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Witness

Vol. LVI., No.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1907

PRICE FIVE CENTS

France Made Poor Bargain.

Nation Now Reaping Fruits of De-Christianization. Vice is Rampant. Rev. Bernard Vaughan on the Relation of Church and State in France.

Father Bernard Vaughan, whose widely quoted sermons on the sins of society have made his name familiar everywhere, gave a lecture recently in the Dublin Rotunda on "Church and State in France." He dwelt especially on the amazing inconsistencies and contradictions of those who are endeavoring to exterminate Christianity in France.

He pointed out, in the first place, that when the Associations law, under Waldeck-Rousseau and Combes, was passed in France, it was professedly with the object of protecting the secular clergy from the grasping, avaricious religious of France. The law was to take by the scruff of the neck every religious because he was plotting against the State, because he wanted the downfall of the Republic, to run him across the country and drop him out somewhere else. In other words, they wanted to destroy the religious life. But they were so merciful, and they wished to do everyone full justice, and so they proclaimed to the world at large that any of those religious bodies that chose to go through the formality of requesting for authorization would remain untouched in the possession of all they had and of all the liberties they had previously exercised. There were some of the religious orders a bit too wide-awake. They thought that perhaps Clemenceau, Waldeck-Rousseau and Co., might say one thing and possibly mean another, and so what did they do? They packed up their goods and chattels and they crossed the frontier, coming to Ireland, England and Scotland, Belgium and America, and where not. In the meantime, the press of Europe wrote articles condemning the action of these religious; it showed a want of trust in their countrymen. Why did they not trust the word of the Minister, why were they not true followers of the Republic, why did they not, in a word, ask for authorization and remain where they were instead of playing the traitor to their country?

BETRAYED.

In the meantime, also, some confiding religious orders and congregations gave inventories of all they possessed, and at the same time formally asked for authorization to remain in their organized authority where they were. How was that request met? They knew that the schools were closed, the property was confiscated, and all those religious, practically with rare exceptions, were bidden to cross the frontier, to leave their country, and to go forth with what they stood in without a stick of their own to carry with them. They heard nothing more from the press. Why didn't the press stand up now? Why didn't the press of Europe tell this infidel Government that it had lied, that it had said one thing and done another? What about all those charges of plotting against the State? They had heard no more of these since then; nothing had been proved against the religious; no more had anything been proved against Monsignor Montagnini, though they had been told that he had been plotting against the State and had instigated free juries to do the same and violate the laws of France—these were no more proved against the religious than against the Nuncio's Secretary. The press was silent. Why did Waldeck-Rousseau and Co. suppress the religious orders in France? Was it because they were exercising too much power and interfering with the secular clergy—was it that they were plotters against the State? No, it was because they were teachers of Catholic youth, giving them a Christian education.

THE REVOLVER INSTEAD OF THE CRUCIFIX.

What did Waldeck-Rousseau mean? It was to starve out Christianity. Their cry since 1882 had been one

and the same cry—it was the cry to dechristianize France. They were trying the impossible—to get on without God. Did Waldeck-Rousseau say from more than one platform that France needed not two types of youth, but one type only—not the type brought up in the shadow of darkness, but in the full illumination of science. It was not science that France needed, it was religion. She was teaching her children to-day to use—what would he say—blasphemy instead of prayer; training them to use petroleum instead of holy water; training them to lay hold of the revolver instead of the Crucifix. What France needed was not Freemasonry, but Christianity. What France needed was not racial suicide, but motherhood; what France needed was a race of men and women like the race represented before him. She wanted great men and pure women, and docile sons and daughters. She wanted families; she wanted to do her duty before God and her country and her home. She wanted Christianity, and the present Government was trying to make her

EXCHANGE CHRIST FOR VOLTAIRE.

and wanted her to take up the weapons of Freemasonry, and to-day they were already seeing that having sown the wind she was beginning to reap the whirlwind. Look at the state of her navy; was her army any better? Look at the state of society—honeycombed with vice. Look at the ruffianism among her young men, and women unsafe in her streets; boys and girls accused of all sorts of crimes—murders and suicides, and vices which St. Paul would not allow him to mention. The Associations Law had for its object to starve Christianity out from among the laity, and since that law another had been passed called the Separation Law. The government said that the Concordat was at an end, and that all the property belonging to the Church handed over to the Church as some little compensation for the millions taken from her, would become State property, and all these thousands of churches and convents that the laity had in the meantime erected out of their private munificence would be taken too. In fact, there were highway robbers all over the country.

THE MODEST DESIGN OF THE GOVERNMENT.

Father Vaughan proceeded to refer to the formation of the Associations Cultuelles or the Associations of Worship. The formation of these associations meant that in every parish in the future the laity might form themselves into associations and run the Church to suit themselves. Imagine the Catholic Church, which was a living organization, with the Pope as the centre of all authority and jurisdiction, sending forth his Bishops, and the Bishops appointing their clergy, and forming various parishes, and the laity under those parish priests all of a sudden finding that the French Government had come to change the organization of Christ's Church, and saying that they could arrange it much better; that they could dispense with the Pope and with the Bishops, and that they could get a few laity to run the Church for them! The press asked: "Why cannot you accept those terms?" Their answer was—"We cannot accept them, because we are not Presbyterians. We cannot accept them because we happen to be Catholics, and we cannot change the organization of the Church. The Church is the organization of Jesus Christ."

Father Vaughan condemned in strong terms the robbery of the archives of the Nunciature. Several of the French newspapers professed to give authentic copies of these

France's Message to America.

Archbishop Amette Pleads for a Full Comprehension of a Criminal Regime Which Crushes Liberty. An American Journalist's Estimate of the Present Government.

Ernest L. Aroni, who is in France studying the situation there, sends the following to his newspaper, the Evening Mail, New York:

Monsieur Amette, Coadjutor Archbishop of Paris, successor to Cardinal Richard and the active head of the Church in France to-day, sends this message to America:

"What do we ask of our brothers in the United States? We entreat them to arouse and exert the force of the public opinion of a great nation. That is all we have a right or the will to ask.

"I cannot speak officially, nor issue nor utter an official message. You must understand clearly that my position gives me no such authority. But I can speak as a Catholic to Catholics, and to unbiased Americans as an observer who knows the questions in issue.

ASKS ONLY FULL UNDERSTANDING.

"To all our countrymen, therefore, I would make this plea: Give us your full understanding of the conditions which exist in France and which encompass Christianity in this country. Study the questions for yourselves.

"If you distrust our words because you believe they are founded on self-interest, ignore them. But do not accept the false phrases of our implacable enemies for the facts. Once you have gained comprehension of the truth, and the whole truth, we are assured of your sympathy.

"As a Catholic speaking to the Catholics of America I would say: 'We need your comfort and sympathy in this hour of trial. But our request of you, above all else, is for you to awaken your compatriots to full understanding of the tyranny, the despotism and the oppression which masquerades in France to-day under the names of freedom and liberty.'

HOW HE CHOSE HIS SUCCESSOR

It was characteristic of Cardinal Richard that when age began to weigh upon him and a coadjutor was needed to share the burdens of his office, he held no conference with his fellow prelates, and, as the story goes, did not even ponder in his own mind the merits and defects of those eligible to succeed him.

He went simply as a child to his friend and confessor, the head of the Sulpicians, and a few days later all France was surprised to hear that the young Bishop of Bayeux, Monsieur Amette, had been chosen Coadjutor Archbishop of Paris, with succession assured.

The choice of this young prelate—barely in the fifties, with the look and physique of a man of thirty-five—no longer causes surprise, except at the wisdom of the selection.

That the world will hear much of him in the years to come is the opinion of all observers who have watched the calm, untroubled, patient diplomacy with which he is conducting the affairs of the Church in the most trying period of its history.

It is from his lips that the message to America, which leads this letter, came at the close of a long interview in the archiepiscopal palace.

CARDINAL RICHARD PINING AWAY.

The nominal head of the Church in France is a very old man, who is slowly dying. The truth about Cardinal Richard has not been told since the doors of his new home closed after his first entrance. It can be gleaned only by inference, even after the doors of 50 Rue de Bourgogne are passed. Yet the truth is as simple as it is sad.

"Stubborn as a Breton" is an old French proverb. "Sturdy as a Breton" is another phrase as good. But

archives. But how could they be all authentic when they differed from one another? Nothing, so far, had appeared from these archives to disturb the map of Europe, or, indeed, to disturb the peace of mind of any sane man. He thought the most damaging thing in the robbery was the robbery itself. They might ask him how it came that the great French nation, how a great Catholic people like the French, sat down under this state of things—how their Celtic blood had not rebelled. It was a most difficult thing for those who did not know the inner working of France to understand. Absolutism, centralization, were at the root of the matter. A Minister of France could press a button and could make his power felt all over France, as far as the Prefect, the Mayor, and down to the railway

the oak that withstands a thousand tempests is killed if transplanted. Cardinal Richard, that splendid old son of Brittany, will be seen henceforth only by his household.

He was evicted like a defaulting East Side tenant last January. He was the guest of M. Denys Cochin for a time. Then he moved to a new residence so near his old one that there is really no great difference in the size and exterior of the properties.

HIS PRESENT RUDE LODGINGS.

In the Rue de Grenelle, however, Cardinal Richard had lived longer than the lifetime of the average man. It may be that the new archiepiscopal palace may grow to be less brave and crude and cold during the coming decades.

At present, however, it is an office building and lodging—nothing more—a different place from the dismantled house near by, where the workmen are busy transforming the ancient archbishopric into the Ministry of Labor.

The grape vines which Cardinal Richard planted and tended daily with his own hands until last New Year's are still growing. They will be pruned hereafter by the Minister, Viviani, who boasted last winter that the star of Bethlehem had been extinguished forever.

