

Reduced Fares

From March 1st to 15th, 1910, inclusive. Class Colonist fares from Victoria, Vancouver, Portland, Spokane, Los Angeles, San Diego, Mexico, to many other points.

Ticket Offices, St. James Place 6905, 6906 or Bonaventure Station.

ADIAN PACIFIC

SEEKERS

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

GOODS FOR 60 DAYS

Ticket Office

ARCOLONIAL RAILWAY

PURE UNION DEPOT

EXPRESS

Little Metis, Campbellton, St. John, Halifax and Tracy.

DAY EXPRESS

Lambert, St. Hyacinthe, Drummondville, Nicolet and in intermediate stations.

TICKET OFFICE

ENTS

LY SECURED

THE BELL COMPANY

BELLS

The True Witness

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, MARCH 31, 1910

CHRIST THE CONQUEROR.

The Living Proof of the Saviour's Divinity Portrayed in Masterly Style.

"This is the day the Lord hath made: let us be glad and rejoice therein. Psalm, cxvii., v. 24. To-day the Church lays aside her mourning and changes her tones of grief, to put on the vesture of gladness and to sing the joyous 'Alleluia' in honor of her risen Spouse. She brings us to the tomb wherein we saw the Man of Sorrows, the Victim of Sin, buried, which the hands of His enemies had sealed, around which the Roman guards, men who knew no fear of man, who had borne every battle, guarded with every battlefield, guarded with sleepless vigilance. We find the great stone rolled away, the seals broken, the guards vanished in awe and stricken as dead with fear, and we hear the angel's voice: 'Fear not, for I know that you seek Jesus of Nazareth who was crucified. Why seek you the living among the dead? He is not here, for He is risen as He said unto you. Come and see the place where the Lord was laid. And behold, He will go before you into Galilee; there you shall see Him. Lo I have foretold it to you.'"

And what remains for us is to admonish you to hold fast that grace which you have received, to be steadfast in the way of the Lord. Keep the promises which the spoken word of God and the whisperings of His spirit within you, inspired you to make in these days of grace; be faithful to Him who has called you from the darkness of error and sin into the admirable light of His Gospel. 'Serve ye the Lord Christ, knowing that you shall receive of the Lord the reward of your inheritance.' 'Be faithful unto death, and I shall give you the crown of life.' We look for the Savior, our Lord Jesus Christ, who will reform the body of our lowliness, made like the body of His glory, 'and we know in whom we trust, for we are certain that there is laid up for us a crown of justice which the Lord the Just Judge will render to us and to all who love and expect His coming.'"

Let, then, the proofs of your renewal of faith, your reunion and reconciliation with God be shown to men and angels by your spiritual resurrection, laying aside the old Adam, the man of sin, 'put ye on the new Man, Christ, let His mind be in you which was also in Him, steadfastness in well-doing, being renewed in the spirit of your mind, remembering that we have not here a lasting home or country, but seek one that is to come, that we are pilgrims here on the journey of life, to life's term, eternity and God. Keep ever before you the vision of the Resurrection of your Master, friend and Saviour, that His prayer for those who believe in Him may be fulfilled in you, 'Father I will that thou hast given Me, they also whom Me, and the glory which thou hast given Me I have given to them, that they may be one, as we also are one, Thou in Me, and I in Thee.'"

Archbishop Langevin Celebrated 15th Anniversary. Yesterday, Wednesday, His Grace Archbishop Langevin celebrated his fifteenth anniversary as Archbishop of St. Boniface.

The Most Rev. Louis Philippe Adolphe Langevin, Archbishop of St. Boniface, is the son of Francis T. Langevin, N.P., and was born at St. Isidore, Quebec, August 28, 1855. Educated at the Sulpician College, Montreal, where he was afterwards professor of classics, he studied theology at the Grand Seminary, and was for a time private secretary to the late Archbishop Fabre. In 1881 he entered the Order of Oblats and was ordained priest the following year. He proceeded to Ottawa in 1885, where he had been appointed to the chair of theology in the University, which he filled for eight years, being also director of the Grand Seminary and sub-dean of the faculty of theology. Invited to Manitoba by the late Archbishop Tache, he there became superintendent of all the Oblat missions of the Northwest. In 1894 he was appointed to the pastorate of St. Mary's Church, Winnipeg, and in January, 1895, was elected to succeed Mgr. Tache as second Archbishop of St. Boniface.

Consecration of Bishop Rice. The consecration of the Right Rev. Jos. J. Rice, D.D., of Whitinsville, Mass., to be bishop of the Burlington, Vt. diocese, will take place in the Cathedral at Burlington on the morning of April 14, the feast day of St. Justin the Martyr. The consecrating prelate will be Right Rev. Thos. B. Beavan, Bishop of Springfield, Mass. This will make the third bishop that the Springfield Church dignitary has consecrated.

CRUSADE AGAINST CALUMNY.

Propagators of Scandals to be Dealt With by Special Agencies.

Rev. Henry W. Cleary, D.D., editor of the New Zealand Tablet, one of the most influential journals of Australasia, is making a tour of the world for the special object of establishing agencies for the exposure and unearthing of the propagators of scandals and calumnies against the Catholic Church, its priests and institutions, says the Catholic Universe.

Dr. Cleary's life-long desire has been to organize a vigorous and systematic campaign against all such slanders. The matter has been deliberated upon time and again in New Zealand, and was brought to a head at the Catholic Congress held in Sydney, Australia, in September last, when bishops and priests and laymen unanimously approved of the plan which it is hoped will prove world-embracing in its scope. It was decided to begin work in Australasia by establishing a strong permanent organization, and to reach out thence to all other countries, which by uniting with the International Catholic Truth Society, will make it possible through constant use of the cable and press, to expose every agent of calumny and slander published against the Church and its priests, its religious customs, as soon as uttered or published, and with a full knowledge and presentation of the truth, demand the retraction.

Funds were at once liberally subscribed in New Zealand to insure the success and permanency of the noble service. The Archbishop of Melbourne, who is the president of the Catholic Truth Society of Australia, took the matter up with the greatest cordiality, and knowing that Dr. Cleary was about to make a tour of the world, gave him a glowing letter of endorsement and recommendation.

Dr. Cleary has just completed the tour of South America and Central America, one of the special objects of the Australian Catholic Truth Society being to nail on the head, as it were, every slander concerning the Church, the Bishops and clergy in the Latin-American countries.

Dr. Cleary is a linguist, and his splendid knowledge of Spanish gave him exceptional facilities for work and inquiry in the Latin-American countries. Having seen the great work of the Church there, having investigated for himself, and having the funds wherewith to carry on the most vigorous campaign, he returns fortified with facts and data that are unimpeachable, while at the same time he has unearthed many a false and libellous statement against the Church and clergy in South America. He declares that the hierarchy and clergy of the Latin-American countries are as noble a set of men as are to be found anywhere while the condition of the Church is vigorous, progressive and her work truly holy and apostolic.

Dr. Cleary deprecates the custom that Protestant missionaries have of manufacturing scandals in connection with the Church in Latin-American countries generally. He said that if the Catholic missionary were to spend his time going among the lowest and most illiterate portion of a population in outlying sections seeking out calumnies against Protestant missionaries instead of doing his duty, the record would be anything but inviting.

Dr. Cleary explained his purpose to the South American Bishops and clergy and was everywhere endorsed cordially. It is intended to take every case as it occurs and expose it, as in the case of the recent calumnious statements and bogus letter attributed to the Archbishop of Caracas.

It is proposed to make Rome the center of the work, which will reach into every clime.

DOMINICANS BID FAREWELL.

Hearty God-speed Extended to Them by Most Enthusiastic Audience Which Crowded the Monument National.

In the words of Mayor Guerin at the Farewell Concert to the Irish Dominicans in the Monument National, "everything done under the auspices of St. Patrick's is done well." No truer words than these could be applied to last evening's entertainment. The Symphony and Chancel choirs acquitted themselves in a manner which would have done justice to much older organizations.

Father McShane, before announcing that the speakers of the evening, said that those at previous gatherings in the various schools some idea of the high regard in which they were held had been conveyed to the Rev. Dominicans for the strenuous labor which had been theirs all through the Lenten season, still he felt that the evening's testimonial, offered as it was in most melodious harmonies, would breathe even a deeper meaning to the hearts of the departing priests and substantiate the belief they had in the loyalty to the Old Land of the Irishmen of Montreal. The pastor then called upon Father Walsh, whose appearance upon the platform was the signal for an ovation. The Rev. speaker prefaced his remarks by saying that had it been left to his choice he would have preferred to say farewell from the pulpit which he had been filling for the last few weeks, but the desire had been expressed to

vein. His is genuine humor, and peals of laughter greeted the witty phrases as they rolled spontaneously from his tongue. He admitted a sense of loneliness going away, for their stay at St. Patrick's presbytery had been most congenial, pastoral and curates vieing with each other to secure their comfort. The Mayor, having been called upon, expressed most cordial thanks to the rev. gentlemen and said that

as a result of their ministrations all felt better men and women. He asked the good Fathers to convey to Father Barrett, whom all had had the pleasure of listening to last year, the assurance that he is kept in very happy memory. Then was continued the musical portion of the programme. As was said above, the excellence of the training was brought out in the several numbers, and it is hard to specialize, when all was so good. The Chancel Choir, of course, is always a favorite, and splendidly indeed do these boys sustain their parts.

The following was the programme, PART I.

Solo and Chorus—"O Canada," Miss T. Deleahanty and Symphony Choir. Irish Medley—"Brightest Erin," St. Patrick's Chancel Choir. Soprano Solo—"The Bells of Shandon," Miss E. Kenahan. Solo and Chorus—"Come Back to Erin," Mr. A. Lamoureux and Symphony Choir. Violin Solo—(a) "Believe Me," (b) "Irish Bagpipes," Prof. Wm. Sullivan. Solo and Chorus—"Eileen Aroon," Mr. Wm. Murphy and Symphony Choir. Contralto Solo—"The Meeting of the Waters," Miss M. Graddon. Chorus—"The Roll of the Drum," Symphony Choir. Address of Farewell—Rev. Raymond Walsh, Rev. Albert O'Neill.

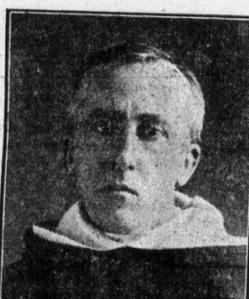
PART II.

Bass Solo—"O'Donnell Aboo," Mr. Ed. Quinn. Solo and Chorus—"The 32 Counties," Master Gerald Shea and Chancel Choir. Contralto Solo—"Ashore," Miss Stafford. Solo and Chorus—"The Whale," Master J. Hammill and Chancel Choir. Duo—"The Moon Has Risen," Messrs. P. Griffin and J. Fisher. Solo and Chorus—"Erin, Loveliest Erin," Master W. Coyle and Chancel Choir. Chorus—"Come Where Flowers," Symphony Choir. God Save Ireland. God Save the King.

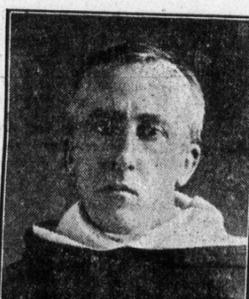
presence of His minister. Have you faithfully tried to do your duty as sponsor? If the child has wandered or been led away from the Church, did you try, or are you trying to win it back? Does it go to the Catholic school? If not, why not? Has it learned the catechism and other things which it ought to know and which you are charged to see that it should be taught? If its parents have been neglectful of their duties, have you more earnestly tried to perform the sponsorship duties that rest upon you? If the child is old enough, does it know that it is your God-child? Have you claimed it as such? As your position as sponsor is not an idle one, an empty honor, but of most serious importance, it will be well for you to give the above ques-

The Flag Without a Stain.

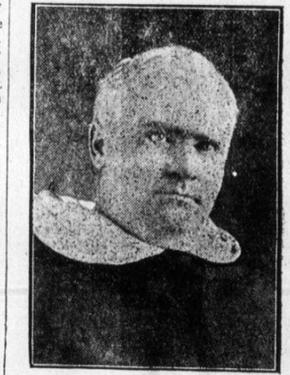
Among the many trophies of the Civil war in the museum of Notre Dame University, Indiana, droops the battle-flag of the historic 'Irish Brigade'. The war is now but a reminiscence, but the glory and heroism of the brigade lives on. Commanded by the dauntless and dashing General Thomas Francis Meagher, orator and soldier, the Irish Brigade performed deeds of valor unsurpassed in the annals of the war. When John Francis Maguire, editor of the Cork Examiner, returned to Ireland from America in 1865, he stated at a public reception tendered him by the aldermen and citizens of Cork that: 'America will for all time owe a debt of gratitude to Irishmen. The Irish Brigade has covered itself with glory, and when it rushed to almost annihilation at Gettysburg, it crushed under its feet in that memorable charge the noxious plant of intolerance and bigotry against Irish Catholics in the United States.' The old silk flag of green, emblazoned with harp and shamrock, torn with shot and shell and cover-



REV. ALBERT O'NEILL.



REV. RAYMOND WALSH.



REV. LAMBERT LOUIS CONRARDY.

Another Damien. Rev. Lambert Louis Conrardy is reported to be dying of leprosy among the lepers near Canton, China. Father Conrardy had no fear of death, even by leprosy. He chose his task and went to carry it out aware that he would probably die of the disease. He first went to a leper colony more than twenty years ago. It is not known when he contracted the disease. He wrote: 'I am not well, but hope that God will give me a few more years to work among the lepers. I have begun well; it would be easy now to go ahead if I can live only five years more.'

Another Damien.



We live in deeds, not years; In thoughts, not breaths; In feelings, not in figures on the dial; We should count time by heart throbs; He most lives Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best. Bailey.

Ashamed of Mother.

It is a sorry day for a girl, when she feels herself superior to her mother, and considers herself called upon to apologize for her bad grammar, mispronounced words, foreign accent, or slips in her speech. When a girl becomes so small and contemptible that she is ashamed to appear in public with her mother, because she is old-fashioned and dowdy in appearance, her hands brawny, her face prematurely wrinkled and her form bent by long years of drudgery for her children, she is indeed, to be pitied. She has fallen below contempt.

The girls who are ashamed of their hard-working mothers are few, happily, compared with the vast number who appreciate and endeavor to repay their mothers' sacrifice. Still, there are too many of them—girls who do not even darn their own stockings, mend their own clothes, or make their own beds.

I have in mind a mother who is constantly making sacrifices in order that her daughter may make a good appearance. She wears her old cloak and shabby bonnet another year; she remodels for the second time and tries to freshen up the gown that should have been discarded last year, so that the young girl may have new ones and appear to as good advantage as other girls of her age. She drudges from morning till night, and often far into the night, so that her daughter may have more leisure to practice accomplishments or to have a good time. Anything is good enough for the slave-mother. When the tired hands should be at rest, they are busy with some dainty laundry work or plying the needle on some pretty thing for the girl's adornment when she shall make her next appearance at a dance or a reception. The daughter, meanwhile, is gossiping about the neighborhood, or is at the theatre or some other place of amusement, or perhaps she is strutting on the piano.—N. Y. Tablet.

Pneumonia Cure.

Saturate a ball of cotton as large as a one-inch marble, with spirits of alcohol, add three drops of chloroform to each ball of cotton, place it between the patient's teeth, and let him inhale the fumes in deep, long breaths for fifteen minutes; then rest for fifteen minutes, or longer, if needed; then inhale again for fifteen minutes, and repeat the operation as directed, for twenty-four times, and the result will be that the lungs will expand to their normal condition, and in forty-eight hours he is cured, although weak.

Cotton should be changed twice in fifteen minutes. Another method of inhalation for elderly people without teeth and for patients in last stages of pneumonia: Get a small heating lamp, or any other heating apparatus, and a porcelain cup, make a one-inch thick cover of wood for the cup; put four small nails under the cover to prevent sliding off; bore a one-half inch hole in middle and insert in the cover a one-half inch rubber tube long enough to reach patient's mouth, then boil alcohol diluted with water 5 per cent., or palmer, half and half (no chloroform needed in this method), and let patient inhale through tube the fumes of the boiling alcohol in deep long breaths for fifteen minutes.

The Fashionable Coiffure.

Fashion-to-day demands that the coiffure be simple. There are no more formal curls, no more hard and fast puffs, no heavy and hot supports, for the pompadour. There are innumerable styles in coiffures, but all of them are characterized by simplicity and shapeliness. Now, while any arrangement of the hair that shows these qualities is in harmony with the mode, there is one feature of the model coiffure that is distinctive and almost generally becoming. This is the braid or coil that encircles the head. It may be a thick firm plait or it may be a simple coil, but it forms part of the majority of the new styles. Its functions must be understood if we are to use it correctly.

