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# The True



# Witness

Vol. LIX., No. 35

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1910

PRICE, FIVE CENTS

## THE DIVINE ADOPTION.

Through the Sacrament of Baptism Man Has Been Rescued From Destruction, Regenerated and Made Worthy to Enter the Mansions of Eternal Glory.

My Dearly Beloved in Jesus Christ: The Gospel of to-day is in striking comparison with that of last Sunday. There we beheld our Divine Saviour alone in the desert, and witnessed the approach of the arch-enemy of the human race to tempt Him Whom he knew not yet to be the incarnate Son of God. We heard the answers of the Saviour to the triple temptation of pride, avarice and sensuality, and from His divine words, "Not in bread alone doth man live, but by every word which proceedeth from the mouth of God," we learned the need of God's twofold aid to man's weakness, namely, Revelation and Sacrament.

To-day we see Him no longer alone. He has with Him His three best-loved disciples, and beside Him stand Moses and Elias, typifying respectively the Law and the Prophets of the Old Testament, whose precepts and prophecies are fulfilled in His Divine Person. We hear the Eternal Father's voice, "This is My beloved Son, in Whom I am well pleased." For one brief moment, the glory and brightness of His Divinity flash out from beneath the assumed veil of His humanity, as if due to Him who erstwhile would be seen on Calvary as the Man of Sorrows, "the outcast of his people," due, also, to those three human witnesses to strengthen their faith in His Divinity, and no less due to us, His followers, reminding us that we by Baptism become His brethren, and that to us may be applied, as children of Divine Adoption, the same words spoken then and before at His baptism in the Jordan. "This is My beloved Son," and those of the Royal Prophet, "Thou art My Son, this day have I begotten thee."

To understand thoroughly what God has taught us, in the inspired writings, on the consummation of our destiny, and to appreciate the teaching of the Church on this subject, we must first of all consider the privilege of our adoption.

**SONSHIP ESTABLISHED.**

St. John tells us in the first chapter of his Gospel, that power has been given to be made the sons of God to all that believe in the name of Jesus Christ—"But as many as received Him, He gave them power to be made sons of God; to them that believe in His name, who are born not of the blood nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." By sanctifying grace we become participants of the divine nature, and are raised to the incomparable dignity of children of God, and heirs to a paternal inheritance, for St. Paul tells us, that if we are children we are heirs also. It was to redeem us from the slavery of the law, says the Apostle, "that God sent His Son, made of a woman, made under the law, that He might redeem them who were under the law, that they might receive the adoption of sons; and because you are sons, God hath sent the spirit of His Son into your hearts, saying Alpha Father." And this "Divine Spirit," according to the same inspired authority, "giveth testimony to our spirit that we are the sons of God." This affiliation of which the Apostle speaks is not merely an extrinsic denomination, as is the case when a child is adopted through the generosity of a man or woman; it is a real adoption in the order of grace, which makes us brothers of Jesus Christ and co-heirs to His everlasting kingdom. This truth St. John expresses clearly in his first Epistle, where he says, "Behold what manner of charity the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called and should be the sons of God." The contemplation of his glorious prerogative filled the beloved disciple with holy joy, and he exclaims in a transport of divine love, "Dearly beloved, we are the sons of God; and it hath not yet appeared, what we shall be when He shall appear. We shall be like to Him, because we shall see Him as He is, and everyone that hath this hope in him sanctifieth himself as He also is holy."

always occupy our thoughts, but it is hardly ever realized. Yet if we but remember the glorious title we enjoy we shall be better disposed to serve God with our whole hearts. The Fathers of the Church were never tired of speaking of this privilege which belongs to the faithful, and which they often do not even understand. Let us take a passage from St. Augustine, where he treats of this divine sonship. "What would not be," says the holy Doctor, "the joy of a stranger, if one who does not know his parents, should suddenly say to him, 'you are the son of a senator, your father is possessed of immense wealth, which is destined for you, and I am come to bring you to him.' What transports of joy would he not experience if he believed in the reality of his possessions? Well, an Apostle of Jesus Christ, whose words impose belief, has come to say to us: 'Why do you despair? Why give yourself up to an evil life and wallow in the empty pleasures of sense. You have a Father. You have a country. You have a patrimony.' Who is your Father? 'My beloved, we are the children of God.'" "This is a gift," says St. Leo, "that surpasses all other gifts—God calls man His son, and man calls God his father." St. Peter Chrysologus tells us of the goodness of God in adopting us as His children. "So great has been God's goodness to us that we do not know what to admire most—the profound humility of a God descending to our lowly condition, or the high position to which He has raised us in making us participants in His dignity. Our Father who art in Heaven! O man to what honor grace has suddenly raised thee? whether shall thy heavenly nature bear thee? Although living still in the flesh, in the valley of tears, thou knowest neither the flesh nor the earth when you murmur 'Our Father who art in heaven.' Let him, then, who believes and confesses that he is the son of such a Father, lead a life in conformity with his birth, conformable to that of his Father. Let him manifest in his thoughts, and in his actions, the gifts he received at his heavenly birth."

**OUR DIVINE AFFILIATION.**

As is evident, the Scriptures and the Fathers of the Church speak in clear terms of the adoption of the children of God. In every chapter of the inspired writings we find traces of our divine affiliation. David in the sublime language of inspiration, seemed to have an abiding consciousness of this divine privilege won for us by the death of our Saviour. He speaks to God with the freedom and confidence of a child. A sense of security is manifested in all his words, as he pours forth in mystic meaning the glories of his Lord "In thee, O Lord, have I hoped," he exclaims, "and confusion shall not come upon me for ever." "The light of Thy countenance is signed upon us, O Lord, Thou hast given gladness to my heart. . . . In peace and the selfsame I will sleep and rest, for thou O Lord hath settled me in hope."

To understand more clearly our adoption as children of God, we shall compare it with the adoption that takes place in the world, when a stranger is admitted to the family circle, and enjoys the privileges of a child. Adoption in its ordinary significance is the conferring on a stranger, freely and gratuitously, the title of sonship, endowing him with family rights, and a claim to the paternal inheritance. A three-fold condition, according to St. Thomas, is required for adoption. First of all the adopted child must be a stranger, having no relations of affinity to the family of which he is chosen a member; secondly his adoption must be a free and gratuitous choice, proceeding from the liberality of those who select him, and thirdly he must acquire by adoption a strict and legal right to the inheritance of his adopting parent.

**NON-FULFILLMENT OF CONDITIONS.**

It may seem to us that in our adoption to an eternal patrimony these conditions are not fulfilled, because everything that is or shall

ever be, owes its existence to God, and the source of its being and perfections must be sought in Him. Now though God is the common parent of all men, man, in the state in which he is born, has no closer relation to God than that of an effect in its cause. If man is the child of God in the order of nature, he is a stranger to God, in the order of grace. On this point Saint Thomas tells us "that considered in his nature, and in relation to the goods of the natural order, man is not a stranger to God, since he owes everything that he has to Him; but as to the goods of the supernatural order—of grace and of glory, man is a stranger to God, and it is precisely in this respect that he is adopted. Man, therefore, in the order of nature, deprived of grace, cannot be numbered among those of whom it is said, 'Ye are Gods and the Sons of the Most High.'" He forms no part of the divine family, his relations to God are not those of a son to the father, but rather of a workman to the workman. If he has a certain resemblance to his Creator, he does not in any way participate in His nature; if he is made to the "image and likeness of God," he does not live by a divine life,—there is nothing in his being divine, either by nature or by participation. Without doubt every man may be called a child of God, in the natural order, but to those strict relations which bind the son to the father, and the father to the son, in the strict bonds of love, he can have no claim; he is outside the divine circle, and has no right to its loving intimacies.

This is the traditional teaching of the Catholic Church, and the gratuitousness of our adoption is forcibly expressed by St. Cyril, where he says: "We who by nature are but creatures and in a servile condition, obtain by grace over and above the claims of our nature, the dignity of the sons of God." The same doctrine is formulated by that glorious confessor of the faith, St. Athanasius, in his controversies with the Arian heretics: "Men being creatures," he says, "by their nature, could only become sons of God by receiving the Spirit of Him, Who is the true Son of God by nature."

**OUR DIGNITY RESTORED.**

Besides, on account of original sin our nature has fallen into such an abyss of vice and shame that we had become the enemies of God. No power was capable of rescuing us from this ruin and saving us from eternal destruction. This task God in His sovereign mercy has accomplished by His only Son, by whom we have been restored, with a superabundance of gifts to the dignity and nobility we had lost. To say how noble is this work that has been accomplished by divine grace in the soul is impossible, for at the very moment we receive the grace of Baptism, a marvellous change is effected in our souls; servants by our nature, and slaves by original sin, we become the sons of God, brothers of the second Adam, Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour, and co-heirs of heaven; for as St. Paul says, He has deigned to call us brethren, saying: "I will declare thy name to my brethren, in the midst of the earth I will praise thee." Not satisfied with destroying in us the stain of original sin, God gives us by adoption a new being, a new nature, a new life. He elevates us from our lowly condition, transports us into another sphere, and another order—the order of divine grace and charity, so that we are "no longer strangers, and foreigners, but fellow citizens with the Saints and domestics of God." We are begotten again in the words of Christ Himself—"Amen, Amen, I say unto thee, unless a man be born again he cannot enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. . . . Amen, Amen, I say to thee, unless a man be born of water and the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." St. Augustine, commenting on these words of our Lord to Nicodemus, gives us the key to their meaning: "This spirit and this life (of which our Lord spoke to the Samaritan women at the well of Jacob) the chiefs of the Jews had not yet realized. Nicodemus had come by night to call upon Jesus, and Jesus said to him, 'unless a man be born again he cannot enter the kingdom of God,' and Nicodemus, who knew as yet but the flesh, Nicodemus, whose palate had not yet tasted the bread of Angels, said, 'how can a man already old be born again?' Nicodemus knew of no birth but that which Adam and Eve could give, but as to that birth which is of God and His Church he knew nothing. He knew no other parents than those who bring forth offspring for death; with those who bear for life he was wholly unacquainted. Of the parents who gave life to those who are soon to take their places, he was perfectly aware; but of those

who bear for immortality, for a never ending life, he knew nothing. For there are two births, and Nicodemus knew but one. The one is of the earth and the other of heaven; the one of the flesh, the other of the spirit; one of time, the other of eternity; one of man and woman, the other of God and His Church, and neither the one nor the other can be repeated.

**REPENTANCE RE-ESTABLISHES OUR SONSHIP.**

Thus the great Bishop of Hippo clearly tells us, that as our natural birth is gratuitous as far as we are concerned, so our birth in the order of grace depends from the free and gratuitous choice of God. And as baptism can be but once conferred, by adoption we receive the ineffaceable character of sonship which shall remain for our glorification or condemnation. The prerogatives attached to this character we may lose by sin, just as a son by his perverseness forfeits his right to a father's strong love and a father's inheritance, but whose penitence heals up the gaping wound and restores him once again to favor, so we by sin may forfeit God's love, and our claim to His kingdom, but by repentance we can re-establish our lost titles to His love, and enter the Divine family again, since through wayward and ungrateful, the character of our adoption still remains.

**EARTHLY AND ETERNAL ADOPTION COMPARED.**

We have seen that the conditions of adoption to an earthly inheritance are fulfilled in our adoption to an eternal glory. We shall now consider the parallel that exists between them. Among men adoption takes place to fill the space in the domestic circle that nature has left vacant or death has left destitute, to save the prestige of an honorable name, and to perpetuate it to subsequent generations. There is a certain egotism in this, as in all other worldly concerns. We may try to rid ourselves of the spirit of selfishness, but our efforts for the most part, are vain. It is in our very nature, and manifests our littleness, that we are not made for ourselves but for God, who alone is able to supplement our imperfections—"This is man's manner of action," says St. Augustine, "but not God's." It is not the absence of children that induces God to adopt us, He has a Son equal to Himself, all perfect, eternal, the Heir of all His divine possessions, but with this in His infinite generosity he is not satisfied. Urged by His goodness and liberality, He has decreed to enlarge the circle of the Divine family, to admit creatures who had no rights, to a share in His kingdom, by adopting them.

Before adopting us, God had to confer on us a participation of the divine nature; for just as man adopts a member of the human family possessing the same nature as himself, so God had to raise us to a supernatural life, before conferring on us the rights of sonship. What adoption in the world presupposes—a community of nature, God has to create in us in order to admit us to a participation in His Kingdom. Among men a simple formality of law is all that is required, but God not only selects the adopted, but He confers on them the aptitude and dispositions for entering into the Divine possessions of filiation, which, were man left to himself, he could never deserve or merit.

**EMPTINESS OF WORLDLY TITLES.**

Compared with this title of chil-

dren of God, what are all the vain pretensions of man, and the worldly prestige that surrounds a noble name? What is a worldly prince or king, though every knee should bend before him in servile submission, compared with a child of God, the heir to an everlasting throne? Worldly grandeur and pomp should inspire us with no longing; conscious of our adoption into an everlasting family, we can forego worldly pleasures for a little while in expectation of eternal happiness. Let others glory if they please, in their wealth, in their family, in their titles, in their honors; it is enough for us that we are children of God. In the light of divine faith, and in the eyes of God, there is nothing so noble as an adopted soul in the state of grace. What wonder the great Lacordaire once said in a transport of sublime eloquence, that when he met a man he felt inclined to prostrate and kiss his feet, because in him he recognized the image and likeness of God. Let it be the early artisan who toils from the early morning till the evening shades promise him a brief repose; let it be the humble peasant, without influence, without notoriety, unknown and unesteemed; let it be the beggar whose scanty clothing scarcely protects him from the chilly blast, and on whom the great ones of the world disdain to cast a passing glance—yet if these are in a state of grace, God's ever watchful eye is upon them, and there shall fall from his lips those words spoken in praise of His Divine Son—"This is My beloved Son in whom I am well pleased." The angels of heaven surround them with respectful and tender love, because in them they recognize a friend and a brother, who will one day share in their abiding glory.

Man need not be ashamed of his lowly condition, if the good things of this world have been denied him; he has still a country on which he has a claim, abounding in possessions that shall not pass away. He is a child of God, an heir of heaven. Hence the great St. Cyprian tells us to fight courageously against our temptations, mindful of our incomparable dignity—"When the flesh solicits thee to forbidden pleasures, answer, I am a child of God, called to too high a destiny to become the slave of vile passions; when the world tempts thee, answer, I am a child of God, heavenly riches are in store for me, it would be beneath me to attach myself to the things of earth; when the devil attacks thee with the promise of honors, answer, I am a child of God, born for an everlasting kingdom, and I shall never descend from the high position that belongs to the children of God."

