

The True Witness

TESTIS IN COELO FIDELIS
AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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Bishop Furlong.

Jubilee of His Temperance Movement.

(Interesting Sketch By Very Rev. Canon Whitty, P.P., Newtownbarry.)

I have been asked to write for "The Echo" a brief sketch of Dr. Furlong, and an appreciation of his work as a bishop, on this the occasion of the golden jubilee of the great temperance movement which he set on foot at the beginning of his episcopal career. Though conscious of being little qualified for the task, I have undertaken to do so, both as a tribute to his memory, and as some recognition of certain kindnesses which the illustrious prelate thought well of conferring upon me in the early years of my priesthood. However, I cannot help but meanly express a wish that someone more competent than I, and having a larger knowledge and experience of the good bishop would be prompted to write of him and do a fuller and far more adequate justice to his memory. My first experience of Dr. Furlong was when, as a lad of nine years, on the day of my confirmation I stood trembling before him, and while timidly gazing at his benign and encouraging features, I heard him putting to me the question of the catechism: "Where is God?" the answer to which, by the way, I rattled out with an excitement of nervous jubilation almost equal to my absolute ignorance of the meaning of every word I was uttering. That question put to me then by the saintly bishop I have never forgotten; the sound of it has echoed in my memory ever since, and quite possibly it gave my life in its opening years a bias which otherwise it never would have had. Anyhow, I little dreamt on that day when the saintly bishop imposed hands on me in confirmation that he would thirteen years later impose them again on a greater and more momentous occasion. I knew little of Dr. Furlong's history or of the excellencies of his character until I had become a priest, but then from my personal experience of him, and from what I learned from others, I soon came to have for him that genuine and profound esteem which so one who had any acquaintance with him could withhold from him.

Dr. Furlong was from the Barony of Forth, a district that has given many excellent clergy to the Church, being born there in the year 1802. The first school he went to as a child was that of Magylass, a little later he attended a school at Ballyhane, in the parish of Lady's Island where he learned the rudiments of Latin, being at the time, if I mistake not, a resident of Kiltane district. Next he went to St. Peter's College, Wexford, and after finishing his classical studies there he passed on to Maynooth, joining the logic class in the year 1819. During the Theological portion of his course, I may remark, he had the advantage of studying under the great John M'Hale, afterwards Archbishop of Tuam, and honored by his co-temporaries with the title of "Lion of the forest of Judah." At the termination of his four years' Theology he became a student of the Dunboyne, receiving his ordination at this time; that is, in the year 1826. Towards the close of his Dunboyne studies he was appointed junior dean in the college, and two years later he was given the chair of Humanity, holding it for about five years, when he was promoted to that of Rhetoric. In the year 1845 he was chosen as professor of Theology, and this sacred science he continued to teach with signal ability until 1856, when he was summoned to the chair of the clergy of Ferns, confirmed by the will of the Holy See, to come and undertake the pastoral charge of his native diocese. This was at the close of the year, and he was consecrated bishop a few months later; that is, in March, 1857. For the space of twenty years he ruled over his flock with admirable wisdom and success, closing the days of his earthly pilgrimage on the 12th of November, 1875. His remains rest in the Cathedral of Ennisceary.

It is needless to say that when Dr. Furlong came to take charge of his diocese he was a man of varied and extensive learning. The singular powers of mind with which Providence endowed him, he had every opportunity of improving and perfecting for having finished the long course of studies, that constituted his own education proper, he then had the advantage of spending no less than thirty years in a great educational establishment, where he continued as diligently as before his life of study, where his chief occupation was teaching advanced students in various branches of learning, and where meantime he brought into continual contact with highly cultivated and well-informed minds similar to his own. It was often stated, and all his co-temporaries agreed with the statement, that Dr. Furlong was one of the most cultivated and erudite men in the Irish Church. I once heard an eminent ecclesiastic, who was intimately acquainted with him, the Very Rev. Dr. Kavanagh, President of Carlow College, make this remark about him: "Bishop Furlong is a walking Encyclopaedia; there is nothing he does not know, and no subject on which he cannot give you information." One might easily have thought that the bishop would at least in the first years of his episcopate be at a great disadvantage as a ruler and an administrator, owing to the fact that his previous life had been spent in the retirement of a college and away from practical experience of work on the mission; and yet it was wonderful how quickly he adapted himself to his new conditions, and what singular wisdom and clear-headedness he from the beginning displayed in all his public acts of administration. He could scarcely have done things better than he did for years before his episcopate, and ministrations of a priest's life. Certainly during his years of seclusion in Maynooth he must have been a close observer and student of the methods and works of zeal carried on both by bishops and priests outside on the mission.

Dr. Furlong's manner of ruling his flock was gentle, though there did arise occasions when his method of acting was characterized as severe. In his relations with all classes of both clergy and laity he was cordial and good-natured; and notwithstanding a certain grave solemnity and dignity of appearance and manner, he was easy of access to everyone, even to the simple and poor. With children he was particularly descending and kind. I think I remember something being told of him as to taking a little child into his covered car the very day before he was struck down with his last illness. And I could myself tell a story of him, when one day as a mischievous truant I was pursuing a stray dog (that had come a-pilfering after beef bones) in a forbidden part of the college grounds, the good bishop, who unexpectedly came upon the scene, mercifully turned his eyes in another direction, lest detecting my identity he might have to report me to the President. With all his gentleness and condescension, he could be a man of iron will and changeless purpose whenever he deemed the occasion demanded it. The determined attitude he assumed with regard to Sunday drinking, fast dancing, and the Ennisceary Model School were instances of this. "Gentle as a mother, strong as a diamond," were words applied to him on some public occasion; I think it was by the Very Rev. Dr. Kavanagh mentioned above. And I once heard a certain ecclesiastic pass the same, or a similar encomium upon him, though using words of not quite so refined and elegant a character: "A child could lead him, but the devil could not drive him." The bishop's zeal in inaugurating and promoting the building of churches, schools, presbyteries, and every sort of useful institution was active and energetic in the highest degree. Indeed the years of his episcopate might not inaptly be termed the building period in the diocese of Ferns. I dare say if a list were compiled giving in detail all that was done in this way at his instigation and under his guidance, it would be found to be a very interesting and edifying (except to the Pharisees) item of ecclesiastical history, and would prove Dr. Furlong to be a prelate of very signal enlightenment and zeal. Among the large number of works which he set on foot for the good of his people there were two, which, I believe he always regarded as peculiarly his own, and upon the good results of which he set special store. These were the House of Missions at Ennisceary and the Convent of Perpetual Adoration at Wexford. His paramount and characteristic devotion was devotion to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, and these two institutions he established in honor of and to promote devotion towards that divine mystery. The House of Missions he intended for the purpose of giving Missions and Retreats within his diocese; for he had great faith in Missions and Retreats, as means of reforming and perfecting his flock. And this seems to me an instance of that instinct in him that enabled him, though not having practical experience of missionary life, nevertheless accurately to gauge what would be best for the good of the faithful, for Missions and Retreats are, as all men of experience attest, amongst the most powerful machinery that can be adopted for this end, particularly when these holy functions are carried on by enlightened and zealous priests who are specialists at the work. From the beginning of his episcopate he induced his clergy to call in the aid of missionaries, especially those

of the Redemptorist Order, for he seemed to have a special preference for the Redemptorists, and the more he saw of good done by the missions these Fathers gave the more desirous he became to institute himself a body of missionaries, who would be entirely his own, and who would be ever at hand to attend to the interests of his flock. Hence his founding the institute at Ennisceary. Outside his diocese Bishop Furlong became renowned chiefly as a great and successful advocate of temperance. In the very first year of his episcopate he inaugurated the salutary movement for the closing of public houses on Sundays and holidays, and in this he was eminently successful, thanks to his own earnestness and tact, and thanks also to the faith and docility which he found in his flock, and which he many times afterwards very highly commended both in his pastoral and public utterances. Many publicans—and I know some of them very well—have never sold drink on the Sabbath or holiday since that time, fifty years ago. The reform brought about by this Sunday closing of the bishop was very great, the Lord's Day being subsequently observed in as religious and edifying a manner as it had previously been desecrated by excessive drinking and other disorders. The effects of Dr. Furlong's legislation in this matter are, I think, far more extended than is generally imagined, for there is no doubt that the success attending it did in no small measure contribute to the passing of the State legislation which came on afterwards, enforcing Sunday closing in public establishments throughout the country; and I think it is equally indisputable that the bishop's success was a powerful stimulus and encouragement to those other temperance movements that since sprang up in the diocese and effected such happy and widespread results. How far he had to do with the removing of the fairs from the holiday and transferring them to the week days I confess I do not know, though I should like to try much, but the transformation effected on the holidays was even more striking than that on the Sundays, for the disorders formerly were much worse on the former days than on the latter owing to the fact of the public fairs being held on them. The greatness of this happy change for the better used to come home to me very strongly on those occasions when I took part annually in the grand religious procession at Lady's Island on the 15th August, for it was on the 15th that the fair was held in that district. The scene is here changed entirely, and blessed be the memory of the good prelate to whom the change is in such large measure due.

Even a very imperfect notice like this ought not to be concluded without some reference to Dr. Furlong's pastoral letters. They were many, and they treated of subjects of great public interest, which he never failed to handle in a most effective and masterful manner. The style of the pastorals was somewhat ponderous and Johnstonian, yet the language was accurate and elegant, the tone was lofty, and a most intense spirit of piety breathed through every line of them. I do not think that anyone could read them without being convinced that they emanated from a man possessing a truly Apostolic spirit.

Dr. Furlong has gone from us now more than three decades of years, but his spirit still remains; it is at this hour inspiring those zealous men, who with a fervour like his own are carrying on in the diocese a campaign against that vice which he contended with so strenuously and successfully—men belonging to those two missionary institutes which were so much appreciated by him, and from which, were he alive, he would no doubt be most disposed to summon laborers to work in the temperance cause.

W. F. CANON WHITTY.

Home Rule Not Dead.

"Home Rule is dead," is the delusion of a great many people just now. The cry is heard by some with the joy that welcomes a reprieve, but it is chastened with the remembrance that, after all, the death of Home Rule has often been announced during the last quarter of a century, only to be disproved by the liveliest kind of refusal to recognize the corpse on the part of the Irish people. The Unionists may cry "Home Rule is dead," but while the wish is father to the thought, the hose of past experience extinguished the flame of their enthusiasm.

