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**Excursions**  
DIAN PACIFIC

**Excursions**  
WEEKERS' EXCURSIONS  
April 5, 19  
May 3, 17, 31  
June 14, 28  
July 12, 26  
August, 9, 23  
Sept. 6, 20, 1910

**Excursions**  
WEEKERS' EXCURSIONS  
Saturdays for 60 Days

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# The Globe



# Witness

Vol. LIX., No. 41

The Senate  
Jan. 1 1909

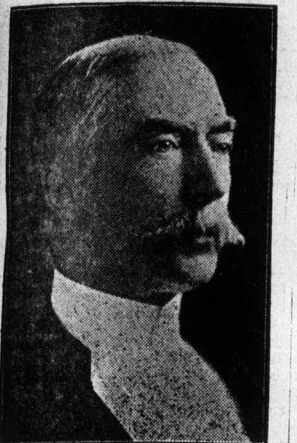
MONTREAL, THURSDAY, APRIL 7, 1910

PRICE, FIVE CENTS

## ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.

### Reports at the Annual Meeting Show a Very Successful Year.

At the annual meeting of St. Patrick's Society, held on Monday evening, Mr. H. J. Kavanagh, K.C., was re-elected president. Other officers were chosen as follows: 1st vice-president, Mr. J. C. Walsh; 2nd vice-president, Mr. Walter Kennedy; treasurer, Mr. William E. Durack; corresponding secretary, Mr. T. C. Bermingham; recording secretary, Mr.



MR. H. J. KAVANAGH.  
Re-elected President St. Patrick's Society.

T. P. Tansey, assistant recording secretary, Mr. M. E. Tansey, marshal, Mr. P. Lloyd, asst. marshal, Mr. P. Conolly, committee—Messrs. P. E. McCaffrey, Patrick Wright Joseph O'Brien, M. Delahanty, M. Dineen, B. Wall, T. J. O'Neill, F. Casey, B. Tansey, J. T. Coffey, T. Butler, P. A. Milloy, C. J. Hanratty, M. J. McCrory, Henry J. Trihey, Thos. M. Tansey, Patrick Mullin, J. Frank Cahill.

The following report was then read by Mr. T. P. Tansey, the recording secretary.  
The President, Officers and Members of St. Patrick's Society, Montreal:

It is always a pleasure to submit to you my report of the year's work and of the year's happenings, in so far as they concern the Society, and I have that feeling of pleasure again, this year, inasmuch as it certainly has been a successful year.

To begin with the last item, you will be glad to know, if indeed it is necessary to tell you, that our dinner on last St. Patrick's night in every way equalled its predecessors and kept up the high standard set in past years, and for this success the Society is largely indebted to the hard and sincere work of its officers.

Every Irishman present at that function must have thrilled at the good wishes and the emphatic utterances, and the sound, the logical, the unanswerable arguments advanced by the speakers must have filled the hearts and minds of those present with the thought that all was well with Ireland, and if all was not perfectly and absolutely well with Ireland, it could only be a question of a short time before the goal sought for centuries was reached.

It would be unkind and ungrateful not to thank Sir Thomas Shaughnessy for the message that he sent circulating round the civilized world that night, a message of hope and comfort to every Irish heart, a message which has not yet ceased reverberating, and of which no man can foretell the effect. We do thank him, and earnestly.

Our charitable work has been carried on in the usual spirit, and with the usual good results. Again I must place before you the name of Mr. Jno. Hoolahan, as a man on whom we can always rely when we need his kindly offices. He has contributed in no small measure, this year as for many years past, a silent but effective help for which your officers are very grateful.

The Society has many kind friends, gentlemen even outside its circle, and Mr. Chas. Byrd, following a custom which he inaugurated several years ago, sent in his cheque for a contribution to the Society's charitable work. We thank him.  
The meetings of the past year have been well attended by your officers and members.

The Society's financial position has been explained to you in full by the Auditor's report. During the year there has been a substantial increase in membership and the receipts in dues have been better than for many years past, and this fact bears testimony to the awakening interest taken in Irish matters by the Irishmen of Montreal.

The Street Railway stock held by the Society has attained a still higher value.

Gentlemen, you know as well as I

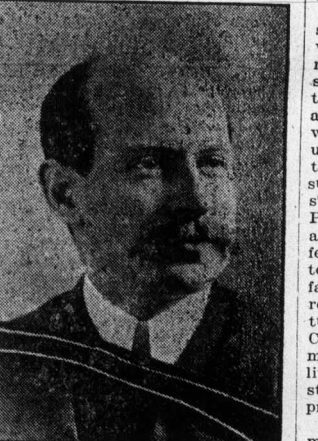
do that the position of the Irish Catholic element of this community has advanced since my last report, how much, but the recognition given this year by our fellow-citizens of Montreal this year is a source of pride and pleasure, pride because our claims are recognized; pleasure, because the recognition came wholeheartedly and generously from the other elements which go to make up this great city of Montreal, elements with which we are delighted to live in peace, concord and happiness, of agreeable mutual intercourse, respect and consideration.

It is for us, gentlemen, to appreciate at its true extent the feeling thus expressed, and to prove ourselves as worthy in the future of it as we have done in the past.

The Eucharistic Congress, which we do not yet estimate at its true weight and importance, and in which we have been and will be called upon to play a prominent part, will be held here in September.

Our religion and our nationality both demand that we take a worthy share in welcoming and entertaining the distinguished prelates, clerics and lay who have done our city the honor of selecting it as the site for the annual demonstration of the Catholic world's devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. For us the honor and the glory and the work. Let no man fail to take his share.

The veteran member of our Society is still with us in the person of Mr. Craven, and he would, doubtless, be able to go back to the time of our first dinner in 1857. If he did so, he would find, as we found at a recent meeting of our dinner committee at which the President, the Hon. C. J. Doherty, and Dr. Devlin, as-



DR. WALTER G. KENNEDY.  
Re-elected 2nd Vice-President of St. Patrick's Society.

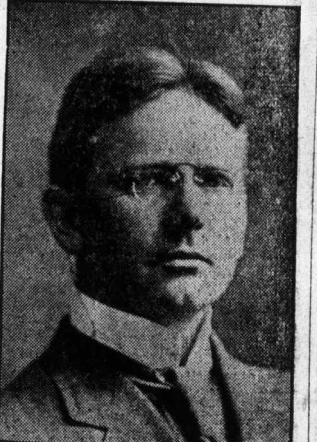
sisted, that 53 years ago, their fathers, Mr. Kavanagh, the Hon. Marcus Doherty and Mr. Bernard Devlin were doing exactly the same work of preparing for the annual dinner of 1857, in O'Meara's Hotel, St. Alexis street. From father to son, our work goes on, and it is good that it should be thus.

The past year has been a sad one, however, in some respects. I refer to the deaths of several members, whose loss to the community and to the Society will be felt for a long time to come.  
I refer to the death of Mr. Jno. Hackett, for years a respected member; to the death of Mr. Patrick Reynolds, whose disposition and nature were such that it is doubtful if any man made and kept more friends; to the death of Mr. B. J. Coghlin, who counted with pleasure the occasions when he could attend our celebrations; to the death of Mr. Robert Warren, who was for forty-two years the secretary of the Convention of Irish Societies, and who, during all that time, did his work and his duty in his own honest, thorough fashion; and to the death of Judge J. J. Curran. The sense of loss sustained is still too much with us to permit the remarks we might like to make, but a figure of merit and merit is gone from our midst, a man of thought and action is gone from our councils, and a pleasing, brilliant and successful orator is gone from our banquet-board. In all the different ranks which he occupied, in all the different circumstances in which he was placed, he was loved as a friend and respected as a man. Our loss is heavy indeed.  
You will recall that our President, at the last annual meeting, referred to the Irish Societies existing in Canada, and suggested that there should be a link between all these Societies. I eagerly took the matter up with results that have been extremely satisfactory, while giving food for some serious thinking. The results have been satisfactory in that

we have corresponded with and been afforded proof of the existence of Irish Societies in St. John's, Nfld., Charlottetown, P.E.I., Halifax, N.S., Richmond, Que., Cornwall, London, Guelph, Ont., and Saskatoon, Sask. The correspondence has resulted in the formation of an Irish Society in St. John, New Brunswick.

The good that may result from this undertaking cannot be estimated, the good that has already resulted can easily be seen from the letters in our possession.

But there is one thing which stands out from all this, and that is, that if Irishmen are to remain true to the thought of the Old Land, that, if they wish to be Irish, in truth and in deed, and to continue so, the only way to do it is by active Irish National Societies. The lesson for us is plain. "Let us, then, be up and doing," let us get together from all over Canada, and perhaps in a few years we might have here a great reunion of Canadian Irishmen, representatives of



MR. J. C. WALSH.  
Re-elected 1st Vice-President of St. Patrick's Society.

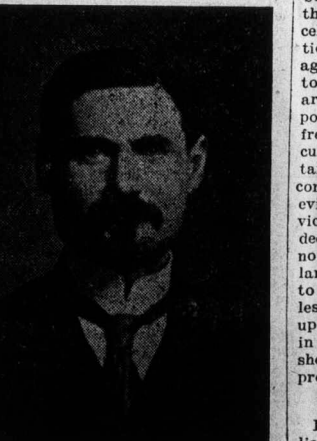
the thousands and perhaps hundreds of thousands who now have no united thought and no united voice.

What support, for example, could such a body as the one we have in view have afforded to the movement, happily consummated last summer, of erecting a monument to the Irish fever victims who perished at Grosse Isle, at the dedication of which your President was called upon to attend as your representative. And again, what a support such a body could afford to the struggle and fight in which your President has taken such an active and strenuous part for years—I refer to the endeavors we are making to save from desecration and profanation the ground where lie the remains of thousands of our unfortunate countrymen, at Point St. Charles. The spot is sacred to the memory of dead Irishmen, let every living Irishman, worthy of the name, strive to keep it untouched and unprofaned.

In conclusion, gentlemen, permit me to thank you for the courtesy and kindness with which you have always treated me, in the years I have occupied this office.

I have none but pleasant recollections in leaving the secretaryship, and it is gratifying to me to know that you have seen fit to honor me with such sustained confidence.

T. P. TANSEY,  
Secretary,  
St. Patrick's Society.  
April 4, 1910.



MR. T. P. TANSEY.  
Re-elected Recording Secretary St. Patrick's Society.

**THE IMMIGRANT CEMETERY.**  
After the reading of the annual report, Mr. J. C. Walsh, of the Herald, first vice-president of the Society, laid before the members the result of some painstaking investigation into the history of the so-called "Immigrant Cemetery" in Point St. Charles, which the Grand Trunk wants to convert to railway uses. It will be recalled that in the hearing before the Railway Commission at Ottawa on March 1, the question was raised as to whether this spot was the actual burial ground of any considerable number of the ship fever

victims of 1847, as had been alleged. Another point raised was as to the actual dedication of this land as a cemetery. Mr. Walsh's paper clears up these points, and will have a considerable bearing when the matter again comes before the commission this month. The report was, in part, as follows:

Mr. Chairman, members of St. Patrick's Society:  
By an application of the Grand Trunk Railway Company to the Railway Commission of Canada for the expropriation of the land which served as the burial place for some thousands of Irish and other immigrants to Canada, who perished of typhus fever in 1847, interest has very recently been revived in the controversy which began when the memorial stone was clandestinely removed from the spot, which has continued ever since, and in regard to which a meeting was held in this hall, under the auspices of this society, early in the present term.

The first hearing of the case was in Ottawa, on March 1st, and the resumed hearing is to be in Montreal at an early date, of which notice will be given. At Ottawa, the president, Mr. Kavanagh, and Hon. C. J. Doherty appeared and were heard on behalf of the Irish people of Montreal.

As, in course of the arguments made by counsel on that occasion, doubt was cast upon the affirmation that the place on which the stone stood really was a burying ground, it has been thought well to ascertain, as far as possible, from contemporary documents, what were the facts. The search, it may be said, has brought to light a certain number of records of very important interest, which together serve in some sort to reconstitute the events of that terrible year, and it has been thought well to present certain of the references in order of their sequence, and to have the whole upon the society's records.

There had been famine and fever in 1846, and the people of Montreal, and indeed of all Canada, looked forward to the opening of navigation with alarm, as it was given out that at least 60,000 emigrants would come by the St. Lawrence. In point of fact, there had arrived at Grosse Isle, by the 17th of May, 4,627 emigrants, 537 had died on the passage of the Atlantic, and of those who landed 795 had typhus. That was how the season opened, and the same terrible story was continued through the whole year. Naturally, it was not long before Montreal had its share.

**THE OLD SHEDS.**

The immigrant sheds then in use were situated on the side of the canal farthest from the city, not far from the bridge at Wellington street, and to the left going from the city. This locality is well established by a map for the year 1846 which we were fortunate enough to obtain. To these sheds the unfortunates were taken on landing. They came in at the island wharf, and so had quite a long journey across the front of the town. They came so fast, and many were so helpless, that it was decided to construct two sheds for temporary shelter, one for men, the other for women. This was about the third week in May, early in the season, for navigation was late in opening that year. The Gazette of May 21 reports that there was a meeting to demand that the sheds be moved further off. The Gazette of July 2 prints a report in which is mentioned the intention to meet this view, and it is mentioned, with unconscious relation of cause and effect, "that the neighborhood of the burying place, recently acquired from the Grey Nuns, would be a very excellent situation for the new erections." In the Gazette of July 14, again, there is a comforting reference to "Point St. Charles, where sheds are now in process of erection. It possesses high and dry ground, a free circulation of air and a strong current of pure water, at such a distance from the city as to secure a complete isolation of the sick." Very evidently this does not refer to the vicinity of Wellington bridge. Indeed, on the same day the Gazette notes that the immigrants are to be landed at Windmill Point, the sick to be conveyed to Point St. Charles, more than half a mile further up, the healthy to be accommodated in the present sheds." Near the old sheds there was a rope walk, promptly pressed into service.

**EMERGENCY MEASURES.**  
Reference to the Journals of Parliament tell the like story, making allowance for the time it takes officials and legislative bodies to move. For instance, on July 19 the House of Assembly petitioned the Governor-General against the installation of sheds at Windmill Point itself, to which the reply came on July 26 that "instructions have been given to discontinue the occupation of the sheds at Windmill Point." On July 24 there is a report of the medical commissioners that "the new hospital at Point St. Charles are now nearly completed," and that "the distance of these hospitals from the city is constantly changing, current of air caused by the rapids in their front, and the prevailing winds totally preclude the possibility of

## APPEAL FOR COLORED MISSIONS

### Aid Asked to Help Along this Very Important Work.

The Rev. D. J. Bustin, of the Diocese of Scranton, Pa., has been appointed assistant to the Rev. John E. Burke, Director-General of the Catholic Board for Mission Work Among the Colored People.

Father Bustin entered upon his duties on Jan. 1. He was ordained thirteen years ago at the American College in Rome, since which time he has worked with remarkable success in the Diocese of Scranton. Lately he had established a parish in Jersey Shore, Pa., where he built an admirably equipped for the mission to which his superiors have assigned him: Bishop Hoban is warmly interested in the propaganda that has been undertaken to convert the colored population in the United States, and has given one more practical proof of his interest by lending one of his ablest priests to the Board for an indefinite period.

The Board for Mission Work Among the Colored People, of Baltimore, on November 16, 1909 you were unanimously selected to assist the Rev. Director-General, the Rev. John E. Burke, in our work for the colored missions. Under his direction your duties shall be similar to his, which are: To create and foster the missionary spirit among Catholics and others in favor of the colored people; preach on this subject in churches and elsewhere, collect funds in the various dioceses, distribute literature, form associations, and solicit subscriptions in aid of the work of the Board. Your duty shall also be to visit places in which there are churches, schools or missions, to gather statistics and other information as may be useful for the guidance of the board.

Rev. dear Sir,—At the regular meeting of the Catholic Board for Mission Work Among the Colored People, held in the Cardinal's house, in Baltimore, on November 16, 1909 you were unanimously selected to assist the Rev. Director-General, the Rev. John E. Burke, in our work for the colored missions. Under his direction your duties shall be similar to his, which are: To create and foster the missionary spirit among Catholics and others in favor of the colored people; preach on this subject in churches and elsewhere, collect funds in the various dioceses, distribute literature, form associations, and solicit subscriptions in aid of the work of the Board. Your duty shall also be to visit places in which there are churches, schools or missions, to gather statistics and other information as may be useful for the guidance of the board.

We heartily, therefore, recommend you and your efforts to the courtesy and co-operation of the bishops, priests and laity of the country.

Father Burke and his assistant are tireless in their work of raising \$100,000 to be given to the Southern Bishops for the erection and maintenance of schools and churches for the colored people. Their pet scheme is a taking one. They are striving to secure 100,000 persons, each of whom will give just \$1.00 every year, to the colored missions. An appeal has been sent to all the pastors of the country, urging them to allow each parish society to subscribe simply an annual dollar to the fund. For this purpose, subscription blanks accompany the appeal. By this means this great Missionary work will be brought to the attention of the various societies, whose members will feel the missionary spirit, whilst the annual dollar appropriation from their funds will swell the fund to be used in the saving of souls. Every Catholic society should assist in this easy and small way. Moreover, every Catholic family in the States should be represented among the 100,000 annual subscribers. Think of the number of souls to be saved by the judicious disposition of this fund.

## Divorce in England.

### A Compliment to Members of the Catholic Church.

Testifying before the Royal Commission recently appointed to examine the proposal to extend the facilities for the severance of the marriage tie in England, Sir John Bigham, president of the Divorce Division of the High Court of Justice, said:

"Members of the Roman Catholic Church seldom come before the Court, and I attribute that fact to the great influence which their priesthood have over their congregations and to the respect which is inculcated in Roman Catholics for the marriage tie."  
He expressed his decided dislike for the law he administered; and, stating explicitly that he was regarding the matter, not from the viewpoint of religion, he asserted that, if the welfare of the community at large be considered, the breaking of the marriage tie is a much greater evil than the enduring by individuals of many of those things on which pleas for divorce are based. He held that religion could make this possible, as in fact it had been made possible among Catholics, concerning whom he testified as already quoted.

## STRATHCONA'S GIFT.

### Archbishop Bruchesi Received Cordial Letter and Cheque from Canadian High Commissioner.

Archbishop Bruchesi has received the following letter from Lord Strathcona, dated at London, March 26, enclosing a cheque for \$5,000 for the entertainment of the guests to be accommodated in his lordship's residence on Dorchester street at the Eucharistic Congress:  
My Dear Lord Archbishop—It is with pleasure I acknowledge your letter of the 7th instant, the contents of which have had my best attention. I am afraid my engagements will not permit of my being in Montreal at the time of the Congress, but in any case I shall feel honored in placing my house at your disposal and shall gladly make proper provision for the entertainment of your eminent guests. With this I am enclosing my cheque for \$5,000, and it is, I hope, hardly necessary for me to assure Your Grace that it is a real pleasure to me to aid you in so far as I can in the very important occasion of your Congress. Believe me, with sentiments of esteem and consideration,  
STRATHCONA.