**EQUALITY OF ADOPTION.**

The grace which makes us children of God constitutes us also His heirs—"If sons," says St. Paul, "you are heirs also." There can be no adoption without a right to the patrimony of him who adopts. It is only at the hour of death that a child is called in to succeed to the inheritance of his dying patron, but God is immortal and He has given all His goods to His Divine Son, Whom He has constituted heir to all His possessions, and so great has been the charity of His heir, that He wishes to have co-heirs. Where is the avaricious man that would wish to have co-heirs? If by chance he should have one, the possessions destined for himself would be divided, and thus he would be poorer than if he alone had enjoyed them. Nothing of a like nature is to be feared in regard to the inheritance by which we are co-heirs of Christ. It is not lessened by the number of those who share in it; it is not diminished in proportion to the number of co-heirs; it is the same for each one in particular as for all.

What is this inheritance? The principal possession by which God is rich is Himself, for He is rich by Himself, and not by another. He does not need external goods; hence it is that the children of His adoption receive God Himself for their inheritance." God bestows His gifts on the bad and good alike, in this world, and sometimes to the bad a larger portion of the goods is allotted than to the good, yet the children of God need not feel discouraged at a fact so evident. Worldly possessions are not those of God in the proper sense. He has indeed created them for man's use and benefit, but they pass away, in them there is no principle of endurance. The true possessions of God are reserved for the elect alone. He has created them for His children, and they alone shall enjoy His infinite bounty for never ending ages.

How do we know but that the interruption we grumble at is the most blessed thing that has come to us in long days?

## THE DAILY WITNESS AND FAIRBANKS.

A Few Facts, Some Pertinent Remarks and General Refutation of a Local Daily Paper's Views.

Dealing with the lesson vulgar Fairbanks was taught in Rome, our apostolic contemporary, the Daily Witness, says about one thousand and eleven irrelevant things, and all in the course of an editorial six inches and a quarter long. With some of the issues we have already dealt. Here we take up another. "As for the accusation that the Methodists take advantage of the poor, on that a great deal could be said. Why are (Roman) Catholic countries usually poor? What is the only institution that flourishes, and who is it that gets in them the widow's portion? The evidence offered by the founder of the truth of his mission was that to the poor the good news was preached."

Now, before we answer some of the difficulties, let us say that the only standards of civilization Protestantism knows, are the Almighty Dollar, trusts, combines, the thousand warring sects, etc., ejusdem farinae.

1. Yes, the Methodists of Rome take advantage of the poor. To such an extent that the Pope invited Irish Christian Brothers to offset the lying nefarious work of the busy-bodies. It is not love for the poor that has brought them to Rome, but the spirit of devilry. The poor shun the Methodist churches of the United States. They have come to the conclusion that they are not wanted.

Read some of the stories these bigots print against the Pope, the clergy, and the Church in general. This of all in black and white they try to spread broadcast, the hypocrites! They boast about their Christianity, and yet they are in league with every blaspheming infidel of any note in Rome. The methods of those mercenary gospelmongers is too well known already. They would stoop to anything. They would "canonize" Nero and Judas Iscariot, and dedicate memorial meeting-houses to the Cannibals who ate the priests on a South Sea island three years ago, if they were only sure that they could make a bad Catholic die cursing the Pope and every tenet of Christianity. In their pamphlets they besmirch the character of the clergy and the purity of our gentle nuns. They call that religion, and their admirers are surprised that we should resent their methods.

(2) "(Roman) Catholic countries are usually poor," says the Daily Witness. Now just a few remarks, in answer:

a. Pauperism was unknown in Europe before the Reformation, ask Cobbett.

b. There is more real misery in England than in any other country.

c. In English-speaking countries, the half of the whole nation's wealth is in the hands of a few.

d. Seventh, "Thou shalt not steal" is a familiar precept with us.

e. What tenet of Protestantism makes it the friend of better business? What is there in Catholicism to prevent a man's success?

f. Has the writer of the Daily Witness never heard of such a thing as national genius. The Anglo-Saxons inherit their greed from their ancestors who swept over land and sea, in the days of the Huns, Vandals, and Visigoths.

g. While Anglo-Saxons adore their dollars, the French, the Italians, the Spaniards believe in art, music, sculpture, painting, poetry—anything that calls for real brains.

h. Ireland is poor, because England robbed her of all she had.

i. The English Catholics are poor, because their wealth went towards building up the fortunes of ninety per cent. of the British aristocracy of to-day. Do read some Catholic—or even an infidel—on English History!

j. If wealth is the measure of civilization, the Jews have us all beaten.

k. We know, from court and jail records in the United States, how many fortunes were built.

l. Those Methodist missionaries are in Rome, because they are well paid. Etc., etc., etc.

3. "What is the only institution that flourishes, and who is it that gets in them the widow's portion?" In answer to that sneer we shall ask some questions ourselves:

a. Could Protestantism get hundreds of thousands of men and women to vow poverty for the sake of

(Continued on Page 8.)

A verbatim report of sermons delivered in St. Patrick's Church throughout lent will be found on the first page of every issue.

HOUSE AND HOME

CONDUCTED BY HORTENSE



The best things are nearest: breath in your nostrils, light in your eyes, flowers at your feet, duties at hand, the path of God just before you. Then do not grasp at the stars, but do life's plain, common work as it comes, certain that daily duties and daily bread are the sweetest things of life.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Try This Way.

Why is it, says a writer in the Live Stock Journal, that so many boys and girls, when they have reached the age of fourteen or fifteen years, seem to grow away from their parents? When the children are babies, they are loved and enjoyed, but as they grow older they are neglected, scolded, treated as though they are in the way, given no pleasures at home their opinions never asked with regard to anything, and if they venture airing their thoughts they are ridiculed and "squashed."

is to baste it to a strip of clean white muslin, catching each point carefully to the foundations. After soaking in a suds made from white soap and warm water it should be thoroughly rinsed in clear warm and then cold water. Bluing should not be used for laces, not even the imitation. In order to restore the oil to the thread and also to soften the color the lace should be finally rinsed in skim-milk. To iron lay a clean rag over the strip of basted lace and press with a moderately warm iron. Remove the cloth, snip each basting thread with scissors and the lace will look like new.

Words to the Girls.

Girls, would you be beautiful? Of course you would. Then cultivate in your hearts cheerfulness, contentment, and kindness. They are the greatest beautifiers. No paints, or powders can give the winsome, beautiful glow to the cheek, the sparkling, charming glint to the eye, or the lithe and graceful carriage to the body which these impart; but don't flirt; don't be vain; don't be obtrusive. Modesty gives special charm to beauty, and usefulness conceals many defects of form.

Fashion's Fancies.

The short skirt is everywhere in Paris, and made sufficiently full to be comfortable and graceful. No longer is the "tube" style permissible, nor the train. The trained skirt is reserved for ceremonious occasions, such as receptions, dinner parties, weddings, etc., where it can be allowed to train in grace. The skirt for general wear can be gored, pleated, tucked, flounced, "sunray" pleated, or whatever you wish—but short it must be.

Coats show closer-fitting effects and longer waist-lines, the three-quarter fitting shape being preferred; but the sacque or even the half-fitting models are worn for traveling, motoring, and general slip-on garments.

Coat sleeves are long and close-fitting, some plain or nearly so on the shoulders; but as this style is not generally becoming, fullness at the shoulders will be noticeable as the spring comes along. The single-breasted or very slightly double-breasted coat is preferred, and many of the new collars are long, some to the waist, or lower.

Strictly tailored coats are worn, and extend to or just below the knee. There is every possibility of the Eton coat or bolero making its reappearance.

Colors for this spring are pinks, blues, heliotrope, various shades of gray, champagne tints, tans, and browns. Yellow will be used sparingly, to give a touch of color. The princess style, with pleated or gathered flounce, remains in favor; while coats with pleated basques are proving popular.

Scotch tweeds, homespuns, serges, and fancy chevrons are worn.

Teach the Children

Never to: Hold a book near the fire; drop a book upon the floor; turn the leaves with the thumb; lean, nor rest, upon an open book; turn down the corners of the leaves; touch a book with damp or soiled hands.

Always to: Keep your place with a thin book mark; place a large book upon the table before opening it; turn leaves from the top with the middle or forefinger.

Never pull a book from the shelf by the binding at the top, but by the back.

Never touch a book with a damp cloth, nor with a sponge in any form.

Never place another book nor anything else upon the leaves of an open book.

Never rub dust from books, but brush it off with a soft, dry cloth or duster.

Never close a book with a pencil, a pad of paper, or anything else between the leaves.

Never open a book further than to bring both sides of the cover into the same place.

Always open a book from the middle, and never from the ends or corner.

Always keep any neatly bound borrowed book covered with paper while in your possession.

Never attempt to dry a book, accidentally wet, by a fire; but wipe off the moisture with a soft, dry cloth.

Never lend a borrowed book, but return it as soon as you are through with it, so that the owner may not be deprived of its use.

Never cut the leaves of a book

or a magazine with a sharp knife, as the edge is sure to run into the print; nor with the fingers, but with a paper cutter or an ordinary table knife.—National Educator.

Dainty Paper.

There is no excuse for ugly walls unless one lives in a rented house where the landlord is obdurate. A paper need not be costly to be artistic; charming effects can be had for ten or fifteen cents a roll—if you understand colors and their relation to light and architectural lines.

Among the popular designs in wall paper are scenic effects. These are usually found in the frieze, with a plain fabric paper beneath. Often they are Japanese in character, but all are so subdued in tone as not to be nerve wearing. Some of the friezes boast several different landscapes, arranged so they can be pieced together to avoid monotony.

The favorite color schemes are browns and ecru, soft grays, greens, and even occasionally contrasting tones. The wall paper should repeat one of the shades in the frieze. Often it is of a dull surface, but it is charming when watered.

Floral friezes, while not especially new, are constantly increasing in beauty. They are cut out to resemble a hand decoration, some even having the appearance of a valance.

Most people put a plain paper with such a frieze, but they are lovely with narrow satin striped walls that repeat the softest tints in the frieze.

Japanese burlesque with warp and woof in different colors give delightful results. Equally popular are the newest Japanese grass cloths, which are finer in texture and more exquisite in coloring than ever before. These are especially good in library, dining room and living room.

While these papers are dearer in the beginning, they wear well, and can be retinted. Among the more costly papers for drawing rooms is one that looks like silk; indeed, it has a certain amount of silk incorporated in the pulp.

For dens and studies heraldic designs in several shades of brown, dull reds, green and grays are good; while forest scenes in a dining-room large enough to carry it off are stylish. The size of the room is important in using any of these pictorial papers, or, indeed, any of the large figures. They detract from the appearance of space.

For low-ceilinged rooms, bedrooms particularly, the best results are had by carrying the wall-paper to the ceiling, finishing it with a wood cornice or a wood molding three or four inches wide.

Where there is no objection, nothing is handsomer for library or dining-room than to have part of the wall made of wood. This can either be put into a plate rail with a plain or figured paper above, or a bold design, as a forest scene, can be used on the lower part of the wall, with the upper third, or the upper third and ceiling, of wood.

Graining is so much better understood that it is not necessary to have expensive hardwood to get good results. With a skilful carpenter pine is satisfactory.

With very cheap papers do not make the mistake of wanting too much for your money. The simpler in motif such papers are the less apt they are to look cheap. Glaring splashing flowers in crude tones are bad; far better looking are plain tones, or solid colors with narrow irregular stripes and figures on white or two-toned effects.

Another mistake in papering made by the person of limited income is to strain a point to get expensive papers. They fade almost as soon as the cheaper ones and soil quite as easily. Far better is it from the standpoint of health and cleanliness to paper often and inexpensively.—The Times.

Sweets and Temperance.

Give children plenty of pure sugar, taffy and butterscotch and they'll have little need of cod-liver oil, says Dr. Woods Hutchinson. In short, sugar is, after meat, bread and butter, easily our next most important and necessary food. You can put the matter to a test very easily. Just leave off the pie, pudding or other desserts at your lunch or mid-day dinner. You'll be astonished to find how quickly you'll feel "empty," again, and how "unfinished" the meal will seem. You can't get any working man to accept a dinner pall without pie in it. And he's absolutely right. The only thing that can take the place of sugar here is beer or wine. It is a significant fact that the free lunch counters run in connection with bars furnish every imaginable thing except sweets. Even the restaurants and lunch grills attached to saloons or bars often refuse to serve desserts of any sort. They know their business! The more sugar and sweets a man takes at a meal, the less alcohol he wants. Conversely, nearly every drinking man will tell you

that he has lost his taste for sweets. The more candy a nation consumes, the less alcohol.

Nothing is sweeter than love; nothing stronger; nothing higher, nothing broader, nothing better either in heaven or earth, because love is of God, and rising above all created things can find its rest in Him alone.—Thomas a Kempis.

Packing a Skirt.

The best way to fold a skirt properly for packing so that an ugly crease will not show down the front breadth, is to fasten the skirt-band and pin the back to the middle of the band in front. Then lay the skirt on some flat surface, right side out, with the front breadth down. Smooth out all the creases and lay the folds flat. Now begin at the outer edges and roll each towards the centre back until the two rolls meet. In this way the hang of the skirt is not injured, it will have no wrinkles, and the front breadth will be smooth and flat.

How to Clean a Lace Yoke Without Detaching it.

It is always a difficult business after a lace yoke is once irrevocably ripped from its holdfast for cleaning purposes to get it put back again and properly fitting, as it was in the first place. On the other hand, if one washes one's yoke without detaching it, the material of the dress is sure to get wet. There is a secret, however, for washing undetached yokes without incurring the danger of ruining the dress. Make a pad of an old sheet or, better still, a thick bath towel, and place it under the yoke. Then dip a soft cloth into warm water and soap-suds and proceed to dab it over the lace until it is perfectly clean. If it is necessary to repeat several times, the pad may be changed for a dry one, in order to keep the cloth of the dress perfectly dry.

The Woman Who is Always Right.

We have all met her, the woman who lays down the law, and most of us regret the meeting.

No matter what is under discussion, she has her opinion and does not hesitate to proclaim it. That she knows nothing of the subject makes no difference in her vociferousness.

Her voice is usually rasping, her words staccato, and her emphasis sharp. She may not intend to be disagreeable, but the effect is not altered by intentions.

The irritation of a disturbed hornet's nest is mild compared with the feelings aroused by the layer down of the law. Even when in the right her wisdom is hated on general principles.

She can stir up more opposition than a motion to raise taxes. You go out of your way the thwart her and make yourself uncomfortable doing what she does not wish.

