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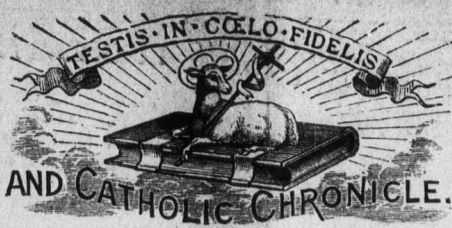
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San Petronio, Be

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# The True



# Witness

VI, No. 36

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, MARCH 14, 1907

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## St. Patrick Greatest of National Apostles.

St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland and Patron of Australia, is assuredly one of the grandest and greatest characters that we encounter in the whole course of history. Entering Ireland nearly fifteen centuries ago, he found the country pagan. At his death, in 493, he left after him a Christian nation; hence Aengus in his Félire styles him "the blaze of a splendid sun, the Apostle of Stainless Erin." "For his good deeds," says St. Sechnall, "he is compared with angels, and for his perfect life he is equalled to the Apostles."

"Pious," says St. Fiech, "was Patrick till death. He was powerful in expelling evil. That is what spread his praise up to every nation of mankind." Tillemont likens St. Patrick to "the prophets of the Old Law," and to the Apostles, "who in the grace and power of Pentecost first spread the faith of Christ."

the Catholic missionary has, therefore, ever been, and must continue to be, a work of great labor, with apparently small results. Such has it ever been among all nations; and yet Ireland seems a grand exception. She is perhaps the only country in the world that entirely owes her conversion to the work of one man. He found her universally pagan; he left her universally Christian.

It has been remarked that among pagan nations those that were the most civilized usually yielded the most abundant harvest. The Catholic missionaries went among them for the first time, civilization thus proving itself to be a natural preparation for the Gospel. Ireland, in St. Patrick's day, had reached a comparatively high degree of civilization. Fourteen hundred years before he came the Irish nation ruled by its Ard-riocht, or high king, and its four subordinate kings had its triennial Parliament at Tara. A thousand years before the Christian era the Irish people had their colleges of war, of history, and law. From the date of the Battle of Moytura, fought in the days of Moses, to the Anglo-Norman invasion, the Irish people were re-

The peculiar points of St. Patrick's teaching were the following: Fidelity to St. Peter's Chair and to St. Peter's successor, the Pope of Rome; devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary; prayer, and remembrance for the dead, and confiding obedience and love for their bishops and priests. By the first—namely, fidelity to the Pope—he secured the unity of the Irish Church as a living member of the Church Catholic; by the second—devotion to the Blessed Virgin—he secured the purity and morality of the people; by the third—care of the dead—he enlisted on the side of Catholic truth the natural love and strong feelings of the Irish character; and by the last—attachment and obedience to the priesthood—he secured to the Irish Church the principle of internal union, which is the secret of her strength.

adorable sacrifice of the Son of God; nor did he ever cease to teach the people and to instruct his disciples. The following blessing, found at page 234 in the famous "Book of Rights," and addressed by the saint on behalf of all the inhabitants of Ireland, is very touching and very beautiful: "Be Erin blessed at evening hours, When sunset gilds her fragrant bowers; When whirlwinds howl, my blessings be. My generous Erin still with thee; To thee be every blessing given, From favoring skies by bounteous heaven; Be blessings on thy bashful maids, Be blessings on thy battle blades, Blest be the fisher tribes that roam, Thy black'ning surge and whitening foam; Oh, blessed be thy stormy night, And blessings on thy morning bright, Be blessings on thy castle towers, Be blessings on thy village bowers; My blessings on thy waving corn, And every babe in Erin born; Blessed be thy thunder's angry roar, And every wave that laps thy shore, And blessed be the smiles serene Of sunshine on thy forests green, Where meadows spread, where hills locks rise, Where lordly mountains kiss the skies; On every hamlet, vale and hill, My blessing be with Erin still; Oh blessed be the rain and dew, And every breeze that visits you; And blessed be thy warriors tall, Thy chieftain's doon, thy abbot's hall; My blessings on thy matrons fair; Thy mineral treasures rich and rare; The flocks that bleat, the herds that low, The streams that warble as they flow, On every cottage, hall and hill, My blessings be with Erin still."



owned for their skill in the fine arts. "There is," says the great antiquarian, O'Curry, "abundant evidence in the manuscripts relating to that period to show that St. Patrick found on his coming to Erin a regularly-defined system of law and policy, a fixed classification of the people, according to various grades and ranks under the sway of a single monarch presiding over certain subordinate provincial kings, and such was the love of learning in this ancient race that when the ollav or philosopher was ordained by the king, he was entitled to sit at table next to the king himself. The nation, therefore, that St. Patrick came to evangelize was a civilized race, a people gracious and high of heart, not worshippers of self or dulled through sense. Under such conditions, we expect rich results, and we are not disappointed. Our hopes are more than realized."

new and false religion assailed precisely those points of Catholic teachings which he had engrained most deeply on the mind and heart of Ireland, as if he had anticipated the trial prepared for it. It is now over fourteen hundred years since St. Patrick's death."

Satan since then has often tried, by fraud and force and guile, To win again the land he lost when Patrick blessed the Isle; But quite in vain were all his arts to change her steadfast will, For Ireland's heart unfailing cleaves to God and Mary still; And Ireland's faith hath well withstood the scoffers' biting jibe, The scaffold, sword and prison-cell, and the often-proffered bribe; So let all pray that in that land the holy faith may last, By virtue of St. Patrick's prayer, Till time itself is passed.

St. Patrick's prayers were almost continual. Every day three hundred times did he bend his knees in adoration of the Lord; every canonical hour of the day did he sign himself with the sign of the Cross. Nevertheless, he never omitted to offer up every day worthily and devoutly the

**Abbey's Effervescent Salt**  
A few kind words from The Sisters of Misericorde.  
"Having made use of Abbey's Salt for some time in our Hospital, we are pleased to say that it is a very good medicine in cases of indigestion."  
ALL DRUGGISTS, 25 and 60c. BOTTLE.

**BRENNAN'S Spring Goods**  
Our lines of Men's furnishings and Hats for Spring are now complete. After careful attention to the buying of these lines. We can assure Our Patrons that so far as styles, values and prices are concerned, their wants will be satisfied.  
SPECIAL:—75 Doz. Natural wool Underwear, Spring weight, Regular Price, \$1.00, to Clear at 85c. Each.  
New Patterns in Shirts from 75c to \$1.50.  
Shirts to Order a Specialty.  
4 Size Collars Carried in Every Shape.  
HATS:—The Latest English and American Styles, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, 4.00 and \$5.00.  
**BRENNAN'S**  
7 ST. CATHERINE ST. EAST.  
MONTREAL.

is, composed in very homely Latin, for which the saint excuses himself by alleging that he had been obliged to adopt another language, the Irish, and had thus nearly forgotten the language that had been first taught him. His principal object in writing it was to glorify God, who through his means had done such great things in Ireland; and also to confirm to their faith the converts whom he had baptized by proving that God had raised him up in an extraordinary manner, even from the state of captivity, for the purpose of securing their salvation. In the "Leabhar Breac," which the learned Petrie pronounces to be "the oldest and best Irish manuscript relating to Church history now preserved, or which, perhaps, the Irish ever possessed," we find the following statement: "The year, therefore, that St. Patrick came to Ireland was the four hundred and thirty-third from the Incarnation, in the ninth year of the reign of Theodosius, king of the world, and in the first year of the Episcopacy of Sixtus, the Coarb of Peter, and in the fourth of the reign of Leoghaire MacNiall at Tara, and in the sixtieth year of his own age; and for sixty years he baptized and instructed the men of Erin."

As Ffaoi says, "He preached for three-score years the Crucifixion of Christ to the tribes of the Fen." It was St. Celestine, the predecessor of Pope Sixtus, that sent St. Patrick to Ireland, and he did not live, it is said, more than one week after the saint's consecration. According to the commonly-received opinion, St. Patrick was born near Boulogne, in France. His father, Calpornius, was of a noble Roman family, and his mother, Conchessa, was sister to St. Martin of Tours. Before his death the saint was warned that he should not die in Armagh, but in Saul, his favorite retreat, where he had built upon the land given him by his first convert, Dichu. Being so admonished by his angel guardian, he fortified himself with the divine mysteries from the hand of his disciple, the Bishop Tassach, and, lifting up his eyes, he beheld the heavens opened, and Jesus standing in the midst of a multitude of angels. Then, raising his hands and blessing his people, and giving thanks, he passed forth out of this world, from the faith unto reality, from his pilgrimage unto his country, from transitory pain unto eternal glory. The death of St. Patrick occurred on March 17, 493. The Saint's remains were interred at Down; hence the popular dictum: "In Down three Saints one grave do fill—Bridget, Patrick and Columbaill."

**SHAMROCK LACROSSE CLUB OFFICERS RE-ELECTED**  
The annual meeting of the Shamrock Lacrosse Club was held last Monday evening in the Hall of St. Ann's Young Men's Association, a goodly number of the members of the club being present. The financial statement, which was presented by Mr. W. P. Lunny, the secretary-treasurer of the Shamrock Association, showed that the club had a surplus for the year of \$5,624.56. The net gate receipts were \$10,575.32.

The election resulted as follows, nearly all of last year's officers being re-elected:

Honorary President, Ald. Tom O'Connell.  
President, Mr. H. E. McLaughlin.  
First Vice-President, Mr. T. F. Slattery.  
Second Vice-President, Mr. Hughes.  
Hon. Secretary, Mr. M. J. Brennan.  
Assistant Secretary, Mr. D. Callaghan.

Mr. McLaughlin, in a brief address, thanked the members for re-election to the office of president. He remarked that the increase in membership during the past year had been the greatest in the history of the club. Brief speeches were made by several of the other officers.

