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BELLS

The True Witness



Vol. LVII., No. 40

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, APRIL 9, 1908

PRICE FIVE CENTS

John M.P., Oil and Education Bill

Speaking in the Free Hall, Manchester, recently, Mr. John Redmond, M.P., spoke of the M'Kenna Education Bill as follows:

What we claim, and have a right to claim, for the Catholic schools of this country is equality of treatment. Contracting out means the creation of two classes of schools—a superior class and an inferior class. It puts on our schools—the badge of inferiority. ("We will not have it")—and from the point of view of justice it seems to me incomprehensible how any man in his senses can say that it is just to call upon the Catholics to pay school rates for the public schools and then pay it over again for the maintenance of their own. There has been a great cry in the last few years from certain sections of the population against what they call "Rome on the rates." That is to say, they as Protestants object to pay for the teaching of the Catholic religion in the Catholic schools. Well, I have two things to say about that. First of all it is no worse to ask them to pay rates for Catholic schools than to ask us Catholics to pay rates for Protestant schools. But we have a better answer even than that. Protestants at present in England do not pay rates for the maintenance of Catholic schools. If the rates paid by Catholics in this country were ear-marked and pooled they would be sufficient to pay for every Catholic school in the country. If that be so, if the Catholics of this country pay enough in rates to maintain their schools, what is the meaning of talking of the present law making Protestants pay for our schools? They do nothing of the kind.

On the second reading of Mr. Birrell's bill in 1906 I made a suggestion that the Canadian system, which applies to-day in the Protestant province of Ontario and the Catholic province of Quebec, should be applied to the Catholic schools of England. That system is perfectly simple. What a ratepayer is called upon to pay his school rates he has to fill up a form and declare whether he wants his rate to go to Catholic or Protestant schools. The rates thus collected are pooled and handed over to the schools. If the sum is not enough the difference is made up by the respective parties. In this country I am sure the Catholics would be willing to take that risk. I do not see that that is an impracticable suggestion. In 1906 I was told it was all very well for Canada, but could not be carried out in England. I do not see why it should not. But I am afraid this scheme of contracting out will place the Catholic schools in a position of inferiority. The expense of education has rapidly increased in the last few years, and will inevitably rapidly increase in the future. That increase under the scheme of the Government will be got in the case of the Protestant schools by an increase in the

Catholic Education and Catholic Literature.

In this day nearly every Catholic publication one picks up is found declaring that Catholic literature is not appreciated by Catholics as it ought to be.

And the statement is true. Catholic books go unthought; Catholic writers go unrecognized. Everybody knows that Catholics buy books, but they rarely think it necessary to buy books by Catholic literary producers. Everybody knows that many of our people have culture, but they do not often know the names of Catholic literators. Whose is the fault?

We incline to believe that some part of our system of education needs to be remodelled. Here is a sample statement of the activity of a high class Catholic academy this week found in a western exchange. "Earnest work has recommenced in the literary circles, where the authors chosen for study are as varied as the tastes and capacity of the pupils. Shakespeare's 'Hamlet' occupies the attention of the Annunziata circle, while other societies have selected Whittier, Bryant, Irving and Longfellow. Good fiction is not ignored and 'The Lady of Decoration' has been read for a few minutes in several of the circles as a reward for attention and interest. Those who have perused Francis Little's charming letters from Japan will grant that the time has not been squandered."

Not one of the authors which the Catholic young women who attend that academy will study is a Catholic. One—Whittier—is distinctly anti-Catholic occasionally. The author of "The Lady of Decoration" is anti-Catholic, personally, Bryant, usually, is colorless. What will be the result of four years' literary training in that institution? The young students will come forth knowing precious little about Catholic poets, living or dead, Catholic novelists dead or living. Having eaten un-Catholic food they will have un-Catholic tastes.

St. Patrick's Society.

The annual meeting of St. Patrick's Society, held on Monday evening, was largely attended. Mr. W. P. Kearney, President, was in the chair. It was decided among other things to take part in the celebration of the tercentenary of the foundation of Quebec and to aid the celebration by every means in their power. With this object donations were made by the society and by the members individually. The meeting decided to lend the support of the society to the concert in memory of Dr. Drummond, to be held on or about the 30th of April, in aid of the Western Hospital.

Closing of Mission at Sherbrooke.

The bell of St. Patrick's Church, Sherbrooke, pealed its merriest last Sunday evening at 9.45. The occasion of this unusual manifestation of joy was the chanting of the Te Deum in thanksgiving for the glorious results of the mission—just closing for the English speaking men of the parish, which lasted two weeks and was well attended in spite of the rain which, it was feared, might interfere with the exercises of the first week during which the women attended. It was by far the grandest work ever done in the little church. From fifty to seventy men came, some from long distances, and were waiting for the keys of the sacred edifice to commence their devotions at a quarter to five every morning, leaving at six o'clock for breakfast and the day's work; the others coming at half-past seven for another instruction on the same subject and leaving at half-past eight, to return with their co-parishioners at 7.30 in the evening for the day's sermon. The first Mass at 5 o'clock was said by the missionary, Rev. Father Holland, of Montreal, and the second by the pastor, Rev. Father Fiset. At the close of the mission, one hundred and sixteen men took the pledge some for one year, others for five years, others again for life. Father Holland is to be congratulated on the strict attention given to every word that he uttered and the natural results that followed. With the mission of four weeks' duration given by the Jesuit Fathers Proulx and Prince, and the one held in our own modest little church, Sherbrooke is a changed city. Many who have not been in church for years will now be regular attendants, as all men and women, have pledged themselves to make the Way of the Cross once a week. The crown of the mission was the baptism of William Edward McLellan, a young man of about eighteen, administered in front of the altar after the reciting of the beads. When the time came for the profession of faith the whole congregation stood, and with the neophyte and his godfather and godmother, Mr. and Mrs. Steele, recited the Creed and the Lord's Prayer aloud. The effect was grand and enthusiastic, and there were many wet eyes in the assembly.

The mission will be an event in the history of Sherbrooke, and we hope that the Rev. Father will soon be back to take a look at our city when the trees are green, and find that the people have a corner of their heart for him and have appreciated his work. Sherbrooke, P.Q., April 7, 1908.

Father Peter Chang Officiates in Catholic Church at Hoboken.

Nearly three thousand persons packed the Church of Our Lady of Grace, in Hoboken, Tuesday morning last to hear the first High Mass ever sung in this country by a Chinese priest. This ceremony was performed by the Rev. Peter Chang, who came from Europe last Tuesday accompanied by Dr. August Henninghaus, Bishop of South Shantung, China. Fathers Felix O'Neill and George L. Fitzpatrick assisted at the Mass.

Father Chang, who is very short and dark, wears a long queue, and as he stood between two tall, fair-haired priests, he made a striking picture. In a soft, clear and distinct voice he sang the Mass in Latin. Clad in the magnificent robes of his office and surrounded by high church officials, Bishop Henninghaus sat on one side of the altar and assisted with the Mass. The sermon, which was written by Bishop Henninghaus, was delivered by Father O'Neill. It told of the work being done by the Bishop and his associates in China. Father Chang, who was born thirty-three years ago in China, was converted to the Catholic faith by Bishop Henninghaus.—New York World.

Request for Masses is not Charity.

The Supreme Court of California recently handed down a decision that bequests for the saying of Masses for the repose of the soul do not come within the "charitable uses" against which there is a statute limiting such dividing to one-third of the estate. The case at issue was an appeal from Los Angeles county, from a decision in favor of probating the will of the late Father Patrick Lennon.

Father Lennon's heirs sought to break the will because the bequests to "charity" exceeded one-third of the estate. Among these was one of \$500 to Bishop Comty, "to have the same amount of masses celebrated as soon as possible for my soul." The appellants alleged that this was a "charitable" bequest, but the court of last resort set itself as clearly on record against such interpretation. Such a bequest, the court held, was for the benefit of no one but the testator, and cannot be regarded as charity.

EASTER.



We are Ready

With a bright selected Easter stock. Shirts, Ties, Collars, Hosiery, Gloves. We are well acquainted

with Fashion, and often receive her first order. BRENNAN'S 2 Stores: 251 St. Catherine St. West 7 " East

Secular Paper Pays a Merited Tribute to Paulist Fathers.

At the conclusion of a mission given recently in Vicksburg, Miss., by the Paulist Fathers, the Herald, the leading newspaper of the city, published the following comment: "The work of the reverend fathers was constructive, not destructive. Even when discussing the most keenly controverted points they adhered strictly to their rule never to criticize or pass judgment upon others. They made no attempt as a means of recommending their own faith, to discredit or bring into contempt or ridicule what other Christians believe. And in this they gave an example of how religious discussion may be carried on without losing that dignified tone that is essential to genuine Christian preaching. Fathers Healy and O'Hern on leaving Vicksburg may feel assured that all wish them well, and pray that they may continue to meet with success in preaching and exhorting the characteristics of true patriotic citizenship. The tendency of their preachings is to bring men of all creeds and conditions closer together in the bonds of genuine Christian charity, thereby helping to realize in the lives of all the message of Christ to the world: 'Peace on earth, good-will toward men.'" Pope Gets Missing Coin.

The New Dry Goods Store.

Grand Removal Opening April, 1908

James Cuddy & Co. 703 St. Denis Street, near Roy

Late of Notre Dame East. Your Patronage Cordially Invited New and Up-to-Date Dry Goods and House Furnishing

James Cuddy & Co. 706 ST. DENIS, near Roy.

Irish Speakers of Australian Parliament.

The Westminster Gazette draws attention to the Irishmen who have filled the position of Speaker in the Parliaments of self-governing British colonies. It mentions that at present three of the Australian Parliaments are presided over by Irishmen—Frank Madden, T. F. Quinlan, and John Leahy, who are speakers of the Houses of Legislative Assembly of Victoria, Western Australia and Queensland, respectively—and places among the great speakers of the colonial Parliaments Sir Charles McMahon, Sir Francis Murphy and Peter Lalor. To the list should be added the name of Sir George Maurice O'Rourke, a Galway man, who was elected on five occasions speaker of the House of Representatives of New Zealand.

