

1906.
 LIMITED
 12, 1906.
 0000000
 LE
 eted a clo-
 suits are
 reputation is
 ed. strictly
 de in every
 s and over-
 \$5.00
 and double
 s in checks
 \$7.96
 the latest
 shoulders,
 and double
 \$10.00
 arters
 iness, we've
 one merit
 to build
 uest honesty
 is.
 the latest
 shape. 89c
 glove repu-
 ve of supe-
 black
 \$1.25
 est selected
 69c
 rchased at
 0000000
 GO
 LIMITED
 Montreal
 andy
 T., W.
 Ostensoria-
 and Engraving
 very reasonable
 ons,
 d with Religions-
 and quotations-
 755.
 ANDY,
 T, TORONTO
 my
 ETE
 UMENT
 \$1.00 post paid
 local working instrs.
 10 machines and cas
 where gas is used
 about 1.5 cent per
 \$1.00
 COCOA
 AN
 T ALWAYS
 sion, discipline,
 among the che-
 ke a man.
 URED
 relatives suffer with
 Dances, or Falling
 bottle and valuable
 The LITTLE CO.
 1000, Canada. All
 sent for you
 IT CURE

The True Witness



MONTREAL, THURSDAY, APRIL 19, 1906 PRICE FIVE CENTS

Irish Land Purchase Prices

A letter has been sent to us from the Rev. E. MacKenna, in the course of which he says: Ireland is being slowly bled to death, and public opinion seems to be the only available weapon to protect us. It is a pity to see the old Celtic nation ground and crushed to death in such a way. Half of her population is gone within these last 60 years, when all other civilized lands have nearly doubled or trebled their population. He enclosed the following, knowing the interest it would naturally have for the readers of this paper:

To the Editor of Freeman's Journal:
 Dear Sir,—I find by your leader in yesterday's Freeman that Irish Land Purchase prices have advanced from 17½ years purchase before 1903 to 25.42 years' purchase, the bonus included. There is evidently some mistake in the Parliamentary Blue Books, as the sale prices, said to average 22.7, increased by 12 per cent., would reach not 24.9, but 25.424 years' purchase. Hence there must be an error or fallacy in the statistics. Perhaps demesne lands, with mansions, that carry no bonus, are included. And if the clerks or officials mix the sales of demesnes and mansions with the sales of tenant-farmers' holdings, another huge fallacy may be somewhere concealed. Suppose a wealthy landlord sell to himself, according to the provisions of the Act, his mansion and demesne at 10 years' purchase, and to the tenant farmers at 24 years' purchase, he might be able to strike an average of 21 years' purchase for his entire estate. In such circumstances his estate in question actually sold at 24, would seem to be sold at 21 years' purchase.

When the late Government introduced the Land Purchase Bill in 1903, with the bonus clause of £12,000,000, they, having every opportunity of knowing the accuracy of their statement, declared the purchase value at current prices of all the then unsold tenanted land in Ireland to be £100,000,000. Assuming that statement to be correct, with reduced sinking fund, bonus, and zones, it sells to-day at £145,220,000, though the average price of farm produce meantime has gone down, and is going down. And we should not forget that for every £1 that the tenant-farmer borrows from the Government, he must pay in principal and interest £2 4s 10d.

The average price that the Danish landlords receive for the fee-simple of their lands is 12½ years' purchase. The Irish landlords receive 25.424 years' purchase—just 109 per cent. more than the Danish landlords obtain. And this is all proven by Parliamentary statistics and Blue Books. If we seek for a reason why the poverty-stricken small farmers of Ireland have to pay 109 per cent. more than the prosperous farmers of Denmark for the fee-simple of their holdings, naturally we should conclude that it is because in Denmark their laws are enacted by those who in the true sense of the word represent the Danish people. But for Ireland her land laws and other essential and vitally important laws are made by strangers. Hence Ireland's poverty and depopulation, Ireland's representatives, where there is a question of such laws, being invariably found in the minority. Besides, the fingers on the one hand would outnumber the friends of the Irish peasantry in the non-selective Chamber that legislates for Ireland.

What seems the most unjust—perhaps I might say iniquitous—clause of the Act is the zone system, with non-inspection, by which poor, helpless, poverty-stricken farmers, through threats of eviction writs, or impending ruin of some sort, may be virtually, but really, compelled to purchase their holdings at more than 31 years' purchase, including the bonus of second term judicial rackrents. And many of these holdings, if Justice holds the scale, are not worth 10 years' purchase. The term "judicial rackrents" may seem abnormal;—I have no doubt that it is unique and confined to Ireland. They are judicial rackrents

sustenance. Thus, at an average of five souls to the family, 1,150,000 of our people, recently banished from Ireland by misgovernment, could be restored to our depopulated country, whose rural districts have recently lost three-quarters of their population. If such a sum were applied to foster industries, in a few years they would be self-supporting, when it could be applied to new industries, and thus Ireland, if well governed, could sustain a population relatively as large as we find in well-governed Belgium.

Most of the brawny-armed sons of the Irish hills and mountains, whose hearts and hands are as firm as their native granite rocks, are gone. And though some unfriendly editors of an unfriendly press, gloated over the forced departure from their native land of those plundered, but strong-minded Irish Celts, there is no reason to despair, as our kith and kin and friends are legion and powerful far beyond the shores of Ireland. And fortunately most civilized writers and leaders of public opinion, from Tokio westward to New York and San Francisco, would strongly dissent from the views of those unfriendly editors referred to, and would write in harmony with the beautiful stanza:

"Peasant homesteads, neat and small, (should be) Sacred as the monarch's hall."

But for many generations, and even still, the above quotation has practically no meaning as applied to Ireland, but, in its stead, we are forced to say of our country:

"Silent and waste her homesteads."

Without attaching a word of blame to the present Government, but only to their long line of predecessors, Irishmen—and no man can blame them for doing so—should circulate far and widely outside the limits of our country the story of Ireland's wrongs, well authenticated. As a beginning, I myself shall send several copies of this correspondence beyond the Atlantic to the proper quarters. Many other earnest Irishmen, I have no doubt, will act similarly. We have in the United States of America and in Canada many friends, and in England, Scotland, and Wales, Australia and South Africa, in addition to our own kith and kin. Besides, public opinion on the Continent should be cultivated. Ireland wants help from outside as well as from her children at home. Indeed, strong pressure from without is essential, and, as it seems, would be most effectual. Ireland has a clear case. The pages of history might be searched in vain for better. Earnest and enthusiastic Irishmen should feel convinced that an intelligent public opinion could be created throughout the world regarding Ireland's general ill-treatment which within a few years would render Ireland's misgovernment impossible.

Thanking you, Mr. Editor, in anticipation,
 I am, yours faithfully,
 EUGENE MACKENNA, P.P.
 Shantonnagh, March 27th, 1906.

What Made Him a Catholic?

"What made a Catholic of me," said Sir Stephen de Vere, brother of the poet, "was my knowledge, my intimate knowledge, of the innocence of the morals of young men of the peasant class. I went among them. I was at their hurlings, at their sports. I heard them; I listened to them; I knew them. I compared them with the young men of my own class. I said: 'What can make the difference? It cannot be education, for they had little or none. It cannot be society; they know nothing of etiquette of society. It cannot be travel; it must be only one thing—their religion; and I will be one of the religion that makes them so innocent and pure.'"

Strictly private and confidential is all correspondence in reference to our most marvellous treatment for Cancer and Tumors. Our remedy is pleasant to use and even the members of your own family need not know you are using it. Many severe cases of

Roman Decisions on Daily Communion.

The Sacred Congregation of the Council has recently (December 16, 1905), issued a most important decree, recommending and encouraging frequent and daily Communion. It bases its teaching on the express wish of the Council of Trent that everyone present at Mass should also approach holy Communion. Our Lord Who fed the Israelites in the desert with the daily manna, has left this Bread of Angels for the daily food of men, who are by Him bidden to pray each day. "Give us this day our daily bread;" and as the Fathers of the Church assure us, these words refer far more to daily Communion than to our earthly food. Daily Communion is no reward of virtue, but the most powerful means of acquiring virtue. Its strength saves us from falling into mortal sins, and in it we find loving sorrow for even those lesser faults into which the best of men fall daily. From daily Communion the early Christians drew the strength that made them martyrs, and saints of every land have found in daily Communion the source of holiness. For a while the chilling blight of Jansenism affected many writers, even within the Church, who would forbid daily Communion to great numbers of Catholics, including all married people and business men, and would restrict it to the very few who showed these wonderfully perfect dispositions which they considered requisite, as though daily Communion were meant only for saints, and not for the daily food remedy of sinful, struggling men. Yet, while we know that daily Communion brings far more abundant fruits than Communion received only once in the week or month, we also know that the Church's law prescribes no greater dispositions for a daily than a monthly Communion. Bishops all over the world, anxious in these days of coldness and unbelief to bring back faith and fervor in their flocks, have appealed to the Holy Father to instruct the faithful as to what dispositions are required by the Church and her Divine Spouse for frequent reception of His Sacramental Body, and by the Holy Father's orders the congregation have fully discussed the question and have drawn up the following:

DECREE OF DAILY COMMUNION.
 (1) Frequent and daily Communion is a thing most fervently desired by Christ our Lord and the Catholic Church, and therefore must be left free to all Christians of every rank and condition, so that no one can be forbidden to approach the Holy Table if he does so in a state of grace and with a right and pious intention.
 (2) A right intention consists in approaching the Holy Table not from custom, or from vanity, or from merely human reasons, but in order to please Almighty God, to cling closer to Him in love, and by this divine remedy to heal our faults and weakness.
 (3) Freedom from venial sins—at least those that are deliberate—and from any affection for such sins, is highly desirable in those who go to Holy Communion frequently or daily, but freedom from mortal sin, with the firm determination never to sin again, is quite sufficient; for by this firm resolution daily Communicants cannot fail to free themselves little by little from even venial sins and all affection for them.
 (4) The Sacraments of the New Law produce their effect ex opere operato, yet greater effects are produced if there are greater dispositions in the receiver. Hence, each one, according to his strength, position, and duties, should strive to make a careful preparation before Holy Communion and a fitting thanksgiving afterwards.
 (5) To show greater prudence and obtain more merit from frequent and daily Communion, a confessor's advice should be taken. But confessors must beware of dissuading anyone from frequent and daily Communion if they are in a state of grace and go with a right intention.
 (6) By frequent or daily Communion it is clear that we become more closely united with Christ, our spiritual life receives more abundant nourishment, our soul is more filled

The Holy Father on the Conversion of the Negro.

In a circular issued to the clergy and laity of his diocese in the interest of the negro missions, Bishop Byrne, of Nashville, quotes a remarkable letter bearing the signature of Cardinal Merry Del Val, which is a reply to a letter written by Bishop Byrne at the suggestion of the Secretary to His Holiness Pope Pius X.

"Your Lordship's letter," the Cardinal writes, "gave great comfort to the heart of the Supreme Pontiff. Surely when the Holy Father from the centre of the Catholic faith daily expresses his longings and puts forth his efforts for the conversion of unbelievers and the extension of the Kingdom of Jesus Christ, it cannot be other than the greatest consolation to him to learn that the Bishops are co-operating with him in this great work, and now, as in the early days of the faith, are bringing numerous souls to Christ. . . . Hence His Holiness most earnestly wishes that the work of the apostolate to the colored people, worthy of being encouraged and applauded beyond any other undertaking of Christian civilization, may find numerous and generous contributors, to all of whom, as a pledge of his gratitude, he imparts from this day his apostolic benediction."

In the circular, of which the foregoing forms a part, Bishop Byrne says: "The first commandment is to love God, and the next to love our neighbor as ourselves for God's sake. We cannot love God as we should unless we love our neighbor also. The highest expression of this love is the care we have for his spiritual needs. For this Jesus Christ suffered and died, and if we hope to escape hell and reach heaven, it must be through our love of God and of our neighbor, for His sake. And we should remember that the social distinctions which exist among men have no place with God or in His Church. The soul of the colored man is just as dear to our Lord as that of the most favored and most distinguished on earth, because for Him did our Lord suffer and die as well as for us. Hence he is our brother in Christ, and we must love him if we wish to get to heaven, for without loving him we cannot love God."

"Now, what form can this love take more pleasing to God than that of contributing to bring our colored brothers within the knowledge, grace and love of Jesus Christ? "Every layman and woman has a mission as well as a Bishop or priest. They are part of the Church, and the Church is sent or has a mission to save souls. "The very fact of men belonging to the Church lays upon them the duty of being missionaries and saving souls. They must co-operate with Christ, of Whom they are living members, in doing His work—that is, in saving souls. It is because this great fundamental truth is not brought home to men, or because they do not think upon it, that they have so little of the missionary spirit and are under the dangerous delusion that they have not the care of their brother. At least now they cannot plead ignorance of it on the last day, when in the lost souls that they might have helped to save they will see the blood of Jesus Christ that they have squandered. "Wake up, my brethren, and understand that you have a duty to give spiritual food to the thousands who are perishing under your eyes, and who, if that duty be neglected now, will challenge you at the last day and lay their loss at your door."

CAUSE OF PIUS IX.

Half a Million Signatures Favoring His Beatification Have Been Sent to the Vatican.

The collecting of petitions for the furtherance of Pius IX.'s beatification is making rapid progress, says the correspondent of the Catholic Standard and Times. It might not be wide of the mark to put down the signatures forwarded to the Vatican on behalf of the gentle old Pope-King at a half a million. Italy and France head the list; then comes Spain. Strange to say, America in this good work does not occupy the place one would expect her to hold. Still, we feel sure, under the influence of her Catholic press, the present year will see a change in this. With the exception of Pius X., no Pontiff ever took such an interest in the United States as the first Prisoner of the Vatican. It was he who dedicated the great Republic of the West to the Immaculate Conception, and had the American College established in Rome to train up priests for the Republic beside the tombs of the apostles.

Strange to say, the country that bestowed its gold and influence on the enemies of the persecuted Pontiff during his life of sorrow is now almost among the foremost in clamoring for his beatification. It seems due to the irony of fate that England, which in 1850, on the re-establishment of her ancient hierarchy by Pius IX., amid all his troubles, gave vent to such hatred of Rome as has scarcely ever been equalled, should now call him saint and martyr. In 1851 upwards of seven thousand meetings were held in that once Catholic land to denounce the action of the Vicar of Christ in attempting to raise her out of the slough of materialism in which she was wallowing; to-day petitions pour from her shores to the Eternal City to raise him to the altars of the Church.

And Ireland? Well, what could we expect from the "Lamp of the North," that sent 1100 of her bravest sons with \$400,000 in 1860 to Italy to surround Pius IX.'s throne? She stands where she has always stood whenever the cause of religion and truth require her—in the van.

with virtues, and a stronger pledge of eternal happiness is given to the receiver. Hence, parish priests, confessors, and preachers according to the approved doctrine of the Roman Catechism (Part II., chapter 63) should by frequent and most earnest exhortations lead the Christian people to this most pious and most salutary custom.
 (7) Frequent and daily Communion should be especially promoted in religious institutes of every class (the decree "Quemadmodum" passed by the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars on December 17, 1890, remaining in force for them), and it should also be encouraged to the utmost extent in clerical seminaries, whose pupils are looking forward longingly to their future service at the altar, and also in other Catholic educational establishments of every class.
 (8) If Communions on certain days are ordered in the rules, constitutions, or calendars of particular religious institutes of solemn or simple vows, these arrangements are to be taken as a mere direction and not as a command. If a certain number of Communions is prescribed, this must be taken according to the piety of the religious as a minimum, and they must be left quite free to go frequently or even daily to Holy Communion, as already explained in this decree. To give to all religious both male and female, the opportunity of knowing what this decree appoints, the superior of every religious house will take care to have this decree read in common in the vernacular tongue within the octave of Corpus Christi every year.
 (9) After the promulgation of this decree, all ecclesiastical writers must abstain from contentious discussions as to the dispositions required for frequent and daily Communion. The Holy Father in the audience of December 17, 1905, approved and confirmed this decree and ordered it to be published.—Rev. James Hughes, in the Liverpool Catholic Times.

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

The twentieth century girl is ambitious for a career. She has a great desire to go out into the world and make a place for herself.

HAVE YOURSELF LOOKING YOUR BEST AT ALL TIMES.

Look your best at all times. Don't wear your best clothes at all times, but "look your best." Don't think, "Now, I'll just put on this waist underneath my coat; it's soiled, but it won't show," etc.

This same den girl, when she comes from her work at night, slips out of her clothes into a completely fresh set, inexpensive and simple, but still fresh, and feels like a "new woman."

HANGING SHELVES.

An extra shelf or two does a great deal by way of relieving congestion where the bookcase or china closet is small. These shelves, by the way, are comparatively easy to make and inexpensive to buy if you've no handy man to wield hammer and saw.

Mission ideas have inspired many a man—and woman, too, for that matter—to build bits of his own furniture. Bookshelves of every sort, especially those with the queer square pegs on the ends, like outside seams, are among the most popular of the things made at home, and the little hanging shelves are still more popular.

The easiest sort of shelves to make are, of course, those with uprights, braced in two ways, with the usual "crossbar" joining and with strips that go diagonally down, adding very materially to the strength of the shelf.

Deeper sets may be made to set in under a window, where it is in a sort of recess, as many windows are. They may be built directly into the

recess, made immovable, but the better way is in making them like a separate case which fits snugly but easily into the wall. Then at cleaning time the case may be entirely removed for the better getting rid of dust.—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE LIFE BESIDE US.

Ever at our side there is a golden life being lived. A princely spirit is there who sees God and enjoys the bewildering splendors of His face. An unseen warfare is raging round our steps, but that beautiful, bright spirit lets not so much as the sound of it vex our ears.

MADE OF HANDKERCHIEFS.

Another one of the many uses to which handkerchiefs may be put is in the fashioning of the quaintest of collar and cuff sets. Embroidered handkerchiefs are chosen to make them of; one side, with a corner forming each end, cut off two and a half inches deep for the collar, and each of the other points making a cuff four inches deep.

BLENDING PERFUMES.

The blending of perfumes will be found delightful for sachet bags. The two odors that mix most perfectly are violet and heliotrope, and the addition of a little sandalwood to these will produce an exquisite odor that will baffle those who smell it as to the identity.

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS

The liver is the largest gland in the body; its office is to take from the blood the properties which form bile. When the liver is torpid and inflamed it cannot furnish bile to the bowels, causing them to become bound and constive.

Mission ideas have inspired many a man—and woman, too, for that matter—to build bits of his own furniture. Bookshelves of every sort, especially those with the queer square pegs on the ends, like outside seams, are among the most popular of the things made at home, and the little hanging shelves are still more popular.

LIVER COMPLAINT.

The liver is the largest gland in the body; its office is to take from the blood the properties which form bile. When the liver is torpid and inflamed it cannot furnish bile to the bowels, causing them to become bound and constive.

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS

see pleasant and easy to take, do not grip, weaken or sicken, never fail in their effects, and are by far the safest and quickest remedy for all diseases or disorders of the liver.

CURED HIS WIFE OF LA GRIPPE

Quebec Man tells how the Great Consumptive Preventative was an all-round Benefit

"My wife took La Grippe when she was in Ottawa," says R. N. Dufresne of Northfield Farm, Que., in an interview. "She got a bottle of Psychine and after using it for a few days she was quite well. I took a cold and an using it and am getting all right. I think Psychine is one of the best tonics on the market to-day."

PSYCHINE 50c. Per Bottle

Larger sizes \$1 and \$2—all druggists. DR. T. A. SLOCOM, Limited, Toronto.

is to sew the hands on by hand, making your stitches as nearly invisible as possible. A quick way to stitch them on by machine, some women claiming that the machine stitching makes a finer finish. What is as firm and yet gives the dainty touch of handwork is to do the first stitching of the band by machine and hem it down by hand.

Handkerchiefs embroidered in all white make the daintiest of all the sets—the kind that may be worn with any color or with white equally well; but those with bits of color introduced into the work have a style about them that is most unusual.

FUNNY SAYINGS

SOCIETY ITEM IN MISSOURI. The following graceful acknowledgment and news item combined appeared recently in the columns of a Missouri contemporary: "Mrs. Henry Woggs, who is a pleasant and estimable lady, and who can bake the finest cake ever made, having sent us some and therefore making us a judge, and who has a family of nice, clean, polite children, and who plays the piano beautifully and gives lessons on the same to a few fortunate pupils in our little city, had a tooth pulled Friday."—Harper's Weekly.