He is an ardent horticulturist in his hours of leisure. So Cardinal Richard's vines will not suffer. But their former gardener lies bedridden in the new home that is no home to him, calmly waiting the end.

voices of the people would prevail before God. She would rise in her strength, she would gather about her her people, and the Church would, for the first time in a hundred years, and more, live a free existence, assert herself, demand her rights, claim her own, gather about her a great Catholic Party, and France would once more be able to look Christianity in the face.

THE MONTREAL CITY AND DISTRICT SAVINGS BANK.

At the 60th annual meeting of the Montreal City and District Savings Bank, held last week, a most gratifying report was made. Our last week's issue showed that the net profits for the year were \$156,614.95 and the balance brought forward from last year's profit and loss account was \$51,005.54, making a total of \$207,620.49. From this amount have been paid two dividends to shareholders, and \$100,000 have been transferred to the reserve fund, increasing the latter to \$900,000, leaving a balance at credit of profit and loss of \$7,620.49 to be carried forward to next year.

PERSONAL.

The retiring board, as follows was re-elected: Hon. J. Ald. Outmet, Mr. Michael Burke, Hon. Robert Mackay, Ald. H. Markland Molson, Messrs. R. Bolton, G. N. Moncel, Robert Archer, M. Nowlan de Lisle, Hon. R. Dandurand, Hon. C. J. Doherty.

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CONCERT.

Last evening witnessed another of the weekly gatherings given by the friends of the sailors. The entertainment was under the auspices of the Literary Committee, and did credit to its promoters. Shortly after 8 o'clock, Mr. Felix Casey, President of the Club, introduced Mr. B. McNally, who was to act as chairman of the evening. The programme was very well carried out. Special mention is due to Misses Carey, Fawcett and McCaffery, as also to Messrs. Miller, Flynn, Wallace, Kelly, O'Hara, Greenwood, Nevit, Waldron, Phillips, Ramsay, Wright and Master Goodyear, all of whom seemed to vie with one another in making the entertainment all that could be desired.

PERSONAL.

Mr. James H. Farnand, Recording Secretary of Division No. 1, A.O.H., Buckingham, Que., left recently on a business trip for Edmonton, Alberta. He purposes being absent for six or eight months.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

A few kind words from **The Sisters of Misericorde.**

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

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Our Boys and Girls
BY AUNT BECKY

The Secret of the Silver Lake

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

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

"Well, that depends. They may torture us a bit, or—"

"Oh, they cannot be so cruel!" exclaimed Ernest. "You are not really serious, Scout, are you, in saying that?"

"I am indeed. I am sorry to say that unless our people can gain admittance and rescue us, we run a great risk."

"And cannot we escape in any way? Can't I get away? I am not bound very tightly, and I have my knife. If I could only get loose we would soon find some means by which we might escape!" cried Stephen.

"But you can't get loose," muttered Ernest. "It is no use wishing. Here we are, and I can see no prospect of release anywhere. This is indeed worse than ever. We were silly to come!"

"I can't realize it," said Stephen. "Is it possible and really a fact that we are held captives by a few savages in one of our own colonies? Nonsense! The Maoris are not now so wicked. They only intend to frighten us!"

"I wish that was all," replied the Scout. "But you must remember that the Maori is still uncivilized, and very bitter against the men who seek his land. In time he will come round, as many of the tribes have; but there are many thousands of natives free and in these out-of-the-way places they may almost defy anyone who comes against them. But after all, I do not think they will kill us."

"Only torture us to death!" said Ernest, shuddering. "If Amy could but help us! But it is getting dark, and no signal can be made. What shall we do?"

No one answered. There did not appear any means of escape. Bound as they were, it was impossible to cut their bonds, and unless some friendly native came to their aid, the unfortunate prisoners must suffer.

As they pondered in sad and terrified silence a footstep was heard approaching. Each prisoner turned his head in the direction of the entrance, but no one came there. A moment afterwards a hissing noise arose, as if some whispered conversation was going on between the guards and some new arrival. The inmates of the hut could not see as night was falling quickly; but they surmised that some visitor had come round, or perhaps a chief had arrived to inspect the guard, to see that they were safe, and that a proper watch was being kept.

They were rather astonished, however, when, without announcement of any kind, the chief himself appeared, and stood for a moment contemplating them by the light of a small torch which an attendant carried.

"Ah! something will be settled now," muttered the Scout to the two boys. "It's life or death. I expect!"

CHAPTER X.—THE BOYS ESCAPE—THE ATTACK ON THE "PAH"—A GREAT SURPRISE—THE GREATEST SURPRISE OF ALL!

The guards had gone; the chief entered the hut alone—a grim smile was on his face, which looked terrible in its queer markings under the torchlight. He made a sign to his attendant, who fixed the torch upright in a kind of wedge, and then quitted the hut.

"The chief has come to mock his prisoners," suggested the Scout, addressing their visitor in the Maori tongue.

"Tua-kana is foolish," was the disdainful reply. "The eagle does not mock the rat—it devours it."

"Ah!" said the Scout, drawing in his breath. "The eagle, I see, wars not with its kind; it is afraid to meet a brave, and is a tyrant in its fear."

"Does Tua-kana say that the chief fears him?" replied the other scornfully.

"Yes, or else he would unbind him and speak on equal terms with him and these boys of the settlers."

The chief smiled disdainfully, and said—

"Can't we find out where she is?" whispered Stephen. "We could carry her away now; we have the feathers!"

has sent me here to set them free, or she will bring down the mountain fire from the Tarawera, which is ever now burning. They are free!"

Before the Scout could translate this to the boys the chief had cut the withes that bound them, and they stared at the Scout in astonishment at their sudden release.

"Yes; you are free," said Bond. "Run: go to the camp, tell your tale; never mind me now; come to my rescue if you can—if not, free your sister!"

"But what will become of you, Scout?" asked Stephen. "We cannot leave you here alone with no one to befriend you."

"Yes; I have to remain a while; be prepared: your sister is safe. Go while the chief permits."

"They will kill us," suggested Ernest.

"Ah, well, they might!" Then turning to the chief, he said tauntingly—

"The chief is kind! He sends unarmed boys into his camp to escape, when he knows they will be slain by the warriors!"

"Tua-kana speaks falsely. Here is the pledge," replied the chief proudly.

He plucked two feathers from his mat, and handed them to the Scout, who gave them to the boys, telling them that these were their safeguard and "permit." No one would molest them with those in his possession.

The boys accepted them gladly, but were loth to leave their friend.

"You must go," he said firmly. "Run: tell your father and your uncle what has happened, and come to my assistance—if I am alive," he muttered.

Stephen and Ernest did not require a third bidding. The chief's aspect quite frightened them, and after a firm hand-shake and a kind of bow to the chief, who never relaxed a muscle all this while, they quitted the tent.

The Scout watched them and then turning to the chief he said, with sincerity and gratitude—

"Rangitira is true and faithful. What will he do now?"

"He will give your bones to the wild pigs, and your body to the torment," replied the Maori, with rising rage. "He promised the White Queen mercy, but he promised himself revenge."

"The chief threatens safely. I am bound!" said the Scout.

"Rangitira is no coward! He will cut the bonds if Tua-kana will swear not to quit the 'pah' till after the next sunset!"

This he knew would be impossible then, because he intended to torture his prisoner on the next afternoon.

"I swear it!" replied the Scout, "Release me."

The chief cut his bonds as he had cut the others, and the Scout extended his arms, as if stretching his muscles. But as he let his hands fall, his right grasped a knife, and the other clutched the throat of the Maori chieftain.

Rangitira supported the onset with great fortitude without uttering a sound. He was not altogether surprised. He would have done the same himself in like circumstances. So he was, in a measure, prepared for the consequence of his act of release.

The two men struggled and fought fiercely, wrestling with each other. We need not say any more about them at present. Let us go after Stephen and Ernest and see how they are getting on.

When they quitted the hut, they soon found that the tokens they had received from the chief were most useful. The guards stopped them, but recognizing the royal feathers of the kiwi, or apteryx—long, narrow feathers, which are used for the superior cloaks of the natives—they let the lads pass on. This kiwi is a very curious bird, for it cannot fly, for its wings are not sufficiently grown.

The boys were very grateful to the Scout, but when they had passed the guards, who were stationed at some distance from the hut where the Scout was, they thought of Amy.

"Can't we find out where she is?" whispered Stephen. "We could carry her away now; we have the feathers!"

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"I am afraid we cannot help her, but we will try, if you like," replied Ernest, in the same low tone. "But while we are finding her out the Scout may be dying! Let us have a try, any way."

The night was rather dark, and there were many huts, amongst which the boys searched for some time, calling "Amy, Amy," without success. Many times they were challenged, but the feathers which they held up in the twilight—the dim light given by a rising moon—proved their protection.

Poor Amy thought she heard her name called and sat up; but the lads passed on, and after a while they reached the ditch. They remembered that it surrounded the palisade, so they followed it until they reached the entrance and the path leading over the ditch.

There was no one near; the gate of the "pah" was closed. There were no means of escape.

"We are in a trap," said Stephen. "If Amy had come with us, she could have gone out!"

This was a great disappointment. "No doubt the wily chieftain knew this when he let us go," remarked Ernest.

It certainly looked as if he wished to play them false. He had got rid of them, had the Scout in his power in the hut, his guards within call, and in some way, poor Bond, the "White Maori," the son of the old crone who attended to Amy, would be disposed of. So thought the lads; but they did not know that the Maori would rather torture his victim. He is a much better man now than he was in these days, when Stephen and his brother were in the country—in the wilderness of New Zealand.

"We must get out somehow," said Ernest. "Suppose you lift me up on your shoulder, and then I can help you after."

"But we cannot rest on those pointed palisades," replied Stephen. "Look here, Ernie: I am the eldest, I will help you—you go on and I will remain here."

"No," replied Ernest. "I am the youngest, and not worth so much to father. You go, and I will take my chance of what happens. Now then, 'King!'"

"It reminds me of home to be called 'King,' again," replied his brother, "but Ernie, I insist on your going. I will find Amy in the morning, and she will protect me. Besides, you can run ever so much faster than I, and if you hurry you can easily reach the camp and bring help before day! I will lie here in the ditch."