AN AMAZING BELIEF.

(From The Lamp, Anglo-Roman.) Until very recently even the most enlightened of English churchmen labored under the amazing belief that the Church of England was greatly benefited by the Reformation, and owed a debt of gratitude to Henry, Edward and Elizabeth for breaking with Rome. The great majority of Anglicans are still in the grip of that extraordinary infatuation. For the first thousand years of English Church history the children in the infant grade of her parish schools knew that the Pope was the visible head of the Church and that from St. Peter he had a commission to feed the universal flock of Christ, but more than sixty years after Newman and Manning, while still in the bosom of the Anglican Church, made the discovery afresh, the truth about the Papacy still remains hidden from the eyes of the immense majority of Anglicans, although as a principle of revealed religion it lies embedded in the very corner-stone of the Church constitution.

If your children moan and are restless during sleep, coughed, when awake, with loss of appetite, pale countenance, picking of the nose, etc., you may depend upon it that the primary cause of the trouble is St. Worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator effectually removes these pests, at once relieving the little sufferers.

New Views on the "Blessed Reformation"

For several years past conscientious, painstaking and scholarly non-Catholic historians in England have been re-writing the history of the so-called "Reformation," with the aid of authentic documents which have recently come to light, and with the aid, also, of that freedom from religious bias which is one of the most important qualifications of the true chronicler of the succession of events which we term history. Alluding to the "Blessed Reformation" in a recent issue of the Academy, one of the leading literary weeklies published in the English metropolis, said editorially: "The rotter tyrannies of Henry VIII and Edward VI destroyed between them the old fair world in which the poor man once dwelt; his guilds, his churches, his social framework were all cast down together in to ruin for the benefit of shopkeepers and Reformation parvenues. All the good things of life were taken from the poor man; he was given in exchange the whipping-post and the work-house and the gallows. Then came Cromwell to rivet the chains, and last of all came Industrialism, a gospel which showed that the only end of the poor was to earn a fortune for the rich." In connection with the same subject an Anglican clergyman said, in the course of an address which he lately delivered at an English Church Union meeting in Brighton, that the Reformation in England was founded upon politics rather than upon religion; that the free voice of the entire spirituality was against it; and that "without force and fraud there would have been no Reformation settlement as we know it." In replying to clerical criticisms of these remarks he writes: "For my part, I am not anxious to claim continuity in doctrine with either Parker or his royal mistress, High

though they may have been compared with others. Roman controversialists (many of them I mean) have certainly been guilty of mis-statements, but the 'Nag's Head Fable' is as dead as a door nail. And have we been immaculate? What about such gross perversions of history as 'the Church of England was never Roman Catholic,' and 'the Reformation was welcomed by church and people as a whole'? What about those Anglicans who make use of the protests against Papal encroachment in temporals to prove that the Church of England protested against Papal supremacy and jurisdiction in spirituals? Did the Crown never attempt to infringe the rights of the Pope? Dr. James Gairdner wrote to me—I have his permission to make it public—that 'tyranny cut off England from Rome.' The same high authority said: 'I quite agree with you and—that there was no thought of questioning Papal jurisdiction before the Reformation.' We are just beginning to learn the real history of the Reformation, and it is idle to stick our fingers in our ears and cry 'No Popery,' when new facts are brought to our notice."

Lord Dillon's Heir a Catholic.

The Hon. Harry Leo Dillon was on Sunday last received into the Catholic Church by Father Bernard Vaughan, S.J. Mr. Dillon is the eldest son and heir of Viscount Dillon, and is a J. P. for County Roscommon. It will be remembered that the Dillon estate, portion of which in Longford and Westmeath was in possession of the family since the time of King John, was recently purchased by the Congested Districts Board. Since then the family has severed its connection with Ireland. The thirteenth Viscount in 1766 conformed to the doctrines of the Church of England. Previous to that the family was Catholic.

A New Crime for France.

Richard Davy, in one of his illuminating letters to the Saturday Review of London, on the state of France, tells how a young soldier, in sending to his mother a picture of a cathedral exterior, added that he had not seen the interior, because five of his comrades in arms were then under arrest for entering the sacred building.

HOUSE AND HOME

CONDUCTED BY HELENE.

A young woman once heard a bit of wisdom from the lips of a very aged woman—a woman who had rounded the full term of ninety years, and with eyes still bright and clear looked out upon the inrolling waters of eternity.

MOTHERS.

At a mother's meeting a young woman recounted with some pride a number of proverbs about mothers. "It's easier for a poor mother to keep seven children than for seven children to keep a mother," she said.

DON'T MIND THE WORLD.

It really does not count for much what the world thinks or says of us. The world is usually mistaken. Often it is so involved as to feel compelled to bear false witness.

WORX FOR ETERNITY.

If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples they will crumble to dust; but if we work upon immortal souls, if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of fellow men, we engrave on those tablets something which will brighten all eternity.

THE USELESS KITCHEN.

Coincident with the transfer of household industries outside the home, our methods of living are undergoing a slow but steady revolution. The housewife of to-day is not so busy a personage as was her grandmother, says the Delineator for January.

WHAT IS A FRIEND?

The first person who comes in when the whole world has gone out. A bank of credit on which we can draw supplies of confidence, counsel, sympathy help and love.

CLEANING RIBBONS.

Ribbon in delicate shades which has lost its color and is somewhat soiled may be washed in naphtha, a process which will effectually prevent it from fading.

reavements, and is a safe fortress at all times of trouble. One who, gaining the top of the ladder, won't forget you if you remain at the bottom.

One who in prosperity does not toady to you, in adversity assists you, in sickness nurses you, and after your death marries your widow and provides for your children.

THE EARTH-HOUR. The earth was made in twilight, and of blending dusk and dew is still her own.

THE UNNAMED SAINTS. What was his name? I do not know his name, I only know he heard God's voice and came.

OUR FACES. The two sides of a person's face are never alike. The eyes are out of line in two cases out of five, and one eye is stronger than the other in seven persons out of ten.

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WHISTLER'S LONELINESS. Was Whistler lonely? Perhaps so. Not in the sense of companionship while his wife lived, and he always had friends who loved him; but the companionship of those he seldom or never saw, the sense of being in tune with "some few of his blood," he felt this loss.

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AN OVERVAUNTED VIRTUE. S. I. Kimball, the general superintendent of the Life Saving Service at Washington, said the other day of an applicant for a certain post: "The man was recommended for his steadiness. Now, steadiness is a virtue, especially in life saving, that by itself does not go very far. Whenever I think of it I think of an old lady I used to know."

AN APOSTLE'S DOWNFALL. A well known London artist was engaged upon a sacred picture. A handsome old model named Smith sat for the head of St. Mark, but when the picture was finished he was lost sight of. The other day, however, the artist wandering about the London Zoological Gardens, came upon his old model with a broom in his hand, looking very disconsolate.

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WITH THE POETS

IN THE COOL OF THE EVENING. In the cool of the evening, when the low sweet whispers waken, When the laborers turn them homeward, and the weary have their will.

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To be brave and happy and love our friends, And be glad when the day begins and ends, Because upon the bitter Tread He hangs for you and me.

A SONG OF BEAUTY. Oh, sing me a song of beauty! I'm tired of the stressful song, I'm weary of all the preaching, the arguing right and wrong.

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BOYS AND GIRLS - a Pause in the Day's Occupation.

JACK AND THE CLOCK. "Why is that I am like the clock?" Said laughing Jack to me. "Because I have two hands and a face. As anyone can see."

THE BLACK MOTHER'S LULLABY - One Little Lamb.

I'm a little sheep mos' too black to see. So de hire-man-shepherd can't never find me. When I'm wrop around wid he dark er de night, And de odder sheep shine in de dusk so white-- So he gadder dem all safe inter de fol'.

But de Master come singin' adown dat way To see of His sheep airy one gone astray: And He says, "I wants nairy one los', you know." But de hire-man-shepherd he don't sesse-- He pull his forelock and he speak out right hol'.

Des a little black sheep am me! Den de Master look all around, and he say, "I'm missin' of one"--He speak des dat-away. Den out on de mountain all col' and so dark, He go callin' dis-a-way: "Sheep--oo-- Ah, hark! He finds and he ketches me wid a firm hol'.

BERT'S GOOD SENSE.

The day was very warm, with a strong wind blowing from the southwest that seemed like the breath from an oven, and which brought with it whirling clouds of dust. In the heat and glare the blue waters of the lake looked doubly cool and refreshing, and it was no wonder that a little group of picnickers had wandered down to the pier where several small sail-boats were for rent.

Some nodded, and one or two looked uncertain. Bert Hawley shook his head decidedly. "Oh, Bert!" Clare cried, "you're not going to back out, are you. Why, I don't believe there's any danger. I'm not so sure," Bert said. "I know the lake, and I know that squalls come up like race-horses. I don't believe in running into danger myself unless I have to, and, another thing, I don't believe I have any right to take Margaret into danger, even if I wanted to go myself." He smiled at his sister who was younger than he, and who believed what Bert said and did was about right.

Bert's stand decided the others who had been doubtful, so that the little sail boat, as it moved away from the pier, carried only a part of the picnickers. "I think you showed good sense," the old man said to Bert. "And I liked what you said about taking your sister into danger. There are a good many folks that never think of that."

The squall did come, as the boatman had foretold, but Clare was watching the sky keenly, and handled the boat so skillfully that she was not hurt. But the party were drenched by flying spray, and chilled by the cold wind that came out of the northeast, following the squall. As the little boat came back to the pier, the girls looked frightened and uncomfortable.

TELESCOPE LESSON.

Uncle Jack was stretched in the Morris chair, reading. He looked up to nod pleasantly when Anna came in, and then lapsed into his book again, but Frances dropped her sewing and greeted her sister with a fire of questions: "Tell us all about your afternoon. Who did you see and what did they say? Why, Ann, you look tired to death and about as cheerful as an owl! Must have been a lovely tea. I needn't feel badly about going, I judge."

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no longer believe in God. Man is animated matter in life; in death in animated matter that is all! Let those who trifle with the school system yet existing in Great Britain ask themselves whether the people of this country will permit their children to be taught that men are matter with warm breath in it. Is anything more? Yet that is the aim of secular education.—Liverpool Times.