A POSER.

Well—Supposing, Uncle Septimus, that you knew two nice young men. One has lovely curly hair and a straight nose, and the other looks simply adorable in his uniform. Supposing that they both wanted to marry you, which would you choose?—Punch.

THE MOLD OF FORM.

An old Englishwoman of exceeding stoutness was making efforts, not immediately successful, to enter the rear door of an omnibus. The boy on the box leaned down and cried genially: "Try it sideways, mother, try sideways!" To which the old woman responded: "Lord bless ye, John, I ain't got no sideways!"

PLAYING DOCTOR.

Billy—"Gentlemen, before we begin to operate, if you will hold the patient's hands and feet I'll get that four cents out of his right hand pocket."

and polish with rotten stone moistened with dilute sulphuric acid applied with a soft cork. To remove iodine stains soak the stain in cold water for half an hour, then cover thickly with common soda and the stain will disappear. Discolored saucers of enamel can often be made to look like new by boiling a little chloride of lime in the water with which they are filled.

RECIPES.

Salad Dressing—A delicious dressing for fruit salad (a mixture of diced apple, orange, banana and celery) is made by stirring gradually one-half cupful of melted butter into one cupful of slightly sour, rich cream. When the cream is a foamy mass add drop by drop the juice of a lemon, beating quickly to prevent curdling, and continue to beat for several minutes after the lemon juice is all added, then with an egg beater gradually incorporate with the cream the well-beaten whites of two eggs, adding salt and pepper to taste. The fruit should be icy cold when the dressing is turned over it.

Cheese Salad.—Rub cream cheese to a paste with cream and mold it in tiny cone-shaped molds or in small cups. Press several pecan meats into each one and afterwards roll the molded cheese in ground nut meats. Serve on lettuce leaves and mayonnaise.

Pineapple Layer Cake—Cream one-half of a cup of butter and one and one-half cups of sugar gradually, beating all the time until creamed. Add three-fourths of a cup of milk and two cups of flour; beat until smooth. Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth, add to the batter with two teaspoonful of baking powder. Turn into greased layer tins and bake in a quick oven for twenty minutes. When the cake is cool, spread pineapple marmalade between the layers and ice the top—or if candied pineapple is used, cut in slices and put between the layers with marmalade filling.

Eggs baked with cheese are appetizing. To prepare this dish cut some rounds of bread an inch thick, butter them and then spread with thin slices of cheese, leaving hollows in the center. Into these hollows carefully break an egg and sprinkle the tops with salt, pepper, and a little grated cheese. Bake until the eggs are set.

WHO SOW IN TEARS SHALL REAP IN JOY.

(A Sonnet—By Archbishop O'Brien.) I sit within the shade of buried years And pensive count the moments that have flown; Too much joy this throbbing heart hath known; And yet my joy was often bought with tears, And with my budding hopes were mingled fears; But when in silent grief the seed was sown, The harvest rich in happiness was mown; As lovely Morn from Night's dark tomb appears, And thus I sit, whilst slowly move the hands Between the dial points of Birth and Death; Chill winds of coming age my dark locks kiss And sob as from life's glass flow out the sands; Yet oft they whisper with their icy breath, "Through trials here is earned a crown of bliss."

THE MESSAGE OF EASTER.

He spake, the Lord of all the earth, From out the glowing skies; He bade the grave its victim yield, And called the dead to rise. An angel rolled the stone away And from the grave's deep gloom The risen Lord in glory came Triumphant from the tomb. The lilies sprang to meet him Along the sunlit way, And Nature donned her floral robes That golden Easter Day. The birds flew forth on joyous wing, God's messengers of peace, To bid all weeping eyes look up And hopeless sorrow cease. And hence for aye the Easter-tide This message sweet shall bring, "The Grave no more hath victory, And Death hath lost its sting!"—From "When the Lilies Bloom," by Julia R. Galloway.

THE POET'S CORNER

DULCIS MEMORIA.

Long, long ago I heard a little song, (Ah, was it long ago or yesterday?) So lowly, slowly wound the tune along, That far into my heart it found the way: A melody consoling and endearing; And still, in silent hours, I'm often hearing The small, sweet song that does not die away.

Long, long ago I saw a little flower— (Ah, was it long ago or yesterday?) So fair of face and fragrant for an hour, That something dear to me it seemed to say: A thought of joy that blossomed into being Without a word, and now I'm often seeing The friendly flower that does not fade away.

Long, long ago we had a little child— (Ah, was it long ago or yesterday?) Into his mother's eyes and mine he smiled Unconscious love; warm in our arms he lay. An angel called! Dear heart, we could not hold him. Yet secretly your arms and mine enclosed him— Our little child who does not go away.

Long, long ago? Ah, memory, make it clear— (Ah, was it long ago or yesterday?) So little and so helpless and so dear— Let not the song be lost, the flower decay. His voice, his waking eyes, his gentle sleeping; The smallest things are safest in thy keeping Sweet memory, keep our child with us always. —Henry Van Dyke.

Long, long ago? Ah, memory, make it clear— (Ah, was it long ago or yesterday?) So little and so helpless and so dear— Let not the song be lost, the flower decay. His voice, his waking eyes, his gentle sleeping; The smallest things are safest in thy keeping Sweet memory, keep our child with us always. —Henry Van Dyke.

Long, long ago? Ah, memory, make it clear— (Ah, was it long ago or yesterday?) So little and so helpless and so dear— Let not the song be lost, the flower decay. His voice, his waking eyes, his gentle sleeping; The smallest things are safest in thy keeping Sweet memory, keep our child with us always. —Henry Van Dyke.

Long, long ago? Ah, memory, make it clear— (Ah, was it long ago or yesterday?) So little and so helpless and so dear— Let not the song be lost, the flower decay. His voice, his waking eyes, his gentle sleeping; The smallest things are safest in thy keeping Sweet memory, keep our child with us always. —Henry Van Dyke.

Long, long ago? Ah, memory, make it clear— (Ah, was it long ago or yesterday?) So little and so helpless and so dear— Let not the song be lost, the flower decay. His voice, his waking eyes, his gentle sleeping; The smallest things are safest in thy keeping Sweet memory, keep our child with us always. —Henry Van Dyke.

Long, long ago? Ah, memory, make it clear— (Ah, was it long ago or yesterday?) So little and so helpless and so dear— Let not the song be lost, the flower decay. His voice, his waking eyes, his gentle sleeping; The smallest things are safest in thy keeping Sweet memory, keep our child with us always. —Henry Van Dyke.

Long, long ago? Ah, memory, make it clear— (Ah, was it long ago or yesterday?) So little and so helpless and so dear— Let not the song be lost, the flower decay. His voice, his waking eyes, his gentle sleeping; The smallest things are safest in thy keeping Sweet memory, keep our child with us always. —Henry Van Dyke.

Long, long ago? Ah, memory, make it clear— (Ah, was it long ago or yesterday?) So little and so helpless and so dear— Let not the song be lost, the flower decay. His voice, his waking eyes, his gentle sleeping; The smallest things are safest in thy keeping Sweet memory, keep our child with us always. —Henry Van Dyke.

Long, long ago? Ah, memory, make it clear— (Ah, was it long ago or yesterday?) So little and so helpless and so dear— Let not the song be lost, the flower decay. His voice, his waking eyes, his gentle sleeping; The smallest things are safest in thy keeping Sweet memory, keep our child with us always. —Henry Van Dyke.

Long, long ago? Ah, memory, make it clear— (Ah, was it long ago or yesterday?) So little and so helpless and so dear— Let not the song be lost, the flower decay. His voice, his waking eyes, his gentle sleeping; The smallest things are safest in thy keeping Sweet memory, keep our child with us always. —Henry Van Dyke.

Long, long ago? Ah, memory, make it clear— (Ah, was it long ago or yesterday?) So little and so helpless and so dear— Let not the song be lost, the flower decay. His voice, his waking eyes, his gentle sleeping; The smallest things are safest in thy keeping Sweet memory, keep our child with us always. —Henry Van Dyke.

Long, long ago? Ah, memory, make it clear— (Ah, was it long ago or yesterday?) So little and so helpless and so dear— Let not the song be lost, the flower decay. His voice, his waking eyes, his gentle sleeping; The smallest things are safest in thy keeping Sweet memory, keep our child with us always. —Henry Van Dyke.

Long, long ago? Ah, memory, make it clear— (Ah, was it long ago or yesterday?) So little and so helpless and so dear— Let not the song be lost, the flower decay. His voice, his waking eyes, his gentle sleeping; The smallest things are safest in thy keeping Sweet memory, keep our child with us always. —Henry Van Dyke.

Long, long ago? Ah, memory, make it clear— (Ah, was it long ago or yesterday?) So little and so helpless and so dear— Let not the song be lost, the flower decay. His voice, his waking eyes, his gentle sleeping; The smallest things are safest in thy keeping Sweet memory, keep our child with us always. —Henry Van Dyke.

Long, long ago? Ah, memory, make it clear— (Ah, was it long ago or yesterday?) So little and so helpless and so dear— Let not the song be lost, the flower decay. His voice, his waking eyes, his gentle sleeping; The smallest things are safest in thy keeping Sweet memory, keep our child with us always. —Henry Van Dyke.

Long, long ago? Ah, memory, make it clear— (Ah, was it long ago or yesterday?) So little and so helpless and so dear— Let not the song be lost, the flower decay. His voice, his waking eyes, his gentle sleeping; The smallest things are safest in thy keeping Sweet memory, keep our child with us always. —Henry Van Dyke.

Long, long ago? Ah, memory, make it clear— (Ah, was it long ago or yesterday?) So little and so helpless and so dear— Let not the song be lost, the flower decay. His voice, his waking eyes, his gentle sleeping; The smallest things are safest in thy keeping Sweet memory, keep our child with us always. —Henry Van Dyke.

Long, long ago? Ah, memory, make it clear— (Ah, was it long ago or yesterday?) So little and so helpless and so dear— Let not the song be lost, the flower decay. His voice, his waking eyes, his gentle sleeping; The smallest things are safest in thy keeping Sweet memory, keep our child with us always. —Henry Van Dyke.

Long, long ago? Ah, memory, make it clear— (Ah, was it long ago or yesterday?) So little and so helpless and so dear— Let not the song be lost, the flower decay. His voice, his waking eyes, his gentle sleeping; The smallest things are safest in thy keeping Sweet memory, keep our child with us always. —Henry Van Dyke.

Long, long ago? Ah, memory, make it clear— (Ah, was it long ago or yesterday?) So little and so helpless and so dear— Let not the song be lost, the flower decay. His voice, his waking eyes, his gentle sleeping; The smallest things are safest in thy keeping Sweet memory, keep our child with us always. —Henry Van Dyke.

Long, long ago? Ah, memory, make it clear— (Ah, was it long ago or yesterday?) So little and so helpless and so dear— Let not the song be lost, the flower decay. His voice, his waking eyes, his gentle sleeping; The smallest things are safest in thy keeping Sweet memory, keep our child with us always. —Henry Van Dyke.

Long, long ago? Ah, memory, make it clear— (Ah, was it long ago or yesterday?) So little and so helpless and so dear— Let not the song be lost, the flower decay. His voice, his waking eyes, his gentle sleeping; The smallest things are safest in thy keeping Sweet memory, keep our child with us always. —Henry Van Dyke.

PETITION.

An Angel with a Flaming Sword, Banished us, who had transgressed, From the Garden of the Blessed— Out of Childhood, out of Youth, Out of Trust, and out of Truth, Pathless wanderers are we, Shamed, and sad, and wildly free, Helpless, hopeless of reward.

Oh, Angel of the Spoken Word, Call us now, who have transgressed To the Garden of the Blessed. Let us learn that all is Light, Strength and Beauty, and the Right While the Universe is bound. Ah the little world goes round, And the name of God is heard. —Corinne Barry, in San Francisco Bulletin.

IS IT ENOUGH?

Is it enough to give the best of life? To fill with hope the fardel of a friend? Is it enough in torture to bear strife, Another's weak and heedless aims to mend? Will it suffice, when all this life is past, To know we came when others dared command, Nor hoarded gifts with any grudging hand? To see the sneer and answer not, nor groan? To feel the tight chain wearing deep, and smile? To laugh when sobs are near? To be alone When the heart fails? To know the little while God gives us for our worry? To pray and fall? To rise again and beg for love that dies? To see, thro' burning tears, the weary trail On dry, dead fields, beneath hot shining skies?

Howe'er salt the cup our lips must taste, It is the glory of a warrior's fate To battle for the meed that others waste And sink unconquered all when day grows late. This must suffice, to struggle, hope and die; To carry crosses over thorny ways; To know Gethsemani; give love for hate— Christ's followers thus thro' life's appointed days. —S. M. O'Malley.

THE MESSAGE OF EASTER.

He spake, the Lord of all the earth, From out the glowing skies; He bade the grave its victim yield, And called the dead to rise. An angel rolled the stone away And from the grave's deep gloom The risen Lord in glory came Triumphant from the tomb. The lilies sprang to meet him Along the sunlit way, And Nature donned her floral robes That golden Easter Day. The birds flew forth on joyous wing, God's messengers of peace, To bid all weeping eyes look up And hopeless sorrow cease. And hence for aye the Easter-tide This message sweet shall bring, "The Grave no more hath victory, And Death hath lost its sting!"—From "When the Lilies Bloom," by Julia R. Galloway.

He spake, the Lord of all the earth, From out the glowing skies; He bade the grave its victim yield, And called the dead to rise. An angel rolled the stone away And from the grave's deep gloom The risen Lord in glory came Triumphant from the tomb. The lilies sprang to meet him Along the sunlit way, And Nature donned her floral robes That golden Easter Day. The birds flew forth on joyous wing, God's messengers of peace, To bid all weeping eyes look up And hopeless sorrow cease. And hence for aye the Easter-tide This message sweet shall bring, "The Grave no more hath victory, And Death hath lost its sting!"—From "When the Lilies Bloom," by Julia R. Galloway.

He spake, the Lord of all the earth, From out the glowing skies; He bade the grave its victim yield, And called the dead to rise. An angel rolled the stone away And from the grave's deep gloom The risen Lord in glory came Triumphant from the tomb. The lilies sprang to meet him Along the sunlit way, And Nature donned her floral robes That golden Easter Day. The birds flew forth on joyous wing, God's messengers of peace, To bid all weeping eyes look up And hopeless sorrow cease. And hence for aye the Easter-tide This message sweet shall bring, "The Grave no more hath victory, And Death hath lost its sting!"—From "When the Lilies Bloom," by Julia R. Galloway.

He spake, the Lord of all the earth, From out the glowing skies; He bade the grave its victim yield, And called the dead to rise. An angel rolled the stone away And from the grave's deep gloom The risen Lord in glory came Triumphant from the tomb. The lilies sprang to meet him Along the sunlit way, And Nature donned her floral robes That golden Easter Day. The birds flew forth on joyous wing, God's messengers of peace, To bid all weeping eyes look up And hopeless sorrow cease. And hence for aye the Easter-tide This message sweet shall bring, "The Grave no more hath victory, And Death hath lost its sting!"—From "When the Lilies Bloom," by Julia R. Galloway.

He spake, the Lord of all the earth, From out the glowing skies; He bade the grave its victim yield, And called the dead to rise. An angel rolled the stone away And from the grave's deep gloom The risen Lord in glory came Triumphant from the tomb. The lilies sprang to meet him Along the sunlit way, And Nature donned her floral robes That golden Easter Day. The birds flew forth on joyous wing, God's messengers of peace, To bid all weeping eyes look up And hopeless sorrow cease. And hence for aye the Easter-tide This message sweet shall bring, "The Grave no more hath victory, And Death hath lost its sting!"—From "When the Lilies Bloom," by Julia R. Galloway.

He spake, the Lord of all the earth, From out the glowing skies; He bade the grave its victim yield, And called the dead to rise. An angel rolled the stone away And from the grave's deep gloom The risen Lord in glory came Triumphant from the tomb. The lilies sprang to meet him Along the sunlit way, And Nature donned her floral robes That golden Easter Day. The birds flew forth on joyous wing, God's messengers of peace, To bid all weeping eyes look up And hopeless sorrow cease. And hence for aye the Easter-tide This message sweet shall bring, "The Grave no more hath victory, And Death hath lost its sting!"—From "When the Lilies Bloom," by Julia R. Galloway.

He spake, the Lord of all the earth, From out the glowing skies; He bade the grave its victim yield, And called the dead to rise. An angel rolled the stone away And from the grave's deep gloom The risen Lord in glory came Triumphant from the tomb. The lilies sprang to meet him Along the sunlit way, And Nature donned her floral robes That golden Easter Day. The birds flew forth on joyous wing, God's messengers of peace, To bid all weeping eyes look up And hopeless sorrow cease. And hence for aye the Easter-tide This message sweet shall bring, "The Grave no more hath victory, And Death hath lost its sting!"—From "When the Lilies Bloom," by Julia R. Galloway.

He spake, the Lord of all the earth, From out the glowing skies; He bade the grave its victim yield, And called the dead to rise. An angel rolled the stone away And from the grave's deep gloom The risen Lord in glory came Triumphant from the tomb. The lilies sprang to meet him Along the sunlit way, And Nature donned her floral robes That golden Easter Day. The birds flew forth on joyous wing, God's messengers of peace, To bid all weeping eyes look up And hopeless sorrow cease. And hence for aye the Easter-tide This message sweet shall bring, "The Grave no more hath victory, And Death hath lost its sting!"—From "When the Lilies Bloom," by Julia R. Galloway.

He spake, the Lord of all the earth, From out the glowing skies; He bade the grave its victim yield, And called the dead to rise. An angel rolled the stone away And from the grave's deep gloom The risen Lord in glory came Triumphant from the tomb. The lilies sprang to meet him Along the sunlit way, And Nature donned her floral robes That golden Easter Day. The birds flew forth on joyous wing, God's messengers of peace, To bid all weeping eyes look up And hopeless sorrow cease. And hence for aye the Easter-tide This message sweet shall bring, "The Grave no more hath victory, And Death hath lost its sting!"—From "When the Lilies Bloom," by Julia R. Galloway.

He spake, the Lord of all the earth, From out the glowing skies; He bade the grave its victim yield, And called the dead to rise. An angel rolled the stone away And from the grave's deep gloom The risen Lord in glory came Triumphant from the tomb. The lilies sprang to meet him Along the sunlit way, And Nature donned her floral robes That golden Easter Day. The birds flew forth on joyous wing, God's messengers of peace, To bid all weeping eyes look up And hopeless sorrow cease. And hence for aye the Easter-tide This message sweet shall bring, "The Grave no more hath victory, And Death hath lost its sting!"—From "When the Lilies Bloom," by Julia R. Galloway.

He spake, the Lord of all the earth, From out the glowing skies; He bade the grave its victim yield, And called the dead to rise. An angel rolled the stone away And from the grave's deep gloom The risen Lord in glory came Triumphant from the tomb. The lilies sprang to meet him Along the sunlit way, And Nature donned her floral robes That golden Easter Day. The birds flew forth on joyous wing, God's messengers of peace, To bid all weeping eyes look up And hopeless sorrow cease. And hence for aye the Easter-tide This message sweet shall bring, "The Grave no more hath victory, And Death hath lost its sting!"—From "When the Lilies Bloom," by Julia R. Galloway.

He spake, the Lord of all the earth, From out the glowing skies; He bade the grave its victim yield, And called the dead to rise. An angel rolled the stone away And from the grave's deep gloom The risen Lord in glory came Triumphant from the tomb. The lilies sprang to meet him Along the sunlit way, And Nature donned her floral robes That golden Easter Day. The birds flew forth on joyous wing, God's messengers of peace, To bid all weeping eyes look up And hopeless sorrow cease. And hence for aye the Easter-tide This message sweet shall bring, "The Grave no more hath victory, And Death hath lost its sting!"—From "When the Lilies Bloom," by Julia R. Galloway.