After some discussion this was arranged, and Ernie, the light-weight or feather-weight, was lifted up, poised on the palisade, and then he soon turned, let himself down to the full stretch of his arms, and dropped.

"All right," he whispered. "Good-bye, old 'King.'"

"Keep up the hill," cried Stephen, "and make haste."

Ernie required no second bidding. He hurried away, and after a very long run and walk he panted up the last slope, feeling dazed and dizzy, his heart beating loudly, while he was fearfully hot, streaming with perspiration in the warm atmosphere.

One of the settlers was on the watch, and quickly challenged the exhausted lad, who had scarcely breath to reply.

The alarm was quickly given, and in a quarter of an hour the whole party were fully armed and were on the way to the "pah," to rescue Amy and Stephen, and to save the life of the Scout.

"Now, Ernest," said Mr. Belton, "show us the entrance. Where is this formidable door you spoke of?"

"We must scale the palings, I fear," said Mr. Manton. "Are you prepared for the struggle, my lads?" he asked, looking round upon his followers.

"Yes, yes, we're ready!" they replied. "But wish there were more of us."

"Ay, a 'pah' is no joke, I can tell ye," added one of the men seriously. "Come along," said another: "we will manage to get in somehow. We can die but once, any way!"

Ernie and the others of the

party then advanced very quietly in the half-light. The moon was waning, but had sufficient radiance to keep the expedition out of the pitfalls and small gullies, which in darkness would have been dangerous. At length Ernest, who was leading, halted.

"The entrance ought to be here, somewhere," he said. "It must be hereabouts, because I remember the tree was close by."

"But there's another tree a little farther on," suggested his uncle. "We shall find the path presently."

Ernie proved correct; the path was soon found and the gate reached. Then Ernest whistled to Stephen, but no reply was made. He had gone, or had been carried away by the angry chief, perhaps! He was, really, asleep.

"We must force open the gate," said Mr. Belton.

His brother smiled, unseen. "You will tire of trying," he said gently. "Let us climb over."

"We shall all be caught in turn, then," whispered one of the settlers. "If the natives wish to destroy us, they will have a splendid chance."

"Let us break down the door. All together with a rush! The butts of the rifles will do for battering-rams. One or two good rushes, and it will give way."

"We can but try," said the men. "Here goes!"

They separated into two parties and charged the door at full speed. To the extreme surprise of all, it yielded, creaked, and when again assailed, flew open. The entrance was won! Stephen was not far off and joined the party at once.

"Hurrah!" cried the assailants. "The 'pah' is won! Our fire-arms will soon settle the 'brownies!'"

"Perhaps they do not meditate resistance," said Mr. Belton.

"Perhaps they meditate treachery," said Mr. Manton. "Let us be cautious."

(To be continued.)

Frank E. Donovan
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THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1907.

THE NEW EPISCOPALIAN RECTOR.

St. George's Episcopal Church in this city has a new rector, the Rev. Canon P. Patterson Smythe. The "Canon" arrived with a loud report.

His ignorance and bigotry seem all the more appalling just at this time when the Catholic Church is really at a loss the world over to properly provide for the vast number of Episcopalians clergymen and laity that are flocking to her fold.

"You can hardly realize, living in Canada or living in England, how ignorant the masses of the Irish people are. I don't dispute that those who have the advantage of education are often bright, and I am glad to learn that the Irish who come out here make their mark, but the misfortune of Ireland is that its people are too much under the influence of the priests—not the enlightened priests that I believe you have here who make the Roman Catholic religion an elevating and beautifying influence in the moulding of character and the uplifting of the individual.

Narrow-minded, retrograde-for-sooth. The greatest trouble with this imported clerical stock is that all the narrow-mindedness is encompassed in their own craniums, and a vision beyond their own proboscis is quite indiscernible, and it is just these that are a powerful influence in driving brilliant men like the Rev. Dr. Lloyd and countless others into the true fold.

A TRIBUTE TO FRENCH NUNS.

The following translation of an editorial that appeared recently in La République Française, the leading Republican organ in France, whose editor is M. Meline, former Prime Minister, is one of the many splendid defences of Catholicity and its institutions which have seen the light since the beginning of the present persecution.

At the close of the Masonic conference Brother Bonnet uttered a phrase that in impudence surpasses all the rest of his impudent addresses. He said that the next step in the work of emancipation now going on in France should be the compulsory ending of the "exploitation of public charity by members of Catholic congregations."

gels, which it would be sufficient to mention to make the directory of all human miseries, for there is not one of these miseries, however terrible, however repulsive, which has not called forth the infinite treasures of Catholic charity!

Exploiters, thou, the most beloved, the most cherished of thy Father's house; thou, so kind, so beautiful as to be able to put into thy dream all the joys and the pleasures of this life, and who, turning from that dream thine pure eyes made the voluntary sacrifice of all the affections and joys offered to thee, and art to-day consuming all thine days and nights among the poor wrecks of this world, in whom are concentrated all the miseries and the frailties of mankind.

Angel of charity, thou art an exploiter, for thou exploitest for thine interest these miseries, these wrecks, these infirmities! Thou, of whom Dr. Desprez, a freethinker, but a man with a human heart, said amidst the plaudits of thousands of workmen: "She is placed above all women; she is an impersonal thing; her name no one knows, and under her white 'cornette' she needs but one—'Sister.' Thou exploitest for \$40 per year our hospitals, our prisons and our barracks. And who says this? A Freemason, a chief, the official spokesman of that sect which has sworn to withdraw thee also from the post of devotion where thy faith and thy great heart have placed thee, and send thee, daughter of France, to travel all thy life upon the sorrowful road of exile, still wet from the tears of those who have preceded thee.

A Freemason? And what has he done, that man, to outrage with his insolence the sublime charity of our Catholic fellow-citizens? What has his sect ever done? Where are its works of disinterested and generous charity? Where has the Masonic Sister of Charity ever been seen? Where the Brother of St. John of God, crossing himself with the triangle? When have they given of their persons and of their money to lighten a misery, to dry a single tear? Let them produce their works. Ah, yes, it is true, they have an orphan asylum, a single one in the whole of France. And it is exclusively for the natural-born children of the sect that this asylum opens its doors! No room within its walls for the orphans of the people. And they are not even able to support themselves their only institution. An annual appropriation of 30,000 francs from the treasury of the city of Paris is necessary to keep it open.

These, readers, are the usurers, "pingreos," the heartless, who are to-day ruling our country from the darkness of their lodge rooms and insulting unblushingly the charity of the majority of the people. And when they shall have succeeded in driving all the beloved Sisters out of France what will they do? They will replace them by "apostles" of the big salary. Such is their highest ideal.

Why these insane substitutions? For the only cause which controls all their acts—the hatred of God, in the name of Whom these angels of charity make the voluntary sacrifice of all the pleasures of life. And there will be men, after this, who will persist in their denials of the existence of God? Say, readers, it is not often we trouble you with religion in the columns of this newspaper, but answer, is it possible to hate so ferociously, so inhumanly, a being who does not exist? If God be only a chimera, how shall we conceive so much love on one hand, and so much hatred on the other, one persecuting the other upon the field of human misery? For the thinker there is in the repulsive outrage of the Freemason and in the silent heroism of Catholic charity one and the same Creed. Does not the Scripture say that faith lives, even within the depths of hell?

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant to take; sure and effective in destroying worms. Many have tried it with best results.

CATHOLIC IRELAND.

Protestant readers of The Youth's Companion are learning something about Catholic Ireland. Jane Barlow tells them that quite small children were sent to school in ancient Ireland. Like the children of to-day, they began their studies with the alphabet. The letters were sometimes stamped on bread or cakes which the youthful scholars might eat when their lessons were learned—a sort of kindergarten device. The child school-founding period in Ireland was in the seventh century. We learn from the chronicles of the Venerable Bede that about the middle of that century great crowds of Anglo-Saxons, among them Egbert and Saint Chad, went over to Ireland, and were kindly welcomed by the Irish, who provided them gratuitously with "food, books and teachers."

During the same century two foreign kings were educated in Ireland—Dagobert II. of France and Alfrid of Northumbria, who has left an Irish poem in praise of the country. Irish geometers, geographers, and astronomers were then far in advance of their age, and the study of Greek, which had all but died out in the countries farther east, was common in Ireland. "At one time," says M. Darmesteter, "Armagh, the religious capital of Christian Ireland, was the metropolis of civilization." The earliest of celebrated Irish schools was founded more than 1400 years ago by Saint Enda, the son of a King of Oriel, on the wild, rocky island of Aran More, off the coast of Galway, whither "fleetsful" of scholars came from all quarters. Other schools as famous, and nearly as ancient were Clonard, close to the River Boyne, and Clonfert on the Shannon; but greater than either of them was Clonmacnoise, founded by Saint Ciaran beside a wide cove in the Shannon not far from Athlone, almost in the centre of Ireland. Although many beautiful works still bear witness to Irish achievements in art and letters, testimony even stronger to the nation's constant love for such abides in the fact that it never was quenched by all the waters of affliction through which it passed. Wars, massacres, pestilence and famine swept in wide waves over the land. A time came, and lasted for generation after generation, when it was a felony for the greater part of the people either to teach or be taught or even to own a book or manuscript; a time when children might be seen furtively learning the alphabet from letters chalked on their father's tombstone. Yet in the worst days schools continued to exist, however secretly and perilously, and a scholar was always an object of respect and admiration.

IMMIGRATION FROM IRELAND.

Immigration from Ireland to America continues unabated; notwithstanding the efforts of the Irish bishops and archbishops to stop it. All over Ireland the Gaelic League is at work striving to stay the tide but evidently without result. Making conditions better, preaching the doctrine of stay-at-home, uttering warnings against decay of faith and morals, holding up American civilization as something dreadful—all these appear valueless as deterrents.