Silent protest or open pugacity is the usual attitude of her hearers. The good-tempered sufferer reveals when the town regulation strikes a scrapper.

Tact is not her long suit. The more reason there is for silence the louder is her expression of opinion. Her knowledge of where her own business ends is scant.

It is the layer down of the law who can be depended upon to say the wrong thing every time. She it is who makes it her business to take a meek little wife to task for her husband's shortcomings or windens a breach by telling both combatants their duty.

If only she knew how great is her conceit! Most people find regulating their own lives so difficult that they are slow to think themselves capable of including the rest of mankind in their managing.

Seeing both sides is not her chief characteristic. Her way is the right way, and woe to the one who differs! Arguing is as futile as the fight with old age.

You might stand her better if only she were ever in the wrong. To be able just once to convince the regulator that her opinion was unfounded we would cheerfully consent to be "bossed" the rest of our days.

She would be easier to bear if her ideas were from the height of superiority. But often the director of the morals and manners of others is far from being invulnerable herself.—The Times.

What is Worn in London

Once we have passed the dividing line between January and February, one has the comforting feeling that the back of the winter is broken, and that already one can hear the distant baying of the hounds of spring. Even if February be inclined to behave badly, it is so short a month that it is soon passed, and in the meantime we can turn our attention to designing dresses wherein to appear on the first days fine enough to allow us to discard our heavy winter cloaks of fur, velvet or cloth. It is so disconcerting when such a day comes, to find that all one's winter gowns that were well enough to present a good appearance under a winter cloak, are by no means up to the mark when the cold white sunlight of spring shines upon them out of doors.

Therefore, the wise dresser provides herself beforehand at this time with a smart walking dress which she can wear with a handsome stole of fox, sable, fisher or chinchilla, when attending concerts or other functions of the sober kind which prevail in Lent.

This, therefore, is the type of dress I will describe this week, one which struck me as being particularly handsome. It showed the combination of two materials which is the prevailing note in nearly all the latest day dresses issuing from the Parisian ateliers. In this case the materials combined were the very legitimate ones of velvet and satin. I use the word "legitimate" intentionally, for I cannot say the same for others such as chiffon and cloth or Ninon and fur which may attract the eye for a moment by their novelty, but never combine really successfully. The under-dress, which only appeared in front and can, therefore, be simulated by a panel, was of black satin, very thick and soft. The over-dress was a Princess in black chiffon velvet, very clinging and graceful in its long, plain, unbroken lines. In the centre of the figure the velvet was cut away in the form of a big V, which disclosed the under-robe of black satin covered with a heavy floral embroidery in black floss silk relieved by braid. Above this opening the velvet bodice was bordered with silk braid, which crossed back and front and gave the effect of a bolero. From under the arms the velvet fronts were cut in the sloping lines of the V till they met for a little space and then separated again to disclose the under-skirt of satin. These fronts were bordered with braid similar to that on the bodice, the lines of braid crossing where the fronts met and all round the train. About the knee-line on either side were folded back panels of satin embroidered to match the under-bodice and bordered all round with the braid. The velvet bodice was cut out in a pretty narrow design at the neck, which was bordered with a tiny line of brilliant rosy violet against a similar one of silver braid; and the guimpe of old lace gave just the necessary touch of soft white near the face. The short over-sleeves were of velvet edged with braid, while the close-fitting under-sleeves were of the heavily embroidered satin. To complete the costume was a big three-cornered hat of black satin, the only trimming being a silver cord round the crown and one long, up-standing, black ostrich feather.

Many people prefer to wear black throughout Lent, so I have described this dress in black; but the model would be most successful in dark colors, such as violet, pine green, chestnut brown or elephant grey. Of course, nothing ever approaches a black toilet for distinction and refinement; but it can only achieve that when worn by a woman whom black suits. There never was such a fallacy as the idea (usually rooted in the masculine brain!) that black suits all women. It does nothing of the kind. Black "kills" the majority of women, extinguishes their looks completely; and unless a woman is very sure of her skin and her personality she had best avoid black as carefully as she had best avoid avoid scarlet and yellow, which are usually set aside as her portion (for her destruction) instead of being given to a golden-haired sister, whose beauty of coloring they enhance to an amazing degree. Let the dark-haired woman, who has hitherto been foolishly beguiled into wearing reds and yellows, which cannot help making her skin look sallow and muddy, try the effect in her hair of a knot of brilliant emerald green or turquoise blue, and she will be so delighted with the result, as regards her coloring that she will discard scarlet and yellow for good and all. Colors are, indeed, far more becoming (if well chosen, of course) to the majority of women than black. For one thing, they often give an individuality to a woman which she herself does not possess; and the paler the colors are the more becoming they will be to the great majority of women, for they give white reflections which often lighten up the sallowest skin.

And as regards the emphasizing of personality the same rule holds good. For a woman to look her best in black she must dominate it, not only by her coloring, but, above all, by her individuality, for black has a curious levelling quality which gets the better of most people. It is a question which can only be solved by careful personal study; for no

Advertisement for Surprise Soap. A Yard of flannel is still a yard after washed with Surprise Soap. Its pure hard Soap—that's why. Don't forget the name—Surprise.

rule can be given except that, as a little woman, as it extinguishes them. It requires a tall woman to look well in black—so much may be asserted confidently; but as regards colorings no rule is possible to lay down. The woman with Titian hair, of course, will look well in black, especially if she has the milk-white skin that generally accompanies that glorious possession; but then, on the other hand, the woman with blue-black hair and a preme in sable garments. The nearest approach one can get to a rule is that it should only be attempted by those of distinctive coloring and a goodly height, and that the numberless women with ordinary brown hair and unnoticeable complexions should cling to pale colors on every possible occasion.

Georgia, aged four, was watching the circus parade, and just as the elephants were passing, the callopie began to play. "Mother, I don't like the way the elephants sing."

Lawyer—You say you left home on the tenth? Witness—Yes, sir. "And came back on the 'twenty-fifth'?" "Yes, sir." "What were you doing in the interim?" "Never was in such a place."

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Vertical advertisements on the right margin including: MORRISON, ADVOCATES, 7th Floor, Bank of Montreal; HAVANAGH, ADVOCATES, 7th Floor, Bank of Montreal; BROSSARD, CIVIL ENGINEER, 1500 St. James; BARRON & CO., ADVOCATES, 1500 St. James; CONROY, PRACTICAL PLUMBERS, 1500 St. James; LAWRENCE, PLASTERER, 1500 St. James; D. H. WELLS, CATERERS, 1500 St. James; W. G. HENNING, DENYER, 419 DORCHESTER; SOCIETY OF...; PATRICK'S, NABED MARCH 6th; HOMESTEAD, 1500 St. James; Synopsis of Canada; Lillian caused much merriment at the table one day when she found fault with the mineral water that they gave her to drink. Her mother asked her: "Why don't you like the water, dear? What does it taste like?" She answered: "I don't like this old water at all; it tastes like my foot's asleep."



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 mark of good faith, otherwise it will not  
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**ITEMS OF LOCAL INTEREST DIS-  
 Cussed.**

duration, when our pure and gentle  
 nuns are described as guilty of the  
 most abominable crimes, in leaflets  
 and pamphlets and five-cent trash,  
 which the men of our government  
 freely admit to Canada, to slander  
 nearly half of our country's popula-  
 tion. Have we any one at all with  
 a voice to speak, or with courage to  
 act? Are the Catholic weeklies go-  
 ing to be still over-taxed, by the  
 mail authorities, and the printed  
 obscenity from the Protestant Alli-  
 ance sinks granted a cheery welcome  
 to a great land of peace and broad-  
 mindedness? What are our Catholic  
 societies doing to stem the tide?  
 Nothing!

But another reason why the Pro-  
 testant Alliance is getting down to  
 its nefarious work in Canada is as  
 plain as day. The foul bigots know  
 that High Churchmen occupy the  
 chief positions in the Canadian de-  
 partment of the Church of England.  
 They know that men like Bishops  
 Dunn, Farthing, Richardson, Bald-  
 win, etc., with Archbishop Hamil-  
 ton, of Ottawa, are far above and  
 leagues beyond the low tactics of  
 slander. The Protestant Alliance  
 means to fight them, under the mask  
 and shadow of antagonism towards  
 Rome. Some "foreign sparrows"  
 occupying obscure positions in the  
 Anglican Church of Canada, are jeal-  
 ous, and their selfishness is becom-  
 ing boisterous. They are both  
 brainless and conscienceless; hence,  
 the whole trouble. But Maria Monk  
 effusions have got to stop. Why do  
 not our Catholic societies' bother  
 with such things as we denounce?  
 They are all made up of honest,  
 clean-living men; so, why can not  
 they protest and force the Postal au-  
 thorities to act and take measures?

**GIVE THEM A CHANCE.**  
 There is nothing like giving every  
 man a chance. Just at present  
 many a poor Englishman finds it  
 hard to get employment here in Can-  
 ada, and the one true, real obsta-  
 cle in the way is the fact that he  
 is an Englishman. But whether a  
 man is English, Irish, French, Chi-  
 nese or Scotch, why should he be re-  
 fused a chance to work, so long as  
 there is work to be done and the  
 man can do it? Especially is it  
 hard for the poor English immi-  
 grant in winter.  
 You say he is a crank, haughty,  
 nasty and awkward. Even if he is,  
 are we perfect? We have all met  
 bigger cranks who were not Eng-  
 lishmen. He does not like Canada,  
 he is the whole time "kicking"; now  
 let us be sure that the man is not  
 goaded on to desperation by the  
 treatment he gets. We especially  
 appeal to the generous hearts  
 of our Irish employers. Of  
 course, we know that Englishmen  
 once used to say, "No Irish Need  
 Apply"; but when it comes to a  
 poor immigrant being obliged in  
 winter to starve and suffer, we do  
 not care if it were said five hundred  
 million times a day.  
 "No Irish Need Apply"! Oh!  
 what do we care about a warning  
 like that? Our hearts are warm  
 enough to thaw out a ship caught in  
 the Arctic ice; and if there is any  
 trouble ahead, why, we have the  
 most honest fists in the world, ever  
 if we are poor hands at using  
 knives, daggers, and pistols. Then,  
 we are Catholics. Religion is above  
 any difference of blood or color. As  
 Catholics we must love all men, even  
 if we would, indeed, prefer to give  
 some of them our bank-book, rather  
 than share their views for three min-  
 utes and a half.  
 It is especially in Toronto, and all  
 through Ontario, that the English-  
 immigrant fares poorly and discour-  
 agingly. If their own kind would  
 give them a chance, they would  
 succeed after a while. And, then, we  
 want men of English blood in this  
 Canada of ours. We have enough  
 Doukhobors, Englishmen and Irish-  
 men may disagree as nations; but,  
 as individuals, we get along perfectly,  
 for our characters are just the com-  
 plement one of the other. So,  
 then, let us not treat the English  
 immigrants with disdain and con-  
 tempt, but let us give the poor fel-  
 lows a good, honest, Christian  
 chance!

**READ THIS!**  
 Some of our pious anti-Catholic  
 (and anti-Christian) religious week-  
 lies are dearly in love with Briand,  
 Combes, and Clemenceau; they are  
 even willing to tell us that the fel-  
 lows and their brethren of the  
 French Parliament (?) mean to be  
 sincere, in their work of persecuting  
 poor innocent nuns, and monks and  
 priests. We, therefore, devote the  
 following editorial note, from a  
 Southern, contemporary, to the work  
 of softening their skulls a whit:  
 "It was curious to read in the  
 French papers lately how the  
 French government, in spite of a mo-  
 tion to the contrary, confirmed its  
 annual grant to the University of  
 Beyreuth which is under the care of  
 French Jesuits. In France itself the  
 same Jesuits are under ban—they are  
 not allowed to exist, much less to  
 conduct Universities, and a person  
 would be regarded as highly eccen-  
 tric (to say the least) who propo-  
 sed to-day that they should be granted  
 subsidies by M. Briand. But the  
 government in this case was on the  
 horns of a dilemma. This Universi-  
 ty of Beyreuth is by the very force  
 of things a centre of French influence  
 in Syria. It had either to be financ-  
 ed or to disappear, and French in-  
 fluence has received so many blows  
 in the Orient since the government  
 inaugurated its campaign of perse-  
 cution on the Church that another  
 such as this would have been almost  
 a coup de grace."

# New Shirts Coming In.

Our Shirts have started to arrive a little earlier  
 than usual.  
 The designs and coloring are superior to  
 any Shirts we have yet shown, with high  
 grade workmanship and prices to suit everyone.  
 This will make the Popular Shirt.

**BRENNAN BROS.**  
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of Canada? And how easily they  
 fare, and how gentle they are dealt  
 with! It is evident that the idea  
 of womanhood's sacred claims, and  
 of the binding responsibilities of the  
 family chiefs is pretty well blunted  
 and scarred in the Orange province.  
 The dailies there do not fail to score  
 the Southern States, each time they  
 hear of a lynching case, below the  
 Mason and Dixon Line; but, when  
 all is said, it still remains true that  
 in the South of the great Republic,  
 they respect the claims of the de-  
 fenceless girl and the honor of spot-  
 less womanhood.

## Religious Pictures For Framing.



No. 2862, Head of Christ at Twelve Years, Hoff-  
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 gustine, Christ in the Gethsemane, St. Antho-  
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 be destroyed if you are not able to  
 wield the defensive and offensive  
 weapon of a loyal and sincere Cath-  
 olic press.  
 —Pope Pius X.

## Episcopal Approbation.

If the English Speaking Catholics of  
 Montreal and this Province consulted  
 their best interests, they would soon  
 make of the TRUE WITNESS one  
 of the most prosperous and powerful  
 Catholic papers in this country.  
 I heartily bless those who encourage  
 this excellent work.  
 PAUL,  
 Archbishop of Montreal.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1910

## HOW THE LORDS WILL FARE.

The result of the elections in  
 Great Britain and Ireland is a di-  
 rect blow at the Lords. It is now  
 evident to all that reform in the  
 Upper House is called and clamored  
 for throughout the British Isles. In  
 fact, were British elections conducted  
 under the same laws and conditions  
 that control our own, the  
 English Tories, with Balfour and  
 Lansdowne, would be swept into  
 the Zuyder Zee. But that does not  
 mean to say that our system of suf-  
 frage is perfect, by any means. On  
 the contrary, ours is half an out-  
 rage.