He spake, the Lord of all the earth, From out the glowing skies; He bade the grave its victim yield, And called the dead to rise. An angel rolled the stone away And from the grave's deep gloom The risen Lord in glory came Triumphant from the tomb. The lilies sprang to meet him Along the sunlit way, And Nature donned her floral robes That golden Easter Day. The birds flew forth on joyous wing, God's messengers of peace, To bid all weeping eyes look up And hopeless sorrow cease. And hence for aye the Easter-tide This message sweet shall bring, "The Grave no more hath victory, And Death hath lost its sting!"—From "When the Lilies Bloom," by Julia R. Galloway.

He spake, the Lord of all the earth, From out the glowing skies; He bade the grave its victim yield, And called the dead to rise. An angel rolled the stone away And from the grave's deep gloom The risen Lord in glory came Triumphant from the tomb. The lilies sprang to meet him Along the sunlit way, And Nature donned her floral robes That golden Easter Day. The birds flew forth on joyous wing, God's messengers of peace, To bid all weeping eyes look up And hopeless sorrow cease. And hence for aye the Easter-tide This message sweet shall bring, "The Grave no more hath victory, And Death hath lost its sting!"—From "When the Lilies Bloom," by Julia R. Galloway.

He spake, the Lord of all the earth, From out the glowing skies; He bade the grave its victim yield, And called the dead to rise. An angel rolled the stone away And from the grave's deep gloom The risen Lord in glory came Triumphant from the tomb. The lilies sprang to meet him Along the sunlit way, And Nature donned her floral robes That golden Easter Day. The birds flew forth on joyous wing, God's messengers of peace, To bid all weeping eyes look up And hopeless sorrow cease. And hence for aye the Easter-tide This message sweet shall bring, "The Grave no more hath victory, And Death hath lost its sting!"—From "When the Lilies Bloom," by Julia R. Galloway.

He spake, the Lord of all the earth, From out the glowing skies; He bade the grave its victim yield, And called the dead to rise. An angel rolled the stone away And from the grave's deep gloom The risen Lord in glory came Triumphant from the tomb. The lilies sprang to meet him Along the sunlit way, And Nature donned her floral robes That golden Easter Day. The birds flew forth on joyous wing, God's messengers of peace, To bid all weeping eyes look up And hopeless sorrow cease. And hence for aye the Easter-tide This message sweet shall bring, "The Grave no more hath victory, And Death hath lost its sting!"—From "When the Lilies Bloom," by Julia R. Galloway.

He spake, the Lord of all the earth, From out the glowing skies; He bade the grave its victim yield, And called the dead to rise. An angel rolled the stone away And from the grave's deep gloom The risen Lord in glory came Triumphant from the tomb. The lilies sprang to meet him Along the sunlit way, And Nature donned her floral robes That golden Easter Day. The birds flew forth on joyous wing, God's messengers of peace, To bid all weeping eyes look up And hopeless sorrow cease. And hence for aye the Easter-tide This message sweet shall bring, "The Grave no more hath victory, And Death hath lost its sting!"—From "When the Lilies Bloom," by Julia R. Galloway.

He spake, the Lord of all the earth, From out the glowing skies; He bade the grave its victim yield, And called the dead to rise. An angel rolled the stone away And from the grave's deep gloom The risen Lord in glory came Triumphant from the tomb. The lilies sprang to meet him Along the sunlit way, And Nature donned her floral robes That golden Easter Day. The birds flew forth on joyous wing, God's messengers of peace, To bid all weeping eyes look up And hopeless sorrow cease. And hence for aye the Easter-tide This message sweet shall bring, "The Grave no more hath victory, And Death hath lost its sting!"—From "When the Lilies Bloom," by Julia R. Galloway.

OUR B

Dear Girls and Boys:

It looks as if Easter had had effect on the nieces phews. Not one has written. Oh, well, I expect will receive accounts next week of how you spent the week, and how pretty churches looked; because day we all look for abundant flowers on our affairs. Not disappoint me.

Your loving AUNT

I'M NOT TOO YOUNG

I'm not too young for God He knows my name and to; And all day long He looks And sees my actions through.

He listens to the words I He knows the thoughts within; And whether I'm at work He's sure to see me if I

If some one great and good It makes us careful what And how much more ought to fear

The Lord who sees us through! Thus, when inclined to do However pleasant it may I'll always try to think of I'm not too young for God —Young Folks.

JOHNNY'S DIME

"Johnny, I want you to store for me, please." No answer. A wait of several minutes. "Johnny, I want you to the store, please." Still no reply and a fur "Johnny, will you please at once and go to the store?"

At this appeal there was ment from the boy, who led out on the floor, and a right, mother, wait a minute. "You get right up," said father decidedly, "and do mother asks you to do so. Reluctantly the lad arose. "I could have finished it other five minutes," he red. "It had just come to part. 'Terrible Dick,' had caught 'Flying Tom,' and his pistol out and—"

"You ought not to read trash," said Johnny's father provingly. "I wouldn't let I were you, mother." "He's always got one of those rid books with him; I wish give up the habit," replied "Here, Johnny," she went this list and go to the store. Take the big basket a hurry; it's getting late." Johnny took the piec put the basket on his arm, ed forth, buttoning up his he went out.

It was some distance to store; for Johnny Billings, father and mother, lived in try. Night was just falling did not much relish the tri ever, he set out at a good had soon covered half the Then he came in sight of the Sisters."

The "Three Sisters" were but three bare, gaunt somehow Johnny had always guarded them with a sort. They looked so cold and as they stood there in the winter's day. The silly st had been reading would keep ing back to his mind. What rible Dick" were lurking behind trees! Fear lent wings to and he fairly raced past the full spot.

Soon he was at Mrs. Murr She filled up his basket, but not big enough to take a things, so he pushed some inside pocket of his overcoat started on the return trip. It was quite dark now for the moon; but he whistled to keep up his courage. When he started a little earlier when ther had first asked him, he have been back home by now thought.

The bare trees cast long shadows, and sometimes he to the neck."

People in the Country

and small towns have got to consider fire—and take every precaution in building homes. Fireproof is an attractive feature of Metal Walls and Ceilings

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys: It looks as if Easter had had a bad effect on the nieces and nephews. Not one has written this week. Oh, well, I expect that I will receive accounts the coming week of how you spent the beautiful feast, and how pretty all your churches looked; because on Easter day we all look for abundance of flowers on our altars. Now, do not disappoint me.

Your loving AUNT BECKY.

I'M NOT TOO YOUNG.

I'm not too young for God to see: He knows my name and nature, too; And all day long He looks at me, And sees my actions through and through. He listens to the words I say; He knows the thoughts I have within; And whether I'm at work or play, He's sure to see me if I sin. If some one great and good is near, It makes us careful what we do; And how much more ought we to fear. The Lord who sees us through and through! Thus, when inclined to do amiss, However pleasant it may be, I'll always try to think of this: I'm not too young for God to see. —Young Folks.

JOHNNY'S DIME NOVELS.

"Johnny, I want you to go to the store for me, please." No answer. A wait of several minutes. "Johnny, I want you to go to the store, please." Still no reply and a further wait. "Johnny, will you please get up at once and go to the store for me?" At this appeal there was a movement from the boy, who lay stretched out on the floor, and a lazy, "All right, mother, wait a minute." "You get right up," said Johnny's father decidedly, "and do what your mother asks you to do at once." Reluctantly the lad arose. "I could have finished it in another five minutes," he remonstrated. "It had just come to the best part, 'Flying Tom,' and had got his pistol out and—" "You ought not to read such trash," said Johnny's father reprovingly. "I wouldn't let him if I were you, mother." "He's always got one of those horrid books with him; I wish he would give up the habit," replied mother. "Here, Johnny," she went on, "take this list and go to the store for me. Take the big basket and please hurry; it's getting late." Johnny took the piece of paper, put the basket on his arm, and sallied forth, buttoning up his coat as he went out. It was some distance to Murry's store; for Johnny Billings, with his father and mother, lived in the country. Night was just falling, and he did not much relish the trip. However, he set out at a good pace, and had soon covered half the distance. Then he came in sight of the "Three Sisters." The "Three Sisters" were nothing but three bare, gaunt trees, but somehow Johnny had always regarded them with a sort of awe. They looked so cold and foreboding as they stood there in the waning of winter's day. The silly stories he had been reading would keep coming back to his mind. What if "Terrible Dick" were lurking behind those trees! Fear lent wings to his feet, and he fairly raced past the dreadful spot. Soon he was at Mrs. Murry's store. She filled up his basket, but it was not big enough to take all the things, so he pushed some in the inside pocket of his overcoat. Then he started on the return trip. It was quite dark now, except for the moon; but he whistled to keep up his courage. If he had only started a little earlier when his mother had first asked him, he would have been back home by now, he thought. The bare trees cast such curious shadows, and sometimes he thought

he heard some one moving behind the hedge. What if it should be "Flying Tom!" Soothe the "Three Sisters" came in sight. He would have given anything not to have had to pass them. It had to be done, however. So, at a good, sharp trot he dashed by. As he went under their gaunt, bare branches he felt certain he saw someone on the other side. Poor Johnny was now thoroughly scared. His heart was beating so loud that he felt sure whoever it was on the other side of the trees must hear it. He started to run as fast as he could. Then he distinctly saw something behind him, and heard its feet beat on the hard road as it started to run after him. There was a loud report—"bang!" and Johnny felt a stinging sensation in his chest. He was shot, he knew it; he could feel the blood trickling down inside. He must reach his home before he dropped or that thing would get him. He ran like the wind. With the perspiration streaming down his face, he burst in through the door of his home. "I'm shot!" he screamed, and fell almost fainting into a chair. Both his parents rushed over to him. Hastily his father unbuttoned his coat. Then he took from it a broken bottle. "Mother," he said, "the yeast bottle burst."

And "Dover," Mrs. Murry's shaggy Newfoundland dog, came trotting quietly through the open door, with an inquiring look on his face which plainly said: "Why didn't you wait for me, Johnny?" Johnny doesn't read dime novels any more.

THE DOLL'S HOSPITAL.

A dolls hospital! and why not? Doesn't dolly often sustain both internal and external injuries? And when injured, doesn't she need the assistance of the surgeon? Of course she does. And so it has come to pass that kindly people have opened hospitals where dolly may be cured of her hurts—if the head has not been smashed. The writer visited a doll's hospital a few weeks ago and there saw a room full of the poor, maimed things. Here in one corner lay a fine French dolly, with one eye gone, an unsightly scar on her piquant nose, and a broken ankle. Near this little French lady was another dolly with hair gone, a maimed hand, and two legs missing. (These members, however, were wrapped in a bit of paper, waiting the surgical operation that would join them to their wanted places again.) But the saddest plight was that of a dear baby doll who had lost its cry. When one pinched its stomach the springs would not speak; therefore the little one had no way of expressing pain or anger, but must lie on a shelf and be still. And a serious operation would be performed on her soon, for the doll doctor would cut her open down the back and put in another crying spring or fix up the one already in her body. And that's the advantage of being a doll. Dolls undergo most terrible accidents—are pulled limb from limb, hair from head—to be put together again without much trouble and no fuss whatever. As I looked about the hospital, I wondered how the children who owned these maimed dollies could have been so careless, heartless—yes, cruel—in their treatment of the helpless things.

THE ROSE AT THE WINDOW.

"A rose looked in at the window, One bleak November morn; 'Twas a lingering ray of summer, The wreck of the year to adorn." Miss Rose Sylvester sang the words of her favorite song. Her white fingers touched the keys lightly, and her young voice was fresh and sweet. She was visiting her friend Margaret Gordon, who was busy just now with a dressmaker from a city establishment, leaving her guest to amuse herself at the piano in the library. The dressmaker's apprentice sat in a small room upstairs, her rapid fingers busy with some needed alterations to the new gown before it should be tried on again. Through the hall and open doorways, floated the words of the song:

"The beauty and grace of the blossom Shed gladness and joy through the room; And the rose looking in at the window Dispersed November's gloom."

Miss Sylvester sang with great distinctness, and Martha Gregg heard every syllable. She drew a sigh of pleasure in the sweet music, to which she was keenly alive, and then heaved a deeper one as she said to herself, half bitterly, "I wonder what it would be like to have nothing to do but sit and sing like that." Poor Martha, hurried from morning till night with the only work she was fitted for, owing to the hard conditions of her early girlhood that cut short educational advantages, had secret yearnings of which no one ever dreamed.

"There's a rose looking in at the window, And pleasant it is to see In the palace of pomp and splendor, In the cottage of low degree."

So the song went on. "Not in our flat," commented Martha, thinking grimly of the plain, bare rooms where Want and Care often looked through the windows, and little of beauty or pleasure. But the singer's voice carried on the song:

"Where'er there's the smile of a woman, As bright as the beam from Above, Is a rose looking in at the window And filling the dwelling with love."

Martha was naturally bright. She saw things quickly, and loved to think out suggestions while her fingers flew. There was a sudden stir of feeling in her heart. "I wonder," she thought as Rose played an interlude, "if maybe there's a rose at our window, only I don't look sharp and see it? And I wonder if I could be a rose at some window even if I can't have one at my own when I like? Anyhow, if I could keep smiling, and pleasant at home, it might make things happier."

"There's a rose looking in at the window In every condition of life, In times of content and enjoyment, In days with bitterness rife. The voice of a friend in affliction, Her comfort in trouble's dark day, Is a rose looking in at the window, And chasing the shadows away."

The sympathetic voice gave strange power to the words. "There's poor Maggie Dorn across the way, worse off than I am," thought Martha with a smiting conscience. "I'll go give her a kind word this night." Later, Rose Sylvester, meeting the apprentice girl in the hall, noticed her earnest expression. With a sweet impulse, she smiled a bright "Good-morning," as she passed, never dreaming what a helpful message her song had carried to a tired heart.

"A rose has looked in at my window, true enough," thought Martha; and that night, Maggie Dorn heard "the voice of a friend in affliction." Look for the rose at the window, girls; be or carry one to others; and oh, sing songs worth singing, that give wings to beautiful thoughts!

A DOG AND A PARROT.

That reminds me of a very clever compact which has been entered into between a dog and a parrot out in my neighborhood," said a man who had listened to a story about a dog, "and I doubt if you could find a more forcible evidence of the dog's and the parrot's intelligence than in the compact I have in mind. "They seem to have established a

WEAK TIRED WOMEN

They have a dizzy sensation in the head, the heart palpitates; they are irritable and nervous, weak and worn out, and the lightest household duties during the day seem to be a drag and a burden.

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

are the very remedy that weak, nervous, tired out, sickly women need to restore them the blessings of good health. They give sound, restful sleep, tone up the nerves, strengthen the heart, and make rich blood. Mrs. C. McDonald, Fortage in Florida, Fla., writes: "I was troubled with shortness of breath, palpitation of the heart and weak general health. I got four boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and after taking them I was completely cured." Price 25 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25, all orders to The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

We take your word for it and refund money

IF GIN PILLS FAIL TO CURE

Even after you buy GIN PILLS, your money is yours until you say that GIN PILLS have done you good. Every box of this famous Kidney Cure is sold with a positive guarantee that the pills will give welcome relief from Backache, Swollen Hands and Feet, Burning Urine, constant desire to urinate, and all other kidney and bladder troubles. If you pay 50¢ for a box of GIN PILLS, and do not honestly believe that they have done you good, and are curing you of kidney or bladder trouble, return the empty box to your druggist and he will refund your money. And because we know that you want to be cured your simple word shall decide.

WALKERTON, Ont., Feb. 28th, 1905. Adolph Misch, one of my customers, says of GIN PILLS: "I have used all the different kinds of kidney pills and tried several doctors, but none of them did me any good. I got a sample box of Gin Pills, and since have used two boxes and am completely cured." Peter McCarthy says: "They are the best kidney pill I ever used, and I would recommend anyone to buy them."

C. W. CRYDERMAN, Druggist. Buy GIN PILLS on our positive and unconditional guarantee of money back if they fail. Send us your name and address, mentioning in what paper you saw this offer, and we will send you a free sample box of these famous pills that cure. Sold by all druggists at 50¢ a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50 THE BOLE DRUG CO. - WINNIPEG, MAN.

perfect understanding of each other. How they went about the matter I do not know. I only know that the results are achieved quite as satisfactorily as if the dog and parrot in question were human beings and capable of all the processes of reasoning.

"The parrot's cage is in the back yard. It is close to the ground where the dog can reach the sliding door by rearing up on its hind legs. Between the back yard and front yard there is a gate with a 'latch' on one side toward the front part of the house. As a rule the dog and parrot are kept in the back yard, and the little gate which crosses the alley way and opens into the front yard is generally kept latched. A little while ago the dog and the parrot were found out in the front yard together.

"The man of the house was not a little perplexed to know how they had managed to get out into the front yard. He made up his mind to watch them for the purpose of seeing how they overcame the difficulty. The first thing that attracted his attention was the call of the parrot.

"Promptly the dog, who understood the language, responded. He walked over to the parrot's cage, used his nose to root the slide door up, and let the bird out. The dog then let the door fall back in its place. The parrot flew over the side gate, and the dog trotted across the yard in the same direction.

"In a few seconds the parrot was busy with the latch. Using his beak, he raised the latch, and the dog pushed the side gate open with his nose. Shortly they were both out in the front yard.

"Now, what do you think of that? If that isn't intelligence, what is it? It seems to me to be intelligence of a very high order, and I am willing to put this dog and this parrot bird against anything you can scrape up for anything less complex than a combination lock of the most improved kind wouldn't count with them.—Selected.

GROWING A GRANDMOTHER.

He was a wee little man, only three years old, but brave, courageous, and uncomplaining—more so than any one knew, for, though only a baby, he had his trials, says the New York Times. The family had gone to a new country in the far west. It was a very new country, very different from the city in the East, where they had left many friends, relatives, and nearest of all, a dear old grandmother. The mamma was so busy in her new home that she had little time to devote to the babies, except to see that they were kept clean and well fed. So the little ones were lonely some times, as mamma found out one day in a way that brought the tears to her eyes.

The little three-year-old had been very busy and quiet, making a big hole in the ground with such earnestness that, fearing the little fellow was planning mischief, she went to see. The hole was completed when she reached the spot, and in it had been placed something that she took out and examined with wondering curiosity. It was the strangest thing to go into a hole in the ground—an old daguerreotype.

"Why, baby," exclaimed mamma, "what are you doing with this?" "I fought," said the little man, with a quivering lip and all the pent-up loneliness of homesickness in

his voice as he tried to explain, "I fought, maybe, if I planted it, an ozzzer grandma would grow."

WHY THE OCEAN DOESN'T FREEZE.

If the ocean did not have salt it would freeze somewhat more readily than it does now, but there would be no very marked difference. The ocean is prevented from freezing too much by its salt as by its size and by its commotion. On account of its size, large portions of it extend into warm climates at all seasons, and by reason of its great depth it is a vast storehouse of heat. Its currents distribute much warm water among the cold.

A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.

My doll, my doll, my Annabel! She's really feeling far from well—Her wig is gone, her eyes are out, Her legs were left somewhere about, Her arms were stolen by the pup, The hens ate all her sawdust up; So all that's really left of her Is just her clothes and character!

THE WRONG ONE.

A young man had been calling now and then on a young lady, when one night, as he sat in the parlor waiting for her to come down, her mother entered the room instead, and asked him, in a very grave and stern way, what his intentions were. He turned very red, and was about to stammer some incoherent reply, when suddenly the young lady called down from the heat of the stairs: "Mamma, mamma, that is not the one."

A CAMPBELLTOWN BUILDER SPEAKS

He Found Nothing to Equal Dodd's Kidney Pills for They Cured Him of His Trouble.

Mr. W. H. Wallace is a Well Man Today, But he was Pretty Bad before he got cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills

Campbelltown, N.B., April 16.—(Special)—"It was a cold started my trouble," says Mr. Wallace, of this place, "I am a contractor and builder, and my work causes me to be out and exposed to all weathers, so I suppose it was in that way I got cold. Any way it settled in my kidneys and made me pretty sick. I got lumbago in the back, cramp in the muscles, pains in the loins, shortness of breath, a dragging pain at the loins and my urine was thick with a dark sediment. Then I knew the kidneys were to blame, so I took Dodd's Kidney Pills and they soon put me in shape and cured me so that I have had no trouble with my kidneys since."

BOTH WERE KNIGHTS.