It is stated by the cable that on last Thursday the White Star Line steamer Baltic, which sailed from Queenstown for New York, had on board so many passengers that the record was nearly broken. Every berth was filled, and 200 steerage passengers had to be left behind. In all, the Baltic carried 2760 passengers, and with her crew, had on board 3150 persons. The emigration from Ireland to the United States continues on a large scale. About 800 passengers boarded the Baltic and Caronia of the Cunard Line, which sailed also from Queenstown on Wednesday for New York.

The report of Dr. Robert E. Matheson, the Registrar-General for Ireland, upon the Irish emigration statistics for the year 1906, was issued on April 1, as a Parliamentary paper. It shows that the em-

igrants who left Irish ports during the year numbered 35,918, or 8.2 per 1000 of the estimated population, showing an increase of 4746 as compared with the figures for 1905, which, however, was the lowest on record since 1851. The greatest drain of emigrants was from Connaught, where it represented 12.2 per 1000 of the population, as against 9.3 in Munster, 4.4 in Leinster, and 7.8 in Ulster. 83.1 per cent of the emigrants were between the ages of 15 and 35 years, and 4151 were married. The total number of emigrants to the United States, steerage passengers, was 25,278, of whom 9530 had their passage paid for in America.

REFERENCE TO SPANISH HEIR.

In the course of an editorial on the new heir to the Spanish throne, the Daily Witness has the following: "If the Prince lives to be a King, he will come under the strong, conservative, if not retrogressive influence of the Roman Catholic Church and the immemorial traditions of the Spanish Throne; on the other hand, he will have felt the powerful liberalizing environment of the British Court and people, and, aided thereto by the most statesmanlike of his councillors, and the growing liberalizing ideas of the Spanish people, it will be wonderful if, under the British constitution which Spain has already adopted, and to which the present monarch is loyal, the new prince's reign should not prove a very bright era for Spain. Many Spaniards to-day know the correct answer to the question, 'Why has England risen while Spain has fallen?' and more and more will find it out as English intercourse increases and the years hurry on."

"Retrospective influence" is good. "Why has England risen, while Spain has fallen?" Of course our contemporary expects its readers to acquiesce that it is because of the Catholic Church. Some writers cannot take their "pen in hand" without showing at once their animosity, and our neighbor is certainly a covert adept at the business. England may have risen in wealth and worldly possessions, while Spain has lost somewhat, but Spain places earthly possessions and gain second to high morals and right living. The injunction "What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world, if he lose his own soul" might be considered with our contemporary's remarks, and if we are to credit Father Bernard Vaughan's remarkable sermons on English life and morals, as exemplified in England's society, we are constrained to think that Spain will fare as well in the end for her well grounded Catholic character and ideals.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The noble work associated with the monks of St. Bernard and their famous dogs is not yet by any means ancient history, as some might suppose owing to modern revolutions in methods of travel. A correspondent writing to the London Express from Geneva, under date April 14, says that the monks at the Grand St. Bernard Hospice state that this winter has been the most severe experienced for many years. During the five months just ended more than 1200 storm-bound travelers—chiefly Italian workmen, and including three British tourists—have been given shelter at the Hospice. The monks and their dogs were called out in the night frequently to assist exhausted travelers who had lost their way on the mountain-side. At least a hundred of them would have perished in the snow but for timely assistance.

So long as the great mountains exist there will, in spite of tunnels and railways, be travellers either for business or pleasure who will need such assistance as only the devoted monks and their wonderful dogs can render.

Queen's College, Galway, is an institution maintained by public funds voted by Parliament. How it is conducted in the matter of the appointments of its staff in reference to the question of religious denomi-

nation may be seen from a letter in the Dublin Freeman, from Most Rev. Thomas O'Dea, Bishop of Clonfert, in which the case is thus stated:

"It will interest at least your Western readers to be informed that, though Connacht was 96 per cent. Catholic in 1901, there is not at this moment a single Irish Catholic professor, outside the medical faculty, in the Queen's College, Galway, nor a single Irish Catholic among the governing body. The President is a Presbyterian, and of the remaining professors one is a German Catholic, and two in the medical faculty are Irish Catholics. All the others are non-Catholics. I should like to know what the result would be if a corresponding state of things from any cause existed in Belfast. Supposing 96 per cent. of the people of the North were Orangemen, and the professors in the Queen's College, Belfast, were Catholics, almost to a man, how long would the College buildings stand?"

The Canadian Courier of last week drew attention to two flag incidents which contained matter for reflection. After commenting on the act of the American marines in protecting the British interests and demanding an apology for insults to the British flag in Honduras, it points out as follows: "The other day at Massey Hall, Toronto, during a camera display, a colored picture of the Stars and Stripes was thrown upon the screen. It was a special occasion for school children, and thousands of the youngsters crowded the hall. When the picture appeared, they quickly and spontaneously hissed it. This was bad manners, and indicates that either the parents or the teachers of Toronto are lacking in that balance and restraint which should be characteristic of a British people. If we hiss the United States flag in this country, we must expect the Canadian flag to be hissed in the United States."

The youngsters as well as their teachers should be taught a few lessons evidently not in their text books. Toronto's distinguished citizen, prominent lawyer and zealous Catholic, R. D. Gunn, King's Counsel, has been made a judge. Mr. Gunn is a native of Barrie. He has been practicing law about eight years and has been connected with many important cases of litigation. Five years ago he was made a King's counsel. He is a member of the Knights of Columbus, Catholic Mutual Benevolent Association, and Catholic Order of Foresters. He is a Liberal. Judge Gunn is a direct descendant of the "Clair Ronald McDonald," hence the name Ronald—a family noted for the many famous sons it has given to Church, state and army. The illustrious statesman, Archbishop McDonald, was a grand uncle of his and the famous Captain Miles, Governor of Selkirk, a great grandfather.

France is facing a grave situation. With the reassembling of parliament, Premier Clemenceau has a new question to consider—the formation of a federation of workmen which has been effectively going on for months. At Saturday's cabinet meeting Premier Clemenceau submitted a bill dissolving the federation, but when M. Briand, Minister of Education, opposed it, he agreed to hold it in abeyance for a first test of sentiment in the Chamber of Deputies. The present French ministry is crumbling fast. The attitude of the Government on the Church question was so unjust and contrary to decency that the civilized world would look with complacency on the downfall of Clemenceau's cabinet.

The Watchman (Baptist) says:—The indications are that a "clerical" party may become a feature in the legislatures in the United States in process of time. A Catholic Federation of Societies, including the Knights of Columbus and Ancient Order of Hibernians has been organized to influence legislation for Catholic interests. At present the influence is an outside pressure upon legislators, but it cannot be doubted that in time groups will be formed

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in legislative bodies to unite and work together. The Watchman need lose no sleep over the matter. There is not the slightest intention of the formation of a Catholic party any more than there is the formation of a Baptist party. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in replying in French, in London, to the toast of "The Entente Cordiale," said if there was any country where the entente was received with enthusiasm, it was in Canada, for in Canada there were two million British subjects of French origin like himself, who retained the full pride of their origin. They accepted with entire loyalty all that the words "British subject" meant, yet they retained their intense love for France. Their sentiments came, in the most free country under the sun, from Canada, which preserved them; from France, which inspired them; and from England, which respected them.

A big legal convention will take place in Toronto on June 4th and 5th, when Chief Justice Fitzpatrick, of the Supreme Court, will deliver an address at the meeting, which will be open to all members of the profession. It is expected that this address will deal with the matter of establishing uniform practice in all legal matters for the different provinces.

THE SOVEREIGN

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The Month of

(By Liarotaw, author of Religion, etc.) The month of Mary is with more. As an Irish Catholic I should like a few words about how our honored there. On May Day streets are thronged with children and girls dressed in white, banners and garlands of flowers and singing hymns. Even among Protestant children may be seen remnants of old Catholic hymns. Our own little ones sing with heartiness Mary's hymn: Dear Mary, we crown thee with flowers to-day, Queen of the Angels, and Queen of the May. The horses are not forgot, drivers vie with each other how to turn out the best and flowers and brightly colored bonnets, so that the themselves seem to be proud of our Lady. In some nun collect the offerings of faithful every night and give slip of paper bearing a motto as "Show me a true child and I will show you one who a saint one day in heaven." Never say a word which you not like the Blessed Virgin to or "Our Lord said to St. My mother never refused me on earth, and I never refuse now," etc. These are pretty different colors and the people serve them and paste them in prayer books. I have some my Vesper Book, that I have for over twenty years. On Sunday in May processions of and girls, the latter arrayed and wearing white veils and flowers, follow the Queen (chosen each year by the priest, on account of her regardance at school, or for other good conduct) as her attendants, such as maids of altar, a wreath (or crown) of beautiful flowers is (with assistance of the priests and attended with great pomp and money) placed on the head of Blessed Virgin Mary, where remains until the end of her During the procession, and the entire month, every night, in the vermicular age sung, so the airs become so well known the people sing them daily in homes. This pious practice, venerating Our Lady originates Italy, and the month of May selected in preference to any from a wish to change a sea dissipation and amusement of instruction and devotion. In land and the Emerald Isle the thod generally followed consists (1) Meditating daily on some or eternal truth; (2) in reading edifying lesson or narrative, tive of the benefits to be from a pious confidence in Mary in invoking her intercession by vent prayer. These devotion commonly performed in a church fore an altar or image of the ed Virgin, which is adorned flowers in her honor. On the day of the month, or on the immediately following, those have engaged in these devotional "the sacraments of Holy and Holy Eucharist. Before concluding Benediction, an consecration to Mary is read priest, and all finishes with sessions (in the streets, wealth mitting) singing of Litany of M., and hymns, partaken with greatest solemnity. These are of the attractive features month of Mary which makes month so popular in England treat, in my estimation, is no kind by any means an honored Lady's month, and if my poor may induce the Catholics of beautiful city to appreciate more than they have been in

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The Month of Mary.

(By Llairetaw, author of "The Old Religion, etc.")

