next woman replaces it?"

Lincoln looked at her, anger mingling with bewilderment. "Of course, if you do not trust me," he said, "I cannot urge you. Good morning." He lifted his hat and walked away.

As Katherine walked up to her room, she kept saying to herself. "Better so; he will leave me alone and forget me a little more swiftly than if I had encouraged him. I did just right. I must think of myself." She would not admit that she missed him. The flowers ceased to come.

They did not meet for two months. Then it was in an elevator. Katherine had been to see an old friend from the village, who was stopping at the hotel for a few hours, and Lincoln had been to see a business acquaintance. He moved near her—they were alone—and said: "Miss Armistead, how can you learn to know me if you won't allow me to visit you? Won't you let us be friends? Why do you refuse my cousin's invitations to visit her informally?"

Katherine steeled her heart to reply, when a harsh, grating noise stopped her, and then a rush and a thud as of an earthquake, and she knew no more.

When she opened her eyes she found herself in a hospital ward, one of many in the narrow white beds. Then, gradually, it all came back to her. There had been an accident to the elevator. She felt very strangely and ached terribly all over.

A white-capped nurse bent over her. With a mighty effort Katherine's lips formed the words, "There was a gentleman on the elevator with me. Do you know what became of him?"

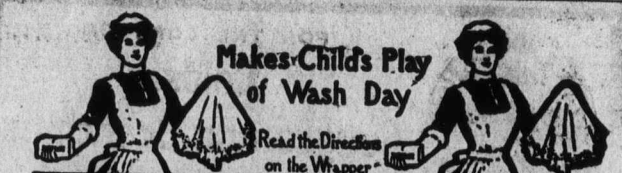
"I heard one of the nurses say

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS

are mild, sure and safe, and are a perfect regulator of the system.

They gently unlock the secretions, clear away all effete and waste matter from the system, and give tone and vitality to the whole intestinal tract, curing Constipation, Sick Headache, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Coated Tongue, Foul Breath, Jaundice, Heartburn, and Water Brash. Mrs. R. S. Ogden, Woodstock, N.B., writes: "My husband and myself have used MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS for a number of years. We think we cannot do without them. They are the only pills we ever take."

Price 25 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.00, all dealers or direct on receipt of price. The T. Millburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.



SURPRISE SOAP

A PURE HARD SOAP

that while the elevator boy was unhurt, the gentleman was killed instantly," began the nurse. Then she fell to work to restore her patient, for she had fainted.

"Perhaps she knew him," thought the nurse, with tardy compunction. "I supposed he was a stranger. I must be more prudent."

Katherine had word sent to Stockbridge. She must think of her place. It filled her with horror to picture herself turned adrift in the big city. She felt so alone, so wretchedly unhappy. For she knew now that she loved Lincoln. She looked with disgust upon her former affair of the heart. That had been an infatuation—the tickled vanity of a young, untried girl. But this was the real thing, and now it was too late!

As she lay there, there was plenty of time to think. The straightforward, earnest eyes of Lincoln were always before her. She saw the pain in them just before that dreadful plunge. Thank God, she had not been allowed to say the cool, scathing words she was calling to her aid to cover the real feeling in her heart. She loved him. It was only her foolish pride that had forced her to ignore him. Because one man had brought her shame and an agony of humiliation, why should she reject all love. It was another dreadful mistake; and now what did life hold for her when it might have been so rich, so full?

Even the assurance from her firm that her place was kept for her, and the prompt payment of her salary, brought only temporary gratitude and relief. How could she resume the old round of work? Why couldn't she have gone as did Lincoln? Why must she go on and on, grow old, and draw out a monotonous, uneventful existence?