The merits of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup as a sure remedy for coughs and colds are attested by scores who know its power in giving almost instant relief when the throat is sore with coughing and the whole pulmonary region disordered in consequence. A bottle of this world-famed syrup will save doctor's bills, and a great deal of suffering. Price 25 cents, at all dealers.

The Irish Priesthood.

Mr. Stephen Gwynn, the Protestant member of Parliament for Catholic Galway, is finding The Spectator of London, somewhat difficult to please. As pointed out, a Spectator reviewer had asserted that it could not be said of the Irish priesthood that they advanced the worldly prosperity of their people. By way of answer to that charge, Mr. Gwynn sent a statement of facts taken from his own constituency. Since then his letter has been commented upon by another correspondent to whom, in Saturday's issue he replies as follows:

The letter of your anonymous correspondent in comment on mine resolves itself (omitting the question of my personal motives) into three charges, or rather imputations. (1) That the Galway woollen mill has succeeded by unfair pressure of clerical influence. I reply that the bulk of its trade is done with English wholesale firms, which surely implies that the products sell on their merits as honest stuff. They sell by the way, even in Bradford.

(2) That no such woollen mill could succeed without clerical influence. I reply that in Athlone, a town on the Connaught border, equally Catholic a Protestant gentleman has made a handsome fortune out of such a mill. (3) That the workers are compelled by clerical influence to accept less than a fair wage. I reply that, compared with the only fair standard, the wages paid by a popularly elected Urban Council, the Galway mill pays good wages—though, naturally, not English rates. The average pay of a farm laborer is 9s a week in Ireland, 18s in England—a fact which should be borne in mind when estimating the 4s a week paid by certain nuns for women's work. There is a fourth assertion that no man can get into Parliament except by the priest's support. I have myself had a considerable majority of the clerical backing at a Convention when the man chosen (my friend and colleague Mr. Halpin) was the only one out of seven candidates whose proposer and seconder were both laymen. There is no fact less creditable to Englishmen than the credulity with which assertions and imputations like those of your respondents are received in England. Readers accept with equal avidity those strictures which accuse the priests of failing to give economic guidance to their people, and those which condemn them as unfair competitors when (as at Galway and at Foxford), successful ventures have been established by their means."

New Strength For the Spring.

Nature Needs Assistance in Making New Health-Giving Blood.

In the spring your system needs toning up. In the spring to be healthy and strong you must have new blood, just as the trees must have new sap. Nature demands it and nature's laws are inexorable. Without new blood you will feel weak and languid. You may have twinges of rheumatism, or the sharp, stabbing pains of neuralgia, there may be disfiguring pimples or eruptions of the skin, a tired feeling in the morning, and a variable appetite. These are some of the signs that the blood is out of order, that the long, trying months of indoor winter life have told upon you. A purgative medicine, such as too many people take in the spring, can't help you. Purgatives merely gallop through the system, and further weaken you. Any doctor will tell you that this is true. What people need in the spring is a tonic medicine, and in all the world there is no tonic can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every dose of this medicine helps to make new, rich, red blood—your greatest need in the spring. This new, red blood clears the skin, drives out disease and makes weak, easily tired men, women and children bright, active and strong. Try this great blood-building medicine this spring, and see what new life and energy it will give you.

A Funeral Sermon.

They had laid the dead man ready to be lowered into the grave. The speaker approached the tomb and addressed the mourners in these words: "Whatever be the social task that we have accomplished; whether we have experienced the cruel gnawings of misery or enjoyed the sweet carresses of wealth; whether we have lived in soft ease or struggled with hard toil, we all fall one after another at the fixed hour into the material nothing to which Death leads us. Whatever be the philosophic or religious path that our thought has traveled, the matter of our body, in dissolving, reabsorbs and destroys forever our consciousness." The country was France. The dead man was a school teacher. Could any scene more fearfully portray the official paganism which is blighting the hopes and ideals of a once noble people? That such a scene should be possible shows how completely many Frenchmen have broken with Christianity. The very teachers of little children

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1856, incorporated 1863; revised 1840. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Chairman, Rev. Gerald McShane, F.F.S. President, Mr. W. P. Kearney; 1st Vice-President, Mr. H. J. Kavanaugh; 2nd Vice-President, Mr. E. McQuirk; Treasurer, Mr. W. Durack; Corresponding Secretary, Mr. T. W. Wray; Recording Secretary, Mr. T. P. Tansy; Asst. Recording Secretary, Mr. M. E. Tansy; Marshal, Mr. B. Campbell; Asst. Marshal, Mr. P. Connolly.

Italian Catholics Aroused.

The school question is not yet settled. The discussion has now been for three days before the Chamber, and we venture to expect that the Catholics will win the day—this time at least. Rarely has the easy going people been so thoroughly aroused. If the battle is lost to them, it will not be without a tough fight. The Romans alone have presented a protest bearing 100,000 signatures of householders.

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ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, at 8:30 p.m. Committee of Management meets in same hall on the first Tuesday of every month, at 8 p.m. Rev. Director, Rev. Jas. K. Moran; President, M. J. O'Donnell; Rec. Sec., J. J. Tynan, 222 Prince Arthur street.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.

Organized 13th November, 1883 Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, every 2nd and 4th Thursday of each month at 8 o'clock. Officers—Spiritual Adviser, Rev. J. P. Killoran; Chancellor, W. A. Hodgson; President, Thos. R. Stevens; 1st Vice-President, James Cahill; 2nd Vice-President, M. J. Gahan; Recording Secretary, R. M. J. Dolan, 16 Overdale Avenue; Financial Secretary, Jas. J. Costigan, 504 St. Urbain street; Treasurer, F. J. Sears; Marshal, G. I. Nichols; Guard, James Callahan. Trustees—W. P. Wall, T. R. Stevens, John Walsh, W. P. Doyle and J. T. Stevens. Medical Officers—Dr. H. J. Harrison; Dr. E. J. O'Connor, Dr. Merrills, Dr. W. A. L. Styles and Dr. John Curran.

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PHIL 9, 1908. THURSDAY, APRIL 9, 1908. BOYS AND GIRLS - a Pause in the Day's Occupation. JACK AND THE CLOCK. "Why is that I am like the clock?" Said laughing Jack to me. "Because I have two hands and a face. As anyone can see." The difference 'twixt the clock and Jack Is quite too plainly seen; I wish they were alike in this: Its hands and face are clean. THE BLACK MOTHER'S LULLABY - One Little Lamb. I'm a little sheep mos' too black to see. So de hire-man-shepherd can't never find me. When I'm wrop around wid he dark er de night, And de odder sheep shine in de dusk so white-- So he gadder dem all safe inter de fol'. And leave me a-tremblin' out in de col'. Coo-ee! Sheep-ee! Folks say dar's one black sheep in every flock. But dat hire-man-shepherd don't hear me knock. Hit seems lak he'd ruther his sheep be all white. When he shut 'em all up safe and sound at night. He count dat he got in de half and de whole. When he shut to de door of de warm sheep-fol'! Coo-ee! Sheep-ee! But de Master come singin' adown dat way To see of His sheep airy one gone astray: And He says, "I wants nairy one los', you know." But de hire-man-shepherd he don't sesse-- He pull his forelock and he speak out right hol'. "Yas, sah, Massa, de good uns is all in de fol'." Coo-ee! Sheep-ee! Des a little black sheep am me! Den de Master look all around, and he say, "I'm missin' of one"--He speak des dat-away. Den out on de mountain all col' and so dark, He go callin' dis-a-way: "Sheep--oo-- Ah, hark! He finds and he ketches me wid a firm hol'. And dar's sholy one little Black Lamb in de fol'! Coo-ee! Sheep-ee! And Mammy's little Black Lamb am he! —Martha Young, in The Outlook. BERT'S GOOD SENSE. The day was very warm, with a strong wind blowing from the southwest that seemed like the breath from an oven, and which brought with it whirling clouds of dust. In the heat and glare the blue waters of the lake looked doubly cool and refreshing, and it was no wonder that a little group of picnickers had wandered down to the pier where several small sail-boats were for rent. The old man in charge of the boats shook his head a little doubtfully when they asked for his best boat, and his eyes scanned the sky anxiously. Thunder heads in delicate tints of gray and white were beginning to show themselves about the horizon. "Are you a good hand at managing a sail-boat?" he asked of Clare Davis, who had been making the inquiries. "That's all right," Clare answered confidently. "I've handled boats in some pretty bad weather, and never had an accident yet." "Still the old man looked troubled. "I'm afraid there's a squall coming up," he said. "We're going to get a change of wind before long, and it'll come as quick as a flash of lightning when it does come. It's always dangerous sailing on the lake on a day like this. There's been many a sailboat capsized, and it wasn't the fault of the fellow sailing it, either." "Well, I'm willing to take the risk," Clare said lightly, "and I guess the rest are, too. Isn't that so?" she asked, turning to the others. makes everything seem, doesn't it?" "It's your turn, Frances," Uncle Jack passed the glass to her. "Now let's turn it around. How do things look this way?" "How strange! They are so little—as if they were miles and miles away!" "Yet they are not really changed at all. It is just in the way you look at them," Uncle Jack smiled as he shut up the glass. "Do you know, your two friends, Louise and I, made me think of the two ends of the telescope. One talks everything down. At least, that is what I should judge from what you repeated of their sayings. Am I right?" "Yes," said Anna, slowly, "I believe you are, though it never came to me in that way before. Julie always does see the good side of people and plans and talks about it, and Louise—well, I know I never feel quite as pleased with anything after I've been listening to her." "It is pretty dangerous business, this talking down," went on Uncle Jack. "We fall into the habit half unconsciously, sometimes. We would not do wilful harm for the world, but we let a criticism slip out, and an impression is made on some mind that it may take a long time to remove. We may do a great injustice to people by speaking slightly of them to others, and many a plan has been made a failure when it might have been a success if it had not had cold water thrown on it by the wrong end of the telescope." "Fortunately, it is just as true that a pleasant word about somebody lingers in our ears and prepares us to like them. Enthusiasm is catching, too, and if you want a good plan to succeed, the best way is to say all the good and encouraging things you can about it—talk it up! If you want your school or your church, your teacher or your pastor, to be popular, talk them up!" "But Uncle Jack, suppose you really don't like the people?" "Letter keep still, then. Other folks may like them if you do not prejudice them by speaking. Besides, there is another kind of 'scope' that brings out beauties we never would see without it. Do you remember how the bit of pollen I showed you the other day looked like common yellow dust till we saw it under the microscope, and then it turned into a tiny, beautiful flower? If we looked at people through the love microscope often, hunting for something lovable, we might find qualities to tell of that we never suspected were there." "Lecture over and I'm off down town!" shutting the table drawer with a snap. "Good-by, my little telescopes. Don't forget that a good many people may be looking at things through your lenses, and be sure to show them the right end. Talk up and not down."