The month of Mary is with us once more. As an Irish Catholic (by descent) but living nearly all my life in England...

habit of doing, I shall be well repaid. "Thou who wert pure as the driven snow, Make us as thou wert here below; Oh, Queen of Heaven, obtain that Thy glory there one day may see; Write on our frail hearts' deepest core The five dear wounds that Jesus bore, And give us tears to shed with thee, Beneath the Cross on Calvary. Joy of our hearts! Oh, let us pay To thee thine own sweet month of May." (Fr. Faber.)

Vigor and Health Fully Restored. The Old Tired, Listless Feelings, The Sleeplessness and Nervousness were Driven Away by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

The experience described in this letter corresponds to that of thousands of women who have not yet learnt of the marvellous restorative and invigorating power of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Mrs. Henry Clarke, Port Hope, Ont., states: "I have used several boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food for nervousness and a completely rundown system, and can heartily recommend it as a wonderfully effective treatment."

Weakness, lightheadedness, dizziness at rising is one of the certain indications of thin blood and an exhausted condition of the body. The action of the heart is weak, digestion is impaired, and all the vital organs perform their functions imperfectly, giving rise to headaches, feelings of fatigue and depression.

Because it goes directly to the formation of new, rich blood, every dose of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is bound to prove of some benefit under such conditions.

Naturally and gradually the exhausted system is restored until every organ is given back its accustomed strength and vigor.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, the great blood-builder and restorative, 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers or Edmansons, Bates & Co., Toronto.

ST. PATRICK'S A. A. A. "The Banished Heir," presented by the above at Stanley Hall last Friday called out a full house.

OBITUARY.

THE LATE THOMAS O'KEEFE.

There was consigned to their last resting place in Cote des Neiges Cemetery on last Wednesday morning the remains of Thomas O'Keefe, for many years a resident of this city, and who during his lifetime was actively connected with every movement whose object was the regeneration and public advancement of the Irish cause.

The late Mr. O'Keefe was born at Carnegallen, Co. Leitrim, Ireland, sixty-four years ago, and emigrated to the United States, landing at New York July, 1864. The civil war being then in progress he immediately espoused the Federal cause by joining the 69th Regiment, though the company to which he was attached never saw active service owing to the speedy termination of the war.

While doing garrison duty in New York, he became a member of the Irish Republican Brotherhood, an organization at that time divided into two sections, though the ultimate object of both was the same, i.e., the founding of an Irish Republic, but their methods for accomplishing that purpose were different, and as a result O'Keefe, who belonged to the Robert's faction, and whose object was the making of Canada a base of supplies from which to attack England, was sent on to sow the seeds of discontent amongst the Irish of Montreal.

At the beginning of June, 1870, he was selected as the pilot to bring General O'Neill's battalions, then encamped near St. Alban's, to the foot of Mount Royal. The disastrous ending of that wild, chimerical and unfortunate movement is too fresh in the minds of many of our readers to be here dealt with, and when the fiasco at length came, he returned unnoticed to this city and neither grew despondent nor gloomy at the outcome.

Ireland and Home Rule.

What is home rule? You ask me to answer this question for the information of the man in the street and without regard for the moment to the conflict of opinion existing in Great Britain concerning it.

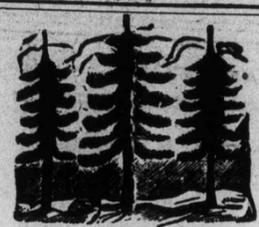
Well, then, I will say that home rule is a measure of freedom in the relations between Ireland and the Imperial government that is necessary to the development of Ireland. For a century, Irishmen, resorting to political movements under one name or another, have been endeavoring to convince the imperial government of the necessity for such a measure of freedom.

But on the whole the conduct of the Irish people has been patient in the extreme, and if home rule is near now, it is due, as I will endeavor to show, in the first place to the heroic patience of the Irish people, and, secondly, to the growth of what is today called the imperial idea. In a word, empire and home rule are necessary to each other.

Daniel O'Connell's repeal movement of 1843 was simply in advance of the times. O'Connell was a great constitutionalist, but constitutionalists were not held in high account in those days.

And now let me say that had the imperial idea not developed in the colonies during the last fifty years, it is entirely probable that Ireland would still be engaged, sometimes with a gleam of constitutional hope, and sometimes with despairing resort to violence, in the task of trying to make England see the feasibility of some freedom in the relations between the two countries.

It was Parnell and Cecil Rhodes who first saw the new light upon the imperial way. Practically all the people of Canada and Australia see it now, and I make bold to say a majority of the English people also—albeit Mr. Birrell's bill, so meagre as compared with Gladstone's bill of 1893, does not testify very loudly that the Liberal government in Westminster is entirely convinced thereof.



Dr. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP

Cures COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, HOARSENESS and all THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES. Miss Florence E. Mailman, New Germany, N.S., writes:—I had a cold which left me with a very bad cough. I was afraid I was going into consumption. I was advised to try DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP. I had little faith in it, but before I had taken one bottle I began to feel better, and after the second I felt as well as ever. My cough has completely disappeared.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

colonies and the American colonies were lost to the empire. Autonomy was granted to Canada when Canada was in a state of rebellion. The Canadian premier is to-day the leading figure in the imperial conference. Equally conclusive is the case of the Transvaal, so recently at war with the empire. It is the miraculous effect of home rules that makes General Botha the object of London's plaudits at the imperial conference.

I have been struck by something Sir Edward Grey said the other day in this connection: "The history of our relations with our self-governing colonies has been a great chapter in the history of freedom. The first part of that chapter began when freedom and union were thought to be incompatible—to be in rivalry with each other. Now we know that freedom and union are not only compatible, but they are inseparable. Freedom gave the self-governing colonies power to develop their countries, and what was more important, the special excellencies of their race and character in the environment of the country in which they lived."

LITERARY REVIEW.

DONAHOE'S FOR MAY.

The May number of Donahoe's Magazine has as its opening feature an article on "The Sentiment of Old Home Week," fully illustrated, and dealing with the subject from the inception of the movement in 1853. "The Tenth Plus," by the Rev. J. P. Conry; "Catholic Royalties," by Ben Hurst; "Evangelizing a Chinese District"; "A Week-End Vacation"; and "People in Print," are the other illustrated articles of this number.

BOOK NEWS MONTHLY.

The Irish Literary Revival gives the interesting and timely theme to the Book News Monthly for May. Stephen Gwynn, Member of Parliament for Galway, writes the introductory article, "The Celtic Revival." Dr. Cornelius Weygandt, of the University of Pennsylvania, covers the lives and works of the important participants in the movement—W. B. Yeats, "A. E.," Katharine Tynan Hinks, Lady Gregory, Douglas Hyde, and a number of others—and the Rev. James H. Vin retells in quaint and most English the three great legends of Ireland. There are numerous pictures from photographs and drawings to illustrate the whole subject. Miss Anne M. Paris has a second

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travel sketch, "In Old Touraine," illustrated with pictures of Loches and Chenonceaux; and Dr. Talcott Williams writes a critical and descriptive article on the two recent art exhibitions, that of the National Academy of Design in New York, and the water-color exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, in Philadelphia.

The leading article in "Timely Topics" is "The Craving for Print," by Edgar Jepson.

"A Ghost Story," by Georges Roux, provides a frontispiece in three colors, and the loose portrait for the month is from a painting of George W. Russell ("A. E.") by Jack Yeats.

There are the usual gossip and news of authors, book announcements and book reviews, and a study of Charles Reade in the "Educational Course," with illustrations.

Minister's Wife (to her husband)—Will you help me put down the drawing room carpet to-day, dear? The room is beautifully clean.

Minister (vexatiously)—Ah, well, I suppose I will have to. Wife—And don't forget, dear John, while you are doing it that you are a minister of the gospel.

A man commenced the fishing season in Scotland last year by falling in the Tay River.

"There are sixteen rules for treating the apparently drowned," said his rescuer as he took thought, "but I can't remember any of them."

"Wull," feebly queried the half-drowned man, "is there one 'a' about whusky?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Then get tae walk muckle sharp on that ane," responded the victim, "and never worry about the other fifteen."

Butterfly Suspenders. A Gentle man's Brace, "as easy as nose," 50c.

Pope Condemns Fogazzaro.

Rome, Friday, May 3.—Cardinal Steinhuber, Prefect of the Congregation of the Index, has written a letter to Cardinal Ferrari, Archbishop of Milan asking him to put a stop to the publication of Rinnovamento, a Catholic review. Among the contributors to this magazine are Antonio Fogazzaro, author of "Il Santo," Father Romolo Murri, leader of the Catholic democrats, who was recently suspended a divinis by the Pope for criticism of the action of the Church in Italy, and other authors of radical tendencies.

Cardinal Steinhuber says the "infamous work of these men is unworthy of true Catholics and that its object is the cultivation of a dangerous spirit of independence of the Church and the formation of an anti-Catholic school."

If this order is not obeyed Rinnovamento will be placed upon the Index.



WHEN YOU ASK FOR

SURPRISE A PURE HARD SOAP.

INSIST ON RECEIVING IT.

"Going it Some" in Christ Church Cathedral Montreal.

Mr. Editor,—Bishop Carmichael, Anglican, of Montreal, is travelling just at present in the interests of his health; but, if matters continue to go on at his cathedral as they are at present, we can safely say that he will soon be on his way homeward. Dr. Carmichael is well known as a serious, studious, thoughtful, level-headed churchman; and, just as he stretched one or two youngsters, a short time ago, on the score of higher criticism, so, we feel sure, he will make it his duty to see to it that the vicar of his cathedral and the curate of his former church preach something else than they are able to preach at times.

People well know that the Rev. Dr. Symonds' views are, to say the very least, three-quarters astray; but as they have no right to be orthodox in the good man's sincerity, they should naturally expect that his ought to be a natural step out of Anglicanism into something still broader.