But, I hear you object, what a cruel style it is that requires sufficient hair for braids and coils to extend all around the head. So it would be were this the case, but the

half of art is suggestion; it is not necessary to carry the hair all around the head—merely suggest the complete circle. For instance, supposing you part your hair in front and roll it at the sides. Then comb your back hair upward, divide it, twist it, cross it and carry the ends to the point where they can be tucked under the hair rolled at the sides. By this simple means, you have given your head the proper shape, also a sufficient hint of the fashionable to your coiffure.—From Woman's Home Companion for March.

Using Camphor.

The darkest stain on mirror or window pane can generally be removed with a flannel dipped in spirits of camphor. Rub until dry.

Camphor, either in the lump or the liquid form, is hated by mosquitoes and will keep them off when all other methods fail.

As a medicine it is invaluable if used judiciously. If six or ten drops are taken on a lump of sugar when the head can often be checked. This dose should not be repeated closer than an hour apart.

It is important in taking camphor internally to be sure that it agrees with you; the mildest dose is harmful to certain people, and occasionally a person is found whom it throws into unconsciousness. If taken too steadily, even when there seems to be no injurious effect, it lowers the circulation and eventually weakens the heart.

A few drops of liquid camphor will often stave nausea, while setting fire to the lumps and inhaling the fumes sometimes works a similar cure.

Motherhood.

My little son, close to my heart, so fearfully I pressed. (What dread imaginings can chill a mother's foolish breast!) These tiny, crumpled rose-leaf palms—what cruel seams may scar! The velvet feet—what steeps may climb, what dangers may ensnare!

Did Mary have no presage, in the soft gloom of that day, When, like a lily wan and bruised, she pressed the fragrant hay? Think you she saw a dawning hour, beyond the moment's bliss, And faltered then, as mothers since: "Thank God—thank God for this!"

—By Edith Vaughan Michaux, in Good Housekeeping.

Is Love Woman's Sole Existence?

Don't allow it to be. That is not said in disparagement of love. Love is the most beautiful part of life but it doesn't need to be the whole.

The happiest marriages are those in which the wife has some interest that means as much to her as her husband's business does to him.

Every wife should seek out some definite interest that shall keep her from depending entirely on love for happiness. Love and work are the two crowns of life. Don't miss either of them.

Putting Away Furs.

Furs are kept out much longer than they were. Some women who spend the Summer at seashore or mountains keep at least one boa out of camphor the year around. By the 1st of June, however, all furs should be put in their summer resting place.

The idea that it is necessary to have furs packed professionally is not correct. If one has large pieces, coats, fur-lined wraps, or handsome sable muffs and boas, the money expended may often be saved. Especially if a house is to be closed for months it is well to send valuable furs to storage. Robbers make a point of hunting them, and every season brings a record of stolen furs from unoccupied homes.

It is perfectly possible to put away furs so carefully that there is small danger of the "moth that corrupts." Nor is it the task many women consider it.

For at least a week before putting the furs in boxes they should be hung on a line to air, and sun. At intervals they can be beaten lightly or shaken. Take the furs in at night for fear of the weather and thieves.

Go over the furs with a coarse comb in addition to the beating. This will bring possible moths to the surface. The combing is best done in the open air.

As dirt is a moth collector, it is well to clean the furs before packing. This is beneficial even to dark furs, and should always be done to white ones.

Dark furs that have become very greasy can be rubbed with a little pure turpentine or gasoline. Finally dry bran can be rubbed in, and allowed to stay for a few hours, then shaken out.

White furs can be cleaned by rubbing them with white starch mixed with gasoline until the first dirt has come off. Then apply dry starch or powdered magnesia and put in a dark place for a day. Be careful to shake out the starch before final packing.

Do not neglect plenty of newspapers in fur packing. Coats or heavy pieces keep well sewed up in heavy flour sacks. A newspaper is inserted in the top, the edges turned down all around to shut out air and dust, and the neck of the bag is then tied tightly. If you can find a bag large enough, the coat should be put on a hanger.

Some women have such implicit faith in paper as protection that they use no camphor or other moth preventive. It is safer to scatter pieces of camphor or tar balls in the bottom of the bag. Never let them touch the fur itself, as it is apt to discolor.

Small furs should go in their boxes, with pieces of newspaper tucked in around them. The lids should then be sealed with strips of adhesive paper, or the whole box should be wrapped in heavy yellow paper.

Keep the boxes, when wrapped in a cool, dry, dark place. An unused closet is better than most cellars. It is safer and the furs will not be affected by dampness.

If one has an air-tight cedar closet, many women prefer to hang their furs in it unwrapped, or loosely tied in paper bags. They are then taken out, sunned, and aired every few weeks during the summer. This method is more trouble and not so safe as more careful, if more troublesome, storing.

To Polish Mirrors.

The first step toward cleaning the mirror before polishing is to rub off the glass carefully with a damp cloth. When this is done, polish with a woollen cloth on which some powdered blue has been shaken. For the final touch, rub the glass carefully with a chamois skin until it is brilliant.

For the Housewife.

Keep a roll of cheese cloth for bags and drawers.

Keep hand sewing implements on hand for dressing towels—strong cotton, a thimble, tape, twine, needle and scissors.

When ironing roller towels try slipping them over the board as you would a skirt. They are half the trouble and the edges meet when folded.

Emery powder and oil made into a paste is an excellent mixture to clean steel. Rub on well and polish after which rub with an oiled rag, and then polish up again with a clean duster.

In slicing bacon, always place the rind side down. Do not try to cut through the rind, but when a sufficient number of slices are cut, slip the knife under them, keeping it as close as possible to the rind.

An excellent way to clean kid gloves is to put them on the hands and wash them well in spirits of turpentine just as you would wash the hands. The fingers and soiled parts must be rubbed well, and when the gloves are taken off they must be stretched and allowed to dry in a brisk wind.

To restore scorched linen take two onions, peel and slice them and extract the juice. Cut up half an ounce of white soap and two ounces of fuller's earth; mix with onion juice and half a pint of vinegar. Boil and spread when cool, over scorched part of the linen; leave until dry and wash the linen afterward.

A garment made of almost any material may be cleaned successfully with tea. Make the tea strong and soak the garment well in it. Iron the garment before it dries and the color will be of pretty cream shade. Tea does not streak the goods as coffee does, and will make any garment a prettier color, besides being less expensive than the creaming substance to be bought in the stores.

Cleaning a parasol is an easy matter if done in the following manner: Place parasol in the bathtub and turn on enough lukewarm water to cover it. Rub parasol all over with white soap and let soak for about ten minutes. Lastly, scrub well with a small hand brush especially rubbing briskly the extremely soiled places and creases; rinse in two or three waters. Should the parasol be of linen, put a little blueing in the last rinsing water; then open the parasol and hang in the sun until dry.

Shall we sit idly down and say, The night hath come, it is no longer day? For age is opportunity no less Than youth itself, though in another dress, And as the evening twilight fades away, The sky is filled with stars invisible by day. —Longfellow.

Don't be content with simply emptying the dust box of your carpet sweeper. After removing dust remove brush and wipe out box with dry cloth and then with a damp one. Remove every particle of dust from brush with a whisk broom and wash thoroughly in pan of hot suds and rinse thoroughly and return to sweeper. You will find your rugs and carpets much improved if the sweeper brush is kept clean and when you have been sewing dampen the brush and it will take up every particle of small threads from soft rugs.

The Bath.

A daily bath is a necessity if the body is to be kept in a good sound condition. If one's constitution will not permit of a daily plunge, the sponge bath will prove sufficient for all purposes of cleanliness and health.

Whether the bath should be a cold one in the morning or a hot one at night is to be determined by the physical strength of the bather.

A cold bath has a tendency to make the skin dry and harsh. To avoid this condition, some outdoor exercise should be taken soon after the bath. This will promote perspiration and the action of the oil glands, thus making the skin soft and smooth again.

For nervous people, a bath in seawater, or in water to which sea salt has been added, will prove beneficial. The salt stimulates the heart and overcomes the exhausted feelings one so often experiences after some mental or physical strain.

The hot bath has a soothing effect and often induces sleep to one who is inclined to be wakeful and restless.

The cold bath, be it sponge, spray or plunge, is a delight to her with whom it agrees.

It is heroic treatment and should not be tried save with caution, and under the advice of a physician. If you promptly rebound from the shock and are left warm, all-of-a-glow, and full of energy and strength, then the bath has proved beneficial; but if you feel "shivery," weak and depressed, beware—the cold bath is not for you.

What is Worn in London

London, March 19, 1910.

There is no denying that when the breath of spring is in the air, when the crocuses are embroidering the turf of the parks and the daffodils are dancing in the breeze, all women vie with Tennyson's "wanton lapping" in their ardent desire to get themselves "another crest." The desire for fresh headgear is universal—the bullfinch's black velvet cap is renewed, the peevit will not be satisfied without "another crest," and wherefore should lovely woman not obey the call of spring to see to her clothes in general, her headgear in particular? Clothes can perhaps wait until the fashion pronouncements are more definite and the newest materials have come to the front; but hats are the burning question which must be satisfied and decided without delay. We cannot face the Ides of March, let alone its all-revealing sunshine, in the hats of beaver and the toques of velvet and fur which we have been wearing through the dark, grimy days of winter, and something lighter and brighter is craved for by eyes weary of dark colors and heavy materials.

Of course there will be a rush for the Chanticleer hats, which are now to be seen in every draper's and milliner's window; and every description of barn-yard feather will bristle on hats under that title. I saw one of the first of these Chanticleer hats which came over from Paris recently. It was a big flat-brimmed shape in black beaver, the crown rather high and swathed in black satin, and the trimmings consisting of a big owl's head made in black feathers with golden eyes, the rest of the bird being a fluff of ordinary-looking plumes such as one sees in a dusting brush, dyed black.

It was, truth to tell, a very ordinary-looking black hat; but as it had an owl on it, it was dubbed Chanticleer; it came from a big Parisian house, and so its owner was inordinately proud of it, and herself I predict a very speedy vulgarization of these barn-yard hats, for nothing can inflate the price of the feathers of ordinary cocks and hens, or even guinea-fowls. It is only prohibitive price that prevents any popular fashion being vulgarized in these democratic days; and the poultry-yard cannot rise to the occasion. Instead, therefore, of giving Chanticleer models this week, I will tell you about the lovely spring hats, and toques that are being sent over from Paris for those wise women who abhor a popular fashion which can be vulgarized promptly by cheap imitation. The turban toque of tulle and other light materials promises to be more fashionable than ever, and there is certainly no denying its smart and dainty effect. A particularly pretty one I noticed was a turban made of mauve tulle over silver tissue; the folded crown rose rather to a point (all the toques are very high for the moment) in front, and the mauve tulle and silver tissue were tied in a large bow at one side, from which sprang a tall bunch of Russian violets instead of the usual osprey. This toque was a most becoming model, and its exceptional lightness on the head, after the terribly weighty erections of velvets and furs that we have been wearing all the winter, adds considerably to its attractions. It could, of course, be copied in all manner of different color combinations; and I can see it in my mind's eye most successfully translated in grey tulle (or chiffon) over gold tissue, with an egret's of yellow mimosa blossoms among their grey-green leaves.

Advertisement for 'Child's Play Wash Day' Surprise Soap. Includes illustration of a child and a dog.

One of the large shapes and a particularly smart one was in deep golden chip; the straight brim drooped somewhat in front over the eyes, but was turned up at the back, showing the hair, a boon we have been denied too long, for nothing is so pretty as the sight of a pretty nape and well-dressed locks at the back of the head. The deep golden straw was covered with black Chantilly lace, which is most effective over the gold, and the same lace was used for the immense butterfly bow placed on the up-turned brim at the back. Round the crown was a wreath of tiny pink Banksia roses, threaded through with black velvet ribbon, which only showed here and there. Here, again, in this part of the crown, the note of lightness was dominant, as if in revolt against our weighty wintry headgear. Another rather peculiar looking hat was noticed reminiscent of the toque. The quaint brim of bright golden straw turned up all round, but came down in a sharp point over one eye in a most unexpected and provoking way, while the crown was of folded royal blue velvet and the only trimming was a tall black egret. One striking handsome hat was a big bicorne of deep chestnut brown straw, with a band of black velvet laid on the up-turned brim, which was neither a lining nor a binding, for the chestnut straw showed on either side of the broad black line. The entire crown was hidden under a mass of half-blown crimson roses, which made a wonderfully rich harmony of color with the chestnut brown straw and black velvet that was extraordinarily becoming to the lovely little face of the dark-eyed wearer. Flat rosettes made of loops of inch-wide ribbon replace on many hats the round cockades of gold and tarnished silver galon which have been so familiar all the winter; while a somewhat similar effect is produced by little circular wreaths of tiny roses or forget-me-nots, which are placed flat on the up-turned brims of the hats they adorn.

She is also fond of attending the matinee. The other day she was giving a spirited story of the play to Marion, who was aged nine. "My mamma says it isn't good for little girls to go to the theatre," said Marion, with an air of self-righteousness. "I'm not ever going till I'm eighteen." "Humph," retorted Josephine without any hesitation, "th'pose you die when you're seventeen, then you'll be th'ting!"—Sallie F. Toler, in Woman's Home Companion for March.

New Cathedral For Haileybury.

Mgr. Latulippe, bishop of Ottawa and Vicar-Apostolic of Temiscamingue, has just let the contract for the construction of a magnificent stone cathedral at Haileybury. This edifice, which will rival the cathedrals of the older cities of Canada, will be constructed in solid masonry and will measure 170 feet long, 93 feet wide. It will have two main towers and spires. The clouds at a height of 145 feet above ground. A beautiful facade will connect them; and the doors and approaches will be in keeping with the general plan. It will take two years, working constantly with all the modern appliances, to complete the cathedral. No expense will be spared upon this edifice. Haileybury is in the center of the gold and silver country of Ontario and should have things solid, substantial and costly.

Change of Faith.

Dispossession from their handsome convent, monastery and grounds at Graymoor, Garrisons, N.Y., threatens the Society of the Atonement, which was received into the Catholic Church last October by Papal dispensation. The Trustees of the Protestant Episcopal Trust, under which the society was created, have warned the society not to make any alterations or improvements in the property, because the trustees intend to take possession in the near future.

The first intimation of the proposed action on the part of the trustees came in the form of a letter from Zabriske, Murray, Sage & Kerr, attorneys at 49 Wall street, New York, which arrived at the society's headquarters at Graymoor last week. The Mother Superior of the convent went to New York to see Archbishop Farley and confer with him as to measures in opposition. He assured her, it is said, that he would put the matter in the hands of attorneys in the employ of the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of New York.

Miss Julia Chadwick of Lakewood, N.J., and Miss Alice May Elliott, of New York, assisted in the foundation of the Society of the Atonement as an order of the Episcopal Church. The Gray estate, of which Judge George Gray of the New York State Court of Appeals is one of the heirs, conveyed the property at Graymoor to the society under a deed of trust for religious purposes.

The present board of trustees consists of Rev. Dr. Arthur Lowndes, an Episcopal clergyman; Miss Chadwick, Mrs. C. J. Guthrie, Mrs. Holston, who was Miss Sallie Elliott, a sister of Miss Alice Elliott. The members of the Society of the Atonement were confirmed Nov. 1, 1909, in the chapel of Our Lady of Angels, at Graymoor, by Archbishop Farley in person. Immediately after the ceremony the Rev. Paschal Robinson of Washington, D.C., invested both men and women with the habit of the Third Order of St. Francis.

Punny Sayings.

AN ANECDOTE.

"An anecdote," said Johnny, in reply to the teacher's question, "is a tale," and Willie, giving an example, startled his companions as well as the teacher by explaining that "he saw a dog going down the street with a tin can tied to his anecdote."

One cold day an old woman entered a shop and sat down in front of an iron safe to warm her feet. After sitting for some twenty minutes, she remarked that she "never did like them kind of stoves; they don't throw out scarcely any heat."

Old Gentleman—"Have you any family ties?" Willie—"Oh, yes, sir. Father makes me wear all his old ones."

A French General's wife, whose tongue-lashing ability was far-famed, demanded that an old servant who had served with her husband in the wars, be dismissed. "Jacques," said the General, "go to your room and pack your trunk and leave—depart." The old Frenchman clasped his hands to his heart with dramatic joy. "Me—I can go!" he exclaimed in a very ecstasy of gratitude. Then suddenly his manner changed, as with the utmost compassion he added: "But you, my poor general—you must stay."