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NOTE WELL.—Matter intended for publication should reach us not later than 5 o'clock Wednesday afternoon.

CORRESPONDENCE and items of local Catholic interest solicited.



THURSDAY, APRIL 9, 1908.

Episcopal Approbation.

If the English Speaking Catholics of Montreal and of this Province consulted their best interests, they would so 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

GOOD FRIDAY.

The hours of morning lead up to noon in quiet regularity and approaching nearness. And then time falls away from it to turn in retreating steps towards its height as the zenith of the day. So it is with Good Friday. Around the Cross in widening circles lie the centuries—undimmed by the lurid light as in truth and love it reaches out to reconcile and turn guilty men once more to God. Here beneath its shadow must we learn the mystery of God, the price of our soul, the hatred of sin. God is love. It is the story of Creation, sometimes not clearly understood now that sin has thrown its shadow across the sky, and darkened and weakened man's faculties. Still since the fullness of time and the coming of the Word-made-Flesh all doubt is gone. It is a thousand times more clear than ever—told in parable and mountain sermon, enunciated in miracle and illustrated in work and words of pardon. Never, however, was the truth so generously told as in the sacred Passion and Death upon the Cross. All the virtues of that wonderful life shine forth in redoubled splendor upon Good Friday. What deep humility for Him, the Master of Life, to yield His might to the weakness of death amidst the yelling jeers of the mob taunting Him that He could not save Himself! What unconquered patience in His languishing for three weary hours! What obedience is this which gives itself to the death of the Cross. There are days full of God—when in His infinite goodness He, as it were, breaks the quiet retirement which He generally keeps towards His creatures. We see God more clearly, we hear His voice, we feel the pressure of His hand and the touch of His love. Good Friday is such a day. The majesty of God never fell with such force upon the world as in its mysterious events. We need no preacher to describe them: the stones of the temple cry out, the open graves speak, the silence is full of eloquence, the eclipse full of light. Good Friday is an anniversary and at the same time the unending day of God's mercy and generous love. True the majesty of God sounds forth upon this day with more dread than in the thunders of Sinai, and shines with brighter effulgence than in the lightning of the mountain top. His abasement is a greater majesty than heart had ever dreamed. His weakness is mightier in His dying form than will serve to break the shackles of the soul. God is nowhere so incomparably God, so incomprehensible, as in the masterpiece of love when He gave up His beloved Son for the life of the world. Nowhere is that Blessed Son so truly God as when He bares His sacred breast and given Himself up to His Father's will and the wrath of vengeful men. There is such pathos in all those abyss-like details from Gethsemane to Calvary, so much atrocity of suffering, so much diabolical heartlessness in the in-

flictors, so much enchanting sweetness and patience on the part of the Victim—so much lavish expenditure of love that our heart can never exhaust the fountains of grace and strength we should derive from a well-spent Good Friday. All holiness depends upon our heart not being hardened to God's love. The contemplation of the Passion is, the great antidote to hardness of heart. It is also the riches of Him who understood the cause of the poor. All the peace between heaven and our soul, all the mastery over self, are ours if only we give ourselves to the thought of, and the gratitude for our Lord's burning love on the Cross. We surely cannot be any place else upon Good Friday than under the Cross—catching the last words of Him who is our truth and our reconciliation. We cannot go out to seek pleasures and enjoyment when our Eternal Friend is dying for us. Our heart must be whole, our treasure is—and our riches are on the mount of myrrh. Cross and Mother and Redeemer Himself—where else shall we be? Not with the enemies, nor holiday making, or in careless forgetfulness of the overshadowing pallid form. Young or old, worldly or devout, liberal or religious, we must come to this sanctuary and refuge—there to rest and learn horror of sin. Beneath the Cross must we rest in sorrow for the share we took in it; there must we learn God and our own soul, its price, its dignity and its destiny.

WOLFISH GREED OF GOLD.

Some one calls upon his fellowmen to give up what he forcibly names the wolfish greed for wealth. We have not heard whether men have given over to the speaker their stores, and gone forth without purse or scrip. It is not to be expected that so strong a current can be turned so readily. The rush for wealth and all that wealth can give or command is a long running river which rising in the hills of history has flowed down the vale of the centuries with varying benefit and injury to the race. There was a period when this greed did not have so fast a hold upon society. It was in the ages of faith when higher ideals were presented to men, when chivalry pointed to nobler, though perhaps rougher, deeds of courage. Even religion has had to strain every nerve to keep this yearning from trespassing upon charity and justice. The noblest example we have in the world is our Blessed Lord, whose virtues we are all exhorted to imitate, but whose condition of poverty we pass by as either impractical or as so far above our capability that we have no hope of attaining its perfection. He blessed the poor. He preached to them His gospel, He sent His apostles forth without anything. He put poverty as a condition upon His disciples. He made heaven easy for the poor and hard for the rich. He insisted that we should gather treasures in heaven and not upon earth—and to seal all, whereas He Himself was rich He became poor that we might become rich. Society—where does it stand to-day in regard to all that? We see the horizon sadly covered with threatening clouds. Capital and labor instead of drawing nearer are separating farther apart. Greed for gold is not the only, or the worst trouble. Wealth is sure to gravitate. Some gather but they are few. Let them have their wealth. Justice and charity are demands upon the rich as well as upon others. Taking them as a class even in business they respond to the claims of these primary virtues of society. The multitude scatter. Neither the wealthy few nor the struggling many can withstand the devastating alluresments and the destructive greed of money itself. All values are measured by money. Labor, happiness, everything is estimated by the guinea's standard. Prices go up and money increases in worth—so that work becomes harder and poorer, though nominally wages advance. It soon will become a question not for the payment of labor, but for the support of the unemployed. Greed for gold will not diminish as long as the value of gold, or wealth which is measured by gold, is kept up. When man felt the burthen of sin too heavy then was the earth ready to receive the Saviour. So when by advancing prices the burthen becomes too heavy for the laborer and not a paying investment for the capitalist we may witness less greed for gold. That desire will surely be replaced by something higher—for wolfish greed for wealth is one of the most debasing and enslaving concupiscences. Nor has wealth done the good which religious poverty did in the ages of faith, or would do again for the consolation, strength and union of society.

PURGATORY FROM A PROTESTANT.

Partial views of any subject very seldom evolve correct solutions. This is more observable in the higher sciences than in the practical affairs of life. The latter generally carry a balance wheel which serves as a corrective. Theories have to wait for application before their test can be appreciated. To a considerable extent partial views are the danger and falsifying element of Protestantism. Magnifying faith without at the same time exalting charity changed their theory of justification. They did away with the idea of Mass as detrimental to the reverence towards the Cross. Now Cross and Mass are gone. Another difficulty is presented by their teaching. This is their indefiniteness. Abandoning tradition, scoffing at theology as a science, they have never been able to frame a whole building where they might teach succeeding generations. How could they? Private judgment more than even erroneous views would prevent successful and continuous teaching. There is one point especially upon which heresy has been partial and indefinite—sin and its punishment. One of the latest samples of this appears in a lecture upon Dante by the Rev. Dr. Symonds. He finds quite a treasure of undreamed worth in the Purgatory and the classification of sins as presented by the great poet. He seems astonished that a poet should display such learning and that he should teach sublime lessons in the charm of heroic verse. Dr. Symonds does not catch the spirit of Dante, because he never drank at the same fountain. If he did, he would see the superiority of Dante's spiritual and theological lessons over the materialism of Milton. Other lessons are to be found in the great Italian epic—the greatest of all epics. We cannot approve of any Christian teacher seeking for a sound and complete exposition of sin and its punishment from any poem. That is too much on the line of pagan Athens. Dante was a poet—neither saint nor theologian, although he possessed an encyclopedic learning. He was about ten years old when St. Thomas Aquinas died. No doubt therefore, when the future poet was prosecuting his studies, the Angelic Doctor was one of his favorites. This has little to do with the traces of St. Thomas' science in the imagination of the poet. Dante himself used to say that never a rhyme had led him to say other than he would. Ruskin wrote that "the central man of all the world, as representing in perfect balance the imagination, moral and intellectual faculties all at their highest, is Dante." That the one country, the thirteenth, and one country, Italy, could produce these two, St. Thomas of Aquin and Dante, is an imperishable glory. We are straying from the question of sin and purgatory. Dr. Symonds says: "Whatever a man saveth that shall he reap. In this age, when modern science places so much stress upon the reign of law, it is well to remember that the thought of moral law is not foreign to the Bible or to the great Christian moralists. It is a teaching full of hope and comfort, as well as of awe and fear. It tells, indeed, of the certain penalty of sin. It tells us that the penalty is, as it were, a part of the sin. But it also says that it is never too late to mend, and that the central faith of the universe, as we know it, is the fact of progress, and therefore so long as a man's higher nature is not utterly extinct, there is a blessed hope in this world, or it may be in the next."

Dante's conception of purgatory, said Rev. Dr. Symonds, in part agrees with the conventional representation of the Church of the Middle Ages, but in part it is original. He departs entirely from the teaching of his great master, in theology, St. Thomas Aquinas. Dean Church describes Dante's "Purgatory" as a great parable of the discipline on earth of moral agents, of the variety of their remedies. "We understand," he says, "the behavior of those who are undergoing their figurative process of purification. They labor as men do who feel the influence of the spirit of God striving with their evil tendencies and lifting them up to the purer and nobler things. We understand their resignation, their thankful submission to the chastisement which is to be the annealing to strength and peace. There is nothing transcendental in all this; nothing but what good men always on the way to be better have gone through on the scene of life."