Of course, it tickles the ears of people not inclined to be orthodox to hear such things as: "A simpler Gospel—that is what we want to-day. With a simpler Gospel comes of necessity a wider fellowship."

Yes, and a great many want no Gospel at all; while the "fellowship" is so wide, in the United States for instance, that even a good Methodist preacher finds nearly forty-two millions of unchurched folks, evidently longing, we suppose, for the "simpler" of Gospels, which is absolute negation.

But a certain Rev. Mr. Shatford, Anglican, also made a hit in Christ Church Cathedral. He has reduced the Gospel to its simplest expression, and, even more, has abstracted what it means. With a rignarole to the tune of "Ring out the old, ring in the new," he has undertaken to "ring out" Hell.

Very pathetic, indeed, the gentleman's move; but he might as well try to swear away the Atlantic ocean. He says that theology must change. If he means Anglican theology, we will grant he is right, for history is there.

To conclude, let us say that if Dr. Carmichael makes a few changes on his return, we shall not be a whit surprised.—P., in St. John, N. B., Freeman.

Little Use Arguing With Mud-Slingers.

In reply to a correspondent, the Review would explain that it is not part of its policy to notice every statement of obscure Protestant papers about Catholic priests and Catholic Church affairs. We do not argue with mud-slingers. Life is too short. No Protestant with a clear mind cares to read or discuss the charges which some of his fellow-Protestants, "lewd fellows of the baser sort," have hurled at Catholic priests and nuns. No Protestant with a clear mind will be-

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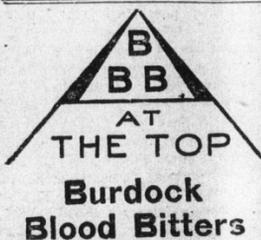
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A Distinguished Convert.

There died recently in Rome Mrs. Morgan Morgan, widow of the late Rev. Mr. Morgan, Episcopal clergyman at Fraserburgh, Aberdeenshire. The deceased lady, says the Monitor and the New Era, belonged to the distinguished family of the Scottish Leslies, and on one side traced her descent from Queen Margaret of Scotland. She became a convert during the lifetime of her husband, wrote many popular stories and contributed a bright interesting life of her saintly ancestress, Queen Margaret, to the publications of the Catholic Truth Society.

She was an exceedingly interesting person, of old-world courtesies, and being a brilliant conversationalist, gathered round her, wherever she went, quite a salon of the local talent. She lived chiefly in Rome during the last ten years; latterly being a great sufferer in many ways, but was cheered and helped by a few friends, who tried to make some amends for the neglect of her own immediate connections, who had remained Protestant.

She was a soldier's daughter, her ancestors for seven generations uninterruptedly being officers or generals in the army; and she bravely took the step that conscience prompted, and was received into the Catholic Church by the late Msgr. Campbell, in the Chapel of the Scots College, Rome. Through sunshine and sorrow, she continued ever the same bright, benevolent and charming lady until death brought the final summons, but not before she had received the last Sacraments from the Dominican, Father Mackey. Being a Tertiary of St. Francis, she was laid to rest, clad in the Franciscan habit, in the Campo Santo of her beloved Rome.



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Dr. Lloyd Makes a Statement.

At the close of a remarkably successful series of lectures to non-Catholics which Dr. F. E. J. Lloyd, formerly Episcopal minister, is conducting in the western part of the States, he made the following statement:

"At the time of my conversion I was prepared to be misunderstood. It has been said of me that I entered into a compact with the Bishops of the Catholic Church to go about preaching, for which I was to receive a big salary. This is untrue, and if you will bear with me, I'll tell you what is absolutely true.

"Before I entered the Church I had a guaranteed income of \$250 a month and a beautiful residence built for me by my people. To-night I stand before you without the guarantee of a single cent more than \$45 a month given me by the Catholic Church Extension Society for editing its magazine. In lecturing before the people, whatever I get I'm thankful for. As God hears me this is the absolute truth, and if I'd had a million, I'd have given it up, for what will it profit a man to gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his soul?"

"The only motive I had in giving up my parish was to become a layman in deed and truth, and to go wherever I could do something for the up-building of His Church.

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also that a purgative cannot possibly cure disease, or build up bad blood. When the blood is weak and watery, when the system is run down a tonic is the one thing needed—is the only thing that will put you right. And in all this world there is no tonic so good as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Every dose of these pills actually makes new, rich red blood, which fills the veins, reaches every organ in the body and brings health and strength to weak, despondent people. Miss Annie Beaudreau, Amherst, Magdalen Islands, Que., says:—"I was pale, my heart would palpitate violently at the least exertion, and I suffered greatly from severe headaches. I tried several medicines which seemed actually to leave me worse. Then I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and a half dozen boxes have made me as well as ever I was. They have done me so much good that I would like every weak girl in the land to try them."

It was the new blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make that restored Miss Beaudreau to health and strength, and in the same way they will restore all sufferers from anaemia, indigestion, heart palpitation, neuralgia, rheumatism and the secret ailments that makes the lives of so many women and growing girls a burden. Sold by all medicine dealers, or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.



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

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

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

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

W. W. CORY, Deputy Minister of the Interior. N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

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Katrina (By Mary Catherine) It was a hot day in August, sergeant of New York Police. He sat at his desk off the names of inebriates, lies, and petty criminals, on a daily list that lay before him. "If you please, sir—" He scarcely heard the timid or aware that some one outside the railing. "If you please, sir, I want you have my husband arrested. The tone was louder and more resolute. The sergeant looked up in record of miserable "cases sent on," and inquired sharply. "Well, what is the trouble?" Confronting him stood a woman, blue-eyed and roundly unmistakably a daughter of "Fatherland." No hat or veil covered her smoothly parted hair, which, wound in a beauteous wreath, showed her workaday attire, and had she run over in haste to town. But her dark print gown and neat, and there was wholesome freshness about her suggested a liberal acquaintance with soap and water. Shining too, as after a washing with soapsuds, was the year-old baby she carried in her arms—a smiling, dimpled, chubby little creature, the of what the mother must be at the same age. The brows of the sergeant. The girl—for she was only a year and the child made a very different from those that had passed before him in the sergeant's living biography of wives and sin. Familiar as was with the aspect of painted and dry misery, he thought of the dry and of breezes blowing fields of new-mown hay, as a glance rested upon the young who so studiously invoked the of the law. "What is the trouble?" he asked, twirling his pencil. At this moment the baby, being out a tiny hand to him, a scorable "Goo-goo," and with delight when he smiled. The mother took courage. "My Fritz he his evenings in saloon spends; he good wages his meals I must cook, yet he has no money. All the time cross; he no longer takes notice his baby and me. Is it not must be kind with us?" "Ah, I see! Non-support. Is his name?" "He is Fritz Siebert, I am K and the baby is just das kleinstebchen." "Katrina, he shall be brought into court. But this moment. You may be sorry it is too late. Your husband be required to take care of you as to being 'kind.' I am afraid tribunal in the hand can do that. And if you take this will it bring you any nearer to wish?" The sergeant had seen homes wrecked by sudden anger one side and spite on the other whenever possible, he strove to all on the surging waters of the strife. "My Fritz will not heed my way. I no more patience have him then heed what the law persisted Katrina placidly. "Oh, very well, very well!" The precinct's representative down the name and address

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Katrina and the Baby.

(By Mary Catherine Crowley, in Ave Maria.)

It was a hot day in August. The sergeant of New York Police Station No. 1 sat at his desk checking off the names of inebriates, disorderlies, and petty criminals, on the long daily list that lay before him.

He scarcely heard the timid words or was aware that some one stood outside the railing.

That almost made her think her relations to Fritz quite reprehensible. "Yes, sir," she faltered, hardly above a whisper.

studying the cracks between the boards of the floor without being conscious that he saw them.

and through the shady groves. Nevertheless Katrina felt that the afternoon had not been a success. She and Fritz had not exchanged a word with each other. For her part, she would rather have stayed at home.

"If you please, sir, I want that you have my husband arrested." The tone was louder and the voice more resolute.

The baby gurgled and patted its rosy hands together. Hushing the child, Katrina turned abruptly, and, as if fearing lest her resolution might desert her, walked quickly out of the station.

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And Katrina, too, was not free from concern on his account. She sometimes imagined that he was shadowed by detectives whose duty it was to make sure he observed the conditions upon which he had been permitted to go at large.

Never had das kleine Katchen been sweeter or in prettier humor. Musical as a bird's was her light treble voice; like the sound of the plashing fountain was her merry laugh.

"What is the trouble?" he repeated, twirling his pencil.

The baby, feeling called upon to confirm its mother's words, here dodged to the judge, and then, in an effort to reach its father, almost escaped from Katrina's arms.

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Never had das kleine Katchen been sweeter or in prettier humor. Musical as a bird's was her light treble voice; like the sound of the plashing fountain was her merry laugh.

day with each other, and so much as we please ourselves?" "Donner und Blitzen! what he say I do not care," answered the young man recklessly. "He may, indeed, fine me much money, he may put me in the prison if he will; but that to me will be nothing. For no punishment so great to me seems as to be separated from you by a wall of silence, Liebchen."

Again Katrina melted to tears. "In this quarrel I too have been something to blame. I ask your forgiveness, my husband!" she faltered.

A few moments of blissful silence followed. Suddenly the truth dawned upon Katrina.

"Himmel, the daylight I begin to see!" she cried. "The judge, he did but make a jest of us. He a married man is, he quarrels with his wife sometimes,—yes, of course. He knows what he himself deserves; then he tries it on you, my poor Fritz! How can it be that a man should be forbid with his own wife to speak? That nonsense is."

"Liebchen, you are right!" agreed Fritz, as, taking pipe and tobacco from his coat pocket, he celebrated his happiness by a quiet smoke.

From that day he and Katrina got on very amicably together. Satisfied with this assertion of his independence versus the law, as he termed it, Fritz dropped his socialistic club and spent his evenings at home.