With more savage exultation the cry is re-echoed by the advocates of the Sinn Fein folly in America. They are glad, let the fact be admitted; they rejoice when they think Irish hopes are disappointed, because it gives these wretched factionists opportunity to train their mud batteries on John Redmond and the Irish Parliamentary party. Supposing it were true that "Home Rule is dead" would it not be a cause of sorrow to every true-hearted Irishman and Irishwoman born of decent Irish forebears? Would not the picture rise before them of another *exodus*, and the final passing of the old Irish nation? And yet these advocates of Sinn Fein these eloquent cashiers of

glittering generalities, these pupils of extravagant vagaries, who are executing a war dance of triumph because John Redmond has not achieved Home Rule in this session of Parliament, aye, has not succeeded in a lifetime of honest, earnest and brilliant service to his country—what policy have they that will lead to better results? A policy of froth and wind. Some with the sublime contempt for the realities of life, characteristic of the insane, call upon the Irish people to proclaim a republic. We sincerely wish the Irish people were in a position to do so. But proclamations do not achieve results, talking on an American platform of an Irish republic does not establish it on Irish soil. Before a republican form of government can be inaugurated on Irish ground the people of Ireland will have to fight for it. Where is the Irish army? Given the men, where are the arms? Yes, "Story of the Hills" has an ancient pile over the fireplace, some other hero of the poet's fancy has a blunderbuss or a matchlock that was "out in glorious '98." There are some old Springfield breechloaders here and there, but when you pull the trigger the hammer will break, because the venerable relics have become oxidized.

But given the arms, where is your commissary? Soldiers must eat, unlike orators, they cannot live on wind. They want something else besides enthusiasm to fill out their waist-belts. Not being goats, you cannot feed them on patriotic editorials. How is the Irish-American army to get across the "herring-pond"? Some years ago a cheap, fire-eating military genius said that the Irish in America ought to be only Grattan's Parliament. Now, we do only Grattan's Parliament. The United States had some trouble in raising half that number of men for the war with Spain, and it taxed our resources to transport a fraction of that half across the few miles between us and Cuba. It is wonderful how a man can sit in his editorial chair and sling army corps and naval squadrons around the world and uphold empires and erect republics with a dash of his pen. But in the world of cold facts and stern realities this dreaming of dreams is worse than useless; it unfits men for the practical business of life.

There are others who will have only Grattan's Parliament. Now, we cheerfully admit that there can never be a true settlement of the Irish question until Ireland is in possession of national autonomy equal to that of Grattan's Parliament. But suppose England took these advocates of Grattan's Parliament at their word, and simply dropped the case by re-enacting the Renunciation Act—then Grattan's Parliament would be in force. No Catholic could sit in either house, and the two legislatures would be absolutely in the hands of the landlords. England according to Sinn Fein, dare not interfere, and revolution alone could settle the question of government in Ireland. When we look at the matter from a practical standpoint we must recognize that the first indispensable requirement is an Irish legislature to govern all things purely Irish, and responsible to the Irish people. We would wish it otherwise but of necessity this government will be within the pale of the British Empire, but so long as there is a body of Irish representatives in the Imperial Parliament Ireland's national entity is maintained and acknowledged, and these representatives will be able to protect her interests when necessary. Whether this form of government may ultimately grow into an independent republic or not, is a question that belongs to the future. But to give life and form to the Irish nation, as she is constituted at present, self-government is absolutely necessary and can only be obtained by consent of the Imperial Parliament of Great Britain and Ireland. That is the only practical issue now before the Irish people. And now is there any foundation for the rejoicing of Ireland's enemies and of their political bedfellows, the Sinn Fein factionists? Is Home Rule dead? No, a thousand times no! The men who say so are lacking in intelligence or honesty. What are the foundations for this coward's cry? Mr. Asquith is unfriendly, he is a Liberal of the Rosebery type, and loves to pose as a statesman of the old Whig regime. The Whigs killed Scotland's independent legislature as they did Ireland's, and they don't relish the task of undoing their own evil work. Birrell, sore because his Irish Councils' abolition was thrown back in his face, says he cannot see that he can offer anything better, and that Home Rule will not be a factor in the coming election. May we ask when was it that it was left to an English party to make Home Rule an election issue in England? That is a matter for the Irish party. Not only is Ireland to be counted in this question, but the very important Irish vote in Great Britain. A united Irish party, backed by the Irish vote in Great Britain, can make or mar any political party. Time was when Home Rule was not a question of practical politics, but now, like Piquet's ghost, it will not go down. Gladstone exhausted his resources of civilization, exemplified by fierce coercion and withdrawal of all constitutional rights from the Irish peo-



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ple, but he confessed himself beaten, and became himself the champion of Irish Home Rule. Earl Spencer, Viceroy of Ireland under the Gladstone administration, did all that man could do to intimidate the Irish people, and he also confessed himself beaten, and declared coercion could never conquer them, and he advocated Home Rule. Lord Cairnvarnon and Lord Dudley, both Tory Viceroys, are converts to Home Rule. Lord Aberdeen, the present Viceroy, is in favor of Home Rule. Gladstone's Home Rule bill was defeated by thirty Whig rats. Redmond's motion the other day declaring that in the opinion of the House of Commons Home Rule alone could settle the Irish question was carried by a vote of 313 to 157. Does that look as if Home Rule is dead? All Ireland needs is an active campaign in Great Britain to prove to the people of England, Scotland and Wales that Home Rule for Ireland means the advancement of democratic principles. The English labor vote is organized now better than ever before, and it is friendly to the Irish cause. Why, then, should we lose courage? Home Rule is very much alive, and Home Rule is on the crest of the wave of democratic progress that will carry it on to victory.

The foolish word "impossible!" At once, for aye, disdain. No power can bar a people's will. A people's right to gain. Be bold, united, firmly set. Nor flinch in word or tone— We'll be a nation yet. Redeemed—Erect—Alone.—John F. Finerty, in the Chicago Citizen.

The Confessional as Viewed Through Other Eyes.

(S. V. D. in Boston Transcript.)

An institution so essentially Catholic as the tribunal of penance has not, of course, met with universal favor on the part of those whose very religious life originated in protests against things Catholic. Yet in this case at least it would be untrue and unjust to charge all Protestants or all non-Catholics with uncompromising hostility or with failure to acknowledge the great utility and convenience of the practice of confession. True, a little upstart now and then is moved with righteous indignation at the thought of the unhappy practice, froths at the mouth in public and betrays a bent of mind toward the unclean. But there is evidence a-plenty that his views are not shared by the sane and healthy-minded portion of his flock. But if there were a million such, the testimony of the great Leibnitz alone would more than suffice to rule them out of court.

Leibnitz, undoubtedly the greatest Protestant philosopher of modern times, speaks thus: "It cannot be denied that the whole institution of confession deters many from sin, especially those who are not yet thoroughly hardened, and it vouchsafes great consolation to the fallen, so that I believe a pious, earnest and prudent confessor to be a great instrument of God for the salvation of souls. His advice is useful for the regulation of life's passions, for the warring against crime, for the avoidance of the occasions of sin, for the restoration of stolen goods, for the reparation of damage, for the elevation of the depressed mind, finally for the extirpation or mitigation of all the ills of the soul. And if on earth there be hardly anything more precious than to possess a true friend how much more important will such a one then be for us when he, by the inviolable sanctity of a divine sacrament, is bound to be ever faithful and to administer help."

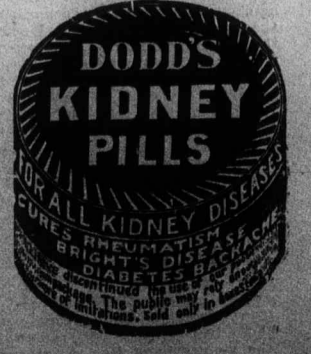
Another distinguished Protestant layman, in a discourse on penitence against the Catholic Church, writes as follows: "Who can deny that millions of Christians have derived from this institution (confession) the impulse to a change in life for the better consolation and peace of the soul; that millions, guided by the hand of a humane leader, have been brought back to the road of

salvation from which they have been removed by their frivolity and passion? What the most powerful public sermons could not bring about has frequently been effected by private administrations." The celebrated Dean Liddon wrote from Christ Church, Oxford, to a friend in 1838: "I have myself used confession whenever I have needed it ever since 1847, and have never regretted it. I think it traces the soul as nothing else does. It helps us, if we will, to repent and make a great moral effort which is not made so easily when we are alone." And to this extraordinary testimony from a champion of religious thought outside the Catholic Church we might add that of another staunch Protestant, Naville, the renowned Egyptologist, who thus exclaims: "Who has not cast envious eyes on the tribunal of penance? Who has not longed in the bitterness of remorse, in the uncertainty of divine pardon, to hear from lips that could speak with the power of Christ, 'Go in peace, thy sins are forgiven thee!'"

Now listen to Voltaire, that arch enemy of the Catholic Church, who did so much to overthrow all religion in France. Confession, says he, is an excellent thing, a restraint upon inveterate crime, a very good device to prevent the guilty from abandoning themselves to despair and relapsing into sin; to influence hearts ulcerated by hatred to forgive, robbers to make restitution. The enemies of the Romish Church who have opposed so beneficial an institution have taken from man the greatest restraint that can be put upon crime.

Plato, the sage of ancient Greece, acknowledged and proclaimed the necessity for confession and taught it to his disciples. Confession, says he, is an excellent thing, a restraint upon inveterate crime, a very good device to prevent the guilty from abandoning themselves to despair and relapsing into sin; to influence hearts ulcerated by hatred to forgive, robbers to make restitution. The enemies of the Romish Church who have opposed so beneficial an institution have taken from man the greatest restraint that can be put upon crime. Plato, the sage of ancient Greece, acknowledged and proclaimed the necessity for confession and taught it to his disciples. Confession, says he, is an excellent thing, a restraint upon inveterate crime, a very good device to prevent the guilty from abandoning themselves to despair and relapsing into sin; to influence hearts ulcerated by hatred to forgive, robbers to make restitution. The enemies of the Romish Church who have opposed so beneficial an institution have taken from man the greatest restraint that can be put upon crime.

Such testimony, and much more that might be adduced, goes to prove, better than any reasoning could do, the natural beneficence of confession of sins as it is practiced with us in the sacrament of penance. These men of acknowledged superior wisdom had either no love for or no knowledge of the Catholic Church; they uttered from the depths of their sincerity the fruit of their unbiased judgment. Their words mean much and confirm strikingly what we know to be true, that God in His Church deals with humans humanly.



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boxed 1011 colored and
al 1061; 11c bid; 555
May 16.—Boarded at
1029 boxes butter and
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at 22 1-2c. as an
22 5-8c, balance re-
Farnham is again bul-
et.
May 16.—At the
cheese board to-day 392
were sold at 22c to
95 boxes of cheese were
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and 200 boxes of cheese
May 16.—At the butter
board to-day, 205 pack-
were boarded, 120
at 22 1-2c. 76 pack-
22 5-8c, balance re-
Farnham is again bul-
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May 18.—465
boarded, all sold at 11

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HOUSE AND HOME

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There are few things we need more to guard against than discouragement. When once we come under its influence, it makes us weak, robbing us of our hope and making onwards of us. Many a life is discouraged and drawn down to failure through discouragement. It is surely a sad picture—this greatest of the old prophets lying there under the little bush in the wilderness, longing to die. If Elijah had died then and there, what an inglorious ending it would have made of his life! As it was, however, he lived to do further glorious work and to see great results from his contest with idolatry. God was kinder to him than he knew.