The main difficulty with the Doctor is that he does not seem to regard purgatory as a punishment. This is a common modernist fault. Protestants do not look at sin from God's side, or they do not apprehend both the guilt of the offence and the punishment or sanction superinduced by the sin. To regard purgatory as progress or find in its fires the sa-

tisfaction of self-advancement is to confuse the freedom the prisoner dreams of with the payment which he renders to the justice of punishment. Nothing defiled can enter heaven. Either there is a state or place in the other life where the just man can pay his debt to the last farthing, or he must be kept forever from that vision and enjoyment of God which we call heaven and which is his eternal happiness, his perfection and finality. That sins differ in gravity and malice is clear from the most elementary ideas of justice. That there are sins which are unto death, and others which do not kill the soul or separate it altogether from God, is engraved on the foundation stones of Christian ethics and on the walls of the new Jerusalem. To let the distinction become dark and doubtful—to make little of venial sins and their punishment—to wipe out, confession and penitential works, to hold out hope of pardon in our own subjective confidence in our Saviour—all this is to undermine morality and by taking it out of the power of sacramental jurisdiction and grace to sow among the wheat tares which to-day choke the struggling grain. In sin there is the essential attribute of guilt—a turning from God, complete in the case of mortal sin, partial in the case of venial sin. When a man dies in the state of grace, with venial sin upon his soul, his first vision of God whom he beholds as his only good, fills him with a total aversion from sin. Such an act is sufficient to remove all stains of guilt. The souls in purgatory are free from all guilt; they are confirmed in good so that they cannot sin. The punishment they undergo depends upon God's justice. It cannot in any sense be called progress, because the souls in purgatory cannot merit. Judgment has been passed upon them: they simply suffer, whilst the pains they undergo with perfect resignation neither add to their future glory nor subtract from their present sufferings. They can be assisted by the suffrages of the faithful, and by indulgences; for the time of earthly pilgrimage is the only one for gaining merits for ourselves and mercy for the departed. One other point may be noted concerning Dr. Symonds' view. He says: "So long as a man's higher nature is not utterly extinct there is a blessed hope in this world or it may be in the next." Indefinite always. How can nature be said to be extinct? It is the old confusion between nature and grace. Higher nature he is mistaking for supernatural grace. We would recommend Dr. Symonds to throw away some of his rationalistic views, study more carefully St. Thomas, and not waste time by seeking for complete dogmatic theology in any of the poets.

BANQUET TO SIR THOMAS SHAUGHNESSY.
The Toronto Board of Trade have decided to tender a banquet to Sir Thomas Shaughnessy as a testimonial of their gratitude for the construction of the short line to Sudbury, which will be inaugurated on June 15, and which practically puts Toronto on the main line of the Transcontinental. Sir Thomas has accepted.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Tuesday, the 7th inst., was the 40th anniversary of the assassination of Thomas D'Arcy McGe. It seems that the police of Lachine would have been satisfied that the Salvation Army would beg provided they were armed with a permit from a minister. The worthy captain of the army must be the absent minded beggar we read about. Why did he not make out his own permit? He has as much authority as any minister in Lachine or elsewhere to preach the gospel, therefore he should be allowed to perform the other act of religion usually practiced on such occasions, i. e. the passage of the hat. All the same the Daily Witness lost a good chance of holding its tongue by leaving the nuns out of the question: they work for the love of God and nobody thinks of asking them for a permit.

Correspondence.

To the Editor True Witness:
Sir,—No need for the Star to go to east St. Catherine street in search of immoral post cards. It may find many unscrupulous vendors of such obscene ware within half a minute's walk of each of its city offices.—Peel street is no more immune from the curse than east St. Catherine. It is a crying shame that a town known as the "city of churches" should tolerate such an ulcer. Can nothing be done to enforce at

least half of the laws found on our statute books? Have the authorities no sense of the duty which devolves upon them, in consequence of their oath of office, to see that the laws framed for the good of the community are strictly enforced? When an individual employed by a private concern fails in the discharge of his duty, he is quickly told that his services are no longer required. Why not have the same rule apply in public life?
M. F. C.

"LA CROIX'S" MISTAKEN VIEWS

Editor, True Witness:
The enclosed translation of a letter which I addressed to the editor of La Croix, published in your city, will explain itself.
As two issues of that paper have already appeared without publishing my protest, and without any attempt at rectifying the grievous wrong perpetrated by one of its editorial writers, I ask space for it in your truly Catholic paper.
I am gratified in having good reason to know that La Croix is not in the enjoyment of ecclesiastical patronage, that in fact it is an unknown quantity as regards the ecclesiastical authorities.
If La Croix purposes to pursue its present course of race-hatred, better it should remove the cross from its first page, eliminate the words of Leo XIII. and change its name to the Nationaliste. In vain may we look through the Irish Catholic papers in Canada or the United States for one word derogatory to French Canadians. But, unfortunately, the same cannot be said of a number of the papers published in Canada in the French language.
Yours truly,
MATTHEW F. WALSH.

Editor La Croix, Montreal:
A copy of your issue of 29th February is now before me. It contains an editorial article which for crass ignorance combined with viciousness it would be hard to excel. The article I refer to bore the signature André Chauveau, and I sincerely hope that the writer of it is not a descendant of the brilliant litterateur and statesman of that name.
Referring to Monseigneur McEvay, Bishop of London, it gives His Lordship's reason for refusing to allow the establishment of the Knights of Columbus within his diocese unless the rules of the Order were so modified as to allow the presence at its meetings, etc., of the pastors who might not be members. So far, so good. This is the prerogative of the Bishop in his diocese.
But André Chauveau thereon makes the bold assertion that it affords "another example, taken in life, of Irish exclusiveness, exclusiveness which goes so far as to ostracize the pastor from his flock,"—thereby giving his readers to understand that the Order of Knights of Columbus is a purely Irish organization. Is it ignorance, or is it a desire to influence still further the anti-Irish feeling amongst French Canadians that influenced him? In either case he shows a bad spirit. Does he not know that the Knights of Columbus are a body having ramifications throughout the United States, Mexico, the Philippine Islands and Canada, and that its members comprise men of French, German, Mexican and other nationalities too numerous to mention here?
And, Great God! he accuses the Irish people of a desire to ostracize their clergy! There is not in the whole world a people more faithful to their clergy or more obedient to the voice of the Priest. The history of the past confirms this, and passing events confirm it. Monseigneur Chauveau is sadly astray. He may have misinterpreted the action of the Bishop and possibly on this score he might be pardoned, but in any case he has played the part of a demagogue without consideration for the harm that might ensue; and he introduces a cause of rancor between the French-Canadian and French-American and the Order of Knights of Columbus. See the sting contained in the concluding paragraph of his article: "French-Canadian and French-American Knights of Columbus, be edified, be instructed!"
I am not a Knight of Columbus, nor have I a brief to defend the Order, the Knights of Columbus are well able to defend themselves; but I wish to protest in the most energetic manner against the unjustifiable attack of Mr. Chauveau on the Irish people.
Your paper has on its front page the Cross of the God of Peace towards men, it bears the announcement that it is a "Catholic journal" and it reproduces the words of the immortal Leon XIII: "A Catholic journal in a parish is a perpetual mission."
Calumniating the brethren in the Faith and endeavoring to perpetuate discord between Catholic peoples is a poor way of fulfilling that mission. Is it worthy of a Catholic journal? The reply I leave to your conscience. Hoping you will publish this protest in your paper.
Your obedient servant,
MATTHEW F. WALSH.
Ottawa, 17th March, 1908.

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The window in the calculation in the morning in Green was called. Mary's outlook it was no wonder, red-brick wall a mile long, a "bow" the height of a most unexpected situation.
Green Forest, the beaten track traditionally been used to see it. But it included paradise by its green woods, the village green, mountain, by the Beaton owned the ground, and would not grant leaves in as lodges to cottages or the inn. Its narrow against motor cars big traffic. A stray cyclist rode outside to Green. However, a new had come to miles away, and master of the was Lancelot I do, and his title hill.
He had succeeded was a recluse, himself about himself, as much in fact, as Boston himself. Beatson at a distance that the new looked at all of nothing at all of who never stirred not even to go to the world only for the world.
However, one morning he had ridden with the being exercised. The opening scene and the streams condition, and over the trees their tails wagged might have been instead of thirty.
Green Forest, b most beautiful in The green opened incomparable view Blue smoke hung for the village fir. There was a heavy and the air was sweet, and full of and sounds and children were seen to see the dogs at. Lord Edgehill he before some of the beauty wondered at it. Then it had been as the hounds pa drawn by the wi with languid inte As his eyes fell started, and his quickly. "I have beautiful face in to himself. In the time his eyes and in the window as as though some cognition had pa He had a curious behind the eyes I had said, "So you You do not know that his own m "I have been loo my soul was mat Then a hand ca gain. The windo And he rode on a The huntsman, ed at him with r their horses and more. It was a "Your lordship the window," he that passes by the window is fo "It is an odd certainly," said I was anxious to he man could tell h averse from rev about it. Not fo have mentioned th in the window. "This Miss Mar dow," said the h born crippled-like, Squire ever had, pointment to him had. She's never grounds of the co born." "Lord Edgehill's lead. "She must be v he said. "Old Dr. Rowle huntsman went o "that there was was born but wh set right. But a always an oddity quarrelled long ago then Faith Heak as not it was th maden's death w born that put h ane. To be sur never walked. I never would wait the doctors were "But, good hea Edgehill, furious to say that such here, so late in tory as this! tere!" "I don't see a r James' Siskey, with deliberate tion for wisdom. Squire Beaton qu own sort qu

The Mystery of the Window.

The window had often excited speculation in the minds of chance sojourners in Green Forest, as the village was called. Of course, every man, woman and child in Green Forest knew it was there for Miss Mary's outlook into the world. But it was no wonder it surprised strangers, for it was in the midst of a red-brick wall quite a quarter of a mile long, a bow-window, just above the height of a tall man's head, a most unexpected thing in that position.