## Forty-five More For Father Callaghan.

Says the "Missionary," Washington: Father Martin Callaghan, the veteran Sulpician convert-maker of Montreal, having been stationed less than two years at Notre Dame Basilica in that city, has already brought into the church there forty-five converts. His change from St. Patrick's to Notre Dame was made to give him rest. His rest is convert-making. Our readers remember his splendid paper read at our latest Congress of Missionaries. And they may also recall his past achievements in this holy warfare of divine peace, some years bringing in more than a hundred converts.

## Refinement and Religion in Ireland.

In a recent discourse in Manchester (England) Father Bernard Vaughan, S.J., referring to the refining influence of religion, said that he had seen men and women of the smart set who were the yaggiest, dullest and stupidest people on earth, and why—because they were without religion. They had nothing to refine them, and they had become materialized. They talk, he said, about people being dull, but they are the dullest themselves.

He had sometimes said to them what an extraordinary thing that they should talk about people being dull when there was no one as dull as they in their society. They could only talk about one thing; they could not even talk about art or literature, it was fashion and feasting, luxury and lust.

If they wanted refinement and religion, let them go to the far west of dear old Ireland, and there meet the people who could neither read nor write, but who were nature's aristocracy, and with whom they might discuss the very highest spiritual reality, and they would drink it down with a greed of a child of God. He knew from experience that this was true, whereas they might have their intellectual and scientific men, but to whom they had to give religion in homeopathic doses.

Father Vaughan knows from actual experience what he here talks about. He has been among the people of the far west of Ireland, he knows what the "smart set" are and can tell in which "set" the true refinement is to be found.

## Non-Catholic Judge

### Convinced That the Confessional Supplies a Need of Humanity.

"My experience on the bench and in politics has convinced me that the confessional fulfills a need of humanity that is almost as instinctive as the need of religion itself," declares Judge Lindsay, of Denver, Col., the noted advocate of the Juvenile Court. "I have found that among young offenders the desire to 'snitch' of themselves is practically irresistible, on the slightest encouragement they will blurt out the truth as if their tongues spoke in spite of themselves. Strangest of all, the 'bad' politicians, like the 'bad' boys have come to my chambers in scores, even while they were publicly fighting me, and confessed their crimes (sometimes before they committed them!) with a pitiful eagerness that would soften the heart of the bitterest cynic who ever sneered at human frailty."

A light heart and cheery face are the heritage of those who possess contented minds.—Father Hayes.

(Continued on Page 8.)

HOUSE AND HOME

CONDUCTED BY HORTENSE



Willing hands can always find something to do. There is no dearth of objects claiming attention, no lack of duties demanding performance, no day which is not full of important obligations, and no hour which is not pregnant with possibilities of immense good to be garnered and of work to be done.

The Cry of the Dreamer.

I am tired of planning and toiling In the crowded hives of men; Heart-weary of building and spoiling, And spoiling and building again. And I long for the dear old river, Where I dreamed my youth away; For a dreamer lives forever, And a toiler dies in a day.

I am sick of the showy seeming, Of a life that is half a lie; Of the faces lined with scheming In the throng that hurries by. From the sleepless thoughts' endeavor, I would go where the children play; For a dreamer lives forever, And a thinker dies in a day.

I can feel no pride, but pity For the burdens the rich endure; There is nothing sweet in the city, But the patient lives of the poor. Oh, the little hands too skillful, And the child-mind choked with weeds! The daughter's heart grown willful, And the father's heart that bleeds.

No, no! from the street's rude bustle, From trophies of mart and stage, I would fly to the woods' low rustle And the meadow's kindly path. Let me dream as of old by the river, And be loved for the dream always; For a dreamer lives forever, And a toiler dies in a day. —John Boyle O'Reilly.

Practical Hints.

How to manage a husband is a problem that puzzles many a young wife. One who succeeded in solving it gives these practical hints: Take mishaps merrily. Men like women with a sense of humor. Beware of over-sweetness. A little acid is good for the constitution. Let him alone when he wants to be alone. Boredom is death to love. You will differ on many things, but don't dispute them; agree to disagree. Be unselfish, even if he isn't. It's the only way you can be blameless yourself. Opposites attract. Keep your own spice of individuality, but don't let it stoop to aggressiveness. Never try to effect. The average effect is either to distress him and beyond measure or to make him mad. Give him plenty of rope. He may love you ever so much, but he doesn't like to feel the pull of apron strings. Don't cling to him too tightly. "Even an angel may be tiresome when one can never get out of the shadow of its wings," says a wise person.

First Woman to Paint Pope.

(Viola Justin in N. Y. Evening Mail.) "To paint his holiness is to pray," says Madame de Mirmont, the first woman who had the honor of portraying the supreme pontiff, Pope Pius X. The miniature is now on exhibition at Knoedler's galleries, where it will remain until the artist returns with it to Italy, where it will be hung in the galleries of the Vatican. Mme. de Mirmont is a vivacious French woman, with laughing blue eyes and curly golden hair, but at mention of her distinguished sitter she immediately becomes pensive, almost reluctant, to speak of the mornings she spent opposite His Holiness studying his face and transferring the noble qualities expressed in his features to the ivory.

GUARDS ASTONISHED.

"It is difficult to obtain an audience with His Holiness," she explained, when I saw her at her apartments at the Savoy this morning. "My daily pilgrimages were looked upon with astonishment by the pontiff's guard. Then sittings were held in His Holiness' private room, at the rear of the galleries, where I presented myself every morning. "It is necessary to discard both gloves and hat when one has audience with His Holiness. So, even in my capacity as artist, I was obliged to conform to these rules. I wore the simple black veil and

black gown it is customary to don when women make their pilgrimages to the Vatican for the Pope's benediction.

POPE DRESSED IN WHITE.

"His Holiness sat for me in his white robes, with the sash of white moire ribbon. "Around his neck he wore a gold chain and crucifix set with sapphires.

"I shall never forget the first morning I was ushered into his presence. He was seated, as I have painted him, near one of the spacious windows in the Vatican, a most dazzling figure outlined against the clear Italian sky and the sunlight. "As is customary, I knelt before him and kissed his hand before I proceeded to my work table.

BARELY COULD SPEAK.

"For a moment I was so overcome with his solicitude and gentleness that I could scarcely speak. "The hand with which I held my paint brush trembled. "I felt like flinging myself upon my knees and painting His Holiness before a prie-dieu in an attitude of prayer. He sat for me an hour each day, and all the time I was painting him he was blessing me—really blessing me!

"I had never met a more spiritual human being before in my life. "His face radiated gentleness, purity and goodness. The beauty of it lies in its strength. The eyes are piercing, but tender. The mouth firm and sympathetic. "His forehead is high and scarred with thought.

"He was an admirable model. He never grew weary or restless during the hour he sat blessing me with that meek and beautiful smile on his face—that pilgrims who have journeyed to Rome for his benediction know so well, and the patience that accompanies a gentle scholarly spirit!

"And what did you talk about during the sittings?" Mme. de Mirmont was asked. "Oh, one does not talk of the weather or make banal conversation with His Holiness! I was assured with solemnity.

PROCEEDING IS SIMPLE.

"The whole proceeding was conducted with the greatest simplicity, but His Holiness seemed to take it as an opportunity for prayer and meditation. Moreover, he does not speak my native tongue in any extent. I have a souvenir of the sittings, which is very precious to me. Mme. de Mirmont showed me a little strip of flannel as soft as silk. "This is a piece of flannel from His Holiness' robe," she explained, lifting up the bit of white cloth and pressing it reverently to her lips.

"I shall cherish it always, for I am the only person in the world in the possession of a piece of the Pope's robe!" Mme. de Mirmont will take the precious portrait back to Italy when her exhibition of paintings has ended here.

Woman's Home Companion.

As spring comes around again, the Woman's Home Companion lifts its own standard another degree with its Easter issue. The cover design, by Fanny Y. Cory, strikes a true April note which is faithfully carried out in the entire magazine. A full page painting by Balfour Ker, is one of the tenderest subjects ever attempted by this artist, and "Old-Time Gardens in the Connecticut Valley," by Charles Edward Hooper, with illustrations by Herman Pfeifer, is an unusually artistic feature. "The Campaign of Hope," the tireless fight against tuberculosis, is waged with undiminished enthusiasm and is awakening people throughout the country. "The Empty House," a story in two parts by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, has its first enthralling installment in this number. It is a story for every woman with a busy, self-sacrificing husband to read. "The House of Healing," by Juliet Wilbur Tompkins, is gaining new friends with every chapter, and short stories of unusual humor and charm and power fill out the list of fiction.

Never was the household so well taken care of. Margaret Sangster, Woods Hutchinson, M. D., Kate V. Saint-Maur, Doctor Jean Williams, all give their best work. "May-Pole Dances," "Wood-Block Printing," "A Perfume Garden," "Happiness Chest," Miss Farmer's Recipes, Evelyn Parsons' Summer Embroideries, music. Art—these are just some of the contents of this surprising magazine. The regular departments, Miss Gould's big Fashion Section, and the pages devoted to the Younger Reader, are all better than ever.

Long Hatpins.

In Paris, owing to the increasing length of women's hatpins and the list of accidents, such as eyes put out, ears, noses and cheeks torn, the police officials propose to place some restrictions on wearing hatpins in omnibuses, railway cars, theatres and other public places.

The passing of years is like the coming of dawn—slow, silent, inevitable. The most eager cannot hasten the quiet, irresistible movement, and the most reluctant cannot forbid. Some gifts the years bring, sorrow, disappointment. Some treasures they take which we would keep forever—youth, beauty, innocence. But there are more precious treasures, which time cannot remove—friendship, patience, faith and love.

A Pansy Party.

"A Pansy Party," says M. S. Fieldhouse in Woman's Home Companion for April, "is for the season when pansies are plentiful and may be used in abundance as decorations and for the adornment of the hostess and her guests.

"At one well arranged affair, the guests were at first taken into the back parlor, where, at the extreme end of the room, was hung a large sheet of dark green paper, upon which was painted a large purple pansy without a stem. The guests were given strips of green tissue paper and each in turn, being blindfolded, tried to pin this stem in the right place. A pot of blooming pansies was given to the most successful one.

"Then our hostess announced that she had been growing a new variety of pansy and since 'pansies were for thought' we would find in the library plenty of literary pansies which needed picking. On the table in the library was a beautiful bed of pansies. The flowers were made of paper and painted to represent real pansies; as we began to pick them, we found that in the stem of each one was wound a quotation. We each chose twelve of the pansies. Then we were provided with small note-books tied in purple and gold ribbons, and all set to work to give the names of the authors of the quotations, which were about flowers. The quotations were numbered, and we wrote down in the little books the names of the authors. After the correct list of authors was read, the prize-winner Wadeforth was presented with a volume of 'Baskets of Paper Pansies' were passed around, in which there were only two exactly alike, and by this means partners were found for refreshments, the man seeking out the girl who had the pansy tinted just like his.

"The refreshments consisted of creamed chicken with mushrooms served in timbale cases; nut, apple and celery salad, and white and graham bread sandwiches for the first course. For the second, ices and small cakes and coffee were served. The table was decorated with a low centerpiece of pansies, and at each place was a small bunch of flowers.

Grilled Almonds.

Blanch a cupful of almonds and dry them thoroughly. Boil a cup of sugar in the same amount of water until it strings. Throw in the almonds and let them simmer, stirring occasionally, until they turn a yellow brown. Remove them from the fire immediately and stir vigorously until the syrup turns back to sugar and covers the nuts with a sugary coating. These are delicious and seldom found in this country.

The Old Fashioned Girl.

She's a veritable gem—the old-fashioned girl Not a brilliant gem exactly, but a jewel that, while it shines not nor dazzles, has a beauty so deep one seems to feel rather than see it. She isn't exactly clever. She doesn't desire a great career, or fame. She hasn't a college record, and isn't on terms of intimacy with the celebrities of the hour, nor has she a suffragette on her visiting list. She prefers to walk safely and slowly along the little byways and lanes that skirt the valley of yesterday, and the world never even knows by what name she is called, says the Brooklyn Tablet.

Her own ambition is home-making, and there lies her Kingdom, where, secure and happy, she contentedly dreams the days away. She is what the butterfly of the world would call 'awfully plain.' Her dress is last year's design, modified by her own hands to meet the requirements of this year, but it is always fresh and neat. She is sincere and honest in her dealings with others. Of all the housewifely arts she is a perfect mistress. She can make a gown, trim a hat, and—ah,

how she can cook. She never bustles or fusses about her work, but is calm and unruffled. She can sit down at the little old piano and sing a tender song or lullaby, or an old-fashioned hymn in her soft, sweet, untrained voice in a way that makes a fellow feel like the sinner that he is, and brings heaven and mother close to him again. Children and animals love and trust her, and even the flowers grow and blossom for her. The aged find her sympathy and helpfulness a delight, and praises follow her wherever she goes. She neither thinks nor speaks evil. In her creed men are like her father, good and brave and true, and she cannot fathom the depths of their wiles, because she is herself so sweet and faithful. God bless her.—Intermountain Catholic.

Cleaning With Gasoline.

"Chiffon ruchings, which are soiled but not crushed," says Florence M. Myers in Woman's Home Companion for April, "can be rejuvenated by shaking them in clear gasoline, and then drying them in the sunshine and air. Small articles, such as fancy neckwear in general, which must be treated gently, can be put into a fruit-jar nearly filled with gasoline. Using a rubber ring, screw the top on tightly. Let the articles soak for some time, and then shake them vigorously. Rinse in the same manner in clear gasoline. Dry in the sunshine and air.

"Coat-collars, can often be cleaned by wetting a cloth in gasoline and then rubbing the soiled part. Occasionally, if the fabric will warrant it and if very much soiled, I have used an old tooth-brush for this purpose, instead of the cloth. Neckties cannot always be cleaned by the simple rubbing process. If that is so, try using a brush dipped in gasoline, to scrub the very soiled parts. Satin, of course, does not permit of this treatment. Grease spots can be removed by rubbing the spot with a 'good white' soap after the article has been soaked in gasoline, and almost every one has her own special method. Colored gloves do not clean well, as a rule. It is best not to try them. "Do not buy a quantity of gasoline and store it to use from time to time. Many fire-insurance companies will not issue policies—or pay them—if this is done."

What is Worn in London

London, March 29, 1910.

Now that March is slipping away from us, and every day is bringing us nearer to the sunshine and soft breezes of April, the question of the spring coat leaps into the front of all sartorial preoccupations. We want something wherein to take our walks abroad, it is true; but that something must be light and dainty and pleasing to the eye. I was privileged to see in a fashionable atelier two of the latest models in spring coats. One was a very original coat in the new ribbed silk, which is very thick and soft and adapts itself admirably for tailoring. It was intended to be worn with any cloth skirt, and therefore the color chosen for it was the new 'gazelle' tint, which is between brown and fawn, and has the merit of looking well with almost any dark-colored skirt. It showed the popular banded effect at the waist, but the hard definition of the line was broken by the belt passing under the fronts of the coat, which hung almost straight. The half-length basques were split up at the sides, the front part being somewhat petal-shaped, and were left longer than at the back; they were trimmed all round with a big designing which is so popular that it often supersedes the braiding we have known and loved for so long. The coat fastened with three large buttons in front, above which were large, loose ravers edged with an embroidered galon in several shades of brown and tarnished gold. The same galon was used for the belt of the coat and to border the big turned-back Cavalier cuffs, which give such a picturesque and effective touch to the elbow sleeves; and to accompany the Cavalier cuffs the coat should be accompanied by a big jabot of lawn and lace. The hat was a Napoleon bicorne in chestnut brown Tagel straw lined with black velvet to within an inch of the edge, and trimmed with circular garlands of deep crimson roses at either side of the crown. This coat and hat would make a smart walking costume with any dark skirt, especially if chance provided that the skirt should be of a deep chestnut brown, which would harmonize delightfully with the "gazelle" tint of the silk coat; and of course the coat could be translated into any desired color of silk according to the exigencies of the wearer's wardrobe. The other coat was of plain cloth to wear with a plaid skirt; for Parisian taste always veers tenderly both in spring and autumn to that perennially smart combination of a walking costume—a skirt of plaid, with a coat of plain cloth to match. If the skirt should happen to be one of the black and white fancy checks which are more popular than ever this spring, then the coat had best be in black; but there are lovely checks in pale grey and white, dark blue and white or purple and white, which would be immensely enhanced by coats in the plain color.

The one I saw was in pale stone-grey, a very delightful color for spring and early summer wear; the shape was semi-fitting and the length a short three-quarters, and it gave the long elusive line, unbroken by a waist-belt, which al-

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ways fascinates the eye. The fronts crossed and were fastened by huge buttons of grey horn, which stood out from a maze of fine silk braiding in the same color as the cloth which adorned the fronts of the coat and encircled the shoulders. At the sides of the basque, well below the hip-line, there was a band of kilting headed by a panel of braiding, which could conceal the entrance to hip-pockets if desired. There were no revers to this coat, but a narrow shawl collar of black satin gave a very distinctive note against the stone grey background, which was further enhanced by a tiny inner vest of brilliant rose and silver brocade. The sleeves were quite plain and close-fitting, and were finished with braiding at the wrist and side. The hat worn with this was a big "picture" shape in rose Tagel straw with a "Chantecler" mount in grey feathers, which, no doubt, was meant to represent the Poule Grise who falls desperately in love with the Cuckoo-clock in Rostand's much-advertised play. From these two designs it was easy to judge that the reign of the very long coat was over. Few of the newest models, if any, reach even to the knee, let alone to the ankles, as they did last winter; there can be no doubt that these shorter jackets are distinctly smarter and more individual. All kinds of variety reigns as regards their methods of fastening; some cross far over in a point, which is at once cut back to the waist; on another the line will be carried on diagonally under the arm to below the hip, the opening being marked by buttons and cords. Some have softly falling revers, square-cut and usually braided or adorned with galon; severely there will be a shawl collar, collar cut in fantastic irregular points, or perhaps no color at all. One coat will hook invisibly down the centre-seam; its neighbor will have nothing to keep the fronts together except one button on the lowest point of the basque. All the ideas of the big tailoring houses in Paris seem to be turned towards fantastic developments as regards their method of fastening; for at present the "trotteur" costumes are the chief preoccupation, with the spring sunshine calling out all the pretty women for their morning "footing" in the Avenue du Bois and the Bois de Boulogne. Here and there, however, one comes across the absolutely plain little coat in silk or cloth, exquisite in cut, with semi-fitting fronts and no attempt at any decoration to distract the eye from its inherent smartness; and when such a coat is worn on the right figure, one is bound to own that it spells perfection.