Mr. John Dodds said that the club was supposed to be composed of Irishmen and sons of Irishmen and therefore he thought an Irish national flag should float over the club house. He made a motion, which was seconded by Ald. Tom O'Connell, authorizing the committee to purchase an Irish flag to be used on the club house.

Mr. P. Brennan suggested that it would be a good thing to encourage the players by promising them a trip to the Old Country if they won the championship. He said the team could play at the Dublin Exhibition and it would be sure to receive a warm welcome in the old land.

The general opinion of the meeting seemed to be that Mr. Brennan's proposition was a good one, but no definite action was taken in the matter.

**DIED.**  
MYERS—At the residence of his brother-in-law, M. J. Fleming, 249 St. Joseph St., Lachine, John Myers, aged 78 years, native of County Clare, Ireland. Funeral from the above address Tuesday morning at 8.30 to the parish church. Friends are invited to attend.  
Member of St. Gabriel's T. A. & B. Society.

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

"Really out and out lazy women are pretty hard to find nowadays," mused an old physician the other day. "The maxim, 'It is better to wear out than rust out,' has been taken to heart with such a will that most women are literally in danger of wearing themselves out before their time. Especially in great, rushing cities, women who go in for church work or club life or bridge soon find themselves swept away in a current that is too strong for them. Women get in such a whirl with it all they simply can't stop to rest and recuperate. Most of them live on their nerves till their nerves refuse point blank to be lived on a minute longer. Some women seem to break up all of a sudden. Others linger on in semi-invalidism, nervous bankrupts, who live a hand to mouth existence, unable to undertake any task or undergo any test in the least out of the ordinary without suffering a nervous collapse. One of woman's temperamental faults is her tendency to use up her vitality as fast as she gets it or faster. To all women who are wasting themselves in social pleasures or the niceties of housekeeping I would give this bit of advice. Spare yourselves. Study how to save your nervous strength. Resolve not to fritter yourself on trifles. Let the things that are not vital go. Don't be led away by ambition into wearing yourself out keeping the house clean or performing what other people may consider to be duty in church or club. If you women would only learn how to spare yourselves by using all the labor saving devices, all the short cuts, you would not know yourselves in a year, you'd look so young and feel so free."

ADAPTABILITY IN FASHIONS.

There is a new keynote in the spring fashions this year which every woman who makes her own clothes will be glad to know about. It is adaptability. This new adaptable feature is perhaps best illustrated in the jumper or guimpe dresses which are to be so very fashionable throughout the spring and summer. The jumper waists will be seen in panama, voile and silk, and also in the cotton fabrics, such as plaids, and check gingham and silky mercerized madras. It is this style of dress that will be worn in place of the shirt-waist suit. There is no doubt that it has many good points in its favor.

Take, for example, the jumper frock for a young girl, and let us look into its possibilities for usefulness. The pattern consists of three garments—the skirt, the waist and the bib jumper. In making up the gown it would be wise to have at least two waists to wear with it, and two or more jumper bibs. One of the waists might match the skirt, and the other might be of sheer Indian linen or all-over lace. When the waist that matches the skirt is worn, then the bib jumper may be of some other material. For instance, if the waist and the skirt are made of dark blue cotton voile, the bib jumper would look attractive in all-over lace; and then again, if an entirely different sort of a dress was wanted, the skirt and the bib jumper could be made of plaid mercerized madras, and the waist be of all-over embroidery or linen. The jumper in this frock is slipped on over the head, and is made with tabs at the back and front which button onto the belt.—Grace Margaret Gould, in Woman's Home Companion for March.

AND YET HE WONDERED.

He was a Catholic (in name). He didn't subscribe for a Catholic newspaper (said he didn't need it). After a while he married and still he didn't subscribe for a Catholic journal. His children grew up without reading or ever seeing a Catholic newspaper, and now he wonders why he has to spend twenty-four hours a day trying to keep his sons out of the clutches of the law.—Catholic Home Companion.

HOME.

Memory's picture-book has but one page. I could find no golden leaves equally beautiful to bind with it, so I made its dear sketch the first and last.

"Home" is the title of the sacred painting. Love was the amiable landlord of the sweet little tenement and he took his rent in smiles and blessings.

All the gay June buds, all the happy summer flowers, in a word all

the grandeur of the earth could be found in its humble garden.

I know of no temple more holy than that angel-haunted sanctuary. I could feel God in its kindly atmosphere. Its saint images were copies of Himself, His Own exquisite Handiwork.

I never meditate on this vision of beauty but, somehow, a tear or two will fall and add a little more silver to its wealth of pigments.

From the ivied porch I hear familiar conversations. The sweet-burdened swing that holds my youngest sister seems to dart forward and backward to the rhythm of my heart beats. I almost fancy I can lift the pictured latch and "go in."

Lest affection's leaping flame ignite the precious parchment, let me kiss it and put it by.—Mary Allegra Gallagher, in *Rosary Magazine*.

THE IRISH MOTHER.

I wonder if she is still in the old land, the blessed Irish mother, who put a cap around her comely face between the twenties and thirties and covered her brown waves from sight.

To her simple soul marriage meant consecration; the man who chose her need not concern himself about the little tendernesses—her affection was as fixed as the stars. He might be unreasonable, exacting—nay, in trying times he might be cruel—but her faith in the divine right of husbands was unshaken.

She would have the children reverential to their father, even if she should have to romance a little to effect it, and with what loving sophistry she explained away his weaknesses!

She never understood a constitution, political or physical, but when sickness was in the family her pathetic care made the poor broth strengthening and the bitter medicine sweet. No sleep, no rest, no peace for her while the shadow of death lay across the threshold, and how hard it was to die under her beseeching eyes; but if a summons had really come she would hold a crucifix to the dying lips, and the beloved son or daughter carried the sound of her voice with them to heaven; for what Irish mother but could say the prayers for the departing soul?

Not even the story of her country's wrongs could embitter her guileless nature: The mantle of her charity covered even the bloody Sassenach, and at times, secretly, not daring to let it be known, she recommended them to the Virgin Mother. If her belief in her husband was strong, who could measure the confidence she reposed in the brave boys who overtopped her at sixteen! Anything evil in them, her glory and her delight? Impossible! They were always white boys in their mother's eyes, however dark and desperate in the sight of those who dwell in palaces. Her unquestioning trust and earnest teaching kept them pure and honest in their early days; and later when they discovered their dear mother was only a simple, illogical, unlettered woman, their loyalty and devotion deepened to find what wonders she had worked with her few talents. What a tragedy Shakespeare could have woven around her, haunted all her life by a phantom ship at anchor in some harbor, waiting till the children of her love were old enough to take passage and leave her forever. How sorrowful must have been her joy on seeing them rise to the stature of men and women!

I wonder if she is still in the old land; stealing out of her lonely home at nightfall, and looking with her tender eyes always westward. And when no one is by, falling on her knees and lifting her hands in such intensity of supplication that they touch the hem of His garment and her blessing falls on her flesh and blood in the far-off land; her faith has made them whole.

If flowers emblematic of their lives could spring from the dust beneath it, it would be easy to find the grave of the Irish mother.

Roses would be clustered on the emerald moss about the head, violets at the feet, and among the sweetest of the clover blossoms, just above the heart, there would be lilies, lilies.—C. Horgan.

GURD'S GINGER ALE is a Positive Necessity.

Mission News of the Week.

CLOSE OF MISSION AT ST. ANN'S.

The closing sermons of the four weeks' mission at St. Ann's Church were delivered Sunday. At the High Mass Rev. Father Schneider preached a powerful discourse on the sublimity of the Catholic priesthood.

In the evening the closing exercises took place. Rev. Father Crosby preached the last sermon, on Perseverance.

The choir, under the direction of Prof. P. J. Shea, being reinforced by the boys of St. Ann's school, rendered a fine programme. Rev. Father Crosby, assisted by Rev. Father Schneider, imparted solemn benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Rev. Father Schneider left Sunday evening for Buffalo, N.Y., to engage in a mission which is being given at St. Mary's German Church in that city.

Rev. Father Hamel, late superior of the mission at St. Ann's, is also engaged at Buffalo.

ST. PATRICK'S MISSION CLOSED

The mission at St. Patrick's, which had been conducted for three weeks, closed Sunday evening. The mission was given by the Oblate Fathers, Rev. Father Fallon, O.M.I., assisted by Rev. Fathers McRory, Dorgan and Kirwin, of Buffalo. The mission was one of the most successful ever conducted at St. Patrick's. The first week was devoted to the married women, of whom 1200 attended; the second week was reserved for the unmarried women, numbering about 2000; and the third to the single and married men, who numbered about 2000.

Sunday evening the scene in the church was impressive, when at the close of the sermon some four thousand men who had attended the mission, each with a lighted taper, renewed their baptismal promises. Father Fallon earnestly besought them to make an effort to be faithful to the good resolutions they had made. After the sermon, the Papal blessing was imparted. After the reading of the act of consecration, solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given.

ST. MARY'S MISSION.

Rev. Fathers Ethelbert and Wolstan, of the Franciscan Monastery, opened a week's mission for the men of St. Mary's parish Sunday evening. The women's mission closed in the afternoon.

MISSION AT ST. AGNES.

Rev. Father Crosby opened a mission at St. Agnes Church last Sunday at High Mass.

In the evening Rev. Father Holland, of St. Ann's, preached. The mission will be conducted by Rev. Fathers McPhail and Holland.

RETREAT AT IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

A retreat for the English-speaking parishioners will commence on Tuesday, March 19th, at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Rachel street, under the direction of Rev. Father Cox, S.J., of Loyola College.

"IT'S ONLY A COLD, A TRIFLING COUGH"

Thousands have said this when they caught cold. Thousands have neglected to cure the cold. Thousands have filled a Consumptive grave through neglect. Never neglect a cough or cold. It can have but one result. It leaves the throat or lungs, or both, affected.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

is the medicine you need. It strikes at the very foundation of all throat or lung complaints, relieving or curing Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup, Sore Throat, and preventing Pneumonia and Consumption.