Reform is needed, but exaggeration  
 is not. The British Houses must  
 not become asylums for the morally  
 and mentally insane, as is the case  
 in some countries of the Continent;  
 Britain needs a dignified Up-  
 per Chamber of some kind,  
 not a rogues' heaven. Mr. Joseph  
 Chamberlain, even, says reform is  
 necessary; while Balfour and all  
 those who are preaching tariff re-  
 dress claim that they cannot win  
 with the people, because of the  
 House of Lords as it is.

Strange to say, the Liberals are  
 not showing any unneeded frenzy  
 against the Lords. Keir Hardie may  
 hold extravagant views, but John  
 Burns is there to set off all ribald-  
 ry in failure. Redmond, like the  
 man he is, has little use for William  
 O'Brien's methods and so, is not  
 preaching demagoguery. He wants jus-  
 tice for Ireland, not either the mad-  
 ness of France or the insanity of  
 Spanish radicalism. Asquith simply  
 desires to bring the Lords into more  
 harmony of method and system with  
 the elective chamber. This, he and  
 his party claim, is a boon that  
 must come, before there is any talk  
 of Tariff Reform. For the time be-  
 ing, O'Brien and his band are the  
 protectors of whiskey. They want  
 Ireland to get plenty of it, and at  
 low rates. He, seemingly, thinks it  
 is not the curse of the British Isles.  
 If there is so much dismay in the  
 jingo papers of Montreal, Toronto,  
 and elsewhere, it is because they  
 are frenzied at the thought of the  
 power now vested in the hands of  
 the Nationalists. They won't say so,  
 for the managing editor has an eye  
 to business.

## ANOTHER REASON WHY.

Those who have read Virgil know  
 how the foul harpies interfered with  
 the viands of the banquet. They  
 were simply winged forerunners, fea-  
 thered prefigurations, of the erratic  
 Kennitites, and the kings of the Eng-  
 lish Protestant Alliance. There is  
 an end and a term to Catholic en-

**BISHOP BARRY'S PASTORAL.**  
 If the people, the Catholics of  
 New Brunswick, are not perfect  
 Christians, and thoroughly faithful  
 children of the Church, it is not the  
 fault of their zealous shepherds,  
 Their Lordships Bishops Barry and  
 Casey. Like the Catholics of Mont-  
 real, our brethren of New Brun-  
 swick enjoy the soul-saving boon of  
 receiving rich and powerful pastoral  
 letters from their earnest and de-  
 voted chief pastors.  
 Our readers have read Bishop  
 Casey's strong and stern message on  
 an evil that is playing havoc in  
 this prosperous land of Canada,  
 where no man need want or be  
 poor, so long as he is willing to  
 strive and work. To-day, in other  
 columns, we are publishing Bishop  
 Barry's Lenten pastoral, to his peo-  
 ple, which deals with a very deli-  
 cate subject, it is true, but which  
 deals with it in a way that com-  
 pels good-living, while it puts very  
 shame to shame.

Bishop Barry's letter is one of a  
 series on the Commandments of God,  
 and a rich one of a very rich series.  
 Well may the Catholics of Chatham  
 diocese be thankful for the good and  
 faithful and tender-hearted shepherd  
 God has sent them. And they are.  
 Their bishop is fondly dear to them  
 all; while the example of his life and  
 work is what most appeals to their  
 truly deep Christian sense. Chatham  
 diocese Catholics are good Catholics.

The former pastorals of Bishop  
 Barry are now published in a well-  
 filled little volume of three hundred  
 pages, which volume may be pro-  
 cured at the Bishop's Palace, Cha-  
 tham, N.B. The letters are published  
 in English and in French, a fact  
 that bears out Bishop Barry's  
 care for all those under him. The  
 same is true of Bishop Casey's let-  
 ters to his clergy and people.  
 Pastors from both Bishops are  
 always sure to cause burning inter-  
 est throughout New Brunswick; this  
 year's letters have not proved ex-  
 ceptions, in any sense; but, on the  
 contrary, the power and influence  
 of the Bishops' pastorals but grow  
 with the years. Bishop Barry is  
 not a young man, but we all hope  
 that many years of life still await  
 him for the Church's good in the  
 Maritime Provinces.

## STOP IT!

It is pretty near time one or two  
 so-called Irish Catholic papers  
 should stop copying "Pat" jokes  
 from the daily press. Of course,  
 the offenders are not our good or-  
 gans, simply the lesser fry. A comi-  
 cal story about "Pat" is tolerable  
 among ourselves, provided we know  
 our company fully and thoroughly;  
 but "Pat" caricatures and "Pat"  
 histrionics are not made for public  
 gaze or performance. Any man of  
 ordinary sense and common judg-  
 ment will agree that the differentia-  
 tion we make is tolerable and ad-  
 missible.

We must stop turning our own  
 people into ridicule, and the first  
 agencies to lead in the example  
 ought to be our own papers. We  
 cannot afford to weaken our forces,  
 or diminish our influence. Let read-

**BACK TO THE OLD WAY.**  
 Charles Gavan Duffy once declared  
 that "prejudice cannot be taken by  
 assault". We believe him. If all  
 saints and scholars in the world  
 were to declare against the prejudice  
 of Protestant weeklies, they would  
 advertise Chiniquy's books in ten dif-  
 ferent parts of each issue.  
 The other day Evangelist Herbert  
 Booth, son of the General, evidently  
 a good man, lectured to a Moncton,  
 N.B., Presbyterian audience on the  
 Early Martyrs, illustrating his ut-  
 terances with magic lantern pictures  
 of St. Stephen, St. Paul, St. Sym-  
 phorosa, etc. The brethren with  
 their ministers, stood in awe and  
 amazement; some shed tears; oth-  
 ers were "saved", though yet in  
 the body. (The Evangelists (?) have  
 evidently a mortgage on salvation  
 and Heaven. God's judgment is not  
 required!)

The brethren stood in awe and  
 amazement did we say; and yet, if  
 Catholics choose to keep pictures of  
 Our Blessed Lady and of the saints,  
 they are accused of superstition, of  
 worshipping graven images, and a  
 lot of other stuff. Go into each  
 Protestant home and you will find  
 the pictures of warriors and states-  
 men of renown. But if Catholics  
 want to make Christian heroes out  
 of their children, they must not keep  
 the picture of the Spotless Mother  
 of God before the young ones' eyes.  
 What cheap humbug! Things would  
 not be so bad, however, did not  
 those so-called Christian bigots grow  
 enraged at the sight of a Catholic  
 cross or a crucifix!

We have been following the exten-  
 ded reports of Evangelist Booth's  
 lectures. They are good. The man  
 is a sincere believer in the divinity  
 of Christ. He thoroughly respects  
 the Gospel. Although he is not a  
 Catholic, we believe he is in earnest.  
 We like a man like that, and we  
 are glad to praise Protestant preach-  
 ers when we can. He calls his re-  
 vivals Missions. He took that name  
 from us, and it is evident that he  
 has read the Spiritual Exercises of  
 St. Ignatius. With keen Booth in-  
 sight,—inherited from a longheaded  
 father, he knows that Catholic meth-  
 ods are the best. He has no use for

**BEGIN WITH ONTARIO!**  
 The Orangemen of Ontario have a  
 lot to say about conditions in Que-  
 bec province. A number of good  
 preachers there, and a score of so-  
 cieties desire to reform and civilize  
 the Ruthenians; but, why don't  
 they begin with Ontario itself? Its  
 criminal court cases are a stench in  
 the nostrils of Heaven.  
 Taking up our daily papers, the  
 other day, we read of another old  
 unnatural scamp sent to the penitenti-  
 ary for having dared to offer scanda-  
 lous to his own daughter of sixteen.  
 Nor is this the first, or the second  
 case of the like, within the walls of  
 Ontario, in less than a year, and  
 among a certain class of its inhabi-  
 tants. But how many more shock-  
 ing cases are going to come forth,  
 and bring disgrace on the clean same

**APPEALING FOR FUNDS.**  
 Notwithstanding the fact that  
 there is a strong feeling in Canada,  
 among adherents to the Church of  
 England, against any plan or pro-  
 cedure that may bring them under  
 the high sway of Canterbury; yet Arch-  
 bishop Davidson, together with His  
 fairly equal Grace of York, is in no  
 wise bent on resigning his claims  
 to "popeship".  
 Thus, at the annual meeting of the  
 Central Board of Protestant Mis-  
 sions, it was announced that the  
 Archbishop of Canterbury (Primate  
 of All England), and His Grace of  
 York (Primate of England, without  
 the "All") intend to issue a strong  
 appeal for funds towards the exten-  
 sion of the Church of England in  
 Canada.  
 Referring to the matter, the Arch-  
 bishop of Canterbury wrote: "I do  
 not think there has been an occasion  
 of greater urgency, anxiety, or re-  
 sponsibility, in the history of the  
 Church beyond the seas." The Arch-  
 bishop of Canterbury is right. A  
 proof that the blood is refusing to  
 circulate in the Anglican body lies  
 in the fact that many of the import-  
 ed preachers have to spread the rot  
 of the Protestant Alliance press.  
 That is a good enough policy for  
 other denominations, but a Church  
 of England clergyman is supposed  
 to be a scholar, a man of refine-  
 ment, a man with a conscience.

Now, we have a place in our  
 heart for Bishop Ingram of London;  
 but what does he mean, when he  
 says that he wants Canada for the  
 "British Christian Church." We  
 have heard tell of the "British Gren-  
 adier", the Bank of British North  
 America, the Japanese in British  
 Columbia, the Young Briton, the  
 British Lion; but what, pray, is  
 the "British Christian Church"? Do  
 the Baptists belong to it, the  
 Christian Scientists, the Hornettes?  
 Is it a new sect?  
 But, strange to say, His Lordship  
 of London declares that if the Ang-  
 licans did not do something, Cana-  
 da would grow up "Un-British, un-  
 Christian and without a church".  
 Humbug! Humbug!! Humbug!!!  
 It is no wonder that people do not  
 care what becomes of the earth and  
 Halley's Comet, for we are hearing  
 talk like the good man from London  
 is delivering, day after day. If the  
 Anglican Church should save Cana-  
 da's belief in Christ, it would be  
 the first piece of missionary work  
 she could boast of, since Henry VIII.  
 married again, and founded a Chris-  
 tianity of his own.

**OTHER MISSIONARIES.**  
 Last week we had the pleasure of  
 paying a dutiful tribute to the good  
 Dominican Fathers who are preach-  
 ing to our people in St. Patrick's  
 Church. It is a consoling thought  
 that priests of the Old Land should  
 be asked to preach to such thorough  
 Irishmen as are our fellow-church-  
 men of Montreal. We hope the prac-  
 tice will be kept up for over a cen-  
 tury.  
 But, then, there are other zealous  
 priests in our midst, zealous Red-  
 emptorist Fathers from the United  
 States, men of our own kith and  
 kin, too; and they know they are  
 welcome. And even if they were not  
 of our blood, that should make no  
 difference, so long as they are priests  
 of the Living God. Together with  
 the missionaries at St. Patrick's,  
 the Redemptorist Fathers will work  
 wonders of good for our people.  
 America owes a debt of gratitude to  
 the sons of St. Alphonsus. The souls  
 they have saved, through their mis-  
 sionary endeavors, must form a le-  
 gion, indeed, in the courts of Heav-  
 en. But here a consideration:  
 "As on the softly blooming flowers  
 The dew descends at even,  
 So grace upon our hearts in show-  
 ers  
 Descends from holy Heaven."

God is blessing Montreal with par-  
 ticular grace during this penitential  
 season. Ardent souls and eager  
 hearts are profiting by the visit of  
 God's manifold mercies. We shall  
 have to attend early Masses; but  
 non-Catholics, edified, will say what  
 one of their number once said:  
 "There must be something in the reli-  
 gion that can get men to Church  
 at five o'clock, and then bring my  
 employees among them to their  
 day's work at an earlier hour."  
 There is "something" in that reli-  
 gion! The great majority of our  
 people know and feel there is.  
 In each Lent, and during each Mis-  
 sion in the parish, there are always  
 a few who do not attend. They are  
 men, in ninety-nine per cent. of the  
 cases, even young scamps of men.  
 They scold the hearts of their wives  
 or mothers, and are veritable curses  
 for the household. They do not at-  
 tend the Mission, because they do  
 not want to give up their bad hab-  
 its of life. Let each good man bring  
 along one resalcitrant sinner with  
 him, and God will bless, while His  
 Angel records the deed. No man,  
 woman, or household may expect  
 God's grace and blessing, who will-

We know that the first to deplore  
 such happenings are Ontario's vast  
 majority of respectable citizens,  
 whether Protestant or Catholic. It  
 is not thanks to the teaching of any  
 Christian church, if scamps and  
 scoundrels loom forth shrouded in  
 the drapery of dishonor and unnat-  
 ural disgrace. At any rate, Quebec  
 can now get along without lessons  
 from the Ontario daily press—and  
 that, for a full half-century.  
 And here let us remark that,  
 while we criticize Ontario, we are  
 mindful of the fact, that its priests  
 and bishops are a glory to the  
 Church. An Ontario priest is a fit  
 representative of the Church's high-  
 est ideal of priesthood. There are  
 sinister bigots there, by the thous-  
 and; but it is not the Protestant  
 clergymen who have trained the  
 brutes we condemn, and, assuredly,  
 it is not the priests of Ontario.

ARE THEY TO RULE US?  
 Here, in Montreal, we have a cheap  
 group of quack Freemasons, fellows  
 who ought to be Catholics. Now,  
 among the desires of their hearts,  
 and the struggles of their souls, lies  
 the dear project of telling Catholics  
 what books they shall use in their  
 schools. Our business is our own;  
 and we ask you, Are you going to  
 let penny upstarts hard up for Con-  
 fession tell you what books your  
 boys and girls must use? Have we  
 not our Archbishop and our parish  
 priests to direct us? Do we want  
 it said that charlatans, or mounte-  
 banks, are going to make our school  
 programmes for us? What have we  
 in common with Combes and Cle-  
 menceau? French Canada has ne-  
 thing to do with such, and surely we  
 are not going to stand for the ideals  
 of Satan and "La Ligue de l'En-  
 seignement!"

Our Brothers, our Sisters, and our  
 secular teachers, under the guidance  
 of our clergy, know what is best  
 for us. They are men and women of  
 experience. And, in the name of  
 Heaven, what message have we to  
 receive from brainless pedants? Have  
 we any public spirit at all? Do we  
 not know that, under the specious  
 pretext of saving money for the toll-  
 er, these despicable fellows are try-  
 ing to undermine the Christian char-  
 acter of our schools? If you do  
 not believe us, secure a list of the  
 celebrated men interested in trans-  
 forming what is good. As English-  
 speaking Catholics we must protest,  
 and protest with a vengeance. We  
 want our Archbishop and our  
 priests to direct us. We are not  
 the slaves of quacks! Our children  
 must be the kind of Catholics our  
 grandparents were. So to work!  
 Let us be directed by our clergy,  
 and no others!