He was a very decided English type, and as he stopped an Irishman and asked for a light he volunteered to say:

"Excuse me, my man, for stopping you as an entire stranger. But at home I'm a person of some importance. I'm Sir James B—, Knight of the Garter, Knight of the Double Eagle, Knight of the Golden Fleece, Knight of the Iron Cross. And your name is—what, my man?" "No name," was the ready reply. "Is Michael Murphy. Night before last, last night, to-night and every night, Michael Murphy."

HE SAW ONE.

"What is algebra, Johnny?" asked the teacher of a small pupil. "It's a white mule covered with black stripes," answered the little fellow. "I saw one at the circus last summer."

They Never Knew Failure.—Careful observation of the effects of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills has shown that they act immediately on the diseased organs of the system and stimulate them to healthy action. There may be cases in which the disease has been long seated and does not easily yield to medicine, but even in such cases these Pills have been known to bring relief when all other so-called remedies have failed. These assertions can be substantiated by many who have used the Pills, and medical men speak highly of their qualities.

BUSINESS CARDS. M. J. MORRISON, Advocate, ROOM 587 - - TEMPLE BUILDING

T. J. O'NEILL, REAL ESTATE AGENT, 180 ST. JAMES STREET.

Loans, Insurance, Renting and Collecting of Rents. Moderate charges, and prompt returns.

Bell Tel. Main 3262. Night day & service

CONROY BROS., 228 Centre Street

Practical Plumbers, Gas and Steamfitters ESTIMATES GIVEN, Jobbing Promptly Attended To.

Established 1864, G. O'BRIEN, House, Sign and Decorative Painter PLAIN AND DECORATIVE PAPER-HANGER

Whitewashing and Tinting Orders promptly attended to. Terms moderate. Residence, 75 AYLMER STREET, Office, 647 Dorchester Street, east of Bleury street, Montreal. Bell Telephone, Up 205.

LAWRENCE RILEY, PLASTERER. Successor to John Riley. Established in 1860. Plain and Ornamental Plastering. Repairs of all kinds promptly attended to. Estimates furnished. Postal orders attended to. 15 PARIS STREET, Point St. Charles.

ROOFERS, Etc.

FOR A TIGHT ROOF, OR DRY BASEMENT; FOR METAL SKYLIGHTS OR ANY SHEET METAL WORK CALL ON GEO. W. REED & CO., 337 Craig St. W.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

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

Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the local agent receive authority for some one to make entry for him.

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 as 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 the said land.

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

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

W. W. CORY, Deputy Minister of the Interior.

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED. We solicit the business of Manufacturers, Engineers and others who require the assistance of having their Patent business transacted by Experts. Preliminary advice free. Charges moderate. Our Patent's Advice sent upon request. Marston & Marston, New York City, Boston, Montreal, and Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

The True Witness

And Catholic Chronicle
 IN PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
The True Witness Printing & Publishing Co.
 25 St. Antoine Street, Montreal, Canada.
 P. O. Box 1138.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE.
 Canada (city excepted), United States and Newfoundland..... \$1.00
 City and Foreign..... \$1.50
 TERMS: PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—When ordering change of address it is necessary to send old as well as new address.
SUBSCRIBERS in Westmount, Montreal annex, Montreal West, Verdun, Point St. Charles, St. Henri, Maisonneuve, Ste. Cunegonde, St. Louis du Mile End, will in future have to pay \$1.50, owing to change in P. O. regulations. This takes effect with subscriptions commencing January, 1905. Subscriptions dating before then will not be affected until time of renewal.
 All Communications should be addressed to the TRUE WITNESS P. & P. CO., P. O. Box 1138.

NOTICE.

Subscribers will please take notice that when their year is due, and should they wish to discontinue their paper, they are requested to notify this office, otherwise we will understand they wish to renew, in which case they will be liable for entire year.



THURSDAY, APRIL 19, 1906.

VESUVIUS.

The appalling and disastrous eruption of Mount Vesuvius has been compared for its terror and duration by Prof. Mattucci, chief of the Observatory which stands near the volcano, to the activity that destroyed Pompeii. Pompeii was covered with lava and ashes more than 18 centuries ago; and so small a difference does the flight of time mark upon the actions of nature that the stones, lava and ashes of to-day will be found hardly distinguishable from the burden that quenched the life of the little Roman city. Below the ancient volcanic ashes are still preserved many records of the old pagan order. One of the most recent discoveries that excavation has brought forth consists of a wall-painting in four scenes. In the Elysium of the gods the first scene is placed: the sun is seen in his chariot, and the god Mars in full gilded armor, with a lance in his hand, is shown in rapid flight towards earth. In the next scene the house of King Amulius is shown, and on the right of the picture is a little hill, on the slope of which Rhea Silvia, the Vestal who became the mother of the twins Romulus and Remus, is reclining in sleep; and lower down on the left is the temple of the Salii, priests of Mars, who are observing the descent of the god. The punishment of Rhea Silvia is next represented; and the last of the series shows the Tiber, with the twins, watched over by Mercury and suckled by the wolf, and the shepherd Faustulus and his wife Acca Laurentia, who look with astonishment on the strange group of the wolf and the children.

The picture, which is evidently a copy of a much earlier work, shows how the people of that period regarded the legend of Romulus and Remus, and the origin of the city of Rome. However strange the story may be, it was recognized as the subject of the picture and inscription. A large marble slab in the Temple of Mercury, in the same City of Pompeii, bears an inscription relating that Romulus, son of Mars, founded the City of Rome, and reigned 38 years.

But Vesuvius sleeps fitfully above now as then, and who can say that the centuries have lulled his wrath.

SOCIALISM.

According to general accounts, Socialism is greatly on the increase. The London correspondent of the New York Sun says: "No subject is

causing greater concern to European publicists and statesmen at the present moment than the amazing spread in all countries of the so-called Socialist movement." In England the sweeping Liberal victory of the last elections merely foreshadows a greater Socialist triumph in the next elections. Behind the Liberals stand the Labor men, and behind them stand the Socialists. There is no friendship between the Socialists and the other two. Socialism has its arm raised against all others, and assumes that all others are ready to strike it. The end it aims at, and too often the methods employed, are far apart from the purposes of others. Parliament is to Socialists not an assembly for ways to promote and develop existing institutions. It is more a battle ground than a home, a laboratory where they can analyze and destroy—where they can evolve a new state of affairs, and place the relations of citizens upon an entirely new basis. Liberals and Labor party are tools to be used for a purpose. But Socialists are the men who use the tools—with their own policy and their own whips, who bind themselves to abstain strictly from identifying themselves with, or promoting the interests of, any section of the Liberal or Conservative parties." Germany is more seriously threatened with a current whose swelling stream will sweep away monarchy and aristocracy. The aims of Social-Democracy are thus plausibly stated: "They are not to divide property, but to combine it and use it for the development and improvement of mankind, in order to give to all a life worthy of man." Universal suffrage, secret ballot for men and women, freedom of speech and of the press, disestablishment of the churches, are a portion of the parliamentary programme of the German Socialists. Twenty-five years ago the social vote numbered only 300,000; in 1903 it numbered 3,000,000, or 32 per cent. of the entire vote. In France the working class "is organized from an economic standpoint into a party of class strife." Their immediate aim is to reduce the hours of labor, to increase the wages, and improve the conditions of factories and advance the moral independence of the workmen. Their more general purpose is to lessen the capitalists' privileges, and afterwards abolish salaries as a remedy for sweating and human woe. To the French Socialist there are two classes, the sweaters and the sweated. In Russia the contest, which at present turns upon the form of Government, is moving towards the same forts as the German Socialists are attacking. Throughout all these countries the policy is uniform, and the Socialistic movements are increasing. In the United States the Socialist leader, Eugene Debs, claims that they are gathering strength and increasing in members, so that in the near future they will emancipate themselves "from the galling yoke of wage slavery." In America as in Europe, in the democratic republic as in the aristocratic monarchy, their stand is taken, their watch-word given—war to classes, property and capital. What force can stem the coming tide? None, unless it be the Catholic Church. Upon its watch-towers floats a flag of truce even to Socialism, the strongest and fiercest enemy modern society will ever have combated.

THE HOLY FATHER AND FRANCE.

One of the most intimate and interesting accounts of Pope Pius X. and of his feelings in connection with the deplorable anti-Christian movement in France, was given by Cardinal Logue, of Armagh, upon his return from Rome two weeks ago. The Cardinal assured the public that the Pope is in good health despite the many afflictions that have come upon him. There were none of these afflictions and

trials which the Pope necessarily felt so keenly as the state of things in France, the terrible trial of which the Church of France—that Church which in times past merited the distinguished title of "the Eldest Daughter of the Universal Church"—was and is subjected to at present. "The Pope," continued Cardinal Logue "could not fail to feel this; but then in that trial there was consolation, because it had brought to the surface what seemed to have vanished permanently—the spirit of the Catholicity of France. The enemies, not merely of Catholicity, but of all religion, who wished to banish God and His empire from the country, which was once so glorious as a Catholic nation, imagined that Catholicism was dead in France, but they had found to their cost that they were mistaken in that view. The events of the last few months had brought prominently before their minds the fact that the spirit of Catholic France was not yet dead; that it lives and is active, and if the enemies of the Church continued in their persecution they were likely to find that spirit more active still. Though the Church of France must suffer, and be disorganized perhaps for years to come, still Almighty God Who knows how to draw good from evil, had made that affliction the means of stirring up what seemed to be dead: the Catholic spirit of France."

Hence Cardinal Logue declared that the event would show that the trial to which the Church of France had been subjected, and might be subjected for some years to come, would become a blessing in the guise of a curse, intended as an evil by the enemies of the Church, but likely to be turned by Almighty God into a blessing. Still the existing state of things involved anxieties which could not fail to affect the Pope very deeply, and to create for him a state of mind anything but agreeable. However, notwithstanding that, on the three occasions on which His Eminence had the pleasure of seeing him privately, and on public occasions on which he had seen him, he found that he was cheerful and in good health, and that he seemed to be prepared to bear to the end the burdens of the great position he holds. They all lamented the state of things in France and sympathized with the French Catholics, and Irish Catholics had special reason to sympathize with them, because during our own days of trial and persecution we had no better friends in Europe than the Catholics of France. So far as any human being could understand—certainly it was his own conviction—all these trials and all these troubles and all the spirit of irreligion which had sprung upon Catholic France could be traced to one cause, and one cause alone—namely, the divorce of education from religion. Some of their politicians told them that the placing of education under the control and authority of the Church tended to evil rather than good, and they said that the schools in France had been under the Church and under ecclesiastical authority. There was not a word of truth in that, and the assertion could spring from only one of two causes—either from ignorance or dishonesty. From the days of the French Revolution education in France was not only withdrawn from the control of the clergy, but it was not even free. Any person who had read a little of modern history must remember the great fight made by Lacordaire and Montalembert and the active Catholics of France to free education from the slavery of the State; to leave those who were best adapted to giving a Christian education to the young free to do so; and it was only after great efforts that a law was passed to tolerate the education of Catholic boys and Catholic girls in Catholic establishments. Of course a great deal of the education of the higher classes was in the hands of religious and under the control of the Church, with the result that today the best Catholics in France, contrary to what happens in our

own country, were those of the higher classes, whereas those who were demoralized were, unfortunately, the sons and daughters of the people; the very opposite to what they had reason to thank God for in this country, where the greatest fervor, love of the Church and love of religion, and the most careful practice of religion, are to be found amongst the sons and daughters of the people. There was no way he knew of by which they could explain this difference except one—namely, that the higher classes in France were able to secure for their children a Christian education. Sometimes the religious teachers were expelled, but the higher classes were rich enough to send their children after them, to England, Belgium, and elsewhere, to receive their education; hence those children remained good Catholics. The poor were not able to do this for their children, except a few of them who had their children taught at the Brothers' Schools, and the result was that the children of the poor were taught in schools, not merely secular, but actually opposed to religion. And so great bodies of these people had now grown up without any religion whatever; and if there be demoralization in France, as there is, and if there be an anti-religious spirit amongst the working people, it could be traced, to a great extent, to the fact that they had been brought up in secular schools or in anti-religious schools.

A GRAVE DECISION FROM ROME AT HAND.

We quote this announcement from the recent Rome correspondence of the London Tablet: "Some weeks ago your correspondent announced, that an important decision affecting Biblical Criticism might be expected in the near future. He is now able to add that the matter is being carefully studied by the proper authorities in Rome, but the subject has grown so complex, so extended and so serious that it is possible that the decision may not be given so soon as was at first anticipated. Nor will it be concerned solely with the Scriptures. There is, unfortunately, only too much evidence to show the existence of gross and fundamental errors affecting the very nature of faith, revelation and dogma. Many Bishops have implored the Holy See to provide a remedy for the disease, pointing out that unless something is done, the consequences will be very serious. Some part of the harm is being wrought by the writings of laymen. Hence the Roman authorities have instituted an examination of books, magazines, and newspaper articles, letters, etc., which have been published in recent years, and which reflect the prevailing tendencies of thought. It is more than likely that the forthcoming decision will take the form of a new syllabus of errors, affecting the moral career and the divinity of Our Lord, the foundation of the Church, the development and nature of dogma, the relations between faith and science. Among the works under examination are those of a number of authors well known in France, Italy and England."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The people of Rome, as well as the Catholic people of America, have read the report that the visit which Mr. Pierpont Morgan paid to the Pope had as its object the question of payment to the Vatican of an indemnity of £1,400,000 sterling on the part of the United States for the confiscation of ecclesiastical property in the Philippine Islands. The official journal of the Vatican has characterized the statement as a fable, "which has not the least shadow of foundation," and which deserves to be put in the same rank with the others which have recently been circulated concerning princely gifts and millions offered to the Pope. The only reason why the "Osservatore" refers to this latest story is to point the malicious tendency of all these utterances, which are as false as they are fantastic. "In fact, they cannot have and indeed have no other aim than that of surprising the good faith of Catholics and of turning them—as much as that is possible—from coming to the assistance of the necessities of



Royal Household Flour

in preference to inferior flour, buy health. Nothing contributes so much to the food you eat as flour, and therefore nothing should be more carefully bought. Ogilvie's Royal Household Flour is the whitest, cleanest and most nutritious flour that's milled. It is the only flour that is absolutely pure. Ask your grocer.



THE cost of living is an important thing in most homes. You may have to figure closely in these matters. A little extra on a barrel of flour may look big to you.

But there is a difference between spending money wisely and spending it foolishly. Sometimes it is economy to spend instead of to save. It is in the case of Royal Household Flour. Those few extra cents a week, that give you

Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Ltd.
 Montreal.

"Ogilvie's Book for a Cook" contains 150 pages of excellent recipes, some never published before. Your grocer can tell you how to get it FREE.

Daniel O'Connell's Friend.

The illness of the aged Earl of Bessborough, now in his 84th year, furnishes to the present generation a link with the career of Daniel O'Connell. His father, the fourth Earl of Bessborough, who died in 1847, within a few hours of the death of O'Connell, as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in Dublin Castle, was through life one of O'Connell's most attached political and personal friends. He it was who, as Lord Duncannon, with Sir Francis Burdett, introduced O'Connell, who had been returned at the great Clare election of 1828, but who never claimed to sit until after the Emancipation Act had received the royal assent, on April 13, 1829, to the House of Commons. It was on that occasion that O'Connell, on reading the oath, said: "I see in this oath an assertion as to a matter of fact which I know to be false. I see in it another assertion as a matter of opinion which I believe to be untrue. I therefore refuse to take that oath." The Speaker requested O'Connell to retire below the bar, and the Liberator, again leaning on Burdett and Duncannon, came below the bar and sat under the gallery. Lord Bessborough was a life-long correspondent of Daniel O'Connell's, and his colleague in many stirring episodes. O'Connell died on May 15, 1847, Lord Bessborough on May 16, 1847. O'Connell's death in Genoa was not known in Dublin—there was no telegraph in those days—till long after Lord Bessborough's funeral.

Pious Union in Honor of God the Holy Ghost.

The Holy Ghost deserves to be honored in a special manner by all men, not only individually, but also in a body. It would, therefore, be very desirable to see men bind themselves together for the express purpose of promoting devotion to the Holy Ghost. To this end an Association has been established with Episcopal sanction and approval under the title of "Pious Union in Honor of God the Holy Ghost." It has been devised upon the simplest plan. No conditions of any kind are required beyond the earnest desire of promoting devotion to the Holy Ghost. No obligations are contracted except the promise to practice devotion to the Holy Ghost and promote the same among others. The form of enrolment, which is very simple, consists of consenting to have one's name inscribed on a register, and in receiving a certificate of membership. Advantages—Members, by favor of the Most Reverend Father-General of the whole Order of Capuchin Friars Minor, share daily in night upon four thousand Masses, besides the other good works of the Capuchins throughout the world. Subscriptions—Gratefully received towards spreading the Devotion, though they are in no way of obligation. When more than one certificate is asked for, stamps, according to the number required, should be enclosed in envelope, otherwise the supply of certificates cannot be sustained. Address Rev. F. Director, Franciscan Monastery, Gtton, Birmingham, England.

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup needs no recommendation. To all who are familiar with it, it speaks for itself. Years of use in the treatment of colds and coughs and all affections of the throat has unquestionably established its place among the very best medicines for such diseases. If you give it a trial you will not regret it. You will find it 25 cents well invested.

WOMEN IN SALOON.

The Montreal du Commerce includes a report of the Licensed Victuallers' Association as follows: "We have the opportunity to call the attention of the association to the fact that establishments for sale of liquor are divided into sections—one for men and one for women. We are informed the women's section is increased, especially in the evening, is an abuse which, it is the association should attend to."

ORDINATION SERVICES.

Bishop Racicot held an Ordination service in the Church of the late Conception on Tuesday, the following members of the Order were raised to the rank of the Rev. Fathers: Thos. Louis Boncompain, Pie. Richard Vandanaigne, Sullivan, Gregory Frere, deough, Samuel Lemay, S. Brogan. The Rev. Father of the Order of the Blessed and the Rev. Father Antiscian, were also ordained.

PRESENTATION TO MR. KELLY.

On Sunday afternoon Mr. Kelly's Total Abstinence Society met and presented D'Arcy Kelly, the retiring with a gold locket as a testimonial in which he is the members. Rev. J. J. Moran, spiritual director, presented, and paid the work of the former. Congratulatory speeches were made by Messrs. Gillies, J. O'Donnell, Sr., Dey and O'Donnell, Jr. thanked the members for their thoughtful, and reminding that although he was not new field of labor, he would labor for the good of St. T.A. & B. Society.

EASTER MONDAY NIGHT ST. GABRIEL'S.

Two societies divided their last Monday evening. Co. 185, C.O.F., held a grand Quintal's Hall, and the St. Juvenile T.A. & B. Society their first musical and dramatic entertainment in the large basement of the church. It is quite unnecessary at any length about these aims, as both are too well known to help and assist in their families in sickness. The juveniles have undertaken of providing worthy members for all future so the guidance of the C.O.F. the furtherance of the great temperance. On the 17th Monday night in St. has done much to further so proverbial among the district, and we wish cities all sorts of successful undertakings.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

NEW CHOIRMASTER NAMED.
 The Rev. Abbe Bouchard, Seminary of St. Sulpice, and authority in Grego has been appointed choir of the Church of Notre Dame.
SUCCESSOR TO ARCHBISHOP O'BRIEN, OF HALIFAX.
 A report comes from Rev. Father Bourke of ward Island, will succeed Archbishop O'Brien. He is a young and energetic man of great business ability.
BANQUET FOR HOME BLESSED.
 The lady patronesses of for incurables have organized for the inmates who place to-day at one o'clock the patronage of His Archbishop.

WOMEN IN SALOON.
 The Montreal du Commerce includes a report of the Licensed Victuallers' Association as follows: "We have the opportunity to call the attention of the association to the fact that establishments for sale of liquor are divided into sections—one for men and one for women. We are informed the women's section is increased, especially in the evening, is an abuse which, it is the association should attend to."

ORDINATION SERVICES.
 Bishop Racicot held an Ordination service in the Church of the late Conception on Tuesday, the following members of the Order were raised to the rank of the Rev. Fathers: Thos. Louis Boncompain, Pie. Richard Vandanaigne, Sullivan, Gregory Frere, deough, Samuel Lemay, S. Brogan. The Rev. Father of the Order of the Blessed and the Rev. Father Antiscian, were also ordained.