It has stood the test for many years, and is now more generally used than ever. It contains all the lung healing virtues of the pine tree combined with Wild Cherry Bark and other powerful remedies. It stimulates the weakened bronchial organs, allays irritation and subdues inflammation, soothes and heals the irritated parts, loosens the phlegm and mucus, and aids nature to easily dislodge the morbid accumulations. Don't be humbugged into accepting an imitation of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, and price 25 cts.

Mr. Julian J. LeBlanc, Belle Cote, N.S., writes: "I was troubled with a bad cold and severe cough, which assumed such an attitude as to keep me confined to my house. I tried several remedies advertised but they were of no avail. As a last resort I tried Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and one bottle cured me completely."

FUNNY SAYINGS.

TWO VIEWS OF IT.

Parson—Do you take this woman for better or for worse?  
Bridegroom—Well, I can't exactly say. Her people think it's for better, but mine think it's for worse.—Life.

ONLY ONE NECESSARY.

A man commenced the fishing season in Scotland last year by falling in the Tay River.  
"There are sixteen rules for treating the apparently drowned," said his rescuer, as he took thought, "but I can't remember any of them."  
"Well," feebly queried the half-drowned man, "is there one a' about whusky?"  
"Yes," was the reply.  
"Then get tae wairk muckle sharp on that ane," responded the victim, "and niver worry about the ither fifteen."

Excited Nerves, Twitching Muscles SYSTEM EXHAUSTED BY WORRY AND LOSS OF SLEEP—PERFECT HEALTH THE RESULT OF USING DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD.

Such cures as this make it impossible to doubt the restorative influence of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.  
Mrs. E. J. Vanderburgh, of East-ern Welland avenue, St. Catharines, Ont., states: "For twenty-one years I was badly afflicted with heart trouble, nervousness and cramps in the limbs, also twitching of the muscles and nervous headaches. I became weak, debilitated and emaciated. My condition was distressing and I was made worse through worry and loss of sleep."  
"I tried a hundred remedies in vain and reading about Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I decided to try it. After having used half a dozen boxes of this preparation my old trouble had entirely vanished and I was enjoying better health than I had since girlhood. I am now past middle life and am in perfect health. I would not take worlds to-day and go back to my former state."

There is more or less mystery and doubt as to the specific action of many drugs, but it is positively and definitely known that iron forms new red corpuscles in the blood, or, in other words, makes the blood rich and nourishing.  
But iron alone cannot be taken into a delicate stomach. The great secret of the success of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is in the way iron is combined with certain other restoratives so as to make a preparation that can be used with the greatest benefit by even the most weak and delicate person.  
Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is also slightly laxative as well as tonic in influence, and while building up the system insures the regular and healthful action of the digestive, filtering and excretory systems.  
If you would enrich the blood, strengthen the nerves and replace weakness and disease with health and vigor use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food: 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Pope Leo XIII Played Doctor.  
Among the many stories told of Dr. Lapponi, who until his death a couple of months ago was chief physician to the Pope, is one of an occasion upon which Leo XIII turned the tables on him. Lapponi was a strict disciplinarian in medical matters, and Leo was a difficult patient. He often complained of the restraint Lapponi placed upon him and sometimes insisted upon having his own way, says an exchange.  
One day, when the Pope was suffering from a very severe cold, he insisted on holding a prolonged and important reception, despite Lapponi's protests. When it became plain that the Pope's determination could not be shaken, the doctor as a last resort, handed him a little box with several tablets in it, imploring him to take one whenever the symptoms of the cold became distressing.  
The doctor further took up a position in the audience chamber, half hidden behind a tapestry, where he could watch his patient closely and jump to his support if he should show any signs of collapse.  
As the audience proceeded, the Pope forgot all about the box of Tablets—at least Lapponi failed to see him take any of them. Presently Lapponi thought the Pope was becoming hoarse, and he coughed a little as he spoke. The doctor

THE POET'S CORNER

ERIN'S AWAKENING.  
By J. D. W., S.J.

When the foeman snatched from thee each God-given right,  
And entombed thee in darkness of Slavery's night,  
And on thy fair bosom pressed Tyranny's heel,  
While about thee lay shivered thy once trusty steel;  
When he heaped outrage on thee, scorn, insult and wrong,  
Till thy form lay all lifeless, and mute was thy tongue;  
Ah! he thought he had slain thee, that thrice-bitter day,  
And that Hope had died with thee forever and aye.

But no—though the Saxon well speeded his dart,  
Life's pulses lay dormant in the depths of thy heart;  
And now, sweetest Erin! life throbs through thy veins,  
And dawns the bright morning of freedom from chains.

In the full blaze of Freedom soon, soon wilt thou stand,  
A Queen bright and royal in thine own peerless land;  
Then let but thy Sunburst to the breeze be unfurled,  
And thy sons shall throng round thee from the Shores of the World;

And of gifts bring the richest—a loyal heart's love—  
And pledge thee a fealty before Heaven above  
Which gems, however priceless, shall purchase—no, never—  
To serve and defend 'gainst thy foeman forever.

And they'll catch, in thy accent, the song left unsung,  
While thy Harp in cold darkness slept, fettered, unstrung—  
Thy Warriors' proud glory, who gladly for thee  
Fought till death on the red field that thou might'st be free.

Once again wilt thou teach them their sweet Celtic tongue,  
That was heard throughout Eire when Nations were young;  
And ope founts of Wisdom to their wondering gaze,  
That lay locked in Gaelic—a gem's hidden rays.

Grant this balm, God of Nations, to our sore longing heart,  
And be this our glad cry, ere from earth we depart:  
"Till domesday, loved Erin; be prosperous and free!"  
Esto perpetua! A-ushla machree!"  
March 7, 1906.

THREE CHEERS FOR THE GREEN AND THE GOLD.  
(Air: "The Red, White and Blue.")  
Dedicated to the County Dublin Association of Boston.

Lift it up! in the breeze let us wave it,  
With a cheer let us bear it on high,  
From all shame and disgrace we would save it,  
In defence of its honor we would die.

Oh, the flag of old Erin forever,  
Three cheers for the green and the gold!  
Three cheers for the green and the gold!

Read the Directions on the Wrapper

"You have a very severe cough. I made up my mind that he must act. He coughed rather loudly so as to attract the Pope's attention, and when he caught his eye made a gesture suggestive of taking a tablet from the box and swallowing it.  
The Pope instantly turned to one of his secretaries standing near by. "Call the doctor to me," said he. Lapponi sprang to his side. "Doctor," said the Pope, "I no-

Three cheers for the green and the gold!  
Oh, the flag of old Erin forever,  
Three cheers for the green and the gold!

Dear loved land of the shamrock,  
God bless you.  
Long robbed of your rights by tyrant laws;  
Here's confusion to those who oppress you,  
And good luck to the friends of freedom's cause.

Now your last link of bondage we would sever,  
While your fame and your glory we uphold.  
Oh, the harp and the sunburst forever.

Three cheers for the green and the gold!  
Three cheers for the green and the gold!  
Oh, the harp and the sunburst forever.  
Three cheers for the green and the gold!

Maurice O'Neill, in Boston Pilot.

GREETING.

Ireland! Mother unknown,  
Sitting alone by the water,  
Lift up your eyes to your own,  
Stretch out your arms to your daughter!

Many and many a day have I longed for your green robe's splendor,  
Your eyes of the deep-sea gray, your strong love patient and tender,  
For the croon of the welcoming voice and the smile half joy and half sadness,  
Soul of my soul rejoice, for this is the hour of thy gladness!

Sure if I never had heard  
What land had given me birth,  
and cradled the spirit's bird  
On its first weak flight to earth;  
If I never had heard the name of thy sorrow and strength divine,  
Or felt in my pulses the flame of the fire they had caught from thine,  
I would know from this rapture alone that sweeps through me now like a flood,  
That the Irish skies were my own, and my blood was the Irish blood!

Proud did I hold my race,  
Yet knew not what pride may dare;  
Fair did I deem thy face,  
But never one half so fair;  
Like a dream with deep happiness fraught that some happier dawn makes true,  
Nothing was glad in my thought but gladdens still more in you—  
From ivied tower and wall, and primrose pale on the lea,  
To vales where the bright streams call to the lilt of the bird in the tree.

How can I frame the thought  
That sets all my soul aglow!  
How can I speak as I ought,  
The longing that moves me so!  
My comrades laugh like a boy whose heart to pleasure is stirred,  
But my heart is weeping with joy while my lips speak never a word;

Here where the green hills start from the breast of the deep blue water,  
Ireland! land of my heart, stretch out your arms to your daughter!

How can I frame the thought  
That sets all my soul aglow!  
How can I speak as I ought,  
The longing that moves me so!  
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But my heart is weeping with joy while my lips speak never a word;



The Secret

By Henry Frith, A.M.