Green Forest was very much off the beaten track. It was so extraordinarily beautiful that one wondered all the world did not come to see it. But it was kept the secluded paradise it was, hemmed in by its green woods, save only where the village green lay open to the mountain, by the fact that Squire Beaton owned the land for miles round, and would permit no building nor grant leases of any length. Very few summer visitors could squeeze in as lodgers to the tiny, red-roofed cottages or the little, low-browed cottages. Its narrow green lanes were all against motor cars or any sort of big traffic. So it was that a stray cyclist represented the world outside to Green Forest.

However, a new lord of the manor had come to reign at Fernydale, five miles away, and had become the master of the hounds. His name was Launcelot Ingestre Damer Ludlow, and his title was Lord Edgemoor.

He had succeeded his uncle, who was a reclusive, and never troubled himself about his neighbors, being, in fact, as much an oddity as Squire Beaton himself. He had kept his house at a distance, and so it was that the new Lord Edgemoor knew nothing at all of Miss Mary Beaton, who never stirred outside her garden, not even to go to church, and saw the world only from her window.

However, one beautiful autumn morning he had risen early, and had ridden with the hounds, who were being exercised by the huntsman. The opening meet was not far off, and the hounds were in the pink of condition, streaming along the roads and over the green commons with all their tails wagging, so that there might have been a thousand tails instead of thirty or so.

Green Forest, beautiful always, is most beautiful in the early morning. The green opened out to disclose the incomparable view of the mountain. Blue smoke hung in the great trees. There was a heavy dew on the grass and the air was morning-fresh and sweet, and full of morning's scents and sounds and sounds. All the children were at the cottage doors to see the dogs go by.

Lord Edgemoor had passed this way before on one of his rides, had noticed the beauty of the village and wondered at the curious window. Then it had been tenanted. Now, as the hounds passed below, a girl, who lay apparently on a couch drawn by the window, looked out with languid interest.

As his eyes fell on her face he started, and his heart began to beat quickly. "I have seen the most beautiful face in the world," he said to himself. In the second space of time his eyes and that of the girl in the window met. It seemed as though some greeting, some recognition had passed between them. He had a curious idea that the soul behind the eyes had spoken to him, had said, "So you are come at last. You do not know how long I have been waiting for you." And he felt that his own must have answered, "I have been looking for you since my soul was made."

Then a hand came and drew a curtain. The window space was blank and he rode on after the hounds. The huntsman, James Seeley, looked at him with respectful interest as they passed. He was a Green Forest man.

"Your lordship was looking at the window," he said. "Ask what the window is for."

"It is an odd place to put one, certainly," said Lord Edgemoor. He was anxious to hear what the huntsman could tell him, while oddly averse from revealing his curiosity about it. Not for worlds would he have mentioned the lady he had seen in the window.

"This Miss Mary Beaton's window," said the huntsman. "She was born crippled-like, the only child the Squire ever had, and she was disappointed to him that it wasn't a lad. She's never been outside the grounds of the court since she was born."

Lord Edgemoor's heart fell heavy as lead. "She must be very badly crippled," he said.

"Old Dr. Rowley used to say," the huntsman went on dispassionately, "that there was nothing when she was born but what might have been set right. But our squire, he was always an oddity. Him and parson quarreled long ago. He took up with them Faith Healers. 'Tis as likely as not it was the trouble of young madam's death when Miss Mary was born that put him a bit off his balance. To be sure, Miss Mary has never walked. Like enough she never would walk now, nor if all the doctors were to do their best."

"But, good heavens!" said Lord Edgemoor, furiously, "you don't mean to say that such things can happen here, so late in the world's history, as this! Did no one interfere?"

"I don't see, my lord, as any one would have a right to interfere," James Seeley spoke and thought with deliberation, and had a reputation for wisdom—meaning as how Squire Beaton quarreled with all his own sort years ago. And what rightin. She was wearing a long gown

of embroidered pink stuff, in which she was most beautiful. He wondered if she had chosen it for him. She looked up at him, and then screened her face shyly with the fan of peacock's feathers she was holding.

The nurse drew back behind a curtain and watched them fearfully. They had forgotten her. Edgemoor had lifted Miss Mary's hand to his lips. "You send for me and I have come," he said. "I should have come if it were a thousand miles."

She answered him softly, hesitatingly: "I sent for you to say that you must not come. My father will hear; he will—"

She had not withdrawn her hand from him, and now he knelt down beside her sofa. "It is too late for you to tell me ever since that day I first caught sight of you."

"When you were riding with the hounds," she said. "I wondered who you could be. I had never seen you before in all my years by the window. I said to myself that you must be a stranger."

"I was a stranger then?"

"I might I would not see you again; that you would go back to where you came from."

"So I did. It is only five miles away. I am almost your neighbor. I am Lord Edgemoor."

The nurse behind her curtain lifted her hands in thanksgiving. If he had been a lesser man! And she had had no idea of his station except that he was a gentleman. Miss Mary had overborne her fears and her scruples. If he had been a lesser man! What could the Squire want better? If the new lord loved Miss Mary well enough to marry her, although she was a cripple, he could protect her nurse from the Squire's wrath. And Miss Mary, dear lady, would have her chance to get well.

"You gave me a rose," Miss Mary was saying, when she listened again. "I thank you very much. I have the rose somewhere still."

"And I have yours, in my life, in my heart. Do you know what rose it was you gave me, Rose of the World?"

"Oh, hush, a poor crippled girl!"

"There is no reason why you should remain a cripple. But even if that must be, you are still mine."

"No, no, I sent for you to say you must not come again."

"And I came to tell you I should never go. Don't you know that the first time our eyes met you called me to come to you? Your eyes told me that you had been waiting for me all those years."

"And yours told me that you had been coming."

"Yet you can bid me go."

"A poor, crippled girl! And it will break my father's heart."

"It will be healed again when he sees you walk."

"If I never walk?"

"Then you have all the more need of my arms."

"If I refuse you?"

"I shall not take no for an answer. I shall go to your father."

"No, no, not that. He would be fearfully angry. He would find some way of keeping me from you."

"Then we shall not ask him. When does he return?"

"He looked to be absent for three days."

"Then he must return to find you gone." He had no mind to leave her too long to her tender repentance. "To-night, if you can be ready, I will be here with a carriage. You can have your nurse to travel with you. I will ride by your carriage. And I shall place you in the keeping of my sister, Lady St. Ives, till we can be married."

"I must leave a message for my father."

"Leave him a message that you have no more to be made well. And now I must go to make preparations. If you are not ready when I come I shall scale your window."

"At this moment the nurse came forward.

"Oh, my lord, it must be by way of the window we go, for the postern gate is locked at night by some Shingsey, Squire's man, and a black, bitter preacher against joy. It must be by way of the window."

"See that you have her ready by 11 o'clock. The village will be quiet enough by then. You will not need to take much. She can buy all she needs in London. I will see to that."

The dusk already was falling over Green Forest, the sun setting behind the hill with great splendor, in a sky of liquid lines of gold and green. The cottages, bowered in trees, showed here and there a speck of light already, while the China asters and sweet peas and Michaelmas daisies in the garden still glimmered pale. A pair of swans floated by side, lover-like, on the waters of the little pond, which was splendid with the reflected glories of the sky.

"Take a last look," he said. "Tomorrow at sunset you will be far away."

She clung closely to him. "If papa will but forgive me and take me back, she said, lifting her face to look round the long room full of shadows. "It has often been lonely while I waited for you, but it was full of premonitions of your coming. A sweet, pretty place, and the village heavenly from my window. I used to throw sweet cakes and oranges to the school children. The room will be lonely without me, and my window will be a lifeless eye."

For she had no idea at all of what, use the room would be put to in the future.

"Keep this," he said, and put a curious ring on her finger. "Till the wedding ring is on. The Lord Edgemoor has always been plighted with this ring. There is a posy inside,

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TENDERS addressed to the undersigned at Ottawa, in sealed envelopes, and marked on the envelopes "Tender for construction of a Light-house Tender and Buoy Steamer for Georgian Bay Service," will be received up to the

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, March 12, 1908.

Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.

By order,
FRED. GELINAS,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, March 12, 1908.

Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.

By order,
FRED. GELINAS,
Secretary.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Drill Shed for School of Gunnery, Quebec, P.Q.," will be received at this office until Wednesday, April 22, 1908, inclusively, for the construction of a Drill Shed for School of Gunnery, Quebec.

Plans and specifications can be seen and forms of tender obtained at this Department and on application to Mr. Ph. Bland, Clerk of Works, Post Office, Quebec.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent (10 p.c.) of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the person tendering declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned. The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for St. Pierre Les Becquets Landing Pier," will be received at this office until Saturday, April 25, 1908, inclusively, for the construction of a Landing Pier at St. Pierre Les Becquets, County of Nicolet, Que., according to a plan and specification to be seen at the offices of J. L. Michaud, Esq., Resident Engineer, Merchants Bank Building, St. James street, Montreal, P.Q., Ph. Beland, Esq., Clerk of Works, Post Office Building, Quebec, P.Q., on application to the Postmaster at St. Pierre Les Becquets, P.Q., and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

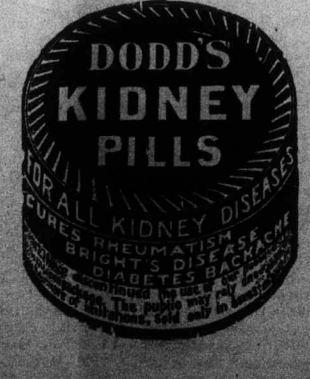
Tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.

An accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, for nine

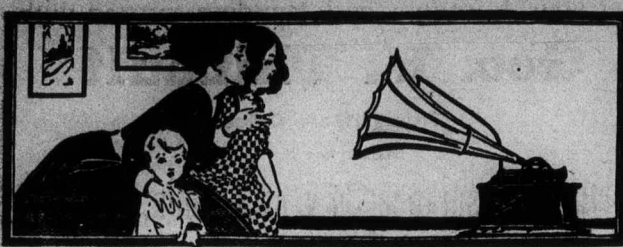
Province of Quebec, District of Montreal, No. 2888, Superior Court. Dame Alice Gairolat, plaintiff, vs. Alexandre Langlois, defendant, and J. Emile Depocat, advocate, avocat d'instance.