"And how did they teach you to be honest?" "Dey done put me in the shoe shop, sah, nailin' pasteboard onto shoes for leather soles, sah." —Lake City Herald.

THE TROUBLE.

Little Flora was complaining the other day about her stomach. "Perhaps it's because it's empty," said her mother. "It might feel better if you had something in it." Not long afterward the minister called. In reply to a question as to her health, he said that he was well, but that his head felt rather badly that day. "Perhaps it's because its empty," spoke up Flora. "It might feel better if you had something in it."

CHIVALROUS JOHNNIE.

"What's the matter, dear?" "I have just had a fight with Johnnie over dividin' the candy you gave us." "Was there no one to take you part?" "Yes! Johnnie took it." —Horton Post.

It is estimated that over 200 priests will be ordained in Rome in the near future.

WHY HE WOULD WEAR A ROBE.

The story is told of Bishop O'Donoghue, who is shortly to move from Indianapolis to take charge of the Louisville diocese, that he was visited one day by a negro preacher of a Protestant denomination. It is characteristic of Bishop O'Donoghue to see everyone, and the colored minister was shown in. "I would like to borrow one of your robes," said the colored man with visions of a beautiful red robe in mind. Bishop O'Donoghue said: "No, sir; no robe; I don't want to hang myself, but I thought you would loan me one I'd have made up for me like just it." "What good purpose would it serve?" asked the Bishop. "Why, pshaw, Mr. Bishop, would certainly make the colored folks in my congregation sit up and hallelujah for de kingdom come." Indianapolis News.

NEW STRENGTH IN THE SPRING

Nature Needs Aid in Making New Health-Giving Blood.

In the spring the system needs toning up. In the spring to healthy and strong you must have new blood, just as the trees must have new sap. Nature demands and without this new blood you will feel weak and languid. You may have twinges of rheumatism, the sharp stabbing pains of neuralgia. Often there are disfiguring pimples or eruptions on the skin. In other cases there is merely feeling of tiredness and a variable appetite. Any of these are signs that the blood is out of order—the indoor life of winter has told upon you. What is needed to put you right is a tonic, and in all worlds there is no tonic can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These Pills actually make new, rich, red blood, your greatest need in the spring. This new blood drives out disease, clears the skin and makes you easily tired men and women and children bright and strong. Miss M. Dugay, Lower Cove, N.S., says: "I believe I owe my life to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. My blood seemed to have turned to water. I was pale as a sheet. I suffered from headaches, and floating specs seemed to be constantly before my eyes. As the trouble progressed my limbs began to swell, and it was feared that dropsy had set in and that my case was hopeless. Up to this time two doctors had attended me, but notwithstanding I kept growing worse. It was at this juncture I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and after taking a few boxes I was much improved. I kept on using the Pills until I had taken eight boxes, when my health was completely restored."

Punny Sayings.

FRESH DISCOVERY OF AN OLD TRUTH.

Helen's enjoyment of the party given in honor of her ninth birthday was nearly spoiled by the ill-tempered outbursts of a very pretty and well-dressed little girl who was among her guests.

A peacemaker appeared, however, is a plain and rather shabby child, who proved herself a veritable little angel of tact and good-will.

After her playmates were gone, Helen talked it all over very seriously with her mother. She summed it up in "this piece of philosophical wisdom."

RANSOM'S REFORMATION.

A few years ago there was a shiftless colored boy named Ransom Blake, who, after being caught in a number of petty delinquencies, was at last sentenced to a short term in the penitentiary, where he was sent to learn a trade. On the day of his return home he met a friendly white acquaintance, who asked: "Well, what did they put you at in the prison, Ransome?" "Dey started in to make an honest boy out'n me, sah." "That's good, Ransome, and I hope they succeeded." "They did, sah."

THURSDAY, APRIL 7, 1910. M. J. Morrison. ADVOCATES, 211 5th Floor, Banque 97 ST. JAMES. Phone Main 3114. Hon. Sir Alexander HAVANAGH, B.A. ADVOCATES, 7 PLACE. H. L. Kavanagh, K. C. G. E. L. Lajoly, K. C. Paul Lacombe, J. L. T. Broard, K. C. CROSSARD, CH. ADVOCATE, 211 5th Floor, Banque 1491. B. O. SHAWARD. CONROY. 133 CENTRE. Practical Plumbers, Estimators, Jobbing Promptly. LAWRENCE PLASTER. Successor to John R. Law and Ornamentals and Decorating. Manufacturers of the best Carrels and Best Blinds. Wedding S. 15 Paris Street. D. I. WELCH. Caterers and Banquet. 10-12 HERMINE ST. W. G. K. DEN. 419 DORCHESTER. HES. 9 TO 6. SOCIETY D. ST. PATRICK'S S. Held March 6th 1866; Meeting held 22 St. Alex. Monday of the month last Wednesday. Rev. Chaplain, P. J. Shanahan, P.P.; Pres. Kavanagh, K. C.; Sec. Mr. J. C. O'Donoghue, W. W. Treasurer, Mr. W. Secretary, Mr. J. P. Tansy; Asst. Secy, Mr. M. E. Mr. B. Camm. Mr. P. Connors. Synopsis of Canada. HOMESTEAD R. ANY even numbered land in M. M. and Alberta, set reserved, may be sold to any person who is the head of a family, or any male age to the extent of 160 acres, or the local land office in which the land is held by proxy may be made on certain conditions, mother, son, brother or sister of a holder. The homestead law is from the conditions with under one of plan: (1) At least six upon and cultivated each year for three (2) If the father is deceased the residue upon vicinity of the land requirements as to be satisfied by such (3) If the mother and residence in the land the requirements shall be given the ten nearest lands at the time to apply for. Deputy Minister of H.B.—Unauthorized advertisement. SELF RAISING Brodie's Celestial Self-Raiser. The Original and A Premium given for returned to our 50 Bleury Street. RELIGIOUS ENGRAVINGS SHOULD APP. LA PRESSE ENGRAVING EXPERTS. Largest stock in the world.



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**Synopsis of Canadian North-West**  
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ANY even numbered section of Dom-  
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any person who is the sole head of a  
family, or any male over 18 years of  
age, to the extent of one-quarter  
section of 160 acres, more or less.  
Entry must be made personally at  
the local land office for the district  
in which the land is situated.  
Entry by proxy may, however, be  
made on certain conditions by the  
father, mother, son, daughter, brother  
or sister of an intending homesteader.  
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 homesteader  
may be permitted as to residence may be  
satisfied by such persons residing  
with the father or mother.  
(3) If the settler has his permanent  
residence upon farming lands  
owned by him in the vicinity of the  
land to be homesteaded, the requirements  
as to residence may be satisfied by residence  
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(4) Six months' notice in writing  
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# BEYOND THE LINES.

The tides of war were at the flood when the surge reached the home of Martha Winthrop, away up on the Kennebec River in the old State of Maine. Abner Winthrop had called her "Mother" ever since their boy was born, and she had grown so used to it that she readily answered to the name, even when some of the neighbors caught the habit from the father and son.

Martha read in the weekly farm paper the call for volunteers, and gave a queer little gasp that caused the rather slow Abner to look up at her in wonder.

"What is it, Mother?" he managed to ask, as his potato hung suspended on the three-tined steel fork. "Don't you go an' tell Charlie. You hear me, Abner Winthrop?"

"How can I tell him, when I don't know what's up?" queried Abner cogently.

"It's the President," said Martha gravely. "What he says goes, you know, Abner. An' Charlie just wopes the ground his feet stand on."

"What does Mr. Lincoln say?" inquired Abner, helping himself to another mess of savory country-fried potatoes. "I ain't hitched on to your thread yet, Mother."

"The President has issued a call for volunteers; wants 'em for three years. Think of it, Abner. Oh, sakes alive!—"

The foreseen possibility was too much for Martha Winthrop, and she threw her apron over her head and with a faint moan. This unusual demonstration was not lost upon Abner, but he never permitted anything seriously to interfere with his meals, and therefore calmly proceeded with that important function.

"I'm 'mos' certain he'll go," almost wailed Martha, taking her apron from her face. "Heaven above, Abner, what will I do?"

"Who'll go? Our boy, Charlie?" asked her husband in surprise. "They want men; they don't want boys."

Martha looked at him with curling lip. Sometimes Abner's density got on her nerves.

"My soul! Abner Winthrop, can't you recollect telling Jennie Sykes last week that Charlie could follow the plow with any man in the country? Oh, I know what was running through your head. You was a-thinkin' of Jennie's Cynthia. You always was forward at match-making. But that's all a waste of time. Charlie don't care for her. Not a bit. He thinks more of that city girl that was up last summer than he does of all the Cynthys in the land. More fool him, I know, for she's likely to forget all about him long ago. An' it don't make a bit of difference now; he'll go an' volunteer for three years, sure's he knows Mr. Lincoln wants him to."

A quick step came up the garden path, and Martha turned eagerly to greet her son. Her fears were alert and the glow of excitement in Charlie's face struck her dumb. Her lips moved thickly, but no words came.

"Well, Mother, have you heard the news? President Lincoln has called for volunteers. Lots of the boys are going, and I—"

He stopped abruptly at the sight of his mother's face. Never had he seen such an ashen pallor on her florid cheeks.

"Why, Mother! What is it? What is the matter?" he inquired anxiously.

"You haven't been so foolish, Charlie! Tell me you haven't." The words were almost a cry.

"No, Mother, I haven't enlisted yet."

"Yes? Oh, Charlie! Then you're going?"

"Not unless you say so, Mother." The reply came clear and decided.

Martha Winthrop clasped her hands gratefully.

"That's like my boy!" she exclaimed. "But, Charlie, what made you think you ought to go?"

"Mr. Lincoln wants me," replied the youth simply.

"How do you know that?"

"He says the young men of the country should rally round the flag and sweep the enemy from the field, and give peace to the land. I'm one of 'em, Mother. You know that."

"Don't you be a 'tarnal fool, Charlie," broke in Abner, at last waking up to the seriousness of the situation. "You better stay at home and take care of your mother when—well, when I'm laid by."

"Now, Father," replied Charlie brightly, "you ain't laid by, not by a considerable ways. You're here to take care of Mother. Somebody's boy must answer that call from Mr. Lincoln; and it seems to me if I don't do it I'll be a sneak and coward."

"Do you feel that way, Charlie?" asked Martha, in a hard, strained voice.

"Yes, Mother; I do, for sure."

"And you won't enlist unless I say so?"

"No, Mother, I won't. But—but, Mother, I—I think somebody's mother has got to say go, or the country's lost."

Martha Winthrop swallowed hard and rose to her feet. She laid one hand on her son's shoulder and said, calmly:

"All right, Charlie. I love you, my boy, better'n anything in this world; but God's given us this grand country of ours and I ain't going to play traitor. If Mr. Lincoln wants you, Charlie, I'll—her voice caught in a sob—I'll let you go."

ing from every window and crammed on the platform; the multitude of friends, relatives and well-wishers at the station; the waving flag; the rather cracked horns attempting to play "The Girl I Left Behind Me"; the tear-dimmed eyes and the aching hearts. With dry lips they tried to cry "God bless you!" as their Charlie's sad but resolute face looked over the shoulder of a comrade on the platform, and his clear voice rang out in a final "Good-by, Mother! Good-by!"

The little home was very quiet and very desolate as the days dragged by. There was no one to call in the upper room, though Abner caused Martha a sharp pang by forgetting this when, on the next morning, he went to the foot of the stairs and called out, "Charlie! Time—"

He did not finish the familiar words, "Blamed if I ain't forgot!" he muttered apologetically while Martha buried her face out of human sight and wept many bitter tears.

In the evening when the chores were done, Martha went out and watched Abner water the stock, and drive the few sheep into the barnyard, and put up the bars. This had been Charlie's work for many a year, and the very animals missed him and gazed around with plaintive calls. When old Robin, the large white horse, who had carried Charlie as a little boy on his back, temporarily refused to notice his oats, raised his head, and whinnied long and loud, Martha turned and went into the house, while Abner suspiciously wiped his eyes on his red cotton handkerchief before he locked the stable door and followed his wife to the kitchen, where the two sat silently as Martha knitted, with many a smothered sigh.

Day by day Martha bought a paper at the village store, until the days turned into months, and her frugal mind suggested the economy of subscribing to the daily Argus from the city. At first she had been unwilling to admit that Charlie was to be absent very long. It soon grew to be a habit for the pair to spend the evening, after the supper dishes had been carefully washed and put away, in absorbing the story of the great war as given in the day's dispatches from the front. Martha read, and Abner listened, his mouth drawn in curious shapes as his emotions were stirred by the narrative. And so the second year added its months to the first, and Charlie's regiment was with the Army of the Potomac in front of Fredericksburg.

Letters came at very irregular intervals, though Charlie said he tried to write once a week, at least, and the old-couple had come to recognize these delays as among the necessary incidents of war. But Martha always expected several at one time whenever the time passed beyond a month, and with patient finger on the big map of Virginia, she followed the regiment as best she could, leaving a little pointer lying constantly on the spot that had been named in the last letter.

## IV.

On the way from the village to Augusta, Martha Winthrop made the acquaintance of a kindly old gentleman, and naturally told him of her undertaking. Her new friend advised her to make some effort to secure letters of introduction and asked if she knew any one of influence in Portland and Boston.

"No, not one," said Martha, sadly.

"Governor Andrews has a big heart," remarked the old man. "Suppose you try to see him in Boston. Just possibly he may help you to see the President in Washington."

Martha gasped.

"That's just what I was a-dreamin' about," she confessed, "but I couldn't see any way. I'll try the Governor."

Massachusetts' famous "War Governor" was at breakfast next morning when his bell rang decidedly. The butler, opening the door, saw an elderly woman in very modest dress, and at once began to say formally:

"Governor's at breakfast; can't see—"

"My boy, Charlie, is dying down there in Virginia," exclaimed the woman in a strained voice, pushing past the astonished butler. "I've got to see him!"

The way to the dining room was straight ahead, and in another moment the door was flung open and Martha entered. The Governor sat with his face turned partly toward her, and in an instant she spoke, holding out both hands imploringly:

"Governor Andrews, my boy,

her preparations, while Abner sat in despairing wonder. Presently she returned, attired for her journey. Producing an old, thin "carpet-sack" from its hidden retreat in the attic, she said sharply:

"Abner, don't set there gazing at me. Go down to the store an' buy ta. It starts at four, an' it's 'mos' three now. D'ye hear?"

Abner heard and obeyed. When he came back, his wife sat on the little porch, carpet-sack by her side, gazing down the road where the stage would be first seen. At last he ventured a remonstrance.

"Mother!" She did not heed. "Mother! Don't you know it's mighty far to Boston, an' Charlie's a long way from Boston?"

"Yes, I know."

"Mother!" after a minute. "Charlie's a big piece from New York. Don't ye know?"

"Yes, Abner."

Her husband waited a while, and then mustered his forces.

"Mother, I reckon this here Fredericksburg's a hundred miles from Washington, even. It's a terrible journey, an' you've never been fifty miles from home in your life."

"My boy, Charlie!" sighed Martha, apparently not hearing her husband's voice.

Abner got on his feet and went over to her side. Putting a trembling hand on her shoulder, he said, finally:

"Mother, it costs a heap to go to Washington. An' you can't travel for nothin'."

Martha looked at him sharply. Her voice had a ring in it that Abner knew belonged only to special occasions.

"I know it, Abner," she said. "I have got all the money in the old stocking that I've been saving for a rainy day ever since we were married. Lord have mercy! I reckon it's rained as hard this day as it ever will." Her lips closed tightly.

"I hope the good Lord won't let it rain any worse!" he ejaculated gravely.

Then the stage came.

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## Eczema Must Yield to

THE WONDERFULLY SOOTHING, HEALING INFLUENCE OF DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT

There is one thing you can depend on Dr. Chase's Ointment to do every time, and that is to cure eczema. There is no more severe test to which an ointment can be put, and because Dr. Chase's Ointment triumphed over eczema it has become the standard ointment.

When another ointment is praised it is said to be as good as Dr. Chase's. And this illustrates the high position held by this preparation.

Mrs. Oscar Vanocot, St. Antoine, Sask., writes: "I have found Dr. Chase's Ointment to be a permanent cure for eczema and other skin diseases. One son while nursing broke out with running, watery sores all over his head and around the ears. Many salves were prescribed to no effect. The child's head became a mass of scabs and he suffered untold agony. He became weak and frail, would not eat and we thought we would lose him.

"Provisionally we heard of Dr. Chase's Ointment and it soon thoroughly cured him. He is seven years old now and strong and well. An older boy was also cured of eczema by this Ointment and we hope more people will learn about it so that their poor little ones may be saved from suffering.

Do not be satisfied with the experience of others, but put Dr. Chase's Ointment to the test when occasion arises. Try it for chafing and irritation of the skin, for chapped and cracked hands, for chilblains and frost bites, for sores and burns. It is delightfully soothing and healing. 60 cts. a box, all dealers or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Write for free copy of Dr. Chase's Recipes."

Charles, is dying down there by Fredericksburg, and I've come all the way from Augusta. I must go to him, Governor. Won't you help me?"

The sad, earnest face, the tearful eyes, and the touching appeal in the broken voice went to the Governor's heart.

"My dear madam," he said, gravely, "if there is anything I can do I will do it. But, let me ask, is it wise for a lady of your years to undertake this journey?"

"I'm going, Governor, if I have to walk."

Governor Andrews smiled approvingly. "I think you will get there," he said. "All I can do is to give you a note to the President. If any one can help you reach your son, Mr. Lincoln is the man."

He rang for paper and ink and hastily wrote a brief letter, which he addressed to the President at Washington.

The thanks that Martha gave him were of the sort that are not soon forgotten, and there was a mist before John A. Andrews' eyes as he sat down again to finish his interrupted meal.

From Boston to Washington seemed an endless distance to the troubled mother, but she pressed Governor Andrews' precious letter in her hand, even while she tried to sleep through the tedious hours of the night.

"I must not get played out too soon," she said warningly to herself.

Washington was reached in the morning, and Martha soon found herself standing on the steps of the White House a feeling of awe in her breast, but with courage undiminished.