CHAPTER II.—CO

As the men advanced man went to meet other women came out of their hats or shelter, and said: "We are in a terrible fix; do you think you can help us?"  
"Oh, Ernie, no; don't do that! The man—Scout will help us. You are better than I am—they were here. So you must try away, bring help, and you understand?"  
"Yes; but—" "Hush! here they come friends with Scout and you away."  
"I will give him my Stephen—he is a good thinker. Oh, here are the tures."  
Stephen was not far from the people were exactly and gentlemen whom or vite to a Christmas-tree to tea in the nursery, quite frightened at them tell you what the chief and his tribe know he and his wife must be. He was called Rangitima means in his language C-man was very brown, very strong. His face was tattooed with curious marks, which Stephen heard had a meaning indicated rank or lineage. Rangitima wore a head-dress of a long mat of flax, like a covered with feathers and other colors, was his costume hand he carried a club shaped something like a carved. This is the terrible as the mere, and in Maori's hand.  
This terribly stern a looking personage stopped middle of the open space, ing to the young people. "Paheka! Waraki!" (w- strangers, Europeans.) "Ekoro!" (girl and young then a number of other were addressed to the quickly, and the Scout and Stephen. "They are talking your sister."  
"What are they saying?" lad.  
"Hush!" whispered to "they mean to treat her v the old Mother yonder that you and the other should tured!"  
Stephen's heart sank, thrill made his blood "Torture! oh, no! They w I do no harm! What will Kill us!"  
"Not at once. They will tie you down in the swat der, and let the mosquito you to death—or—Hush!" "Wait; let me listen ag the chief was speaking a voice. He said—addressing woman—  
"O Mother, thou art beautiful girl of the strange come amongst us from Atua to give us back our treasures. Treat her well, of Ruapehu. (Ruapehu is the abode of deities.) The ka men are dogs—let them do joy the torture. The Koroki shall decide. These a words."  
The Scout whispered to A she was safe, but when Er ed him what the chief had only shook his head and the heart. Oh, fancy being killed these savage men, who deli pain and torturing! It w that the poor lads did not stand what fate was in st them, unless something un happened, for it was terrible. The Scout was evidently and tried to devise a plan the lads could escape.  
"Where would you go if away?" he asked.  
"To our uncle Manton, o Wanganui," replied Erres, ting that he was talking to who was half native, half A though, fortunately, the A half was the stronger.  
"Manton? What the stran dier who came to find the Lake—the Maramaroto Lake)—your uncle? I have m

Our Boys and Girls BY AUNT BECKY

The Secret of the Silver Lake

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

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

As the men advanced the old woman went to meet them. Some other women came out from their huts or shelter, and guarded Amy. "We are in a terrible fix," said Ernie; "do you think we shall be killed, Amy?"

"Oh, Ernie, no: don't talk like that! The man—Scout, isn't he?—will help us. You are in more danger than I am—they will keep me here. So you must try and run away, bring help, and save me. Do you understand?"

"Yes; but—" "Hush! here they come. Make friends with Scout and he will get you away."

"I will give him my watch," said Stephen—"he is a good man, I think. Oh, here are the horrid creatures."

Stephen was not far wrong. The men were not nice; indeed none of the people were exactly the ladies and gentlemen whom one would invite to a Christmas-tree party or to tea in the nursery. Ernie was quite frightened at them. Let me tell you what the chief was like, and you will know how unpleasant he and his tribe must have looked.

He was called Rangitiva, which means in his language Chief. The man was very brown, very tall and strong. His face was tattooed with curious marks, which Stephen afterwards heard had a meaning, and indicated rank or lineage. The Rangitiva wore a head-dress of feathers. A long mat of flax, like a cloak, covered with feathers and of different colors, was his costume. In his hand he carried a club of wood, shaped something like a violin and carved. This is the terrible weapon known as the meré, and is fatal in a Maori's hand.

This terribly stern and savage-looking personage stopped in the middle of the open space, and turning to the young people said—"Paheka! Waraki!" (which means strangers, Europeans). "E Hiné Ekoro!" (girl and young man); and then a number of other sentences were addressed to the old woman very rapidly. She answered as quickly, and the Scout whispered to Stephen, "They are talking about your sister."

"What are they saying?" asked the lad. "Hush!" whispered the Scout; "they mean to treat her well; but the old Mother yonder thinks that you and the other should be tortured!"

Stephen's heart sank, a terrible thrill made his blood run cold. "Torture! oh, no! They would not! I do no harm! What will they do? Kill us!"

"Not at once. They will perhaps tie you down in the swamp yonder, and let the mosquitoes sting you to death—or—Hush!" he cried. "Wait; let me listen again!"

The chief was speaking in a loud voice. He said—addressing the old woman—"O Mother, thou art right! A beautiful girl of the strangers has come amongst us from the Great Atua to give us back our land and treasures. Treat her well. She is of Ruapehu. (Ruapehu is a volcano—the abode of deities). The Paheka men are dogs—let them die, or enjoy the torture. The Koriri (Council) shall decide. These are my words."

The Scout whispered to Amy that she was safe, but when Ernest asked him what the chief had said, he only shook his head and the lads lost heart. Oh, fancy being killed by these savage men, who delighted in pain and torturing! It was well that the poor lads did not understand what fate was in store for them, unless something unexpected happened, for it was terrible.

The Scout was evidently anxious, and tried to devise a plan by which the lads could escape. "Where would you go if you got away?" he asked. "To our uncle Manton, on the Wanganui," replied Ernest, forgetting that he was talking to a man who was half native, half American; though, fortunately, the American half was the stronger.

movement was made at the sound of a kind of gong. It was really a wooden tambourine, not the Chinese kind of gong; and at the sound all the warriors collected in the wide open space. They had been preparing themselves for this dance, for they were daubed and painted. The boys followed them to the side of the camp, hoping to get away, but they were hunted back and guarded while the war dance went on. The Scout whispered that these warriors were going to attack another tribe soon.

But when the dance commenced it was so peculiar as to be impossible to describe. It was almost funny, but terrible, to see all the painted warriors, a great number, sit down in lines and suddenly jump up and then begin kicking up their legs and jumping like so many dozens of "Jim Crows." They leaped into the air, whirling their clubs about, and seemed to have killed hundreds of imaginary enemies. All this time they screamed and yelled. Then the jumpers sang a song, after some head-man, line by line, and got very excited.

Then Stephen and Ernest were seized and carried back into the camp, where "Scout," as they called the man, had remained. The chief was much excited, and when the lads were brought before him, he said something which the interpreter told the boys meant that they should be tied to stakes and tortured.

"Oh, Scout, help us!" cried Stephen. "What must we do?" "Have you your fire-eating trick ready?" asked the Scout. "Yes. I can manage it presently. Tell them something; save us if you can, please, please do!"

Then the man said to the chief, "O Rangitiva, beware how you hurt these sons of the Pahekas! They can bring fire from their mouths and burn the Maori and his camp!" "It is false," replied the chief. "If the Paheka can bring fire from his mouth, let him show it, or he shall suffer the torture by fire himself!"

The Scout told this to the boys, and then Stephen, who had been making ready some string, which he had prepared for his conjuring tricks, and some tow, pulled some of the tow and spread it out. The natives who had gathered round looked at this, and the American man, Scout, at Stephen's request, made them examine it. Meantime Ernest crept away with the prepared string, and secretly lighted it at the fire. Then he wrapped the lighted string in the piece of tow, and handed it to Stephen unseen.

After putting some tow in his mouth and pretending to eat it, Stephen called for a leaf. A large leaf was procured by the Scout, who was then requested by the young conjurer to fan his ears, or to blow into them. This he did, and then the natives soon saw smoke beginning to issue from Stephen's nose!

Then sparks came out when he opened his mouth, which seemed full of fire. The chief was perfectly spell-bound, and when Stephen came towards him and his warriors, they stepped back in fear, and the chief cried—

"It is enough; the Paheka is a son of the Atua of Ruapehu—the volcano)—he is welcome!"

"Don't be too sure of that," whispered the kind scout. "He is frightened now. After his supper it may be different. Be ready to go when I give the signal, and travel south, that way," he continued, pointing to a bright star. "Mind my signal. I will cool like the pigeon four times. I will take care of missy."

The natives were all frightened, and would not approach Stephen, who waited for the signal. The piping of the kiwi and the cry of the bittern were often heard as the feasting went on, but the signal did not come yet. Just as the boys were in despair they heard the soft clear notes of the wood-pigeon four times repeated.

"This is the time, Ernie! Come! Quick!"

CHAPTER III.—THE ESCAPE TO THE BUSH.—AN ALARM.

Ernest did not hesitate a moment; but it was one thing to be told to come quickly, and another to go away quickly. The natives were all feasting around the fire, and had not attempted to molest the lads after the fire-eating trick, which had convinced the chief that Stephen was a very powerful and mysterious person. They fancied, indeed, that he could bring the fire from the volcano—the burning mountain Ruapehu—and did not interfere with the prisoners. The Scout also had done all he could to influence them; so when they were feasting around the fire on the fish and birds they had caught—thinking, perhaps, of eating Ernest some day—the Scout crept away, and gave the signal to the

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The liver is the largest gland in the body; its office is to take from the blood the properties which form bile. When the liver is torpid and inflamed it cannot furnish bile to the bowels, causing them to become bound and costive. The symptoms are a feeling of fullness or weight in the right side, and shooting pains in the same region, pains between the shoulders, yellowness of the skin and eyes, bowels irregular, coated tongue, bad taste in the morning, etc.

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THURSDAY, MARCH 14, 1907.

EVER GLORIOUS ST. PATRICK.

On Sunday we reach another anniversary of the great saint, and the tender chord of every Irish heart is touched at the mention of St. Patrick's Day, the day of all others when the Irishman feels proud of the history and achievements of his race.

The hero of the doing is the redoubtable Cyrus Townsend Brady—pastor Brady, the writer of novels, and flamboyant contributions to the weeklies. He is also the "priest" in charge of Trinity Church in the Ohio town.

Forced by necessity from the land of their birth, they have shed lustre and brilliant distinction on their race wherever their quest brought them.

One of the boasts of America is her Irish citizen; not so in past years, but "time changeth all things" and to-day he is honored and welcomed everywhere.

The Irishman has suffered centuries of persecution for his ideals of religion, law and liberty, and knowing what it is to suffer for undying principle, his heart is always true and tender for others in oppression.

As the son of Ireland on next Sunday casts his mind's eye on that little island across the ocean, he will perceive harbingers of coming peace and happiness there.

The combination of Irish hearts and Irish hands cannot be minimized and the destiny of Ireland, written in the blood of martyrs, is just as potential to-day as in the days of O'Connell and the martyred Emmet.

AGAIN THE SCHOOL TEACHER. New Brunswick, in common with the rest of the country, is experiencing difficulty in supplying efficient teachers for her schools.