ONE MORE SINNER.

When Leslie M. Shaw, former secretary of the treasury, was governor of Iowa, he was making a speech on the tariff. A man in the audience, who had something on his mind, arose and said: "Pardon me, Mr. Governor." "Well," broke in Shaw, "I have pardoned a lot of people in my time and I presume it would be unjust to draw the line on you."

And there were no further interruptions. Willie—"Papa, there's a big black bug on the ceiling." Papa (busy reading)—"Well, step on it and don't bother me."

LOOKING AHEAD.

Josephine, aged ten, has decided

Advertisement for Cowan's Cake Icings. Includes illustration of a cake.

Vertical column of various advertisements including 'MORRISON', 'LAWRENCE', 'W. G. K.', 'ST. PATRICK'S', 'HOMESTEAD', 'SELF RAISING', 'Brodie's', 'Cowan's', 'RELIGIOUS INS...', 'LA PRESSE', and 'EXPERT ILLU...'.



MORRISON & HATCHETT
Advocates, Barristers, Solicitors
4th Floor, Banque du Peuple Chambers
97 ST. JAMES STREET.
Phone Main 3714.

Hon. Sir Alexander Lacoste, K. C.
SAVANAGH, LAJOIE & LACOSTE
ADVOCATES, SOLICITORS, Etc.
7 PLACE D'ARMES
KAVANAGH, K. C. PAUL LACOSTE, LL. B.
SABON-LA VIE, K. C. JULES MATHIEU, LL. B.

H. A. Cholette, LL. B.
Thomas M. Tansey, B. C. L.
BROSSARD, CHOLETTE & TANSEY
Advocates, Barristers and Solicitors.
160 ST. JAMES ST.
Phone Main 1490
Guardian Bldg.

BARNARD & DESSAUBRES
ADVOCATES
Savings Bank Building, 160 St. James
Bell Telephone Main 1679.

Bel. Tel. Main 3352, Night and day service.
Conroy Bros.
193 CENTRE STREET
Practical Plumbers, Gas and Steamfitters
Estimates Given.
Jobbing Promptly Attended To

Lawrence Riley
PLASTERER
Successor to John Riley, Established in 1860
Paint and Ornamental Plastering, Repairs of
all kinds promptly attended to.
15 Paris Street, Point St. Charles.

D. F. WELSH & CO
Caterers and Confectioners
10-12 HERMINE STREET, MONTREAL
Manufacturers of the Famous D. H. W.
Breads Caramels and Evertos Toffee.
Bagnets, Wedding Suppers, etc. Personal
attention. PHONE MAIN 5301

W. G. Kennedy
DENTIST
419 Dorchester West
Hrs. 9 to 5.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1856; incorporated 1868; Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Chaplain, Rev. Gerald McShane, P.P.; President, Mr. E. J. Kavanagh, K. C.; 1st Vice-President, Mr. J. C. Walsh; 2nd Vice-President, Mr. G. Kennedy; Treasurer, Mr. W. Durack; Corresponding Secretary, Mr. T. C. Berningham; Recording Secretary, Mr. T. P. Tansey; Asst.-Recording Secretary, Mr. M. E. Tansey; Marshal, Mr. B. Campbell; Asst. Marshal, Mr. P. Conzolly.

Synopsis of Canadian North-West HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS
ANY unoccupied section of Dominion Land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 16 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.
Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated.
Entry by proxy may, however, be made on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.
The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:
(1) At least six months residence upon and cultivation of the land in any 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 lands owned by him in the vicinity of the land entered for, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon said land.
Six months' notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.
W. W. OORT,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.
N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

SELF RAISING FLOUR
Brodie's Celebrated
Self-Raising Flour
is the Original and the Best.
A Premium given for the empty bags returned to our Office.
10 Bleury Street, Montreal

RELIGIOUS INSTITUTIONS
HAVING DESIGNS AND ENGRAVINGS DONE SHOULD APPLY TO
LA PRESSE PUB. CO.
ENG. DEPT.
EXPERT ILLUSTRATORS
Engravers to the TRUE WITNESS

Through Conflict to Peace.

For thirty-five, Amy Drysdale looked wonderfully youthful. She had bright hazel eyes, a complexion of rosebuds and cream, a wealth of golden-brown hair. And her figure was slim and graceful as a silver birch tree. She was cultured, clever, well able to manage her own affairs, but the real strength of her deep, womanly nature lay in its kindness and sympathy. Father Mostyn called her his right hand in the care of the sick and poor. To the children of her many friends she was a sort of fairy godmother. Her independent means, large house, and spacious garden enabled her often to give them a merry-making. And her talent for keeping them happy and good amounted to genius.

Both in charms of person and in this world's goods Amy Drysdale was well off. But old Hannah, her faithful servant and former nurse, shook her head. "Climbing the hill of life is easy enough," she muttered. "It is the going down that the unwedded woman finds lonesome. If I could live my life over again, I would marry John Ingram as he asked me. The housework tires my old bones sadly, but I would do it with lighter heart if there was a baby to nurse as well."
Love's golden shafts had not fallen Amy's way. The April of life, the age at which, according to Hannah, a girl "ought to marry," had passed her by. Life's June found her still a spinster. And it seemed more than likely that she would remain a spinster to the end. She smiled at the warnings of her woman-friends. "Old maids," she laughed, "are not, as you imply, wayside weeds; God meant them to be flowers of Eden. He must have a purpose for some of them, otherwise there would not be so many more women in the world than men."

"An old maid's life," said one happily-married matron, "seems to me as unnatural as that of a nun."
"What you style unnatural," Amy retorted, "Father Mostyn often calls supernatural. But we won't argue about that. I have too many dreams of usefulness in the world to immerse myself in a convent. Old maids are not necessarily unworldly."

"May I ask who is your ideal of an old maid?"
"Florence Nightingale, who did such heroic work in the Crimean war."
Amy's questioner looked relieved. A nurse's life was less unnatural than a nun's, its usefulness was at least plain to every one. "You will be a nurse?" she inquired.
"I should not be surprised," Amy laughed noncommittally. "If that were the end of me."

If, perchance, love ever steals on the woman who laughs at him, he comes unawares and with iron grip. Not till Allan Raeburn actually asked her to be his wife did Amy suspect that she cared for him. He was a nice boy, she had thought, and much above the ordinary young man in intelligence. If asked why she found his company and conversation so agreeable, she could have given no better reason than a woman's "Because I do." But now, as he stood before her eagerly awaiting her reply, she took a swift glance into her own heart. It told her that she loved him.

She comforted herself as one who has come into a glorious inheritance. Her head, always held high, went higher still; her step acquired a more proudly elastic spring. Gone were all her visions of unhampered work in the world. She had come into an inheritance—a woman's; she had been found and chosen by the man for whom God had made her.
Love took full vengeance for having been so long slighted. The once self-contained woman who had warned her sex against marriage, the old maid by vocation, proved as ardent a lover as any man in her teens. Old Hannah, whose share of the household was now doubled, changed her views. "Amy has gone clean daft," she grumbled. "I have all at once, she is so forgetful. Fall in love, say I, but don't go crazy over it. And she might have made a better choice. Mr. Raeburn is only a boy."
Amy's sisters, who had acted on the principle that it is every woman's duty to marry as soon as possible, were delighted. "Better late than never," was their verdict.
Amy's older male friends regarded Allan as a mixture of hero and fool. He had certainly shown more heroism than they. At one time or another they had all been deeply in love with her, but none had the courage to propose. It was not that she had rebuffed them—her manner, though correct and womanly, was never stand-off or prudish. But "something about her" which they could not for the world have defined, had checked the word they longed to utter. And they were of Amy's own age, in all respects suitable life-partners for her. Only young fools dared to step where men of discretion had feared to tread.

Allan's relatives, the women especially, were furious. They granted Amy's charms, allowed that she was "sweeter" than ever, and that her womanly beauty had quite eclipsed her girlhood's prettiness. But thirteen years was too great a difference; she would be old when he was in his prime. She was thirty-five, he only twenty-two.
For three months the lovers lived in an enchanted paradise. Then the storm-clouds began to arise. Compared with Allan's, Amy's character was too fully formed to be adaptable. So accustomed was she to

decide and act for herself, so set were her opinions, so mature her judgments, that he found himself, in mere boy beside her. His position was accentuated by her maternal attitude toward him. She treated him as a child, and expected him to be guided by her in everything. He, holding with youthful conviction that the man should be head of the woman, refused. This hurt her, while her insistence galled him. The result was a succession of quarrels, childish in their pettiness and lack of reason. The reconciliations which followed were hardly renewals of love. Allan had to listen to his friends' ridicule of "apron-strings." Yet he did his honest best to be loyal. Who shall blame him if the attractions of a third person, as much a girl as he was a boy, made it hard for him to close his eyes to his mistake?

Amy grew jealous, as a woman so placed will, of a rival much younger than herself. Her reproaches stung Allan to the quick, partly by reason of the truth in them, but more because of his unsuccessful efforts to render them groundless. When accused of feeling that his engagement to her was a tyranny, he could offer no reply. Angered by his silence, Amy called it agreement and gave him back his ring.
"He made no show of returning it," she said. "You have done this," he said feebly, "not I."
A world of woman's hopes and dreams had tumbled in ruins. Amy's mind admitted that the rupture had been for the best, that the happiness which her heart had pictured would have been impossible with Allan. But her love had been deep and strong; now that all was over, she felt as if part of her being had been torn from her. It was her heart that could not rest. Now she was torn by desire to find Allan and beg his forgiveness, then convinced that such a course would be madness. Prayer gave her some consolation; but she could not be always on her knees.
Old Hannah was a fatalist. "What is to be must be," she said, "and no fretting will alter it. Praying is all very well, but the Almighty meant folks to work as well as pray. It is time we started the spring cleaning. I should have been done weeks ago, but I have only one pair of hands. Come, my girl; there is nothing like a bit of work for making people forget. And a boy like that won't take very much forgetting."
Amy laughed; it was impossible to resent freedom of speech in the woman who had slapped her not only in babyhood but also when she had thought herself quite a big girl. And Hannah, if plain-spoken, was a faithful, loving soul. Her affection for her mistress was all that she had to live for.

So hard did Amy work that the spring cleaning ended too soon. The news that Allan had left the town started her fretting again. It might be that he, too, could not forget. Old Hannah lost patience, and expressed regret that somebody was too old to be whipped. But the sight of tears softened her at once.
"I know what you want, dearie," she said, "a complete change of scene. Go right away from here for a whole month. I can look after the house."
Amy jumped at the idea. She had read in a Catholic newspaper that a Retreat for ladies was to be given by an eminent Jesuit. The word Retreat suggested quiet, rest, and the consolations of religion. This was not what Hannah had intended, but Amy's mind was made up. She did nothing by halves; to cut herself off the more completely from the world, she gave orders that her letters were not to be forwarded.
In the silence of the convent, in prayer and meditation, in the words of the learned Jesuit, God spoke to her. Father Wrighton, who knew every working of the human heart, showed her how to take her soul once more in her own hands. "God has chosen you," he said, "for something far higher than the life you have led at home. Nor is the happiness of which you have had a glimpse meant for you. Perhaps, indeed, you are not meant at all for happiness as the world interprets the word."
"What do you mean?" gasped Amy.

"That the only happiness possible for some chosen souls lies in their taking up the cross of Christ. God gives them some special call, which we name a vocation; and obedience to vocation is the only thing in life that counts. We map out careers for ourselves, picture all kinds of good for which our natural capabilities and talents qualify us. But we are placed in this world to do not any good that appears to suit us, but the particular good to which God calls us. What precisely God wants of you is not yet clear to me. You feel a strong call to a life of usefulness in the world, and your strength of character and sympathy seem to point to good work for others. Be a nurse."
Amy returned home strengthened both naturally and spiritually. Her old conviction that she was meant to be an old maid was the firmer and clearer for having survived the shock. She had a considerable insight into her own charms. She knew that from the world's point of view she had long been an "eligible match." Yet not till she was thirty-five had any man asked her to share his life. The one who had then proposed to her was a beardless boy, a most unsuitable partner for her. Her strong mind now saw

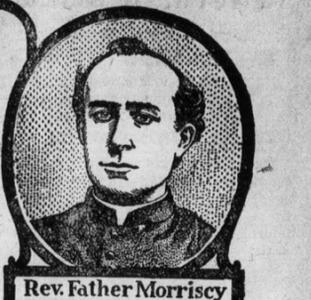
in all this an indication of the will of Providence. Her unfortunate engagement was seen as a temptation permitted in order to show her what she was called on to give up. God meant her to embrace with open eyes some career with which marriage would be incompatible.
But a blow awaited her at home. Among the letters on her table were two from Allan. The first, dated the day of her departure for Retreat offered her a chance of reconciliation but stipulated for a reply by return of post. The second, sent a week later, stated that, as she had taken no notice of his offer, Allan considered himself free to marry Alice Danvers. Their wedding was fixed for that day month.
For a moment she felt stunned. Why had she been away when that first letter came? Ah, she could see—her guardian angel had taken her to the reach of temptation. Another thought helped her. Alice Danvers was not the girl of whom she had been jealous. "He is fickle," she said. "I could never have felt sure of him."
Despite Hannah's remonstrances, she offered her house rent free to her youngest sister, who had no other babies than the old dame could nurse comfortably. Then she began her training for a nurse in a hospital for children.
An eminent physician had begged the hospital authorities to allow Sister Drysdale to nurse a private case of his.
"You must not," said the matron. "Sister Philip will not be denied. He has remarked your skill in children's cases several times."
Amy obeyed reluctantly. Thank heaven, the child's father was not at home; he was travelling abroad for a trading firm. The child might be dead or out of danger before he returned.
Allan Raeburn's portrait stared at her from over the very bed on which the child lay. The rapidly with which the little patient was cured amazed the doctor. He did not know what was spurring the nurse's efforts. Mrs. Raeburn unconsciously embittered the situation. She talked unceasingly of her husband's kindness and affection, and read letters expressing his longing to be back with his wife and child. "I wonder," said one letter, "if Sister Drysdale is anything like the poor Amy whom I once loved so fondly."
"O God!" groaned Amy interiorly. "I can endure this no longer. Remove this cross from me, or my heart must burst."
Her prayer was answered there and then. "That is only his way of teasing me," laughed Mrs. Raeburn. "He once had a boyish infatuation for a woman much older than himself—before he was old enough to know his own mind. She was more sensible than he; she saw how mistaken the engagement was, and released him from it. From a quixotic motive of honor, he wrote to her, offering to make it up, before he engaged himself to me. His relief at getting no reply convinced even him that he had never really loved her."
Amy left next day with a light heart, and a great peace in her soul. The way before her seemed clearer. Heaven had proclaimed more pronouncedly than ever that the love of husband and child was not for her. And it had given her a hint that she must leave the world.

Sir Philip Menzies, M.D., often laments the loss of the most capable nurse he had ever met. "I can not understand such women entering convents," he said, "and thus depriving the world of their usefulness."
His plaint touched on what was Amy's chief obstacle at the last. But she has now no misgiving that her life is wasted. A life of prayer and praise on the part of one called by God to it is every whit as active as that of the world's workers. And its use, though unseen, is more lasting. The prayers of a Gertrude or a Teresa, long as those saints have been dead, are what gives this sinful world its savor, and induces a daily offended God to forbear with it. And in some sweet, hidden way that runs no risk of endangering their humility, God gives the self-sacrificing votaries of His religious life a consoling knowledge of how precious their work is to Him.

A New Idea in Medicine

Which accounts for the enormous success of DR. A. W. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD.

To tear down the diseased tissues was the old principle of medicine. To cure by building up new, healthful tissues is the new method.
Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food is a splendid illustration of the new method, for it cures by increasing the quantity and quality of the blood, by creating new nerve force, and by overcoming weakness and disease with new vigor, new energy and new vitality.
The time to begin using Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food is when strength fails you and you find yourself out of sorts and losing health and vigor.
It is easy then to get back to normal condition by using this great restorative treatment. The blood is enriched, the nerves revitalized, new firm flesh and tissue is formed, and you feel the snap of new vigor as it is being instilled into your system.
Don't wait for nervous prostration or paralysis, but keep the system at high water mark. Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cts. a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.