"Can't see the President, madam. He is in a Cabinet meeting." The stately official waved his hand with finality.

But Martha pushed resolutely on, saying in a high key:

"My boy, Charlie, is dying down there in Virginia. I will see the President. I—"

The first official and another had started forward and grasped the offender against rule, their voices raised in emphatic denial. A door opened at a short distance, and the President looked out inquiringly. In an instant Martha recognized the sad, kindly furrowed face, and held out an appealing hand.

"Oh, Mr. Lincoln," she cried in tense tones, "my boy Charlie is dying down by Fredericksburg, and I've come all the way from Stag Hollow, in Maine, to save him. Won't you help me?"

The man of the great and sorrowing heart stepped out into the corridor and closed the door behind him.

"Come with me," he said kindly, taking her arm and drawing her into another room. "The Cabinet can wait a little."

She looked up at the gaunt, tall figure in amazement, but with the instantaneous confidence of a child toward one whose mien inspires it.

"Oh, Mr. Lincoln," she gasped, while the tears flowed freely, "is it true? Can you help me find my boy?"

"Where is he, madam?" asked the President.

"He was hurt near Fredericksburg last week. Jimmy Barton wrote they had to leave him when the rebels drove 'em back."

Mr. Lincoln shook his head doubtfully. Martha said it and cried:

"Don't say no, Mr. Lincoln! Charlie wouldn't enlist unless I said he could; but he kept telling me that Mr. Lincoln wanted him, an' he said if somebody's mother didn't say go, the country was lost. Then I weakened. I couldn't stand that."

The tears stood in the President's eyes. He leaned his elbow on the mantel, towering far above his companion.

"What did you tell him then?" he asked.

"I said, 'Charlie, if Mr. Lincoln wants you, you can go.'"

The President's hand covered his brow for half a minute. Then he sat down at a table and wrote a brief note, and after that another, then tapped a bell. An orderly appeared, and Mr. Lincoln gave him one note, saying:

"Forward that at once to General —, at the front."

Handing the other to Martha, he said, gravely:

"I am afraid, madam, that I cannot do all you wish; but I will do all I possibly can, and back you with the Army of the Potomac, if necessary. I have written the general in command to get you as near your boy as he can, and this letter will pass you along to Fredericksburg. The ground where your son was wounded is now in possession of the enemy, but you shall go just as far as we can send you."

He paused a moment, while Martha's thanks choked in her trembling throat. Then he added:

"God bless you! I wish there were more mothers like you. Give my love to the boy who was so ready to go when I called for him."

Another orderly led her away and put her on a train bound for the front. But Martha Winthrop saw nothing but a lined, grave face bending over her, and heard nothing for several hours but the echoes of that kindly voice.

ate sentry challenged her, she pressed fight on till his second order leveled musket arrested her attention.

"Halt, woman, or I will shoot!"

Without slackening her pace, Martha cried, as she waved one hand distractedly.

"I tell you, young man, my boy Charlie is over there on yon hill. I'm going to him. You'll have to shoot, if you will. I'm going to my boy."

"Why didn't ye shoot, Randall?" queried a companion round the camp fire that night.

"I just couldn't, Tom," answered Randall. "She looked too much like my old mother. I left down there in Georgia. Blank it all! She couldn't do any harm."

On the crest of the hill Martha found an improvised hospital camp. Everywhere the men lay thick, under slight shelters of boards and scraps of tent cloth. Groans and cries of anguish saluted Martha's straining ears as she eagerly scanned every face, but all were strangers. At length a negro woman, acting as attendant, answered her repeated requests for news of her boy by saying:

"Mebbe he's ober dar, down in dat corner, Missus. Dar's a mighty sick sojer dat's allus callin' for his mammy."

Under a scrap of tent-cloth, in the extreme corner of the rude camp, Martha Winthrop fell on her knees with a great hungering cry, grasping one thin, sun-burned hand in both her own:

"My boy Charlie! My boy Charlie!"

The light of reason conquered the fiercer fires of the fever, the eyes turned upon the beloved face, and the boy saw what, in the twenty-five years of his subsequent life, he never forgot. Stretching up both feeble arms, he cried, with all his heart and soul in his voice: "Mother! I knew you'd come! I knew you'd come!"—Orr Kenyon, in the New World.

## COULD GET NO RELIEF

"THI 'Father Morriacy's No. 10' Cured Bronchial Trouble."

Pictou, N.S.

FATHER MORRIACY MED. CO., LTD.  
I can testify to the benefit derived from Father Morriacy's cure for Bronchial trouble.

For some time I was a sufferer from this trouble, and could get no relief from it, until I used his medicine prescribed.

On taking Father Morriacy's medicine, to my surprise, I began to improve, and was completely cured.

With a grateful heart, I give this testimony, to the great value of Father Morriacy's prescriptions.

I remain,  
JOHN GRATTAN.

This is simply a sample of hundreds of letters which were received by Father Morriacy during his lifetime, and since then by the Father Morriacy Medicine Co., Ltd. Do not despair, even though your cough has defied ordinary cures, but get a bottle of "Father Morriacy's No. 10" and experience yourself the relief it has brought to so many sufferers. Trial bottle, 25c. Regular size 50c, at your dealer's, or from Father Morriacy Medicine Co., Ltd., Chatham, N.B. 13

Comfort for the Dyspeptic.—There is no ailment so harassing and exhausting as dyspepsia, which arises from defective action of the stomach and liver, and the victim of it is to be pitied. Yet he can find ready relief in Parmelec's Vegetable Pills, a preparation that has established itself by years of effective use. There are pills that are widely advertised as the greatest ever compounded, but not one of them can rank in value with Parmelec's.

## A Distinguished Visitor.

His Grace the Archbishop of Westminster, head of the Catholic Church in Great Britain and suite, have signified their attention of attending the Eucharistic Congress that will be held in Montreal next September. It is probable that His Grace will be accompanied by the Duke of Norfolk the leading lay head of the Catholic Church in England.

While in Canada, this distinguished party will visit Ottawa, Toronto, Hamilton, Niagara Falls and other important places.

His Grace has accepted the invitation extended by President Chas. M. Hays, for himself and suite to be the guests of the Grand Trunk on their Canadian tour.

## Was All Run Down.

Weighted 186 Lbs. Now Weighs 166.

Mrs. M. McGinn, Dubois Junction, N.B., writes: "I wish to tell you what the Heart and Nerve Pills have done for me. Three years ago I was so run down I could not do my own work. I went to a doctor, and he told me I had heart trouble and that my nerves were all unstrung. I took his medicine, as he ordered me to do, but it did me no good. I then started to take Miller's Heart and Nerve Pills, and had only taken one box before I started to feel better. I continued their use until I had taken several boxes, and I am now strong and well, and able to do my own work. When I commenced taking your pills I weighed 125 pounds, and now weigh 166 and have given birth to a lovely young daughter. What was a happy thing in the family. When I commenced taking Miller's Heart and Nerve Pills, I could not get up stairs without resting, when I got to the top. I can now go up without any trouble."

The price of Miller's Heart and Nerve Pills is 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.35 at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. McMillan Co., Montreal, Toronto, Can.

The True Witness

published every Thursday by The True Witness P. & P. Co.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE Canada (City Excepted) and Newfoundland \$1.00

When a change of address is desired the subscriber should give both the Old and the New address.

IN vain will you build churches— give missions, found schools— all your works, all your efforts will be destroyed if you are not able to wield the defensive and offensive weapon of a loyal and sincere Catholic press.

Episcopal Approbation.

If the English Speaking Catholics of Montreal and of this Province consulted their best interests, they would soon make of the TRUE WITNESS one of the most prosperous and powerful Catholic papers in this country.

PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

ANOTHER VAGARY.

Rev. Dr. Herridge, of Ottawa, says "Catholicism emphasizes authority; Protestantism emphasizes freedom."

The freedom of which Protestants boast so foolishly explains why they are divided into hundreds of sects and conventicles; it, likewise, explains why the meeting-houses are vacated; it gives the cue to modern paganism among so many of the preachers themselves.

THERE IS A REASON.

People have asked themselves why the Protestant weeklies took sides with the enemies of the Church in France, and yet the reason is plain as day.

approve Briand, Combes, Clemenceau, Duez, Mange, and LeCourrier, they should have to swear away the very life-principles of the Reformation.

And then, how could they blame the Godless scamps and rascals of France, when their own churches must trace their origin back to deeds and facts of a like kind and nature, only worse? France banished the religious and confiscated their houses.

McCABE'S FIGURES.

A correspondent wishes to know if the renegade McCabe's figures, with regard to alleged losses sustained by the Church in some countries during the last century, may be credited.

DR. CHARLES J. O'MALLEY PASSES AWAY.

It was sad news to learn that Doctor Charles J. O'Malley, late editor of the New World, Chicago, had passed away. Sad news and altogether unexpected.

Dr. O'Malley's boyhood home was in chivalrous Kentucky, and, together with the very best traits of the Irish blood within his veins, he could boast of all the finer elements that go to make up Kentucky's fairest flower.

no superiors on the Catholic press, as an editor, and very few peers. He made the New World the present great paper that it is; and the Syracuse Catholic Sun will ever flourish under the spell of his undying influence and tradition.

If Dr. O'Malley had done no more than encourage a whole thriving school of brilliant young Catholic poets and essay-writers, he would still strongly deserve of the Catholic Church in America. A contemporary has what follows to say on the "gentle soul called home":

THE ROOSEVELT INCIDENT.

We had never thought the Daily Witness could grow so nice and gentle, in so short a time as has elapsed since Mr. Fairbanks ran amuck in Rome. And yet, squarely Presbyterian as it surely is, our softened Craig-street contemporary deals with Teddy Roosevelt's Goman fuss in terms not too ugly at all.

We agree with our friend that it is sheer nonsense to bother so much with the pranks of either Fairbanks or Roosevelt. But let us hear our contemporary itself. The old voice is still audible:

Mr. Roosevelt was going to visit the Pope. The Roman Catholic "Americans" wanted him to go, and he was delighted. The Pope's manager of ceremonies, Cardinal Merry del Val, said he could not come unless he would promise not to speak at the Methodist Sunday-school, having been on the Mountains in the Moon when his former lieutenant, Mr. Fairbanks, committed the iniquity of going to see it.

Profession of faith! Have some of our alleged statesmen any idea of what it is to openly declare for their tenets of conscience? If the men who represent us will not be honest and thorough-going Catholics, let us send them back to their native obscurity!

WHERE IS THEIR PRINCIPLE?

The Literary Digest has shown its cloven foot for the one-millionth time. A slanderer was lately admitted to its pages with a series of manifest and wanton falsehoods about the morality of laymen and priests in South America.

ANGELICAN UNREST.

Our Church of England friend and contemporary, the Canadian Churchman, Kingston, Ont., is in a state of fever because the Anglican bishops fail to pronounce on questions doctrinal. The same good sheet is one of the many religious weakly weeklies that heralded the lie about 1500 French priests, which lie we have been able to hammer on the head with a little more than our ordinary blacksmith skill, to pardon us a little self-praise.

Furthermore, Sam Blake would not stand for it; nor would either John Kensit, Jr., or nine-tenths of the Church of England clergymen. The first duty an Anglican bishop must learn is that he cannot teach. His jurisdiction is simply that of a peace magistrate or a strike referee.

WORK AMONG THE COLORED.

In other columns we are publishing a most interesting communication from the Reverend John E. Burke, Director-General of the Mission Work among the colored people of the United States. Our readers understand what a herculean task it is for the Church in the United States to reach the colored people effectually.

THEIR PROFESSION OF FAITH.

It often happens that the religious fervor and profession of many of our Catholic fellowmen in public life is championed and challenged by adversaries; however, they are never hard up for a door of escape, which, in very truth, amounts to a burglar's hole in the wall. It is all due to the fact that prosperity is too strong for many of their heads; and it is, likewise, plain that neither their talent nor nature ever intended them for statesmanship.

WHY THE CALUMNY?

Among the pious calumniators of the Church most at work in some parts of Canada are a score of fourth-rate Church of England ministers. We know that the majority of Anglican bishops are not attached either in soul or heart to the English Protestant Alliance.

For the one-thousandth time, the Catholics of the Province must declare that our Catholic schools and Church rights must be sacredly respected, and no sheepish surrender made to penny pagans. Let our good Protestant brethren be given their rights without reserve or after-thought, but Catholics must see to it that their schools be not handed over to either "les emancipés" or Beelzebub!

RELIGIOUS PICTURES FOR FRAMING.

No. 3852, Head of Christ at Twelve Years, Hol. man. Plate size 6 x 8.

These subjects are printed in black only. Ecco Homo, Mater Dolorosa, Immaculate Conception, Sacred Heart of Jesus, Sacred Heart of Mary, St. Joseph, The Angelus, Sacred Heart of Temple, Magdalen, Madonna, Bodensee, the Head of Christ, Christ in Gethsemane, St. Anthony of Padua, Madonna di San Sisto, St. Cecilia, ruzzi, Madonna Sichel.

We have a letter before us asking us if it were true that "Le Croix," Paris, had been confiscated, and expressing deep sorrow that such a valuable publication, one that had done so much to fight the good fight, had come to the same sad end as the numerous churches and Catholic institutions. We would emphasize again that Briand, Combes, Clemenceau and the whole crew of scoundrels had dispersed the religious all over the world; they had ruthlessly seized religious foundations and had robbed the very deed; they had closed the churches, etc., etc.; but one of their latest, most flagrant, and altogether unjustifiable actions against religion was the confiscation and subsequent sale of France's great Catholic paper, the fearless, outspoken "La Croix" (de Paris.)

THE LAND OF LIBERTY!

To a free Canadian or American the procedure is explicable only because we happen to know that France is ruled by devil-possessed madmen. Even the further tidings that the owner and editor of "La Croix," Monsieur Paul Feron-Vrau, has bought back, for 150,000 francs, or \$30,000, his own property, while it reflects the utmost credit upon the zeal and Catholicity of the editor, does not throw any light upon the sickening situation.

WHY THE CALUMNY?

We, therefore, kindly ask our readers to carefully peruse the appeal, elsewhere in our paper. They will, in consequence, become better acquainted with the good work that is to be done in a field hitherto but only in part attended to. Men like Fathers Burke and Bustin deserve all the encouragement we can give them. When we think that there are only a few thousand American colored people within the Church, of the millions there are of them, we are not surprised to learn that Archbishops and Bishops of the United States are earnestly anxious to help and promote the kind of work Fathers Burke and Bustin are doing. It is an old saying, ever true, that God is not outdone in generosity. Every little helps, and God will help the helpers.

WHY THE CALUMNY?

A special despatch from Ottawa to the Standard says that many clergymen of the Methodist Church there are strongly in favor of Church union. The troublesome Rev. Mr. Tipple of Rome is a Methodist. They should try to gain his confidence for the projected conference to be held in Brockville.

It has become a frequent occurrence for fathers and mothers to send their children to prison. There would be no need of this if parents would listen to good advice and keep their boys and girls away from bad company. It is harder to bend a grown-up tree than a sapling. As long as foolish mothers will furnish the funds to pay their children's way into the moving picture halls where nothing is depicted but murder, larceny and other sorts of crime, the judges of the juvenile courts will find very little idle time on their hands.

Advertisement for Religious Pictures for Framing, listing various subjects and prices.

Post Office authorities, although duly notified, have allowed the Alliance trash and infamy to go through the mails under the protection of a one cent stamp.

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Multiple small advertisements including "Are you...", "Echoes and...", and various notices.

ious Pictures for Framing. Price, 15c. each.

Are You Poisoning Yourself?

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

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

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

Good in all seasons for all people.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt. At Dealers - 25c. and 60c.

of Christ at Twelve Years, Holy Mother Mary, Immaculate Conception, The Angelus, Sacred Heart of Jesus, Christ in the Desert, The Madonna, Bodensee, Madonna di San Sisto, St. Cecilia, St. Elizabeth, etc.

authorities, although they have allowed the Al- and infamy to go mails under the pre- cent stamp.

Echoes and Remarks.

After braving the lion and pan- ther in the jungle, Teddy met de- feat in Rome. How will Teddy bear it?

If certain of our Quebec contempo- raries knew what harm they are doing the Province abroad by pic- turing Sir Lomer Guoin as a hog, they would stop it.

Two policemen on or near St. James street do not know where the Royal Bank is. At least they can- not point out the building to you.

Those poor Catholics who do not pretend to keep up their Easter resolu- tions ought to remember that they may soon be among the Catholics who do not make their Easter duty.

Ex-President Roosevelt has lowered himself in the eyes of gentlemen by adding to his repute with bigots. Naturally the Daily Witness is jubilant. It takes little to entuse our Craig-street friend.

The Church has so much to truth- fully boast of that the sects must naturally jump at the consolations Fairbanks affords and those Roosevelt may dispense once in a while. But Roosevelt is not Halley's Comet, after all.

A little more business and a hun- dred times less talk in the Legisla- ture would help to prevent us be- ing laughed at. It is not necessary at all to turn our Local House into ridicule. Sir Lomer Guoin can hold his own with the best of them.

The fact that Maurice Francis Egan and Richard Kerens, both Irish American Catholics, are now hold- ing important ambassadorial offices under the United States, is keeping certain good people awake at nights. The spleen and petty jealousy they could manufacture in dreams was not sufficient; they must refuse their eyes open to hate everything Irish, during the twenty-four hours of the whole day and the night combined.

A very important despatch from Washington says that: Eight red- headed Canadian girls are in love with Washington and delighted at having seen President Taft. "Canada likes you," said the girls, and the President smiled. If they had said "Canada loves you," it is prob- ably that the President would have smiled laughing, and the redness would have dropped from the faces of the fair ones by the concussion of the hot air.

The Mayor and the Board of Con- trol are anxious to make the mov- ing picture show safe. Chief Trem- blay says, that they are fire traps, which they certainly are for those who frequent them; they are hells. Boys and girls are their patrons by thousands. In the good old days before their invention, boys and girls studied their lessons, to- day the lessons are learnt in the school house.

The Roman Methodists are at it again. The busybodies could not get Theodore call on the Freemason and greet from the Italian rob- ber King with an undisturbed American mind. The result was that the Holy Father had to turn him down, notwithstanding the big money.

Rev. Dr. William J. Kirby, profes- sor of Sociology at the Catholic University of America, Washington, D.C., who, lately, was named as third arbitrator of the controversy between the Baltimore & Ohio South Western Railroad, with the Big Rock, on one side, and the tele- graphers of both companies, on the other, is astonishing some good people at the practical knowledge he

can display in the matter. With more priests as arbitrators, both capi- tal and labor will have reason to rejoice.