On the 21st day of April, 1908, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, at the domicile of the said defendant, No. 711 DeLorimier street, in the City of Montreal, will be sold by authority of justice, all the goods and chattels of the said defendant, seized in this cause, consisting of one piano and household furniture, etc. Terms, cash.

OLIVER C. COULLEE, B.S.O.
Montreal, 8th April, 1908.



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Catholic Villified by Scholarly Bigot

There may be found on the shelves of our public and school libraries a work entitled: "A Dictionary of Phrase and Fable," by the Rev. E. Cobham Brewer, LL.D., published by the Henry Holt Co. about which it may be said that it is not a book called for by the average reader, but rather a bulky volume of some fifteen hundred pages, purporting to be "a standard book of reference and a guide to be relied on."

IX. ascended the pulpit and gave a sermon. We are sufficed to remain in ignorance of the fact as to whether or not it was a good sermon. "Twelve" is an innocent enough term and does not necessarily call for another slap at the poor Pope: yet it is made to serve as a peg on which to hang its dainty bit of slander: "The Pope identifies himself with the 'Master' and addresses the 700 prelates as the 'Twelve.'" Are you curious to know the origin of the polite expression, "a fig for the Pope?" What scholar could be without this knowledge?

Under "whipper boy" we are told that D'Ossat and Du Perron, afterwards cardinals, were whipped by Clement VIII., but the age at which the future cardinals received the pontifical castigation is left to conjecture. "Poisoners (secret):" (2) Pope Alexander VI. was a noted poisoner. Cardinal Bellarmine was not a Pope, but in his honor, "a bottle with a big belly is called a Bellarmine."

For the benefit of those who do not know who or what St. Thomas was and desire to get the correct measure of his intelligence and genius the following characteristic specimen of his reasoning is vouchsafed: question: "utrum angelus moveatur de loco ad locum transiendo per medium?" (do the angels move from place to place through space?) Answer: "It depends on circumstances."

Casualty. we are informed, is the art of quibbling with God; an Agnus Dei something used as an amulet; the Vatican is a sacrament that furnishes the spirit with a passport to Paradise; the Ave bell is tolled before services to invite worshippers to a preparatory prayer to the Virgin.

The learned doctor enumerates a long list of relics, "which are shown officially at Rome and publicly adored by the highest dignitaries with all the magnificence of ecclesiastical pomp and ritual." The list is not fit to print entire; ordinary decency and modesty forbid their mention.

having driven the frogs out of the bogs, was walking along the shores of Lough Neagh, when he was accosted by St. Bridget in tears, and was told that a mutiny had broken out in the nursery over which she presided, the ladies claiming the right of 'popping the question.' St. Patrick said he would concede them the right every seventh year, when St. Bridget threw her arms around his neck, and exclaimed, 'arrah, Patrick Jewel, I dauren't go back to the girls with such a proposal. Make it one year in four this St. Patrick's night, in our public libraries, should be filled by another, that will repair some of the injustice done and furnish correct information to those who desire to know something of what we are and what we believe—the Catholic Encyclopedia.—Hartford Transcript.

HELP! HELP! HELP!—of the Love of the Sacred Heart and in Honor of St. Anthony of Padua, DO PLEASE send a mite for the erection of a more worthy Home for the Blessed Sacrament. True, the out-post at Fakenham is only a GARRET But it is an out-post; it is the SOLE SIGN of the vitality of the Catholic Church in 35 x 20 miles of the County of Norfolk. Large donations are not sought (though they are not objected to). What is sought is the willing CO-OPERATION of all devout Clients of the Sacred Heart and St. Anthony in England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and the Colonies.

Reaping the Whirlwind

The results of the Godless education imparted to the youth of Italy these many years are becoming alarmingly apparent in the increased number of most brutal and cowardly murders perpetrated every day by Italians. It would seem that assassination has become with them a profession, after having been a pastime. In Italy the public press boldly teaches immorality of the most revolting kind, and murder is applauded and its authors made popular heroes.

Still it is hard to account for the hatred the young men of Italy have for the priests. Priests are naturally the most popular of men. Their office and manner of life are calculated to inspire love. It is almost unnatural for a Catholic to hate a priest as for him to hate his own father and mother. But there is no gainsaying the fact that the godless education given by the state in Italy is developing a race of priest-haters.

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Truly a Struggling Mission In the Diocese of Northampton, Fakenham, Norfolk.

What can I do alone? Very little. But with your co-operation and that of the other well-disposed readers of this paper, I can do all that needs to be done. In these days, when the faith of many is becoming weak, when the Church is struggling here on behalf of that Faith, I must succeed or else this vast district must be abandoned.

IT RESTS WITH YOU

to say whether I am to succeed or fail. All my hopes of success are in your co-operation. Will you not then extend a co-operating hand? Surely you will not refuse? And? But you can help a little, and a multitude of "littles" means a great deal.

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Advertisement for Purity Flour featuring an image of a flour barrel and text: 'THE BEST BREAD YOU EVER BUTTERED That's the kind you have if you use PURITY FLOUR. Don't buy flour simply because it has a name and is labelled, but buy the kind which is milled to help you make the nicest loaves of pure, appetizing bread. That's PURITY. Ask your grocer to-day for Purity Flour and try it.'

Another, and perhaps, a more potent reason is the kindly disposition of the Church towards poor families who would have one of their sons in holy orders, or in a convent. The subjects of the Church require that priests who have not the care of souls should have a patrimony that will keep them from want. Religious should have a dower. But the mendicant orders have always been very popular in Italy; and where a patrimony or a dower is required, the amount is placed at a ridiculously small figure. The result is there poor priests and religious are forced to eke out a wretched existence by means that are sometimes very questionable. They don't ask, and they don't get much from the people; but the little they get causes them to be regarded as vultures among a people who live on little or nothing. The present Pope has set his mind on remedying this evil. The policy of this and all non-Latin countries, not to ordain any priests for whom employment in the mission cannot be procured; and not to admit to the religious orders any for

whom there is not ready work, will be followed everywhere. As for the professedly mendicant orders, they are a sort of miracle, and miracles must not be judged by the ordinary rules of human wisdom. If all priests had work to do among the people, they would love their employment, and they would themselves be loved. The one cry of the Italian infidel from the Alps to the toe of the boot is that priests are ornaments; that they devour the substance of the people, without giving anything in return. The first step towards bringing about a rapprochement between priests and people in Latin countries is to put the former to work, and to make them in all things subject to episcopal authority and supervision. The Italians are naturally a lovable and loving people. When they do know their clergy they are willing to make any sacrifice for them. Their religion is nothing if not enthusiastic. We speak not of Italians in general, but of those among them who are perverted by false teaching. And what is true of Italians is true of all southern races. They can be controlled by kindness. They are misanthropic, and they must have their views corrected. When that is done they will speedily return to their church obedience, and become once more the torch-bearers of Christianity.—Western Watchman.

Every place question asked. Do you know dangerous as a Do you know turn into Charo disgusting Cata all, the "White Many a life h if, on the first had been reme

THURSDAY, A Chief wants Mordant," sa was mopping I finished writing, took books and exa my pencils. Fory, I sharpened. "He's in a protested. "He usually "He does n ly. "He's worr nager persisted mail came in f minutes ago h to-morrow afta ske, look sha "I amay no Harnden," I r I had alread pany the chie "What do yo for" he smil He is John Fr millionaire. I "I am readi seated myself "To Isaacs & gabbled off le twenty minute "You're mi marked. "Wh was—" "I know," "It's a bluff. "My bluff i told him. "Umph! W And on the we of an hour. hand. "Too quick umphantly. "Not at all, I must send t transcribed if to-day. Other as we are." I am not q but I always one of our st are several of twice a week doesn't mean qualities that me when in s lities, accordi ness (inferior gence (for (without que dence! I admi impudence co when he is cu of this to qu much as the "Umph! I trust those g to read them "Of course! has no busin department. or you!" H but he is car I always chee "I don't kno me in A "Like to c "Yes," I s He looked a conds under h "Will you a abruptly. The entry c ters gave n recover from saved my rep of decision. "No," I sa ed. "Umph! G to Flight Sy be opened by only in emerg ted for anot objected to a Sharp & Son long standi "It's all r ently. "It b head." "That's th "You can' can't. "Wh "Right," h won't you c "Do you o ment? You' ership?" I

Parish News of the Week

MONTREAL SENATORS SIGN PETITION.

Quite a number of Montreal Senators have signed the petition presented by the ladies of St. Jean Baptiste federation in favor of more stringent license laws.

NO PAPERS DELIVERED ON SUNDAY.

The post office officials, following the lead of the express companies, have notified the newspapers in Ottawa that packages of newspapers will not be delivered on Sunday under any circumstances.

SUCCESSOR TO THE LATE FATHER CHEVRIER.

The Rev. Avila Derome, professor at the Seminary of Philosophy, has been named successor to the late Father Chevrier at St. James Church.

UNDER THE BAN.

On Sunday last a letter from the Archbishop of Quebec was read in the churches forbidding the diocesan attending Sardou's drama, "La Tosca," which was being played at Bennett's Theatre.

POLYTECHNIQUE SCHOOL.

The directors of the Polytechnique School have issued invitations for the official inauguration of the School of Architecture and the laboratories, which will take place on Saturday, the 11th inst., at three o'clock in the afternoon.

WON'T DISMISS CATHOLIC TEACHERS.

The Board of Education in Toronto voted down Trustee Levi's motion that all Catholic teachers in the public schools be ordered to hand in their resignations, and that in the future no person of that faith be engaged. The information came out during the discussion that there is but one Catholic public school teacher in the city.

FRANCISCANS LEAVE FOR ALBERTA.

On Monday morning last the Rev. Father Berchmans, O.F.M., and the Rev. Brothers Raphael and Andre left for Alberta, where they will establish a Franciscan mission. Brother Raphael is a brother of Mr. Emmett Quinn, so widely and favorably known in sporting circles.