Grief cannot last, and joy is like a star. That sails a moment through the murk of night. Grief and dread care and all last year's delight. Fade to gray shadows dimly seen afar.

For yonder comes the morning's triumph car. Of the New Day, fair, shining to the light. Filled with young hopes and rose-buds, red and white—What wonders in their petals hidden are!

The tortured wound of last year is less sore. For God sent time to pluck the poisoned dart. There is a taint of rainbow in the tear. What seemed eternal once is little more. Than one long day, the fearful thing O Heart, To fear—kind God!—in all this life is Fear.

—Maurice Francis Egan.

THE SUMMER FASHIONS.

Grace Margaret Gould, the dress expert, says in Woman's Home Companion for May: "There are two distinct types of dress this summer, both emphasizing the straight up-and-down effect. One is the tailored coat suit showing in many instances a cutaway coat, which gives the hipless effect, and a skirt comparatively narrow at the bottom—that is, it is made without the sudden flare that the tailored skirt used to have.

"The other type of dress is the cut-in-one gown, and great will be its favor throughout the summer. In the form of the new princess jumper this cut-in-one dress is a most practical gown to own. It can fasten in the front quite as easily as the back, and it is a model equally good for silk or linen.

"This style dress is always cut out at the neck, and is generally sleeveless, to show the guimpe, or trimmed with a cutaway coat, which gives a modified large armhole effect. Or it may be made, as a number of the imported models are, so that it has much the effect of a ponceau cut out at the neck, but having a sleeve which is cut in one with the bodice.

"Now, of course, there are many variations of these two basic ideas in dress, but whatever the fashionable model this summer, it is sure to be simple in design, lacking entirely any exaggeration in form.

"Perhaps this idea is better shown in the sleeve than anywhere else, which has diminished in a pronounced way in size within the past six months, and now in most cases follows very closely the outline of the arm."

IS SHE DETERIORATING?

Before a women's club the other day a lot of maids and madams discussed the question: "Are the women of to-day an improvement on their foremothers?" Mrs. Hamilton bluntly declared that women had retrograded. "I hold," she said, "that the women of the Colonial days were stronger physically, mentally and morally than the women of to-day."

"The women of to-day," she said, "are unable to perform. 'Go shopping and haven't strength enough to carry home their bundles. They buy their coffee, not only browned, but ground, and then compel their husbands to concoct the beverage for breakfast. I contend that the women of that day were stronger mentally than the women of to-day. Girls were not sent through college then; in fact, they were not even allowed to attend the common school, and yet they were the mothers of such men as Patrick Henry, Samuel Adams and James Monroe. The uneducated women of to-day are only one step above the monkey, and they are the mothers of the toughs of the streets. I contend that our foremothers were stronger morally. Their children were compelled to go to church; they had to learn the catechism; and when a thing was right they did it, whether it was against their comfort or not. For instance, the throwing overboard of the tea. There were but few left-over blessings that day. Almost every woman was a mother. In this day there are a great many wives, but I have seen it estimated somewhere that only seven-tenths of the wives are mothers."

And so the debate clashed and sounded among the maids and matrons, some claiming that woman had advanced until she radiated all the virtues in perfection; others pic-

turning her as a retrograding thing, full of vice and vanity, while still others concluded wisely that she was the same always and forever, reminding us of the verse of some cynical poet of the long ago who said: "The same are women, maids or crones, In every age and clime: Men's hearts they use for stepping stones Across the stream of time." —Catholic Columbian.

PERFUMED HAIR ORNAMENTS.

A cluster of delicate silk flowers is one of the newest hair ornaments in Paris. This is a pretty trifle that becomes more fascinating on closer inspection, for each tiny petal and bud is a silken bag containing delicately-perfumed sachet powder.

The popular wreaths of small flowers are now outvalued by coronets of gold and silver leaves, the points meeting at the centre front. Those of tinselled silk are extremely light and pretty. For the pretty Greuze coiffures beautiful silken ribbons or scarves of chiffon are laced in and out of the soft twists and puffs; and another charming ornament is the 'halo,' a slender gold circlet which rests upon the hair, and is often provided with a little drop of plain or jeweled gold that falls over the forehead.

HOW TO MAKE SHAMPOO SOAP.

Put a teacupful of water into a saucepan, and into this cut up an inch cube of castile soap. Place on the stove and let simmer, not boil, for an hour. Remove from the fire, add one teaspoonful of ammonia and set away until cooled and jellied. Take the white of one egg, beat stiffly and whip into the soap jelly. Use at once if desired. It will keep nicely in a cool place. This leaves the hair soft and fluffy and not sticky, as is usual with hard water.

TO FRESHEN LEATHER CHAIRS.

Wipe the leather with a damp cloth to clean it and let it dry thoroughly. Then rub it over with a soft old cloth dipped in the stiffly-beaten white of an egg.—The May Delineator.

SALT HINTS.

Put damp salt on burns. It kills the pain. Dry salt and a brush will take dust off of velvet, plush and heavy embroidery that cannot be washed. In making fruit pies, when they boil over, sprinkle salt in even and it will not smell. Add a pinch of salt to starch. It will keep the irons from sticking. Rub salt on griddle and it will not smoke. A little salt under tongue will stop nose bleeding. Salt on fingers when cleaning fowls, meat or fish will prevent slipping. Salt as a gargle will cure sore throat. Salt in solution, inhaled, is good for cold in the head. Salt in water is the best thing to clear willow ware and matting. Salt in oven under baking tins will prevent scorching on the bottom. Salt puts out a fire in the chimney. Salt and vinegar will remove stains from discolored tea-cups. Salt and soda is excellent for bee stings and spider bites. Salt thrown on soot which has fallen on carpet will prevent stain. Salt thrown on a coal fire which is low will revive it.

RENOVATING OF PILLOWS.

Renovating of pillows is of vast importance during the house cleaning season. Stuffing in more feathers when your pillows wear soft is a thing most unexperienced housekeepers dread, and with good reason for unless it is done just so the feathers fly every which way, bits of the soft down clinging to hair and dress and everything in the room with a persistency remarkable in such apparent yielding things. When that necessary time comes around, shut yourself up in as empty a room as you can get (a small one is best), taking all the pillows which need filling, a case full of feathers (or another pillow from which you propose to replenish the others), strong thread and stout needles and a knife for the ripping.

Tuck your hair up under a cap or tie a big handkerchief over it. Don't wear a cloth dress to do the work in, even though you take the precaution to put on a big work apron—the kind that covers you up from throat to hem. Those feathers have a way of creeping along the floor—the slight drafts of air caused by your movements being sufficient excuse—and attaching themselves to the hem of your dress.

Close doors and windows before you begin your work. Then with your knife rip open the end of the one whose contents are to be divided among the others. An old method was to transfer the feathers by hand-fuls, pressing each little lot well down before taking another. But a better way is to insert the ripped end of the pillow to be emptied into that to be filled and then to shake down enough to make it fairly—but only fairly—hard. Then slip your hand inside and push the remaining feathers far back, at the same time working the edges of the ticking together. When you fi-

nally separate them there will be fewer feathers set flying around aimlessly than in any other way. Pin the seam of the filled pillow together and begin on the next, doing all of them before you sew up any, but seaming them all before you leave the room.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

JUST SO.

"What is the meaning of the word 'tantalising'?" asked a teacher, in one of the Tubbercurry National schools. "Please, ma'am," spoke up Johnny Carney, "it means a circus procession passing the school house, and the scholars not allowed to look out."

THE WRONG PLACE.

"If ye please, mum," said the ancient hero, in an appealing voice, as he stood at the back door of the cottage on washday. "I've lost my leg—"

A DARK RESPONSE.

An industrious colored woman, who had left her husband on account of his 'shiftlessness' and gone out to service, received a letter from him asking her to send him five dollars for spending money. To this she replied: "You impudent, lazy rascal, I'll not cook, wash and iron to furnish you spot'in' money. I spects to eat de goose what picks de grass dat grows upon your grave yit!" She had scorched both ends of the letter received and written this on the back. Then she enclosed it in a fresh envelope and sent it by special delivery.—The Bee.

WHY SHE COULDN'T.

"O, I couldn't love him." "Why not?" "He wears a wig—The very idea." Then the dear creature removed two rats, some puffs, a coronet braid, a pompadour, a switch, and sat down to peruse a novel.

BOYS' AND GIRLS

a Pause in the Day's Occupation.

ESTHER'S WAY.

Everyone was full of sympathy for the Fuller twins when their mother was taken ill. The door-bell rang so often that either Janey or Bess had to be on duty most of the time to answer it and give the latest report from the sick-room. Mary, the maid-of-all-work, had no time for answering the bell, for sickness in the house made a great deal of extra work, and Mary declared that she was never finished, she only stopped when she was too tired to do any more.

Claribel Hughes was especially sorry for Janey and Bess, who were two of her most intimate friends. "They're so worried, poor dears!" she told herself. "I'm going in as often as I can and cheer them up." As a matter of fact, she went nearly every day, and stayed anywhere from one hour to three, chattering gaily of her various good times. The girls sometimes gave abstracted answers. Claribel took it for granted that this was because they were so anxious about their mother.

But when Esther Corrigan came she slipped in at the back door, and glided noiselessly as a shadow. Bess found her one afternoon when one of Claribel's long visits had come to an end, in the little sewing-room upstairs, darning away for dear life. "Stockings will wear out, even when there's sickness in the house," she remarked, smiling up at Bess. "Inconsiderate of them, isn't it? By the way, I woke up in the night, and the light in your room was burning."

"We didn't get through with our work till very late," Bess admitted. "I don't know why we are so slow."

And then the bellrang and she hurried down to receive another caller who wanted to know just how her mother was, and to tell a long story of illness in her own home the previous winter.

Some of Claribel's friends were enthusiastic over her devotion to the Fuller girls. "She's been there nearly every day," they said. "Wasn't it sweet of her. It must have done them so much good. Claribel's so bright and full of fun."

As for the backstairs visitor who had done the darning and the dusting and had slipped away without asking anyone to entertain her, no one thought of her at all. No one, that is to say, except the Fuller girls.

THE TRACKWALKERS DAUGHTER.

A frown was on Margaret Carew's face. It should not have been there, for she was only sixteen years of age, and had her whole life before her, she was well and strong, and the quickest of the girls at figures over was there and she looked off to the in the school-house. But the frown smoke curling from the weather-beaten and somewhat deserted cabin of the miners dotting the mountainside and wondered why her father must be a trackwalker, when some other girls' father—here she stopped and drew a long breath as she picked up the basket resting on the ground beside her and began making her way along the uneven road that led to the track up the mountainside. A few steps taken, Margaret stood and gazed up at Mt. Hope, snowcapped and radiant in the morning sunshine, and something of its strength and calm entered into her heart.