**MOTHERS FEEL SAFE  
 WITH BABY'S OWN TABLETS.**  
 Mothers who have used Baby's  
 Own Tablets say they feel safe when  
 they have this medicine in the house  
 as the Tablets are a never failing  
 cure for the ills of babyhood and  
 childhood. And the mother has the  
 guarantee of a government analyst  
 that this medicine contains no poi-  
 sonous opiates. Mrs. Walter Barr,  
 Mountain Grove, Ont., says: "My  
 little boy suffered terribly when  
 teething and from constipation. No-  
 thing I gave him did the least good  
 until I gave him Baby's Own Tab-  
 lets and these brought him speedy  
 relief. Every mother of young  
 children should keep the Tablets in  
 the home." Sold by medicine deal-  
 ers, or by mail at 25 cents a box  
 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.,  
 Brockville, Ont.

Do not run out  
 the priest's blessi-  
 it yet.  
 Greater men than  
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His gifts undertoot... st, do our best. God...

Y TO RULE US?

... we have a cheap... Freemasons, fellows...

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... a vengeance. We... bishop and our...

Are You Poisoning Yourself?

THE bowels must move freely every day, to insure good health. If they do not, the waste is absorbed by the system and produces a self blood poisoning.

Salt will always cure it. Abbey's Salt renews stomach digestion—increases the flow of bile—and restores the natural downward action of the intestines.

Abbey's Salt will stir up the liver, sweeten the stomach, regulate the bowels, and thus purify the blood.

Good in all seasons for all people.



At Dealers - 25c. and 60c.

Echoes and Remarks.

Do not run out of Church before the priest's blessing. You may need it yet.

Greater men than we shall ever be have faithfully kept Lent.

Thank God, our Irish faith is virile. We have stood the test for centuries. Ireland was ever faithful to the Holy See.

We must felicitate the Star, for we notice that "T.S.B." is no longer the Irish letter-writer. The new initials are "J.B.", perhaps, J. Bull!

As William O'Brien and his squad are with the party that forms the cheap glass of whiskey, they might be known as "The Bottlers."

The financial secretary of the Holy Rollers is now accused of embezzlement. Another good piece of banking business gone to the wall.

Some parents do not use enough charity towards their children at times. When those youngsters are noisy, their mothers call them gnats, imps, brats, devils! Horrible!

No matter whom O'Brien and Healy may have with them, John Redmond has sense, with ninety-nine per cent. of the legitimate Irish race. Vive Cork! Vive North Louth! Look out for your hat!

The people in any parish who are prone to criticize the priest, and who are always busy with matters that concern their neighbors, and then only, ought to be known as the "Faithful Watch-dogs."

The greater number of those Irish who deny their blood, do so because their brethren have found them out. A gentleman of that kind once stole a string of beads from the writer. In what category would you place a thief like him?

John L. Sullivan, divorced, has married again. He belongs to the class of people who so act. Remarried divorces should be severely ostracized. A Hottentot, or a Madagascarian bushman is preferable to them.

That Protestant professor of theology, in Germany, who says Our Saviour never lived among men, is simply acting under the spell of the Reformation. He is using his right to interpret the Bible as he sees fit.

Evangelist Booth, who is now in Montreal, N.B., is afraid that the Saviour is knocking for admission into some Protestant houses of prayer. At any rate, He is not within.

A Presbyterian minister in Pittsburgh has announced that, in future, he will perform the marriage service for no intending bridegroom, who has not an annual income of \$2000. His idea is that poverty is one of the main causes of divorce, and that less than \$2000 a year is poverty. The celibacy of the Catholic clergy would appear to be a corollary of the adoption of the eminent divine's principle.

Mr. M. J. Proulx, formerly alderman of Montreal, that is, before it became a city, says that prevaricators to the number of 1500 are in his old ward. Well, wasn't he once the representative of those good people? We are afraid that those who have been accustomed to utter falsehoods now speak the truth within them.

The prevalence of divorce, and the facility with which it is obtained in the United States, and in most of the European countries, is truly deplorable, and makes the ceremony of marriage beyond the

pale of the Church a very mockery. —Rev. A. A. Lambing (a convent.)

"Columba," of the Catholic Record, is becoming more popular each week. His paragraphs are breezy, instructive, and elevating. There is a lot of keen humor to his mind and pen. We like him because he is frankly Irish and winningly Catholic.

Bishop Grafton, Episcopalian Angel of Fond de Lac, Wisconsin, together with his organ, the Living Church, is sorely in straits over Baroness Vaughan's presence at Leopold's death. Now, why should good Bishop Grafton, or his paper, be dismayed, when they remember Henry VIII?

The Kingston, Ont., Canadian Churchman, an Anglican paper, has told its readers that, in Kansas, a Catholic priest and his whole congregation had submitted to Bishop Atwill, and joined the Episcopalians. The poor suspended priest in question never held any jurisdiction in Kansas, as Bishop Hogan declares, and his followers are simply a small squad of disgruntled schismatics. They knew whither to go!

"La loge des émancipés" is in the wildest despair. Their candidates for municipal honors are as cold as corpses, for the nonce! We do not want Combes and Clemenceau in this free country. And St. Martin, the Socialist, must understand by now that Montreal can get along without him. Who, in the name of goodness, gave him the ninety votes in St. Ann's Ward?

The ministers, a few, are against Sabbath newspapers. Those of the Lord's Day Alliance, at least. Then the Episcopalian bishop of Pittsburgh wants no daily papers during Lent at all! His clergy, to a man, say the familiar old words, "I shall not serve"! At any rate, as the preachers are everlastingly talking politics in their sermons, they ought to spare the dailies a little.

A staunch French Catholic, who signs himself J. de Pellicieux, wrote "Le Courrier des Etats-Unis" a letter condemnatory of Briand, Combes, & Co., Limited. True to its love, "Le Courrier" refused to publish the truth; but the valiant "La Vérité," of Quebec, gave M. de Pellicieux a hearty welcome to its columns. By the way, anybody who wants to buy good French books should write "La Propagande des Bons Livres, La Vérité, Quebec."

A Methodist minister in Chicago is in a terrible dilemma. A guilty prisoner in a moment of exuberant confidence trusted him with a secret. He has had an awful time keeping the darn thing. It is like a hornet in his pants' pocket. He thinks he ought to tell it. He has consulted three brother ministers and one bishop. They all advised him to hold on to it. But the public are clamorous and he is sometimes tempted to blab. We hope compunctious rogues will take pity on the persons in future and not burden them with their tales of sin. Think of this poor man's trouble and forbear.—Western Watchman.

The World Almanac still teaches that one of the Popes excommunicated Halley's Comet. Our readers will please remember the name of the Almanac. If you have to use it, why not drop the editors a line, and tell them you saw it in the True Witness? Of course, we, in no sense, desire to interfere with the kind of knowledge the good bigots of the United States want, or with their cousins in Canada.—Orange Sentinel, please copy.

Many cheap reformers—a few, at least—are out with criticism, in our cheapest publications, of the Catholic weeklies in general. Of course, it so happens that the reformers are

men who seem eternally chased by wasps, gnats, and dragon-flies. Their idea of a Catholic paper would be something in print with actresses' pictures on every page, and with writers who would be ashamed to profess their faith. As a set-off, we might tell the critics—and we can give names—that two of our leading newspaper authorities in Canada, both Protestants, admit that the English-speaking Catholic press throughout the United States and Canada is "a most formidable foe of lies in all shapes," and "a powerful rival of the Associated Press."

As far as Canada is concerned our Catholic papers are holding their own. A Catholic paper is willing to be as strong as the people are willing to make it. Critics of Catholic papers are generally fellows who have never written a line in defence of the faith within them. In fact, the product of their pen, beyond helping a stationer sell his ink, could have but little worth. There are generous men and women trying to help our paper along, in a thousand ways. The most intelligent men of every class are with us, and the fact that they are greatly encouraged us. Our Archbishop is willing to applaud our efforts; and, surely, that is enough to make up for the criticism of a thousand madmen.

THE DAILY WITNESS C<sup>T</sup> FAIRBANKS.

The pious Daily Witness got a chance of getting really angered, when it heard that Fairbanks was treated as any other bore like him would be treated, under conditions and circumstances similar. In its wrath, it says that Archbishop Ireland "used to be sensible"! But we suppose, according to the Craig street organ, he is no longer either wise or sane. We attribute to His Grace of St. Paul. If you should happen to visit Verdun or Longue Pointe Asylum, nearly any one of the inmates will call you a fool. It all depends from what viewpoint a person speaks.

Then the Daily Witness says that, before 1870, "a man dared not so much as carry a Bible into that city," meaning Rome. But is the editor of the Daily Witness a believer in fairies? We know that a certain "cheap" and false translation of the Bible is unworthy of even a Hottentot in quest of the truth. Hasn't the editor of the Daily Witness ever heard that the Rationalists of Germany—no friends of Catholicism—have denounced the translators of the English Protestant Bible as low falsifiers?

The Bible debarred from Rome? Huhbug! Ask the thousands of Presbyterians, Anglicans, and Methodists converted to the Church whether they found any obstacles in the way of Bible reading, once they joined the Church. Of course, we know that a thousand sects have been started through foolish interpretations of God's written Word. With the infamous records of Knox and his early Kirk, how dare his disciples talk tolerance and liberty? Now, we already—last week—dealt with the Fairbanks incident; but, for the benefit of the Daily Witness, we shall give here what the editor of another Liberal daily, the St. John, N.B., Star, has to say (a Protestant, too):

"United States papers are endeavoring, with only meagre success, to make a sensation of the Fairbanks incident in Rome. It appears that Senator Fairbanks asked to be received by the Pope. He no doubt fully understood the conditions upon which audiences of this nature are granted, yet in defiance of the customary arrangement he subsequently entered into an engagement which made his reception by the Pontiff an impossibility under the Vatican regulations. Naturally, and very generously, the intimation was given that if he carried out his intentions the papal audience would not be granted. Whereupon Senator Fairbanks, in a spectacular endeavor to impress upon the world the absolute freedom of a United States citizen and his entire independence of and disregard for the Catholic Church as well as for its ruler, decided to speak before the Methodist Assembly, which he promised to do after having secured permission to call upon the Pope.

"Apparently Mr. Fairbanks entertained the belief that Pope Pius would come running to him with an impassioned appeal not to persist in this determination, and not to shake the dust of Rome from his heels without first honoring the Vatican with his presence. And the fact that this course has not been adopted by the Church is a grievous disappointment to Mr. Fairbanks and to those who looked forward to bringing the Pope to his knees.

"Now the question arises, what will Roosevelt do? The ex-president whose love for the spectacular exceeded only by his desire for personal glorification will seek an audience at the Vatican, and will turn a deaf ear to those less eminent personages who may call upon him for a share of his attention. One thing which Mr. Roosevelt already knows and which Mr. Fair-

banks has found out, is that the Catholic Church is not running after chance visitors no matter how eminent they may believe themselves to be. Whatever differences of opinion may exist as to the attitude of the Catholic Church toward other denominations, it is recognized that the Vatican does not have to support itself by the patronage of United States senators or others."

AN ANGLICAN BISHOP ON LENT.

Many of our readers have heard of the pious and genial Right Rev. Dr. Richardson, Anglican Bishop of Fredericton, N.B. Those who know him well must admit his full claim to love and respect. Tired of the abandon into which the observance of Lent has fallen among the good people of the Church of England, but addressing himself directly to those under him, in the Anglican Church of New Brunswick, His Lordship speaks as follows:

My Dear Brethren of the Laity: With the approach of the Lenten season, there are two subjects upon which I wish to say something to you. The first is that of Lent itself, and its claims upon the church; and the second is that of our missionary work.

(1) What I have to say to you with reference to Lent is very simple. I want in this formal way to urge upon the church people of the diocese the duty and privilege of making Lent mean something real to them this year—something more real, perhaps, than it has ever meant to them before. You are well aware of what it ought to mean. There is little need for me to explain at any length its purpose. Nor need I take much time to defend so ancient a custom of the church: almost from the first days of Christianity, it was in some sense, an established institution; and by the end of the 7th century, or, as some think, even earlier, the observance of these forty days was almost universal. These are well known facts. Nor is there less certainty as to the purpose of the season. No one can read at all carefully the prayer book, and fail to see that the purpose of Lent is distinctly and definitely the deepening of the spiritual life by an unusual exercise of penitence, and prayer, and fasting. If defence of Lent were needed, it would be enough to point to the extent to which the Christian world at large has recognized the need of some recurring stimulus for the religious life. Whatever may be the cause, it is only too easy to lose the fervor of devotion. Beneath the smooth surface of religious practice, there is a dragging tide that tends to pull us down. Perhaps the extent to which most of us are taken up with the cares and responsibilities of daily life is the controlling cause. Perhaps the explanation must be found in that prevailing weakness of will and effort to which every one of us is heir. But, whatever the cause may be, the lowering is indisputable, and the religious world has everywhere united in its recognition, and agreed upon the necessity of some sort of special stimulus to overcome it. Such a stimulus, regular and reverent, has been found, and brought to its rich perfection, in the establishment of Lent; in the claims of God upon the human soul, and the fundamental facts of faith, are, with repeated emphasis, forced upon the hearts and minds of men.

Well, we can take all that for granted I suppose. In theory, at least, most of us are willing to subscribe to what I have been saying. It is inseparably bound up in the bundle of our churchmanship. But in point of practice, we are lamentably weak. It is one thing to accept Lent as a Christian institution; it is quite another thing to make it year by year a personal experience. We cannot conceive of the Christian year without these 40 days of Lent. It is to our minds one of the distinctive marks of Catholic Christianity, and nothing could induce us to surrender it. So much for our theory. But what about our practice? To what extent do the working principles of Lent form part of our religious life? One has only to look upon the diocese to find an answer. Penitence, prayer, and fasting—these are what I mean by the working principles of Lent. Are they conspicuously characteristic of our lives as churchmen, for these forty days? It is true that special services are held in almost every parish; but is it not also true that the congregations thereat are seldom satisfactory either in respect to numbers, or to their representative character. It is not too much, then to say that, on its positive side of penitence and prayer; Lent largely breaks down at the point of practice. It is an article of faith with us, but only to a limited extent a fact of our experience.