CATHOLIC EDUCATION. Those who would decry Catholic school education for our young men, read this. President James, of the University

provinces, or by abandoning the teaching profession for other pursuits. Under these conditions a larger proportion than usual of the rural schools have been under the charge of teachers of the third class, or of those holding only a temporary local license.

It is hard to understand how this infinitely important branch of our social life is being neglected. Everywhere the same cry goes up, and in every instance the reason ascribed is the same—poor remuneration.

The best intellectual training should be demanded in our teachers, and paid for accordingly.

It is beyond the calculation of reason how it can be expected that young men and women will give their lives to the teaching profession at the niggardly compensation offered by most communities, amounting in most cases to no more than that paid the ordinary office helper.

The training of children demands more than ability to add up a column of figures or dictate a stereotyped essay, and the sooner that this principle is recognized the better it will be for all concerned.

AMUSEMENT FOR ST. PATRICK.

Our honored patron saint must be highly amused at the doings at the Protestant Episcopal Church in Toledo.

The hero of the doing is the redoubtable Cyrus Townsend Brady—pastor Brady, the writer of novels, and flamboyant contributions to the weeklies. He is also the "priest" in charge of Trinity Church in the Ohio town.

And to prove his belief he has announced that a full service will be held on St. Patrick's Day. In announcing the services in his church publication he has this to say:

"As you all know, the rector is of Irish descent, and the Emerald Isle, albeit his people have been away from it for some 200 years or more, is still dear to him. So also is the patron saint of Erin. We have too long allowed the Roman Catholic Church to monopolize St. Patrick, who indeed by right devolves to our branch of the Catholic church of the world.

The Syracuse Sun comments thus on the pastor's plans:

"Full services by the full church choir!" What a spectacle! Evidently Rev. Brady will be full, and the services will be, and the choir also. No doubt when St. Patrick takes in the full meaning of this unique celebration he, too, will be full of laughter.

On the whole, it will be a great day in Toledo, and no doubt Brady will straighten the curve of the welkin with his eloquence. The managers of the various Irish stores ought to apply early in effort to sell Brady his supply of Shamrocks.

Wear Trade Mark D. Suspenders guaranteed 50c.

of Illinois, announced the result of the recent examination of competitors for the Rhodes free scholarship in Oxford University, England. Five were found worthy, though only one can enter from that State.

Of those who passed, two are from the University of Illinois, one from Northwestern University and two from St. Ignatius' College, conducted by the Jesuits at Chicago. Significantly, the two Catholic boys who won are disqualified from entering Oxford this year because they are too young. They must be nineteen years old, and one is eleven days too young, and the other is only seventeen years of age.

Daniel Edward Murphy, who lacks by eleven days, is in his junior year at St. Ignatius. James J. Lynch, who is only seventeen, is also in his junior year. One of the University of Illinois winners is a junior aged twenty-one; the other is a graduate, aged twenty-one. The Northwestern University winner is a sophomore, aged twenty-one.

This is little short of a revelation. Catholic education surely is not in a bad way when juniors from a Catholic College, aged seventeen, are found standing up equal to the graduates of a secular university, aged twenty-one, in a competitive examination conducted by Protestants. Let those who affect to think Catholic schools backward look to the record just made by the Jesuit College at Chicago. In a close competition some of its juniors are found equal to the graduates of a secular university.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Mr. Birrell is known to be at work on what is nothing less than a Home Rule Bill for Ireland.

In a speech in the House of Commons a fortnight ago, while he rejoiced to think that, at all events, when I came into office I found Ireland in a state of comparative peace, comparative crimelessness, but undoubtedly in a state of expectancy," he also stated that some reform in Ireland was absolutely necessary, while "the Prime Minister, like myself, is perfectly satisfied that ultimately the only solution that would give satisfaction to the great majority of the population of Ireland would be what was generally called a Home Rule Parliament."

Mr. Pius Michaud, of Edmundston, has been elected by acclamation to represent the constituency of Victoria-Madawaska in the House of Commons. This seat was made vacant by the recent appointment to the Senate of Hon. John Costigan, who had represented Victoria-Madawaska for a great number of years.

A Catholic Irishman (formerly a Protestant), Sir Henry Bellingham, of Castlebellingham, Co. Louth, who has revived the good old Catholic custom of setting up crosses on the waysides gives an interesting account of how he was converted to the ancient Church. "The personal example and simple faith of the Irish poor," he says, "were the first things that impressed me. I compared it favorably with the class of Protestants in Ireland amongst whom I mixed and whose doctrines consisted more in hatred of Rome than in any definite belief. The language they used first irritated and then disgusted me, and predisposed me to make inquiries."

General Booth, of the Salvation Army, when asked whether he would accept a gift from Rockefeller in aid of his cause, says, "I would take anything and would wash it in the tears of the widows and orphans." There could be no clearer statement of the doctrine of practical spirituality.

Miss Katherine Eleanor Conway, editor of the Boston Pilot, was selected on March 9 as the recipient of the Lactea medal for 1907. A medal is given annually to some member of the Catholic laity in the United States distinguished for service to religion, art, science or philanthropy.

The language is becoming enriched in its phraseology through current murder trials. "Brain storms," "mental explosions," "mental fulminations," "impulsive insanity,"

His Excellency the Governor-General has received the following from the Colonial Secretary: The Queen has learnt with great regret of the disastrous fire which has occurred at the Protestant children's school at Montreal. Her Majesty desires me to convey to you her great admiration of the heroic conduct of Miss Maxwell, who gave up her life in a gallant attempt to rescue the little children entrusted to her care, as well as Her Majesty's deep sympathy with the bereaved relations of this brave woman.

"Every Christian in the land should see to it that the publication of vile matter does not pay," says the Catholic Standard and Times.

"Every pulpit should speak out against such newspapers; every father should bar them from his home and every business man should withdraw them from his patronage. Let there be a general crusade against this great evil, and the press will return to its true mission of enlightening and educating the people, and our homes and society will be purer and better."

The story of Canada's timber wealth is a wonderful tale. Two thousand miles long is its field of uncut timber to-day, comprising 1,500,000,000 acres divided into three great belts. To put it briefly—according to the Dominion authorities—Canada's timber area is four times greater than the timber area of the United States, three times greater than the timber area of Russia, and twice as great as the timber area of all Europe. And this source of national wealth is practically untapped.

Mgr. Thomas F. Kennedy, Rector of the American College at Rome, has arrived in New York with a message from the Pope to American Catholics. It was that if the Church had received the same consideration from France that it did from the United States there would have been no trouble over the separation.

Mgr. Kennedy said that all Europe was in sympathy with the Catholics of France, and that the struggle for religious rights would be fought to a finish, with no compromising.

Catholic papers, as a rule, find their own environments not over profitable financially, and when the local patronage becomes seriously divided, it becomes unprofitable. The local paper serves the local interests and, all things being equal, should receive the preference, to the exclusion, if necessary, of papers printed in another country, the United States for instance.

Brother Dowie, the great Zionist, has gone the way of all other self-styled "bishops" and "archbishops." Their fanaticism for a while holds some weak minds that are groping in the dark, but sooner or later the inevitable crash comes.

Poor, deluded old Dowie, deserted even by his wife and children in his last moments! What a warning to our other "archbishops!"

This new Mission will be dedicated to St. Anthony of Padua.

DEO GRATIAS.

There's a break in the gray skies of Erin!

At first 'twas a small bit of blue, But wide and more wide grows the clearing, And sunshine is now beaming through.

Old griefs are departing the while, And a sense of a coming elation Is felt to the ends of the isle.

There's a break in the gray skies of Erin— Away go the gloom and the chill; Old hatreds and strifes, disappearing Give way to the reign of good-will. And, oh, may the clouds that have vanished Ne'er gather again in those skies, Or the doubts and distrusts we have banished, Like vapours from hell, re-arise. —T. D. S., in the Irish People.

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etc. These are more elegant than the slang of the day, but do they have as sincere a meaning.

The Rev. Albert McKeon, S.J.L., of St. Columban, Ontario, has just issued a second edition of his excellent tract on "The Catholic Confessional and the Sacrament of Penance." This second edition was made necessary by the quick sale of the first and the demand for more.

Struggling Infant Mission.

IN THE DIOCESE OF NORTHAMPTON, FAKENHAM, NORFOLK ENGLAND.

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

Average weekly Collection...3s 6d. No endowment whatever, except HOPE. Not a great kind of endowment, you will say, good reader. Ah, well! Who knows? Great things have, as a rule, very small beginnings.

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

"May God bless and prosper your endeavors in establishing a Mission at Fakenham."

ARTHUR, Bishop of Northampton. Address—Father H.W. Gray, Hampton Road, Fakenham, Norfolk, England.

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

There's a break in the gray skies of Erin! At first 'twas a small bit of blue, But wide and more wide grows the clearing, And sunshine is now beaming through. New hopes stir the heart of the nation. Old griefs are departing the while, And a sense of a coming elation Is felt to the ends of the isle.

There's a break in the gray skies of Erin— Away go the gloom and the chill; Old hatreds and strifes, disappearing Give way to the reign of good-will. And, oh, may the clouds that have vanished Ne'er gather again in those skies, Or the doubts and distrusts we have banished, Like vapours from hell, re-arise. —T. D. S., in the Irish People.

The Catholic Student's Manual.

Great care has been devoted to the preparation of this manual. It will be found admirably suited to the wants of Catholic Young Men, for whom it is specially intended. The chief aim of the compiler has been to provide authorized devotions; clear, concise and accurate instructions on the doctrine and practices of our Holy Religion. Competent judges declare that in all these respects, this Manual is unequalled. It contains over 700 pages and forms a volume of very convenient size. Price 75c. Postage, 5c. extra.

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A noted playwright, in describing an unsuccessful play, said: "Why, one night during this company's western tour, the box office man was aroused from a nap in the middle of the first act by an odd sound.