PRESENTATION TO MR. KELLY.
 On Sunday afternoon Mr. Kelly's Total Abstinence Society met and presented D'Arcy Kelly, the retiring with a gold locket as a testimonial in which he is the members. Rev. J. J. Moran, spiritual director, presented, and paid the work of the former. Congratulatory speeches were made by Messrs. Gillies, J. O'Donnell, Sr., Dey and O'Donnell, Jr. thanked the members for their thoughtful, and reminding that although he was not new field of labor, he would labor for the good of St. T.A. & B. Society.

EASTER MONDAY NIGHT ST. GABRIEL'S.
 Two societies divided their last Monday evening. Co. 185, C.O.F., held a grand Quintal's Hall, and the St. Juvenile T.A. & B. Society their first musical and dramatic entertainment in the large basement of the church. It is quite unnecessary at any length about these aims, as both are too well known to help and assist in their families in sickness. The juveniles have undertaken of providing worthy members for all future so the guidance of the C.O.F. the furtherance of the great temperance. On the 17th Monday night in St. has done much to further so proverbial among the district, and we wish cities all sorts of successful undertakings.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

NEW CHOIRMASTER FOR NOTRE DAME.

The Rev. Abbe Bouchier, of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, an expert and authority in Gregorian chant, has been appointed choir master of the Church of Notre Dame.

SUCCESSOR TO ARCHBISHOP O'BRIEN, OF HALIFAX.

A report comes from Halifax that Rev. Father Bourke, of Prince Edward Island, will succeed the late Archbishop O'Brien. Father Bourke is a young and energetic priest and a man of great business ability.

BANQUET FOR HOME FOR INCURABLES.

The lady patronesses of the Home for Incurables have organized a banquet for the inmates which will take place to-day at one o'clock, under the patronage of His Grace the Archbishop.

WOMEN IN SALOONS.

The Moniteur du Commerce concludes a report of the last meeting of the Licensed Victuallers' Association as follows: "We take this opportunity to call the attention of the association to the fact that certain establishments for the retail sale of liquor are divided into two sections—one for men and the other for women. We are informed that the women's section is much patronized, especially in the evenings. That is an abuse which, it seems to us, the association should not tolerate."

ORDINATION SERVICE.

Bishop Racicot held an ordination service in the Church of the Immaculate Conception on Tuesday, when the following members of the Jesuit order were raised to the priesthood: The Rev. Fathers Thomas Hogan, Louis Boncompagni, Pierre Gaume, Richard Vandanaigis, Ambroise Sullivan, Gregory Frere, Edgar Colclough, Samuel Lemay and James Brogan. The Rev. Father Louth, of the Order of the Blessed Sacrament, and the Rev. Father Antonin, Franciscan, were also ordained.

INTERESTING CEREMONY.

A rather unusual celebration took place at Ste. Anne des Plaines, Que. on Sunday last, when Rev. Joseph Therrien celebrated his first Mass. The assistants of the celebrant were his two brothers, Rev. A. Therrien, O.M.I., and Rev. Victor Therrien, as deacon and sub-deacon; Rev. Brother Clovis Therrien, as mass server, with Revs. Clodimir Cousol and Conrad Chalmont, cousins, as assistants, while Rev. Zenon Therrien, another brother, delivered the sermon for the occasion. In the evening there was a family gathering. The four priests and one brother are members of a family of twenty-one, of whom twelve survive.

PRESENTATION TO MR. D'ARCY KELLY.

On Sunday afternoon St. Patrick's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society met and presented Mr. J. D. D'Arcy Kelly, the retiring secretary, with a gold locket as a token of the esteem in which he is held by the members. Rev. James Killoran, spiritual director, made the presentation, and paid a tribute to the work of the former secretary. Congratulatory speeches were also made by Messrs. Gillies, Walsh, Easton, O'Donnell, Sr., Doyle, Neilson, and O'Donnell, Jr. Mr. Kelly thanked the members for their thoughtfulness, and reminded them that although he was entering on a new field of labor, he would still labor for the good of St. Patrick's T.A. & B. Society.

EASTER MONDAY NIGHT AT ST. GABRIEL'S.

Two societies divided the honors last Monday evening. Court No. 185, C.O.F., held a grand euchre in Quintal's Hall, and the St. Gabriel Juvenile T. A. & B. Society gave their first musical and dramatic entertainment in the large hall in the basement of the church. It is quite unnecessary to speak at any length about these societies' aims, as both are too well known. While the C.O.F. has for its object to help and assist its members and their families in sickness and death, the Juveniles have undertaken the task of providing worthy and sober members for all future societies under the guidance of the Church, by the furtherance of the grand cause of temperance. On the whole, Easter Monday night in St. Gabriel's has done much to further the spirit so proverbial among the people of the district, and we wish the societies all sorts of success in their undertakings.

THE CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB.

As the new season's opening draws near, naturally the eyes of all those heretofore interested turn expectantly towards the ever-welcome weekly concerts given for the benefit of the sailors visiting this port. With a view to examine the possibilities of the summer's programme, and to see for himself how the proposed reopening of the Club was being planned, our representative visited the club rooms yesterday afternoon. Through the courtesy of the gentleman in charge, he was immediately shown through, and no pains were spared to make his visit as interesting and agreeable as possible. Certainly the manner in which the work of renovation is being pushed ahead promises fairly to make of this institution an ideal one, one that will reflect credit upon the many kind friends who have stood so manfully by it in the past, and doubtlessly be the means of attracting numerous new ones in the near future. It would be hard for the inexperienced spectator to estimate, especially in a simple passing visit, the real amount of work done; and still less could he hope to convey to the minds of those into whose hands his few crude notes may fall any adequate idea of the extent of the good of which such an institution is capable; but, yet, he does entertain the hope that the undertaking so nobly begun and so steadfastly pursued, may yet realize in our fair city that grand idea so long entertained among the sailors' friends, viz., to give them the same kindness and attention that they themselves would fain seek were they in a similar position. From the fact that the honors of the opening concert have been claimed by no less a body than the Canada Council of the Knights of Columbus, let us hope that our other Catholic societies of the city will not be slow in following the example thus loyally set down to them, and that the Wednesday evenings of the coming season may see the sailors' concert-room filled to repletion with the elite and choice of our fair city in the furtherance of this grand and noble work.

CELEBRATION OF EASTER.

The great festival of Easter, the greatest feast in the Catholic Church was celebrated on Sunday last with all the pomp and solemnity befitting such an occasion. Gaily decorated altars and sanctuaries made a pretty scene, the same being enhanced by the glittering vestments of the officiating clergymen, and the bright red cassocks and snowy white surplices of the hundreds of sanctuary boys. The myriads of colored and other lights, the clouds of sweet-smelling incense rising heavenwards, the joyful peals of the organ, and the sweet singing of the choirs, especially in the "Alleluia" bade the sinner rejoice for Christ had risen after conquering in and death.

At St. James Cathedral the Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi, attended by the canons of the Cathedral. The vast edifice was crowded to the doors, while the music of the choir was of its usual high standard.

At Notre Dame solemn High Mass was sung by the Rev. Abbe Troie. In the afternoon the Rev. Father Plessis, the eloquent Dominican, preached his last sermon to a congregation which filled every available space in the big church.

At St. Anthony's Church the Rev. Father Thos. Heffernan sang solemn High Mass, assisted by the Rev. J. E. Donnelly as deacon, and the Rev. M. L. Shea as sub-deacon. The sermon was preached by the pastor, the Rev. J. E. Donnelly. The music of the choir was the best heard for some time.

At St. Ann's Church the service was very impressive, the production of Handel's Alleluia by the full choir, assisted by fifty boys, being exceptionally good.

At the Franciscan Friary the feast was observed in a very simple manner. St. Joseph's Church, Richmond street, presented a pretty scene, the entire church being decorated with Easter lilies. Solemn High Mass was sung by the Rev. Abbe Corbell, assisted by deacon and sub-deacon. At the children's Mass Easter hymns were sung.

At St. Agnes Church the Rev. Father Casey, P.P., sang the High Mass, assisted by deacon and sub-deacon, and the sermon was preached by the Rev. W. H. Condon, C.S.C., St. Laurent College.

Holloway's Corn Cure destroys all kinds of corns and warts, root and branch. Who, then, would endure them with such a cheap and effective remedy within reach.

OBITUARY.

MR. THOS. CONNAUGHTON.

By the death on Sunday last, in the Hotel Dieu, of Mr. Thos. Connaughton, at the ripe old age of eighty-seven years, is removed one of the oldest residents of St. Ann's Ward. For over half a century Mr. Connaughton had lived in St. Ann's ward, and had seen many changes there.

The funeral service took place at St. Ann's Church Wednesday morning at eight o'clock.

REV. J. E. SENESAC.

Rev. J. Edmund Senesac, pastor of St. Ann's Church, Waterbury, Conn., died on Monday of a complication of diseases. He was born in Notre Dame de Stanbridge, Que., 46 years ago, and was graduated from the Montreal Seminary.

The Most Potent Religious Force in America.

I came back to this old country (England) feeling that the future greatness of the Church in America is assured. It may sound perhaps rather absurd to speak of "future greatness," when it can count its Bishops by the hundreds, its priests by thousands, and its faithful people by millions; and whilst its almost countless institutions and schools are multiplying daily all over the vast continent. But it is patent to every one that in the vast new world of gigantic undertakings, breathing the air of freedom, with fair play and no favored creed, the Catholic Church is destined to grow to dimensions compared with which the present is but the first manifestation of the undying and vigorous life within. Even now she is, without much doubt, the most potent religious influence of the continent of America, and in the battle she has fought in the cause of religious education and of liberty, she has proclaimed to the non-Catholic multitudes the paramount importance of sound religious and dogmatic teaching as the only basis of all true training and morality. It has been and still is a costly fight, but already there are signs that the more intelligent observers are awakening to the serious nature of the opposite policy of the godless education given in the State (public) schools. —Dom Gasquet, in the Dublin Review.

London Catholic Landmark Goes.

After a career of close on 260 years the old chapel of the Sardinian Embassy will in a few days be levelled with the ground in the Kings-way improvement scheme. Built in 1648, the chapel was formerly attached to the Sardinian Ambassador's house, and for over one hundred years was practically the only place of worship available for Catholics living in London. During the Gordon riots of 1780 the chapel and embassy suffered considerable damage at the hands of the mob on account of its use by the Catholic nobility, and its being in addition the church in charge of the Bishop or Vicar Apostolic of the London district. It was restored and enlarged on the suppression of the disturbances, and until the building of St. Mary's, Moorfields, in 1820, formed the centre of the charities and activities of the Catholic Church in London.

Lincoln's Total Abstinence Pledge.

"Whereas the use of alcoholic liquors as a beverage is productive of pauperism, degradation and crime, and, believing it is our duty to discourage that which produces more evil than good, we therefore pledge ourselves to abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage."

Conclusive proof has been found that this pledge was not only signed and advocated by Abraham Lincoln, but actually composed by him. —Louis Albert Banks, D.D., in the Lincoln Legion.

THE IRISH VIOLINIST.

Miss Maud MacCarthy, daughter of Dr. Charles MacCarthy, the famous Irish-Austrian violinist, who achieved such success during the past season in the United States in her orchestral concerts, conducted by Herr Steinbach, has been engaged to come to the United States for a series of five concerts during the winter season 1906-7. This tour will be under the management of Hugo Gorlitz.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE PRICES

Flour—Manitoba spring wheat patents, \$4.50; strong bakers, \$4 to \$4.10; winter wheat patents, \$4.25 to \$4.50; and straight rollers, \$3.90 to \$4 in wood; in bags, \$1.75 to \$1.90; extra, in bags, \$1.35 to \$1.50. Rolled Oats—\$1.90 to \$1.95 in bags of 90 lbs. Pearl Hominy—\$1.85 to \$1.90 in bags of 98 lbs. Cornmeal—\$1.30 to \$1.40 for ordinary, \$1.50 for granulated. Mill Feed.—Ontario bran in bulk, \$20; shorts, in bags, \$20 to \$20.50; Manitoba bran in bags, \$20; shorts, \$21. Hay—No. 1, \$8 to \$8.50 per ton on track; No. 2, \$7 to \$7.50; clover, \$5.50 to \$6; clover mixed, \$6.00 to \$6.50. Oats—No. 2, 40c to 40c per bushel; No. 3, 39c to 39c; No. 4, 38c to 38c. Beans.—Prime pea beans, \$1.60 to \$1.65 per bushel; hand-picked, \$1.75 per bushel. Peas.—Boiling, in car load lots, \$1.00 to \$1.10 per bushel. Potatoes.—Per bag of 80 lbs., 60c to 65c. Honey—White clover in comb, 13c to 14c per pound section; extract, 8c to 9c; buckwheat, 6c to 9c. Provisions.—Heavy Canadian short cut pork, \$21.50; light short cut, \$20; American short cut, \$20.00; compound lard, 7c to 7c; Canadian pure lard, 11c to 11c; kettle rendered, 12c to 12c; hams, 13c to 14c, according to size; breakfast bacon, 16c; Windsor bacon, 15c; fresh killed abattoir dressed hogs, \$10.25; country dressed at \$9.25 to \$9.50; alive, \$7.75 to \$7.90 for selects. Eggs—New laid, 14c to 15c per dozen. Butter—Choicest creamery, 23c to 24c; undergrades, 19c to 21c; dairy, 18c to 20c. Cheese—Colored, 12c, white 12c. Ashes—First pots, \$5.10; seconds, \$4.60 to \$4.65; third, \$3.70; first pearls, \$6.50 to \$6.60.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

The egg market is feeling the effects of the fine weather in the heavy receipts that are coming in, and the weaker feeling of Monday has been accentuated. Very few single cases brought over 12c today, and round lots went for 14c. Maple products are in good demand, and the fact that supplies of the very best grades are not at all heavy, has helped to keep the market firm as the season advances. Syrup in kegs are selling at 6c to 6c lb.; in imperial gallon tins, 80c, and wine gallon tins, 65c to 70c; sugar is worth 9c to 10c per lb. The market for honey has been quiet under a dull demand, but prices are holding about steady. We quote white clover in comb at 13c to 14c; buckwheat in comb at 10c to 11c; extracted white clover at 7c to 7c, and buckwheat at 5c to 6c. Choice white pea beans are in good demand with sales at about \$1.55 to \$1.60 per bushel in a jobbing way, and \$1.50 in wholesale lots. The potato market is very quiet at about last week's quotations, which range from 60c to 65c per bag, and as high as 70c, according to quality. There has been some inquiry this week for dried apples, and prices range from 3c to 3c per lb. The tallow market is very firm sales have been made at the following prices: Rough tallow, 3c to 3c; No. 1, 2c to 2c; No. 2 kidney suet, 5c to 6c; domestic rendered, 5c, and export tallow, 5c.

DAIRY PRODUCE.

There still continues to be an easy feeling in the cheese market and prices show a further decline of 1c per lb. Business on spot is quiet, with colored quoted at 12c and white at 12c per pound. Butter is weaker in tone owing to the increased offerings of new made creamery, and 28c was the outside figure obtainable in a wholesale way. The demand for held creamery is very limited and sales of finest are slow at 20c to 20c, and undergrades at 18c to 19c, while western dairy is quoted at 18c to 18c, and Manitoba dairy at 15c to 16c.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

QUEBEC TRAINS

LEAVE PLACE VIGER. 7:45 a.m., 9:00 p.m., 11:30 p.m. Parlor or Sleeping Cars on above trains. OTTAWA TRAINS LEAVE WINDSOR STATION. 7:45 a.m., 9:40 a.m., 10:00 a.m., 10:00 p.m., 10:10 p.m. LEAVE PLACE VIGER. 7:20 a.m., 7:35 p.m. *Daily, †Daily except Sunday, ‡Sunday only.

COBALT

Trains leave Windsor Station at 10.10 p.m., making close connections at Union Station in North Bay, arriving Cobalt at 3.17 p.m. next day. Short line. Quick service.

TICKET OFFICE: 129 St. James Street Next Post Office.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

"INTERNATIONAL LIMITED."

Leave Bonaventure Station. Finest and Fastest Train in Canada. Daily at 9 a.m., ar. Toronto 4:30 p.m., Hamilton 5:30 p.m., Niagara Falls, Ont., 6:50 p.m., Buffalo 8:25 p.m., London 7:45 p.m., Detroit 9:45 p.m., Chicago 7:45 a.m. Elegant Cafe Service on above trains. MONTREAL AND NEW YORK. Shortest Line. Quickest Service. 2 Day Trains daily, except Sunday, each way. 1 Night Train daily, each way.

Lve. MONTREAL 10:45 a.m., 11:10 a.m., 7:40 p.m. Arr. NEW YORK 10:00 p.m., 11:00 p.m., 7:17 a.m. *Daily, †Daily except Sunday.

FAST OTTAWA SERVICE.

L.v. 8:40 a.m. week days, 4:10 p.m. daily. Ar. Ottawa 11:40 a.m. week days, 7:10 p.m. daily.

CITY TICKET OFFICES: 137 St. James Street, Telephone Main 460 & 461, or Bonaventure Station

BELL TELEPHONE MAIN 1983 G. J. LUNN & CO. Machinists & Blacksmiths. SCREWS, PRESSES REPAIRS OF ALL KINDS. CHATHAM WORKS. 134 Chatham Street, MONTREAL

Fairmount THE ONLY PLACE TO INVEST Absolutely without an equal in Montreal. See Fairmount then you will surely buy Lots From \$275.00 to \$650.00 \$10 Cash and \$5 per month without interest. PROPERTY OFFICE: 1693 Papineau Avenue. The Ideal Savings Loan and Land Co. 258 ST. JAMES ST. TEL. MAIN 4083.

ST. JOSEPH'S HOME.

The month of March, dedicated to the glorious Patriarch, should have been a profitable one for the Home, and although Father Holland is satisfied, as usual, still better things might have reasonably been expected to forward his good work. He acknowledges with heartfelt thanks the following donations since the last account appeared in the True Witness: Mr. F. H. Stoughton, Rockville, Conn., and Mr. C. W. Pearson, Buckingham, P.Q., ten dollars each; Mrs. Stewart Brown, A Friend, Ottawa, and Mr. Lunny, Hintonburgh, Ont., five dollars each; C. M. Mahoney, Richmond, Va., and Mrs. O'Farrell, Murray street, Ottawa, three dollars each; Mrs. E. Wolfrath, New York; A Friend, and Mrs. Riordan, Ottawa; two dollars each; A Friend, Professor Fowler, and Mrs. Moynihan, Montreal; Rev. Canon Sloan, Mrs. McEvoy, Miss Penders and Mrs. Kinella, Ottawa; and Rev. Father Dowdall, Eganville, Ont.; D. J. O'Brien, Smith's Falls; Mrs. Stackpole, Billings Bridge; Miss Quirk, Aymer, P.Q.; Paul Frey, Chicago; one dollar each. The following subscribed to the lighting fund: A Friend, Mrs. Huber, J. C. McGillis, A. Courville, Mr. Downes, Montreal, and Mrs. Quenneville, Miss M. Penders and Mr. T. Doyle, Ottawa.

Mrs. Maguire, of 224 Mance street, sent a nice piano together with some books and framed pictures. Mr. Currie, merchant tailor, two dozen caps, enough for all the wards; and Mr. John Tucker, of McCord street, sent three large hams, which, together with a basket of eggs and a lot of vegetables from Mr. Bumbray, and a few of last year's chickens raised at the Home, made an enjoyable Easter dinner, and the boys are all happy, and thankful to their kind benefactors, praying that God may reward their kind hearts a hundred fold.

THE HILL WAS PAID.

McRad and his wife were going over their business ledger one evening, contemplating the overdue accounts which its pages revealed and reluctantly acknowledging that many of them would have to be written off as bad. "What'll ye dee about this ans?" said McRad mournfully. "Here's twa

pund aucht shillin's for a coat and vest been owin' by Elder Doolittle since Martinus last. I'm fearin' we'll na get the money."

"Weel, I'm no sae sure," replied his wife. "Leave me to try onyhoo." Accordingly the next Sabbath morning when the collection was taken up Mrs. McRad dropped the elder's "little bill," neatly folded up, into the plate, and before the week was over the amount was paid. "Kirsty, woman," said McRad, joyfully, "marriage may be a lottery, but I'm thinkin' I've drawn a prize."—Pearson's Weekly.

JESUIT GENERAL DEAD.