But Lent has its negative aspect also, and here, too, the outlook is very far from satisfactory. On every side there is indisputable evidence of laxity. It might, indeed, be said that the church's rule of fasting is much more honored in the breach than in the observance. Our failure in this direction is too flagrant and notorious to be even called in question. Yet the teaching of the church is emphatically clear upon the point. Right in the forefront of the prayer book, the church has placed her rule, that amongst the days of abstinence are to be observed "The Forty Days of Lent." And every Sunday we stand up and say that we "Believe in the Holy Catholic Church." Do we so believe? Yet the church bids us fast, and we fast not. Here, also, then, our Lent breaks down at the point of practice. We believe, but we do not obey.

And now, to bring this part of my letter to a close, I earnestly exhort

Owing to our publishing a very elaborate Eucharistic Congress Number, a special staff being presently at work upon it, we will not issue a SPECIAL St. Patrick's Day Number. But, our regular issue will be very interesting and brimful of original articles, bright sketches, attractive Irish stories, poetry and wit. It will be ready on Wednesday, March 16th, and may be obtained at 5c. per copy.

you to make much of the opportunities of Lent in penitence and prayer, and to put to one side for at least these forty days, those easy indulgences, that can become so real a peril to the soul. I do not want to enter into details now, but I should be doing less than my duty if I failed to say distinctly that card parties, and similar amusements of social life, ought to be left absolutely alone in Lent. They are quite contrary to the spirit of the sacred season, and should not, therefore, be engaged in by members of the church.

A TERRIBLE SUFFERER FOR THREE YEARS But Health Was Completely Restored by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Extreme anguish; pains in the joints that all but drive one crazy—thus may inflammatory rheumatism be described. The victims are to be pitied—to them life is one long torture; they suffer by day and cannot sleep by night. Such was the condition of Miss Alida Mercer, of Ottawa, Ont. For three years she was the victim of this trouble and found no relief till she began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She says: "For three years I was a sufferer from inflammatory rheumatism. During that time I consulted a doctor was treated by some of the best doctors in my city, but I found no relief in their treatment. I began to despair of ever being well again, when one day a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I procured three boxes, and by the time these were used there was enough improvement in my condition to encourage me to continue their use. Three more boxes completely cured me and to-day I am as well as ever I was. I always keep a supply of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the house and would recommend all who suffer as I did to give them a trial."

It was the new blood that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually made that restored Miss Mercer to health and strength. There is no medicine to equal them in making new blood and in this way they cure anaemia, rheumatism, heart palpitation, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance and many other troubles. Sold by all dealers in medicine, or direct at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Automatic Piety.

(Newark Monitor.) There are some Catholics who pride themselves on the fact that they never miss mass on Sunday, and yet their attendance at the sacred function can scarcely be characterized as anything else than automatic.

They rush from their homes on Sunday morning, hurrying along as they catch the peal of the mass bell from the distance, only to arrive at the church door as the congregation is rising from the reading of the gospel. They consume a few minutes in busying themselves about their personal comfort and by about the time they have fixed themselves comfortably, the Sanctus bell has rung. They have hardly caught sight of the altar yet; they turn distractedly from side to side, taking mental note of the millinery if they are women, and of what's under if they are men. Then comes the solemn hush of consecration. With head bowed they ejaculate a short prayer, mechanically strike their breast and the consecration over, the canon of the mass, with its intonations and secrecy and solemnity, is lost upon them. They can hardly hold the steeds of distraction plunging through their brain. Only one whose soul is anchored at the chalice appreciates the ebb and flow of that sacramental sea. There is so little to feed the senses—to satisfy the eye and to lull the ear in the mystic progress of the great sacrifice. It is so easy to

THE BEST FLOUR IS BRODIE'S Self Raising Flour Save the Bags for Premiums.

yield to distractions, so difficult to fix the soul on the wonderful mystery enacting. The little bell tinkles again—"Domine non sum dignus." A moment of suggested reverence, a reverence by the piety and attention of the congregation. The people in the rear of the church take their cue from those before them, bow their heads and bless themselves. The last gospel is spent in brushing the dust of kneeling from the clothing and the first rush toward the door bears with it generally those who have been the last to enter.

Is this picture overdrawn? Are not Catholics in every parish who assist at mass every Sunday in the year in this automatic, machine-like way? No preparation for the holy sacrifice—no composing of the mind, no lowering of the soul in anticipation of the ineffable mystery, no fervent sigh of the heart for the graces that flow from the mass, no thought of adoration for the King who descends. None of this. Just a mechanical presence; scarcely a consciousness of the Real Presence. And alas! with many this careless method has become a habit, an unconscious habit. Ask them have they heard mass, they will assure you that they never miss mass. They are perfectly satisfied with themselves. They are exponents of a modern brand of piety. They pay their ten cents for a sitting at the church door. It is a sort of "drop-a-ripple-in-the-slot" religion all the way through. Self-satisfied, hurried Americans! They must get to heaven by the express, and they gape as they go—a privilege of us Americans. But it is said that Catholics should not realize the holy sacrifice of the mass!

The Real Liver Pill.—A torpid Liver means a disordered system, mental depression, lassitude, and in the end, if care be not taken, a chronic state of debility. The very best medicine to arouse the liver to healthy action is Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. They are compounded of purely vegetable substances of careful selection and no other pills have their fine qualities. They do not gripe or pain and they are agreeable to the most sensitive stomach.

DIED. CLARK.—At Santa Cruz, California, on the 16th inst., after a lingering illness, Francis Peter (Frank) dearly beloved son of Mr. Hugh Clark, Champlain street, city. Interred at Santa Cruz.

A Corrector of Pulmonary Troubles.—Many testimonials could be presented showing the great efficacy of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil in curing disorders of the respiratory processes, but the best testimonial is experience and the Oil is recommended to all who suffer from these disorders with the certainty that they will find relief. It will allay inflammation in the bronchial tubes as no other preparation can.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS



CONDUCTED BY AUNT BETTY

I'LL NEVER MAKE MY MOTHER SHED A TEAR.

(By a Sister of Mercy.)

A group of little boys in sport one day were gathered in a pleasant, shady field.

"I'd like to stay, but then I must not yield. My mother waits for my return, you know; but though I have no punishment to fear I would not disobey her for the world, I'll never make my mother shed a tear."

The Cat and the Monkey.

Once upon a time a cat and a monkey lived in the same family. One day as they were talking together, they saw some chestnuts roasting in a hot fire. The monkey said: "There, my friend, is an excellent dinner for us. It is a good thing that you have such fine paws. No animal in the world has paws so well adapted for getting chestnuts out of the fire. I am always ashamed of my clumsy claws. You use your paws so gracefully I love to watch you. Hurry and pull out the nuts and you shall have half of them."

Stingy Davy.

Davy was a pretty little boy. He had light curly hair, dark blue eyes, and rosy cheeks. But he was very stingy. He did not like to share anything with his little brothers and sister. One day he went into the kitchen, where his mother was at work, and saw on the table a saucer of jelly.

"O, Davy," said Fannie, running into the barnyard, "where have you been this long time? We looked everywhere for you." "What did you want?" asked Davy, thinking that of course his sister would say that she wanted him to share the jelly with her.

The Baby's Rosary.

(By Eleanor O. Donnelly.) Before our Lady's shrine she kneit, Our little blue-eyed girl, Enwreathed about her rosy face With many a golden curl, And in her dimpled hand she held A rosary of pearl.

Willie's World.

Willie went up the steps with lagging feet; he dreaded to meet his mother. He remembered his Cousin Lucy Foster was to spend the day there, and he frowned. He usually enjoyed Miss Foster's stories, but they had no attraction for him then. He hoped to slip upstairs unnoticed, but his mother heard the front door close.

from room to room, striking different objects with his riding whip, suddenly he hit the parlor table, and a beautiful vase fell to the floor with a crash. He rushed into the library, and sat down in his father's arm-chair, and began to cry. He fell asleep, and the next thing he knew there were voices in the parlor.

The Lesson Marcella Learned.

"You look strong and good-tempered," said Mrs. Kennard, glancing at Marcella over her shoulder. There was something oddly impersonal in the look, as if the young girl had been a piece of furniture whose purchase Mrs. Kennard was not accustomed to scrutiny of this sort, flushed.

HEART CRUCIFIED.

I love Thee, God, amid the city's sighing, I love Thee in the solemn watch of night, I love Thee, Lord, when weary day is dying, And Nature fades in silence from my sight.

LET YOUR THOUGHTS BE FAIR.

I hold it true that thoughts are things Endowed with bodies, breath and wings, And that we send them forth to fill The world with good results or ill.

POET'S CORNER

At the end of one trying day, and laid her hand on the girl's arm. "It has been hard, I know. But it won't be for long. She isn't as nervous as this very often."

Marcella turned over and put her fingers in her ears. It was none of her business. She was not a nurse. She had been hired to be the companion.

One night Marcella said to her mother, "I went there to do what I was paid for. Now I don't think of the pay, but do what I know I should—I with my strength and freedom from pain. It is better when we give without measuring."

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP

Is A Remedy Without An Equal For COUGHS, COLDS, AND All Affections Of The THROAT AND LUNGS. Coughs and Colds do not call for a minute recital of symptoms as they are known to everyone, but their dangers are not understood so well.

I AM THE WAY—THE TRUTH—THE LIFE.

Art Lost? I am the Way That leads aright The sore and weary feet Of those who stray In darkest night Of sin. Their Saviour sweet Am I. Come back—I thee entreat.

Book Review.

"The Wonders of the Universe," by Jas. L. Meagher, D.D., from the Christian Press Association, 26 Barclay street, New York. Cloth bound; Price, \$1.00; postage ten cents extra, 521 pp., with admirable index to contents.

Had Weak Back.

Wants are disfigurements that disappear when treated with Holloway's Corn Cure. I shall pass through this world but once. Any good thing, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer it nor neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.

Advertisement for Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, describing its benefits for coughs, colds, and throat and lung affections.

Advertisement for St. George's Baking Powder, featuring an illustration of a man and a woman, and text describing its quality and availability.

Advertisement for Doan's Kidney Pills, including a testimonial from a man who suffered from a weak back and kidney issues, and a list of symptoms treated by the pills.

**WOOD'S NORWAY SYRUP**  
 Remedy Without Analgesic For COUGHS, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE BRONCHIAL TUBES, AND OF THE LUNGS.

It is only natural that colds and coughs should not call for any special remedies, but their dangers are not so well known. All the most serious affections of the throat, the bronchial tubes, are, in the beginning, colds.

Stress cannot be laid upon the fact that all persons affected by the earlier stages of throat and lung trouble to take hold at once will find relief in the use of the remarkable remedy of "Consumption."

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**George's Cough Powder**

It is astonishing the way it makes lighter, softer-grained biscuits and any other they ever had for our new Cook-Book—free.

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It is the enclosed Bickle's Anti-syrup, and when the use are considered, by many persons who it in stopping coughs and colds, it is more kept in the house it is, and it has no equal remedy. If you have to go at once.

Needs, my child, and pattern; it will come and-by." Life is like and at a time taken the pattern will come like the embroidery—Holmes.

Figments that disre-ated with Hollo-

through this world but good thing, therefore, or any kindness that any human being, let me not defer it for I shall not pass

**Weak Back.**

A Life in Bed For a Horribly Ailing To Herself.

Black Point, N.B., I was troubled with sometimes I have lain in bed scarcely able to turn have also been a great trying to perform my I had doctors attend-rail and tried liniments nothing seemed to do was about to give up to Pills, and after using well and able to do-itive Doan's Kidney claim for them, and I kidney sufferers to give

Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food.

**The Creamery Girl.**

The Creamery Girl, as Michael Kilrush had learned to call her, going to the road to Curraclough Creamery of a May morning was fresh as a May daisy and sweet as a May blossom. She was dressed all in cool, clean prints, blue as her eyes or pink as her cheeks. With a sunbonnet a-top of her head, shining hair and little brogans on her feet, with blue worsted stockings knitted by her own clever hands, she was as pretty as a picture.

Even Michael Kilrush, the hard-headed, shrewd, practical "strong" farmer—a "strong" farmer being in Ireland a prosperous one—found the neat figure uncommonly pleasant when he passed it two or three times a week in the early morning, he being on his way to fair or market, while she was in the creamery to receive the milk as it came in and to pour it into wide shallow pans on the dairy shelves.

"That 'ud be the girl for my money," the old fellow said to himself one morning, his set mouth relaxing from its grimace. "If it was to be the like of her now, and not that girl that went to America in the spring, that madam of a sort of mine was to be after lookin' to marry."

It was on the morning when the Creamery Girl had taken a store out of the mare's foot for old Michael. Michael always drove a rather antiquated jaunting car, but the mare had a bit of blood in her, and although she was old could yet show a clean pair of heels to her younger rivals.

It was in the first golden hours of the day, with the dewdrops glistening on all the wet grass blades, and Michael, in a great hurry to Tully-brackey Fair, where he had a few bullocks to sell, was fuming when he tried to hammer the stone out with another picked up on the road.

"Is it a stone she's got in the hoof of her, the creature?" asked Michael, standing upright, his face very red from his exertion, and staring at the Creamery Girl, who this morning was attired in a lilac print, prettier even than the blue and pink ones, though Michael had thought they could not be improved upon.

"She has," he said, "an I on the way to the fair. Sorra a bit of me can stir the old stone. What am I to do at all, at all?"

"Let me," said the girl.

"Is it you," said Michael, with rough gallantry. "What would a little girl like you know about how to take a stone from a horse's hoof?"

Whisking her lilac skirt aside, revealing a stout linen pocket suspended from her waist under her skirt, she felt among its contents for what she wanted, and brought out a penknife, which seemed to have many uses besides the ordinary one. She opened something which revealed itself as a kind of hook. Stooping down, she lifted the mare's foot and looked into it. Old Michael stared in amazement. The mare did not usually permit liberties to be taken with her by strangers. Then with a deft twist of the little instrument she stoned the hoof.

She put down the foot gently, and slipped the knife into her pocket again. Old Michael looked at her in wonder and delight. He had never seen her so close before. She was wonderfully bright and shining, her skin of a satin smoothness of texture and the waves of hair under her bonnet and about her ears like yellow silk.

"Is the clever little girl you are," he said, "and it's a very nice contrivance you have in that knife of yours."

"'Tis nothing," she said. "'Twas bought for me in Limerick."

"'Twas a rare box of tools you had in it," said Michael. "An' now, my girl, suppose you get up the other side of the car, an' I'll have you at the creamery gates in no time. 'Tis wetter'n your feet you'll be crossin' the fields."

"'Tis very kind of you, sir," said the girl, without hesitation, pulling down the other side of the car and stepping up on it lightly.