"He yawned and looked out of the box, and there before him stood a little boy weeping bitterly. "What is the matter, my little one!" he asked. "The boy, holding up a check, said: "I want my money back!" "Why do you want your money back?" asked the box office man in surprise.

"Because," sobbed the boy, "I'm afraid to sit up in the gallery all alone."

BABY'S SMILE.

Baby's smile indicates that he is well and happy. It is only the sick child who is cross and restless. And the mother can depend upon it that when her baby cries he is not crying simply to be ugly—that is not his nature—he is crying because he is in pain—most probably his little stomach is out of order. The mother will find Baby's Own Tablets a never-failing cure for all the minor ailments of little ones. In the homes where the Tablets are used there are no cross, crying babies—nothing but bright, happy and playful babies—the kind that are a joy to the home. Mrs. Jos. Legree, Orangeton, N.Y., says: "At the time I sent for Baby's Own Tablets my little one was weak and falling. He would cry night and day, and I did not seem able to get anything to help him. After giving him the Tablets there was a great change, and he has since thrived finely." The Tablets are sold by druggists or by mail at 25 cents a box from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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L'AVENIR DU

A French Paper on... of Catho...

We print below a... to, and endorsed by... management of the Fr... L'Avenir du Nord, o... attacking those who... against the spoliation... sued by the French I... "The newspapers info... the pious conferees of... thinking of organizing... festation against the... eriment. It appears... members of the Noctur... and the Third Order... have also signified th... the adherence to the p... will, as a matter of f... the costume of their... the Irish-Americans si... their duty to seize... nity to manifest the se... animates them toward... of the French tongue, ... variably interested th... their misfortune... them as exiles, is as... ingratitude and all the... which humanity is hel... in fact, be understood... cannot be excused, fo... obliged to esteem I... But after all it was o... gave us life, and who... that even in her mista... not merit our love and... Ham was cursed with... candidates, so report... story, for having laugh... drunkenness, and the s... tell us that his brothe... Japhet merited cele... because they intervene... their father's nakednes... France for us if not a... mother, in spite of tin... whose memory keeps y... flame of hope and pa... which keeps alive thi... rican people, who do... all to die. Tell me, i... to disappear from the... cease to exist for us, y... same thing, how many... pass before this Franci... Quebec would be engulf... glo-Saxon furnace in... other element, disapp... a matter of fact, a... has somewhere address... tion to French-Canadi... their language the mor... judgment, it becomes a... to their religious faith... sons would then be ve... the recital of heroic s... dered by French patrio... would wrest from our... books of France, the b... savants, the poets, th... It is in English—th... that would learn of the... extermine, of Balzac, of... Pascal, of Victor Hug... and of Napoleon. O... not thy souvenirs pass... thousands of your sons... say? Two millions of... abandoned by thy king... off land seek to con... tine image in their h... these, dear old tricolor... of our persistent love... It was the same peop... to wrest from our han... flag who to-day seek t... people into a hostile... against the French Rep... time has passed when... dians will flock to th... listen to a Te Deum, ... and orphans weep on... the Seine. To-day, w... our eyes towards Fran... to insult her, but rath... honor. The friends of... nation will not be foun... the ranks of the process... will, on the contrary, ... selves on the sidewalk... the sad cortege as it p... shouts of Vive la Fran... The editor, underfoot... Hon. Jean Prevost, con... "It seems to us that

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L'AVENIR DU NORD.

A French Paper on Persecution of Catholics.

We print below a communication to, and endorsed by the editorial management of the French paper, L'Avenir du Nord, of St. Jerome, attacking those who are protesting against the spoliation policy pursued by the French Ministry.

The newspapers inform us that the pious confreres of Montreal are thinking of organizing a public manifestation against the French government. It appears also that the members of the Nocturnal Adoration and the Third Order of St. Francis have also signified their enthusiastic adherence to the project.

moment is a very inappropriate one to organize public manifestations protesting against France and her government. In fact, religious peace, thanks to the action of the episcopacy and the liberal policy of Minister Briand, looms up on the horizon in the French Republic.

The only comment that we care to make on this matter is that we are sincerely sorry that, even a portion of our co-religionists cannot rise to the occasion.

We are sorry that the godly banner of France, and the ungodly flag of the temporary Ministry of France cannot be dissociated.

We salute the flag of France when it is the emblem of freedom, justice and equality. But we cannot salute the flag of the Clemenceau ministry, soiled by persecution, infamy and hatred of Christianity.

SOCIETY NEWS.

ST. ANTHONY'S Y.M.C. St. Anthony's Young Men's Club have formed a dramatic section and will shortly present a play.

ST. ANTHONY'S JUVENILE T. A. & B. St. Anthony's Juvenile Total Abstinence and Benefit Society held a largely attended meeting on Sunday.

YOUNG LADIES OF ST. ANTHONY'S. The entertainment to be given by the Young Ladies of St. Anthony's on St. Patrick's Day is attracting considerable attention.

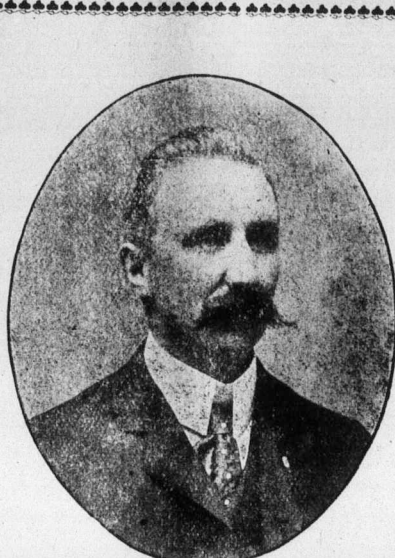
YOUNG IRISHMEN'S L. & B. ASSOCIATION. The grand concert under the auspices of the Young Irishmen's L. & B. Association at Stanley Hall on the evening of March 18th, bids fair to be a most pleasing event.

ST. PATRICK'S PARISH ENTERTAINMENT. A fine entertainment in honor of the anniversary of St. Patrick will be given at Stanley Hall, Stanley street, on Monday, March 18th, at 8.30 p.m.

The programme will consist of Irish musical airs and dances. A very enjoyable time is assured.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

General Order and Route of Procession.



ALD. THOS. O'CONNELL, Marshal-in-Chief.

Arrangements for St. Patrick's day are practically complete. It is expected that the parade this year will be the largest ever witnessed.

The societies participating will proceed direct from their respective halls at nine o'clock Monday morning, March 18th, to St. Patrick's Church, where High Mass will be celebrated at 9.30 o'clock.

After Mass the procession will form on Victoria Square, and proceed via Craig street, Papineau Avenue, St. Catherine and St. Alexander streets to St. Patrick's Hall.

Order of Procession. ALD. THOMAS O'CONNELL, MARSHAL-IN-CHIEF. BAND-FLAG

- 1. The Ancient Order of Hibernians. BAND
2. Congregation of St. Michael. BAND
3. The Congregation of St. Agnes

- 15. Congregation of St. Patrick. (not members of any Society)
16. Boys of St. Patrick Christian Brothers' Schools. BAND-FLAG
17. The Young Irishmen's Literary and Benefit Association. BAND-FATHER MATHEW BANNER
18. St. Patrick's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society. BAND-BANNER
19. The St. Patrick's Society. The Mayor and Invited Guests. The Clergy.

The sermon at St. Patrick's Church will be preached by Rev. Peter J. Heffernan, of St. Patrick's parish, and this selection is a guarantee of a forceful and eloquent oration.

The principle function of the day, after the Church services, will be the banquet at the Windsor Hotel. Mr. Frank J. Curran, the President of the Society, will preside, and among those who have promised to speak



REV. FATHER P. HEFFERNAN, Who Will Preach the Sermon on St. Patrick's Day.

- 4. The Congregation of St. Gabriel. (not members of any Society)
5. The St. Gabriel's Young Men's Society.
6. The St. Gabriel's Juvenile T. A. & B. Society.
7. The St. Gabriel Total Abstinence Benefit Society.
8. The Congregation of St. Anthony.
9. The Congregation of St. Mary. (not members of any Society) BAND-BANNER
10. St. Mary's Young Men's Society.
11. The Congregation of St. Ann. (not members of any Society)
12. St. Ann's Juvenile Temperance Society. BAND-FLAG
13. St. Ann's Young Men's Society. BAND-BANNER
14. St. Ann's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society. BAND-BANNER

are: Chief Justice Henri T. Taschereau, of the Court of King's Bench; Mr. Justice Curran, Hon. Rodolph Lemieux, Postmaster General, Mr. F. D. Monk, M.P., and Mr. J. P. Dunne, of Ottawa.

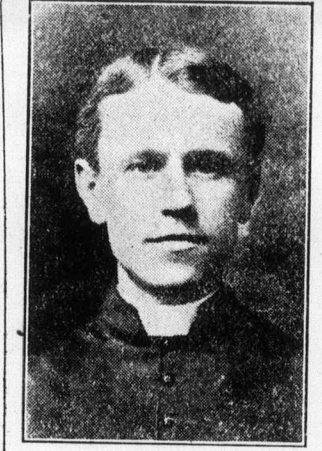


MR. F. J. CURRAN, President of St. Patrick's Society, Who Will Preside at the Banquet.

Memories of the Seven Hills

The illustrated lecture entitled "Memories of the Seven Hills," by Rev. Father Gerald J. McShane, S.S., D.D., given under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus, and in aid of their new home, at Nazareth Hall, Tuesday evening, was a most enjoyable and instructive treat.

The Rev. Father throughout had the closest attention of the magnificent audience which filled the hall. The entertainment was distinguished by the presence of His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi.



REV. GERALD McSHANE, S.S., D.D.

The lecture was a masterpiece, covering, as it did, all of interesting Rome. The splendid views had been personally procured by Father McShane, and in designing his lecture the Rev. Father, it would seem, left out nothing worthy of note in the Eternal City.