Father Morriscy's "No. 10" (Lung Tonic) Saved His Life

Mr. Jno. Aylward, of Campbellton, N.B., writes on Feb. 5th, 1907, telling of his narrow escape from death:

"During the winter of 1907, while travelling on the Gaspé Coast, I contracted a severe Cold which settled upon my lungs. After I returned home I wrote to Father Morriscy explaining my case. I received a letter from him with a prescription for his medicine, which could not be filled at the time here. After one week's delay I received it just in the nick of time to save my life. After one month's use I felt like a new man."

Father Morriscy's remedies are now on sale throughout Eastern Canada so that you can get "No. 10" when you need it. But it is even better to keep a bottle in the house, ready for instant use the minute you or your children show signs of a cold of any kind.

Taken at once, "No. 10" breaks up the cold quickly, and saves many a severe illness.

Trial size 25c. per bottle. Regular size 50c.

At your dealer's.

FATHER MORRISCY MEDICINE CO. LTD., Chatham, N.B.

Old Hannah is content. She knows that her mistress is happy, and she has grown attached to her new "babies."
"I wondered," muses Father Mostyn, who was reading a "Life of St. Agnes," "what kept Amy's earlier admirers from proposing to her. I know now—it was God."—Karl Klaxton, in Bonziger's Magazine.

A GOOD MEDICINE FOR THE SPRING

Do Not Dose With Purgatives - A Tonic is All You Need.

Not exactly sick—but not feeling quite well. That's the way most people feel in the spring. Easily tired, appetite fickle, sometimes headaches and a feeling of depression. Pimples or eruptions may appear on the skin, or there may be 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 purgatives as many people do, in the hope that you can put your blood right. Purgatives gallop through the system and weaken instead of giving strength. Any doctor will tell you this is true: what you need in the spring is a tonic that will make new blood and build up the nerves. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the only medicine that can do this speedily, safely and surely. Every dose of this medicine helps make new blood, which clears the skin, strengthens the appetite, and makes tired, depressed men and women bright, active and strong. Miss Mary Baker, Tanook, N.S., says: "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been a great blessing to me. Last year while I was attending school I became so weak and completely run down that I thought I would have to give up going to school. I was affected with dizzy spells and would fall down at any time. I got half a dozen boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and before they were half gone I felt my strength returning. By the time I had used them all, the dizzy spells were completely gone, and I was again enjoying good health."
Sold by all medicine dealers, or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

St. Joseph.

Joseph, what privilege was thine To guard the Infant King Divine,— To watch Him grow in wisdom's way. And note His graciousness each day! Protector thou of Him most high! Who on thy counsel did rely! Full oft His Infant Hands to thee He gave, in confidence, and we May surely plead with thee for aid, And seek assistance, undimayed, For thou art Guardian, wise and meek, Whose strength awaits to help the weak, And they who place their faith in thee Shall in thy keeping ever be! —Amadeus, O.S.F., in "St. Anthony's Messenger."

Had Weak Back.

Would Often Lie in Bed For Days, Scarcely Able To Turn Herself.

Mrs. Arch. Schnare, Black Point, N.B., writes:—"For years I was troubled with weak back. Oftentimes I have lain in bed for days, being scarcely able to turn myself, and I have also been a great sufferer while trying to perform my household duties. I had doctors attending me without avail and tried liniments and plasters, but nothing seemed to do me any good. I was about to give up in despair when my husband induced me to try Doan's Kidney Pills, and after using two boxes I am now well and able to do my work. I am positive Doan's Kidney Pills are all that you claim for them, and I would advise all kidney sufferers to give them a fair trial."
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS are a purely vegetable medicine, realizing quick, permanent relief, without any after ill effects. A medicine that will absolutely cure Backache and all forms of Kidney and Bladder Disease.
Price, 50 cents per box, or 3 for \$1.25, at all dealers or The T. Millburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.
In ordering specify "Doan's."

Why suffer from corns when they can be painlessly rooted out by using Holloway's Corn Cure.

The True Witness
 Published every Thursday by
The True Witness P. & P. Co.
 102 LaSalle Street, West, Montreal
 P. O. BOX 188
SUBSCRIPTION PRICE
 Canada (City Excepted) and New-
 foundland..... \$1.00
 City, United States and Foreign... \$1.50
 Terms: Payable in Advance.
NOTICE.
 When a change of address is desired the
 subscriber should give both the OLD and
 the NEW address.
 SUBSCRIPTIONS will be continued
 until order to stop is received and all ar-
 rearages paid up.
 Send remittances by P. O. order or
 by bank draft.
 TR. WILL.—Matter intended for
 publication should reach us NOT
 LATER than 5 o'clock Wednesday after-
 noon.
 Correspondence intended for publica-
 tion must have name of writer enclosed,
 not necessarily for publication but as a
 mark of good faith, otherwise it will not
 be published.
**ITEMS OF LOCAL INTEREST UN-
 CITED.**

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

Episcopal Approbation.
 If the English Speaking Catholics of
 Montreal and of this Province consulted
 their best interests, they would soon
 make of the TRUE WITNESS one of
 the most prosperous and powerful
 Catholic papers in this country.
 I heartily bless those who encourage
 this excellent work.
 PAUL,
 Archbishop of Montreal.

THURSDAY, MARCH 31, 1910.

IS IT STILL GOING TO LAST?
 Now that our Legislature is in
 session, we want to know if the in-
 sulting anti-Catholic and anti-Chris-
 tian English Protestant Alliance
 pamphlets are going to be permitted
 to freely circulate in our Province?
 If, at Ottawa, they do not seem to
 care, are we of this Catholic Provin-
 ce going to permit the sale and
 distribution of foul and filthy printed
 matter that insults, belittles, and
 blasphemes everything we hold sac-
 redly dear? Have those in charge
 any idea of conscience? Surely
 they have: so, then, let them not
 do what Pilate did. Let our honest
 Protestant brethren enjoy all their
 rights and liberties of citizen-
 ship; but it is one of our Catholic
 rights to see the foul nefarious
 anti-Catholic leaflets and pamphlets
 of the filthy Protestant Alliance de-
 barred from within the walls of
 this province, where "race suicide,"
 divorce, and Malthusianism are ta-
 booed.

OUR SCHOOLS.
 Every now and again some up-
 start wants to make laws and re-
 gulations for our Catholic schools.
 Now, in the Province of Quebec Cath-
 olics and Protestants direct and
 conduct their schools separately.
 Just as a Protestant school is sup-
 posed to be Protestant, so the Cath-
 olic school must be truly Catho-
 lic. The Protestant people do not
 interfere with our schools, simply
 because they are not Catholics; so,
 then, why should we permit infidels,
 freethinkers, cheap Freemasons, and
 other mountebanks to interfere with
 our schools? If the good Protest-
 ant people have no right to change
 our programmes, or dictate to our
 teachers, surely "La loge des éman-
 cipés" or a hundred other groups
 of quacks and prevaricators are
 much less entitled to do so. Have
 we not two or three statesmen in
 the Province capable of seeing and
 knowing that? Our schools are
 meant for Catholics, not for two-
 penny pagans.
 But, then, and, of course, politics
 are politics. All our public men
 are supposed to have consciences;
 that is why some of them are as
 mute as broken fiddles in the house!
 They are afraid of offending the
 party, afraid of embarrassing the
 profane gods of the land. The school
 question may come up a thousand
 times, the two-penny pagans may
 make a million attacks—but on the
 good men sleep, and their constitu-
 ents do not seem to know or care
 whether they are alive or under six
 feet of earth. How grand our pub-
 lic spirit!
 Let "La loge des émancipés" un-

dertake to change this or that
 school arrangement, but we are
 bound they shall not change ours!
 If others are not adverse to a taste
 of Combes and Briand, we want
 neither Combes, Briand, "les éman-
 cipés," nor Antichrist. They are all
 of one ilk as far as we are con-
 cerned. We should demand that our
 representatives in the Legislature,
 whoever they may be, wake up and
 protest. It is very agreeable to
 peacefully sit through a session;
 but we want work and determina-
 tion to stand for our full Catholic
 rights: If the Jews want no Chris-
 tian hymns in the Protestant schools
 let them go and build schools for
 themselves. Protestant money paid
 nineteen-twentieths of the amounts
 the Protestant schools of Montreal
 have cost. If our cheap infidels and
 "butcher" Freemasons want schools,
 let them go and get them. Let us
 organize a crusade against the de-
 viltry of the "émancipés." There
 is work for our societies.

AT IT AGAIN.
 We are being publicly told again
 that our Province is behind Ontario.
 It appears we are behind the times!
 Now, we are not blind to Ontario's
 good qualities; but, pray, in what
 are we behind our sister Province?
 In the educational field, says the
 Reformer.

Is it because a Catholic or a Pro-
 testant may educate his child as he
 sees fit, with equal rights to all, in
 our Province, that we are found
 behind? Is it because we put
 "butcher" Freemasons in their place
 that we are behind? Is it because
 our Province's representatives at
 Ottawa are head and shoulders over
 their comrades from the other pro-
 vinces that we are found in the
 rear?

Laval and McGill are better than
 anything they have in Ontario. And,
 then, Ontario, outside of three or
 four institutions, has nothing to
 compare with our classical col-
 leges. Then, look at our prosperous
 commercial colleges and our un-
 equalled convents all over the land!
 They do not teach infidelity, Com-
 bism, and rot! Is that why they are
 not to be rated? If it is because
 our teachers are not paid so well as
 the Ontario teachers, that is thanks
 to our Government, but not to the
 Church. The Protestant clergy—of
 Ontario are not to be compared
 with our priests of Quebec, as far
 as educational worth is concerned.
 The preachers are, for the three-
 fourths, graduates from a truncated
 course. What do they know about
 either the classics or theology?
 What is their mental boast? There
 are smart men amongst them—"rari
 nantes in gurgite vasto"! The major-
 ity of the best of them are "Higher
 Critics" of small calibre.

No; the only trouble with some
 people in the Province of Quebec is
 that they got their higher education
 at too low a price; the priests
 worked too hard for them. If you
 feed a dog well, he will guard your
 house; but some men do not seem
 to have even the minimum of dog-
 gratitude. If they can prate in
 correct language and deliver speeches
 the Ontario dailies herald, it is
 thanks to the schools they malign.
 But, then, it is all a game. Un jeu
 de farceurs!

THE NEED OF PRAYER.
 His Grace the Archbishop, in the
 course of his thoughtful remarks on
 St. Patrick's night, taught a valu-
 able lesson when he said that it
 does not suffice for us to be active,
 hardworking men, but that we must
 be prayerful men in the bargain.
 "Prayer alone," said Pius IX.,
 "gives light and strength for the
 acquirement of grace and truth";
 while the saintly Cardinal Cullen
 could say that "prayer should be
 our chief hope in all our wants," in
 our national longings as well as in
 our striving for the things beyond
 the turmoil of earth.
 "For prayer the ocean is where di-
 versely
 Men steer their course, each to a
 several coast."

The greatest men of all the times
 were men of prayer. Louis IX.,
 King of France, was a great war-
 rior, but a man of prayer in the
 bargain. The saints were prayerful
 men; and, as His Grace remarked,
 if St. Patrick's work was so suc-
 cessful, it was because he was a
 man of prayer. The great Popes,
 bishops, and priests were prayerful
 men; so were and are the world's
 best scholars. O'Connell, Wind-
 thorst, Donoso Cortés, Moreno,
 Newman, Manning, Ketteler,—they
 were all prayerful men. Luther,
 Calvin, Henry VIII., Zwingli, Knox,
 with cadis, such as Bruno, Gavazzi,
 Zola and Chiniquy were the leavings
 of the dogs because they gave up
 saying their prayers. Doellinger,
 Hyacinthe, Loisy, Murri and Hou-
 tin, with a host of other eminent
 failures, began by putting their

heads aside.
 If there is so much folly, non-
 sense, sin, tomfoolery, and refined
 paganism in the world to-day, it is
 because conditions are as the good
 old Propheet Jeremiah found them in
 his—with multitudes revolving every-
 thing in their minds and hearts save
 the prayerful things of God. If race
 suicide, divorce, boundless murder,
 Malthusianism, trusts and com-
 bines, "White Slavery," "graft," in-
 fanticide, etc., etc., are the belong-
 ings of our civilization of to-day, it
 is because prayer is tabooed in
 twelve million localities.
 The Hottentots, the Kaffirs, the
 Cannibals, and the followers of
 John Kessit give more time to
 meditation than do the upper cir-
 cles of (what is called) Society.
 Nine-tenths of the "money-
 kings," ninety-nine per cent of their
 wives, with all of their sons and
 daughters (even if few, after all!)
 do not believe in prayer. If we
 have anarchy, Socialism, and a hun-
 dred new foolish sects, the lack of
 prayer explains it all.

**THE REFINED PAGANS OF TO-
 DAY.**
 If "Reader" (March 12) wants to
 know what we mean by "refined pa-
 ganism," as we use the expression,
 let him or her read the following
 dry facts:

Preachers who deny Christ's di-
 vinity and tear the Scriptures to
 shreds are refined modern pagans,
 nothing better.
 "Got there" aristocrats who bury
 dogs with ceremonies and in special
 graveyards are pagans.
 The flesh-toll of the crematories
 and other fashionable incinerators
 were pagans when alive.
 The heretics who were never bap-
 tized are only pagans at the most
 (exception made for good faith.)
 The Reformed Jews, at least, are
 modern heathens:

The "Higher Critics," with the
 two-penny professors who copy
 their pages into lectures are sim-
 ply innocent-abroad, farcical pa-
 gans.
 Nine-tenths of the secular maga-
 zine publishers, with a majority (by
 acclamation) of their editors are
 only cheap heathens.
 Combes, Briand, Vulgar Watson,
 Canon Hensley-Henson, Mother Hub-
 bard's descendant in Ottawa, with
 ninety per cent of the Freemasons,
 are pagans, infidels.
 Three quarters of the best (and
 they are few, indeed), theologians
 among the heretics are only refined
 pagans—and they know it.
 The doctors and other alleged men
 of science, who preach auto-steril-
 ization, are simply pagans.
 The lords of the filthy high-toned
 drama are refined, but indecent, pa-
 gans.
 Ninety-nine per cent. and more of
 the re-married divorcees are pagans
 skilled in the fine arts.
 Half, and ninety-nine per cent, of
 the other half, of modern secular
 novelists are simply pagans, as are
 the majority of poets and poetas-
 ters.

Seven-eighths of the non-Catholic
 university professors in America are
 simply head-inflated pagans.
 Three-quarters of the non-Catholic
 European university professors are
 avowed, if truly refined, pagans.
 The Anarchists, the Socialists,
 murderers, apaches, and horse-
 thieves are refined pagans.
 The so-called grand dames of "So-
 ciety," with their mannikin-husbands
 are, in the majority of cases, pa-
 gans like those of the preceding
 class.

But, dear "Reader," we should
 never finish; so to the Greek Ka-
 lends with them all!
**REV. DR. HERRIDGE SPEAKS A
 MESSAGE.**
 Rev. Dr. Herridge, of Ottawa, is
 universally known as a thorough
 Christian gentleman, and yet he,
 too, is troubled with the nightmare
 of Modernism. The Ottawa papers
 lately told us he had preached "two
 sermons of more than usual inter-
 est," in St. Andrew's Presbyterian
 Church, at the Capital. In the
 morning his subject was "Is there
 Hope of Church Reunion?" His eve-
 ning discourse was, to some extent,
 a continuation of the morning one.
 He spoke on "The New Catholicism"
 and dealt with the recent outbreak
 in petty circles, known as Modern-
 ism, showing that (as he said)
 "many members" of the Roman
 Catholic Church had voiced objec-
 tions to conditions as they now ex-
 ist within the Pale.

Dr. Herridge believes that there
 may yet be a universal Church.
 "Many do not believe in the possi-
 bility of a universal church, but I
 thank God that there are some who
 do."
 Now, that is very kind indeed of
 Dr. Herridge. He means to say
 that Catholics and Protestants may
 still come together. Whether he
 likes it or not—and he is decidedly

in favor of peace—there shall be but
 one fold in the end. If Protestants
 are, to-day, separated from Catho-
 lics, we can all thank the ruthless
 and faithless Reformers. But the
 universal Church of Christ is still
 there, still preaching Christ and
 Him crucified. Heretics broke away
 from the Church in all ages. What
 she condemns to-day in the sects of
 the hour she condemned at different
 times throughout her history. Dr.
 Newman took up the study of the
 olden heresies, and witnessed the
 Church proscribe the same false
 teaching as the Reformers sought
 to spread. It was due to this in-
 disputable fact, if, under God, he
 made the great step that led him
 into the true Church. Hundreds of
 other great Protestant scholars were
 forced to do likewise.