It is evident that the average Meth- odist bishop's course of logic never grew beyond its infancy. Of all the arguments a man of sense may with reason, find ridiculous, surely the Methodist bishops can offer the richest. Father Lambert has lately demolished another one of their number. Why do our good Metho- dist friends not appoint tutors and guardians for their chief shepherds? Theology is no requisite in a Metho- dist bishop's baggage; nor is elementary history.

The victims of the apostles of "modern culture" are chiefly among young upstarts of men, with a few lassies of slender brains, who are grateful for an apology to explain their paganism, and who know about as much of true science and true philosophy as they know of the occupations of the angels. The "Pourquoi pas?" pedants, with "Colombine" in particular, ought to remember that Montreals of all schools and creeds appreciate sense and judgment.

Parents should not interfere with their children's free choice of a state for life. God is wiser than men, even if He is a stranger to fraud and deceit. Vocation is some- thing sacred, and no quack or char-latan can assume to take the place of God's Holy Spirit of light. The safest way to know one's calling lies in prayer and in the direction imparted by the child's confessor. Many a young man's career has been damaged by faithless parents and prayerless mountebanks.

"Progress," says Christian Reid, "is a word of very attractive sound, and it is the great shibboleth of the age; but it should be remembered that there are two kinds of pro- gress, one upward, the other down- ward," while Archbishop J. L. Spalding remarks that "the con- dition of progress is that as we advance the still greater effort must we make to go farther."

The preachers' idea of progress is the reverse of what Christianity would have it. The only progress they are making is summed up in a forced march to utter paganism. Of all the nonsensical printed mat- ter one may come across, truly the average cheap magazine holds first place. The more serious secular pub- lications are simply the propounders of vice and infidelity, in nine-tenths of the cases. The proprietors and publishers of the high-toned rubbish know no more about either art, ethics or literature, than a camel does about wireless telegraphy. Their admiring readers are one of a class with them, only a degree in- ferior. Cheap, empty, pagan trash in black and white is peopling the jails and asylums.

The "Daily Sinn Fein," launched in Dublin a few months since, has suspended publication, for lack of sufficient support, and will, hereaf- ter, be issued as a weekly, until it finally disappears for good. The editor, says he sought \$40,000 to establish it on a firm financial ba- sis, but received only half that sum, and brought it up to a point where its revenue was 75 per cent of its expenditure. Such publications as "Sinn Fein" are the bane and curse of Ireland. We wish no man ill, but Sinn Feiners must learn to reason along the hard road.

O'Brien, of Cork, and Healy, of North Louth, should learn, from the Irish in America, and through our press, that they are simply the sworn enemies of our country. True, certain dailies in Montreal must rejoice to see the Irish divided, even if they would, seemingly, forget that Englishmen fight like the very horz-

ed angels of Tartar along party lines. We disagree, we Irish, but we, as a nation, abominate all the Billy O'Briens and Tim Healy's under the sun.

We are not entirely opposed to the "Suffragettes" of London. We know that working girls are submitted to soul-trying ordeals in the great me- tropolis. In many cases, a girl must either be willing to forfeit her honor, or else lose her position. If the "Suffragettes" have become so alarmingly boisterous, we may be sure that there is some very special cause underlying the mischief—some other mischief worse than the noisy actions of the "Suffragettes" them- selves. Nor is it surprising that such conditions should exist in Lon- don, when one remembers that chil- dren selling newspapers were not safe in some Montreal offices.

The Standard has the following nice article written from the Dean's Window. In speaking of Father Morice's new book the Dean says: "Reflections of this nature arise in my mind on reading the 'History of the Catholic Church in Western Canada' (Musson). Who is the proper person to write such a his- tory? Obviously not Gallio, who cares for none of these things. Ob- viously not an agnostic or a Pro- testant. The only possible historian of a church is a churchman, who be- lieves fervently in his church. Her friends are his friends, and her en- mies his enemies. In other words, he must renounce the impossible ideal of impartiality. Consciously or not he will be a partial historian. As a fact, the author of these two large, clearly printed, and beauti- fully illustrated volumes, is the Rev. A. G. Morice, of the Order of the Oblates. Of his industry and hon- esty there can be no doubt. The mul- tiplied foot-notes attest his study of first-hand sources; and the frank statement, 'we have endeavored to be as impartial as possible,' will disarm criticism and secure a full hearing even from the most prejudiced. The qualifying clause 'as possible' is not unnecessary. Clearly the author recognizes the impossibility of absolute impartiality, and frankly offers his book to the world as a history of the Catho- lic Church, by a Catholic, for Catholics."

The Reverend (?) B. M. Tipple, pastor of the American Methodist Church in Rome, after being received by Mr. Roosevelt, issued a state- ment expressing the greatest satisfac- tion that the ex-president did not have an audience with the Pope. Mr. Roosevelt, says the statement-issued divine, has struck a blow for twentieth century Chris- tianity. He does not explain, how- ever, what is meant by twentieth century Christianity. Nor does he explain what he means by "the rep- resentatives of two great republics putting the Vatican where it be- longs." President Loubet represented not a people but an infamous sect, which has dethroned Christ as much as possible by forbidding the men- tion of His name in the country that patiently suffers its poisonous presence. Roosevelt represents no- body and nothing but a self-suffi- cient crack shot who was once Pre- sident of a great Republic which will disown him hereafter. The Vatican was placed "where it belongs" by the founder of the Holy Church, who was also persecuted for being alive, so that there was nothing for either Loubet or Fairbanks or Roosevelt or Satan himself to do in the matter of emplacement. And that the Vatican is incompatible with Republican principles is nothing to its discredit unless the re- verend firebrand who talks so glibly of Vatican tyranny can prove that Christ was a republican. The Jews did not say so when they put the inscription on His cross.

The preacher wonders how many doses of this sort they will have before they revolt. He wants a re- volution, then. Maybe this is what he means by twentieth century Christianity. The eminent divine asks "Is Catholicism in America to be American or Romanish? If Romanish then every patriotic Ameri- can should rise and crush it, for Roman Catholicism is the uncom- promising foe of freedom." The answer to this (without looking at the dictionary for "Romanish") is: Catholicism in America is to be what it always was, the friend of the downtrodden, the foe of Metho- dism and every other ism that cannot look its God straight in the face and say "I am yours." The patriotic American loves his God with his country, and there will be no crushing done unless under the feet of such men as the proselyt-izer of Rome. "After the Fairbanks episode," continues the slanderer "the Methodists never dreamed that the Vatican would commit a similar blunder with Mr. Roosevelt. That it has done so is an added proof that the policy prevailing there is the same yesterday, to-day and for- ever."

It was very gracious of Mr. Tipple to swing the censor in winding up

ATTITUDE OF THE AVERAGE MAN.

Is Destroying Social Morals and the Community.

We are ready to believe that our Protestant fellow-citizens are honest and respectable, and we are glad to say we do. We are ready to believe, as well, that Protestantism, in as- suing of decay. Half of the so-called Protestants of to-day, and more than half of them, especially in Eu- rope and the United States, with Canada meaning to be in the race, are not concerned with true religion. The majority of Trinitarian Pro- testants, if Trinitarian in name, are Unitarians in heart, while mil- lions of them are simply law-abiding pagans of good reputation.

In a late issue of the Springfield Republican, a leading Protestant lay- man, Mr. J. H. Crocker, visited his co-religionists with a stinging re- buke, which we publish in part. Mr. Crocker is disgusted with the way the "average Protestant layman" views, interprets and acts with re- gard to his religious duties. It will do some indifferent Catho- lic quite an amount of good to read what Mr. Crocker has to say, and then seriously search their con- science. To be an "Almighty Dol- lar" aristocrat nowadays, one has, many think, to sacrifice conviction on the altar of opportunism. That is because some brains become soft- ened when the money-bags swell, but not all of them, by any means. Following is Mr. Crocker's ar- gument:

CHURCH'S POSITION NOT REALIZED.

The average Protestant layman, though he may be a nominal church- member or pewholder, does not re- alize the vast importance of the Church. He does not clearly see or fully appreciate the fact that it provides the chief motives, ideals, restraints and discipline of life; that it stands guard over the sanctities of the home; that it safeguards prop- erty with protections that no po- lice force provides; that it con- tributes to the market place the mo- ral influences most needed there; that it equips the court with prin- ciples of justice without which hu- man society would dissolve; and that it constantly replenishes the enthusiasms that support education. The average man does not fully realize his responsibility to the Church. He often merely throws a few coppers when he ought to give it his best life. He discourages its ministers by spending more on a single day's outing than the whole amount which he annually doles out to the cause of religion. He weakens the pulpit by decreasing his sub- scriptions as his income increases, so that many preachers actually re- ceive a smaller daily wage than hod- carriers. He drives good men out of the ministry by turning his back upon the Church on Sunday and Commandments every week day. By his example, he effectually trains his children to ignore, if not despise, re- ligion, for they do not long honor as sacred what the father treats with indifference. Because he shirks his spiritual duties, his wife is com- pelled to resort to hazaar, rummage sale, or oyster supper, in order to pay the minister's meagre salary, when long overdue; and no wonder that she, too, in time, lays down the heavy task and becomes a churchless heathen like her husband.

FACING A CRISIS.

The average man does not realize the crisis which the Church faces to- day. He occasionally reads some statistical statement which seems to show that religion is more prosper- ous than ever before and that Chris- tianity was never so strong as at present. But if all these optimistic statements are true, why are so many churches empty? Why smaller salaries for ministers while wealth multiplies and the cost of living in- creases? Why such frantic efforts to attract people into the pews? Why so many catchpenny enterprises

with a compliment to the Church of God taken from the epistle of St. Paul to the Hebrews where the same thing is said of Christ in the last chapter, "Jesus Christ, yester- day, and to-day; and the same forever." Mr. Tipple is doing good to the Catholic Church by his diatribe and he seems to realize it, for in the Fairbanks incident he stated that the Church got along better when opposed. If this be true, it is time that his superiors, took him to task for spending mo- ney in the enemy's camp. If he does not realize it, it is time that they sent him to play with a string of spools in a funny house.

Homeseekers' Excursions.

The Grand Trunk Railway has is- sued a circular authorizing all agents in Canada to sell Homeseek- ers' Excursion tickets to points in Western Canada. This is interest- ing information for those desiring to take advantage of these Excursions on certain dates from April to Sep- tember, 1910. The Grand Trunk route is the most interesting, taking a passenger through the populated centres of Canada, through the me- tropolis of Chicago, thence via Du- luth or through Chicago, and the twin cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul. Ask Grand Trunk agents for further particulars.

to support preaching? Why such an alarming decrease in the number of young men entering the ministry? If Christianity is in such a flourish- ing and satisfactory condition, why so many divorces, scandals, defalcations, mob murders, so much po- litical bribery, municipal corruption, business dishonesty and legislative debauchery?

We hear much about the relation of the pulpit to social problems. But when the average man comes to rea- lize his whole duty to the Church, then all social problems will be placed in the way of speedy solu- tion, so far as human imperfection permits. The problem of child la- bor, for instance, is fundamentally a religious problem. An adequate Church will make such conditions impossible; but we cannot have that adequate Church unless we have the loyal and effective co-operation of the average man—not as a pewholder, but as a pew-occupant, not as a subscriber to its fund but as a wor- shipper at its altar, not as a dis- tant patron of its activities, but as a participant in its Sunday school

POSITION IS ACUTE.

The crisis of the Church is acute just at this point. The average man is looking and longing and laboring in every direction except the Church for deliverance from pressing evil. But what is to be- come of the Churchman's most effective tool for social service and personal excellence, when the aver- age man insists that some other path is the highway to heaven? When forsaken by those who ought to equip it with power and lead it to victory, it is compelled to de- vote all its energies to the support of a minister with an ever-shrinking salary.

The average man does not realize that the crisis which the Church faces means a crisis for civilization. Conditions are more serious than our optimists imagine, and the dan- ger lies chiefly where seldom sus- pected. Two concrete examples, chosen out of a wide experience of similar cases, may throw a little light on this truly momentous sub- ject.

INFLUENCE VERY SLIGHT.

A small city in the middle West, above the average in culture and re- spectability, has doubled in popula- tion during the last generation, by normal growth without material changes in race proportions. Its population in 1875. Several hundred palatial homes now adorn its well-paved streets, along which many automo- biles are active on Sunday, but they are seldom seen near the churches! Four small religious so- cieties have died in this period and none been organized. All the church buildings now in use are in poorer repair than at the beginning of the period. The number of men now at- tending morning services is not as large as then; the salaries of the ministers are relatively smaller; and the churches do not to-day exercise so strong an influence upon the com- munity.

The average man of Protestant in- heritance in that town is at present comparatively indifferent to the cause of religion as represented by the churches. He seldom takes more than a perfunctory interest in their affairs. Probably he could not tell the difference between their creeds. His children in the high school would find difficulty in turning to any passage in the Bible. This has come about, not because the church- es have been recaptured, but because he has ceased to care for the things of the spirit, which the Church rep- resents.

MARVELOUS CHANGE IN 40 YEARS.

Take another illustration from a neighboring state. Some 40 years or so ago the member of the faculty of its great university who never went to church was a rare excep- tion. Among the 500 convicts in its state prison there were almost as many college graduates. To-day in that same university the members of the faculty who regularly attend some church and sacrifice for its support are in a decided minority! In the state prison over 100 of its 700 inmates are college men! From less than one per 100 to one in every seven! Certainly a most as- tonishing and alarming condition of affairs.

It is not necessary to attempt to state the exact relation of cause and effect in this startling phenomena. It will be well, however, if the average man will stop a moment and seri- ously ask himself whether his per- sonal attitude to religion and the Church is what it ought to be.

Death of Sister Mary Marguerite.

On Monday morning, March 14th, Sister M. Marguerite of St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto, peacefully passed away. For some months the gentle Sister had been in failing health but only ten days previous to her death did she relinquish her class duties, faithful to the end in her chosen life work, teaching the children of the schools, and those same children evi- denced their love and gratitude by surrounding her coffin and offering their fervent prayers to God, for the repose of her soul.

Sister Marguerite was known to the world as Miss Kate O'Connor, of Pickering. She belonged to a high- ly respected family that has given many priests and nuns to the Church. The funeral took place from the convent chapel, St. Alban St., on Wednesday, 16th inst., at 9 a.m. The solemn Mass of Requiem was sung by Rev. Denis O'Connor, of Windsor, cousin of the deceased Sister. Rev. E. Murray, C.S.B. acted as deacon, and Very Rev. Dr.

THE BEST FLOUR IS BRODIES Self Raising Flour. Save the Bags for Premiums.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Beauharnois Light, Heat & Power Company will at the next session of the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, apply for an act amending its charter 2d Edward VII, chapter 72, as follows to wit: (a) increas- ing its authorized capital stock and borrowing power; (b) extend- ing the territory in which it may exercise its powers, (c) authorizing the enlargement and extension of the feeder mentioned in section nine of its charter and its continuation to one or more new junction points with the Saint Louis River or its replacement in whole or in part by a new feeder, and if found neces- sary the changing of the course of a part of the said river; (d) increas- ing the company's powers of exprop- riation; (e) authorizing the com- pany to engage in all manufacturing and other businesses using electric power, and to acquire shares and securities of other companies; (f) re- moving or modifying restrictions now existing on the exercise of its powers, especially those requiring in certain cases the consent of municipal or other corporations; (g) changing conditions under which stock and bonds may be issued; (h) authorizing the company to sell and supply for municipal or other purposes water taken from Lake Saint Francis, and to do all that may be necessary to that end and authorizing municipalities to make arrangements with the com- pany to take water from it.

Get this FREE Book PEDLAR People of Oshawa

Kid as sub-deacon. His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto gave the final absolution. In the Sanctuary were Very Rev. Dean Hand, Rev. J. R. Franchon, C.S.B., L. Minehan, St. Peter's; Wm. McCann, St. Fran- ciscus; St. McGrath, St. Michael's Ca- thedral and others.

Sister Marguerite leaves to mourn their loss a devoted sorrowing mother and many loving sisters and brothers, one of whom is Mr. D. J. O'Connor, late organist of the C.M. B.A., now of Ottawa, to all of whom we offer our sincere heart- felt sympathy. R.I.P.

HE GOT RELIEF RIGHT AWAY.

That's What they did for William O. Cain, and now he says: "Dodd's Kid- ney Pills are a great medicine." Mapleton, Albert Co., N.B., April 4.—(Special)—"When I began tak- ing Dodd's Kidney Pills I got relief right away. I have found Dodd's Kidney Pills a great medi- cine." So says William O. Cain, well known and highly respected in this neighborhood. And Mr. Cain has a very good reason for making so emphatic a statement. For eight years he was a sufferer from Kid- ney Disease, and did not seem to be able to get relief. "Why, I was so bad," Mr. Cain goes on to state, "and my kidneys bothered me so that if I would go to pick anything off the ground I would fall." But Dodd's Kidney Pills cured him just as they have cured thousands of other sufferers all over Canada. They never fail to cure Kidney Disease of any kind. Not once, but scores of times, they have vanquished Bright's Disease, the most deadly of all kidney trou- bles, while every day brings stories of cures of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Dropsy and Heart Disease from various parts of the Dominion. Other kidney medicines may cure. Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure.

# OUR BOYS AND GIRLS



## Child and Mother.

Oh, Mother-My-Love, if you'll give me your hand  
And go where I ask you to wander,  
I will lead you away to a beautiful land,  
The dreamland that's waiting out yonder.  
We'll walk in a sweet posy garden  
Under the stars and the moonlight  
And the flowers and the birds are  
With the fragrance and music of  
dreaming.

There'll be no little tired-out boy  
No questions or cares to perplex you;  
There'll be no little bruises or lumps  
No patches of stockings to vex you;  
For I'll rock you away on a silver  
deu stream  
And sing you to sleep when you're  
weary,  
And no one shall know of our beautiful  
dream

But you and your own little dearie  
And when I'm tired I'll nestle my  
head  
In the bosom that's soothed me  
so often,  
And the wide-awake stars shall sing  
in my stead  
A song which our dreamland shall  
soften.

So, Mother-My-Love, let me take  
your dear hand,  
And away through the starlight  
we'll wander,  
Away through the mist to the  
beautiful land,  
The dreamland that's waiting out  
yonder.

—Eugene Field.

## What You Owe.

"Don't you think it dreadful," demanded Marion, warmly, "the way Floss Bennington is always borrowing things and running up little debts? There she goes now, with Beth Logan's tea-caddy! Positively I'd be ashamed to look myself in the face long enough to comb my hair, if I did as she does! Car-fares, ice-cream sodas, postage stamps, embroidery floss, shoe laces, pyro for her chafing dish! I don't believe there's a girl in the school she isn't in debt to for something!"