Father Louis Martin, General of the Jesuits, known as the "Black Pope," died shortly before noon on Wednesday. He had been suffering from cancer in the breast.

The Greatest Riddle.

A philosopher said: "Who will explain me to myself? He meant: 'Who will give a satisfactory reason why I am put here among the tribulations of life, to increase in knowledge, to hope and to suffer—and then to die. What for?' As we grow older we doubtless see larger meanings in life. We are enlightened by its joys and sorrows. We grow in patience, in charity, in discernment and in wisdom. We understand its discipline and its paths; we distinguish its truer values and appreciate a plan and unity in its unfolding and progress. A philosopher has noted all this. "Well," he says, "life is a quaint puzzle. Bits, the most incongruous, join in each other, and the scheme thus gradually becomes symmetrical and clear, when lo! as the infant claps his hands and cries, 'See, see, the puzzle is made out!' all the pieces are swept back into the box—the black box with the gilded nails." Is Death the explanation of Life? —Milwaukee Catholic Citizen.

VESTMENTS Chalmers Criborium Statues, Ahar Furniture DIRECT IMPORTERS WE BLAKE 192 Church St. Toronto, Can.

ANTE-NUPTIAL CONVERSIONS.

The conversion of Princess Ena on the eve of her coming marriage to the young King of Spain has resulted in what will probably prove a fruitful ventilation of the subject of ante-nuptial conversions.

Catholic journals, on the other hand, show that the associations of the Princess have been largely Catholic, and that she has had many opportunities of learning about the Catholic religion to which she is without doubt drawn by honest conviction.

WHAT THE CHURCH REQUIRES. In a recent issue of the Times, of London, appeared a letter from the distinguished Father Bernard Vaughan, in which he said:

"It ought to be clear to every one that such an aspersion as that cast by an 'English Spectator' in the Times of Saturday on Princess Ena is nothing less than a charge against her of an un-Christian worldliness and immoral deceit. If I may be permitted to add a word in explanation of the situation, I would point out that if the Princess' conviction. The same journal chafains of the Church, remain Protestant, being an honorable lady, she will forego the contemplated alliance. Further, let the public interested in this case rest assured that before she can be received into the Church it will be the sacred duty of the authorities of the Church to have her solemn assurance that her present conscientious convictions oblige her to take the step. The Bishop of London (Anglican) need have no fear that 'conversion by order' can be effected from the Catholic side. Is it too much to express a hope that the English public will leave unquestioned the inward motives, which are beyond their discovery and no affair of theirs, and allow a lady, whatever be her rank, to settle so personal a matter as her reception into the Church with her own conscience?"

The Glasgow Observer, commenting on the intimation of the Protestant Bishop of London that Princess Ena cannot give "a genuine and convinced acceptance" of the Catholic faith, says he cannot possibly have any means of knowing anything whatever about the conscience of the Princess, and therefore his letter is an insult as unmanly as it is unwarranted.

"As Catholics we resent it," continues the Observer, "because apart from personal considerations, it implies that the Catholic Church would admit a convert whose acceptance of Catholic doctrine was merely formal and not sincere. The Church would not do that. That is not the Catholic practice. Unlike our Protestant friends who are accustomed in Ireland to 'buy up souls with penny rows and chunks of harty bacon,' the Catholic Church places no value on a forced or on anything but a conscientious and willing conversion.

THE OLD PROTESTANT SPIRIT "The appeal of the Imperial Protestant Federation to the King to forbid the marriage because of the conversion of the Princess shows how slight is the Protestant love for individual liberty. Protestantism, above all things, professes to give play for private judgment. Yet here it is petitioning King Edward to deny liberty of action to his niece because she exercises her private judgment in the matter of her creed.

"This is quite the old spirit which placed fine and spoliation on the English Catholics who, in the Elizabethan time, refused to attend Protestant service; quite of a piece with that provision of the Irish penal laws which gave an estate to the younger son who became a Protestant instead of the heir who adhered to the Catholic faith of his fathers. It is the inflicting of penalty on account of conscience, it is the negation of religious freedom. And yet it is the prayer of an official Protestant organization to the head of the Protestant Church to-day. Of course, the King will pay no heed to it. He can prevent the marriage but not even he can prevent the conversion. And although he was found willing to matter some obsolete profanity on his accession—as a condition precedent to wearing the crown—he is not a bigot and cannot be so now."

GOD'S GRACE TO HONEST LOVERS.

Rev. D. S. Phelan, editor of the Western Watchman, treats the matter in characteristic style.

"Protestants," he writes, "are deterred from entering the Catholic Church chiefly through dread of its spiritual exactions. They will tell you, when forced to an avowal, that they fear they cannot be good enough. It is cowardice, not want of conviction, that keeps hundreds of thousands out of the Church. Love is a great fortifier. Love fears nothing. Rivers cannot quench its ardors. When a person is in love he is very close to the line dividing the spiritual from the temporal. There is something almost divine in human love. At the time of marriage there is in the souls of the contracting parties not only the courage of sacrifice, but the stimulus of example. If the Catholic party is firm, the Protestant partner is almost sure to yield. There is often a disposition to suspect these ante-nuptial conversions, but it is all wrong. If there is a time in life when people are honest, it is when they are in love. Some priests, influenced by this suspicion, prefer to delay the reception of the non-Catholic party until after marriage. They think it safer and better looking. It is all wrong. If the Protestant, marrying a Catholic, does not enter the Church before his marriage, it is pretty safe to say he will die outside the Church. A special grace is given by God to honest lovers at the time of their marriage, and if it is neglected it may never return. We never question the motives of a man who kneels in our confessional. He may be influenced by human motives; by slavish fear; by worldly ambition. It is ours, as confessors, to put a loftier motive in his heart. Princess Ena has now the courage to accept the stringent discipline of the Catholic Church, and what matters it if she takes a resolution at the time of her marriage to the King of Spain? By that act she hopes to wear a crown; may she by it earn a heavenly one also. God draws us by the chords of Adam, and the sweetest chords left us after Adam's fall are the silken chords of human love—nothing nobler, grander, better, except the golden cords of charity. The acceptance of the Catholic religion by Princess Ena and her marriage to King Alfonso have created a great stir all over the Protestant world; may it have the effect of bringing those deluded people to inquire into the grounds of their Protestantism."

THE DIFFERENCE.

A contributor to the Liverpool Times, who knows what he is talking about, writes as follows to that paper:

The Catholic missionary to China becomes a Chinaman, throws in his lot with his people, never dreams of a comfortable retirement in Europe. As a rule he lives far away from the treaty ports, and no gunboat can come to his protection. In time of trouble he sticks to his post and throws in his lot with his people. They are ready to die with him for the faith he has taught them, as so many native Catholics did during the Boxer uprising when an act of apostasy would have saved their lives. I know that among the Protestant missionaries there are many devoted men, and I know also that hampered with wives and children, many among them, even though they themselves might take risks, are afraid to imperil the lives of their families and to expose women to the horrors of a Chinese rising. A friend of mine, an officer on a steamer on the Yang-tse River, wrote to me during the Boxer outbreak words of fierce contempt for the American Protestant missionaries who crowded his steamer as she went away down the river, and he added words of praise for the Catholic missionaries who no more dreamed of flight than our officers of the northwest frontier of India think of going away to Lahore or Kurrahee when the tribesmen are up in arms along the border. "These men are off," he says, "just when their people need them most. The Catholics are standing their ground." No wonder they stand their ground. The Christian poet of the early Church, singing the praise of the martyrs of Saguntum, calls the Catholic Church "the mother of children clad in the purple of martyrdom." The Catholic Church to-day is the same. Her true children to-day are the martyrs' death as the best crown of life, and in the far East there is the chance of such a crown. Hence there is no lack of volunteers for these missions.

Much distress and sickness in children is caused by worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator gives relief by removing the cause. Give it a trial and be convinced.

THE CHRIST OF THE OCEAN.

(Translated by Mary K. Ford.)

It had been a sad year at St. Valery, for many of the fishermen had been drowned. Their bodies had been washed ashore with the fragments of their boats, and for nearly a fortnight funeral processions were to be met on the steep path which led to the little church, the coffins carried by men and followed by the weeping widows, who, in their long black cloaks, recalled the women of the Bible.

Jean Lenoel and his son Desire were born in and laid in the nave of the church, where only shortly before they had hung a little ship, full rigged, as an offering to Our Lady. They were simple, God-fearing men, and Father Trupheme, having pronounced the absolution, said, with a voice shaken with grief, that "never were placed in consecrated ground, there to await the Judgment Day, two braver men or better Christians than Jean Lenoel and his son Desire."

While the little fishing-smacks were being lost with their owners on the coast, large ships were foundering at sea, and not a day passed without the waves bringing in some fragment of wreckage. One morning some children rowing in the little bay saw something floating on the water. It was a life-sized figure of Christ, carved and painted, and with the arms extended as if to receive and bless. The forehead was crowned with thorns, the hands and feet were pierced, but the nails as well as the cross were missing, and the figure looked as our Lord must have appeared to Joseph of Arimathea and the holy women at the moment of the descent from the cross.

The children managed to tow it ashore and took it to the priest, who, on examining it, said:

"This image of the Saviour is evidently very old, and he who made it has been dead for many years. Although excellent statues are now sold in Amiens and Paris, it must be confessed that the workmen of an older day had also great merit. But if our Lord has come thus, with open arms to St. Valery, it is in order to bless the parish so cruelly bereaved, and to show that He is full of pity for the poor fishermen who follow the sea at the peril of their lives. It is Christ as He walked upon the water and blessed the nets of Peter." And the priest, having had the figure laid upon the high altar, went to Lemeuc, the carpenter, to order a handsome cross of oak.

When this was finished the figure of Christ was nailed upon it and if was set up in the nave of the church. Then it was seen that the eyes of the figure were full of celestial pity, and one of the men who had helped to place the figure thought he saw tears upon the priest. The next morning, when the priest entered the church to say Mass, he was surprised to find the cross empty and the figure extended upon the altar.

As soon as he had finished the service he sent for the carpenter and asked him why he had detached the figure from the cross. But the carpenter denied having touched it, and after having questioned the verger and others, Father Trupheme was convinced that no one had entered the church since the figure had been put up. The whole incident partook of the marvelous and he meditated deeply upon it. The following Sunday he preached upon it, and invited his parishioners to contribute to a fund for the erection of a cross more beautiful than the first, and more worthy to bear the sacred figure of Him who had redeemed the world.

The poor fisher-folk of St. Valery gave all they could, many of the widows contributing their wedding-rings, and soon Father Trupheme was able to go to Abbeville and order a handsome cross of polished black wood, surmounted by a scroll with the inscription I.N.R.I. in gold letters. Two months later the cross was placed in the church where the first one had stood, and the figure of Christ was fastened between the lance and the sponge. But again the cross was deserted and during the night the Christ descended to place himself on the altar.

When the priest discovered the figure there on the following morning, he fell upon his knees and prayed long and earnestly. News of the miracle spread through the vicinity, and the ladies of Amiens took up a collection for the Christ of St. Valery. Father Trupheme received silver and jewelry from Paris, and the wife of the Minister of Marine sent him a diamond heart. With all these riches at his disposal a goldsmith in Paris made, in two years, a cross of gold and precious stones, which was consecrated with great solemnity in the church at St. Valery. But He who had not re-

DYSPEPSIA AND STOMACH DISORDERS MAY BE QUICKLY AND PERMANENTLY CURED BY BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

Mr. F. A. Laballe, Maniwaki, Que., writes as follows: "I desire to thank you for your wonderful cure, Burdock Blood Bitters. Three years ago I had a very severe attack of Dyspepsia. I tried five of the best doctors I could find but they could do me no good. I was advised by a friend to try Burdock Blood Bitters and to my great surprise, after taking two bottles, I was so perfectly cured that I have not had a sign of Dyspepsia since. I cannot praise it too highly to all sufferers. In my experience it is the best I ever used. Nothing for me like B.B.B. Don't accept a substitute for Burdock Blood Bitters. There is nothing 'just as good.'"

used the cross of sorrow, declined this cross of gold, and again was found extended upon the white linen cloth of the altar.

For fear of offending the figure it was left there, and there it remained for over two years, when Pierre Caillou came one day to Father Trupheme to tell him that he had found the cross of our Lord upon the beach.

Pierre was half-witted, and as he was not able to earn his living, people gave him food out of charity. He was loved because he was harmless, but he talked so foolishly that no one paid much attention to what he said. Father Trupheme, however, who had never ceased to meditate on the mystery surrounding the Christ of the Ocean, was struck by the poor simpleton's words. Accompanied by the verger and two of the wardens, he went to the place described by the child, and there found two boards, much beaten by the waves, but nailed together in the form of a cross. They were fragments from an old wreck, and two letters could still be seen painted on one of the boards, a J and an L. There could be no doubt that it was part of Jean Lenoel's boat, which had gone down, five years before, with him and his son Desire.

At the sight of these pieces of wood the verger and the wardens began to laugh at the simple fellow who could mistake such battered planks of a boat for the cross of our Lord. But the priest stopped their laughter. Ever since the appearance among the fishermen of the Christ of the Ocean he had meditated much on the subject, and the mystery of infinite love began to dawn on him. He knelt down upon the sand, recited the prayers for the faithful departed, and then ordered the men to carry the fragments of the wreck and place them in the church. When this was done, he lifted the figure from the altar, laid it upon the planks, and nailed it there himself with nails rusted by the sea.

By his order this cross was restored to the nave, taking the place of the one of gold. The Christ of the Ocean has never left it. He has willingly remained upon the planks where men had died calling upon His name. And there, with His sad lips apart, He seems to say: "My cross is made of the sufferings of mankind, for verily I am the God of the poor and suffering."—Anatole France.

A POETIC LITURGY.

Beautiful Symbolism of the Offices of the Church.

(By Rev. Charles M. Carroll, D.D.) The poetic principle pervades the liturgy of the Church. Each succeeding Sunday unfolds some new mystery of the God-man's life on earth, until on Ascension Day we stand in spirit on the summit of Mount Olivet, and thence behold Him taken from us into Heaven. However, it is particularly during Holy Week that the poetry of Mother Church reaches the highest point of excellence. On Palm Sunday we actually participate in a procession commemorating the triumphal entry of our Lord into Jerusalem; bearing palm branches in our hands, we sing joyous hosannas to the Son of David, the King who cometh in the name of the Lord. On Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings are chanted the Lamentations of Jeremiah, during the office called Tenebrae, or Darkness. The verses and responses are so arranged during His passion so that His words of reproach and sorrow may excite in us feelings of repentance for our many sins. On Good Friday the sombre drappings and the vestments of deepest mourning, the desolate altar and the open tabernacle, the plants of mourning—

the cries of woe, give evidence of the great grief of the widowed bride of Christ. The history of His sufferings is recited in Gregorian chant; and when the last words on the cross have been uttered, we prostrate ourselves in sorrow and meditate on the death of the Son of God. We are in spirit at the foot of the cross on Calvary, amid the darkness and the gloom, weeping with Mary and John and Magdalen, striking our breasts like the many that were there, and confessing with the centurion that this man is truly the Son of God.

But darkness does not always last; our woe must become less intense. Did He not give a promise, saying that on the third day He would rise again? In the very midst of our grief, Mother Church allows us to catch a glimpse of Easter Day; for on Holy Saturday the tidings of the Resurrection are communicated, the alleluia is intoned, and we are told that Mary Magdalen and the other Mary have gone to see the sepulchre.

SPRING ADVICE.

Do not Dose with Purgatives and Weakening Medicines—What People Need at this Season is a Tonic.

Not exactly sick—but not feeling quite well. That's the spring feeling. You are easily tired, appetite variable, sometimes headaches and a feeling of depression. Or perhaps pimples and eruptions appear on the face, or you have twinges of rheumatism or neuralgia. Any of these indicate that the blood is out of order, that the indoor life of winter has left its mark upon you and may easily develop into more serious trouble. Don't dose yourself with purgative medicines in the hope that you can put the blood right. Purgatives gallop through the system, and weaken instead of giving strength. What you do need is a tonic medicine that will make new, rich red blood, build up the weakened nerves and thus give you new health and strength. And the one medicine to do this speedily and surely is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every dose of this medicine makes new, rich blood which makes weak, easily tired and ailing men and women feel bright, active and strong. If you need a medicine this spring try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and you will never regret it. This medicine has cured thousands and thousands in every part of the world and what it has done for others it can easily do for you. Medicine dealers everywhere sell these pills, or you can get them direct from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

DONAHOE'S FOR APRIL.

The coming of Easter is heralded in the current issue of Donahoe's Magazine, in poems, pictures and stories. A particularly fine feature is the poem "The Risen Christ," by Susan L. Emery. Printed in colors, and illustrated by sixteen page plates, this is a beautiful tribute to the season. Other features of timely interest are "The Centenary of the Baltimore Cathedral," by Henry Morgan; "The King and Future Queen of Spain" by Ben Hurst; "The Coming of Spring" by Alice McDermott; and "An Impressionist Sketch of Pius X.," by Marie Donegan Walsh, all fully illustrated. The Rev. John Talbot Smith writes on "Experiments in Drama." "A Little Sister in China" describes the work being done by American nuns among the Chinese; and "The Life of Sir John Gilbert" is reviewed in connection with the social and literary movements of his time. Stories are contributed by J. Gertrude Menard, Maud Regan, Nora Tynan O'Mahony, Franklin Barry and Mary M. Redmond. Poems by Amadeus, Mary West, Mary Allegra Gallagher, Emma Beatrice Thayer, Charlotte Calkhan, Henry Coyle, and Wm. J. Fischer add to the attractive make up of this Easter issue of Donahoe's Magazine.

Pyrography COMPLETE INSTRUMENT with two pens, only \$1.00 post paid. This is not a toy but a practical working instrument. It is made of the best materials and is guaranteed to last for years. It is suitable for engraving on wood, metal, bone, etc. It is a most interesting and profitable hobby. Price \$1.00. H. J. HARRIS & CO. TORONTO.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY—Established March 6th, 1856; incorporated 1893; revised 1840. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P.; President, Mr. F. J. Curran; 1st Vice-President, W. P. Kearney; 2nd Vice, E. J. Quinn; Treasurer, W. Durack; Corresponding Secretary, W. J. Crowe; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, at 3.30 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, J. H. Kelly; Rec. Sec., J. D'Arcy Kelly; 13 Vallee street.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, Branch 26—Organized 18th November, 1888. Branch 26 meets at New Hall (Inglis Building) 2381 St. Catherine street. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 1st and 8th Fridays of each month at eight o'clock p.m. Officers: Spiritual Adviser, Rev. J. P. Kiloran; Chancellor, J. H. Kennedy; President, J. H. Madden; 1st Vice-President, W. A. Hodgson; 2nd Vice-President, J. B. McCabe; Recording Secretary, R. M. J. Dolan, 14 Overdale Ave.; Asst. Rec. Sec., E. J. Lynch; Financial Secretary, J. J. Costigan, 825 St. Urbain st.; Treasurer, J. H. Kelly; Marshal, M. J. O'Regan; Guard, J. A. Hambleton. Trustees, W. A. Hodgson, T. B. Stevens, D. J. McGillis, John Walsh and Jas. Cahill; Medical Officers, Dr. H. J. Harrison, Dr. G. H. Merrill and Dr. E. J. O'Connor.

Be Sure and examine a copy of our catalogue if you have any idea of taking a preparatory course for a GOOD PAVING POSITION. We believe there is no school equal to ours for methodical business training and for producing good results. We solicit investigation and comparison. Enter any time. No vacations. Central Business College W. H. SHAW, Principal.

CHURCH BELLS. Church Bells Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

MENEELY BELL COMPANY, 22-24 RIVER ST., 177 BROADWAY, TROY, N.Y., NEW YORK. Manufacturers Superior CHURCH BELLS AND OTHER BELLS.

PRODIE'S CELEBRATED SELF-RAISING FLOUR. Is the Original and the Best. A PREMIUM given for the empty bag returned to our Office. 10 SILFURY ST., MONTREAL.

DRUGS At Wholesale Prices. Doan's Kidney Pills, Little Liver Pills, Belladonna Purgative, Dr. Cassell's Kidney Pills, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, N.Y. Elastic Tissue, Dr. Hammond's Nerve Pills. Any of the above items will be sent post-paid on your address. All other drugs, patent medicine, trusses, rubber goods, electric belts, etc. in stock. Send for our illustrated Catalogue. Mailed free. THE F. KARN CO. Limited, Canada's Greatest Mail Order Drug House, 123-124 Victoria St., Dept. W. TORONTO. Send for large illustrated Catalogue Mailed free.