But life is inexorable. Before Katherine was really fit, she returned to her work. She found that that was preferable to lying still and thinking until her brain seemed to whirl and her mind seemed going. But it was a softened Katherine who re-entered the work-room. She was amazed to find that the white-faced girl, who had for months been her companion, was, in spite of her ill-health, supporting an invalid mother. She drew from the capable saleswoman, whose brisk manner had heretofore repelled her, the fact that for five years she was threatened with blindness and dependent on a younger brother for support. She declared to Katherine that work was paradise on earth. Katherine wondered. Why how many people had trouble! And how patient they were!

One day came a letter from Louise Holman. "I read of the terrible elevator accident," she wrote, "and have just learned your address. Can't you come and visit us and rest? Are you quite well? How dreadful about Theodore Lincoln! And how strange that you two should have been together! My brother is quite crushed by the news. He was devoted to Theodore, who was a rare man. You know he was entirely self-made. He worked when a little fellow to help his widowed mother; he managed to obtain a fair education. Then his grandfather in England left him a small legacy. He invested it wisely and went into business and was, I believe, quite well-to-do. His mother lived to enjoy a degree of prosperity, but Theodore could never be reconciled to the fact that she had not been able to enjoy life with all struggle at an end. His early life did not seem to embitter him, yet Bob says no one knows how hard it was. He was a real man, Kathleen. I have often wished you two might have known each other. I confess I hoped you might that summer at our home but fate willed otherwise. I believe you would have understood and appreciated his real worth—"

Katherine dropped the letter with a groan. To think of missing all this because, first, of a handsome face and attractive exterior, and afterwards—how self-absorbed she had been! She was so full of her own miserable affairs, of her wounded vanity, which she now knew had never been love, of her dread of pain, that she had never considered the pain of another. She had never

realized that she was the loser in missing the friendship of a nature like Lincoln's. It did not seem as if she could bear much more, but she must. Other women had had to, women much better than she, too. But life brought such difficult lessons—

The new and untidy little maid announced from the door that "somebody wanted to see Miss Armistead in the back parlor."

"It's that tiresome man with my coat," thought the girl, as she went down the steep stairs wearily. She was still very weak. She went into the half-dark room. Theodore Lincoln's ghost came to meet her. Katherine knew now that the strange feelings she had felt lately in her head meant insanity. She had thought about Lincoln so much that she mistook this shadowy figure for him. She took a firm hold on herself and touched his hands. They seemed real.

"Katherine," said the voice, weak beyond recognition, "I've come in spite of the prohibition. I'm just out of the hospital. I came for you to finish our conversation—"

The girl felt herself going, but with a supreme effort of will held her own. "Theodore, God has been good to us. Are you sure it isn't a dream?" she managed to say, her solemn, dazed eyes drinking in every detail of his haggard face.

"They thought I was gone, and I believe it was in the papers. I've been desperately sick or I should have let you know before, and my cousin had just gone off with friends to Cairo. Did you care—dear?"

"The girl tried to speak, but she sobbed. "I have suffered so," she sobbed. "I don't deserve such a gift, Theodore. I've been such a silly, blind—"

But she could not go on, for Lincoln stopped her. Much time passed but they thought it only a moment later when Theodore said: "The doctor insists on my going half over the globe. He says I must go at once, but that I can't go alone." He paused, looking at Katherine appealingly.

IF WOMEN ONLY KNEW

Thousands of women suffer untold miseries every day with aching backs that really have no business to ache. A woman's back wasn't made to ache. Under ordinary conditions it ought to be strong and ready to help her bear the burdens of life.


It is hard to do housework with an aching back. Hours of misery at leisure or at work. If woman only knew the cause, backache comes from sick kidneys, and what a lot of trouble sick kidneys cause in the world.

But they can't help it. If more work is put on them than they can stand it's not to be wondered that they get out of order. Backache is simply their cry for help.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

will help you. They're helping sick, over-worked kidneys—all over the world—making them strong, healthy and vigorous. Mrs. P. Ryan, Douglas, Ont., writes: "For over five months I was troubled with lumbago and was unable to move without help. I tried all kinds of plaster and liniments but they were no use. At last I heard tell of Doan's Kidney Pills and after I had used three or four boxes of the same my back was so strong and well an eye."