"But Floss always pays up," said Helen, coming loyally to her school-mate's defence. "And she is such a dear in ever so many ways!"

"Oh, yes, I suppose she does pay, in the end. But it isn't the right way to do. I am thankful to say that I have never owed anyone anything yet!"

Marion spoke with a lofty little air of conscious virtue. But though she was partly right, she was also partly wrong.

It is quite true that no girl should let herself form the habit of borrowing or grow careless in the matter of incurring small debts, as it is feared Floss was doing. That way lie great and serious dangers. But the sweeping assertion that one owes no one anything is a rash one for any girl—or man or woman, either—to make. Marion herself, if she had stopped to think long and honestly enough, might have had to admit that she owed even her classmates, Floss, something. For Floss was, as Helen had said, "a dear" in a good many ways, and more than once she had been known to throw a cloak of girlish charity over Marion's sharp speeches and brusque manners, or to "lend" a deaf ear to the criticisms of her which some of the other girls were ready enough to make.

No, girls, not the most punctilious of us can rightly claim to be entirely free from debt. How many good things we all enjoy, for which we have not even begun to make an adequate return! Think of the material blessings and comforts which are not of our own providing, and which, indeed, we could not possibly secure for ourselves, if left to our resources alone. And then remember, too, the countless debts of kindness and friendship and trust and simple courtesy, which every one of us owes to those about us. We are so used to these that we have come to take them quite for granted. But financial obligations are not the only kind that are binding. Unless we are giving our utmost of help and service, of goodwill and cheer and courteous kindness as we go along, we are not paying what we owe.

## Homely, But Noble Hearted.

"I wish we had a bright, stylish nurse, like the Estella, the Cornell children," said Muriel fretfully. "Our Kate is such a stupid, common-looking girl, just like some of those Irish peasant, Jessie Cornell says."

"Jessie Cornell is a very silly, ill-bred girl to say such a thing," said her mother, "and if that is the influence she has over you, I will put a stop to your seeing her. Our Kate is a thoroughly good, pious, conscientious girl, and worth half a dozen Estellas, and I am ashamed at your being so ungrateful as to speak in this way of her, after all her devotion to you since you broke your leg, Muriel. I would not have believed it of my little girl."

Muriel blushed hotly at her mother's reproof, and was afterwards a trifle less haughty and disagreeable to poor Kate than she had been ever since her conversation with Jessie Cornell, though she was still rather ashamed of her kind but somewhat homely nurse.

A few days later, the latter took Muriel and her baby sister for a country walk, drawing the heavy reclining couch on which Muriel was lying, while Baby trotted by her side, chatting merrily.

After they had been out about a quarter of an hour, they were going along the high road which, just there, had on the left side high iron railings enclosing the grounds of a private residence. On the right was a still higher and very steep wooded bank. Just then they heard screams, and, to their horror, on looking ahead, they saw at a short distance a great fierce bull rushing towards them, pursued by two men with pitchforks. The men waved frantically to Kate and the children to get out of the way, to fly for their lives, but where could they go? Kate and Elsie could have clambered up into the woods in comparative safety, but what about Muriel in her reclining carriage?

Quick as thought Kate drew the carriage as close as she could to the trees, pushed Elsie behind the trunk of the largest one, and, seizing a large rock in her hand, placed herself boldly before Muriel's couch murmuring: "Ogi Jesus, Mary, save the children!"

On plunged the infuriated animal, making straight towards her with lowered horns; still the brave girl did not flinch, but, with another prayer for help, raised her arm to fling the stone at the bull. Was it her attitude that frightened him, or rather a special answer to her prayer for help? Just as he neared them, the bull suddenly swerved to the left and thundered past like a mad thing, while poor Kate, more dead than alive, fell on her knees to thank God for having saved them.

"And what do you think now of our clod-hopping Irish peasant?" inquired her mother earnestly that night, when she came to kiss Muriel good-night.

"Oh mama, I think she is a heroine; I think she is the dearest girl in the world," answered she.

"So do I," said her mother, "and I hope this will be a lesson to you, dear, never to judge people by their dress or appearance, and still less by the disparaging remarks others may make about them."—Selected.

## Romance of Thomas Davis and "Annie Dear."

It is a fact worthy of note, writes Thomas Markam in the Irish Independent, that for a century, to go no farther back, the life of nearly every leading champion of the cause of Irish freedom has an added interest in the romance attached to it by woman's unselfish and glorious love. The sad story of Sarah Curran touches the heart of everyone acquainted with it. Her memory has been immortalized by one of Moore's exquisite poems. The fate, too, of the gentle Pamela has induced a tear to many an eye. Noble and touching sacrifices connected with Irish love stories were made in the spirit-stirring days of the Young Irelanders. In that period of dazzling intellectual brilliancy the noblest hopes and truest loves were linked with the saddest destinies. The details of many of these stories never became publicly known, and those connected with others are forgotten. There exists a hazy remembrance of "Eva's" courage and a confused notion about Ellen Downing's despair. A few, very few, are conversant with the love-story of the greatest influence in modern Irish history—Thomas Davis.

About thirty yards removed from the Whitworth Road, Drumcondra, near Dublin, is situated the neat little churchyard of St. George's. At the northwest of this burial ground, under the shadow of the surrounding wall, lies the grave of Annie Hutton, the betrothed of Thomas Davis.

Of her he wrote:  
"Bright fairies of Glengarriff's bay,  
Soft woods that o'er Killarney  
sway,  
Bald echoes born in Ceim-an-eich,  
Your kinsman's greeting hear!"

He asks you, by old friendship's name,  
By all the rights that minstrels claim,  
For Erin's joy and Desmond's fame,  
Be kind to Annie dear."

Annie Hutton, the daughter of Thomas Hutton, a well-known Dublin citizen, was 29 years old when she died on June 7th, 1853. Information regarding her personal appearance is scanty, but Davis speaks of her eyes "darker than Dunloe," her "pale, chiselled features," her "arbutus-like tresses," her step "like frightened deer." She was still in her teens when these poetic descriptions were penned. The fullest information now obtainable on the subject goes to show that she combined a most amiable manner with a charming quiet dignity. Of the affection or vanity characteristic of her sex, especially so of those of it singularly favored by nature, she was wholly destitute. Her manner was lively and engaging, without a trace of frivolity. "The one fear I had was that you would think of me as a plaything," she writes to her sweetheart, and so betrays the intensity of her affection for him. But such a fear was groundless. Davis found a "glorious nameless, light" in the eyes of "Annie dear."

Annie Hutton was highly gifted in the intellectual way. On the cause to which her lover was so unselfishly and devotedly attached, she can and expression for graceful, deep and touching thought, whether she rambles alone over the inspiring heights of Ben Eder or sits quietly at home in the less romantic and less soul-expanding environment of Summer Hill. That she fully shared his national sentiments Davis shows in the last stanza of his poem—"The Change."

"And yet, machree, were we not fond  
Of freedom and Old Erin;  
Were we not fretted by each bond  
Our countrymen are wearing;  
Were we not full of hope to see  
Our country great as any,  
Methinks the power would pass from me  
To sing for even Annie."

who, to use a couplet ascribed to Pericles, and embodied in the famous address delivered before the Trinity College Historical Society,

"Waved the sceptre o'er her kind,  
By Nature's first great title-mind."

Davis was a supremely happy lover. His biographer deems it of interest to record the improvement noticeable in his looks and spirits, due to the influence of happy reciprocal affection.

On September 16th, 1845, he passed away to his reward. The sad event pierced many hearts and broke one—the heart of the beautiful girl of twenty who had promised a month earlier to become his loving wife. After the death of Davis, Annie Hutton hurried abroad. But new scenes rarely provide a cure for a malady such as that from which she suffered. For eight years she lingered through a life of unspesakable loneliness. "In the midst of all my sorrows," she wrote, "the thought flashes through me, what pride, what glory, to have been the chosen one of such a heart. No ideal I could form could be brighter, purer than he was, and yet a whole existence of love which I pray will purify and raise my whole soul till it be worthy to join that bright one gone before." She sleeps forgotten now in that tiny churchyard in Drumcondra, but when the ideals for which her loved one nobly labored shall have been realized, her memory shall be associated with his in the affectionate hearts of the Irish people.

## Noted Educator Honored.

The Very Rev. Dr. E. J. Fitzgerald, O.P., professor of Scripture and Moral Theology at the Dominican Seminary, Washington, D.C., has been appointed Prior of St. Vincent Feroe Convent, New York. Dr. Fitzgerald, who is only thirty-four years of age, was ordained by Papal dispensation at Columbus in 1898. After ordination he went to Jerusalem where he spent three years in the great Biblical School of St. Stephen, studying the Sacred Scriptures.

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is the result of expert chemical experiments, undertaken to discover a preventive of inflammation of the lungs and consumption by destroying the germs that develop these diseases, and fill the world with pitiable subjects hopelessly stricken. The use of this Syrup will prevent the dire consequences of neglected colds. A trial, which costs only 25 cents, will convince you that this is correct.

## POET'S CORNER

### BEYOND.

At morn, on heaven's shore,  
When death's dark night is o'er,  
While yet bewildered and alone I stand,  
Who first with friendly grace,  
From out that spirit race,  
Will bear to me the sun-clad King's command?  
What need of herald from the throne  
If conscience flout the sins I recked  
not to bemoan?

For then, with smiting shame,  
Must memory proclaim  
My destiny, fore heaven's squad-  
roned host!  
What din or battle sound  
Can quaking heart confound  
Like that dread dawning sense of  
heaven lost,  
When bare before her Maker's eyes  
My soul appears in all her vile en-  
ormities?

Oh! whither shall I flee?  
Just God! I have no plea!  
As fettered dove against its pri-  
son-bars  
Beats out its fluttering life,  
E'en now, in senseless strife,  
Would I my spirit yield to listen-  
ing stars.  
If aught could Thy poised sentence  
stay!  
Lo! I but dream! Time hath not  
merged in Judgment day.

Then don Thy thorny crown,  
Dear Lord, Thy crimsoned gown  
Put on! that I may still for mercy  
pray  
While yet Thy Heart doth bleed!  
I ask not for the need  
No eye hath seen; enough to toil  
always

If at the dawn Thy kind embrace,  
With welcome wake my soul in Thy  
fair bidding place.  
—John W. Coveney, S.J.

### A STORY OF THE CROSS.

It was in the early candle light  
Almost the last day of the week,  
called Friday.  
A woman sat spinning the flaxen  
thread.

Into linen sheets, to be used on the  
bed,  
Of a rich man named Joseph,  
Living out from Jerusalem, in a  
city called Arimathea,  
A tired child sat at her feet—  
His anxious pleadings she must  
meet

To prepare his food and a place to  
sleep  
For he was a shepherd, a tender of  
sheep,  
Her little son called Moses.  
A husbandless woman, she earned  
her bread

Weaving fine cloths of linen thread,  
She worked in the dawn and candle  
light  
Weaving and weaving with all her  
might.  
She often wished as she toiled all  
day,  
That she and the child might have  
time for play  
In the Garden of Olives across the  
way

Where the Vines and the Palm Trees  
grew and bloomed;  
But not for her, for she seemed  
doomed  
To work in the ashes along life's  
way,  
And do nothing finer than drudge  
all day

For herself and the little Moses.  
And so she prayed in the candle  
light,  
This woman in tears and sorrow,  
Unwinding the knots in the thread  
and theme  
Of to-day and the sad to-morrow.  
Oh, Lord! my Father, help me to  
do this work to me allotted;  
Make me patient, strong and true  
And my lost faith in life renew  
For a nobler task I fain would do,  
To earn my bread and Moses'.  
The Master heard, for beside her  
door

Stood Joseph, our Lord's Disciple,  
He came in the storm and lightning  
flash  
From the Hill of the Crucifixion,  
Out from Jerusalem to Arimathea  
That City beyond the Tiber,  
Asking the linen from off the loom  
For Christ's dear Body who slept  
in the Tomb  
Until the Resurrection morning.  
—Mrs. D. Frances Murphy, in N.  
Y. Freeman's Journal.

### OF YOUTH.

We that are young and know the  
joy of life,  
And pluck Forgetfulness from many  
a bough,  
Must take the woe of work and  
strain of strife;  
Must serve, and faint (and sor-  
row sometimes) now.

Our backs are strong; our feet are  
swift to run;  
Our hands are subtle at a tangled  
thing;  
Our eyes are very happy with the  
sun,  
And it is easy for our throats to  
sing.  
So must we serve. For we can  
suffer now  
The sleepless nights, the bitter  
burdened days,  
While Joy can smooth the trouble  
from our brow,  
With one wild moment's sudden  
godlike ways!

William Wallis-Healey, one of the  
oldest Catholic journalists in Ire-  
land, died at his residence in Dub-  
lin last week. Up to the time of  
his death he was an active member  
of the Irish Times staff.

## Correspondence.

### THE JEWS.

Quebec, P.Q., March 25, 1910  
Editor, True Witness, Montreal.

Dear Sir,—Are Jews acceptable citi-  
zen for Canada? Are there not  
many Christians who think and say  
that Jews should be persecuted?  
Why can't a Jew breathe the free  
air of Canada as well as anybody  
else? I can offer you many argu-  
ments in favor of Jewry, whether  
Reformed or Orthodox. I am thank-  
ful for your article of some time  
ago, on "Jewish Consistency." I  
showed it to many of my friends.  
With pleasure.

I am, dear sir,  
Yours heartily,

We thank our friend in Quebec for  
his kind remarks. We do not see  
why Jews cannot breathe the free  
air of Canada, if the greater number  
of them who keep shops would clean  
them up, let the sunshine in, and  
make use of ventilators.

The "Christians who think and  
say that Jews should be persecuted"  
are not responsible for their views  
and utterances. Christians, whe-  
ther Catholics or so-called, have no  
right to persecute anyone. It is sin-  
ful. But, then, the Jews in Cana-  
da will never have to die martyrs.

Many Christians, however, find  
the Jews poor citizens indeed; for  
Jews are greedy and utterly selfish;  
they do not build even churches (or  
synagogues, if you wish), for them-  
selves; have a book, the Talmud,  
they follow too faithfully in their  
business dealings with others; never  
till or toil on the land; never open  
any new land; are not willing to  
help build up the works of the coun-  
try with their hands; rarely con-  
tribute to charity or philanthropy;  
take all our money and give us no-  
thing in return; are mixed up in  
too many schemes; spoil business in  
our small towns; do not try to im-  
prove their homes; have habits that  
disgust us; have not even the gener-  
osity of spending a little money  
to honor the greatest of their own  
dead; are mixed up with Anarchists  
and Socialists of the worst hue,  
helping them intellectually. A few  
of the reasons these.

True, the Jew is bright, intelli-  
gent, has genius, is of quiet habits  
generally, so quiet, in fact, that he  
has no desire of dying on the battle-  
field of any country he adopts as  
his own. If our good Jewish friends  
would only take up their honest  
share of the country's burdens, work  
a little more for exercise and less  
for money, their causes of complaint  
would soon disappear.

### Psychical Research: Where Does it Lead?

Our psychical researchers have got  
as far as to understand or at any  
rate to suspect, that the light which  
they need—they do not understand  
that they need strength as well—  
must come from outside. Some one  
must tell them what they cannot  
find out for themselves. They must  
get some one to give them the so-  
lution of the supreme problem, or  
puzzle, for which their own heads  
are too weak.

The strange thing about it is that  
they are ready to take any answer  
which seems to come from those  
who have passed through the por-  
tals of death. It is one of the  
strongest proofs of the desperate un-  
easiness which the fall has caused,  
that they are so unwilling to ad-  
mit that this answer may fail them.

The totally unscientific attitude of  
mind which they have adopted is  
really phenomenal. It is quite true  
that we should, on scientific prin-  
ciples, admit no more causes than  
are needed to account for our ob-  
servations. But if the causes as-  
sumed fail to account for them, then  
the case is quite different. These  
very scientists, however, who are  
so ready to admit and to investi-  
gate new physical substances and  
forces, and so prompt to suppose  
them to be used by living or dead  
human beings, are, for the most  
part, simply deaf to any suggestion  
that there may be other spiritual be-  
ings beside human ones, and that  
there may exist the God Whom, in  
some way, they have to acknowl-  
edge.

And yet, if they would not so ob-  
stinately shut their eyes to this idea  
everything seems to point that way.  
Why should there not be intelligences  
which have never been in bodily  
form, just as well as those which  
have been? And why, if so, should  
not some of them be liars and de-  
ceivers, just as many men are? Why  
should they not know the circum-  
stances which they bring up as  
proofs of their truth, and bring  
them up simply in order to have  
their lies believed in other matters?  
—George M. Searle, C.S.P., in the  
Catholic World.

### Expurgating a School Book.

A curious instance of the expurga-  
tion of a school manual so that it  
would not offend the irreligious sus-  
ceptibilities of a teacher, has just  
been made public. The book con-  
tained is entitled "Premier Livre de  
Lecture et d'Instruction pour l'En-  
fant." The editions of 1903 and  
1904 contain mention of God,  
and a chapter entitled "The  
heavens are telling the glory of  
God." A teacher of an economic tur-  
of mind. Instead of getting a later  
edition duly expurgated of these at-  
tacks on the liberty of the child,  
has made in writing the deletions  
and emendations which he thought  
necessary to make the book square  
with his views. This a story about  
a runaway horse given to illustrate  
courage opens as follows: "It was  
Sunday and Paul was taking his lit-

tle sister to church." The teacher  
changes this so that the incident  
happens on a Monday and consists  
in Paul taking his sister to school.  
Again a mention of "the great dogs,  
Bernard," is changed to "sent from  
Mount St. Bernard." Where a boy  
is described as "praying to God  
to come to his help," the alteration  
is that the boy "despaired of ob-  
taining assistance." In another place  
"Mon Dieu," is amended by the  
substitution of "grand pere," the  
statements "The world is im-  
finite. The heavens, my God, are  
telling the glory of God," are sim-  
ply erased as too awful for im-  
itation. People will scarcely believe  
that such things could be done in a  
Christian and Catholic; and that Ca-  
tholic children could be subjected to  
such treatment in schools which are  
under the law of neutrality.