"I just won't rebel!—and father so brave," she murmured resolutely. "He's getting stronger every day, and it isn't as if we hadn't the mountains and this glorious air."

But alas for Margaret's resolve! A minute later the sight of Mr. Burton, superintendent of the Ouzay Mine, who passed her riding on his black horse, brought the frown back to her face.

"What business has one man to ride, and another man just as good—and father is as good as Mr. Burton—to walk, walk, walk through the days!" she cried bitterly.

In this vein did Margaret's thoughts run all the way up the mountainside to the little section-house near the railroad, where she was bearing her father's dinner to him. Every day in the week, save Saturday, Mr. Carew carried his dinner along in a pail, but on Saturday it was Margaret's pleasure that her father should have a hot dinner. Usually the self-imposed duty was an agreeable one, for Margaret thoroughly enjoyed the bracing walk, and the little visit at the end with her father. He was always so appreciative of the little surprises in the form of a bit of agate or a specimen of unique ore the miners gave him. But this morning Margaret was out of tune; a sore spot in her sensitive nature had been touched—and not even the knowledge that her father was a college graduate and

SOUND HEALTH FOR ALL CHILDREN.

Disease attacks the little ones through the digestive organs. Baby's Own Tablets are the best thing in the world for all stomach and bowel troubles of children. They act quickly and are absolutely safe. If necessary the Tablets can be crushed to a powder or dissolved in water. Mrs. Wm. F. Gay, St. Elizabeth, P.E.I., says:—"I know of nothing to equal Baby's Own Tablets for the cure of stomach and bowel troubles. I can't speak too highly of this medicine and do not feel safe without a box of Tablets in the house." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Centenary of Balfe.

By the Rev. Hugh F. Blunt, in Donahoe's for May. If the Irish Genius of music ever became incarnate on this earth, surely it was in the person of Eric's most melodious son, Michael William Balfe, the hundredth anniversary of whose birth we celebrate on May 17th of the present year. It is a fortunate day for us, not so much for the musical world has to an alarming extent outgrown his art, but as a memory of one who for many years of his life enjoyed the fame and consequent happiness with which the undisputed talents. "How the world wags indeed," I thought, as I pondered over the two score and more of his operas and innumerable songs which I found upon my shelves of the Brown music collection in the Boston Public Library. Here were operas which once aroused the enthusiasm of the beaux and belles of the early days of the departed century, when my lady fair won her way to the hearts of gallant admirers by the involuntary tears which bedewed her cheek as she sang the tender melody of "The Light of Other Days." Gone forever are the beaux and belles, gone, too, are their soft hands, the Catherine Greys, the Sicilian Brides, the Iolanthes, and their kindred sisters who strutted their brief hour on the stage as a prelude to unbroken repose in the catcombs of the library shelves. All are dead and buried but the immortal "Bohemian Girl," ever to be a favorite while there are men who prefer a line of melody to a Wagnerian leit-motif. It is this work which has kept Balfe apart from the mere names, and makes men remember not his multitudinous scores but the man himself, who in his life had fame impossible for her to gain the other side, and Summit station, but she knew that her father would have recognized no such word as fail in a like situation, and neither would she.

Struggling and staggering, finding a foothold on this piece of rock or that, Margaret persevered till, mud stained from head to foot, she at last reached the other side. The remainder of the way to the station around a second and lesser curve was then traversed, and a report of the slide conveyed to Peter Noonan. In a very short time a gang of men were at work, while the flagged train waited.

"I am glad you could do it, daughter," the father said, when hearing from the men how the accident had been averted. "I was glad, too, I could do it, father dear," answered Margaret. "And it was just because you have always told me to keep straight ahead when hard things came."

Mr. Carew laughed. "That's the way hard things are done, Maggie. And he shut his lips tightly. Only he and his God knew how hard some of the things were that had been asked of him.

Another man had been placed as trackwalker before Mr. Carew was again able to use his sprained ankle. But the men had not been slow in making known Maggie Carew's scramble over the landslide, and Mr. Burton had listened with twinkling eyes.

"Yes, yes," he said. And when Mr. Carew was ready for the place, there was a place ready for him in Mr. Burton's office.

Red Blood Good Health.

Spring blood is thin and watery until Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food is used.

Red blood is the foundation of health and strength. The same parts of the blood which give it color—the red corpuscles—also contain the elements which sustain and invigorate the body and its organs.

It is because the blood is thin, weak and watery in the spring that nearly everybody requires a blood-builder and restorative.

Now what Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food does is to increase the number of red corpuscles in the blood or in other words to make the blood redder and richer in the elements which go to build up new cells and tissues or to replace those wasted by disease or in the process of living.

Redden the blood by the use of Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food and you lift yourself from that low level of health which leaves you tired and languid and an easy victim of consumption or some form of wasting or contagious disease.



Turns Bad Blood into Rich Red Blood.

No other remedy possesses such perfect cleansing, healing and purifying properties. Externally, heals Sores, Ulcers, Abscesses, and all Eruptions. Internally, restores the Stomach, Liver, Bowels and Blood to healthy action. If your appetite is poor, your energy gone, your ambition lost, B.B.B. will restore you to the full enjoyment of happy vigorous life.

Answers to Important Questions.

"Some of our non-Catholic brethren," said Rev. M. J. Riordan, of Baltimore, in a recent sermon "ask by what right the Church assumes to make laws validating or invalidating marriage. This is a fair question and deserves an answer. Marriage is not only a legal relation, but a holy union as well, a divine institution as revealed in Genesis and in the New Testament. The State prescribes conditions and disabilities for marriage in so far as it is a purely civil contract, and the Church does the same in so far as it is a religious act. In certain parts of the United States the civil law makes a marriage between first cousins void, and in England for centuries a man might not validly marry his dead wife's sister. The State establishes nullifying matrimonial impediments in order to promote social welfare. The Church does the same thing for the spiritual advantage of her children.

Marie

Editor Monitor, Kindly let me know if you have any valuable paper if you can. Marie Corelli, who is Marie Corelli, is she pagan, in (Signed) Father Bosworth, Indian, recently and thoroughly Catholic Examiner Marie Corelli. Hi careful, searching have been published "The Writings of Herder, publisher, therefore we quote Master Christian". This romance coming back to us in order to reveal true meaning of O after a few months close his divine idiosyncrasy and his departure of an Italian cardinal pre by name, but unnamed, discovered in Rouen and adopted of extraordinary wonderful character. The boy every opportunity to his view religion and religion around him. But Rome that he makes in the presence of to criticize the rich of the Vatican archbishop, as having generally, as having spirit. The only in name. As a nondescript crowd relli's imagination for a dreamy pi Swedenborgian in Helobas ("Rou workers") in point transgress himself on the views and practice religion, an outset with only Church. Instead of the interests of his him fraternizing with Corelli's religion, the Salvationist. Paris and Rome; a gets his high position, in place of the public. His reputation with deposition by critics he consults to advise severs his Theopou he gets the same day to after receiving a the boy in his Christ.

We have restricted the barest outlines Catholic readers to bring more of than is necessary. Marie Corelli "The Master Christ the most hostile to advice severs his Theopou he gets the same day to after receiving a the boy in his Christ. We have restricted the barest outlines Catholic readers to bring more of than is necessary. Marie Corelli "The Master Christ the most hostile to advice severs his Theopou he gets the same day to after receiving a the boy in his Christ. We have restricted the barest outlines Catholic readers to bring more of than is necessary. Marie Corelli "The Master Christ the most hostile to advice severs his Theopou he gets the same day to after receiving a the boy in his Christ.

Advertisement for Sun S with text: "You wonder the clothes with so little It is just Sun S with peculiar washing." Includes a small logo for "SURPRISE".

Marie Corelli--A Question Answered.

Editor Monitor, Query Column: Kindly let me know through your valuable paper if "The Master Christian" by Marie Corelli, is good reading for Catholics.

Writ, and summoning its holy inspired authors, Apostles and martyrs of Christ, before the tribunal of her private opinion, reiterates over and over again her accusation against all Christian churches, of having fallen away from the true doctrine and spirit of the Saviour; and after vilifying St. Paul and insidiously blackening the character of St. Peter (calling him "Barabbas"), she has the effrontery to close the romance with the adoration, which is the burden of the whole book, "When the Son of Man cometh, think ye He shall find faith on earth?"

Another Modern Miracle Paralysis Permanently Cured.

The Sufferer Paralyzed From Waist to Feet--Encased in Plaster of Paris for Nine Months--Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cure After Four Doctors Had Failed--The Cure Vouched for by a Well Known Clergyman.

Paralysis, no matter how slight, is a terrible affliction, but to be paralyzed from waist to the feet, to be a helpless cripple, totally dependent upon what others do for you, is a condition as wretched as man could possibly bear.

Paralysis of others who had been cured of paralysis through them. I bought a supply and in less than three months they made a remarkable change in me. I was able to get out of bed and crawl along the floor on my hands and knees. Gradually my limbs became stronger. Soon I could walk with the aid of a cane and inside nine months after I had begun the use of the Pills I was totally cured, and once more able to do light work.

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attacks the little ones digestive organs. Baby's are the best thing in all stomach and bowel children. They act quick absolutely safe. If necessary can be crushed to a dissolved in water. Mrs. St. Eleanor, P.E.I., know of nothing to equal Tablets for the cure of bowel troubles. I can't say highly of this medicine I feel safe without a let in the house. Sold by dealers or by mail at 25 from The Dr. Williams' Co., Brockville, Ont.

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WATERBURY'S BLOOD PURIFIERS

Bad Blood into Red Blood. Remedy possesses such cleansing, healing and purifying properties. It cures, heals Sores, Ulcers, and all Eruptions. It restores the Stomach, and Blood to healthy condition. It restores your appetite if poor, your energy if gone, your ambition if low, and will restore you to the enjoyment of happy vigor.

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Satisfaction follows the surprise of every housewife who uses Surprise Soap

You wonder how it can make the clothes so white and clean, with so little rubbing? It is just SOAP--perfectly pure with peculiar qualities for washing clothes. Try it the next wash. Read the directions on the wrapper.



assassin Lotys in "Temporal Power," and in "Master Christian," the religious leveler and would-be parricide Cyrilion; the street ranter Leigh made in America; and the salvationist cardinal Bonpre.

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS

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

The Revival of Religion of France.