On account of the approach of Ireland's festival day, Father McShane interspersed some of the scenic gems and history of Erin, to the great delight of the audience. The lecture vividly portrayed the Appian Way, St. Peter's, the Vatican and the Holy Father in the Vatican gardens and the audience chambers, the famous sculptures and paintings; the Coliseum, the Catacombs, and in fact every place of interest in ancient and modern Rome.

Miss Mamie Babin, of Ottawa, gave some delightful renderings. In a contralto voice, clear and distinct, with unusual range, Miss Babin rendered as an opening number Dana's "Ave Maria," followed by "Meeting of the Waters," "Killarney," and a charming encore, "Jack and I," captivating the audience, which was of but one mind, that Miss Mamie Babin is the coming contralto vocalist of Canada.

For the Overworked—What are the causes of despondency and melancholy? A disordered liver is one cause and a prime one. A disordered liver means a disordered stomach and a disordered stomach means disturbance of the nervous system.

Have you tried Holloway's Corn Cure? It has no equal for removing these troublesome excrescences as many have testified who have tried it.

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

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

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

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

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

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

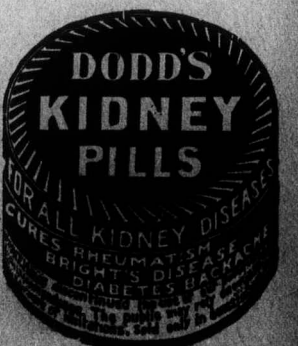
Pilgrimage To Rome.

If any of our readers or their families are contemplating a trip to Europe this coming summer, why not encourage and patronize the one connected by McGRANE'S CATHOLIC TOURS, 187 Broadway, New York City.

You would be sure of an Audience with our Holy Father, see Europe in a substantial manner, be in good company, and save money as against traveling independently.

St. Patrick's Day banquet in London

Mr. John E. Redmond, M.P., the leader of the Irish Party, has definitely accepted the invitation of the committee of arrangements to preside at the annual gathering of the Irish in London at the Hotel Cecil on March 18. The Most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, Bishop of Raphoe, Mr. John Dillon, M.P.; the Lord Mayor of Dublin, M.P.; and Mr. William Redmond, M.P., will also be present as guests.



### To The Young Man.

#### Keep at One Thing Everlastingly.

A man may starve on a dozen half learned trades or occupations, he may grow rich and famous upon one trade mastered, even though it be the humblest.

To succeed to-day a man must concentrate all the faculties of his mind upon one unswerving aim, and have a tenacity of purpose which means death or victory. Every other inclination which tempts him from his aim must be suppressed.

Know one thing thoroughly. Do something useful better than anyone else—have a specialty.

In these days of competition, concentration and specialists, the way to success is the straight road of a single purpose.

Even Gladstone, with his ponderous yet active brain declared that he could not do two things at once; he threw his entire strength upon whatever he did. The intense energy characterized everything he undertook, even his recreation. If such concentration of energy was necessary for the success of a Gladstone, what can we common mortals hope to accomplish by "scattering?"

Abraham Lincoln possessed such power of concentration that he could repeat quite correctly a sermon to which he had listened in his boyhood. Dr. O. W. Holmes, when an Andover student, riveted his eyes on the book he was studying as though he were reading a will that made him heir to a million.

It is the men who do one thing

in this world who come to the front. It is the man who never steps outside of his specialty or dissipates his individuality. It is an Edison, a Morse, a Bell, a Howe, a Stephenson a Watt. It is Adam Smith, spending ten years on the "Wealth of Nations." It is Gibbon, giving twenty years to his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." It is a Hume, writing thirteen hours a day on his "History of England." It is a Webster, spending thirty-six years on his dictionary. It is a Baneroff, working twenty-six years on his "History of the United States." It is a Field, crossing the ocean fifty times to lay a cable, while the world "ridicules." It is a Newton, writing his "Chronology of Ancient Nations" sixteen times. It is a Grant, who proposes to "fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." It is a St. Ignatius Loyola, training his religious like soldiers and concentrating his powers to do only what would be "for the greater glory of God." These are the men who have written their names prominently in the history of the world.

A one talent man who decides upon a definite object accomplishes more than the ten talent man who scatters his talent and his energies and never knows exactly what he will do. The weakest living creature, by concentrating his powers upon one thing, can accomplish something—the strongest by dispersing his over many may fail to accomplish anything. It is the one-sided man, the sharp-edged man, the man of single and intense purpose, who turns neither to the right nor the left, though a paradise tempt him, who cuts his way through obstacles and forges to

the front. What a beautiful spectacle it is to see a youth going straight to the goal, cutting his way through difficulties, and surmounting obstacles, which dishearten others, as though they were but stepping-stones.

No matter what comes to him, sickness, poverty, disaster, he never turns his eye from his goal, and, sooner or later, he is certain to reach it.

#### Memorial to Staunch Land Leaguer.

The memorial to Matthew Harris, just unveiled by Mr. John Dillon, M.P., recalls the prominent part played by Matthew Harris in the days of the Land League. Long before Mr. Davitt raised the banner of the "Land for the People," at Irish-town, Matthew Harris had realized the necessity for some popular organization in which the tenants might combine to fight the power of the landlords and subsequently when the Land League was started he was one of the first to throw in his lot with Mr. Davitt and at once proved himself a stalwart and untiring comrade.

Of the many gifted speakers of those times, none could find his way more surely to the hearts of an Irish audience than Matthew Harris. His command of direct and homely eloquence, which was really remarkable, won the unstinted admiration of the Parnell Commission. Matthew Harris suffered many terms of imprisonment. In 1885 he was unanimously elected for East Galway, which he represented in Parliament until his death, a few years later.

#### WEAK TIED WOMEN

How many women there are that get no relief from sleep. They wake in the morning and feel tired than when they went to bed.

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

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#### Chinese Carmelites.

It is not generally known that there are some Chinese Carmelite nuns. At Saigon, the capital of French Cochinchina, is the Carmelite convent of St. Joseph, which, with its humble chapel, is surrounded by mango and tamarind trees. The daughters of St. Teresa in this poor monastery are, for the most part, Annamite women, who have given up their cheerful family life, so dear to them, to follow the crucified Jesus, who was formerly unknown to them and persecuted by their ancestors. Recently three young Annamite girls were received into the community.

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#### SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

**ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY—**Established March 6th, 1856; incorporated 1863; revised 1840. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P.; President, Mr. F. J. Curran; 1st Vice-President, W. P. Kearney; 2nd Vice, E. J. Quine; Treasurer, W. Durack; Corresponding Secretary, W. J. Crowe; Recording Secretary, T. P. Taney.

**ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY**—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 Alexander street, at 3:30 p.m. Committee of Management meets in same hall on the first Tuesday of every month, at 8 p.m. Rev. Director, Rev. Jas. Kiloran; President, J. P. Gunning; Rec. Sec., M. J. O'Donnell, 412 St. Paul street.

**C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 288**—Organized 13th November, 1888. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, every 2nd and 4th Thursday of each month for the transaction of business, at 8 o'clock. Officers—Spiritual Adviser, Rev. J. P. Killoran; Chancellor, J. M. Kennedy; President, W. A. Hodgson; 1st Vice-President, J. T. Stevens; 2nd Vice-President, M. E. Gahan; Recording Secretary, R. M. J. Dolan, 16 Overdale ave. Financial Secretary, J. J. Costigan, 504 St. Urbain street; Treasurer, F. J. Sears; Marshall, M. J. O'Regan; Guard, James Callahan. Trustees, D. J. McGillis, John Walsh, T. R. Stevens, W. F. Wall and James Cahill. Medical Officers—Dr. H. J. Harrison, Dr. J. O'Connor, Dr. Merrill, Dr. W. A. L. Styles and Dr. J. Curran.

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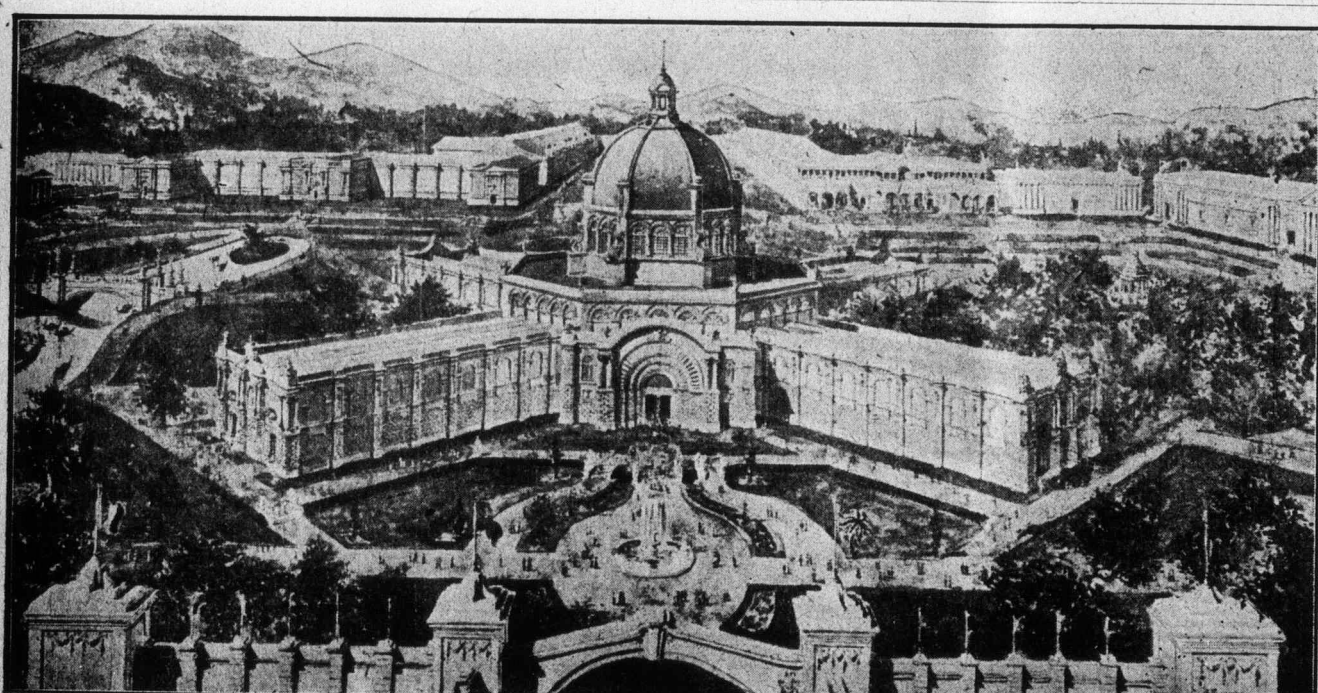
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GENERAL VIEW OF THE IRISH INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, DUBLIN, IRELAND, TO BE HELD FROM MAY 1 TO NOVEMBER 1, 1907.