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FOR THE CURE OF
Colds,
Coughs and Bronchitis

There is a Remedy absolute in its curing properties, as can be vouched by thousands of testimonials:

SPRUICINE

A definite Preparation of Spruce Gum, Wild Cherry, Hoarhound and Tar.

Children Take It with Pleasure.

The Mother Superior of the Bourgeois Academy writes:
"WINGATE CHEMICAL CO., Ltd., Montreal.
GENTLEMEN—Having used SPRUCINE Syrup for a severe Cold, we have obtained a complete cure. We wish all success to the proprietor of this precious remedy."
Yours truly,
MOTHER SUPERIOR.

St. Patrick's Day at St. Laurent.

St. Patrick's day was fittingly and appropriately celebrated by the students of St. Laurent College. It was the fortieth annual observance of St. Patrick's Literary Association, and because March 17, the date dear to every Irish heart, fell on Sunday, the celebration was transferred from the seventeenth to the twenty-first.

Rev. James Lacey, of Ogdensburg, N.Y., and Rev. Michael O'Brien, of Montreal, old students of the college, graced the occasion by their presence; the one to preach, the other to say Mass. Father Lacey said Mass at 7 a.m., at which all the members received Holy Communion. Rev. Michael O'Brien, of Montreal, sang the High Mass at 8.30. Under the direction of the assistant moderator, Rev. Thomas Kellett, a full choir responded. The soloists were Messrs. McKeon, Davis, Bresnahan, Maher, McDonough, Dobry, McGarry and Farley. Messrs. McKeon, Davis and Bresnahan rendered fittingly the "Kyrie." Rev. Father Lacey delivered an uncommon eulogy on St. Patrick and paid a glowing tribute to the Irish race. The sermon did honor to Father Lacey and was greatly appreciated by his audience.

At the close of the Mass, the members proceeded to the college gymnasium, where in song and laughter they mingled together.

At two o'clock the annual banquet was served. The guests were: Rev. J. J. Lacey, Ogdensburg, N.Y.; Rev. Michael O'Brien, of Montreal; Rev. Fathers Hebert, C.S.C., the President of St. Laurent College; E. Mehan, C.S.C., W. H. Condon, C.S.C.; E. Laurin, C.S.C.; T. Kellett, C.S.C. Other guests were Messrs. A. Griffin, G. Brunneau, D. Clement and V. De Goesbriand.

The toast master, Mr. D. E. Regan, introduced the speakers of the day, and each responded with a toast which elicited great applause. Mr. Philip Griffin—Irish Heroes. Mr. Philip Dwyer—The Day we Celebrate.

Mr. B. DuBois—Our Canadian Members. Mr. Edward McDonough—Our American Members. Mr. F. Otto Linke—Our Sister Societies.

Mr. J. D. Sullivan—Our Society. Mr. Francis Lamar—Rhetoric Class. Mr. F. A. Baker—Our College Days. Mr. D. E. Regan—The Land Across the Sea.

Pres. James Dolan—The Future of St. Patrick's Society. The last to respond was the worthy President, Mr. James Dolan. His toast, "The Future of St. Patrick's Society," was ably given. In concluding he thanked the members, one and all, for their co-operation.

The sister societies, St. Cecilia, St. John the Baptist and St. Edward, were represented by Messrs. Clement, Brunneau and Do Goesbriand respectively.

After dinner the members went to the gymnasium, where a band concert and a literary programme, selected by Messrs. Dolan and McKeon, contributed greatly to the enjoyment of the members. In the evening the college band gave a concert. The programme, made up of Irish and American airs, was skillfully executed.

During Benediction of the most Blessed Sacrament, given by Rev. E. Mehan, C.S.C., Mr. Cornelius Maher sang admirably the "O Salutaris." Messrs. McDonough and Sweeney rendered a duet. The remaining soloists were Messrs. O'Byrne and Clement.