Dr. Herridge believes that "many
 of the finer motives which originally
 prompted Protestant dissent no longer
 operated, or if they did they had
 lost their first intensity." He fails
 to tell us what he means by "finer
 motives." According to history,
 the "finer motives" were Luther's
 stubbornness and his desire to mar-
 ry Catherine, or Zwingli's violated
 vows and scandalous wedlock, or
 Henry's repudiation of a decent
 Queen for the sinful love of another
 lady, or Calvin's and Knox's cruel-
 ty, ignorance, and general good-for-
 nothingness. In the face of sound
 study and scholarship there are no
 other "finer motives," even if we
 are heartily ready to admit the vir-
 tue, honesty, and general worth of
 the Protestants of to-day. No won-
 der, however, that Dr. Herridge be-
 lieves Luther's "magnificent Reforma-
 tion will not do for all time."
 That is an old, a very old, fact, Doc-
 tor.

"The friendly discussions which
 have been going on for the last few
 years among representatives of three
 important Protestant churches," said
 Dr. Herridge, "with regard to orga-
 nic union are a significant sign of
 the times."
 Yes, and a very significant sign
 of the times, we think. Protestants
 of all sects are disgusted with things
 as they are. But, in spite of all
 their efforts, there is no union
 among them and there never shall be
 union; because there is no recogniz-
 ed authority of doctrine among
 them. Even if a union were
 brought about, it would only give
 us another great sect, a vast num-
 ber, if not the majority of the sects
 of the hour, still continuing to be,
 and call themselves, what they are.

But, then, Dr. Herridge is a great
 admirer of Modernism. If he will
 only take the pains of studying
 matters aright for a half hour, he
 will find that Modernism in the
 Church to-day is as dead as a cof-
 fin. Until he gives us more ex-
 planations of what he means by the
 influence of Modernism on Catholic
 belief as it stands to-day, we must
 simply let his wisdom take its due
 course to obscurity.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.

The daily press brought us a St.
 Patrick's Day message from Bishop
 Lawrence, the head of the Episcopa-
 lian diocese of Eastern Massachu-
 setts. It reads as follows:
 "Boston, March 17.—Bishop Law-
 rence, head of the Episcopal diocese
 in Eastern Massachusetts, declared
 from the pulpit of St. Paul's Church
 this afternoon that divorce and un-
 happy marriage could be prevented
 by home training and the education
 of children by their parents."
 The Bishop declared that out of
 every twelve marriages in the Unit-
 ed States there was one divorce. He
 gave these five suggestions which he
 declared would aid in solving the
 divorce problem.

"That children should stay at
 home more in the evening with their
 parents, and that parents should
 forget attending theatres and clubs
 nightly and remain at home with
 their children."
 "That young people contemplating
 marriage should know each other
 intimately and have each other's
 confidence long before the marriage
 ceremony is performed."
 "That children should be educated
 before and after the marriage cere-
 mony."
 "That young couples who are to
 marry should have a sense of soli-
 darity when joined in wedlock."

Now, Bishop Lawrence's advice is
 good as far as it goes, but that is
 only over a little piece of the way.
 How on earth can a shepherd think
 of leaving aside the duty and neces-
 sity of prayer? Still there is no
 suggestion of the truly religious mo-
 tive and incentive in his "sug-
 gestions." The good man should
 understand that ninety-nine per cent,
 and more, of the divorcees are ex-
 plained by the lack of piety and the
 reign of impiety in the hearts of
 divorcees.

What divorcees need is confession,
 is virtue, is decency, is honor, and
 grace with prayer. All the Episcopa-
 lian bishops, together with the
 "Methodist Bishops of the World"
 (and of Binghamton, N.Y., in par-
 ticular) might offer a million sug-
 gestions, and divorcees would get

New Shirts Coming In.
 Our Shirts have started to arrive a little earlier
 than usual.
 The designs and coloring are superior to
 any Shirts we have yet shown, with high
 grade workmanship and prices to suit everyone.
 This will make the Popular Shirt.
BRENNAN BROS.
 Hatters and Men's Furnishers
 251 ST. CATHERINE ST. WEST Phone Up 3627.
 7 ST. CATHERINE ST. EAST Phone East 246

Religious Pictures
 For Framing.
 Price, 15c. each.

along without them. The laxity of
 the sacred marriage contract among
 non-Catholics has made of marriage
 a veritable comedy. Divorcees, re-
 married divorcees especially, are
 what they are because they are not
 willing to either pray or lead the
 ordinary decent life of a self-respect-
 ing Hottentot. Marriage for them
 is simply legalized crime, palliated
 infamy. And, then, in spite of Dr.
 Lawrence's suggestion, some of them
 are too well acquainted with each
 other before the preacher ties the
 knot, oftentimes in the presence of
 an officer. Prayer and the Sacra-
 ments are what they want.

**A NEW PHASE OF THE REFOR-
 MATION.**
 Following is a piece of news that
 has been going the rounds of the
 daily press:
 "Rome, March 22.—An astounding
 reunion of Italian 'Futurists' has
 been held in Milan. 'Futurism' ac-
 cording to the principal speaker,
 means a relentless and aggressive
 war against the cults of the past; it
 demands the destruction of all arch-
 aeological monuments, the delivery
 to the flames of all museums and
 libraries, a "virile contempt" for
 women and the eradication of sen-
 timentalism from literature and the
 drama and every other department
 of life.
 "Patriotism, militarism, must be
 exalted, and great wars provoked
 because war is the sole hygiene of
 the world, without which races pu-
 trify."
 "The vast audience which filled
 the opera house treated the pro-
 ceedings as a huge joke and greeted
 the subsequent speakers with mock-
 ing interruptions. An indescribable
 pandemonium followed, while
 missiles whirred through the air
 between the contending groups."
 "The police at last interfered,
 and the would-be orators were hur-
 ried off the scene. The 'futurists,'
 who number many thousands, are
 mainly literary men, journalists and
 poets.
 Now, at first sight, that seems
 funny news, and yet it is as old as
 Vinegar Hill. Let us see. Those
 "Futurists" want to (1) abolish
 the cults of the past, (2) to de-
 stroy all museums and monuments,
 (3) to eradicate all feeling from lit-
 erature, and leave us simply bill-
 posters or obituary poems, we sup-
 pose, (4) to provoke wars, (5) to
 abolish respect for womanhood, etc.
 Well, now, that is just what the
 Protestant Reformers put into exec-
 ution. They (1) overturned the
 altars of the God of their fathers,
 and put up "bawling-tubs" in their
 lieu and stead; they (2) burnt whole
 libraries, destroyed the richest paint-
 ings and smashed the most artistic
 pieces of sculpture to pieces, put
 the ban on knowledge and general
 intellectual culture, etc.; (3) litera-
 ture was a mockery for them, and
 the religious (?) writings they left
 find their most sublime expression in
 Luther's Tabletalk, the Anglican
 Homilies, and Calvin's private let-
 ters; they (4) provoked wars, di-
 vided nations, deified hatred, etc.,
 etc.; (5) they abolished all respect
 for womanhood, both through the
 lives they led, and by making of free
 love a possibility, of marriage a
 very mockery, and of divorce an ar-
 ticle of the code.

The "Futurists" are simply giving
 us a renewed, but chastened, rep-
 etition of the Reformers' aims and
 motives. "Futurism," even if it
 could, would never descend to adopt
 the original Protestant plan of cam-
 paign. As was the case with Lu-
 ther, Henry VIII., John Knox,
 Zwingli, Calvin, etc., all the "Fu-
 turists" need is the pledge. But the
 Reformation has spent its day; the
 devil is now trying to down man-
 kind with the outcome of Protestan-
 tism, which is necessarily utter pa-
 ganism. Nobody takes Protestan-
 tism seriously to-day; even two-thirds
 of the preachers are either infidels
 or Unitarians.

THAT PIOUS FRAUD.
 In case the letters sent us from
 "L'Univers" and "La Libre Parole"
 offices, and by their chief editors,
 may not suffice for some consciences

here is another, one from "La Croix"
 (de Paris), this time:
 "La Croix,"
 Paris, le 8 mars, 1910.
 Au directeur du "True Witness,"
 Bien cher ami:
 Il est absolument faux que 1500
 prêtres français aient apostasie. Il
 y a eu quelques défections isolées, et
 c'est tout.
 Veuillez agréer, etc.,
 (Signé) VRAU.
TRANSLATION.
 To the Editor of the True Witness:
 Very dear friend:
 It is an absolutely false statement
 to say that 1,500 French priests
 have apostasized. There have been
 a few scattered cases of defection.
 That is all.
 Kindly receive, etc.,
 (Signed) VRAU.
 The man who signed that letter to
 us is M. Féron-Vrau, proprietor and
 director of "La Croix." Our read-
 ers have been told how the French
 Government has been trying to
 wreck this great Catholic daily.
 Now, what are the lying religious
 weeklies "in some places going to
 do? Have they enough honesty left
 to deny their previous calumny? Will
 no one among our Anglican readers
 ask the Canadian Churchman to re-
 tract? We might as well let the
 mendacious editors of anti-Christian
 religious publications understand
 that, in the future, we shall serve
 some more surprises on them.

The London Church Times gravely
 informs an inquirer that, although
 Pius IX. by his bull, "Ineffabilis
 Deus," settled for Roman Catholics
 the question of the Immaculate Con-
 ception, the English Church has
 made no declaration on the subject.
 To those who recognize the vigor
 of the Church of England as a teach-
 ing Church, this must be a sur-
 prise, yet an examination of the
 long series of doctrinal decisions
 with which, since the Reforma-
 tion, it has protected the purity of
 its primitive faith, will show the
 Church Times to be strictly correct.
 Could not a case be prepared for
 the Court of Appeal or for the Ju-
 dicial Committee of the Privy Coun-
 cil to which dogmatic definitions
 seem to belong? Or at least could
 not a resolution be carried in the
 English Church Union? Evidently
 something should be done to re-
 move this stain upon its faith and to
 protest against the errors of Rome.
 —America.

**Ar
 Pot
 Yo**
THE
 day, to
 health,
 the wast
 the syst
 a self bl
 Poor
 of bile in
 or wea
 contrac
 bowels,
 Constipa
 "Abbey"

Echoes an
 How is it M
 lander did not
 rick's Day?

There are busy
 good Sunday lav
 force exaggerated
 mix up details a
 them fill their
 with.

There is a falli
 dian crop of Bap
 in Eastern Cann
 houses are closed.
 heard their all pr

Our colored cor
 Dr. Puglist Jor
 preached in a M
 M. E. Church, on
 ject of "Puglist
 matter to the ne
 N.Y.) Oecumenica
 "Methodist Bisho

It has pained us
 friends and admir
 Hughes have not
 good vote in his
 latest comical con
 entitled to furnish
 He has all the st

The Episcopalian
 Rock, Ark. lately
 cathedral from in
 rector from suspe
 tion, is now clear
 & Sells. The same
 undertaken to spr
 Cabs' paralyzing j
 holy (?) vineyard

"Anybody who ha
 fairs of France, w
 read, cannot be su
 that wholesale re
 going on over the
 gious houses. The
 it could be. Frenc
 sublimely admire
 formation! But,
 few of our papers.

One man was p
 sword-point in a d
 in France; another
 knocked out with
 bullets. When sha
 play safe; and use
 lin boxes, opera ha
 The Chamber of Dep
 up the matter and

Coming In.

a little earlier

re superior to

n, with high

suit everyone.

BROS.

urnishers

CATHERINE ST. EAST

Phone East 246

ous Pictures

or Framing.

Price, 15c. each.

Are You Poisoning Yourself?

THE bowels must move freely every day, to insure good health. If they do not, the waste is absorbed by the system and produces a self blood poisoning. Poor digestion, lack of bile in the intestines, or weak muscular contraction of the bowels, may cause Constipation.

Good in all seasons for all people.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

At Dealers - 25c. and 60c.

Echoes and Remarks.

How is it Macaulay's New Zealander did not parade on St. Patrick's Day?

Basil and Julien were fellow-students at the school of Athens, and one became the Saint and Doctor of the Church, the other her scoffing and relentless foe.

There are busybodies who spoil the good Sunday laws by trying to force exaggerated legislation. They mix up details and essentials. Let them fill their churches to begin with.

There is a falling-off in the Canadian crop of Baptist ministers. Even in Eastern Canada many meetings-houses are closed. The people have heard them all preach!

Our colored contemporary, Rev. Dr. Puglist Jack Johnson, lately preached in a Minneapolis African M. E. Church, on the sublime subject of "Puglistism." We refer the matter to the next (Binghampton, N.Y.) Oecumenical Council of the "Methodist Bishops of the World."

It has pained us to see that the friends and admirers of Col. Sam Hughes have not seen fit to poll a good vote in his favor, in the Star's latest comical contest. Sam is duly entitled to furnish Canada a laugh. He has all the stock-in-trade.

The Episcopal Bishop of Little Rock, Ark., lately relieved his own cathedral from interdiction, and its rector from suspension. The road, then, is now clearer for Forepaugh & Sells. The same Bishop (?) has undertaken to spread Renegade McCabe's paralyzing mendacity over his holy (?) vineyard.

Anybody who has followed the affairs of France, with one eye to read, cannot be surprised to learn that wholesale robbery had been going on over the Sale of the religious houses. The news is as old as it could be. French editors must sublimely admire our new-world information! But, then, they read few of our papers.

One man was pricked with a sword-point in a duel lately fought in France; another had a bad tooth knocked out with one of the waxen bullets. When shall those duellists play safe; and use only hat-oins, violin bows, opera hats, and parasols? The Chamber of Deputies should take up the matter and reach a solution.

Did you ever seriously notice that the "priest-eaters" are always of vile habits? Did you, likewise, ever notice that father and son among them are of one kind? They are the best friends of all nefarious trades from the sinful "Traffic" up. Lately a champion "priest-eater," a "reformer," was arrested, and it would be a mortal sin for us, were we even to name the charges he has to answer. Beware of those "reformers," they are a bad set!

It is too bad that two or three Catholic American papers across the border, must continue to publish documents that concern the clergy alone. They think it clever to "get a dig" at priests and bishops. Their idea of Catholic journalism, as seen in the concrete, is a proof they are at work not intended for them. Catholic papers can take the place of neither the Pope nor the Bishops.

Plans are in progress by the members of the Irish Historical and Literary Society to establish an Irish library in San Francisco. The need of such an institution is keenly felt. To fill the much needed want the society will begin at once the accumulation of books, papers, pamphlets, manuscripts, etc., on Irish subjects. It might be well to imitate the example of San Fran-

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

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

Good in all seasons for all people.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

At Dealers - 25c. and 60c.

our shores. Is there not a law-bidding misrepresentation of any decent part of our Canadian population? Even if special photographs, have graced the L.D.A. frontispiece, are we Catholics going to let the nonsense continue? Let England keep her bigoted filth at home. We are free Canadians. But, then, when you cannot get your newspapers through the mails regularly, why ask for big things?

Talking about the mail. Why, as we just intimated, it is high impossible to have one's Upper Canadian newspapers reach their destination in Eastern Canada and the Maritime Provinces in particular. People are complaining in a hundred places, and the I.C.R. is the chief carrier. Surely to goodness it has not become a trade to steal newspapers!

To get along with the Orangemen we should have to go down to their level. The same is true of all madmen. Why don't we hire our managers in all lines from within the asylums? Those Orangemen are bound to keep French and Catholicism out of Canada, but that is especially when they draw up their lodge resolutions. Happily the work is not done under the influence of sobriety. If there was a war with any foreign country to-morrow the Orangemen would faithfully uphold the "Longboatism" of their fathers and grandfathers in Fenian Raid days. The scarred among them would be wounded while on retreat.

Here is a man suing a lawyer for damages, because the lawyer gave him wrong advice. If he falls he will have action against the lawyer who advised him to sue the lawyer. If the angry man should have a farm on his hands, he may, if he so choose, easily get rid of the incumbence.

The Catholic Church in Reno, Nevada, was burned to the ground. The Congregationalists came to the rescue, and offered the priest the use of their church. The Bishop permitted the priest to accept the offer, and Holy Mass was celebrated in the Congregational church of the town. The Orangemen should see to it that this thing stop. Editor Hocken should intervene, for subscribers are falling off. Congregationalists, as a rule, are gentlemen.

The famous French sculptor, August Rodin, has given us his profession of faith, and he vouches for it that it is the faith of all true artists. Here it is:

"Religion is something altogether different from mumbling a creed. It is a consciousness of the unexplained and the inexplicable, an adoration of the unknown force that maintains the various types of living creatures beyond the reach of our senses, of the wide vast domain that neither the eyes of the body nor those of the mind are capable of seeing; it is the upleaping of our consciousness toward the infinite, toward eternity, toward the limitless truth and love-promises that may be illusory, but nevertheless give wings to the soul in this life. In that sense I am religious."