"Your honor is a Solon!" said the police sergeant to the judge, one morning before the end of the term. "Fritz Siebert, the man whom you forbade to speak to his wife, has become a devoted husband."

"Humph! I am glad to hear it," returned the judge, with a laugh. "But I take no credit to myself; it all belongs to the baby. I bowed to the superior wisdom of the baby in its knowledge of how to bring about a reconciliation between the parties. And, so long as Fritz is kind to Katrina and das kleine Katchen, we will overlook his flagrant contempt of court."

Struggling Infant Mission. IN THE DIOCESE OF NORTHAMPTON, FAKENHAM, NORFOLK ENGLAND.

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

Average weekly Collection...\$s 6d. No endowment whatever, except HOPE. Not a great kind of endowment, you will say, good reader. Ah, well! Who knows? Great things have, as a rule, very small beginnings.

Best outside help is, evidently, necessary. Will it be forthcoming? I have noticed how willingly the CLIENTS OF ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA readily come to the assistance of poor, struggling Priests. May I not hope that they will, too, cast a sympathetic and pitying eye upon me in my struggle to establish an outpost of the Catholic Faith in this—so far as the Catholic Faith is concerned—barren region? May I not hope, good reader, that you, in your zeal for the progress of that Faith, will extend a helping hand to me? I cry to you with all earnestness to come to my assistance. You may not be able to do much; but you CAN DO LITTLE. Do that little which is your power, for God's sake, and with the other "littles" that are done I shall be able to establish this new Mission firmly.

DON'T TURN A DEAF EAR TO MY URGENT APPEAL. "May God bless and prosper your endeavors in establishing a Mission at Fakenham. ARTHUR, Bishop of Northampton." Address—Father H. W. Gray, Hampton Road, Fakenham, Norfolk, England.

P.S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation, and send with my acknowledgment a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart. This new Mission will be dedicated to St. Anthony of Padua. Sure Regulators.—Mandrake and Dandelion are known to exert a powerful influence on the liver and kidneys, restoring them to healthful action, inducing a regular flow of the secretions and imparting to the organs complete power to perform their functions. These valuable ingredients enter into the composition of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, and serve to render them the agreeable and salutary medicine they are. There are few pills so effective as they are in action.

Sick all the Time with Kidney Trouble

4 BOXES CURED HIM

Mr. Whellam was a mighty ill man this spring. He had been ailing for almost a year. Sharp pains in the back and through the hips. Dull headaches and dizzy spells. Appetite poor—nothing seemed to taste right.

He had kidney trouble. GIN PILLS practically gave new kidneys—healed and strengthened these vital organs—soothed the bladder—and freed the system of uric acid that was poisoning him.

GIN PILLS are sold by dealers everywhere at 50c a box—or 6 boxes for \$2.50.

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The thoroughly safe and mild purgative for family use.

Cure biliousness, sick headaches, constipation—they purify the blood and stimulate stomach, liver and bowels.

McGale's Butternut Pills.

Reliable in any climate, any time, for children, adults and the aged. Get a box, 25c, at dealers or by mail.

THE WINGATE CHEMICAL CO., Limited. MONTREAL, Canada.

ITEMS OF PASSING MOMENT

Here are some very sensible criticisms and suggestions from the Insurance and Financial Chronicle, which "the powers that be" might well ponder over:

The aldermen cannot possibly realize the extent of the injury done to Montreal by permitting the condition of its roads and sidewalks to be a matter of general, justifiable and perennial complaint. While our citizens are, of course, the chief sufferers from the lamentable condition of the streets, our visitors are naturally the chief critics, because most of them are familiar with something better with which to constitute comparisons. In nothing is the standing of a city so palpably revealed as in the condition of its streets. No amount of ornamentation and no amount of luxurious or ostentatious extravagance in other directions will counteract the bad impression created by dirty roads and sidewalks. Always unsatisfactory, the state of the roads becomes intolerable every spring. Making every reasonable allowance for financial exigencies, there can be no excuse for allowing the winter's accumulation of filth to remain on the streets weeks after the snow has gone. A man may plead poverty as a reason for not carpeting his house, but this does not excuse him for having dirty floors. What, for instance, can be the justification for such a state of affairs as we have seen lately on Sherbrooke street, the principal residential thoroughfare of the city, inhabited by many of the largest taxpayers! The mud, doubtless, infested with disease germs, was scraped up into heaps and allowed to remain subject to the pranks alternately of the rain and the sun and the wind, for ten days or a fortnight. To open a window in the neighborhood on a dusty windy day was to invite bacilli into the house. The street was an eyesore, an offense to olfactory organs, a menace to public health, and an injury to the reputation of the city. The roads are all to be put in repair next year, they always are to be made good 'next year,' but meanwhile Montreal's spring cleaning is an imperative duty that should not be neglected for an hour and should be thoroughly performed at any cost. There is common sense in this policy, and there is money in it for the city.

An Englishman contributes an article to a London review in which he criticizes the Americans for tardiness. He admits that the American both hustles and hustles, but denies that he is quick. "He can never realize that noise is not speed." This writer found idlers blocking up the hallways of American hotels, and adds that an American always has time in the middle of the day to knock off work to watch some fantastic procession or other. "And in his working days the American endures such flitching from his time by incompetence and bad management as no Englishman would tolerate. The New Yorker gulps his food, yet his lunch takes at least as long as the Londoner's owing to the delay in the serving of his order." Shopping in the big American stores this Englishman finds "a painfully slow process." He found the American post office slower and less effective, and criticizes American newspapers for the tardiness of their editorial comment. In legal delays, "leisurely America" has the civilized world beaten hopelessly. "America whirrs and buzzes and makes much more noise than London. Therefore, she thinks she is busier and quicker, whereas she is really much slower." The writer tarried too long in Philadelphia and Toronto. He really

ought to have spent a little time in New York and Montreal.

Thermometer wrecking weather never freezes up a good yarn. A story that is supposed to have found birth in the early days of Winnipeg was frequently told during the past severe winter in the west. It was to the effect that a man came to Winnipeg in the early eighties. The winter was frightfully cold and the "tenderfoot" is reported to have gradually frozen to death. Just before life became extinct he requested a friend to see that his body was cremated and the ashes forwarded to a relative in the east. Then he yielded to the final grip of the frost.

The body was taken to a crematory and the customary proceedings took place. The friend, who accompanied the remains, was a curious sort of fellow, and must needs look in the furnace to see how matters were proceeding, when lo and behold he was greeted with the command: "Close the door! This is the first time I have been warm since I came to this blooming country."

The Right Honorable Sir Henri Taschereau celebrated on the 4th instant, the fiftieth anniversary of his admission to the Quebec Bar. For over thirty-five of those fifty years he was on the Bench, having been appointed, on the 12th January, 1871, at the early age of 34 years and three months, to the Superior Court of the Province. He had represented the County of Beauce in the Legislative Assembly in the Conservative interest from 1860 to 1867, and formed part, in 1865, under Sir George Cartier, of the special committee on the Civil Code. Sir Henri is the head of the Taschereau family, which has held the highest positions in the Church, the Government, and in the magistracy of the country for nearly two centuries, both under the French and the English regimes, not less than seven of them, since 1735, having been judges of the highest courts. The late Cardinal Taschereau was his cousin.

The exact location of the tomb of Samuel de Champlain, founder of Quebec, has been for years the subject of dispute among Canadian writers, but the mystery seems now to be solved. During his recent visit to Europe, Mr. Paul de Cazes, secretary of the Department of Public Instruction, made it a point to investigate the matter, and make further researches. His efforts were crowned with success, as he found in the old archives of Paris documents and a plan placing the burial place within the limits of Fort St. Louis, so that the exact spot of Champlain's grave can now be established by actual measurements, based on said plan. As the Chateau Frontenac occupies a portion of the site of the old Fort St. Louis, it follows that the Champlain monument in front happens to be placed by chance, if not on the exact spot, at least in the immediate vicinity of his tomb.

What about that rotten salmon that menaced the health of untold numbers of citizens of the city a short time ago? Have the guilty parties been located, and if so, how is the matter to be disposed of? The people of the city have rights in the premises and they are going to insist upon them. A crime was committed in the despatching and placing on sale this cargo of poison. Do the authorities think that the public has so soon forgotten this matter?

What is going to be done about it, Mr. City Attorney? The people want to know.

The immigration returns for the two days ending the last week show that upwards of 10,000 settlers have reached Canadian ports within that interval, bound for the fertile fields of Western Canada. The majority of these have already passed through Montreal, but there are several thousands yet to be sent forward to their destinations to-morrow. Such a large influx in two days has put a severe tax on colonist car accommodation, but up to the present no very great difficulty has been experienced by the railway authorities in handling the newcomers.

During the past week 153 deaths and 141 births were registered at the Civic Hygiene Department. Of the births, 79 were males and 62 females. The deaths included 133 Catholics, 17 Protestants and three Jews. The deaths, classified according to the causes, were: Typhoid 4; measles, 4; whooping cough, 2; tuberculosis and other lung diseases, 7; and diarrhoeal diseases, 22.

During the same period there were 100 cases of contagious diseases recorded, including 5 diphtheria, 5 scarlet fever, 12 typhoid, 48 measles, 1 chickenpox, 5 whooping cough, 18 tuberculosis, 3 erysipelas and cerebro-spinal meningitis.

Dr. D. A. Shirres had a desperate fight with a dog on the Upper Lachine road Monday morning, and is now at his home with two badly lacerated feet, while his horse is in the stable with both hind feet bitten in many places.

It is inconceivable that these brutes are allowed to run around at will. A child would be torn to pieces in a short time by one of these infuriated beasts. If owners of these animals will not keep them chained or muzzled, the authorities should see that they are quickly despatched. They are not to be trifled with.

Montreal, Canada; Albany, N.Y.; Columbus, Ohio, and Indianapolis, Indiana, are the latest cities to become practically assured of Irish Choral Societies. The harp may be silent in Tara's halls, but apparently it is going to be heard pretty freely in the New World within the next few years.—Syracuse Catholic Sun.