The committee of arrangement was Messrs. James Dolan, chairman; D. E. Regan, T. Broderick, J. Tischer, A. Byrne and P. Murphy.

The Society's officers for the present year are:

Rev. W. H. Condon, C.S.C., Moderator. Rev. Thomas Kellett, C.S.C., Assistant Moderator. Mr. James Dolan, President.

Mr. James Sullivan, Vice-President. Mr. Daniel E. Regan, Recording Secretary. Mr. F. Otto Linke, Treasurer. Mr. Philip Dwyer, Cor. Secretary. Mr. Benjamin DuBois, Librarian. To Rev. Thomas Kellett, C.S.C., the society wishes to extend its sincere gratitude for his endless labor and self-denial in its behalf; also to Mr. Malancon and Mr. Maher, who worked unsparringly for the success of the feast.

D. E. R.

Correspondence.

The following letter has been addressed to the Montreal Herald:

To the Editor of the Herald: Sir,—I beg to direct your attention to a few of the very objectionable features of Saturday's Herald. I feel quite sorry I subscribed but a few weeks ago for its continuance for another year. Objection No. 1. Note well the stupid excerpt ridiculing the Irish—another of your stage Irishman's tricks—which appeared under the Herald's sieve entitled "Quicker." The assinine Cockney pronunciation of "MoRe" for Mike is so characteristic of some dull folks among our Anglo-Saxon friends! This excerpt I am mailing to the Montreal Hibernians for their edification and enlightenment.

Objection No. 2.—Your Ottawa correspondent can't find words flattering enough for praise of the new prophet Balaam—the Rev. Cook, who knows it all about Ireland and Irish wit and Irish beauty, forsooth. Yet he can lie and lie he eminently does, by denouncing the "agitators"—men like Dillon, Davitt and Parnell—while like hungry vultures such men as he—can I call them men—fattens and thrive on the fruits of their labors. Oh, how anti-Irish these hypocrites are, and so chock-full of that ingratitude which more strong than traitor arms quite vanquishes the truly great.

Lastly, the Herald flaunts in the face of its Catholic readers the speech of the magnanimous Dr. Sproule. This diatribe appears flattering unctious to the Herald's soul. It would not criticize his attacks on the Catholic Church in France which the Herald knew to be as false as dicers' oaths. Such heroic courage, or an ounce of it, must not be expected of the Herald.

When your circulating agent comes into my office next time, he will, I venture to predict, receive his reward.

M. MONAGHAN.

IRISH GAELIC WANTED.

To the Editor, True Witness: Dear Sir,—I have been in Montreal over twenty years, and though I am a lover of Gaelic songs and attended many Irish entertainments, I never had had the pleasure of hearing an Irish Gaelic song.

Now the Irish Gaelic is so like the Scotch Gaelic that unless one was well posted he might easily mistake it for one of the different dialects of the Scotch Gaelic. Is it not time that something should be done in this matter?

I know of no study more profitable or instructive than the study of languages. The Highland Scotch of Montreal, as well as the Welsh, have already made a good start in the good work. I am sure a good Gaelic singer from Ireland making a tour of Canada would be a grand success.

The Celtic revival is making good progress on the other side, why not share it here? The day is past when any man need apologize to another for his language or his religion. The more languages a man has the more times he is a man. We need not be any less friendly to our Saxon fellow-countrymen for cultivating the language of our common ancestors.

Yours truly,
NORMAN MURRAY.

Newman Literary Society
Observe Feast of
St. Patrick.

The Irish boys of Montreal College fully demonstrated their love of the Emerald Isle and of the great St. Patrick, when, on Thursday, March 21st, the Newman Literary Society of that institution consecrated an "open meeting" to the commemoration of the Saint's feast and to the glories of Erin. It was but one of their regular meetings somewhat more artistically arranged.