Faith is a "suspicion"—an "adoration of the unknown and unknowable"—a gymnastic performance—"an upleaping of consciousness towards the infinite." A religious man is, then, a sort of hesitating toad. But Rodin's profession of faith would be adopted by the vast majority of Protestant churches.—Western Watchman.

As the result of the recent mission given by Rev. Thomas Galvin, a genial and zealous Redemptorist, of New York, in the Church of St. Mark the Evangelist, Philadelphia, several deaf-mutes are now under instruction preparatory to joining the Church. Father "Tom" Galvin is an expert in the sign-language.

JUST A REMINDER.

While the agents of the Protestant Alliance, and the people whose conscience permits to wallow in Chiniquy mire, offer insult to our priesthood, we are pleased to notice that the daily press, the world over, is ever willing to praise the Church and her ministers. When Satan wished to lead Eve astray, he told a lie; and so, when the proselytizers wish to deal with the Catholic Church, they lose souls, by telling what is not true. And, in fact, even if Chiniquy told the truth, his books could not be kept outside of a morgue or a refrigerator. How, in all earnest, can bigots be willing to ruin the purity of their children's morals, by letting them read the output of Chiniquy's foul mind and outer hearts? If such a book were written against Protestant preachers, a Catholic could not read it, without at the same time, becoming guilty of a grievous sin.

Pity help the religion that needs books like Chiniquy's to spread its doctrines and practices. Just imagine the Apostles building up

Christianity on the immoral printed rot of a renegade! The respectable old Church of Christ never did that kind of thing. Our Catholic societies know that Chiniquy's books are for sale, are on public shelves, they know, too, that they are thus sold or exhibited in direct violation of the law. No book of that kind is legally tolerated in Canada. It offers direct insult to nearly the one-half of our population. So, why don't we act? It is possible to put down the scurrilous abuse. Let us to work, then!

THE EMPIRE DAY OF IRELAND.

That was surely a magnificent St. Patrick's Day number of the Dublin Weekly Freeman's Journal! Every column of every page of it is select matter, and rarely select matter. Many of our readers should send, even now, for a copy of it. All the articles, as our readers may well judge, thoroughly pleased us, and we should not forgive ourselves did we not publish the editorial that pleased us most.

"Empire day" is the expression of the broadest interpretation. The Irish are scattered over the world, but, with the faith and blood strong within us, we have survived, and we too, have our "Empire Day." We have forced our foes to wear our shamrock, and they shall yet be forced to give us Home Rule.

But the following is the editorial from our robust Dublin contemporary: it fully speaks for itself:

That was a happy thought expressed recently in Australia by Cardinal Moran, that St. Patrick's Day may be considered the Empire Day of Ireland. We don't, as a rule, like "Empire Days"; they are always, or very nearly always, like all other "Festivals of Empire," associated with robberies, confiscation, brutal wars, and cowardly bullyings. For Empire and Bloodshed and Spoilation are inseparably related. A nobleman for some years past has been trying to found a "British Empire Day." What a ghastly festival it would be were it kept with appropriate coronation! But we like the good Irish Cardinal's idea, for Empire in the sense and association with which he used it has a great, a glorious, a noble meaning. For on St. Patrick's Day surely and truly in every part of this terrestrial sphere, in every nook and cranny where civilization has penetrated, men, women and children of the Irish race hold high and holy festival of unflinching, unquenchable devotion to Faith and Fatherland. Year by year on St. Patrick's Day a great chain of brotherhood is stretched round the world, hands are reached out across the sea, messages of love and fidelity are wafted from all the points of the compass to the little Green Isle sparkling here in the Irish Sea. Surely St. Patrick's Day is the Empire Day of Ireland—the day when the world-spread children of the Gael unite and renew allegiance to the old land. There is not a clime in which the day is not held sacred, a day which patriotism and creed unite to keep sacred. It is a strange, a curious, an interesting reflection that this world Empire of the Gael is the direct outcome of the attempt continued through centuries to sweep the Irish off the face of the earth.

"To hell or Connaught!" indeed sums up British policy in Ireland since, unfortunately, Irish dissent allowed the British to get a foothold on our island soil. They would have preferred—if they realized their first alternative—if they only could. They tried as hard as it was in their power to accomplish the second. And what a dreadful, what an overpowering thing is Nemesis! Connaught has been the cure of Britain and the British rule in Ireland. From Connaught has come some of the most afflicting problems that have haunted British parties, and from Connaught have come "movements" that made these parties shake and shiver. From Connaught—just to mention one—came the Land League, which virtually began the great National movement destined now before long to restore Ireland to the Irish people. Just as they do individuals. It has been so with England in relation to Ireland. In place of suppressing and exterminating the Irish race, the hideous rule of Britain has only served to disseminate the Irish race over the world; to make them more numerous, more universal, more influential, more powerfully hostile to British rule in Ireland. In place of being confined within the borders of rugged Connaught, the Irish are very much alive to-day in Ulster, Munster, and Leinster, too. But far more than that, they are more numerous in the United States than in the Motherland itself. They are vast and highly important factors in the enormous life of such majestic cities as New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, San Francisco. They swarm in Southern America, they are all over Canada, they are a large progeny in the Australian Commonwealth, and they are numerous and respected in South Africa. And wherever they are, the thought and sentiment of Ireland a Nation is uppermost in their minds and close to their hearts.

The thought has often occurred to us that the Weekly Freeman affords, perhaps, the very best practical illustration that could be adduced of the universality of the Gael. To run the eye down the list of our subscribers and their addresses is to read the name of almost every country in the world, and almost every district of every country. We do not think we would be far wrong in asserting that our paper is the

most universally circulated paper in the whole world. This St. Patrick's Day number of ours will go to all parts of Great Britain, to every country in Europe; it will go off to India, to the distant European settlements in Asia. It will be read in every State of the vast and mighty American Union. It will go to all parts of Canada, to all the South American Republics, to Mexico, to Cape Colony, Natal, the Transvaal, the Orange River Colony, to the most out of the way parts of Australia, to all the great cities and districts of that wonderful Southern Continent—to New Zealand, Tasmania, to the islands of the Pacific. It will even be read away in Terra del Fuego—next door to the South Pole, as it will be away in Canada—next door to the North Pole. For the Irish are everywhere under God's sun; and to-day they are a growing power, and, taking the sum total of their story, they are a thriving race—thriving because of the sterling quality of their character, their strength of brain and muscle, their clean lives, their healthy ideals, their devotion to God, and their passionate love of country. This year they will celebrate "the Empire Day of Ireland" with peculiar joy. Our National Cause—the Cause of Irish Freedom—was never in a more hopeful position. Never before could it have been said with as much truth as it can to-day that the success of that cause depends on the Irish themselves. If the Irish and generation—and who dare doubt their unswerving fidelity?—then victory is close at hand. It is therefore, with more than customary enthusiasm this St. Patrick's Day we give the toast of

"Dear old Ireland,
Brave old Ireland,
Ireland boys, hurrah!"

MARRIAGE AND MOTHERHOOD.

Under the leadership of General Bok, the Ladies' Home Journal may be expected to continue its funny career. That gentleman (in spite of his "L.L.D.") does not seem to bother with Christianity, when it comes to the fine point. Strange views and stranger lessons, with the strangest of letters, have long been howling features of the General's magazine. The following editorial from our distinguished contemporary, America, tells its own story, while it politely corrects a false notion or two:

Our attention has been called by "A Catholic Mother" to an unsigned article in the February Ladies' Home Journal, in which an anonymous woman gratuitously unburdens herself in answer to her own question: "Why I have not become a mother." First, she was frail and nervous at the time of her marriage. She seems quite unconscious that it was wrong for her to marry, knowing that she was unfit for her conjugal duties. Second, she could not afford it on an income of \$1500, though she is her own cook, housekeeper, milliner, etc., and quite a paragon all round. Her husband, who is also perfect, has now \$5000 income and her own literary efforts bring in a tidy sum, but this does not change her resolution. Third, her mother is im-provident and her father is growing gray at fifty-five, a phenomenon produced by his inability to provide for the future of her four younger sisters, so she, heroic creature, moved by love, not duty, must relieve him.

When she says she has no conception of duty, she has explained the whole matter, though this never occurs to her as a solution of her problem. She is not the heroine she would have her readers think. She is a pleasure-loving creature trying to cover criminal malice, of duty with a sentimental mantle. The primal object of marriage is the propagation of the race; it was for this purpose the attractions of the marital state were implanted by nature, and those who, while enjoying the pleasures, exclude the primal purpose, sin against the laws of nature and the commands of God. It is a sin that was called "an evil thing in Israel." A married woman who is a party to such a practice can hardly be called a wife; she is using an honorable title as a cloak for vice, and is intentionally or actually, a murderess. The approval of her husband is no justification, it merely makes him a sharer in her guilt. Ill health might be a reason for suspension or severance of conjugal relations, but can neither justify nor palliate the frustration of effects intended by nature and commanded by God. Nor will unnatural indulgence benefit health. Outraged nature has a habit of exacting terrible vengeance, physically, morally and mentally.

This woman says that her younger sisters, the objects of her altruism, will be her children. In spite of all her efforts she has other children! Souls unborn are crying out against her for depriving them of the lives that were their right. A wife's duty is determined not by the laws of the state she has left but by the laws of the state she has adopted. Once a wife her law is the law of marriage, and no other ties may interfere with it. There are many Catholic ladies who have sacrificed marriage prospects for the sake of brothers, sisters and parents; and there are many wives and husbands who, while faithful to their marital duties, and to the children who are the happy fruit of that fidelity, manage to extend, often from slender means, effectual assistance to their kin.

Inability to afford children is the fittest pretext for self-indulgence; usually those have fewest, whose means are most abundant. "A Catholic Mother" well says: "I could

THE BEST FLOUR

18

BRODIE'S

Self Raising Flour

Save the Bags for Premiums.

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

BEAUHARNOIS LIGHT, HEAT & POWER COMPANY.
By FLEET, FALCONER, OUGHT-RED, PHELAN, WILLIAMS & BOVEY, Its Attorneys.
Montreal, 22nd February, 1910.

Oshawa Fireproof Building Materials

Everything in the line of Fireproof Building Materials for Exterior and Interiors. Free Catalogue for the asking.

PEDLAR People of Oshawa

Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, St. John, Winnipeg, Vancouver.

point out more than one family of five, six and seven children for whose maintenance and education there was no provision made before birth, but who have, nevertheless, grown up strong, healthy men and women, received education as anyone can in New York, where this writer resides, and have taken their places in the world. One family of six children whose parents toiled to keep nourishment and life in them for ten or twelve years, has given a priest, a prominent lawyer, a school principal and an engineer, all better men because they have striven." We have known many such who are so busy performing the duties of their state that they have no time to write to ladies' journals proclaiming their heroism. The lady who obtrudes her reasons for not becoming a mother is not the heroic altruist she deems herself; nor are they called ladies who make private vice a public boast.

STATEMENT OF A TRAVELLER

Is Sure Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured His Diabetes.

Geo. H. Watterworth, of Rodney, Feels Like a Boy Again After Suffering From the Most Deadly of Kidney Diseases.

Rodney, Ont., March 28.—(Special.)—Mr. Geo. H. Watterworth, a well known travelling salesman, whose home is in this place, makes an unqualified statement that he was cured of Diabetes by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"Yes," Mr. Watterworth said, when asked regarding his cure, "Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me of Diabetes. I took thirty-seven boxes in all, but to-day I am restored to good health."

"I was also troubled with Rheumatism and Headache, my sleep was broken and unrefreshing, and I was always tired and nervous. But Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me and now I feel just like I did when I was a boy."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure Diabetes because it is a Kidney disease and there is no form of Kidney disease Dodd's Kidney Pills will not cure. Mr. Watterworth's other ailments were caused by diseased Kidneys failing to strain impurities out of the blood, and Dodd's Kidney Pills cured them by curing the sick Kidneys.



To Our Lady.

Give me a rose, my Mother— A rose, I pray— Out of your fadeless garden, All fresh to-day; Upon the scented petals Your blessing lay; Ah, give me, dearest Mother, A rose, pray!

Men Who Made Good.

"I have on my desk," says a writer in the Southern Messenger, "a list of 1000 successful men of this nation. By 'successful' I do not mean mere money-makers, but men who have given us new conceptions of steam, electricity, construction work, education, art, etc. These are the men who influence our moral as well as our physical lives. They construct for better things."

A Word to the Boys.

You are made to be kind, boys, generous and magnanimous. If there is a boy in school who has a clubfoot, don't let him know you ever saw it. If there is ever a poor boy with ragged clothes, don't talk rags in his hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part in the game that don't require running. If there is a dull one, help him to start his lesson. If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs, and no more talent than before. If a larger and stronger boy has injured you and is sorry for it, forgive him. All the school will show by their countenances how much better it is than to have a great fuss.—Horace Mann.

The Dog Trusty and the Grateful Crane.

Once a poor crane was caught in a net and could not get out. She fluttered and flapped her wings, but it was of no use, she was held fast. "Oh!" she cried, "what will become of me if I can not break this net? The hunter will come and kill me, or else I shall die of hunger, and if I die who will care for my poor little young ones in the nest? They must perish also if I do not come back to feed them." Now Trusty was in the next field and heard the poor Crane's cries. He jumped over the fence, and, seizing the net in his teeth, quickly tore it in pieces. "There!" he said, "Now fly back to your young ones, ma'am, and good luck to you all!" The crane thanked him a thousand times. "I wish all dogs were like you!" she said. "And I wish I could do something to help you, as you have helped me?" "Who knows?" said Trusty. "Some day I may need help in my turn, and then you may remember me. My old mother used to say to me: 'To do a kind deed whenever you can.'"

Janet's Passengers.

Letty came up the walk with her head hanging. Janet's mother stopped her work and looked anxiously through the window. "I wonder what that child has been doing now?" she said. "Letty never looks that way unless she's been in mischief. What is it that she's got in her hand?" Janet let her dish towel drop. "It looks like a letter. But it can't be. The postman came yesterday and he won't come again till Wednesday." Letty climbed the steps reluctantly. Then, catching sight of her mother's face through the open door, she stopped short, looking back over her shoulder as if tempted to run away. "Letty!" the mother called, her voice sharp with anxiety, "what is that in your hand?" "A letter!" Letty's voice was so low that it was heard with difficulty. "A letter! But I thought—" Letty began to cry, rubbing her sleeve across her eyes. "You sent me down to the box yesterday when the postman came, and I guess I must have dropped the letter. I found it in the ribbon grass." "That picture paper came yesterday. I guess you were thinking too much about that," said Janet, in a gently maternal tone she used not infrequently with her younger sister. She turned toward her mother who had caught the letter from Letty's hand. "Does it matter," she asked, timidly, "not getting it before?" Mrs. Austin did not answer at once, but Janet saw her hand was shaking. She put the letter down at last, her face very white. "It's the letter we've been looking for," she said. "The one we've been waiting for. And now your father has gone, and before we can get word to him, he'll have signed up with Shearer, and after he's given his word, he won't go back on it. Oh, Letty, Letty!" she sobbed. "If you hadn't dropped this letter in the grass, father would have had a nearby job, so he could be home to supper every night, instead of being off in the woods for months, where we can hardly get a line to him to tell him we're alive and well!" Letty was crying in good earnest, dismayed by the sight of her mother's tears. But Janet stood silent, her hands tightly clasped looking across the shining waters of the lake, to whose pebbly edge her father's hand stopped down. It lay in a hollow, hills all about, and the white clouds overhead were mirrored in its blue depths, like strange submarine crafts. "Maybe," said Janet, in a low voice, as if she were thinking aloud, "maybe we could get word to father before he signed." Her mother turned upon her sharply. "Janet, what are you thinking about? He was gone by six this morning. And he's taken the horses so we can't follow him." "Not around that way. I was thinking of crossing the lake." Her mother's face changed. She looked down at the letter in her hand, then toward the blue water. "Do you think you could, Janet? You know I'm no good in a boat. Wouldn't you be afraid?" Her voice was doubtful. "Oh, it would mean so much to us if we could get to father in time! But the boat is not very large. I'd never forgive my-