## The Closed Church.

Julius Chambers, a veteran jour-  
nalist, has some interesting observa-  
tions in the Brooklyn Eagle. Con-  
cerning the admission among  
non-Catholics that the Church is  
losing its grip upon the community,  
owing to its inability to hold com-  
munications for more than a few  
months each year, he says:  
"Ministers often set the example  
of abstinence by going away them-  
selves for three or four months at  
a stretch. Think of the incalculable  
moral peril in which they place  
their wish to sit under their ministra-  
tions. Think of one of us will suffer  
if we have to die in summer time,  
without the consolations of religion  
as dispensed by our beloved teacher,  
I tell you, it is not a joke for  
a devout man, compelled to remain  
in the city during the heated term,  
to be told he is going to die. One  
minister after another may be called  
up on the telephone; faithful friends,  
dash hither and thither in vain,  
may seek the desired parsonage,  
but unless the sufferer be a Catholic,  
he will have to ask some friend to  
read the prayers for the dying and  
to take him in his human arms,  
since the heavenly ones are afar."  
It is just to say of the Catholic  
churches that they are never closed,  
and that some priest is always at  
his post of duty. As a Protestant  
I am glad to state a fact. We do  
not hear that attendance at the  
churches of that denomination is de-  
creasing. No, indeed! And the rea-  
son is the unflagging devotion of  
the priesthood to their duties. They  
do not shut their churches and van-  
ish.

The padlocking of the Protestant  
churches is almost wicked. Very of-  
ten during an active life in this city  
I have wished for a few minutes'  
prayerful meditation, and have  
always sought a Catholic church.  
There, undisturbed by other wor-  
shippers equally intent upon secur-  
ing heavenly aid, I have always  
found peace and mental refreshment.  
Many Protestants are known to me  
who never pass St. Patrick's Cathed-  
ral without entering for a brief self-  
examination. It is a glorious privi-  
lege.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator  
will drive worms from the system  
without injury to the child, be-  
cause its action, while fully effec-  
tive, is mild.

The annual pilgrimage to Lourdes  
and Rome, under the personal su-  
pervision of Mr. L. J. Rivet, will  
start from Montreal June 4th and  
will include in the tour the famous  
play of the Passion at Oberammer-  
gau.

M. Rivet makes a special appeal  
to the English-speaking Catholics to  
join his group. The trip will in-  
clude a visit to the most interesting  
European cities.

The pilgrims are always accorded  
an audience by the Pope.  
For all particulars, please apply  
to.

L. J. RIVET,  
13 St. Lawrence Bld. Tel Main 4097

## MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS

Stimulate the Sluggish Liver.

Clean the coated lungs, sweeten the  
blood, clear away all waste and poi-  
sonous material from the system in Nature's  
own manner, and prevent as well as  
cure Constipation, Sick Headaches, Biliousness,  
Nervousness, Catarrh of the Stomach, Sour  
Stomach, Water Bloat, and all troubles  
resulting from a sluggish state of the  
Stomach, Liver or Bowels.

Mrs. J. C. Westberg,  
Surrey, N.W., writes:  
"I suffered for years  
from Constipation, Sick  
Headaches, Nervousness,  
and all troubles result-  
ing from a sluggish state  
of the Stomach, Liver or  
Bowels. I tried several  
kinds of medicine, but  
could get no relief until I  
got Milburn's Laxa-Liver  
Pills. I cannot praise them  
too highly for what they have  
done for me."

## News

The town of  
soon be light-  
most all the  
private residen-  
electric plant  
time.

Timothy H.  
Dromin, Kerry,  
awarded the  
the best  
cottage in that  
ry.

The current  
Naturalist recog-  
specimen of the  
entrance of C  
which this fish  
the Irish coast,  
ture having been

As a result of  
tain Donelan, M  
ates Commissioner  
ed parcels of la-  
the home farm  
Bride's estate, i-  
amongst a num-  
laborers.

Rev. John Kil  
Tobias Kilkenny  
Kilcolman, Clare  
dained to the p-  
Most Rev. D. R.  
of Cape Town.  
time that the c-  
tion took place  
secular priests b-  
carriage having b-  
in Rome (Irish  
was so unique,  
able interest, an-  
an exceedingly la-

The boycotting  
by the Orangemen  
for some time pa-  
openly that the  
United Irish Leag-  
fer to the matre  
expedited the tac-  
Portadown toward  
keepers would be  
by Davan, but ev-  
mistake was made  
ty Catholics for t-  
the Orangemen of  
hesitated to begin-

In the town of  
thriving Irish ind-  
of baskets, poi-  
wickler armchairs  
by Messrs. Shanal  
short time ago  
Railway of Englan-  
der with the firm-  
ture of several h-  
and poultry hamp-  
gards to price and  
general satisfaction  
that the Great  
have given a repe-  
firm.

Wednesday, Mar-  
the celebration in  
what unique enter-  
10, 1810, Father  
was sent from Ble-  
parochial care of  
died on Oct. 2, 1-  
coded by his suc-  
Redmond, afterwa-  
"Father James,"  
tionally called, di-  
His successor was  
nerated pastor, Re-  
phy. For 32 year-  
phy has labored wit-  
is very popular, a  
highly esteemed by  
Arkwold, and many  
of him beyond the  
parish. It is unque-  
have had only three  
a century.

## Prince Rupert a Mini

There are few recor-  
a railroad grade  
real vein of any val-  
main line of the G.T.  
option, but the distri-  
veries is every day  
greater and greater  
cost formation has  
"very prolific" of mine-  
100 miles from Prince  
line enters a new field  
mineralized rock, sta-  
Portland Canal, run-  
head waters of the  
Skeena River about  
Canyon and extends  
for through the hills  
and the Babines an-  
mountains. The exte-  
is unknown. Prospec-  
touched it in spots,  
has shown wealth in  
immense area of this  
only be appreciated  
have travelled over  
of the Portland Can-  
thing now. The same  
exist on the Naas, wh-  
fall discoveries were  
vicinity of the Kit  
which, when develop-  
farther, will no doubt  
considerable ore body,  
coveries were made to

News by the Irish Mail.

The town of Mohil, Leitrim, will soon be lighted by electricity.

Timothy Histon, Rose Villa, Dromin, Kerry, Ireland, has been awarded the prize of the Union for having the best and neatest kept cottage in that part of North Kerry.

The current number of the Irish Naturalist records the capture of a specimen of Couremacherry Bay.

As a result of the efforts of Captain Donelan, M.P., the Cork Estates Commissioners have distributed parcels of land which comprised the home farm on Captain MacBride's estate, in eight acre plots amongst a number of agricultural laborers.

Rev. John Kilkenny, C.S., son of Tobias Kilkenny, of Mougheraboy, Kilkoman, Claremorris, has been ordained to the priesthood by the Most Rev. D. Rooney, D.D., Bishop of Cape Town.

The boycotting of Catholic traders by the Orangemen of Avra district for some time past is being done so openly that the local branch of the United Irish League has had to refer to the matter.

In the town of Carrick-on-Suir a thriving Irish industry in the making of baskets, poultry hampers, and wicker armchairs is being carried on by Messrs. Shanahan & Sons.

Wednesday, March 10th, marked the celebration in Arklow of a somewhat unique centenary.

At a meeting held in the Minerva Hotel, Rutland, Square, Dublin, under the presidency of Rev. R. O'Daly D.D., Ph.D., a Society for the simplification of Gaelic spelling was established on the motion of Osborne J. Bergin, Ph.D., seconded by Art O'Clery, B.L.

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Prince Rupert, a Mining Centre.

There are few recorded instances of a railroad grade ever cutting a mineral vein of any value.

season to prove much more than that ore of good quality existed in the district, covering considerable area.

At Hazelton, 180 miles from Prince Rupert, and on the line of the G.T.P. railway, the existence of a magnificent ore has been demonstrated by the strike on the Silver Cup, a property on Nine Mile Mountain.

On Hudson Bay Mountain, which lies just across the Bulkley valley from the Babine range, prospects have been struck and developed to the shipping point.

Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Newton James Moore, C.M.G., M.L.A., Premier and Colonial Treasurer of Western Australia, was recently received in private audience by His Holiness Pope Pius X.

Neither the consideration of health nor honor, nor the welfare of others nor the elevation of self, will ever be found sufficient at all times and in all men for right moral action.

Power and Influence of Mr. Redmond.

(From the London Standard.) For unobtrusive imposture the palm will, by consent, be awarded to Mr. Asquith, who pretends to be Prime Minister and lead the House of Commons.

Warts are unsightly blemishes on the face and are painful growths. Hollo way's Corn Cure will remove them.

General News.

The Daughters of St. Bridgid order for women of Irish blood some years ago organized in Argentina, is beginning rapid growth in Chile, in which country there are many Irish people.

Archbishop Farley this week sent to Pope Pius X, the first medal struck to commemorate the centenary of the founding of the diocese of New York.

Three hundred and eight Catholic priests have been haled into court in Russian Poland because they failed to notify the local government of conversions having been made by them from the Russian to the Catholic church, as is required by law.

The Rev. Father Adrian D'Antonio has gone to America from Italy to negotiate with the railroad companies in the interest of his invention for preventing collisions on railroads.

The missionaries of the Belgian Congo, in a letter which has been made public, state that 325 missionaries and 130 Sisters are devoted themselves to the work of the Congo, where, at present, there are 35,270 Christians and 74,080 catechumens.

His Grace Archbishop Bourne has received a communication containing a promise of £1000 towards the extinction of the debt of £6000 on Westminster Cathedral, on condition that the remaining £5000 is provided by the end of April.

Catholics of the archdiocese of New York made a record last year in that they gave more to foreign missions than ever before in the one hundred and two years of the history of the archdiocese.

Mrs. King, widow of David Gordon King, prominent in New York and Newport society, has become a Catholic.

Details given by our Paris contemporary, the "Eclair," of the persecution of two Capuchin Fathers in Paris recall the worst features of the old penal laws in England.

French Bishops Issue Extremely Vigorous Letters.

One of the most interesting phases of the approaching general election in France is the open political campaign undertaken in the name of the Catholic episcopate to obtain the election of deputies to the next chamber either pledged to vote for or in sympathy with the interests of the Church.

Along with the campaign against the teaching in the public schools, electoral committees of Catholics were formed, in some cases directly under the leadership of the bishops and clergy, in others with the clergy only associated with the societies.

Papal Decoration For Lady Knill.

Lady Knill, the wife of Sir John Knill, the Lord Mayor of Dublin, is a most active worker among the poor of the slums, especially the little children.

The Duke of Orleans, in a manifesto to the Royalists of France, apropos of the scandal arising from the liquidation of the religious orders, declared that republican institutions are responsible for the corruption of man.

WE PRINT Letterheads, Billheads and General Commercial Work at the Right Prices. IF PRINTED BY US IT'S DONE RIGHT. The True Witness Printing Co. An office thoroughly equipped for the production of finely printed work. Phone Main 5072 316 Lagachetiere Street W., Montreal.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP. Is Specially Calculated To Cure All Diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Croup, Pain or Tightness in the Chest; and all Bronchial Troubles yield quickly to the curative powers of this price of pectoral remedies.

Windsor, Ontario, Mrs. John Pelch, writes: "I was troubled with a very bad cough for the past six months and used a lot of different remedies but they did me no good. At last I was advised by a friend to try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and with the first few doses I found great relief and to-day my hacking cough has entirely disappeared and I am never without Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup in the house."

The price of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is 25 cents per bottle. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees in the trade mark, so be sure and accept none of the many substitutes of the original "Norway Pine Syrup."

Manufactured only by The T. Millburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

The Inquisition of France.

What a glorious land of liberty is the France of our day!—New World. The agitation was initiated with the declaration of war against the teaching in the public schools, which already has resulted in a series of suits for damages by the school teachers' association against the bishops who signed the letter.

Province of Quebec, District of Quebec.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given by J. EMILE VANIER, Civil Engineer, of the City of Montreal; ARTHUR ST. LAURENT, Deputy Minister of Public Works of Canada, of the City of Ottawa; SIR GEORGE GARNEAU, Civil Engineer, of the City of Quebec; and PIERRE CHARTON, Civil Engineer and Provincial and Federal Surveyor, of the City of Montreal, all in the Dominion of Canada; that they will petition the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at its next session, to constitute them and others under the name of "THE ASSOCIATION OF POLYTECHNIC SCHOOL, Montreal," with power to develop friendly and scientific relations between the Post Graduates of said school; to admit temporary and permanent members, to acquire properties, both real and personal, and for other purposes.

NOTICE is hereby given that "The Art Association of Montreal" will apply to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at its next session for:

- (a) The passing of an act to remove doubts which have arisen as to its powers to alienate property bequeathed to it under the will of the late Demiah Gubb; (b) For the passing of an act to amend the Act under which said "Art Association of Montreal" was incorporated (55 Victoria, chapter 13) so as to extend its powers enabling it to acquire, hold and alienate real estate; (c) For the passing of an act to amend its said Act of Incorporation to enable the City Council to exempt it from taxation.

his wife, whose projects he has invariably aided. The office of Lord Mayor of Dublin came to the Knills almost as a birthright. Sir John's father, the late Sir Stuart Knill, was as prominent in the municipality as his son, and held the office of Lord Mayor in 1893. The present Lord Mayor is a man of pleasing address and of a charitable turn of mind as

Geo. W. Reed & Co. Limited. Contractors for: General Roofing, Cement and Asphalt Paving, Sheet Metal Work. 337 Craig St., W. Montreal.

NORTHERN Assurance Coy Limited. OF LONDON, Eng. "Strong as the Strongest." INCOME AND FUNDS, 1908. Capital and Accumulated Funds \$49,490,000. Annual Revenue from Fire and Life etc. Premiums and from Interest on Investments \$9,015,000. Funds \$465,580. Head Offices—London and Aberdeen. Branch Offices for Canada. 88 Notre Dame Street West, Montreal. ROBERT W. TYRE, Manager for Canada.

Province of Quebec, District of Quebec. PUBLIC NOTICE. Tenders for the purchase of the said immovable must be addressed to the Minister of Agriculture, at Quebec, on or before the 15th of April next. The government does not bind itself to accept any of the tenders. By order, B. MICHAUD, Secretary of the Minister of Agriculture, Quebec, 21st February, 1910.

Chive's Preparations Are The Best. Specialties in Guaranteed French Trusses. For Colds use Chive's Cough Syrup In use for Twenty Years with the Best Results. ADDRESS: Cor. St. Timothee and Craig Sts. Montreal, P.Q. PHONE MAIN 1484. J. E. CARREAU LTD. Successor to C. B. LANTIER. Importers of Church Ornaments, Brocade and Altar Wines, Manufacturers of Banners, Flags, Linens, Way of the Cross and Statues. Specialty: Church Decorations, Funeral Hangers and Religious Articles for Pilgrimages and Missions. 14 & 16 Notre Dame Street West, MONTREAL.

HEADACHE AND Burdock Blood Bitters. The presence of headache nearly always tells us that there is another disease which, although we may not be aware of it, is still exerting its baneful influence, and perhaps awaiting an opportunity to assert itself plainly. Burdock Blood Bitters has, for years, been curing all kinds of headaches, and it will do for you what it has done for thousands of others. Mrs. John Connors, Burlington, N.S., writes: "I have been troubled with headache and constipation for a long time. After trying different doctors' medicine a friend asked me to try Burdock Blood Bitters. I find I am completely cured after having taken three bottles. I can safely recommend it to all." For sale by all druggists. Manufactured only by The T. Millburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

The Best Liver Pill.—The action of the liver is easily disarranged, sudden chill, undue exposure to the elements, over-indulgence in some favorite food, excess in drinking are a few of the causes. But whatever may be the cause, Farmelee's Vegetable Pills can be relied upon as the best corrective that can be taken. They are the leading liver pills and they have no superior among such preparations.

to church." The teacher on a Monday and consists making his sister to school 1. the monks of Mount St. Bernard." Where a boy as "praying to God his help," the alteration of "despaired of assistance." In another place "u," is amended by the on of "grand père," whilst the power of God is in the heavens, my child, are as too awful for anyone too absurd for emendations which could be done in a Catholic; and that Caron could be subjected to in schools which are law of neutrality.

Closed Church.

members, a veteran journalist some interesting observations Brooklyn Eagle. Consider the admission among the Church is its inability to hold on for more than a few years, he says: often set the example on going away themselves or four months at a time. Think of the incalculable place their followers who would sit under their ministrations of the mental distress of one of us will suffer to die in summer time, consolations of religion in Rome or Ireland, and as the event was so unique it created considerable interest, and was witnessed by an exceedingly large congregation.

Worm Exterminator.

Worm Exterminator. Worms from the system, injury to the child, be on, while fully effective.

Annual Pilgrimage to Lourdes.

Annual Pilgrimage to Lourdes. The trip will be the most interesting of the year.

RIVET, Bld. Tel Main 4097.

BURN'S LIVER PILLS.

BURN'S LIVER PILLS. Sluggish Liver. Burns' Liver Pills. The action of the liver is easily disarranged, sudden chill, undue exposure to the elements, over-indulgence in some favorite food, excess in drinking are a few of the causes. But whatever may be the cause, Farmelee's Vegetable Pills can be relied upon as the best corrective that can be taken.

**Local and Diocesan News.**

**LOCAL CALENDAR.**

Fri. April 8. St. Dionysius.  
Sat. " 9. St. Mary of Egypt.  
Sun. " 10. St. Macarius.  
Mon. " 11. St. Leo the Great.  
Tue. " 12. St. Juliana.  
Wed. " 13. St. Hermenegilde.  
Thurs. " 14. St. Justin.

**FORTY HOURS' DEVOTION.**—Thursday, April 7, Loyola College. Saturday, April 9, St. Basile. Monday, April 11, St. Laurent Convent.

**ST. AGNES CHURCH SERVICES.**—Although St. Agnes Church was considerably damaged by the recent fire, still repairs are so far advanced that it is assured that it will be in good order for next Sunday, when all services will be at the usual hours.

**70TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATED.**—St. Patrick's T. A. and B. Society observed their 70th anniversary by holding a eucharic and social in Conservatory Hall, on Tuesday evening, April 5. Quite a large number of the members and their friends attended. The prize winners were: Mrs. P. Doyle, Miss M. Ryan, Miss Russell, Messrs. J. J. Doyle, M. Kehoe, Thos. Rogers.

**A NICE OFFERING.**—The employees of the fitting room of the Ames, Holden Co. have presented Rev. Father McShane, pastor of St. Patrick's, with a set of vestments and chalice as an offering towards the coming Eucharistic Congress. This act is worthy of emulation and speaks of the deep Catholic spirit existing among the large number to be found in our extensive manufacturing houses. As a mark of their deep appreciation Father McShane offered holy Mass for the intention of these good people.

**RESOLUTION OF CONDOLENCE.**—At the last regular meeting of St. Patrick's Branch, No. 1024, Ladies' Catholic Benevolent Association, which was held in their hall, on March 30th, the following resolution of condolence was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we, the members of Branch No. 1024, L.C.B.A., do sincerely sympathize with our esteemed Sister, Sarah Warren, and her dear family, in the loss they have sustained in the death of a beloved husband and father, in the person of the late Mr. Robert Warren.