Such things of course happen by mere accident, young gentlemen were in a room house, and spending in getting into and out suits, Squire Pendleton was and roaring in the back of his head never given up the his Ruth would some Florian as a husband. W the position which the le attained in the metropol a glimpse of the glories y body said awaited him by was enraged at the which kept greatness and gurl apart. He could do for Ruth would not have long ago said all that co on the matter. It was only to encourage Florian and watch his advances affection, to growl and the poet came between, day and expand with hope the next. Peter C seen and understood W The Journalist had an int matter, too. He had dialke for Florian, or r difference which opposit convert into dislike. I Peter had arranged in h a matrimonial affair betw and the daughter of Ma Fonsoy Lynch. It tro that the parties cared lit other, and Madame had favor of Florian. It tro still more when Paul beg a strong liking for Ruth, appeared of Frances' lear rian. But that the squi pianship and the squi ness gave him employem the eccentric gentleman w ago have created serious among both parties. He ford to wait for one rea was not in danger so lo remained a Protestant. did not believe in mixed Religion was a strong b tween the lovers. They vined that man and have one mind and the sa in religious matters, and their children in the one b fore Peter was quiet and tic, until the squire in a weakness laid bare his h and wept. It was Peter's weakne fancied himself many th he was not. He thought diplomatist. He had wa squire's confidence, and i to him. His idea was no an ally of Barbara Merr whom the old men were intimacy, and to get her in bringing about the w squire's heart! The wile and stormed a little. He bars, and he could not t "Well, d'yee see," said h her intere to have you marry the lawyer. She city the name of bel matchmaker, and it would her with glory to send a tician and the blue-stock "The what?" gasped s dileton. "Your literary daught Peter. He won the squ sent to his scheme, and they called on Barbara. Lady must have enjoye astion immensely. She v ed with their ideas, and diplomacy of one, and wishes of the other, with The squire watched her w plicious eye, but she cap wholly and filled him w confidence in her disinterer was a clear, heaven-made union of Ruth and Floria courtship had begun so n naturally that really the tie to do for outsiders. ever was to be done she it with their assistance. Rightly amused. One sou amusement was that Flo opened his heart to her i unexpected way a few d and had hinted the ser good will might do him. hoped he would of cour played a few feminine tr end. It was all very de Paul and Ruth would suit, the winter would be as she had never enjoye here was tricky and hea sometimes did mischief lo love of hurting someone r them moan. The spiri was in her. She had threads of a pretty con for delicate and unscrup and she was half stamp parties crying. But th

SOLITARY ISLAND A NOVEL BY REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

Such things of course could not happen by mere accident. While the young gentlemen were visiting Merriam house, and spending much time in getting into and out of dress-suits, Squire Pendleton was fretting and roaring in the background. He had never given up the hope that his Ruth would some day accept Florian as a husband. When he saw the position which the lawyer had attained in the metropolis, and got a glimpse of the glories which everybody said awaited him by-and-by, he was enraged at the prevaricance which kept greatness and his little girl apart. He could do nothing, for Ruth would not have it. He had long ago said all that could be said on the matter. It was left to him only to encourage Florian, to sit and watch his advances in Ruth's affection, to growl and swear when the poet came between, to fret one day and expand with extravagant hope the next. Peter Carter had seen and understood these signs. The journalist had an interest in the matter, too. He had a secret dislike for Florian, or rather an indifference which opposition might convert into dislike. Long ago Peter had arranged in his own mind a matrimonial affair between Paul and the daughter of Madame De Ponsby Lynch. It troubled him that the parties cared little for each other, and Madame had spoken with favor of Florian. It troubled him still more when Paul began to show a strong liking for Ruth, and signs appeared of Frances' leaning to Florian. But that the squire's companionship and the squire's uneasiness gave him employment and hope the eccentric gentleman would long ago have created serious disturbance among both parties. He could afford to wait for one reason. Paul was not in danger so long as Ruth remained a Protestant. The poet did not believe in mixed marriages. Religion was a strong barrier between the lovers. They were convinced that man and wife should have one mind and the same practice in religious matters, and bring up their children in the one belief. Therefore Peter was quiet and sympathetic, until the squire in a moment of weakness laid bare his heart to him and wept. It was Peter's weakness that he fancied himself many things which he was not. He thought himself a diplomatist. He had waited for the squire's confidence, and it had come to him. His idea was now to make an ally of Barbara Merriam, with whom the old men were on terms of intimacy, and to get her assistance in bringing about the wish of the squire's heart. The squire objected and stormed a little. He knew Barbara, and he could not trust her. "Well, d'ye see," said Peter, "it's her interest to have your daughter marry the lawyer. She has in this city the name of being a great matchmaker, and it would just crown her with glory to send off the politician and the blue-stocking!" "The what?" gasped Squire Pendleton. "Your literary daughter," said Peter. He won the squire's consent to his scheme, and together they called on Barbara. The little lady must have enjoyed the conversation immensely. She was delighted with their ideas, and flattered the diplomacy of one, and the fond wishes of the other, with great skill. The squire watched her with a suspicious eye, but she captured him wholly and filled him with perfect confidence in her disinterestedness. It was a clear, heaven-made affair, the union of Ruth and Florian. Their courtship had begun so nicely and naturally that really there was little to do for outsiders. But whatever was to be done she would do it with their assistance. She was highly amused. One source of her amusement was that Florian had opened his heart to her in a most unexpected way a few days before, and had hinted the services her good will might do him. She had hoped he would of course, and had played a few feminine tricks to that end. It was all very delightful. If Paul and Ruth would now follow suit, the winter would be such a one as she had never enjoyed before. Barbara was tricky and heartless, and sometimes did mischief for the mere love of hurting someone and hearing them moan. The spirit of Puck was in her. She had now the threads of a pretty conspiracy in her delicate and unscrupulous fingers and she was half tempted to set all parties crying. But that might

spoil the fun. She hated Ruth Pendleton and the squire. Not with reason, but out of pure maliciousness. They distrusted her, as any sensible person who knew her could not help doing. She knew of it, and applauded their good sense, but at the same time she was bound to punish them for it. She had them somewhat but not quite in her power. Ruth did not care for Florian. It was yet doubtful if she entertained a special liking for Paul Rossiter. Any interference at present would hurt no one but the squire. She made up her mind to wait patiently until she could punish generously on all sides. Therefore, at this period everything was but commencing, and was a delight to all. The old men planned and debated at all hours of the day and night, painting results long before there was any hope of achieving them. Florian and Paul dreamed pleasantly, and Ruth was dimly aware of a change in her own interior whose form she could not make clear to her preceptions. Barbara, the gracious marplot of the play, received new confidences daily and went about with the pleasant feeling of a cat who has a nest of young mice under her delicate paw. Only Paul Rossiter puzzled her still, and kept her from mischief. However, Florian soon cleared the field for her and left her free to do what mischief she pleased. He met Paul one day in the neighborhood of the post-office, and the poet asked him why he looked so pale and jaded. "You look worse than I ever saw you before," he said. "Work and pleasure," Florian answered moodily, "are too much for me. These soires have upset me, and I must give them up." "When Miss Pendleton leaves," said Paul, cautiously. "Ah! you know that," said Florian quickly, for in all the winter they had rarely spoken about Ruth. "Who could help knowing it, my dear boy? A retired sort of a young man begins suddenly to frequent society, and is always seen at those places where a certain young lady is sure to be. Is not the inference easy?" "Yes, yes; and I never thought of that. Others, perhaps, will talk about it. But then she has not favored me more especially than other young men." "Myself, for instance. I should say not! You are modest, of course; a successful man is always. I wish you happiness, Florian, for I think you are going to marry an excellent woman." "I am not so near to that consummation," said the lawyer, "so your compliments are ill-timed. Did I ever tell you that—that what need to tell it now? I suppose you are aware that Miss Pendleton is a Protestant?" "No," said Paul, in the highest astonishment. "I was not, on the contrary, when I saw the attention you paid to her, and how intimate you appeared to be, I thought naturally she was a Catholic." "Well, that was a queer blunder. And have you been talking of the Mass and confession, and other such topics to a Methodist of the deepest dye?" "No," said Paul; "society is such a hybrid thing that you can talk only nonsense to avoid offending some one. But then isn't this a returning on principle, Florian? Have I not heard you say many times that you would never marry outside the faith, and hinted that you had already made sacrifices that were very great for a mere boy?" "Love," said Florian, concealing his confusion under a gay exterior, "is universal and levels all distinctions." "Or rather, it is irresistible," said Paul, with a laugh. "It can level the lawyer and the common man, not the distinctions. The distinctions remain, the men do not. But really this is a surprise to me, and, as I intended to push my fortunes there after you had failed, it is a very wise and happy knowledge you have given me. I shall steer wide of the Pendleton seas henceforward." Florian could hardly congratulate himself on having a possible rival removed from the field, so very dark seemed his own chances, and he became unpleasantly conscious of one circumstance before Paul left his company. The poet was disappointed in him. Some high standard as to his friend's character Paul had long ago formed in his own mind, and until this moment Florian had acted up to it in word and deed. Now the standard had fallen. Florian felt very sad. He had not yet



FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC A Burning Sensation. JOHNSVILLE, New Brunswick. For over six months I could hardly sleep and had a burning sensation in my feet, that would go through my whole system. I took Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic. The burning sensation is entirely gone and I can sleep well. I will never be able to praise this remedy enough for what it did for me. MRS. JOHN MALOY. PERTH, Ont. I take great pleasure in informing you that I am having a good sale of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic with good results in every case. I further beg to say that your Tonic has worked wonders, and is getting a great name in this locality. Ship me another lot of the Tonic early in January. F. L. HALL, Druggist. A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a Sample Bottle to any address. Poor patients also get the medicine free. Prepared by the Rev. FATHER KOENIG, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and now by the KOENIG MED. CO., CHICAGO, ILL. Sold by Druggists at \$1.00 per bottle, 6 for \$5.00. Agents in Canada—THE LYMAN BROS. & Co., Ltd., Toronto; THE WINGATE CHEMICAL CO., LTD., MONTREAL.

was to blame. I did not belong by conviction to any sect. My dear mother was a Methodist. When I went to church it was to the Methodists I went. To tell the truth I cared little for them. I fell into a kind of enthusiasm over your church, read and thought and prayed a little, and when my enthusiasm cooled I dropped the matter. "May I ask," said Paul, "what you believe in now?" "In everything good," smiling as he shook his head. "You think that too vague? Well, I lost heart, not for religion, but for any particular shape of it—" "Except your own," he interrupted. "True. And I go to any church that suits the taste of the moment, now, and I am quite content, if my reason is not quite satisfied." "You made a mistake somewhere." "Do you think so? Where?" She was pleased at his finding fault with her so candidly and earnestly. "Why," said Paul, dubiously, "that enthusiasm which made you uneasy with yourself and set you hunting for more light, was a special grace from God. If you had used it rightly, you would now be a Catholic, or at least a hearty believer in something. Whereas, you are not much of anything." "That is severe, Mr. Rossiter. I could not take warmly to Methodism nor to any sect. They seemed too cold, too silly, or too unreasonable. Your faith seemed too warm, and too-too-foreign, I suppose that's the word." He laughed and changed the subject, but his words were not forgotten. They gave Ruth a sudden and clear insight into her former state of mind, and she saw at once the blunder she had committed in resisting the guidance of the Holy Spirit. After her failure to appreciate the claims of one religious belief she had drifted gently away from all, and had acquired a certain distrust of creeds. She had not become a better woman. Her charities were large enough, but the perfecting of her own nature was almost lost sight of, and she was in one respect only a small improvement on a virtuous pagan. Her first impulse was to repair the mischief of omission. But how? She asked Paul the question a week later. "I don't know," said he, "you must find a way yourself. Test your belief by practicing it, and when you get some clear idea of religious duty, the rest will be easy, no doubt." "What could be more prudent and sensible than such a course. She followed it carefully the entire winter, to the intense delight of Barbara, who, not seeing the reason for it, used it as an argument for the squire and Mr. Carter. When they grumbled at Paul's steady attention to Ruth, she pointed out to them the devotion which Ruth displayed in attending the Methodist church and working for city charities. "But Florian won't like it," said the squire. "He can't marry a howling Methodist—" "My dear Mr. Pendleton," said Barbara, "he will marry Ruth if she worshipped idols." "Aye," said Peter, "if she were the grand Lama itself." "Think so?" murmured the squire, and he tried to believe it on the ground that the boy had got more

sense and judgment from his stay in New York. He did not like Ruth's sudden turn to religion. "There is something wrong," he said to Florian. "She always hated the Methodists. What is she so gone on them now for, I'd like to know. You remember, Flory, the last time she kicked on you? It was just after one of those religious spells. And if she doesn't wind up by doing the same thing' now, then I'm not the man who got left with Mackenzie on the north side of the St. Lawrence." Florian quieted him for the time with the assurance that Ruth would not remain long with her present associations. He was quite right. Ruth soon tired of her attempts to get hold of Methodism, but she did not lose the wish to find a resting-place somewhere, and she was bound to avoid falling into her old ways of indifference. She again asked advice of the poet, and he gave it as briefly as before. "Try something else, Miss Pendleton."

SURPRISE SOAP A PURE HARD SOAP We Tell Our Friends there isn't any soap made, as good as SURPRISE, which is "A Pure Hard Soap" that washes well and wears well. THE ST. CROIX SOAP CO., St. Stephen, N.S.

trifler to play hide-and-seek with the serious things of life, but a woman full of the earnestness of deep thought—and he could therefore more easily understand why Florian had not succeeded in making her his wife. Marrying, with her, was a matter of principle, not of feeling or of convenience or advantage. She had deep convictions of the truth and falsity of religions, and of the necessity of one true faith, and her natural mental clearness forbade her imperilling these for the sake of her own likings. It was a firm soul, indeed, which could resist the heavy temptations to which she had been subjected, and he admired her more for it, and prayed sincerely that her goodness might win for her an entrance into the only harbor this side of heaven. All his own hopes and wishes in regard to her were now dead. He took it as a matter of course, and did not attempt to find in the temper and behaviour of his fellow-Catholics excuses for marrying outside of his own faith. It was enough for him that a mixed marriage was prudent, wrong at least, and beyond that he did not attempt to go. In his conversations with Ruth she had seemed to be in a state of doubt, and he had said some sharp, earnest words to her, partly because his deepest interest in her was dead and he was not afraid of offending, but more because he had taken her statement without due attention to the exaggeration of fancy. He did not believe that she was as uncertain about Methodism as she thought. She had read and thought enough, no doubt, to get misty and unsettled in her religious views. But one does not leave old beliefs hastily, particularly so reverent and firm a believer as Ruth, and the very contemplation of a change would be apt to make her cling more tightly to old certainties. Women, too, as a rule, are distrustful to-day of the strength and truth of emotions which moved them yesterday. Of this Ruth herself was an example; and she was probably now laughing over her own sentiment and his severity during their walk from the cathedral. Well, what need to trouble himself with any further speculation? He was resolved henceforward to remain outside Mrs. Merriam's fairy ring. He had taken the determination not to turn himself; he would make sure of it by not even going to look at the fire. If Florian could have brought himself to the same happy disposition it would have been well for him; but he was madly rushing on to his own ruin. Every day found him at Mrs. Merriam's, and every day saw more completely pictured the utter hopelessness of his expectations. Ruth was gracious as a sister, and Barbara agreeable—that was all. No looks or signs, no tokens of past love; allusions to the earlier times avoided, sentiment avoided! A plainer, homelier conversation he never endured than when with Ruth, and instead of learning its lesson properly, the cool, far-seeing politician was lashed to an insane fury of passion. He would succeed in this instance, as he had done in others. What reason for failure was there? He began to see omens of success in the trifling occurrences of the day, and was overjoyed when Peter winked at him in his vulgar way and bade him to be of good heart, or when the squire described his own interpretations of Ruth's words and actions in the privacy of home. (To be continued.)

formed the express resolution of offering himself to Ruth a second time without the condition of the first proposal. He had merely sailed off and on the dangerous coast, longing for that dear harbor, yet ashamed to enter it and thus belie his own past conduct and present principles. The dinner passed over in comparative silence until they rose to depart. Then Paul said—for he feared Florian had not rightly understood his last words—"You won't let any misunderstanding come between us in regard to Miss Pendleton? She is a beautiful girl, and I am really glad to know that you are favored by her, and I hope one day to congratulate you in her possession." "Thank you, said Florian; but, as I hinted, your opinions on this matter are a little wild. Miss Pendleton and I are nothing more than school-friends, and I have even less claim to her attentions than yourself." "Thank you, too," said Paul, half-sad, half-laughing. "You have told me enough to keep me out of dangerous vicinities. She is a Protestant. I remain faithful to old beliefs." Florian winced at the sharp remark and was inclined to be angry or vexed; but as these passions never made their appearance on his smiling face under any circumstances he said nothing. Paul went home in deep meditation, and his chief point was the sweet face that for years had haunted him, and was now to vanish like a laid ghost. It was some time before Barbara noticed the prolonged absence of the poet from the house, his frequent regrets to invitations sent him, and his brief and formal visits. Then a gentle remonstrance to Florian brought out the fact that Paul Rossiter was too prudent a man to place his affections where his religion might not follow. Barbara rejoiced exceedingly. The last link in the chain was formed, and she might tease and punish with perfect safety gentle Ruth, the hot squire, erratic Peter, and innocent Paul. Perhaps Paul wondered at the sudden and imperative manner with which Mrs. Merriam took him up, and forced him to resume his intimacy with Ruth. If he did not, Mr. Carter did, and made a vigorous protest in his own and the squire's behalf against this behavior. Barbara showed them two things very deftly, that Paul would not fall in love with Ruth if she were a princess with a fortune, and that Florian would be stimulated by Paul's presence. They forgot the important point that Ruth might fall in love with the poet. The old men were satisfied, and left everything to Barbara. Still her acuteness did not profit her much. Every one saw the two most interested trusted her. She had betrayed them but those two she could not injure or betray. They gave her no opportunities, and their weakness for each other was too strong in good principle to leave them exposed to her spite. In fact Barbara's scheming led in the end to much good. Paul was careful and reserved in Ruth's presence, and when he talked at all chose the heaviest subjects. By and by they came to speak of religion, and Ruth complimented him on the many admirable features of his belief. "Once," she ventured to say, "I had nearly made up my mind to become a Catholic. But in some way or other the design weakened, and finally it became repugnant even to think of it." "You surprise me," said Paul. "It seems to me, Miss Pendleton, that once you brought your intelligence to bear on a thing, something certain and good ought to result from it." "Thank you!" she answered. "Now that I have begun I may as well finish the whole story. Perhaps I

How Is Your Cold?

Every place you go you hear the same question asked. Do you know that there is nothing so dangerous as a neglected cold? Do you know that a neglected cold will turn into Chronic Bronchitis, Pneumonia, disgusting Catarrh and the most deadly of all, the "White Plague," Consumption. Many a life history would read different if, on the first appearance of a cough, it had been remedied with

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

This wonderful cough and cold medicine contains all those very fine principles which make the pine woods so valuable in the treatment of lung affections. Combined with this are Wild Cherry Bark and the soothing, healing and expectorant properties of other pectoral herbs and barks. For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Pain in the Chest, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness or any affection of the Throat or Lungs. You will find a sure cure in Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Mrs. O. M. Loomer, Berwick, N.S., writes: "I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup for coughs and colds, and have always found it to give instant relief. I also recommended it to one of my neighbors and she was more than pleased with the results." Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is on hand at all druggists. Put up in yellow wrapper, and three pine trees on each side. Beware of imitations. There is only one Norway Pine Syrup and that one is Dr. Wood's.

CHAPTER XIX.

Lightly as Paul received the information of Ruth's religious belief from Florian, it had hurt him deeply. It was not the poet's manner to make much of a hopeless matter, particularly when it bordered on affairs of conscience, and in the present instance he had hastened to remove many old impressions with regard to Ruth, and was very careful to chase from his dreams the sweet fancies concerning her which had beguiled and lightened some heavy hours. He had seen at once what sort of a woman Ruth was—no

CANCER have been permanently cured. Let us send you the names of some of these persons so that you can investigate this truly wonderful treatment. Stott & Jure, Bowmanville, Ont.

ire... POSITION... COLLEGE... FLOUR... ING FLOUR... Montreal.