Cardinal Gibbons is, in order of creation, one of the oldest of the Sacred College of Cardinals. He is the fourth oldest of the cardinal-priests. In less than two months he will have completed his twenty-first year in the cardinalate.

Corresponder ce.

ST. ANTHONY'S VILLA.

Editor, True Witness:

Sir,—On my return to this city after many years' absence, I heard with genuine pleasure that the Irish Roman Catholics have at last put their shoulder to the wheel in the establishment of "St. Anthony's Villa," 865 Dorchester street west. The foundation of an English-speaking community in this city cannot fail of giving satisfaction to those who love justice and have felt the need of a convent wherein the Irish poor and sick shall be cared for. Girls, too, can find accommodation according to their means and immigrants are housed and directed to good homes. Altogether the noble aims of the ladies in charge deserve the heartiest co-operation of the Irish Catholics of Montreal to make an institution worthy of their faith and generosity.

JUSTITIA.

Advertisement for St. Jacobs Oil, featuring an image of a woman and child, and text: "Mind This. It makes no difference whether it is chronic, acute or inflammatory. Rheumatism of the muscles or joints. St. Jacobs Oil cures and cures promptly. Price, 25c. and 50c."

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM VICTORIA DAY

REDUCED FARES

Quebec 4.50 Peterboro 8.15 Sherbrooke 3.50 Hamilton 10.05 Ottawa 3.50 London 12.95 St. John 2.00 Toronto 10.00

SINGLE FIRST CLASS FARE

Going Dates, May 23, 24. Return Limit, May 27, 1907. MONTREAL and OTTAWA. Lve. MONTREAL 8.30 a.m., 12.40 p.m., 7.30 p.m. Arr. OTTAWA 11.30 a.m., 16.40 p.m., 10.30 p.m.

Daily, except Sunday. Elegant buffet parlor cars are now running on all trains between Montreal and Ottawa.

CITY TICKET OFFICES 137 St. James Street, Telephone Main 400 & 461, or Bonaventure Station

CANADIAN PACIFIC VICTORIA DAY-CHEAP TRIPS

Toronto \$10.00 Hamilton \$10.65 Ottawa 5.35 London 12.95 Quebec 4.50 Peterboro 8.15 Sherbrooke 3.50 Furham 1.20 St. John 2.00 St. John, N.B. 14.30 Ste. Agathe 1.90 Labelle 3.05 Mangog 2.65 Knowlton 2.00

Lowest One-Way First Class Fare Good going May 23 and 24. Good for return until May 27th, 1907.

TICKET OFFICE: 120 St. James Street Next Post Office.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY BONAVENTURE UNION DEPOT. Summer Train Service.

4 Trains Daily. 7.05 DAY EXPRESS for St. Hyacinthe, Drummondville, Levis, Quebec, Murray Bay, Riviere du Loup, Cacouna, Bic, Rimouski and Little Metis.

Leaves 7.25 a.m. daily except Sunday, Parlor Car Montreal to Little Metis. 12 "MARTIME EXPRESS" for St. Hyacinthe, Drummondville, Levis, Quebec, Riviere du Loup, Moncton, St. John, Halifax and the syndes.

Leaves 12.00 noon daily except Saturday. Through since the car to Halifax.

7.30 "OCEAN LIMITED" for Levis, Quebec, Murray Bay, Cap a l'Aigle, Riviere du Loup, Cacouna, Little Metis, Miramichi, Moncton, St. John and Halifax. Leaves 7.30 p.m. daily, except Saturday. Lx. Leaves 7.30 p.m. daily, except Saturday.

Through sleeping cars to Riviere du Loup (for Murray Bay points): Little Metis, St. John and Halifax. 11.45 NIGHT EXPRESS for Quebec and intermediate stations. City Pass & Flat Agent.

Daily, except Sunday, at 11.45 p.m. A sleeping car is attached to this train, which passengers can occupy after 8.10 p.m.

CITY TICKET OFFICE. St. Lawrence Hall—141 St. James Street, or Bonaventure Depot. Tel. Main 65. J. J. McCONNIFF, City Pass & Flat Agent.

P.S.—Write for free copy, Tours to Summer Hazels, via Ocean Limited, "Train de Luxe"

Robbed and Exiled.

Result of the War on Religion in France is the Plight of Thousands of Gentle Nuns Whose Homes Have Been Confiscated.

Unquestionably the most heart-rending of the many sad spectacles to be viewed as a result of the war on religion in France is the plight of the thousands of gentle nuns whose homes have been confiscated, and who have been forced to leave their native country and find shelter and sustenance in foreign lands. Some idea of the sufferings of these women may be gained from the following letter. The writer, Mother Therese, is the mother prioress of a Carmelite community formerly of Digne, France. Expelled from their monastery, the nuns found a refuge at San Remo, Italy. In her letter the mother prioress tells something of the trials to which she and her devoted daughters in religion have been subjected, and the problems that now confront them. The letter is as follows:

You know the Satanic law which drives all religious orders from France. The consequences are terrible. Therefore, confident that you will compassionate the cruel sufferings of the poor Daughters of St. Teresa, exiles and robbed, we implore you for the love of Jesus Christ, in whose name we are so odiously persecuted, to come to our assistance, for we are in the most extreme need. The enemies of God and of His Church have taken all from us by armed force. Monastery, furniture of the chapel, statues, books of piety, even our kitchen stove, our poor straw beds, our clothing, everything has been put under seal. They have not even respected our holy relics, which the gendarmes have taken to the tribunal on a wheelbarrow. What a horrible profanation! We had prudently concealed all in the houses of devoted friends, but these Freemasons who govern, abusing their

THE S. CARSLLEY Co. LIMITED THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1907.

Household Linens.

Wise housekeepers will be investigating Linen values on Friday. We have specially prepared a rich collection of immediate requirements worthy of the proudest occasions and inexpensive too.

100 dozens HEAVY QUALITY PLAIN CRASH TOWELS, hemmed red borders, size 20 x 34. Special..... 12 1-2

100 PIECES HORROCKSES PLAIN ENGLISH COTTONS, guaranteed free from all pilling, suitable for underwear, 36 inches wide. Special..... 12

25 PIECES HEAVY QUALITY PLAIN CRASH ROLLER TOWEL-LING, red borders, 17 inches wide. Special..... 10 1-2

Rich Silk Blouses.

Only 50 dozen of these Charming Japanese Silk Waists, left, which we will clear on Friday at two low prices.

LADIES' VERY GOOD QUALITY WHITE JAPANESE SILK BLOUSES, nicely trimmed with ticks valenciennes lace and silk applique, lace collar and cuffs, all sizes. Special..... \$2.75

LADIES' VERY GOOD QUALITY WHITE JAPANESE SILK BLOUSES, long sleeves, nicely tucked yoke, front trimmed with silk insertion, collar and cuffs trimmed with valenciennes lace, all sizes. Special..... \$3.85

In the Basement.

WE CALL ATTENTION TO A JOB LINE OF RUBBER HOSE of which we have just 1-2 inch at 8c. foot.

1000 Feet, 3 ply 3-4 inch at 10c foot.

THEN WE HAVE 500 STRONG WIRE CARPET BEATERS. Regular 10c, for.....

AND STILL AGAIN, 1000 Lipped Saucepans, 1st quality enamel, in 5 sizes from 18c, 23c, 25c, 28c, worth..... 20c to 50c.

Seeds Were Never Sold Cheaper.

WE HAVE 10,000 PACKAGES OF FLOWER AND VEGETABLE SEEDS. Regular 2c. Now.....

3 lines of seeds were never sold cheaper, 10,000 packages flower and vegetable seeds 2c for.....

THE S. CARSLLEY Co. LIMITED

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

In This Spring Weather

See that your feet are properly protected against dampness.

Our Waterproof Boots assure you comfort and dry feet. Every Style of Rubbers and Rubber Boots.

Special this week in Ladies' Good Rubbers. Sizes 2 1/2 to 5. Worth 60c. a pair at 48c.

RONAYNE BROS.

485 Notre Dame St. West. Chabollez Square.

power, have dared, with the police at their head, to search everywhere until they found and seized everything. Even our lawyers was condemned as a criminal for having sheltered our books and statues! Now we are in exile, with God alone and His Cross.

Here we are not disturbed, but our rent of three thousand francs crushes us (it is the lowest in Italy), and it is only by laboring night and day that we have been able to subsist up to this time. Broken-hearted and exhausted by this long martyrdom which has tortured us for three years, we are all ready to succumb if some charitable souls do not come to our assistance. If we are assisted this year, we hope that afterwards we shall be able to support ourselves.

FIRST COMMUNION DAY.

On this, O Lord, the day of days, What thoughts flash through my mind, Of bygone years, when steeped in sin And to Thy goodness blind.

I thank Thee, Lord, that by Thy grace My soul has now inclined to Thee, And from the fulness of my heart My prayers shall rise to Thee.

My heart is open, now enter, Lord, The place that Thou hast cleansed,

And by the virtue of the blood, Oh, keep me to the end.

And when at last the battle's o'er, And all my work on earth is done, May it on high my portion be, To hear Thy sweet voice say, "Well done." R. W.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal, Superior Court. No. 1996. Dame Marie Louise Pointe dit Bellefeuille has taken to-day action for separation as to property against her husband, Arthur Pagnon, carter, of the City of Montreal.

Montreal, 6 May, 1907. BEAUDIN, LORANGER & ST. GERMAIN, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal, Superior Court. Dame Exilda Conant, wife common as a property of Francois Xavier Robert hotelkeeper, both of the City of Montreal, has this day instituted an action for separation as to property against her said husband, in the Superior Court at Montreal, No. 2851.

Montreal, April 4th, 1907. BEAUDIN, LORANGER & ST. GERMAIN, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Large vertical advertisement on the right edge of the page, including 'Irish Bill', 'Government S', and 'Dublin, May 21—The most representative and monious convention which...'