"I'll give you a lift any time at all I'll be comin' this way," said Michael. "'Tis a bit of a walk across the fields an' a heavy dew most mornings."

"Thank you kindly, Mr. Kilrush," said the girl.

"So you know my name, acushla?" "Doesn't every one know Mr. Kilrush?" said the girl, with an air of innocent audacity.

Michael did not object to the flattery. It was true that he was well known and well respected, a man who had a good balance at the bank besides shares in this or that company, and had plenty of gear as well as money. His long low white house with the stock-yard behind it was a comfortable sight. He had eight horses for his farm-work, plenty of cattle and sheep and pigs. All his fortune he had made with his own hands and head. And to think that that foolish foolish boy of his had wanted to bring home a girl from a bankrupt family, and had threatened to go away out of it to America after her! He was getting over it, the father thought, though at first he had been sulky and rebellious. As though the man who made the money hadn't a right to a word in it, the ultimate disposal! Still, he was glad Con was getting over it. They had been everything to each other since the mother died. If the boy would only take a fancy to a

dle with cakes baking on the fire, and an elderly woman was ironing some of Nora's print frocks. Nora herself was at the churn, an old-fashioned churn in which one worked the dash up and down. Her arms were bare to the elbow, and her hands wet with the milk. She was as sweet and fresh in her enveloping apron of brown holland as she had been when she tripped along the road to the creamery.

Her face lighted up with pleasure when she saw him. She nodded and smiled her welcome, while the elderly woman came forward and set him a chair.

"The butter's just coming," said Nora. "I daren't leave it."

He came and took the dash from her for luck. "Iest the butter should fly away." She gave a few whispered orders to the elderly woman, who laid her iron aside and moved the griddle a little on the fire.

Michael Kilrush, having relinquished the dash, sat down in his chair by the sunny half-door, and filled his pipe. He was mentally approving. If she had left the churn now she wouldn't have been the girl for his money.

He sat and talked while the churn dash gradually eased off. He looked on while Nora took the butter off the church, carrying it away into an inner room which he took to be the dairy. He was mentally contrasting it all with his own uncaired for establishment, left to the tender mercies of a slatternly hussy. The scents struck even his uncritical nostrils: the sweet sharp smell of the clove gillyflowers outside, mingled with the smell of the cream and the fresh buttermilk, the browning cakes on the griddle, the warm smell of ironing. At home the hers would be doing at the kitchen, and the pigs wandering unpleasantly near the door.

The elderly woman came in with a freshly-killed chicken, and proceeded to take the feathers off by the simple process of passing the bird over the red cinders. He escaped from the smell of the burning feathers into the little parlor beyond the kitchen, where Nora, having worked the butter, was now free to entertain him. She had pulled down her sleeves, and wore the peculiarly clean, shining look which was so characteristic of her. While she talked to him she spread a cloth on the table, and set out knives and forks and glasses with a civilization that Michael Kilrush had known little of at home.

While she talked he gazed about the room. It was very old-fashioned, but very pleasant. The spotted mirror above the mantel, the few carvings, the corner cupboard for china and glass, the big horsehair sofa, the carpet with its sprawling bunches of cabbage roses, were such as might be seen in many best parlors of Irish farmhouses. But there was something added here—perhaps it was the flowers within and without, perhaps it was the window in its deep frame, perhaps the perfect cleanliness. Or—Nora herself.

Michael Kilrush sat to such a meal, daintily served, as he had not eaten for many a day—perhaps never before. It was not the chicken cooked before it has time to get cold; it was not the stewed gooseberries and cream; nor the whiskey and water which Nora prepared for him with a miraculous understanding of his liking. No, it was just the colleen herself. As he sat smoking his pipe afterward he acknowledged to himself that she had put the "comether" entirely upon him. He wanted to see her, sitting "foremst" him as she was doing to-day all his days—as his daughter, Con's wife.

It might be an unchancy old place, but Nora had banished all the ghosts out of it. She showed him how the door opened just inside the tower, and following her up the winding staircase, he looked into her room—a dainty girl's room, such as he had never seen before. He had always wanted a daughter.

Later on he was introduced to Nora's brother, a wise youth, although in years he was only a boy. He discussed the farming with old Michael Kilrush on more than equal terms. Old Michael smiled grimly at the freckled, red-headed boy de-

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**Could Not Sleep In The Dark.**  
 Doctor Said Heart and Nerves Were Responsible.  
 There is many a man and woman tossing night after night upon a sleepless bed. Their eyes do not close in the sweet and refreshing repose that comes to those whose heart and nerves are right. Some constitutional disturbances, worry or disease has so debilitated and irritated the nervous system, that it cannot be quieted.  
 Mrs. Calvin Stark, Rossmore, Ont., writes—"About two years ago I began to be troubled with a smothering sensation at night, when I would lie down, I got so bad I could not sleep in the dark, and would have to sit up and rub my limbs, they would become so numb. My doctor said my heart and nerves were responsible. I saw Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills advertised and got a box to try them. I took three boxes and now I sleep in the dark without the slightest disturbance and can rest well. I can recommend them highly to all nervous and sleepless women."  
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There is no guess work, no experimenting with this treatment. Every dose is bound to do you a certain amount of good.

Mrs. John Boutilier, 168 Morris street, Halifax, N.S., writes: "My daughter was very weak and nervous and had severe headaches as a result of confinement at school. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has fully restored her health."

The portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author, are on every box of the genuine. 50 cents at all dealers or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

**Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food.**

rid the old ways of farming, and wondered how it was at all they weren't all broke out of it. Ah, well, thought old Michael, he'd learn, he'd learn; and yet the boy had his head screwed on the right way. He showed some of the results of his farming, and Michael Kilrush saw that they were good.

He drove home thoughtfully, so thoughtfully that he passed by more than one old friend and neighbor, who wondered if the age was coming on Michael at last, or what at all he was up to.

He said very little to Con when he got home. They ate the comfortable evening meal, and though he had never thought of such a thing before, he could not help contrasting the dirty, slovenly table with the one at Cromwell's Fort.

Afterward, when Judy Kelly had put her shawl over her head and departed, they sat together by the light of a dirty lamp, which smelled of sheep oil. The last light was dying off the sky. It would soon be time for them to be going to bed.

Con brought out a paper from his pocket.

"Would you like me to read to you, father?"

"Not to-night, Con. Let us step outside for a breath of air. Turn out the lamp—what at all good is it except to show you the misery of this old kitchen?"

Con stared, as well he might, at this new fastidiousness of his father. He turned down the lamp obediently, and followed the old man out into the boreen.

At a gate leading into the fields they stopped, leaning their elbows on the top bar.

"Con, acushla," said Michael. His voice had a strange sound of wheedling almost. Con could not see his face for the dusk. "Con, acushla, I was hard on you in regard to the girl you wanted to marry last year."

"You were," said Con, shortly.

"'Twas for your good, my son. She wasn't the wife for you. Sure I'd do anything I could if the girl was the right girl."

Con was silent.

"Sure I'd be only too willing for you to bring home a wife," the old man went on. "Aren't we lonesome and desolate, the two of us, with only that dirty Judy to do for us. Con, I've seen the very little girl I make you happy—and me, too. Her name is . . ."

"I won't have my match made," said Con, sulkily.

"Wait 'til you see her," the old man went on patiently. "You might be puttin' on your new suit o' clothes, an' the blue tie, and we'll drive over to-morrow."

"I tell you I won't have my match made," said Con, fiercely.

"Who was talkin' o' match-makin'?" I only want you to see the little girl. Her name is—'tis a rare chance, to be sure—the name of the girl you were so took up with—Nora Gillespie. They're from the same part of the country. There do be a good many Gillespies over there. She's only has her brother, Bill. Cor: the comin' of him! They've got Cromwell's Fort beyond at Tullybrackey, an' betwixt 'tis the name little place they've made of it. I'm as sure as my soul that 'tis the greatest of comfort we'd have in it."

He was talking by way of smoothing over Con's irritation, hoping to get him to see Nora. If the boy would only see her, 'tisn't much he'd be thinkin' of the unlucky name-sake of hers. He had his heart set on the match—a wife like that would be better than money.

"Father," said Con, in a low voice, "I didn't mean to deceive you, but . . . Nora didn't go to America, at all, at all. She and Bill thought they'd stand by the old country. They were the steady ones. I didn't know that you knew her. Sure she wouldn't let me come to see her, though I knew she was only eight miles away. 'Twas better than America, at all counts. She said you'd come round, and that she wasn't going to have a hole and corner courtin'. She's the proudest little girl."

"An' the best, an' the purest, an' the seneschal between the four seas of Ireland," said Michael Kilrush with what was almost a sob of joy. "Sure, I've been courtin' for ye, my boy, these six or seven weeks past. She was learnin' more than the dairy-work, God bless her; she was learnin' a cross, obstinate old man to love her."

Con Kilrush was no great scholar to be hurt by this use of a passive verb for an active verb. He was satisfied with what it conveyed.—Katharine Tynan, in Benzigers.

Young Husband (helping himself a second time).—Bertha, where did you learn to scramble eggs like this?

Young Wife.—Oh, George, that's a shrimp salad!

There is a love that has faith in you.— Let the world say what it will.— That hopes and endures and is strong for you. With a strength that no hurt can kill.

Local and Diocesan News.

FORTY HOURS' DEVOTION.—Monday, Feb. 28.—St. Anne de Bout de l'Île. Wednesday, March 2.—St. Dorothée. Friday, March 4.—St. Irene. Sunday, March 6.—St. Jean Baptiste.

ST. MICHAEL'S MISSION.—The missions at St. Michael's parish will open on Sunday, March 6th, at 10 o'clock for the men and at half past seven in the evening for the women. The exercises will be conducted by the Rev. Jesuit Fathers Connolly and Nash.

REV. SISTER MARIE ANSELME DEAD.—On Sunday last the death took place at the convent of the Sisters of Jesus and Mary, Hochelaga, of Rev. Sister Marie Anselme, at the age of 74 years and 8 months, and in the fiftieth year of her religious life. The funeral took place on Tuesday morning in the convent chapel. R.I.P.

SUCCESSFUL WINNERS.—The last euvre held in St. Michael's School Hall on Feb. 8 was the most successful of the year. The lady prize winners were Mrs. P. Murphy, Mrs. Séeds, Mrs. D. F. Foley and Miss Smith. The gentlemen prize winners were Mr. F. Meagher, Mr. Haginson, Mr. Johnson and Mr. F. Mooney. The number of the ticket winning the special prize will be published in St. Michael's next Sunday evening, after the drawing service.

RESOLUTION OF CONDOLENCE.—Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God, in His infinite goodness, to remove from our midst by the hand of death, E. J. O'Keefe, brother of our esteemed Brother, John O'Keefe, who entered into spiritual life January 1910. Be it therefore resolved, that a copy of this resolution be placed on the files of Division No. 3, A.O.H., and that furthermore, be it resolved, that a copy of this resolution be sent to The True Witness for publication.

THOMAS O'CONNELL, MARTIN J. BROGAN, MICHAEL FOGARTY, jr. Committee on Resolution.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY PROCESSION.—A very largely attended meeting of delegates of the Irish societies at St. Patrick's Hall on Tuesday evening testified to the interest being taken in the St. Patrick's Day celebration. Rev. Gerald McShane, pastor, presided. The following committees were formed: Decoration—Messrs. M. J. Walsh, M.L.A., Bernard Tansey, John Killoran, Thos. Conroy, W. Tracey, J. O'Brien and John Tucker. Press Committee—Messrs. J. C. Walsh, Thos. M. Tansey, F. J. Cahill, Jos. McDonagh, Thos. Lonergan, H. Davis and M. Hugh. Pontifical High Mass will take place at St. Patrick's Church, His Grace Mgr. Paul Bruchesi officiating while the sermon of the day will be preached by the Rev. Raymond Walsh, Dominican, of Dublin.

ST. JOSEPH'S HOME.—The funds of this struggling institution have been increased since last accounts with the following amounts most gratefully received and applied to the payment of the few debts incurred by the high cost of living. Mr. W. P. O'Brien, twenty dollars, Rev. Canon O'Meara, Rev. Father Drophy, and Mr. Mulhollin, five dollars each; Mrs. J. Ryan, four dollars; a friend, a dollar and a half; Mrs. Divine, Mrs. W. Ryan and Mr. T. McArthur, one dollar each. Another benefactor has disappeared during the week, but will not be forgotten in the masses and prayers of all concerned. Mr. Charles Helms, of Quebec, for many years interpreter for the immigrants from all parts of Europe, passed away to the reward promised to generous, loving servants of God. May his dear soul rest in peace!

RESOLUTION OF CONDOLENCE.—At a regular meeting of St. Ann's Conference, St. Vincent de Paul Society, the following resolution was unanimously adopted: Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom, to remove from this life Mr. James Gallery, brother of Mr. John Gallery, member of this Conference; Resolved, that the members of this conference extend to Mr. John Gallery and family their sincere sympathy in their sad bereavement, and pray that God may give them grace and strength to bear their loss with Christian fortitude and resignation to His Divine Will. It was further resolved that this resolution be spread on the minutes of this meeting, and a copy be sent to Mr. John Gallery and be published in The True Witness.

JOHN KILLORAN, President. DENIS BAXTER, Secretary.

IMPORTANT MEETING AT ST. ANTHONY'S.—After Grand Mass on Sunday last, a meeting of the men of St. Anthony's parish was held in the basement hall, for the purpose of hearing the report of the delegates appointed to the meeting of the Inter-Parochial Association. The attendance was large. Mr. T. J. O'Neill, on behalf of the delegates, gave a detailed report of all the meetings held, since the amalgamation of the parishes, with the names of the officers elected, the respective parishes they represent, and the number of delegates from

each. The report was considered satisfactory and approved by the meeting. Up to the present St. Anthony's parish had only three delegates on the board. Mr. Thos. Guerin and Mr. P. T. Hoobin were then appointed, making in all five delegates to the meetings of the Inter-Parochial Association, which is composed of all the English-speaking parishes of the city and district of Montreal.

DEATH OF SULPICIAN.—The Rev. Joseph St. Jean, S.S., chaplain to the Grey Nuns, Guy street, died on Monday morning last after an illness extending over two months, and which necessitated an operation. Father St. Jean had friends without number among the clergy, as well as among the laity, and his former students at the Montreal College always retained a very happy souvenir of him.

After making a classical course, he studied theology at the Grand Seminary, then went to the Seminary of Ivry, Paris, where he spent two years. He then returned to the College where he was in turn professor of Latin, Prefect of Studies, and Master of Discipline.