A neatly designed programme called for eight items, the first of which was a piano overture of Irish melodies, well rendered by Mr. McCarthy, who also acted as accompanist. Then the president, in a few words of welcome, explained the object of the present "open meeting."

At the roll-call all the members responded with some very apt quotations from Irish authors.

"How Larry Sang the Agnus," by the secretary, Mr. McLaugh, gained much merited applause for its excellent "true to nature" delivery. "The Irish Celt," an essay by Mr. McGill, showed a good store of information of pre-Christian Ireland as well as a knowledge of the development of the various arts in that country. But the pathos brought out by the vice-president, Mr. Haley, in "Will my Soul Pass through Erin" was particularly appreciated. "The Study of O'Connell," by ex-President Mr. Farquharson, held the audience's sustained attention, delineating the Liberator's courage, faith, patriotism and powers.

The following is the list of members: Rev. Gerald J. McShane, S. S., Moderator; Homer Desmarais, President; Charles Haley, Vice-President; William McLaugh, Secretary; Daniel McGill, Asst. Secretary; John Morris, Sergeant-at-Arms; Joseph Emery, Leo Farquharson, Albert Tessier, Thomas McCarthy, Michael Quinn, Thomas Skelley, Edmund Daigle, Edward Craven, Michael McGee, James Dolan, George Clarke, Elphege Viens.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

PASCAL RETREAT.
On Sunday evening last at the Church of Notre Dame, commenced the Pascal retreat for the men of the parish, preached by the Rev. Father Le Marchand, the eminent Dominican who has been delivering the Lenten sermons in that church.

SERVICES OF HOLY WEEK.
In all the churches last Sunday there was the usual ceremony of the blessing of the palms. At the Gospel the Passion, according to St. Matthew, was sung. Throughout the week the different events leading up to the great culmination on Good Friday will be commemorated by solemn Tenebrae on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. On Good Friday in St. Patrick's Church, at three o'clock, will take place the Way of the Cross, and in the evening, 7.30 o'clock, solemn sermon on the Passion and veneration of the Cross.

EVIL TO BE STOPPED.
The Government will, this session, introduce legislation to prevent the gift of liquor to men employed upon public works, under the provisions of the peace preservation act. At present the law merely prohibits the sale of liquor to workmen. Under such conditions experience has proven that especially upon railway construction this is not sufficient to stop illicit traffic in intoxicants, so the Minister of Justice will now bring in a bill to make the giving of liquor a misdemeanor. The bill will also extend the right of search for liquor to railway cars and contractors' camps so as to permit of complete suppression of the traffic.

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NEW YORK
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From Montreal (ROUND TRIP) \$11.60
Going date, March 28th, 1907. Return limit, April 5th, 1907.
Trains leave at 8.45 a. m., and 11.10 a. m., week days, and 7.40 p. m. daily.

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Quebec, \$4.90
Sherbrooke, \$3.25
Ottawa, \$3.50
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SINGLE FIRST CLASS FARE
Going March 28 to April 1st, inclusive. Return limit, April 2nd, 1907.

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Cheap Trips
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Lowest one way First Class Fare
Good going March 28, 29, 30, 31 and April 1. Good for return until April 1, 1907.

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LOW RATES.
Easter Holidays.
One First-Class Single Fare
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City Pass and Ticket Agent.
H. A. PRICE, Assistant Gen. Pass. Agent.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE PRICES