SUDDEN DEATH OF IRISH BISHOP.

While presiding at a sacred concert in St. Mark's Hall, Belfast, Dr. Henry Henry, Catholic Bishop of Down and Connor, was taken ill, and died before he could be removed from the hall.

Literary Review.

Preparations now under way for the celebration, during the last week of April, of the centenary of the creation of the Diocese of New York, indicate that it will be one of the most imposing ecclesiastical and civic functions ever witnessed in New York. Among the incidental details of the commemoration will be the publication of volume 3 of The Catholic Encyclopedia, the pages of which are now being printed. Archbishop Farley has invited and expects to have as his guests, almost every member of the hierarchy in the United States, as well as His Eminence Cardinal Logue, Archbishop of Armagh, Ireland, and many foreign prelates. He will therefore have the pleasure of presenting to them the third volume of this monumental work, which they, with the rest of the English-speaking world, have welcomed with such favor, and to the success of which Archbishop Farley himself has contributed so much by his personal encouragement and official patronage. The publication at this time of Volume 3 of The Catholic Encyclopedia is not only appropriate but gives satisfactory evidence of the ability and determination of the editors to keep up the rapid succession of the volumes promised their patrons at the inception of the enterprise.

DONAHOE'S FOR APRIL.

The April number of Donahoe's Magazine opens with a poem, "Resurrection," by the Rev. P. J. Cormican, S.J., and throughout this issue the Easter thought is uppermost. The illustrated features include "Messengers of God," by F. L. Martin; "Carlisle Indian Students in Retreat," by Rev. Wm. J. Ennis, S. J.; "Easter-tide in California," by James Connolly; "In the Basque Country—Loyola," by Elizabeth effect; That an Irish girl when con-

REQUIEM MASS FOR FATHER CHEVRIER.

Yesterday, Wednesday, at 8 o'clock, a solemn requiem Mass was celebrated at the Nazareth Chapel for the repose of the soul of Father Chevrier, who had been a benefactor of that institution. A great number of friends of the dead priest were present.

RETREAT AT ST. ANN'S.

Rev. Father McPhail is, this week, preaching a retreat for the men and boys of the parish. The attendance is very encouraging, and the occasion is a most favorable one, affording those who attend an opportunity to perform their Easter duty.

JESUIT FATHERS GIVE RETREAT.

For the past three weeks a retreat has been given in St. Gabriel's Church, under the direction of the Rev. Jesuit Fathers of St. Mary's College, Beury street. The women's exercises were attended by about 1500 persons, and from the outlook at the opening of the men's last Sunday night things looked equally encouraging. A splendid altar is being erected, which will furnish another link in the chain of improvements always noticeable in this already beautiful church.

MISSION AT ST. MARY'S.

Rev. Father Gannon, C.S.S.V., and Rev. Father Kane, C.S.S.R., opened a mission in St. Mary's Church last Sunday night, the first week being given over to the ladies of the parish. The attendance has been very flattering throughout the week. Next week the men of the parish will have their turn, and a large attendance is expected. Rev. Father Gannon was for some years connected with St. Patrick's Church, Quebec, where he was very popular, while Rev. Father Kane is a native of that city.

FUNERAL OF THE LATE MR. D. CUMMINS, JR.

The funeral of the late Mr. Dominick Cummins, Jr., took place on Saturday last from the residence of his father, 25 Papineau Square, to St. Mary's Church, thence to Cote des Neiges Cemetery. Rev. Father Cullinan officiated at the requiem Mass. The late Mr. Cummins was formerly recording secretary of St. Mary's Catholic Young Men's Society, and the members of that organization turned out in numbers to pay their last respects to their late comrade. The chief mourners were Mr. Dominick Cummins, sr., and Mr. Thomas Cummins, brother. Others present at the funeral were Ald. Gallery, Mr. Kenny, sr., Jos. P. Heffernan, Peter Doyle, P. Doyle, T. Hanley, Thomas Griffin, P. Doran, P. Killeen and M. Kenny, jr.

A Merited Rebuke.

From the New York Sun.

Monsignor Patrick F. O'Hare, officiated at High Mass yesterday morning in St. Anthony's, Brooklyn, told his congregation that some Protestant clergymen were too ignorant to appreciate the sanctity of Catholic ritual, and that they were ready to disparage institutions of the Church of which they knew nothing. After the services Mgr. O'Hare said that when he spoke he had in mind the Rev. Lincoln H. Caswell, pastor of the Tabernacle Methodist Church, at Manhattan avenue and Noble street, who in his address to the graduates of Public School 126 on Thursday last had told an anecdote which, the Monsignor said, tended to degrade the holiness of the confessional.

"It was very indelicate for this preacher to make such a slighting reference to something entirely beyond his sphere, and of which he has no knowledge," said Mgr. O'Hare. The story to which the Catholic prelate took exception was to this Country—Loyola," by Elizabeth effect; That an Irish girl when con-

OUR MONTHLY CALENDAR

April, 1908.

W 4 St. Hugh, B. C.
Th 3 St. Francis of Paola, C.
F 3 The Most Precious Blood, C.
S 4 St. Isidore, B. C. D.

Passion Sunday.

S. 5 St. Vincent Ferrer, C.
M. 6 St. Stanislaus, P. M.
T. 7 St. Herman Joseph, C.
W. 8 St. Dionysius, B. C.
Th. 9 St. Mary of Egypt, P. M.
F. 10 Seven Sorrows of the B.V.M.
S. 11 St. Leo the Great, P. D. C.

Palm Sunday.

O. 12 St. Julius, P. C.
M. 13 St. Hermenegild, M.
T. 14 St. Justus, M.
W. 15 St. Peter Apostle, C. D.
Th. 16 St. Ben. Joseph Labre, C.
F. 17 St. Anicetus, P. M.
S. 18 St. Mary of Incarnation, V. C.

Easter Sunday.

S. 19 St. Leo IX, P. C.
M. 20 St. Agnes of Monte Policiano, V.
T. 21 St. Anselm, A.P. C. D.
W. 22 St. Soter and Caius, P.P. M.M.
Th. 23 St. George, M.
F. 24 St. Fidelis, M.
S. 25 St. Mark, Evangelist.

Low Sunday.

S. 26 Our Lady of Good Counsel
M. 27 St. Turibius, B. C.
T. 28 St. Paul of the Cross, C.
W. 29 St. Peter, M.
Th. 30 St. Catherine of Siena, V.

fessing to a priest was asked by him if she had told all. "No," said she, "I kissed Pat." "How many times?" asked the priest. "Father," she replied, "I'm not here to boast, but to confess."

The Rev. Mr. Caswell admitted yesterday that this story he told before the graduates of the public school, but maintained that it was not told in an impious spirit or with any ulterior motive. Frank L. Luqueer, principal of the school, said that he did not think the Methodist preacher had done anything to transcend the proprieties.

OBITUARY.

MR. PATRICK MCGOVERN.

The death occurred on Sunday, the 5th instant, of Mr. Patrick McGovern, of the Customs, at his residence, 4253 Dorchester street, Westmount. For many years Mr. McGovern had been connected with the business, Phillips & McGovern, and later of Valiquette and McGovern. Six years ago he gave up the dry goods business and entered the Customs. He leaves to mourn their loss a widow, three sons, and three daughters, Messrs. Thomas, Patrick James, Arthur, and Mrs. Alex. Gravel, Misses Frances and Charlotte McGovern.

MR. JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

Mr. James Jeffrey Roche, the United States consul at Berne, Switzerland, died there on Friday last, after a long illness. Mr. Roche was transferred from Genoa to Berne in April, 1847. He was 61 years old.

PERSONAL.

Hon. James McShane was given a seat on the floor of the United States Senate on Tuesday last. He was escorted to the President's chair and sat on Lieutenant-Governor Chanler's right throughout the session.

Victory for Catholic Church.

The king of Italy at Rome has received a telegram from the Prince of Monaco saying he regretted that his doctors had informed him he was not well enough to go to Rome to deliver his proposed lecture on oceanography. This is the official version of why the prince has decided not to visit King Victor Emmanuel. The proposed visit of this Catholic prince has been followed with deep interest by the Vatican, because of the prohibition placed by the Vatican upon all Catholic rulers from visiting the Quirinal during any sojourn they may make in Rome. Consequently the Church opposed the visit and has been successful, as, for a matter of fact, the prince has decided not to go to Rome on account of the opposition offered by the Vatican. The outcome is regarded as a great victory for the Church and the course decided upon by the prince will give great offence to the Quirinal.

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Honors to a Veteran Editor.

Charles J. O'Malley, a writer of national note and frequent contributor of verse to the secular magazines, has been chosen by Archbishop Quigley to succeed the late Father Thomas E. Judge, as editor of The New World, the official organ of the archdiocese of Chicago. Mr. O'Malley is thoroughly familiar with the aims and methods of the publication, as he preceded Father Judge as its editor and directed its policy for four years. His return to the paper will be welcomed by many who are familiar with his vigorous and direct prose. For the past two and a half years since leaving Chicago, Mr. O'Malley has been editor of The Catholic Sun, of Syracuse, N.Y. For many years

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HERBROOKE, 9:35 a.m., 4:30 p.m., 7:25 p.m.
ST. JOHN, HALIFAX, 7:25 p.m.
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SOME JUSTICE LEFT.

M. Lecouturier, who "liquidated" the property stolen by the French Government from the monks of "La Grande Chartreuse" and sought to pass off upon our palates his company's "Hiqueur" under the Carthusian trade-mark, has found once more that the path of spoliation does not always run smooth. The court of Grenoble has lately condemned him to pay in to the hospital of Vorson an annual sum of nearly 8000 francs for the maintenance of five "beds," founded there by the charity of the exiled monks. This was only one out of innumerable benefactions conferred by the fathers upon their suffering or destitute fellow-countrymen, who are now the poorer and more suffering for the anti-Christian fanaticism of France's rulers. It is a comfort to find that the anti-religious policy of French Cabinets has not yet poisoned all the wells of justice.—Catholic Weekly, London.

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