Some four years ago he was appointed chaplain to the Sisters of the Hotel Dieu, and last year was named as chaplain to the Grey Nuns. On Tuesday morning at 6.30 o'clock a solemn requiem was celebrated in the chapel of the Hotel Dieu, and yesterday morning his obsequies took place at Notre Dame Church. May he rest in peace.

A.O.H., BOARD OF ERIN. PASS RESOLUTIONS.—The great strides recently made by the three branches of the A.O.H., Board of Erin, were considered at a recent meeting of the County Board, held in St. Mary's Hall. Brother J. A. Heffernan occupied the chair, and was supported by Bros. D. Gallery, G. Dorohoe, D. O'Sullivan, J. Kennedy, J. Foley, J. Hughes and several others. The question of assisting in the coming St. Patrick's Day demonstration was discussed, several members offering their views. Much satisfaction was felt by all present when it was announced that a distinguished missionary would at an early date deliver a lecture to the members of their organization. The following resolution of condolence to Mr. Gallery was carried in silence: "That we, the members of the County Board of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, Board of Erin, deeply regret the loss Mr. Daniel Gallery has sustained by the death of his brother, and join with our fellow countrymen throughout the city in tendering him our sincere sympathy."

Do it Now.—Disorders of the digestive apparatus should be dealt with at once before complications arise that may be difficult to cope with. The surest remedy to this end and one that is within the reach of all, is Parmalee's Vegetable Pills, the best laxative and sedative on the market. Do not delay, but try them now. One trial will convince anyone that they are the best stomach regulator that can be got.

OBITUARY.

MRS. JOHN McCALL. The funeral of Mrs. John McCall took place on Monday morning, Feb. 15, from her late residence, 333 LaVal avenue, to St. Agnes Church, and thence to Cote des Neiges Cemetery, and was largely attended by relatives and friends of the family deceased. The requiem mass was sung by Father McDonald, assisted by Fathers McCrory and McDonough. Mrs. McCall, whose maiden name was Margaret O'Sullivan, was a native of Castlemain, Kerry, Ireland, but she had been a resident of this city for fifty years. She leaves a husband, son and two daughters to mourn their loss.

MR. J. J. KEATING. Much regret has been expressed upon the death of Mr. J. J. Keating, who up to a few years ago conducted a grocery business at the corner of Blouery and Ontario streets. The deceased was well and favorably known amongst a large circle of friends who testified to their esteem and sympathy by numerous floral and spiritual offerings. The late Mr. Keating was a member of Branch 26, C.M.B.A., and was considered amongst its veteran members. The funeral took place to St. Patrick's Church and was largely attended. The True Witness offers to Mrs. Keating and family the assurance of its sympathy in their great loss.

MR. FRANK CLARK. News of the death of Mr. Frank Clark, son of Mr. Hugh Clark, of this city, which occurred at Santa Cruz, California, the home of the deceased, has been received, Mr.

Clark having died on the 16th inst. after a lingering illness. The deceased was well known among the younger members of the population, having resided here for some years previous to going to Alaska in 1898, where he remained for six years. Coming south, he lived in Vancouver for some time, subsequently settling in California, where he has since resided.

In 1905 he married Miss Maude Grass, of Reno, Nevada, who, with two children, survive him. Mr. Clark was a brother of Mr. M. F. Clark, who has been a generous contributor to the columns of the True Witness.

The funeral, which was held at Santa Cruz, took place from his late residence on Windham ave., to Holy Cross Church, where High Mass was celebrated by Rev. John Prenderville. Interment took place at the Catholic cemetery. The True Witness extends its sincere sympathy to Mr. Hugh Clark, as well as to Mr. M. F. Clark and the other members of the family. R. I. P.

A VOICE FROM NOVA SCOTIA

States that Dodd's Kidney Pills Surely Cure Bright's Disease.

Ellie J. Mirk Suffered from this Terrible Ailment for Four Years, but Dodd's Kidney Pills Made Her a Well Woman.

Miscou Harbor, Gloucester Co., N. S., Feb. 21.—(Special.)—That any remedy that will cure Bright's Disease will cure any form of kidney disease has long been admitted by the medical profession, and this place furnishes one more undoubted proof that Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure Bright's Disease. For Ellie J. Mirk, well known here, had Bright's Disease, and Dodd's Kidney Pills cured her.

"I suffered for over four years from Bright's Disease, which developed into Bright's Disease," Miss Mirk states. "I had pains in head and back and stiffness of the joints. I lost my appetite and suffered from dizziness and shortness of breath. I was weak and languid all the time. I was always nervous and could not keep my thoughts from wandering. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me. To-day I have not one of these distressing symptoms."

The Daily Witness and Fairbanks

(Continued from Page 1.)

their neighbor? b. Could bigots—not the overwhelming honest Protestant majority—say that the religious do not observe their rule of poverty without lying? c. Could Protestantism force its preachers to observe celibacy? d. Where are the Protestant Francis of Assisium, Vincent de Paul, Francis Xavier, Dom Bosco, Saint De La Salle, Ignatius of Loyola? e. What countries did Protestantism ever civilize? Who conquered the Indian tribes of America with the Cross and Gospel? Who civilized the savages of our Northwest, and thus made it possible for John Bull to make money on our plains? f. Who took Christianity away from the schools in which the children of the poor are taught? g. Why is it that the poor have forsaken the Protestant churches? h. What answer has Protestantism tried to give to social unrest? i. Why are there forty millions of unenriched Protestants in the United States? j. Who evangelized savage peoples with garbled bibles and axes? k. Who gave opium to the Chinese and whiskey to the Mohawks? l. What ideals gave us the slums of London, New York, Liverpool and Glasgow, etc.? m. The evidence offered by the founder of the truth of his mission was that to the poor the good news was preached. That sounds something like a Mahometan preaching Baptism.

A few facts and questions: a. Does the Daily Witness know that the Catholic Church has tens of thousands of charitable institutions all over the world? b. Let the Witness remember that it was St. De La Salle, the founder of the Christian Brothers, who gave us our public school system. c. Where are the Protestant Sisters of Charity? Where is the Protestant Father Damien among lepers? Where is the Protestant Father Lacombe among the Indians? d. Did the Puritans of England not try to deprive the people of education? e. What Church obliges its ministers to risk their lives amidst pestilence? f. Why did bigots rejoice when pure and tender nuns were banished from their homes and the land of their birth, by such earth-demons as Combes and Clemenceau? g. Why are the nine-tenths of anarchists at home to do their ugly work in non-Catholic countries? h. What Church civilized Europe? What Church civilized North and Central and South America? What

The Catholic Church.

"Outside the Church There is No Salvation"—Bishop Foley Fully Explains the Meaning of the Words.

This week, instead of publishing the next article of our series, we are giving our readers Bishop Foley's pastoral, which deals with an everlasting topic of defence and explanation. In three or four weeks we shall treat the same question as the Bishop handles. Let us hope that we shall help to settle the matter at issue for at least a few minds in doubt. Bishop Foley's pastoral is opportune and our readers will derive a great benefit from it.

Moved by a communication which he had received from "A Poor Protestant," who asked whether the Church taught "that Protestants would stand no chance of going to heaven, or that God created them to be damned," Bishop Foley, of the ancient Diocese of Kildare and Leighlin, Ireland, selected as the particular topic of a recent Lenten pastoral the doctrine which is summed up in the formula: "Outside of the Church there is no salvation." Since there is hardly any other dogma of the Catholic faith which lends itself so readily to misinterpretation, or which is so calculated to prejudice inquirers against the claims of the Church, Bishop Foley's lucid explanation is of permanent value. He writes:

"Looking out upon the world and realizing the enormous number of human beings who have never even heard of Christ, we cannot be surprised if many earnest inquirers are repelled by the apparent harshness and intolerance of this great truth of Catholic belief. Seeing that fully two-thirds of the human race are not even nominally Christians, and that nearly one-half of the remaining third is outside of the fold of Christ, we are asked by outsiders to believe that this dogma, which, it is said, dooms five-sixths of the human race to everlasting damnation, is absolutely incredible in itself, as well as in hopeless conflict with the well known will of God that 'all men should be saved and come to the knowledge of the truth.'"

"What obligations, then, do we conceive to be implied in the words of the catechism that 'no one can be saved out of the Catholic Church?' Are we bound by this doctrine to believe that there can be no hope of salvation for those who have not been baptized, have lived all their lives outside the Catholic Church? Every instructed Catholic knows that we are bound to believe nothing of the kind. We are all familiar with the axiom that Almighty God refuses His grace to no man who makes the best use he can of the facilities afforded him.

"It is well known," writes Pius IX. "that those who labor under invincible ignorance with respect to our most holy religion, and who, carefully observing the natural law, imprinted by God on their hearts, live an upright life, may through the operation of divine grace attain eternal life, since God, of His great goodness and mercy, never allows any one to be consigned to eternal punishment who has not been guilty of grievous sin. But," the Pontiff adds, "the dogma is also well known which declares that outside the Catholic Church no one can be saved." In what sense, then, can it be truly said that some of those who are inculpably ignorant of her claims are to a certain extent inside the Church of Christ?

"In a real sense of the words, and speaking of things as they are in the eyes of God, we truly say that all who are in the state of grace, whether they have been baptized or not, are inside the Church. Like her Divine Founder, the Church is composed of two elements—the one material, visible and of itself natural, and this we call the body; the other spiritual, invisible and supernatural, which we call the soul. We may belong to the soul of the Church and not belong to the body; and we may be a member of the body without belonging to the soul.

Church's missionaries are making J. Bull's rule possible in India? But what mercenaries are hatching all the mischief in the foreign field? Not the Catholic missionaries in this last case. i. Are not the parliaments of the world, with the British, modelled after the Canon Law of the Church? Who gave England its great charter of liberties? Was John Lacland not an enemy of the pope? j. Why do the Rationalists of Germany scoff at Protestantism, while they respect their strong foe, Catholicism? k. Who made the negro a slave? Who burnt the homes of the Boers? Who slaughtered the nuns and priests of Ireland? What form of Christianity has given the world its false economic conditions of to-day? l. What does the Witness mean by referring indirectly to the Gospel, when it knows that thousands of preachers no longer respect it or admit the divinity of Christ? m. To Catholic converts defame Protestants? n. We want peace with our Protestant friends. We want peace, but we are willing to fight if we are forced to do so. A raven of the north which the Daily Witness defends ought to be ashamed to speak of the

All men are bound to belong to the soul of the Church as a matter of indispensable necessity, but membership of the body is a matter of divine precept, from the observance of which one may be excused, but only by impossibility or culpable ignorance. There is only one condition necessary in order to belong to the soul of the Church, and it is to be in the state of grace. Any one who is outside the Church in the sense that the guilt of mortal sin is on his soul can have no hope of salvation as long as he remains in that state. There is nothing harsh or extreme or intolerant about this doctrine, for it is nothing more than the well known Scriptural teaching that for the unrepentant sinner, as such, there is and there can be no hope of pardon.

"To the question: Are all obliged by divine precept to belong to the true Church? the children in our Catholic schools are taught to confidently reply: 'Yes, and no one can be saved out of it.' But, strange as it may sound, there is no Church which has even a shadow of a claim to be regarded as Christian that would not give the same answer. The various denominations differ fundamentally from the Catholic Church on many things; they differ hopelessly from her and from one another upon the claims of the several churches to be regarded as the true Church of Christ, but they all agree in declaring that our Divine Lord laid a divine precept upon them obliging them to belong to His Church. There is no room for any disagreement upon that point, as we may see by looking to the Sacred Scriptures or to the fathers and councils of the Church. . . ."

"It is evident, then, that as a matter of plain fact our Divine Lord has laid a grave obligation on men to become incorporated into His mystical body by baptism and to be faithful to the duties which Church membership involves. "Many are invincibly ignorant of the existence of any dogma of the knowledge is confined to what is necessary to be believed, independently of every precept. Others, whilst recognizing this divine precept, find it impossible to make out what it is that constitutes membership, or which of the various churches that claim their allegiance is the true Church of Christ. Many allow themselves to be persuaded that the fact of their having been born and reared in a certain religious denomination is sufficient evidence of the will of God in their regard. They will tell you that one religion is as good as another; that it makes little difference to what religion a man belongs if he lives an upright life; that Almighty God will not hold a man responsible for what he believes, but for what he does; that, besides Catholicism, there are other legitimate forms of Christian religion, and that separation from the Catholic Church is therefore no obstacle to salvation. "It is not indeed for us Catholics to prematurely pronounce sentence of damnation upon any one who dies outside the body of the Church. The judgments of God are inscrutable to us, and as we are not to condemn even those who appear to us to have died in the very act of sin, so neither are we straightforward to canonize every one who appears to us to have lived an upright life, notwithstanding his religious beliefs. We must leave these things to the infinitely just judgments of God. "We must hold indeed as a matter of faith," says Pius IX., "that outside the Apostolic Roman Church no one can be saved, but still we must also hold that those who are invincibly ignorant of the true religion are guilty of no offence, under this heading, in the eyes of the Lord." It is only, then, on the plea of invincible ignorance or impossibility that any man will be excused from the observance of the divine precept which obliges all to belong to the Church of Christ."

poor and their sufferings. We are grieved at being obliged to rehearse these sores, for we truly respect our Protestant brethren, at least, that vast majority of them who stand for honesty and peace and good will. There is an end, however, to this everlasting taunt and lying insult. Just because an ignorant individual from the United States—not, by any means, a typical American, thank God—made a fool out of himself in Rome, the Daily Witness has to empty its vitals of wrath on the Pope and the Church. Such men as those responsible for that contemporary of ours should be above Orange Sentimentalism and the innuendoes of the Protestant Alliance of England. There is no room in free Canada for the cant, slime and hypocrisy of the Old World's exploded quack. To the Limbo of Selected Unbelievers with that stuff! On doctrinal points Protestants and Catholics do not agree, but as citizens, as neighbors, we can, if the organs of fraud and mischief will cease harping the Pope and casting their printed venom and slander and vituperation in the faces of Canadian Catholics for no, or next to no reason. Burn the Christianty obedient! Burn the Marie Mont! Let us have the foul Protestant Alliance!

GRAND TRUNK Reduced Fares IN EFFECT FROM MARCH 1st TO APRIL 15th, 1910, INCLUSIVE. Second class Colonist fares Montreal to SEATTLE, VICTORIA, VANCOUVER and PORTLAND. \$47. NELSON and SPOKANE. \$49. SAN FRANCISCO, LOS ANGELES, SAN DIEGO. \$49. MEXICO CITY, MEX. Low rates to many other points.

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THE TRUE WITNESS is printed and published at 316 Leguacostreet west, Montreal, Can. G. P. H. 1122.