(The Liverpool Catholic Times.) The Paris correspondent of the Birmingham Daily Post writes: "The work of the French Church is not confined to wedding, but to sowing new seed, is a fact so noticeable that the 'Acacia,' the reviewer of the Freemasons, has returned to it several times of late. Take for example the following passage: 'The effort being effected at this moment by the Church to reconstitute herself under the regime of liberty is considerable, and those who follow this movement in the clerical journals, especially in La Croix, are struck by the activity and intelligence employed. The object proposed is evidently to reconquer the souls that had been left to glide into indifference under the dolce far niente of the Concordat regime. Will it succeed? That which is certain is that many persons belonging to the mass of indifferent still consider certain ceremonies of religion, such as marriage, baptism, First Communion, and burials as obligatory social rites. Look around you, and see for yourselves the number of purely civil marriages, non-baptism, and civil interments. Ask the school-teachers what is the proportion of non-communicants to communicants among their pupils,

and you will then realize the force, not of religion properly so called, but of the social rite of ecclesiastical ceremonies and consecrations. And from this accomplishment of the rite may result the return to religious belief."

With regard to the printed propaganda of French Catholics, the 'Acacia' speaks of it as a "formidable organization," and adds that "the printing works of La Croix is a veritable factory, turning out at every instant books, brochures, and tracts, sold for a mere trifle because they are printed by millions. Up till lately, priests were the great propagators of La Croix; now we see occupying themselves two associations of ladies of society--the Ligue des Femmes Francaises and the Ligue Patriotique des Francaises."

Let us add that, since a few months, the tone of La Croix has been raised. From the journalistic point of view, it is admirably conducted, and furnishes in abundance the arguments that suit priests and pious persons. The way in which the churches of Paris have been thronged this Easter time is fully confirmatory of the views of the 'Acacia.' 'We have left you the use of the churches,' said a Ministerial senator to his Conservative colleagues. 'Because you couldn't help yourselves,' was the immediate retort. The whole question, as far as the attitude of the French Government is concerned, lies there. For some time to come, further acts of drastic legislation need not be feared. A church will be disaffected here and there, there will be solitary instances of gross tyranny and sacrilege, but the general sentiment is to let sleeping dogs lie. The Catholic revival has created a current of opinion which, imprudently interfered with, may grow into a torrent. M. Clemenceau has shown on numerous occasions of late a desire to act with a certain amount of consideration. He listens to complaints, and redresses them when, on enquiry, they are shown to be well founded.

"Loss of Religion Means Racial Decay-Vaughan.

It is impossible, on reading Father Vaughan's "Sins of Society," not to see that his animadversions upon what is termed in London the Smart Set, applies just as well to the corresponding coteries in other capitals of the world, and as much to New York as to any other. The first and worst evil to be noted, says the English Jesuit, is the steadily decreasing birth-rate. History has ever proved that a dwindling birth-rate is a symptom of national decrepitude, and a high infant mortality is a prodigious waste of national resources. The Roman Empire perished for

want of men, and all nations whose inhabitants persist for a large part in profaning the sanctity of wedded life by refusing to do their duty to God and country, must follow the same course.

Yet seldom, says the Jesuit, do we find a nation that has once taken to this vicious habit, come to repent of it. On the contrary, sorts of arguments are sought for in order to justify and defend its course.

Another symptom of national decadence is the greed for gold. Make haste to get rich, is the cry all along the line. Hence the rush for quick returns, for dividends, for ready money. Nobody wants to "labor and to wait." All want to cry off ducats and get to play. And this is due to the crass materialism that sways the age we live in.

The churches have lost their hold upon the educated classes. The modern men and women do not believe in God, or in Heaven or in Hell. The articles of their creed, like the articles of dress, change with their environment, or with the social functions in which they happen to find themselves. Christianity has become to them nothing more than a name, a mere badge of respectability. It has ceased to be an influence; it boras them. Modern thought has robbed men of their religion, and given them nothing in exchange. A word for those Catholics who have allowed themselves to be infected by the prevailing worldliness, who have forgotten "what they have heard with their ears and what their fathers told them, the wonderful works of God in their days and in the days of old."

clear. We belong to the old tradition; we know that we are as intimately under the guiding hand of God to-day as the Church was in the Apostolic age; that Pope Pius X is our actual infallible Teacher in matters of faith and morals, and that so long as we are trying to bring our practice up to the level of our belief, we, too, are making the very best of ourselves both for God and the Nation. Finally, Father Vaughan reminds all who claim to be followers of Christ to bear in mind that among a practical people which tests the worth of a religion by its action on daily life, they will do far more for the regeneration and reformation of society by living the life of the Gospel than by distributing copies of it; that by becoming themselves less frivolous and more industrious, less philosophical and more religious, less controversial and more prayerful, they will be rendering the highest services to God and the Nation.--N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

SUFFERING WOMEN

who find life a burden, can have health and strength restored by the use of

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

The present generation of women and girls have more than their share of misery. With some it is nervousness and palpitation, with others weak, dizzy and fainting spells, while with others there is a general collapse of the system. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills tone up the nerves, strengthen the heart and make it beat strong and regular, create new red blood corpuscles, and impart that sense of buoyancy to the spirits that is the result of renewed mental and physical vigor. Mrs. D. O. Donoghue, Orillia, Ont., writes: "For over a year I was troubled with nervousness and heart trouble. I decided to give Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills a trial, and after using five boxes I found I was completely cured. I always recommend them to my friends." Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25. All dealers or The T. Milburn Co., Limited Toronto, Ont.

A Night in the Sick Ward.

It was 7 o'clock in the evening, and the hospital bell clanged loudly. The portress went promptly to the door, and found there a youth of 19 years, whose flushed face and eyes that burned in their sockets like living coals told at a glance their story of desperate illness.

"I want to see the superior," said he.

The superior was called, and the young man, who had been given an armchair, handed her a letter, a communication from the principal physician on the hospital staff, requesting the superior to admit the bearer and place him in an isolated ward, as he had every symptom of the dread smallpox.

Now, at the time at which we write, there was no municipal hospital in the city, nor was there called a "pest house." All diseases were sent to the Sisters' Hospital, and were there, as in always the case, humanely and properly treated. The reason why the Sisters' Hospital had an isolated small-pox ward was as follows: There was no hospital in the city, and the authorities had contracted with the Sisters to care for the marines, or the river men, who worked for the government. Some ten months before a packet had come up the river and was stranded in low water. Eight or ten hands, all negroes, had remained on board, waiting for the water to rise. Idling away among the days, smallpox broke out among them, and all were stricken. Application was made at the Sisters' Hospital, and in pursuance of their contract the Sisters accepted the cases, prepared a ward entirely apart from the hospital proper, and appointed the nurses to care for the loathsome disease. Several of the men succumbed, and under the religious care of the Sisters their deaths were holy and happy. The majority of the number got well, however, and the ward had been vacant for some time. But here was an occupant, and no time was lost preparing a clean, comfortable bed for him. He was conducted to the ward and told to prepare for a hot bath.

"There is no use," said the young man, "for me to take the remedies, for I will die to-night. I only came here to see a priest."

"But," said the Sister who was placed in charge of the patient, "the priest does not live at this hospital. He has finished his duties here and gone to the parish house, and will not return until early morning, when he will say Mass. We shall bring him to you as soon as he comes."

"But it will be too late," said the young man. "I shall not be living then."

"Why the doctor did not say you were in a dangerous condition," said the Sister. "Had you not better submit to treatment and wait till morning?"

"I beg you," said the patient, "I implore you, to send for a priest. I assure you I will be dead in the morning. I am dying now, though you do not know it."

He did not seem in the slightest danger of immediate death, but his manner startled the nun, in spite of her convictions. She spoke through the tube used for that purpose (for she, too, was isolated) to the superior, and urged her to send a messenger for the hospital chaplain. The superior rather reluctantly complied, thinking the request somewhat unreasonable, yet wishing rather to err on the safe side.

When the nurse told the young man the priest had been sent for, he was greatly relieved, and when the Sister bathed his feet, and saw that he had remedies and went to bed, he turned to her and said:

"I want to tell you why I want the priest. I am an orphan since I was twelve years old, and am bound out to a farmer, who sends me to the market every day with a load of produce. This morning I came in as usual, and was taken with this sickness. Some friends brought me to the doctor, and he gave me the letter I brought here. When the doctor told me I was going to be pretty sick, I told him I knew it, but that I wanted first to see a priest. Well, said he, 'I'll send you where you will see a priest and all your religious needs will be attended to. I'll send you to the Sisters' Hospital.' I was glad to come because I believe in Catholic teachings, and was afraid I had waited too long before."

"Then you are not a Catholic?" exclaimed the Sister, in amazement.

"No; I am not of any religion. The

people I live with have no religion, either. But I want to tell you something before I die."

Here the Sister smiled, for, while the young man was flushed and feverish, there was no other visible sign of the disease, and, least of all, of death.

"You don't think I will die? Well, time will tell. There is something within me that speaks louder than words."

"But how did you come to want a priest so much?" said the Sister, smiling strangely moved.

"I had two friends, Catholic boys of my own age. We met every market day, and they took me to their church to Mass. It was a poor little place, their church, but the priest was a fine man; and when he spoke it went to my heart, and I liked to hear him. And when church was over the boys explained what the priest said about saving your soul. I often thought about it, but had no chance to ask any one. About three weeks ago this priest told the people that the crowd was getting more than the little church could hold, and he wanted to build a new church. And he said every little would help, and that every dollar would go into the fund and get God's blessing. 'And besides,' said he, 'I will pray every day at my Mass for those who will make their offerings to the building of God's house, that they may have as their reward a happy life and a holy death.'"

The patient paused a moment, as if hesitating about his next communication.

"And what else?"

"Well," said the young man, "I had on the 17th of my own, and I walked up to the priest after the Mass, and I said to him, 'Father, this is all I have, but I hope you won't refuse it because I am poor and not of your way of believing. I'd like to see that church built.' He looked into my face, took my hand and said, 'My son, you will not die until you are of our way of believing. I shall pray for you every day at Mass that you may become a good Catholic.'"

"I didn't tell my two friends anything about it, but when I found myself getting dead sick this morning I put the horse and wagon in the hands of people that I know, and when the doctor said I should come here, I was determined to see a priest first of all and find out the way to die in the true faith."

Just here the messenger announced through the speaking tube that the chaplain had arrived, and was about coming to the patient. The Sister told the young man, and he was overjoyed.

She went to the room adjoining the ward and met the priest, to whom she briefly told the circumstances.

The chaplain was soon at the bedside of the patient. A few questions brought out the fact that he had never been baptized, and as he insisted, with a pertinacity that was remarkable and impressive, that he was going to die, the chaplain, after asking a few questions, baptized him.

"There are some other sacraments," said the young man, "I heard them talked about in the church. Can't I be anointed, and could I receive holy communion?"

The chaplain was amazed. He questioned the young man and obtained a detailed account of his life, and, after instructing him for some time, proposed waiting until the morning, as there was no apparent danger, and he would come a little earlier to say his Mass. It was now after 11 o'clock.

"Father," pleaded the young man, "I want so much to be an entire Catholic; it will be too late in the morning. Something tells me so. Won't you do everything before you go?"