self if any harm came to you!" Janet was hurrying down to the shore, realizing that time was precious. Her mother followed, still undetermined. "It's nine miles to Shearer's camp. Are you sure you can row that far?" "Of course!" Janet almost laughed. "The boat's light, and it won't be anything. Don't worry, mother." The little boat was tied to the projecting root of one of the big trees growing on the water's edge. Janet loosened the rope, stepped lightly into the boat and took up her oars, handling the latter with a skill that went far toward allaying mother's fears. "Don't worry, mother!" the girl cried again, as she pulled away. "Don't cry, Letty!" For Letty, realizing what her carelessness had cost, had hidden her face in her apron, and was weeping copiously. The water was very still, except when, now and then, a little breeze blew from the west, and ruffled its surface into tiny wavelets. The sky was beautifully blue. Between the crests of the hills showed the peak of a feathery cone, looking like a distant mountain covered with snow. Janet did not notice that glistening peak as she pulled away. If she had, she might not have started with so much courage, for she had not lived all her life on the edge of this lake without becoming somewhat weather-wise. For an hour she rowed steadily, with but one thought in mind—to make every stroke tell. She was racing against time. Her father had started that morning with his team, on the long, round-about drive through the woods to Shearer's camp. If he got there much ahead of her, he would have signed an agreement which would keep him away from his family for nearly six months. Under the circumstances, the minutes counted. Janet put all the strength of her wiry little body into her strokes, and at length the effort began to tell upon her. She was getting a pain in her side and her arms ached. She stopped a minute for breath, and glanced over her shoulder. Something had happened while she had been thinking so hard. The glistening peak had risen from behind the rounded hills, drawing dark, angry clouds after it. The blue sky realized that the air was strangely still, as if Nature held her breath. A storm was on its way. Janet hesitated a moment, then took up her oars again. "It's too late to go back," she said, and was relieved that it was so. If she had discovered the threatening appearance of the sky earlier, she would have had a problem to solve. Now all that was left was to go on. The clouds spread fast. The blue sky was swallowed up, and, in sympathy, the lake looked gray. The wind began to blow strongly, and the little boat rocked from side to side, as it flew on its way. For Janet was pulling her hardest, as if ready to go half-way to meet the storm. A lightning flash, followed by a long, muttering peal of thunder, gave the signal at last. Then came the rain with a rush. There was little use in rowing, except to keep the boat's head pointed in the right direction. It tossed and dipped, and the water came splashing over the side, its chill striking to Janet's heart. There was a tin can in the bottom of the boat, in which she carried bait for her frequent fishing trips, and, seizing this, she set to work to bail. "I'm going to be drowned! I'm going to be drowned!" Oh here all alone!" she sobbed, as she got down on her knees in the water, bailing fast, while the rain splattered her face and drenched her clothing. That was the worst of it—the dreadful loneliness. "Oh, ye of little faith!" It was strange how plainly the words seemed to sound above the roar of the storm. Bailing vigorously, Janet remembered. Her father had read them the night before, Letty cuddling close to him, her head against his knee, while Janet sat beside her mother. The story came back bit by bit to the frightened girl—the storm on another lake, the wind and waves threatening the little boat, the terrified disciples, the Saviour waking to ask, with gentle wonder, "Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?" And then the great calm, the winds hushing and the waves subsiding. Janet took her seat again and craned the oars. A tossing speck on the gray waters, she was no longer afraid. She was not alone. The little boat held two, and one was He who, on the Lake of Galilee had quieted the storm. Whatever happened, she had ceased to fear. The storm ceased as quickly as it began. Through the rift in the clouds the sun looked out. The wind died down, and the waves no longer splashed over into the boat, forcing

Janet to spend her time bailing. She bent to her oars, glad of the chance to warm her chilled body by hard work. But, hard as she pulled, she was still a wet, forlorn little figure when the boat bumped against the dock at Shearer's Landing. Two or three men ran down to the water's edge, and began to question the damp little oarswoman, but Janet did not hear them. For her quick eyes had seen a team of muddy horses standing with bowed heads. She ran up the slope, followed by staring eyes and exclamations of wonder. She saw her father seated at a tiny table in front of a tent, grasping a pen in the awkward fashion of one who is little accustomed to its use. As he reached to dip it into the large ink bottle that stood near by, a shrill cry reached his ears. "Father, wait!" Mr. Austin turned his head. For a minute he did not recognize the bedraggled figure running toward him. Then, forgetting what he was about to do, he dropped the pen and sprang to his feet. "Janet!" he cried, "Janet!" She caught his arm and clung to it, her breath failing her for a moment. "Don't sign," she gasped, at last. "You can get a job near home after all!" For a time everyone was too interested in hearing of Janet's trip to think of much else. But after the girl was seated by a good fire, with a blanket wrapped about her and a cup of steaming coffee in her hand, old John Shearer pulled his stubby beard and frowned. "I ought to have a grudge against you, sissy," he declared. "For you have come just in time to lose me the man I'd rather have than any of the rest. If you hadn't been so plucky, I'd wish something had happened to you back on the lake there." He looked at her with rough kindness. "Say, sissy, honest truth now, weren't you pretty badly scared when that storm was at its worst?" Janet lifted her eyes and smiled at him. "Yes, sir," she acknowledged. "I was frightened—till I remembered."—Exchange.

POET'S CORNER

GOD'S DWELLING.

God made His dwelling in my heart to-day; Flung wide the shuttered windows to the dawn, And let the light in, ray on level ray, Till all the dark was gone. He swept the drowsy chambers clean as snow And set the sills a-blossoming with flowers, So in my heart's house moved He to and fro, Twelve wondrous, wondrous hours The shapes of fret and discontent and hate That had been wont to claim the place as home, Paused, fearful, in the shadow of the gate, And dared no nearer come. Once Sorrow's shadow darkened at the door, And I looked up and bade it be my guest, Shrinking nor fearing; and behold; it bore A blessing on its breast. Yes, and those dreary ghosts of memories I long had known—sad, furtive-footed things— To-day I marked their gentle presences By the soft sound of wings. Smiling, I bent me to my burden's weight, Singing, I wrought before my busy loom, With threads of gold. Uplifted and elate I met the folding gloom. To-night God rooofs me with His tranquil skies And lights His steadfast stars, and takes away The twilight's pictures from my straining eyes, And all the sights of day. Unloosed, unshot, I hear across the deep, Still dark the world's last murmur faint and cease; And, folding quiet hands, I fall on sleep, Safe in my House of Peace.

A PASSION PRAYER.

Out of the depths, my God, I cry to Thee From an abyss of helpless misery! From depths no heart may fathom save Thine own; No eye can scan save Thine, my God, alone. Thou knowest—Thou hast seen how I have turned From Thy sweet Cross! how madly I have yearned To quench the thirst, which naught of earth can slake, With joys Thou couldst not bless! Now—now I take, All that hath wronged Thy love and in the dust I cast it 'neath Thy Feet. All Pure, All Just, Yet ever merciful, Thou wilt not spurn Me from Thy Face! Thy Voice hath bid me turn To Thee in quenchless hope,—boldly I cast The bitter harvest of an evil past Into the deep,—the Infinite Abyss Of Thine Unfathomed Heart. It was

for this That, like the tempest-river rock, Thy Side Was pierced, to shelter me! There, then, I hide The heart I cannot keep for Thee from stain— The soul, my feeble hands would guard in vain! —S. M. Wilfrid, O.S.D.

WIND SCENTS.

The songs that the wind has sung, The scents that the wind has flung From the flower-nearts where they clung, But yesterday— These are too sweet to linger or delay The songs that haunt the past, The fragrances too faint to last— Will they never come Wearily, happily home To the flowers where they clung, To the heart of the wind that has sung, Forever to live in the air— Forever there?

UNSPOKEN WORDS.

Unspoken words, like treasures in the mine, Are valueless until we give them birth, Like unbound gold, their hidden beauties shine, Which God has made to bless and gild the earth. How sad 'twould be to see a master's hand Strike glorious notes upon a voiceless lute, But, oh, what pain, when at God's own command, A heartstring thrills with kindness but is mute! Then hide it not, the music of the soul— Dear sympathy, expressed with kindly voice, But let it like a shining river roll To deserts dry—to hearts that would rejoice. Oh, let the symphony of kindly words Sound for the poor, the friendless and the weak, And he will bless you! He who struck these chords Will strike another when in turn you seek. —John Boyle O'Reilly.

STURDY CHILDREN.

In every home where Baby's Own Tablets are used you will find rosy, sturdy, good-natured children, because the Tablets cleanse the stomach and bowels, aid digestion and thus bring perfect health. And you can give them with equal safety to the new born baby or the well grown child. Mrs. A. E. McLeod, Woodstock, Ont., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets since my baby was two weeks old and have found them of great benefit for the ailments of childhood, especially for stomach and bowel troubles, and when teething." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

What Other Editors Say.

A SOP TO CATHOLICS.

A newspaper which grows fat upon scandal, which respects no ethics of legitimate journalism, which offends against good taste and degrades the standards of morality—that newspaper is known popularly as the "yellow" journal. It redresses, by virtue of glaring type, more of the wrongs of humanity than you can keep count of, but it adds to the sum of humanity's ills by an alluring treatment of social sin. It poses as the friend of the plain people, but any quack or financial humbug bent upon the dollar of the poor can command its advertising columns. It prates about the rights of the individual; but itself respects the rights of none. It has no conscience; it has no standards; it has no shame; it has no pity. It panders to prurient curiosity, and makes vice attractive, while it appears to condemn it. It creates false impressions of life and gives a disjointed view of life's most serious and most sacred problems. When such a newspaper, eager for patronage, chooses to throw a sop to the Church, Catholics should not be too deeply impressed.—Providence Visitor.

ON MIXED MARRIAGES.

A local pastor recently published some startling figures of the more obvious results of mixed marriages.

Vapo-Cresolene advertisement with image of a person and text describing its uses for various ailments like cough, croup, and asthma.

The proportion of Catholic women married to non-Catholic men who keep up the practice of their religion was incredibly small, and the proportion of practical Catholics among Catholic men married to non-Catholic women was even less. These depressing statistics were for only one parish, and when it is estimated that the showing would be if a census of the results of such marriages were taken up in every parish in the country, it would perhaps be easier to understand why, with an annual record of 30,000 converts, with the natural increase and the yearly accretion of hundreds of thousands of immigrants, the total gain in the Catholic population in this country for the year 1909 is officially given as only 111,576—Universe.

A NEEDED COURT.

The street car strike in Philadelphia again illustrates the folly of permitting employers and employees to fight out their differences without regard to the convenience or safety of others. Three persons killed, three fatally wounded, and a thousand more or less seriously injured are the casualties to date. It would be just as sensible to abolish all courts of justice and invite all citizens to settle their disputes with firearms on the public streets. How long will the present method of settling labor disputes be tolerated? A court of arbitration is just as necessary to-day as any court in the land.—The True Voice.

WORTH CONSIDERING.

Protestantism can point to no two converts who have stood before the world firm, unchanging and unshaken in their convictions and agreed as to what are the essentials of Christianity. Thousands upon thousands of converts to Catholicity have entered upon the unity of Catholic teaching with joy and have found peace and certainty within the Catholic fold. Are not these facts worth considering?—The Philippine Catholic.

CARDINAL FINED.

France is fast obliterating her claims of the past by her persecutions of the present. What changes a short time brings about. Cardinal Lucon, Archbishop of Rheims, was condemned Friday last by the civil tribunal to pay \$100 damages to the Public School Teachers' Association for signing the episcopal letter banning certain text books used in the public schools. The association sued for \$1000. It is strange that in a country formerly Catholic, a Cardinal and an Archbishop is now condemned for warning the people of his flock against books that he judges hurtful to faith and morals. It looks to us that a stand must be taken in France similar to that of St. Peter when he said: "It is better to obey God than man."—Catholic Universe.

A REMNANT OF THE DARK.

A colored man died without medical attendance, and the coroner went to investigate. "Did Samuel Williams live here?" he asked the weeping woman who opened the door. "Yassuh," she replied between sobs. "I want to see the remains." "I is de remains," she answered proudly.—Everybody's Magazine.

SKIN DISEASES

These troublesome afflictions are caused wholly by bad blood and an unhealthy state of the system, and can be easily cured by the wonderful blood cleansing properties of Burdock Blood Bitters.

Burdock Blood Bitters

Many remarkable cures have made by this remedy, and not only have the slightly skin diseases been removed, and a bright clear complexion been produced, but the entire system has been renovated and invigorated at the same time. SALT RHEUM CURED. Mrs. John O'Connor, Burlington, N.S., writes: "For years I suffered with Salt Rheum. I tried a dozen different medicines, but most of them only made it worse. I was advised to try Burdock Blood Bitters. I got a bottle and before I had taken half a dozen doses I could see a change so I continued its use and now I am completely cured. I cannot say too much for your wonderful medicine."

THURSDAY, M. PRAISE Well Deserve rick For It is with a pleasure that ing tribute to his great we from the A land. Mr. Ford de the whole Iris more than any ca for the sac mem. The Irish ry in the fact are cads, flunk with other no Following is says: "The General Mr. Redmond situation. Of ceptance of upp a venture into Mr. Balfour, bu hold the reins er gives the re decisions shall of Ireland have quire. Unless his ability to the Irish Party have consented position, and t in placing Mr. of the entire N time when the twin, has eve manifest. MR. REDMOND A MAGNIFI THUSIA He has done Parnell could rish—he has n cently discipli stastic body of that there was the exchequer t ance in Lon there was not Parnell's time hand and on the purse was n to the home s large amounts c rican and elsew mard has, if a fighting force n flow into the siderably reduc People who se tion as to should have ce reason except th that whereas in America who sub timentary fund tims of landlor moment, the in be relied on in know nothing o of the araban to the Irish Part possible thirty known in their true reason why same response a THE GREAT A THE IRISH OUT IN B And yet despit ed States has sen ty to sustain the Election battle P while P of the "Irish W ting another fun bers in Parliam Home Rule. Irish movements ten, the great a "Irish World" w relief. For near paper has kept t ed States fully a in Ireland, ever and well, that might be given, t fighting for the Were it not fo the Irish in Am large proportion have wished to t but Patrick For them to forget. eyes, week after year, the great s for the rebuilding it is chiefly ow that we have s the House of C hope, then, that Anglo-Celt in the rally to the call by the "Irish W Mr. Redmond to tendance of his m AT NO PERI MORE U At no period w ency for a full m ing ground, and gie division may t rous results to t

Resolene
Established 1879
HOOPING COUGH, CROUP, COLIC, BRONCHITIS, SORE THROAT, CATARRH, DIPHTHERIA

Resolene stops the paroxysms of cough. Ever dreaded Croup ceases and throat, making breathing easy, soothes the sore and stops the cough. It is a boon to all.

A powerful germicide, acting both as a preventive in contagious disease and as a best recommendation in case of successful use.

Druggists for De-Booklet
Antiseptic, simple for the use of the sick.
Sole Co., Montreal, 308

PRAISE FOR THE IRISH WORLD.

Well Deserved Tribute to Mr. Patrick Ford and His Paper.

It is with a special and particular pleasure that we publish the following tribute to Mr. Patrick Ford and his great weekly, the Irish World, from the Anglo-Celt, Cavan, Ireland.

Mr. Ford deserves the gratitude of the whole Irish race. He has done more than any other man in America for the sacred cause of our kinsmen. The Irish World may well glory in the fact that its only dislikes are ends, flunkies, and traitors, with other nobodies.

Following is what the Anglo-Celt says:

"The General Election is over and Mr. Redmond remains master of the situation. Upon him rests the acceptance of office by the Liberals, or a venture into government again by Mr. Balfour, but neither can possibly hold the reins unless the Irish leader gives the word. As to what his decisions shall be, the Nationalists of Ireland have no intention to inquire. Unless they were satisfied of his ability to act as Chairman of the Irish Party they would never have consented to his occupying the position, and the wisdom displayed in placing Mr. Redmond in command of the entire Nationalist forces at a time when the country was torn in twain, has every day become more manifest."

MR. REDMOND HAS MAINTAINED A MAGNIFICENT AND ENTHUSIASTIC PARTY.

He has done in fact that which Parnell could never hope to accomplish—he has maintained a magnificently disciplined, united and enthusiastic body of men during years that there was very little money in the exchequer to pay their allowance in London. By comparison, there was not so much credit in Parnell's time to keep the men in hand and on the ground, seeing that the purse was always full, thanks to the home subscriptions and the large amounts coming in from America and elsewhere; but Mr. Redmond has, if anything, a better fighting force now, even though the flow into the coffers has been considerably reduced.