Flour—Manitoba spring wheat patents, \$4.40 to \$4.60; strong bakera, \$4 to \$4.10; winter wheat patents, \$4 to \$4.20; and straight rollers \$3.75 to \$3.85 in wood; in bags, \$1.65 to \$1.75; extra, in bags, \$1.50 to \$1.60.
Rolled Oats—\$2.10 to \$2.15 in bags of 90 lbs.
Oats—No. 2, 43 1-2c to 44c per bushel; No. 3, 42 1-2c to 43c; No. 4, 41 1-2c to 42c.
Cornmeal—\$1.35 per bag; granulated, \$1.50.
Millfeed—Ontario bran, in bags, \$21 to \$22; shorts, in bags, \$22.50 to \$23; Manitoba bran in bags, \$21 to \$22; shorts, \$22.
Beans—Prime pea beans, to car load lots, \$1.25 to \$1.30 per bushel.
Potatoes—60c to 72 1-2c per bag of 90 lbs., in car load lots.
Peas—Boiling, in broken lots, \$1.10 to \$1.15 per bushel; in car lots, \$1.05.
Hay—No. 1, \$13.50 to \$14 per ton on track; No. 2, \$12.50 to \$13; clover, \$10.50 to \$11; clover mixed, \$11 to \$11.50.
Provisions—Barrels, short cut mess \$22 to \$23.50; 1-2 brls. \$11.75 to \$12.50; clear fat back, \$24 to \$24.50; long cut heavy mess, \$20.50 to \$22; 1-2 brls do., \$10.75 to \$11.50; dry salt long clear bacon, 12c to 12 1-2c; barrels plate beef, \$11 to \$12.50; half brls. do. \$6.25 to \$6.75; barrels heavy mess beef, \$8.50; 1-2 barrels do., \$4.75; compound lard, 8 3-4c to 10 1-2c; pure lard, 11 3-4c to 12c; Kettle rendered, 15c to 13 1-2c; hams, 13c to 16 1-2c according to size; breakfast bacon, 15c to 16c; Windsor bacon, 15 1-2c to 16 1-2c; fresh killed abattoir dressed hogs, \$10 to \$11.25; alive, \$7.45 to \$7.60.
Eggs—New laid, 22c to 23c.
Cheese—October made, white, 13 3-4c; colored, 14c nominal.
Butter—Choicest creamery, 27c to 28c; medium grades, 24c to 26c.
Ashes—First pots, \$5.50 to \$6; seconds, \$5.25 to \$5.85; pearls, \$6.85 to \$6.95 per 100 pounds.

This Store will Close at 5.30 p. m. Daily and 1 p. m. on Saturdays
THE S. CARSLLEY CO. LIMITED
THURSDAY, MARCH 28, 1907.

The Newest in Spring CARPETS

Our Carpet Department is now overflowing with the choicest selections of all qualities and all the different makes of Carpets, Carpet Squares, Rugs, Mats, Scotch Linoleums, Oilcloths, Inlaid Linoleums, Sanitary Cork Carpets and every description of Floor Coverings, imported from the best makers in the world.

TAPESTRY CARPETS at 44c, 55c, 68c, 80c to \$1.05
BRUSSELS CARPETS at 75c, 89c, 97c \$1.05 to \$1.90
WILTON VELVET CARPETS, per yard, at 85c, 98c to \$1.30
CONNAUGHT AND WILTON CARPETS of superb quality at \$1.55
ENGLISH AXMINSTER CARPETS, \$1.35, \$1.45 to \$2.45

Call and inspect our collection—it is a pleasure for us to show the goods.

300 SQUARES OF DIFFERENT PATTERNS AND SIZES to choose from. Here are a few of the sizes and prices:

A Manufacturer's Stock of Art Squares Bought Much Below the Regular Prices.

300 Squares of Different Patterns and Sizes to Choose From. Here are a few of the Sizes and Prices:

Size 2x3 yards	\$2.95	3 1-2x4 yards	\$6.75
2 1-2x3 yards	\$3.75	3 1-2x4 1-2 yards	\$7.85
3x3 yards	\$4.25	4x4 yards	\$7.45
3x3 1-2 yards	\$4.95	4x4 1-2 yards	\$8.45
3x3 2 yards	\$5.75	4x5 yards	\$9.45

These Squares are of excellent quality and fine patterns.

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See that your feet are properly protected against dampness.

Our Waterproof Boots assure you comfort and dry feet. Every Style of Rubbers and Rubber Boots. Special this week in Ladies' Good Rubbers. Sizes 2 1/2 to 5. Worth 60c. a pair at 48c.