The priest hesitated, and then, unable to withstand his own conviction that here was a most extraordinary case, told the patient he would anoint him and give him the Holy Viaticum.

Most reverently did the poor youth receive these sacraments. When all was over and the priest was about to leave, he suggested some aspirations that might comfort the patient during the night. Finally he said: "I will see you early in the morning. Good night, my son."

"Good night, Father, and goodbye. And I thank you from my heart."

The priest did not speak, but left the room.

The Sister sat quietly at a distance from the bed, her hands in her hands. The clocks chimed out midnight, and then the small hours. Every now and then the young man would repeat aloud the aspirations the priest had suggested over and over again. About 3 o'clock he was silent, and the Sister went over to the pillow, hoping he had fallen asleep. One glance told her he was dead. She repeated the prayers for the departing soul, and within the brief hour he had passed away in his baptismal robes to the presence of his Father in heaven, who had won this guileless soul, and by ways men can never understand brought him through the dark valley of death surrounded by all the graces of redemption.

The Sister closed his eyes, folded his hands over the crucifix that lay on his breast, and softly left the room, breathing a "De Profundis."

It was nearly 5 o'clock as she passed the great timepiece in the corridor, and, although it was so early, she saw the familiar figure of the chaplain advancing toward her.

"I could not get our patient out of my head all night," said the priest, "so I have come early. How is he this morning?"

"He is with God," reverently said the nun. "He died at 4 o'clock."

Was it because he was a lonely orphan that our Father in Heaven opened His arms and gave him this intuition of death? Was it the clean, honest example of those Catholic working boys that made him think of his soul? Was it his own humble charity that prompted him to help with his mite the building of God's temple? Or, most of all, was it the divine efficacy of the holy Mass wherein his name was mentioned, that procured this happy death?

We know not, we dare not say. But we know that all these things are tremendous forces impelling the soul towards a glorious salvation.

Let those who read over this true story—Rev. Richard W. Alexander, in Catholic Standard and Times.

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50c a box—6 boxes for \$2.50. 89

Defamer of Saints Called to Account.

(From Catholic Columbian.)

The publishers of what is known as the Grand Rapids Furniture Record got a surprising jar from an Indianapolis merchant a few days ago for an insulting story entitled "The Leap Year Legend," which appeared in their paper, "The Woman's Record," in the April issue.

This publication is made of reading matter for house keepers, and is sent out through big furniture houses all over the country to be given away for advertising purposes with the compliments of the local store. The Feeny Furniture and Stove Company of Indianapolis made a contract for the "Woman's Record," and have been sending out a large number among their customers in Indianapolis and the surrounding territory. The volume is a very neat one, and ordinarily contains good, clean, wholesome reading matter. The April number, however, contained a most objectionable, and for Catholics, a most scandalous, sketch on the first page. In this sketch St. Bridget is represented as appealing to St. Patrick on behalf of the nuns in her convent, for the privilege of proposing to men. It is written in the most absurd style, and in a manner most offensive to the Catholic sense of reverence for their saints who led such holy and spotless lives.

When George Feeny glanced over the "Woman's Record" and read this vile stuff on the first page he resolved that not one copy of the scandalous and insulting publication should reach his customers. By his direction the following letter was addressed to the offending concern:

Indianapolis, April 6, 1908. The Grand Rapids Furniture Record Co., Grand Rapids, Mich., Gentlemen:—Enclosed herewith please find invoice which we are returning to you as it will be impossible for us to use this month's issue of the "Woman's Record." We do not care to insult our customers by handing them a magazine containing such an absurd article as the "Leap

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1886; incorporated 1863; revised 1840. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Chaplain, Rev. Gerald McShane, P.P.; President, Mr. W. P. Kearney; 1st Vice-President, Mr. H. J. Kavanaugh; 2nd Vice-President, Mr. E. McQuirk; Treasurer, Mr. W. Durack; Corresponding Secretary, Mr. T. W. Wright; Recording Secretary, Mr. T. P. Tansey; Asst. Recording Secretary, Mr. M. E. Tansey; Marshal, Mr. D. Campbell; Asst. Marshal, Mr. P. Connolly.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 Alexander street, at 8:30 p.m. Committee of Management meets in same hall on the first Tuesday of every month, at 8 p.m. Rev. Director, Rev. Jas. Kiloran; President, Mr. J. O'Donnell; Rec. Sec., J. J. Tynan, 222 Prince Arthur street.

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

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Year Legend. Some of our best patrons are the followers of St. Patrick and St. Bridget, and would quickly resent such a legend. Had you attached the author's name to the article, we would give him some authenticated information concerning both Saints and also the origin of Leap Year. Reliable writers say St. Bridget was only twelve years of age at the time of the death of St. Patrick; hence could not have entered a convent at that early age, much less be guilty of the insulting maneuvering which you have attributed to her.

The magazines are here awaiting your disposal, as we cannot use them. Registering very much that you should put such a spot upon an otherwise attractive little book, we are,

Yours truly,

Feeny Furniture and Stove Co. The Grand Rapids concern replied by disclaiming any intention of insult to the followers of St. Patrick and St. Bridget, and making the claim that the article was written by an Irish Catholic named Walsh in his "Curiosities of Public Customs." "The absurdity of the legend," it said, "like all legends, is apparent to any thinking man or woman, for it is quite certain that neither St. Bridget nor St. Patrick would use the stage 'brogue' quoted in the legend itself, and adds that it does not believe that the followers of St. Patrick and St. Bridget would resent the publication, in which the Grand Rapids Company showed its complete ignorance of the Irish character.

It is needless to say that the letter from the publishers of the scandal was weak, evasive and reeking with absurdity. We don't know who "Walsh, the devout Roman Catholic" is, or whether he is a native son of Ireland. But we doubt very much if any person entitled to those appellations inflicted such an injury on his faith and race. Even if he did, it speaks very badly for the judgment and common sense and decency of the Grand Rapids Furniture Company to send broadcast such a loathsome abomination as the story that appeared on its front page in its April issue.

Mr. Feeny did right. He has shown a public spirit which is commendable. If other merchants would

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take the same step under similar circumstances there would be less vilification of things that pertain to our holy faith, less ridicule and burlesque hurled at the Catholic Church and the Irish race through the medium of such publications.

Holloway's Corn Cure takes the corn out by the roots. Try it and prove it.

Synopsis of Canada North-West

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

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

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

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 requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon said land.

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

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

TRULY A STRUGGLING MISSION

In The Diocese of Northampton.

FAKENHAM, NORFOLK, ENGLAND.

This Mission of St. Anthony of Padua was started by me nearly three years ago by command of the late Bishop of Northampton.

I had then, and I have now, no Church, no Presbytery, no Diocesan Grant, no Endowment (except Holy Land).

I am still obliged to say Mass and give Benediction in a man upper room. Yet, such as it is, this is the sole outpost of Catholicism in a division of the County of Norfolk measuring 25 x 20 miles.

The weekly offerings of the congregation are necessarily small. We must have outside help for the present, or haul down the flag.

The generosity of the Catholic Public has enabled us to secure a valuable site for Church and Presbytery. We have money in hand towards the cost of building, but the Bishop will not allow us to go into debt.

I am most grateful to those who have helped us, and trust they will continue their charity.

To those who have not helped I would say—"For the sake of the Cause give something, if only a little." It is easier and more pleasant to give than to beg. Speed the glad hour when I need no longer plead for a permanent Home for the Blessed Sacrament.

FATHER H. W. GRAY,
Catholic Mission, Fakenham, Norfolk, Eng'd.

P. S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation, and send with my acknowledgment a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart and St. Anthony.

(EPISCOPAL AUTHORIZATION)
Dear Father Grey,
You have duly accounted for the aims which you have received, and you have placed them securely in the names of Diocesan Trustees. Your efforts have gone far towards providing what is necessary for the establishment of a permanent Mission at Fakenham. I authorize you to continue to solicit alms for this object until, in my judgment, it has been fully attained.

Yours faithfully in Christ,
F. W. KEATING,
Bishop of Northampton.

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THURSDAY MAY

Prov

Madame Weir where the white tersweet vine, the age, made a fault her beautiful old timeworn's attitude younger than she, adoring her as the old, was com Mary Catherine's strength, a picture, a young, was in fashion, for intel- tively older peop- timate than she, seeing her, began "Hurry up, child Mary Catherine's bush and paused bush and paused "Hurry up, child Mary Catherine's she neared the st with haste and said "What is it, I asked. There w between them. "I am by gracious "Why," said Ma to talk to you, see anything as, ing toward me, c want to hurry it." Mary Catherine's step and put her on the old lady's laid a hand on hand trembled. and in some w. an "Oh, my frail, without definite She got up, and old friend's side. "What is it?" Madam Weir w looking at her, and even seeming together. Out a beds the great ning, not in bloc hurrying promise "Everything lo Madam Weir, at rine, I'm old." The girl looked was a woman wly without comp weakness, as if the decorum of Catherine spoke tively honest. "Why no, you' Madam Weir s looking at the g not old, she w "I had to see about my will." "Don't!" cried voluntarily. "Of course place. "I should th grandson." "My only re specified. "He'll money, too. I need it. They se pictures ever here?" asked Ma, figuring out tracks they might ance of darker t "Five years." "No. There w ing. He's going sketching into to minded him of see down by "They'll be in flower, you se plainly, yet a pain, and Mary "that this was t ly. "No, child, no Dick's young. I got things to portant to pain paint as nobody my will. Of c a legacy." "Don't!" said "But besides another legacy, given you the g "The garden knew it for the day delight of "Yes. You u garden is to me you it shows ho It means a bit estate, but I w Besides, it sho trust you. I k of it." Mary Catherine were full of tea "If you shoul or shouldn't fee that's another l lady, with a r good sense. "I don it at once. it over." "I shan't plo Catherine sob grassed over." Madam Weir den interest. "I want to te things about it. I were leaving care of, I shoul change of them their peculiarit ing to adopt my that line down did

Canada North-West

AD REGULATIONS

numbered section of on Land in Manitoba, and Alberta, except, not reserved, may be by any person who is of a family, or any years of age, to any quarter section of 160 r less.

STRUGGLING MISSION

Use of Northampton, Norfolk, England.

of St. Anthony of Padua, by me nearly three years ago, and the late Bishop of Northampton, Norfolk, England.

of the Catholic Public Schools, and the late Bishop of Northampton, Norfolk, England.

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Provence Roses.

(By Alice Brown.)

Madame Weir sat on the porch, where the white pillars and the bitternest vines, thick with dark leafy and a faultless background for age, made a beautiful old face and her gentlewoman's attitude of rest. Her intimate friend, Mary Catherine, younger than she by fifty years, but adoring her as the young can adore the old, was coming up the walk.

Mary Catherine did hurry. When she reached the steps, she was pink with haste and smiling anticipation. "What is it, Aunt Ellen?" she asked. There was no real kinship between them. The old lady was aunt by gracious invitation.