People who seek for an explanation as to why this falling off should have occurred, mention every reason except the real one—which is that whereas in the past the men in America who subscribed to the Parliamentary fund were the direct victims of landlordism, at the present moment, the young men who are to be relied on in the United States know nothing of the worst phases of the agrarian struggle, for, thanks to the Irish Party, the inhumanities possible thirty years ago were unknown in their day. This is the true reason why there is not the same response as of old.

THE GREAT ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE IRISH WORLD STAND OUT IN BOLD RELIEF.

And yet despite all this, the United States has sent to the Irish Party to sustain them in the General Election battle no less a sum than while Patrick Ford, editor of the "Irish World," is inaugurating another fund to keep the members in Parliament and thus win Home Rule. When the history of Irish movements comes to be written, the great achievements of the "Irish World" will stand out in bold relief. For nearly forty years this paper has kept the Irish in the United States fully alive to the doings in Ireland, ever pleading eloquently and well, that financial assistance might be given the men who were fighting for the old land.

Were it not for the "Irish World" the Irish in America—or at least a large proportion of them—might have wished to forget the Island in which they saw nothing but woe, but Patrick Ford did not allow them to forget. He kept before their eyes, week after week, and year after year, the great struggle being made for the rebuilding of the Nation, and it is chiefly owing to his services that we have a disciplined Party in the House of Commons to-day. We hope, then, that the readers of the Anglo-Celt in the United States will rally to the call now made to them by the "Irish World," and assist Mr. Redmond to keep a constant attendance of his men in Parliament.

AT NO PERIOD WAS THERE MORE URGENCY.

At no period was there more urgency for a full muster on the fighting ground, and absence from a single division may have most disastrous results to the Irish cause. More

COLLEGE EDUCATION.

Not Enough Advantage Taken of it by Our English-Speaking Catholics.

We have good and thoroughly strong Catholic colleges for English-speaking students in the Archdiocese of Montreal—St. Laurent, Loyola, Montreal are three of them. The great difficulty is that we have not enough English-speaking boys in them; and it is our own fault. We must take a keener interest in secondary education. Look at Mount St. Louis Institute, too. How is it that there are not more of our own boys within its walls, as well? We shall have to wake up. We must have more priests, more engineers, more professional men. Our clean and clever contemporary, the ambitious successful St. John, N.B., New Freeman, has what follows to say, on the subject with which we are now dealing. And to quote:

"All people naturally look back to school days. Even when many years have passed, men recall with interest the memory of their college days. They find in such recollection a species of pleasure, which no experience of life can blunt. Neither time nor custom can deaden their memories. It is wonderful to see what a genuine enthusiasm there has been for college training, and that notwithstanding the fact that too many have been indifferent to their advantages. Yes, the old college and its grounds, its halls and its daily routine of class work, always appeals with force to those, who have grown forth to take up the work of life. In memory we still see the building and all its surroundings. We seem to review the play grounds, when youths contended in their various games. We see the dash of the football field or hear the cheers of the heroes of the hour. Then, we follow the routine of school work where all is set to the sound of the bell. Books and slates appear on the horizon of memory, and so the days roll on until the holidays intervene. But the thoughtful student knows there is a wise purpose in all this succession of discipline. The purpose is not merely the acquisition of a certain amount of knowledge from books, but the still more important purpose of forming habits of study and application."

Any bright youth may acquire with a certain ease a good grasp of a book or a literary passage, but the true student is the one who knows how to apply himself to the subject, to follow it from point to point with a determination which nothing can turn aside from eventual success. Study is but another name for hard work, and this is one of the great aims of collegiate education, to teach a youth to toil at his books and studies. Nor does this application hinder a good dash in the field or on the ice. The training in the Campus has never been the least important part of a successful student career. Then, too, the qualities of leadership are also evinced, and in a very emphatic manner. How often have we seen some clever youth with a natural attitude for marshalling his forces, and leading them on to glorious victory, or at least to a strong combat in the various contests of the athletic field. And this is well, too, for youths engaged in brain work need a fair proportion of muscular exercise, so as to maintain a due balance between the physical and intellectual faculties. Cecil Rhodes had some idea of the philosophy of education, when in his scheme of an Oxford scholarship he made space for athletics. The purpose then of such exercises is the laudable one of encouraging a more energetic application to literary studies. This end being achieved athletics are no doubt beneficial.

But as to the literary side of college life this theme is vast and diversified. The classical studies of Greek and Latin have formed so many generations of intellectual giants, that we cannot imagine college life without them. Latin will ever be a vital language and its place in education will never be filled except by itself. What a world of literature is of Latin origin, either prominently or remotely. The greatest English scholars have been Latinists. Gladstone was one of the greatest Latin and Greek students that England ever knew.

Oxford University has been traditionally a centre of classical studies, Cambridge has been more devoted to physical sciences. The British Parliament even regarded from the stand point of debate can show a galaxy of genius practically unswayed in the political world. All these great English statesmen and orators have been indebted to the classics from their power to sway the Senate. Classical studies tend to a literary polish, and even under that aspect the Church has benefited humanity by saving the Latin language. As a rule those writers whose authority stands highest in English letters, have been enthusiastic Latin students. The "Idea of a University" is a book that proves this. The question of collegiate education is always vital. It is a far-reaching question. Very logically the Catholic press gives all possible support to this intellectual crusade. In this matter there should be no pathy on the part of the general public. The more Canadian colleges are supported the more shall they do their great work of preparing youths for their various positions in Church and State all over the Dominion."

Forty Hours Devotion.

"In no other time or place," says Cardinal Wiseman, "is the sublimity of our religion so touchingly felt as during the Forty Hours' Devotion. No ceremony is going forward in the sanctuary, no sound of song is issuing from the choir, no voice of exhortation proceeds from the pulpit, no prayer is uttered aloud at the altar. There are hundreds there, and yet they are engaged in no congregational act of worship. Each heart and soul is alone in the midst of a multitude; each uttering its own thoughts, each feeling its own grace. Yet you are overpowered, subdued, quelled into a reverential mood, softened into a devotional spirit, forced to meditate, to feel, to pray. How many have spent hours in that heavenly Presence where they seem to breathe the pure air of Paradise. To them indeed it is "the house of God and the gate of heaven."

Always Serviceable.—Most pills lose their properties with age. Not so with Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. The pill mass is so compounded that their strength and effectiveness is preserved and the pills can be carried anywhere without fear of losing their potency. This is a quality that few pills possess. Some pills lose their power, but not so with Parmelee's. They will maintain their freshness and potency for a long time.

WE PRINT

Letterheads, Billheads and General Commercial Work at the Right Prices.

IF PRINTED BY US IT'S DONE RIGHT.

The True Witness Printing Co.

An office thoroughly equipped for the production of finely printed work.

Phone Main 5072

316 Lagachetiere Street W., Montreal.

WE PRINT

Letterheads, Billheads and General Commercial Work at the Right Prices.

IF PRINTED BY US IT'S DONE RIGHT.

Caught Cold By Working In Water.

A Distressing, Tickling Sensation In The Throat.

Mr. Albert MacPhee, Chignecto Mines, N.S., writes:—"In Oct., 1908, I caught cold by working in water, and had a very bad cough and that distressing, tickling sensation in my throat so I could not sleep at night, and my lungs were so very sore I had to give up work. Our doctor gave me medicine but it did me no good so I got a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and by the time I had used two bottles I was entirely cured. I am always recommending it to my friends."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup combines the potent healing virtues of the Norway pine tree with other absorbent, expectorant and soothing medicines of recognized worth, and is absolutely harmless, prompt and safe for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Croup, Sore Throat, Pain or Tightness in the Chest, and all Throat and Lung Troubles.

Beware of imitations of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Ask for it and insist on getting what you ask for. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, and the price 25 cents.

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

Ferrer's Schools.

Just one week after the demonstration held in Barcelona in favor of the condemned rioters of last fall, the militant element of Catholic Catalonia held a meeting, in the same city, to protest against the action of the present Government in reopening the "Escuelas Modernas," and to prevent a similar action in favor of those that remain still closed.

These so-called "Escuelas Modernas" were put on foot by Ferrer, with money received from the infatuated Miss Le Meunier, for the purpose, if you please, of caring for destitute children. The "Escuelas Modernas," though, are nothing else but hot-beds of godless anarchy, as is evident from Ferrer's own words, from the text-books written for these schools, from the answers given by their pupils, and lastly from the deeds of last fall. I need not quote as America must have received by this time, official documents.

Last Sunday's meeting was, indeed, a success, especially if we take into consideration that it was gotten up in less than a week. It was held in the Tivoli theatre, which is said to seat about four thousand. The place was fairly packed. They say, in fact, that many had to return home, since they were not allowed to gather in the streets adjacent.

When Don Dalmacio Inglés came forward with his opening speech, he knew that he was backed by no less than 705 different associations. The five speakers, with eloquent and convincing arguments, treated the theme of the day—the "Escuelas Modernas" and stigmatized them as godless, unpatriotic, illegal, and unscientific. Their most convincing arguments were based on the very text-books written for those schools. The last speaker, Senor Conde de Pomés, as an introduction to his speech, said that he was proud to place before the house fifty thousand signatures of the ladies of the land, protesting with them against the reopening of the "Escuelas Modernas."

After formulating a vigorous and dignified protest to be presented to the government, the meeting was brought to a close.

Letters and telegrams from various quarters were read during the session, and the telegram of Cardinal Aguirre, the Primate of Spain, was received with great enthusiasm and acclamations.

They say that they are thinking of holding a large meeting to counteract the demonstrations held in favor of the condemned, but I have seen no confirmation of the report.—Jos. M. Minot, S.J., in America.

Within a few days a small book, published by the Vatican printing house, will come before the public to be sold for the benefit of the orphans of Sicily and Calabria. The publication will contain a balance sheet of the receipt and the expenses of Pius X. in favor of the wounded, homeless, orphans, etc., of the ruined cities, and will give some fifty illustrations of scenes of the catastrophe. From the balance sheet it will be seen that the 7,000,000 lire or so entrusted by world-wide charity to the Pope have been spent to the best possible advantage, but have not been sufficient to meet the demand. With characteristic delicacy Pius X. makes no mention of

Geo. W. Reed & Co.

Contractors for: General Roofing Cement and Asphalt Paving Sheet Metal Work

337 Craig St., W. Montreal.



NORTHERN Assurance Coy Limited.

OF LONDON, Eng. "Strong as the Strongest."

INCOME AND FUNDS, 1908

Capital and Accumulated Funds... \$49,490,000

Annual Revenue from Fire and Life etc. Premiums and from Interest on Invested Funds... \$ 9,015,000

Deposited with Dominion Government for Security of Canadian Policy Holders... \$ 465,580

Head Office—London and Aberdeen Branch Offices for Canada. 88 Notre Dame Street West, Montreal. ROBERT W. TYRE, Manager for Canada.

MONTREAL CITY AGENTS. ENGLISH DEPARTMENT ARTHUR BROWNING, 228 Board of Trade, Tel. Main 1745. FRED. G. KRIE, 30 St. John St., Tel. Main 1292. WILLIAM CAIRNS, 31 St. Nicholas St., Tel. Main 839. CHAS. A. BYRNE, 88 Notre Dame St. W., Tel. Main 1539. JOHN MACLEAN, 88 Notre Dame St. W., Tel. Main 1539.

FRENCH DEPARTMENT N. BOYER, 88 Notre Dame St. W., Tel. Main 1539. GEO. H. THIBAUDEAU, True Witness Bldg., Tel. Main 5072.

Department of Agriculture. Sale of exhibition grounds of the former "Compagnie Industrielle et Agricole de Saint-Jean," P.Q.

NOTICE. The Quebec Government has decided to sell the above mentioned exhibition grounds, situate in the town of Saint-John, P.Q., containing about 24 arpents in superficies—with the buildings thereon erected.

The Minister of Agriculture invites all those desirous of becoming proprietors of such grounds, to visit same and transmit him their offers. Information may be had concerning the description of the said grounds and also the charges and conditions of the sale, by applying to the government office, at Montreal, 9 St. James street, the registrar's office, at St. John's, P.Q., and the Department of Agriculture at Quebec.

Tenders for the purchase of the said immovable must be addressed to the Minister of Agriculture, at Quebec, on or before the 15th of April next.

The government does not bind itself to accept any of the tenders.

By order, B. MICHAUD, Secretary of the Minister of Agriculture. Quebec, 21st February, 1910.

Province of Quebec, District of Quebec. PUBLIC NOTICE. PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given by J. EMILE VANIER, Civil Engineer, of the City of Montreal; ARTHUR ST. LAURENT, Deputy Minister of Public Works of Canada, of the City of Ottawa; ERNEST BELANGER, Civil Engineer, of the City of Montreal; SIR GEORGE GARNEAU, Civil Engineer, of the City of Quebec; and PIERRE CHARLTON, Civil Engineer and Provincial and Federal Surveyor, of the City of Montreal, all in the Dominion of Canada; that they will petition the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at its next session, to constitute them and others under the name of "THE ASSOCIATION OF POST GRADUATES OF THE POLYTECHNIC SCHOOL, Montreal," with power to develop friendly and scientific relations between the Post Graduates of said school; to admit temporary and permanent members, to acquire properties, both real and personal, and for other purposes. Montreal, March 1st, 1910.

J. EMILE VANIER, ARTHUR ST. LAURENT, ERNEST BELANGER, SIR GEORGE GARNEAU, PIERRE CHARLTON.

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

(a) The passing of an act to remove doubts which have arisen as to its powers to alienate property bequeathed to it under the will of the late Beniah Gbb;

(b) For the passing of an act to amend the Act under which said "Art Association of Montreal" was incorporated (33 Victoria, chapter 13) so as to extend its powers enabling it to acquire, hold and alienate real estate.

(c) For the passing of an act to amend its said Act of Incorporation to enable the City Council to exempt it from taxation.

FLEETWALCOTTER, OUGHTREDD, FLEBLANG, WILLIAMS & BOVEY, Attorneys for "The Art Association of Montreal." Montreal, 23rd February, 1910.

the immense sums which he spent from his own resources, and which, will, it is thought, amount to 1,500,000 lire, exclusive of the cost of the rearing and education of four hundred orphans, for which His Holiness takes the responsibility until they reach the age of twenty-one.

Nearly all children are subject to worms, and many are born with them. Spare them suffering by us-

Chive's Preparations Are The Best.

Socialties in Guaranteed French Trusses.

For Colds use Chive's Cough Syrup

In use for Twenty Years with the Best Results.

ADDRESS: Cor. St. Timothee and Craig Sts. Montreal, P.Q.

J. E. GARREAU LTD.

Successor to C. B. LANCOT. Importers of Church Ornaments, Brocade and Altar Vases. Manufacturers of Banners, Flags, Linens. Way of the Cross and Statues. Specialty: Church Decorations, Funeral Hangings and Religious Articles for Pilgrimages and Missions.

Suffered From Her Terrible Pains

For Backache, Lame or Weak Back—one of the commonest and most distressing symptoms of kidney inaction, there is no remedy equal to Doan's Kidney Pills for taking out the stitches, twinges and twinges, limbering up the stiff back, and giving perfect comfort.

A medicine that strengthens the kidneys so that they are enabled to extract the poisonous uric acid from the blood and prevent the chief cause of Rheumatism.

Mr. Douglas A. Molson, Broad Cove Banks, N.S., writes:—"I was troubled with my kidneys for nine months, and suffered with such terrible pains across the small of my back all the time that I could hardly get around. After taking two boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills I began to feel better, and by the time I had taken three I was completely cured."

Price 50 cents per box, or 2 for \$1.00, all by mail or direct on receipt of notice by The T. M. Mearns Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

When ordering specify "Doan's."

in Mother Graves Worm Exterminator, the best remedy of the kind that can be had.

DISEASES

... affections are caused by blood and an unhealthy blood can be easily cured by blood cleaning proper.

Rockood

... cures have been made not only have the tumors been removed, and a healthy blood has been produced, but has been renovated the same same time.

HEUM CURED.

... anor, Burlington, N.S., are I suffered with Salt... down different medi-... only made it worse. ... Blood Bit-... and before I had taken... could see a change so I... now I am completely... be much for you

PAGE WHITE FENCES

Page Fences near Best—Saves for Lawns, Parks, Farms and Railroads. 14,000 miles of Page Fences and 75,000 Page Gates now in use in Canada. Our 1910 Fences are better than ever. Page Gates for 1910 have Galvanized Frames. Get our latest prices and booklet.

THE PAGE WHITE FENCE CO., LIMITED

Largest fence and gate manufacturers in Canada

WALKERVILLE TORONTO MONTREAL ST. JOHN WINNIPEG VICTORIA