RONAYNE BROS.
485 Notre Dame St. West.
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HOLY WEEK LORE.

(From the Ave Maria.)

The Wednesday of Holy Week is called Spy Wednesday, because it was on this day that Judas bargained to become the spy of the Jewish Sanhedrin. The kiss of Judas, according to tradition, was really a necessary sign to indicate the one to be apprehended. This was because James (the Less) resembled our Lord so closely in form and feature.

All Fools' Day (April 1) is never far removed from Passion Week. According to tradition, the old custom of sending persons on needless or fools' errands, is nothing but a travesty of the sending hither and thither of our Saviour from Annas to Caiaphas, and from Pilate to Herod.

For Good Friday there is a special service called the Seven Last Words. The priest recites the seven sentences recorded as being uttered by Christ on the Cross. Upon each "word" is given a short meditation or homily, sometimes appropriate music is rendered between them. The Seven Last Words are: 1. "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." (St. Luke, xxiii., 34.) 2. "Verily I say unto thee, this day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise." (St. Luke xxiii., 43.) 3. "Woman, behold thy son; son, behold thy Mother." (St. John xix., 26, 27.) 4. "I thirst." (St. John xix., 28.) 5. "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" (St. Matt. xxvii., 46.) 6. "It is finished." (St. John xix., 30.) 7. "Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit." (St. Luke xxiii., 46.)

Damas was the name of the Penitent Thief to whom Christ on the cross addressed the words, "This day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise." He was afterwards canonized, his feast being on March 26. The name is also variously spelt Desmas, Demas and Dymas. He is mentioned in the apocryphal Gospel of Nicodemus, and in the story of Joseph of Arimathea. In both these writings the other thief is called Gastas, although in some of the ancient martyrology plays he is called Gessas. Longfellow calls the Penitent Thief Titus, and the impatient malefactor Dumachus.

The Holy Father
The Holy Father has just issued a very important letter on Italian Social Economic. Holy Father's words have wide application and have taken to heart in America. The Holy Father in part is as follows:
"Religion being a 'jealous guardian of the moral law, the natural foundation of society, it follows the disordered society back to things more needful than the religious principles should thrive. Wherefore the people will constantly strive to mark the impress of God on the movement you will do; doing this you will be not merely the common man, also that of your membership, in attending to special advantages you will safeguard their spirits. It is of the highest importance in the light of the doctrine they should justly estimate things and see how far defective goods of this trade should be placed those of eternal."
"Thus and not otherwise efficaciously oppose the Socialism, which, breath of Christianity, advances in its train—blotting out of Heaven from the heart people—to destroy the family, already shaken. Your charity will suggest to your institutions that should be promoted within the United States those called professions seem most suitable, and in a special manner we need to be solicitous as to proceed in establishing and them. You will, therefore, that those who are to be members undergo a fitting preparation; that is, that they are in qualified persons on the scope of the association, ties and rights of Christian and on the teachings of and the Pontifical documents are most closely concerned labor question. In this good fruit will be borne by the clergy, who in their find here fresh helps for sacred Ministry more amongst the people. F"

Nations

Toronto, April 3.—"The doubt that the House of it is now constituted, can much longer," remarked Mr. Devlin, M.P. for Nicol former member for Galway in the British House of Commons, a speech delivered before the British Catholic Union last a dinner given in his honor. Mr. Devlin proceeded that if the Commons were Bill perfectly satisfactory majority of the real republic (not born, he remarked, of satire), the Lords will not infrequently did, defense measure for reasons peculiar own interests.

"They have been the names of the Irish people Mr. Devlin. "Many of them that trouble the Irish people have been settled long as not been for the House of Commons."

Belgian Priest F

"The Abbey Dame," said "who caused so much among the Catholic forefathers and who, has been for some years, has returned allegiance and his duty asked the Catholic people