Madame Weir waited a moment, not looking at her, but at the garden, and even seeming to forget her altogether. Out among the flower-beds the great pageant was beginning, not in bloom alone, but the hurrying promise of it.

"Everything looks so young," said Madame Weir, at last. "Mary Catherine, I'm old."

The girl looked at her amazed. This was a woman who lived quite simply without complaint of ailments or weaknesses, as if it were a part of the decorum of life so to live. Mary Catherine spoke with an impulse entirely honest.

"Why no, you're not old!" Madame Weir smiled a little, still looking at the garden. If she was not old, she was tired.

"I had to see you to-day," she went on. "I wanted to tell you about my will."

"Don't!" cried Mary Catherine, involuntarily. "Of course Dick will have the place."

"I hate things done wrong end to!" "Why didn't you tell him how?" "No," said her father, "I've done telling folks unless they ask me. If I've learned one thing, it's to mind my own business."

He went tramping along home, obstinate and dear, and Mary Catherine laughed. She rose and shook the linden blooms out of her lap. Suddenly her own business seemed to be the simple mailing of a letter. Half-way to the gate she stopped. There they were under the fence, all golden stamens and moving petals, the Provence roses. Bees were humming, as if the sound were a species of song, about all sorts of interesting things, chiefly honey and the importance of putting in a good day's work in June. All the sounds and fragrances were mingled in a wonderful way, and something went to Mary Catherine's head. She snatched a Provence rose and tucked it into the letter. Then she sealed it tightly in, and hurried on to the post-office in the grocery store. The postmaster was one of those who take a personal interest in letters.

"Overweight," nodded he. "Guess Mis' Weir's told him a passel o' news this time."

Mary Catherine paid the added five cents, and hurried away. She was excited and half-giddy. It seemed to her as if she had sent her message after all.

"That day she thought a good deal about the rose, and her mind went with it on its journey, but the next day she forgot it because there was something more important to consider. Madame Weir was not very well. She felt tired, she said. The doctor came and gave her a tonic; but as the days went on she grew paler and more languid."

"I don't seem to take much interest," she said, when Mary Catherine, with a great pretense of anxiety lest things were not going on right, begged her to come out and oversee old Jake while he weeded the garden.

"You see to it, dear. It'll be yours pretty soon now."

Mary Catherine slipped hastily out of the room, not to oversee the weeding, but to sit in a dark corner of the stairs and cry. When she went back the old lady looked at her smilingly, and beckoned her to come close.

"You sit down here, dear," she said, indicating the chair by her bedside. "I've just had the prettiest thought."

"What is it?" asked Mary Catherine.

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young. Seems pretty babyish to me." "Are we going over the garden?" asked Mary Catherine, stupidly.

"Garden? The garden can take care of itself. He's going to paint that corner over there for a background, and he asked if there wasn't some sweet pretty girl to go into the picture."

"He?" faltered Mary Catherine. "I told him there was Mary Catherine. He says he wants you to have a little tight white cap,—you know, like a Puritan maiden,—and be in among the roses, picking leaves into a jar."

Mary Catherine thought she never had seen any one look so gay, not so much excited as all alive and wholesomely happy. She tried to remember Aunt Ellen as she had seen her yesterday. That old lady seemed to be gone for good; as if she had actually died. This was her radiant young sister. A man's voice came ringing from the noise:

"Grandmother, where are you?" Madame Weir called vigorously back again: "Here I am at the gate. Mary Catherine's here!"

A young man ran out of the house and down the walk. The sun was on his yellow hair, and he looked very splendid. Mary Catherine shrank a little, and wondered whether, for such a meeting, her pink dimity was good enough. He was beside Madame Weir, smiling, and Madame Weir laid a hand on his arm, as if he were a treasure of great price, rescued from the distance and the future.

"Here she is, Dick," she was saying, "best of neighbors, best of friends,—well, we're great chums, Mary Catherine and I, but I don't know how to describe her."

Mary, Our Lovely May Queen.

Again the season of flowers has come, and with it thoughts of her whom we love to crown, Mary, Queen of May. We bring her spotless lilies in honor of her purity, and lovely roses to tell of our love. We illumine her shrine with numerous lights to bespeak the devotion we feel toward her, and to testify the faith we have in the power of her prayers.

Let us contemplate our Blessed Mother—fairest of earth's creatures in soul and body. She was the worthiest to give God-made man to the world. Born to beget the King of Heaven and earth, she became the Mother of God and Queen of the Universe. The whole human race was lifted up in the honor and glory she received. We are her children by virtue of our Lord's having taken our humanity, and as we recognize that His perfections are to be imitated in our lives, we must acknowledge with even still greater reason that her perfections are to be copied by us. Our Lord's divinity makes us feel how far He is away from us even in His humanity, but our Blessed Virgin Mother, though full of grace, is very much nearer to us, aye, infinitely nearer, that it gives us courage and we strive to imitate her humility, her purity, her obedience, her gentleness and sweetness, and all the virtues of her perfect and lovable life. It was grace made her all she was, since, as proclaimed by the angel Gabriel, she was full of grace, "Full, full of grace, the Lord is with thee," and grace will make us tend more and more to perfection if we will only be faithful to it. How beautiful it is to cultivate the beautiful and to seek after higher and nobler things. What brightness and real joy experience the pure and good: "Blessed are the clean of heart," said our Lord in His sermon on the mount. "Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God." Aye, they already see Him by anticipation, for they are united with Him in lives of purity and holiness. We have our Blessed Lady's prayers to help us in being pure and good, for she is Virgin of Virgins, Mother most pure, Mother most chaste, and sinless and immaculate would she have all her children be, and to reach this end will be her loving care through the graces she will obtain for us, especially if we ask these graces at her hands. With purity founded in humility, all the others virtues will cluster around and form a fitting frame work. Let us honor, then, our spotless May Queen. Let the lily and the rose be speak our virtues, and that we are her worthy children.—Bishop Colton in Catholic Union and Times.

"You won't get tired?" ventured Mary Catherine, timidly, out of her confused remembrance of yesterday's old lady saying farewell to earth. Madame Weir laughed out. "I tried," she said, "who would be tired as day like this? See, Dick, there are the Provence roses. They were in their glory two or three weeks ago."

Dick fell on his knees among them, searching under the leaves for a late bud. When he came back he looked very serious.

"Granny," he said, "I certainly shouldn't have come home this summer if it hadn't been for the rose."

"The rose?" asked Madame Weir. "Yes, the one you sent me," she said, grandmother absently. She was looking at his hair, and thinking it was just the shade of Alan Weir's day he and she were married. "But, there, I'm always tucking flowers into letters. Your grandfather used to say I ought to be an herb doctor."

ways and broad sympathy with men, that just as soon as the bitter spirit of intolerance faded somewhat his blood should flow in the veins of fervent believers.

Probably the greatest thing that England is proud of in the nineteenth century is her primacy of effort and incentive in bringing about the emancipation of slaves. One name more glorious in that movement than all the others is that of William Wilberforce. There are now in the world more Catholic than Protestant descendants of this glorious pioneer of anti-slavery, and the incentive that made him the liberator of slaves brought them into the freedom of the Catholic Church. Perhaps the more surprising thing of all is that the descendants of the Lord Chancellors of England adorn this list of Catholics in larger proportion than is afforded by any other class. The Lord Chancellors of England are sometimes called the keepers of the King's conscience. It is the one office in England, besides that of the king, which is closed against Catholics. In spite of this, which would seem to preclude the possibility of such an event, since it would mean that the man selected for the Lord Chancellorship would be unbending in his Protestantism, the descendants of such men as Kenyon, Cottingham, Encombe, Law and Bethell are now Catholics. Those who talk about the Catholic Church appealing only to the ignorant should read this list. Those who talk about the Church discouraging real progress and education because she is active against that modern sham progress which pretends to much and means so little, will find plenty of good for reflection in this list.

At the present moment Catholicity is the only form of Christianity that appeals to educated people. Intelligent Protestants are realizing the lack of logic in the position that they hold, and so we hear much of the passing of Protestantism. The freer a country is the more progress does Catholicity make. The more educated the population the more of an appeal it has to them. All that we need is lack of intolerance, and the people find for themselves the beautiful consolation of our Mother Church.

A Simple and Cheap Medicine.—A simple, cheap and effective medicine is something to be desired. There is no medicine so effective a regulator of the digestive system as Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. They are simple, they are cheap, they can be got anywhere, and their beneficial action will prove their recommendation. They are the medicine of the poor man and those who wish to escape doctors' bills will do well in them a trial.

The "True Witness" can be had at the following Stands

- J. Tucker, 41 McCord street. Miss McLean, 182 Centre st., P. O. Charles. Mrs. McNally, 345 St. Antoine st. H. McMorro, 278 Carriers st. E. Wainwright, 44 Bleury st. Miss White, 680 St. Denis st. C. J. Tierney, 149 Craig st. west. M. Shaw, 789 St. Catherine st. west. Mrs. Ryan, 1025 St. James st. A. W. Mulcahey, 825 St. Antoine st. Mrs. Leves, 1111 St. Catherine st. C. A. Dumont, 1212 St. Denis st. Mrs. Cloran, 1551 St. Denis st. M. Labadie, 1097 St. James st. Jas. Murray, 47 University st. Mrs. Redmond, 488 Notre Dame west. Milroy's Bookstore, 241 St. Catherine west. James McArran, 28 Chambois Squ. Ariside Madors, 2 Beaver Hall Hill. Miss Scanlan, 63 Bleury st. Miss Ellis, 875 Wellington st. Mrs. Scotte, 149 Dorchester st.

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is compounded specially to combat dysentery, cholera morbus and all inflammatory disorders that change of food or water may set up in the stomach and intestines. These complaints are more common in summer than in winter, but they are not confined to the warm months, as un-berbed Louis Kellogg's Cordial is a food laxness of the bowels may seize a man at any time. Such a sufferer will find speedy relief in this Cordial.

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IT CAN HAVE BUT ONE RESULT. IT LEAVES THE THROAT OR LUNGS, OR BOTH, AFFECTED. DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP IS THE MEDICINE YOU NEED.

It is without an equal as a remedy for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Pain in the Chest, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Quinsy and all affections of the Throat and Lungs.

A single dose of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup will stop the cough, soothe the sore, and if the cough or cold has become settled on the lungs, the healing properties of the Norway Pine Tree will proclaim its great virtue by promptly wincing the bad effects, and a persistent use of the remedy cannot fail to bring about a complete cure.

"You hate cruelty to plants don't you?" said his daughter, smiling at him through the leaves until he began to smile in answer. "Aunt Ellen does."

"What's the matter?" called Mary Catherine, from her perch. He stopped. Then he came a little nearer and peered through the vines, and his face relaxed.

"You there?" said he. "I've been over to Ira Finley's. He's transplanting lettuce with the noon sun on it. I had to come away. He was going to hang over the fence and talk and let the plants lie there withering."