Be it further resolved, That a copy of this resolution be sent to Sister Warren and family, and that it be entered in the minutes of this Branch, and also sent to the True Witness for insertion.

**MAUD WHITTAKER,**  
Rec., Sec.

**ST. JOSEPH'S HOME.**—St. Joseph's Home acknowledges with many thanks the following donations received in March, the month of the year that should be most prolific for the institution which now harbors ten good boys, and there is room for more: J. E. Lenihan, five dollars; J. T. Lenihan and J. McGee, two dollars each; Ed. Flynn, one dollar each; all of Richmond, P. Q.: E. Brulé, Miss MacLaughlin, Mrs. Larose, Ed. Sabourin, Patrick Finn, F. X. Lacelle and Miss Finn, all of Billings' Bridge, Ont., one dollar each; Mrs. J. Kin-sella, Ottawa, one dollar; Miss Mal-ligan, Aylmer, P. Q., five dollars; Wm. Ryan, five dollars; Patrick Kenna, ten dollars; Mrs. Tucker and Miss Burke, two dollars each; I. Hushion, two dollars; Mrs. Johnson one dollar.

The rich people have yet to come with their donations. Something is being organized for an early date, when even they will have a chance, so Father Holland says.

**CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB.**—Now that St. Patrick's A.A.A. have vacated the clubrooms of the Catholic Sailors' Club, preparations are being made for Jack's return. It is hoped to give him a heartier welcome than ever this year of the Eucharistic Congress. The management hopes that he will attend regularly Sunday Mass and evening lantern lectures.

The concert season is usually a great success; and last year it was always a select audience that was wont to meet weekly at the club rooms; and at the same time the best talent in the city could always be heard. The several Catholic societies will again assist. Among those who have offered their services are the following: St. Agnes Choral Union, under direction of Prof. J. J. Shea; St. Anthony's Court, 128; British Army and Navy Veterans; St. Patrick's Court, C.O. F.; St. Patrick's Society; St. Anthony's Young Men. Others have not yet finally determined their date but the Eucharistic Congress year should be a banner year for our sailors who will bring us our visitors.

**OBITUARY.**

**MR. JAMES O'REILLY.**

Mr. James O'Reilly succumbed to pneumonia on Monday night at the home of his son, 16 Mount St. Mary avenue. The deceased had lived in Montreal for forty years, and had come when quite a young man from Cavan, Ireland. He was 77 years of age. He was always a staunch member of St. Ann's T. A. and B. Society. A widow and two sons are left to mourn their loss.

**EXTENSIVE FRENCH FRAUDS**

**Father Campbell's Forecast Comes Strikingly to Pass.**

France has suddenly, on the eve of the general election, discovered a gigantic fraud which our predecessor, The Messenger, in its issue of February 1908, had already adumbrated in unmistakable terms. "Seven years ago," then wrote Father Campbell, "the Prime Minister of France, Waldeck-Rousseau, had a vision. He saw the Goddess of Plenty rise above the ruins of the confiscated estates of the Religious Orders, and he promised the nation that prosperity would pour down in showers upon the people; the dissatisfied workmen would revel in the riches which were waiting for them behind the convent walls; and every old person in France, respectable or otherwise, would be provided with a pension. There were at least a billion francs available in the properties of the congregations, which had no legal right to exist. They had never been authorized. He was a lawyer and he declared that the seizure would be strictly in accordance with law. The Government had only to reach out its hands and help itself. He died before he realized his scheme. . . . The world had almost forgotten about the seizure of the convents in the spoliation of the churches that has since supervened. The memory of the first crime now comes back to us in the lurid figures of a report just presented to Parliament. It is a revelation that makes one gasp, and wonder how a government that rot only permits but authorizes such proceedings can stand. This work of confiscation has been going on for six years, and not one word had so far been vouchsafed by the looters during that time, as to what they were doing. At last, after reiterated demands, a report addressed to the President of the Republic has been handed in; but it stops at December 31, 1906; that is one year ago. What they have accomplished during these twelve months is absolutely withheld from public knowledge. But what the report admits with regard to the time it is supposed to cover ought to send a shiver down the spine of every Frenchman. It acknowledges, in the first place, that the Government has advanced the work, the amazing sum of 8,368,241 francs. Moreover, on December 31, 1906, when all the accounts were closed, the results of the liquidations were as follows: The liquidators had paid into the Public Administrator's Office 14,227,770 francs. They had, besides, on hand, 445,000 francs, plus a certain number of Government certificates belonging to different congregations. But it was declared that up to December 31, 1906, the sale of the property of the congregations had produced 32,380,000 francs. What has become of the 17,172,230 francs not paid in? Had that vast amount been absorbed in the cost of liquidation, and how?"

Father Campbell proceeds to show that the enormous lawyers' fees run up to 1,000,671 francs. "One of the most barefaced things in this so-called report," he writes, "is that there is no way of finding out what the liquidators got. In fact, they present being asked for an accounting. But if the lawyers gobbled a million, it is clear that the liquidators demanded and got much more." A Paris despatch to the New York Times, dated March 10, confirms Father Campbell's forecast of two years ago, for it states that the Government has accepted an interpellation regarding the scandal which developed with the discovery of a shortage of two million dollars in the accounts of M. Duor, one of the liquidators of the Church properties taken over by the State. The Paris Journal gives some interesting figures regarding the deterioration of the property of non-authorized congregations and teaching orders which former Premier Waldeck-Rousseau originally estimated would realize two hundred million dollars—the milliard—for the State. After inventories were made the estimated figures were reduced to one hundred million and subsequently to fifty million dollars, when the Church issued a decree of excommunication against the purchasers. As a matter of fact, the gross receipts thus far from this property amount to only nineteen million dollars, of which sum \$13,200,000 has been expended in the adjudication of claims against the property and in other costs, including attorneys' fees, expenditures and commissions to the liquidators. After two years' work, the French Government found that it had made a profit of only \$38,000 from its efforts during that long period to sell property which was supposed when the Law of Associations was originally passed to be worth, roughly, two hundred million dollars.

These disheartening figures confirm the forecast made over and over again by French Catholic journals and reviews in the past ten years that the spoliation of the Religious Orders would be of little or no profit to the Government, because these communities were generally poor, living cheaply from hand to mouth, having heavy mortgages on their property, because liquidation would absorb large sums, and because the liquidating agents of a robber government must be expected to rob for themselves. To all these unanswerable forecasts the secular press turned a deaf ear until the colossal robberies of Dreyfus, Lecouturier, and Martin Ganther, which have lately created a sensation comparable to the Panama, Dreyfus and Boulanger affairs. What new catastrophe is needed to open the eyes of the non-Catholic world to the fact most clear to all well-informed Catholics, the tremendous pecuniary loss inflicted upon France by the suppression of religious congregations. What the proletariat of that benighted country gets out of all this plunder is a great increase in taxation due to the necessity of providing new schools, new orphan asylums, new charitable institutions of all kinds, with well-salaried officials in place of unsalaried religious, and above all, now that religion is taboo in France, new prisons and many of them.—America.

**THE MOTHER'S AID AND CHILDREN'S FRIEND.**  
Baby's Own Tablets are not intended for babies only. This medicine is intended for children of all ages. It is gently laxative and comforting. Cures indigestion and other stomach troubles, constipation and simple fevers. Guaranteed free from poisonous opiates. Mrs. Paul Carrier, Petite Mechins, Que., says: "I find Baby's Own Tablets to be the best medicine I have ever used for children. I have used them in most of the troubles that afflict little ones, and have not known them to fail. Mothers should always keep them on hand." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

**St. Patrick's Society.**  
(Continued from Page 1.)  
contagion being wafted to the city." This was by way of answer to the demand put forward at a mass meeting of the citizens, that the immigrants be not allowed nearer the city than Boucherville islands. "They are now to be landed at the mouth of the canal, on the side farthest from the city. The sick will be separated at landing and sent direct to the spacious and airy hospitals, now nearly completed, at Point St. Charles." The others were to be sent on to the old sheds. Even for their accommodation, however, more provision had to be made, and we find in the report of the Public Works Department for 1848 that in 1847, "there were erected near the old emigrant hospital thirteen buildings, and at Point St. Charles upwards of thirty others of a better description."

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**St. Patrick's Society.**

(Continued from Page 1.)

**THE GREY NUNS' RECORD.**  
Members of the society may be interested in some of the glimpses of heroism that still penetrate the gloom of sixty years of forgetfulness and neglect. The Grey Nuns, for example, tell the story in a few brief notes.  
"June 9.—Eight Grey nuns and five women leave the General Hospital (then at Foundling street) to go nursing at the sheds."  
"June 15.—6,000 embark at Montreal; 500 sick go to the sheds."  
"June 25.—850 patients at the sheds. Average of twenty deaths a day."  
"June 26.—Mgr. Bourget sends ten Sisters of Providence to help the Grey Nuns."  
"June 30.—The Governor-General and Lady Elgin visit the General Hospital."  
"July 5.—Twenty-three Grey Nuns down with typhus. The 7th, 15 and 16 are lost. In these circumstances Mgr. Bourget opened the cloister at the Hotel Dieu and the nuns went to the sheds. From the beginning they had fifty beds with fever patients."  
"July 2.—Six Jesuit Fathers came to the aid of the Sulpicians, who were the first to meet the plague ships. Five Sulpicians had died in sixteen days."  
"July 26.—Thirteen Grey Nuns taken to the old Gregory farm-house, convalescent of typhus. The Sisters of Notre Dame had prepared the place and cared for them."  
"August 12.—18.—Seven Grey Nuns died of typhus."  
"September 15.—Thirty-two Sisters of Providence have been stricken. Three dead. In all, nine priests and fifteen nuns dead up to this time."  
"September 26.—The Sisters who had recovered, after an absence of three months, return to the sheds."

**HELP FROM ABROAD.**

Naturally, inquiries were made during the present investigation concerning the part played by the Sulpicians. The answer given by the venerable Father Troie was that only the briefest record of the death of the six priests remained. Such a name, such a date. There was no time for records when so many were dead and so many others stricken. There is, however, a minute of the council of the order authorizing the superior to write to the Archbishops of Dublin and Armagh, pointing out the facts and the necessity of having help. In reply to this letter came "Mr. Cromilly, the first pastor of St. Patrick's, Mr. McCullough, Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Dowd" who became "gentlemen of St. Sulpice."  
He had come to "the end of all he thought worth while to pick up in a flash what his boyhood longed for—and boyhood never dies. Its dreams are dried wheat in mummies' casements of manhood. Sometimes the mummy goes to dust, and the wheat is lost with it; sometimes the wheat springs to revivify. —Lucy Mechem in 'The Heaven of the Unexpected.'

**The Catholic Church.**

**A Series of Articles Dealing With the Church Founded by Christ.**

**CHURCH AND STATE.**

To be sure, some good readers must find that title of ours a dreadful reminder of the worst pages they have read about the Catholic Church—but let us hasten to assure, even the most recalcitrant among them, that we are not bent on any procedure that might endanger their lives. We are simply going to tell an old truth in a very old way.

"The Outlook," one of the most influential of non-Catholic religious periodicals, in a recent issue, expressed itself as follows: "America to-day stands in peculiar need of that contribution which the Roman Catholic Church is peculiarly fitted to furnish. For the chief evil in America is from disorganizing forces and a lawless spirit, not from excessive organization, but from disorder and disorganization. One of the chief lessons Americans need to learn is reverence for constituted authority and willing obedience to law. This lesson the Roman Catholic Church is peculiarly fitted to teach. That Church is a vast spiritual police force, a protection of society from the reckless apostles of self-will. But it is far more. Wherever it goes it teaches submission to control, and that is the first step toward that habit of self-control in the individual which is an indispensable condition of self-government in the community. . . . The 'Outlook' congratulates America upon the evidences of spiritual prosperity in the Roman Catholic Church in this country, and it gratefully appreciates the service which that Church is rendering to the community by inculcating the spirit of reverence for law and lawful authority which is the foundation of civil and religious liberty."

It is not without reason that we have quoted the "Outlook." We have not, it is true, fully demonstrated the truth of the Catholic Church, as yet in our series, in fact, more than fifty papers must yet be written in that regard. However, the writer is a Catholic, and his aim is to make the Catholic religion better understood. Hence the reason for the quotation, especially on the eve of handling a very delicate question.

**Eire.**

Eire! oh Eire!  
Over the white sea foam,  
Sure the stranger's land  
Has been fair and kind to me,  
But Eire draws me home.  
For beauty lies on her far off mountains,  
And youth in her waters' leap,  
A strength unspent and a faith un-swerving  
In each ruined shrine and keep.  
And I was born nigh the Shannon water  
And the sunlit hills of Clare,  
And Eire's wrongs were my childhood's grieving,  
And her rights my manhood's prayer.  
No kin am I to the Dane or Saxon,  
To Norman lords of the Pale,  
My sires were sprung from the proud Dalcassians,  
True men of the Clan na Gael.  
And Thomand's standard they bore before them,  
When the Clan Degaid rode by,—  
And sweat their harps were as children's laughter,  
And sad as a woman's sigh.  
Princes in name, by the oak tree's crowning,  
In the Druid days of yore,  
Princes in truth, by the hopes of heaven,  
That Patrick to Eire bore.  
For soldiers all, oh! they kept right bravely  
Their right to the Irish sod.  
And saints and martyrs, they died for Eire—  
Still better, for Eire's God.  
How ran their course? All adown the ages  
The blood of the race doth tell—  
Where Right meant Might and slow Justice tarried  
In the foremost ranks they fell.  
Till rose the last at the call of Freedom,  
And the cry of Ninety-Eight,  
And they met afar in a convict prison,  
But the Irish rebels' fate.  
So saint and martyr and prince and peasant

**Not Worth Exporting.**  
The "Reformed Churches of the World" are to have "a great Missionary Conference" next June in Edinburgh, as to which The Scotsman (the leading daily paper of Scotland) moralizes in an article in which it observes that "the question may occur whether, from one point of view, the Christianity seen and known among us is worth exporting to the heathen lands. That Christianity which has so often filled the land with bitterness and strife, which erects churches to perpetuate ancient feuds, which sets three and four men to do the work of one hindering each other all the time, and which is unable to veil its differences before the Hindoo—is that really worth sending beyond the seas? Were a Hindoo to visit a Highland village and inspect its five Protestant churches, each with a skeleton congregation, and ask, 'What meaneth this waste of human effort?'—what answer could the Christianity of this country give to that Hindoo? This country give poor heathen be pardoned if he said that a religion which tolerated such abuses and waste could be no religion for him?"  
And doubtless the "poor heathen" is thinking and saying that very thing. The British exported article in the matter of religion he mostly rejects.

The conduct of the average parent and his or her example, is after all, the biggest sermon preached in this world; and the preachers of this sermon should weigh well the guidance they see to give.—L. M. Hodges.

Strange doctors and statesmen have, especially in these latter days, committed themselves to the ridiculously erroneous doctrine that, which each individual must belong to the Church of Christ, there is no obligation whereby the state, as such, must be bound to the teachings of Christ.  
Let us, then, declare the obligation there is for the state belonging to Christ, and prove the assertion; while we should add a few words relative to the conditions of the Church and state, inasmuch as they may result from mutual relation to each other, but that in a succeeding paper.

**THE STATE MUST BELONG TO CHRIST'S CHURCH.**

(1) Holy Scripture (a) Christ, in St. Matthew (xxviii, 18) speaks as follows, to His apostles: "All power is given to me in heaven and in earth. Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations." It is plain from these words, that Christ and His Church have dominion, must have, over states as well as over individuals. Nor do the words of Jesus, in St. Luke (x, 22) signify aught else. "All things are delivered to me by my Father," the same is true of the passage in St. John (xiii, 13), "You call me Master and Lord; and you say well; for so I am." Again in St. Matthew, (xviii, 18), there is the classic text, "I will build my Church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." That is, the powers of darkness, and whatever Satan can do, either by himself, or by his agents, whether as individuals or rulers of states. For, as the Church is here likened to a house or fortress built on a rock; so the adverse powers are likened to a contrary house or fortress, the gates of which, i.e., the whole strength, and all the efforts it can make shall never be able to prevail over the city or Church of Christ. By this promise we are fully assured, that neither idolatry, heresy, Caesarism, the attempts of a thousand tyrants, nor any perilous error or system of attack whatsoever, shall, at any time, prevail over the Church of Christ.  
(To be continued.)



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**Manitoba, Saskatchewan & Alberta**  
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May 3, 17, 31  
June 14, 28  
July 12, 26  
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Sept. 6, 20, 1910

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**TRAIN SERVICE**

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7:40 a.m. Except Sunday	St. Hyacinthe, Drummondville, Levis, Quebec, Montmagny, Riviere du Loup, Rimouski and St. Flavelle.
12 noon Daily	For above-named Stations and for Little Metis, Capiton, Moncton, St. John, Halifax and Sydney.
12 noon Except Saturday	For Little Metis, Capiton, Moncton, St. John, Halifax and Sydney.
4 p.m. Except Sunday	St. Lambert, St. Hyacinthe, Drummondville, Nicolet and in intermediate stations.

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**Province of Quebec.**  
District of Montreal.  
No. 1175. SUPERIOR COURT.  
Dame Elizabeth Alice McIntosh, of the City and District of Montreal and Province of Quebec, wife common as to property of Lorne McDougall Cairnie, of the same place, contractor, duly authorized to ester on justice, plaintiff. vs. The said Lorne McDougall Cairnie, defendant.  
The plaintiff has this 14th day of March, 1910, taken an action in separation and to property against the Defendant.

Montreal, March 16, 1910.  
TRIIPPY, BERCOVITCH & KEARNEY,  
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

**NOTICE.**  
Superior Court, Montreal. Dame Alexina Laurencelle, of Outremont, wife of Bela Barthos, furrier, of the same place, has, this day, instituted an action for separation and to property against her husband.  
Montreal, March 17th, 1910.  
R. B. H. MATTHEW,  
Attorney for Plaintiff.

Vol. LIX, No. . . .  
**SUDDEN BISHOP**

**A Distinguished**  
ent Preacher,  
Severe Loss in

Right Rev. Dr. . . .  
shop of Antigonish  
Wednesday night  
person had been  
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newly formed Dioc  
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Bishop Cameron w  
vivor of the Bishop  
the consecration of  
Sweeney at St. Joh  
July 29, 1908, his  
golden jubilee as a  
he attended the Pl  
Quebec, but he was  
before the sessions  
cause of ill health.  
Bishop Cameron's