THE COMPOSER OF THE STABAT MATER.

It was a gloomy evening in the month of March, 1806. The voice of the wind moaning through the leafless trees seemed like the wailing of lost souls present in the wilderness. Not a star shone in the murky sky.

From time to time vivid streaks of lightning lit up the heavens with a scintillating pallor, as they chased each other through the blackness of darkness.

The bell of the convent of the Friars Minor of Callazoni began to peal weirdly through the gloom, calling the inmates to prayer; its monotonous ding-dong resounded through the dreary silence, till at last, through the length and breadth of the little villages, scattered here and there through the valley; each particular chapel bell chiming forth the Angelus made a kind of gentle echo, off repeated, to that of the large one in the convent tower within the monastery a faint glimmer of light in the chapel revealed the hurrying friars coming through the quiet corridors of their stalls, their sandalled feet making scarcely a sound upon the tiled pavement.

The gloom and chill of night were in accord with the mood of the religious, who on this evening were filled with an involuntary anxiety and terror. On the previous night mysterious noises, prolonged and plaintive sighs, had strangely disturbed the sleep in the community. From whence did the sounds proceed? One of the brethren thought they came from the cemetery; another, from the cloister; a third, that they issued from the extreme end of the chapel. A fourth declared that the dolorous wail came from the choir; adding that the organ played by invisible hands, had accompanied the chant with notes so sad that they pierced one's very soul.

When the religious were assembled for Matins, the Father Guardian, raising his voice, spoke as follows: "Brethren, let us humbly ask God to make known to us the cause of those lamentations which have troubled the peace and silence of this house of prayer and penitence. Let us beg the Holy Mother of God, whose feast we celebrate this day, to deign to intercede for us with her Divine Son."

All prayed fervently. When they had finished, an old religious approached the Father Guardian and said: "Father, I had good reasons for believing that the mysterious voice which has troubled our slumbers does not come from the tomb, as some of the brethren say, but that it belongs to a religious of this community. A word from you will dispel the mystery."

The superior hesitated a moment, but, immediately recovering himself, he said: "Light all the candles, and let the monks be counted according to their rank, that it may be learned whether all are here present."

The order was executed, and the Father Guardian resumed: "I desire that the brother who, during the past few nights has been troubling the peace of the cloister by mysterious lamentations will, in virtue of holy obedience, step forward and make himself known. Furthermore, I request that if his lamentations in any way concern us, he will enlighten us as to their purport and meaning."

Almost before the last words ceased to re-echo through the silence of the chapel, a friar, bowed with age, came forth from the ranks of cowed men, and, fixing his eyes humbly on the ground, said: "Father, I am the man."

Every eye was now turned suddenly toward the Brother, whose thin, attenuated figure gave token of many fasts and mortifications; while a confused murmur burst from many lips: "Brother Jacopone da Todì!" "Good Brother Jacopone!" "The friend of Dante!" "The sweet singer of Holy Poverty!" "The client of Our Lady of Sorrows!" "What new chant has he been composing?"

Fra Jacopone did not answer a single word. Replacing the hood he had thrown back when he addressed the superior, he knelt, and went quickly towards the great organ. In his eyes burned the flame of genius; his head appeared to be surrounded by a celestial nimbus.

All at once, to the great astonishment of the religious, the organ began to sigh as if the angel of sorrow and lamentation had touched it; the face of Fra Jacopone became overspread with a celestial light, and in a seraphic voice he intoned this sublime elegy:

Stabat Mater dolens, Juxta crucem lacrymosa, Dum pendebat Filius, Cujus animam gementem, Confrictam et dolentem, Pertransiit gladius.

The admiration of the monks now resolved itself into a kind of terror. For at the voice of Fra Jacopone the image of Our Lady of Sorrows seemed to move, while the sonorous echoes of the Gothic vault appeared to repeat the tones of an angelic choir tearfully accompanying the dolorous plaint of the inspired musician.

Softly sobbing, like a poor exile who endeavors to stifle his lonely sighs, he raised his eyes to the image of Our Lady of Sorrows, and continued:

O quam trista et afflicta, Fuit illa benedicta, Quae morebat, et dolebat, Pia Mater dum videbat, Nati poenas inclyti.

And thus, palpitating with emotion, like one agonizing in the presence of his Supreme Judge, the singer went on. Suddenly the friar grew pale as though the wings of Death had brushed him in passing; his hands could no longer manipulate the keys; he could hardly accompany the last strains, as he murmured in an expiring voice:

Quando corpus morietur, Fac ut animas donetur Paradisi gloria.

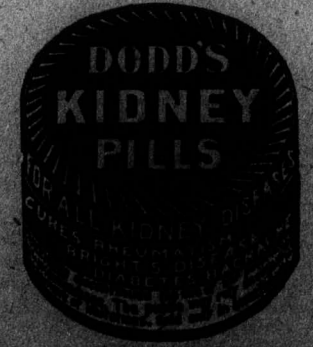
"Paradisi gloria!" It was the last note. Fra Jacopone glided from his seat, and fell noiselessly to the floor. The brothers hastened to lift him and carry him to his cell. Three days later the soul of the author of the "Stabat Mater" winged its flight to heaven leaving as a legacy to the Church this beautiful hymn, which will endure as long as the world shall last.—Ave Maria.

CHILDHOOD'S PERILS.

The so-called soothing medicines contain poisonous opiates that deaden and stupefy but never cure the little ailments of childhood. Baby's Own Tablets are guaranteed to contain no opiate, they act on the stomach and bowels and thus remove the cause of nearly all the ills that afflict little ones. In this way they bring natural, healthy sleep, and the child wakes up bright and well. Mrs. A. Weeks, Vernon, B.C., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets and can cheerfully say that I have found them all you claim for them." These Tablets are good for children of all ages from birth onward. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Count de Mun Speaks Out.

The Count de Mun's opinion of the encyclical on the separation law is as follows: "It is impossible to imagine anything more precise and decisive. Never in modern times has so considerable an event taken place in the religious history of our country since the Brief 'Quod Aliquantum' addressed on March 10, 1791, to Cardinal de la Rochefoucauld and to the Bishops, members of the National Assembly, to condemn the civil constitution of the clergy. It is even permissible to say that the nature of the Pontifical act, the wide scope and force of the protest against the long series of enterprises of which the separation law is the painful completion, the majesty of the condemnation and the enumeration of the causes justifying it gave the encyclical of Pius X a yet graver character than that of the celebrated Brief of Pius VI., the formidable effects of which are known to every one. The law is condemned, condemned in all its parts, and especially in so far as the public worship associations are concerned, declared under the conditions in which they are instituted 'contrary to the rights and to the divine constitution of the Church.' No Catholic can participate in their constitution."



CONSTANCY

One of the great requisites for success in our undertakings is constancy or perseverance, which may be said to signify perseverance persisted in regardless of the obstacles and trials it encounters on the way. It calls for a mastery over self, even at the cost of martyrdom to one's own feelings if the circumstances of the ordeals one has to meet exact it. It is the sure prelude of final victory as long as one is faithful, for even if one has not succeeded in achieving the end of his endeavors, he has still triumphed by his victory over self.

Constancy has a part in everything that is good and noble—in all the virtues, therefore, and is the sign of their life and the assurance of their power. Once constancy fails, the qualities of strength and resolution, determination and energy disappear.

Constancy may be said to be a summary of many virtues which, united and kept well together by the power of the will controlling and directing them, produces the success that is desired. In every undertaking the virtue of constancy must be found if success is to be looked for. It is, next to the undertaking itself, the most important consideration. While constancy is requisite for success in all undertakings, it is particularly necessary in spiritual ones. This we are shown in Holy Writ, "He that shall persevere unto the end, shall be saved." It continues and says in another part, "No man putting his hand to the plough and looking back is fit for the kingdom of God," and it exhorts that we be faithful unto death and we shall receive the crown of eternal life. It was this constancy that the saints showed in their prayers, their watchings and fastings. It was this constancy that the martyrs exhibited before their judges and executioners. It is this virtue that we must all strive to have and increase in us should we hope to be their worthy followers and to have something of their spirit in our lesser virtue and smaller trials and sufferings, in the hope that we will rise to greater things in time to be ready to meet even the martyr's death should occasion ever demand it of us. "He that conquers self is greater than he that conquers nations," but it is only after a long campaign of self-conquest in many things that one can be said to be as constant as that.

It is mostly the object to be gained that inspires and maintains the spirit of constancy, though virtue should be practical for its own worth. Hence we see men constant in some things and inconstant in others. One man will be constant, for example, in the pursuit of worldly wealth, another will follow pleasure unceasingly, another seek honor and worldly applause, and will struggle unceasingly to attain them. Again, in man's relations with his fellow-man motives of self-interest also have a large share in the direction they take. We see men become exclusive and attach themselves to a particular few and have no thought or concern for the vast multitude of their fellow beings. Sometimes it is friendship, sometimes it is gain that prompts them to go to the greatest length for the friends they make. We see men, too, in their own regard act firmly and with constancy in some things, and act quite the contrary in others far more important, because they follow their passions and tastes rather than the true principles of virtue and perfection of character.

But he who offends in one offense in all, for constancy, to be a virtue, must be universal and lasting in all that is good. While it may rise to great heights when founded merely on human power and human motives, constancy attains its great height when it is founded upon the spiritual and is animated by it, for then it has God's grace for its life and its endeavors, and His honor and glory first and above all for its motives and undertakings. It is then we find real constancy, for a virtue is only one in name and appearance when it does not spring from union with God in the one possessing it, for He is our life, our all in all that is good, or, as the apostles say, "In Him we live, move and have our being."

God is ever constant and unchangeable and will never fail those who love Him and who put their trust in Him. Trials may come, but they will not overcome us; adversity may overtake us, but it will not crush us; death itself will not conquer us, for we will triumph still, yes, and forever, in a glorious immortality. It is then that constancy will receive its crown. All the days and years of a man's self-conquest will then be rewarded by the love of his Lord and Master to whom he faithfully lived by dying constantly to himself.

While constancy should extend to all things worth striving for, it may be said that our best and most persistent efforts should be for the best and most important things. This our divine Lord, Eternal Wisdom, tells us when He bids us "Seek first the kingdom of God and His justice," and all other things worth having or striving for will be added thereto. It is in performing the chief duty of life that we shall do all the other duties devolving on us, for the greater always includes the less. In other words, being true to God we shall be true to man; laboring for heaven, we shall fulfill our part to earth. Let us, then, ask God to give us the grace to be constant. It is what poor, weak, changeable nature needs, even for honorable success in this world, and what will always follow under God's blessing if such success be good for us. But we can assure ourselves that we will never fall in our eternal interest, the salvation of our immortal soul, as long as we be faithful to God. He will ever be constant to us, for He has declared, "Blessed is the man who hopeth in the Lord for he will not be confounded."—Bishop Colton, in Union and Times.

CONVERSION BY SHORTHAND

Remarkable Work of Breton Priest Among Canadian Indians.

The most remarkable Indian story of the age has for its concomitants a zealous priest, a devoted band of redskins and an entire tribe bending all its energies to the mastery of the mystery of shorthand as a means of intercommunication. In the Canadian Northwest, along the banks of the Thompson and Fraser rivers, dwell several scattered tribes of Indians. To them some time ago came Father Le Jeune, a Breton priest. He found his efforts to Christianize the tribesmen hampered by the ignorance of the Indians, who could not understand the prayer books lent to them when they attended the services. So the priest sat down and thought, until he found a solution of the problem.

The solution took the remarkable form of a determination to teach the Indians shorthand, as the quickest means of enabling them to understand how to read and write, the phonetic characters are based on the sound of the words rendering it unnecessary to teach them spelling and syntax. Selecting the Duployan system, with which he was familiar, the priest set to work. He took first a few of the most intelligent men of the tribe, and, with considerable difficulty, made of them passable shorthand scholars. Then he sent these individuals among the other tribesmen to impart to them the knowledge they had acquired.

As these taught others, new teachers were continually becoming available, until in time the knowledge became general throughout the colony. In the evenings, when there was no farming to be done, the boys and girls and young men and young women of the tribe applied themselves with the utmost assiduity to the task of mastering the mysteries of the shorthand system, until today there is scarcely an Indian in that district who can not read and write the Duployan character, and who fails to read with readiness the Bible or hymn books that the priest has printed in the word sign language.

At church, to which the Indians come in such numbers that the building is rarely able to hold them all, a stranger would be quite unable to understand the service that the red men and women follow with the ease of an American following the regular church services in his own place of worship, for all the books are printed in shorthand.

The news of the colony is disseminated by means of a shorthand newspaper called the Kamloops Wawa—Kamloops from the name of a river in the vicinity, Wawa from the Indian word that means talk. The shorthand newspaper circulates all through the colony, and is the only printed matter that the Indians are able to read.

The modest Breton priest was satisfied to take as his reward for his remarkable work the devotion of his Indian parishioners, but the news of his great success traveled far, and at last was carried to the Vatican, where it greatly impressed the Pope. Orders were given for the minting of 1000 medals, and these have been sent to Father Le Jeune, with instructions to present a medal to each one of the Indians making unusual progress in the mastery of the word sign language. The promise of the medal to the foremost students has further stimulated the tribesmen, and in wigwam and hut all are now immersed in the study of the new form of communication, with a view to stealing in the art

Advertisement for S. Carsley Co. Limited, featuring men's suits and skirts. Text includes: 'S. CARSLEY CO. LIMITED THURSDAY, APRIL 19, 1906. Store closes at 5.30 daily. MEN'S SUITS AT MANUFACTURERS' PRICES. One Thousand Men Can Save Money. We are holding one of the greatest sales of Men's High-class Clothing ever heard of in Canada. Twelve hundred well-made Tweed Suits, of the most correct styles for Spring wear, we've offered to the public at manufacturer's cost price. These garments are not seconds nor are they in any way inferior to the Suits you pay one-third more money for. They embody all the latest features of the high class garment. New patterns, new colorings, rich material, concave shoulder, single or double breasted. They are divided into three lots as follows: 200 MEN'S TWEED SUITS, in light, medium and dark colorings, good quality trimmings, well made and perfect fitting. Regular price \$8.00. Sale price \$5.00. 400 MEN'S TWEED SUITS, in all the latest patterns of checks and overchecks, single and double breasted, best quality trimmings, wide concave shoulders. Value from \$10.00 to \$12.00. Sale price \$7.95. 400 MEN'S TWEED SUITS, of high-class tailoring, shapeliness and richness of material—a peerless suit; latest colorings and designs, gray and brown fancy mixtures, splendidly tailored, single and double breasted, best linings and trimmings. Regular price \$15.00. Sale price \$10.00. Spring Style in Skirts. We are showing an extraordinarily fine assortment of New Spring Skirts. Here are a few descriptions of the more particularly desirable kinds: A Handsome Walking Skirt of good quality All-Wool Tweed, in black and white check effects, made in pretty thirteen gore kilted style. Special \$5.10. A very Stylish Skirt of All-wool Shepherd Plaid, made in the new circular style, strapped with self around hips, yoke and bottom of skirt, kilted in front. A new and very stylish Skirt. Price \$10.25. A Beautiful Dress Skirt of fine quality Corkscrew Cloth, in black and blue, handsomely trimmed with strappings of self and finished with deep side pleats all round. Our special \$13.50. A very attractive Skirt of New All-wool Black Voile, trimmed with insertion of black silk braid, deep box pleats, prettily kilted all round. The latest and newest style. Special \$33.75. THE S. CARSLEY CO. LIMITED 1765 to 1783 Notre Dame St. 184 to 194 St. James St. Montreal

Advertisement for J. J. M. Landy, 416 Queen St. W., Toronto. Text includes: 'J. J. M. Landy 416 QUEEN ST., W. Chalices, Ciboria, Ostensoria. Gold and Silver Plating and Engraving of all Altar Vessels at very reasonable prices. Write for quotations. MISSIONS supplied with Religious goods. Write for catalogue and quotations. Long distance phone No. 2768. J. J. M. LANDY, 416 QUEEN ST. WEST, TORONTO.

The Angelus in the Philippine Isles. The Philippine Islands, as the reader is aware, are almost entirely Catholic. In the course of about two centuries, missionaries from Spain, by their zealous exertions, effected the civilization and conversion of the native inhabitants of these islands, all except the Mohammedans. How excellent the preachers of the gospels have succeeded in imbuing the hearts of the people with a truly Catholic spirit, and how well their teaching was carried into practice, may be seen from the following extract from the pages of a work entitled, "The Voyage of the Austrian Frigate Novara Round the World," published in 1859: "The potent influence exercised by the clergy over the native population of the isles may be known by the piety they display, their reverence for holy things, and the ready obedience wherewith they comply with not only what the Church commands, even in matters of slight moment. This is most strikingly manifested at the evening Angelus. The sonorous notes of the bell act like magic on all who hear the sound; work of every kind is instantly suspended; the busy hum of toil, the noisy whirl of machinery is suddenly hushed. The laborer who tills the soil, the workman in his shed, as well as the saunterer on the highway; the wealthy aristocrat in his elegant equipage, as well as the needy peasant driving his heavily laden mule home when the day's work is done,—each and all alike obey the call to prayer. Every vehicle on the road is brought to a standstill; master and servant both take off their hats; the busy crowd stops as if spellbound; all heads are bowed, the cigarette is

Advertisement for Dr. Cassell's Kidney Pills. Text includes: 'Dr. Cassell's Kidney Pills. If you, your friends or relatives suffer with Pain, Headache, St. Vitus' Dance, or Falling Backwards, or with a trial bottle, or valuable medicine, write to The Laxco Co., 179 E. Broad St., Toronto, Canada. All druggists sell or can obtain for you. LAXCO'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Advertisement for Franciscan Society. Text includes: 'Franciscan Society. He was the Author of Fifty Books. Padre Marcellino da Costa in the Minorite Convent of Leghorn, Italy. His name in the world as a boy was Pietro Riva. He was born on May 23, 1827, in Liguria, or to greater precision in the vine of Porto Maurizio town of which is so close with another great Order of Friars Minor. The Roman province of 1888 at the age of six solemnly professed in 1 through his theological San Francisco in Lucca, ordained priest on May 18. As preacher, teacher, editor, writer, he was able, and he filled many trusts in the order, including that of definitor general of the author of upwards of the most famous of the thrilling chronicle of the Missions in 11 volumes. He was ordered to travel Europe in search of Franciscans likely to be used in the continuation of his magnanimity. He has the result of these his Franciscan Bibliographies of Bibliografia, Geografia, Etnografica, Sanza Prato, 1879, sm. folio. Early in 1899, with his distinguished and faithful friend Teofilo Domenichelli published a book which great stir in the camp of students: the "Leggendario, publicata pe volta nella vera sua Whatever, may be those conclusions, whether the editors did or did not us with the legend in there can be no question value, the deep interestfulness of their scholarship. Soon after in the same company by his insciple, Padre Marcellino, of 77, retired to complete in the quiet convent of na at Leghorn. In com his great attainments, he still purposed to complete, the minister general his disposal a library, books and MSS, which he set up at Leghorn (I we importance and value, too, to it has ever been recorded me by Marcellino). The transfer of Marcellino and Teofilo to Convent of Leghorn was subject of an unhappy situation on the part of English writers. Cando did not hesitate to say in the Times, of May 9, 1891, that he had quote M. Sabatier as saying—that the two Franciscans had been expelled from the proving of some of the of the editor of the "S. fectiois"! A more a writer, Mr. A. G. Litt the statement in the Erial Review (October, 1891). It does not seem to be to any of these writers a book were so evil as to punishment of exile, it was placed upon the "Index Prohibitorum," where, so never appeared. They ing against the two friars perhaps, they thought the chivalrously fighting th against a tyrannous, ill "Curia," but in reality tion implied that these distinguished and faithful Church had been guilty which had brought upon severest censure of that which they had wholeheartedly voted their entire existence the venerable friar of the ations against him in which he could not read. never draw from him any smile and a character shrug of Franciscan resignation known to him I took gals for his reputation as Catholic, and endeavored from the most impartial writers, first privately.