Sailors' Club.

WEDNESDAY EVENING

Common Sts.

PAGE WHITE FENCES

Get the Best. Styles for Lawns, Farms and Ranches. Made of high carbon wire, galvanized and then painted white.

THE PAGE WIRE FENCE CO., LIMITED Largest fence and gate manufacturers in Canada.

Parish News of the Week

PILGRIMAGE TO BONSECOURS.

The sodalists of Mary of St. Ann's parish went in pilgrimage to Our Lady of Bonsecours on Monday morning last.

ST. ANTHONY'S PILGRIMAGE TO LANORAIE.

The parishioners of St. Anthony's held their annual pilgrimage to Lanoraie on Monday last which was very largely attended.

ADDRESS AND PRESENTATION TO REV. FATHER McDONALD.

Rev. Father McDonald, of St. Mary's parish, was agreeably surprised on the evening of May 21st when he received from some of the older members of the congregation an address accompanied by a beautiful clock.

Father McDonald, who was visibly affected by this mark of esteem, thanked the donors in a characteristic speech, in which he referred to the excellent feeling prevailing between the parishioners and the priests of the parish.

BEATIFICATION OF THE FOUNDRESS OF ORDER OF THE SACRED HEART.

Great rejoicing prevailed last Sunday in all the houses of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart, in honor of the dignity conferred upon Rev. Mother Barat, their foundress.

On Sunday afternoon His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi opened the ceremony of thanksgiving at Sault au Recollet by unveiling a beautiful tablet of Blessed Madeline Barat.

HISTORY OF THE ORDER.

The order was founded in 1800 at Amiens, France, by Mother Barat, for the sanctification of its members, the education of young ladies and the glorification of the Sacred Heart.

The Sisters of the Sacred Heart came to Canada in 1842 and opened a convent at St. Jacques l'Abbe. In 1846 the sisters moved to St. Vincent de Paul.

Its influence extended all over Canada from Halifax to London, Ont., to Baltimore and St. Louis, Mo.

The Sisters of the Sacred Heart are considered teachers of broad range and liberal management, tireless and eloquent workers, and their rank that speaks well for their high estimation in the public mind.

FIFTY YEARS A PRIEST.

In a few weeks the Rev. Abbe Daniel Lefebvre, of the Order of St. Sulpice, pastor of the Catholic mission at Oka, will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood.

MOUNT ST. LOUIS CADETS MAKE EXCELLENT SHOWING.

Brigadier General Buchan, C.M.G., on Saturday afternoon last inspected the Mount St. Louis Cadets on the Champ de Mars.

Cadet Lieut.-Col. Cousineau was in command of the corps. About 3 o'clock the two battalions marched on the field in column of companies.

ROGATION DAYS.

Preparatory to the feast of the Ascension, which is being celebrated today, special services were held on each of the three first days of the week—Rogation days.

CATHOLIC SCHOOL IN BELLEVILLE THREATENED BY FIRE.

On Monday evening about 8.30 the Catholic separate school in West Belleville was seen to be on fire.

DRAMATICS AT ST. LAURENT.

On last Monday evening was held the annual entertainment given by St. Patrick's Dramatic & Literary Association at the College of St. Laurent.

EUCHE AT ST. MICHAEL'S.

A very successful euche was held in St. Michael's Hall on Tuesday evening last for the purpose of securing funds to furnish prizes for the children of the parish school.

OUR MONTHLY CALENDAR

Table with 2 columns: Day, Feast/Event. Includes May 1 (SS. Philip and James), May 2 (St. Athanasius), May 3 (Second Sunday after Easter), May 4 (Finding of the Holy Cross), May 5 (St. Monica), May 6 (St. Pius V.), May 7 (St. John before the Latin Gate), May 8 (St. Basil), May 9 (Apparition of St. Michael), May 10 (St. Gregory Nazianzen), May 11 (St. Joseph), May 12 (St. Francis), May 13 (St. Peter), May 14 (St. John the Baptist), May 15 (St. Boniface), May 16 (St. John Baptist de La Salle), May 17 (St. Paschal Baylon), May 18 (St. Venantius), May 19 (St. Peter), May 20 (St. Bernardine of Siena), May 21 (St. Felix of Cantalice), May 22 (St. John Nepomucene), May 23 (St. John Baptist Rossi), May 24 (Our Lady, Help of Christians), May 25 (St. Gregory VII.), May 26 (St. Philip), May 27 (St. Venerable Bede), May 28 (St. The Ascension), May 29 (St. Mary Magdalen of Pazzi), May 30 (St. Felix), May 31 (St. Angela Merici).

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Round Trip, First-Class Rates to

Table of train routes and rates: Vancouver, Victoria, Westminster, Seattle, Tacoma and Portland; Ore; San Francisco, Los Angeles; San Diego, Cal.; Denver, Colorado Springs; Pueblo, Cal.

Desirable Week-End Trips.

Good going Saturday and Sunday, returning until Monday following to various points.

"Brome Lake Special"

Leaves Windsor Station Saturdays only at 1.25 p.m., arriving Sherbrooke at 5 p.m., stopping at St. Johns, Farnham, Cowansville, Sutton Jct., Knowlton, Foster, Eastman, and Magog.

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Special ROUND TRIP RATES

to North Pacific Coast Points and California, via Chicago.

Table of train routes and rates: On sale June 1st to September 15th; Portland, Ore.; Seattle, Wash.; Victoria, Vancouver; Westminster, B.C.; San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego, Cal.; Mexico City, Mex.; Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo, Cal.

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The Maritime Express

12 NOON for Levis, St. Hyacinthe, Drummondville, Quebec, River du Loup, Campbellton, Moncton, St. John, Halifax, and Sydney.

EXCEPT SATURDAY.

3.50 P.M. for St. Hyacinthe, Drummondville, St. Leonard, Nicolet and intermediate stations.

Saturdays Only.

12 NOON for St. Hyacinthe, Drummondville, Levis, Quebec, River du Loup, St. Flavie and intermediate stations.

Sleeping for Matapedia

will be attached to the Maritime Express on Tuesdays and Fridays, commencing June 2nd.

CITY TICKET OFFICE.

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OBITUARY.

MISS E. E. QUINLAN.

The death is announced of Miss Eliza Eleanor Quinlan, daughter of the late Mr. Michael Quinlan, who was for many years connected with the civic Road Department.

Coadjutor For Bishop of Burlington Vermont.

The Right Rev. John Stephen Michaud, D.D., some time ago petitioned the Holy See for the appointment of a coadjutor with right of succession for the diocese of Burlington and the request was granted.

For purposes of this kind two meetings are held, the one by the bishops of the province and the other by the permanent rectors and consultors.

Towards the close of the entertainment the chairman announced that next week's concert would be in charge of the Ladies' Committee of the club, and let us hope that the noble efforts which they will certainly put forth will be as well appreciated as they have been on former occasions.

EUCHE AT ST. MICHAEL'S.

A very successful euche was held in St. Michael's Hall on Tuesday evening last for the purpose of securing funds to furnish prizes for the children of the parish school.

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THURSDAY, MAY 28, 1908.

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YOUTHS' FANCY 3-PIECE TWEED SUITS, double breasted coat, newest cut and style, latest patterns... \$5.25, \$6.00, \$7.25
YOUTHS' NAVY 3-PIECE SERGE SUITS, double breasted coats, latest shape and style... \$7.25
BOYS' WHITE DUCK HATS... 24c and 38c
BOYS' NAVY AND RED CLOTH CAPS... 30c

Boys' Eton and College Suits.

BOYS' ETON SUIT FOR COLLEGES AND SCHOOLS, made of fine quality Black Venetian cloth, coat and vest made "Regulation" long pants of same goods or hair lined cloth. Fit perfect... \$10.00

SPECIAL MILLINERY OFFERINGS

- LARGE WHITE HAT, brim made of narrow Valenciennes lace, high crown of fine fancy straw, trimmed up with two white tips at the side, drapery and rosette of white duchess ribbon, white ornament in front... \$11.65
CHILD'S LINGERIE HAT, made embroidery and muslin, trimmed with small pink flowers, foliage and duchess ribbon... \$2.75
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most worthy, to be appointed to the episcopal position which is to be filled.

The meeting of the Bishops of the province will be held in Boston at a later date, still to be selected, and will be presided over by Archbishop O'Connell.

Bishop Michaud was consecrated on June 29, 1893. The first Bishop of Burlington was the Right Rev. Louis De Gossel, who was consecrated on October 30, 1854, and

who died November 3, 1899. The diocese of Burlington was established the year previous to Bishop Gossel's consecration. It comprises the State of Vermont.

THE TRUE WITNESS is printed and published at 816 Laguchetiers street west, Montreal, Can., by Mr. G. Plunkett Magann, Toronto.

Bishop

(Rev.)

In old Quebec things by halving were as gorgeous as the people were the first bishop their Francis de Montigny. The awesome Henry that if the Bourbon tinct in France, should rule in their there are some who made with advantage

The Montmorency the mistis of histo chroniclers have it the line was baptis St. Iremi, and ot with that, maintai host of St. Denis hospitality merit palm. But whate tory or romance m about the beginning there are at least de Montmorency ba of being the greater realm. Even in th

de himself Sire de la grae de Dieu, w that he had many that taking it all see why anything of the illustrious fami bishop. Nor has i glory that crown

hant alliances it fo, offices it held, many of its repres even the sanctity t them attained. N Montmorency wic Constables of Fran that they were st es," and "princes had the privilege o sign manual to th

In the course of married a daughter England, though, s was a bar sinister cutcheon; but he di cond alliance, when widow of Louis s thus the step-father. When that Prince v Crusades, Montmor warrior, remained the famous Suger realm. Another, v Grand, helped Phili west Normandy fro

John Lackland wa also in the crusade bigness, and was the armies of Fr qently guardian o was a child when I ther, died. This p renci never called also than "The Ba of grand uncle, un

nephew, and grand perors and six king in one way or anot sovereigns of Euro third marriage tha ly with that of La daughter by that u

made her the grea the king whom the fond of Henry IV, that all the ruler could at one time origin to the great Montmorency. So imagine! the spler Quebec when a Mo there as bishop in 1659. It goes to much account was by the mother cou ly, however, the m at home that she to defend her illu

abroad. Laval was born Montigny-sur-Avre, 1622. When a lad with the scions of noble races of Fran lege of La Fleche, der to other his names. What inter the fact that amon of the college was future missionary French river that e Gabriel Lallemant, Canada to die a m with the glorious the scholastics stu time was René de was to found the Claude Dablon, w sionary career was territory from Lak the St. Lawrence i may almost to Hud there. Besides t were Buteux, who bloody death on the dark St. Mau furiously into the Trois Rivières; de nin and Dolbeau, American missiona even among the S Simon Le Moyne, panion of all the Northwest, and s