#### The Mourner.

(Published by Request.)

Out o' bed of a mornin' was Mary McCroal,  
Before ever a sunbeam had cut its first caper.  
An' had fetched from her doorstep her bit of a roll  
An' her wee jar o' milk an' her mornin' newspaper,  
Then, the while she was wettin' her kittle o' tay,  
She'd the paper forin'at her ould specks as she read  
What she held "the importantest news o' the day"—  
An' that same was no more nor the list o' the dead.  
She could aisy wait fur the tite an' the sup,  
But the hunger fur news she could never control,  
Readin' wan colyme down an' the nixt colyme up,  
Till: "Here's wan at St. Ann's," cried ould Mary McCroal,  
"May the Lord rest his soul!"

She'd make way wid her tay in two minytes or less,  
An' she'd ready the table an' lay the cloth on it,  
An' she'd deck herself out in her daint black dress  
An' her cashymere shawl an' her ould velvet bonnet.  
Then 'twas off at a trot to the Church o' St. Ann—  
To be there when the corpse an' the mourners come in.  
Shure, what odds if she never had heard o' the man,  
Nor had knowledge at all of a wan of his kin?  
Faix, 'twas little, in'—ie, that the

corpse needed care,  
An' no bar to his soul on the way to its goal.  
If no wan o' the mourners 'there howlin' in prayer  
Prayed as strong or as long as ould Mary McCroal:  
"May the Lord rest his soul!"

Ye might canvass the parish: not wan on the list—  
Not a wan—but would tell ye he couldn't remember  
Any funeral mass that he'd knowed her to miss.  
Under roses o' June or in snows o' December;  
An' there's some that'd smile, recollectin' the sight  
Of a red flannel petticoat, aye! an' a show  
Of a daint clone stockin', ould fashioned an' white,  
Whiskin' over the graves in the dust or the snow,  
There was some might have said:  
Wid a shake o' the head,  
She was jist an ould crow. But ye'd find, on the whole,  
Not a wan o' them all, when they burfed their dead.

But was glad o' the prayers of ould Mary McCroal,  
May the Lord rest her soul!  
Aye! "The Lord rest her soul," Ah, the church was so bare  
When she lay there the day, fur the mourners were few,  
But, shure, why should she care that the only wans there  
Were the sexton, the priest, an ould woman or two?  
An' what odds if the prayers at her passin' were brief  
As the rids to the grave, when those prayers had been said?  
An' what need was there here fur the trappin's o' grief?

Fur, shure, death was a joy to this friend o' the dead.  
Ah! 'tis well to believe that the prayers that she prayed  
Fur the many before her who shared of her dole,  
They have gathered together an' woven an' made  
As a ladder o' light fur ould Mary McCroal.  
May the Lord rest her soul!  
—Catholic Standard and Times.

#### A WARNING TO CONVENTS.

We understand, says the London Tablet, that a person giving the name of Ricardo Montella, and styling himself "Cure Doyen," has been writing from Madrid to certain convents in England informing them that they have been named as legatees for a considerable sum under the will of (variously) Williams, Greggs, and Harley, an Englishman who is stated to have made a fortune in North America and died in Madrid. He informs the convent that he is the executor of the will, and is temporarily short of money to enable him to prove it, and he asks for a remittance. The British vice-consul was written to, and the correspondence was sent to him in order that enquiries might be made, and the report which he gives shows that it is a well-known swindle which has secured many victims, and we, therefore, think it our duty to call the attention of our readers to it.

We warn the readers of the True Witness, also, against this swindler, for it is not unlikely he will try his scheme in Canada.

Use the safe, pleasant and effectual worm killer, Mother Graves' Worm Extirminator; nothing equals it. Procure a bottle and take it home.

FOR Dyspepsia or Weak Digestion DRINK St. Leon Mineral Water after each meal. For Constipation take it before breakfast



Drink, weary Pilgrim, drink, I say, St. Leon drives all ills away.

#### St. Leon Water Co.

21 Craig St. East, - Montreal

#### LAWRENCE RILEY

PLASTERER  
Successor to John Riley. Established in 1849. All kinds promptly attended to. Estimates furnished. Postal orders attended to.

15 Paris St., Point St. Charles.

"Andy," said Julia Reil, brother-in-law, Andrew, M. the christening party man the street; "Andy, don't before the priest about it. Andy looked defiance at but further discussion was by their arrival at the house. It was well for Andy the slippery-ton did not have more time upon his softened mood. have persuaded him to rep name of Honora altogether accepted Gorianna though feeling of guilt, and now, in the office waiting the Father Doyle, his heart him with a thousand reason sanctioning the assumption a name. The entrance of at this critical moment his mind all method of a tion and cast an indef upon him. What would such a name? Ah, there asking the question.

"What name are you go her, Andy?" "Yes, father," Andy his heart beating wildly a to deter the humiliating "What name, I asked?" tured the amused priest as "Oh, the name! Yes, for, after me—father—name." The priest wrote it down gave the excited Andy a n enough, he had forgotten name!

"That's the first name, me wife wants a second "Well, what is it?" as priest, looking up. The look disconcerted A lips seemed to struggle w thing, and then he blu "Honora Gorianna."

Father Doyle almost drop, and a faint smile sho his face—a smile that An was leveled at him for his calling the child such an name. "It isn't me, Father Dc protested, in self-excus women. They would hav pushed me to give it, blame you if you refuse t Father Doyle continued but wrote down the name, his heart he agreed with sense Andy. So the child was baptiz her father drew a sigh o the door closed behind th knew you'd make a fool o said bitterly, "To bring the priest and cover me w fusion and disgrace. But it no further. I'll never o child anything but Nora, the rest of you, if I'm to in my own house." And Andy kept his word as we shall see later on.

Honora Gorianna grew youngsters grow, For litt as he called her, Andy ha a future of unalloyed bliss.

already picked out the parlour where, in the near f child would be drumming s a fine big square piano th in his mind's eye. With view, he applied himself ever to his daily toil, for of the first child had tau the great lesson of providin future of the charge that k true, child-like faith, believ had entrusted to him. Mo over was he a home man, c in the company of his wife and refraining from the cro was happiest over the bott

Everything that Andy had become on the instant gold, built a new house, one of t in town, and ten times bett boasted, than the O'Brien This fact alone would have more settled head than An not so with him. He was st tentious Andy, respected on for his honesty, and above his democratic manners, de money. Mrs. Andy, howev more prone to social asp and felt in duty bound to the honor of the noble fam by the assumption of airs q variance with her meagre e Andy noticed this shortly a had moved into his new pa had been contented where b but Mrs. Andy had nagged till, in sheer desperation h have peace at home, he fol her every desire in building a date mansion, of which she v tremely proud, and he s ashamed, except for the fact

Gloriana McGinnis.

"Andy," said Julia Reilly to her brother-in-law, Andrew McGinnis, as the christening party marched up the street; "Andy, don't raise a row before the priest about the name."

Andy looked defiance and disgust, but further discussion was prevented by their arrival at the parochial house. It was well for Andy's principles that the slippery-tongued Julia did not have more time to work upon his softened mood. She might have persuaded him to repudiate the name of Honora altogether. He had accepted Gloriana though with a feeling of guilt, and now, as he sat in the office waiting the coming of Father Doyle, his heart reproached him with a thousand reasons against sanctioning the assumption of such a name. The entrance of the priest at this critical moment drove from his mind all method of argumentation and cast an indefinite fear upon him. What would he say to such a name? Ah, there he was asking the question.

"What name are you going to give her, Andy?"

"Yes, father," Andy stammered, his heart beating wildly as he strove to defer the humiliating moment.

"What name, I asked?" kindly ventured the amused priest again.

"Oh, the name! Yes, father, Honora, after me—father—mother—I mean."

The priest wrote it down. Julia gave the excited Andy a nudge. Sure enough, he had forgotten the second name!

"That's the first name, father. An' me wife wants a second one."

"Well, what is it?" asked the priest, looking up.

The look disconcerted Andy. His lips seemed to struggle with something, and then he blurted out "Honora Gloriana."

Father Doyle almost dropped his pen, and a faint smile showed upon his face—a smile that Andy felt was leveled at him for his folly in calling the child such an outlandish name.

"It isn't me, Father Doyle," he protested, in self-excite. "It's them women. They would have it, an' pushed me to give it. I don't blame you if you refuse to take it."

Father Doyle continued to smile, but wrote down the name, though in his heart he agreed with common-sense Andy.

So the child was baptized, and her father drew a sigh of relief as the door closed behind them. "I knew you'd make a fool of me," he said bitterly. "To bring me before the priest and cover me with confusion and disgrace. But you'll carry it no further. I'll never call the child anything but Nora, nor will the rest of you, if I'm to be master in my own house."

And Andy kept his word heroically as we shall see later on.

Honora Gloriana grew as all youngsters grow. For little Nora, as he called her, Andy had planned a future of unalloyed bliss. He had already picked out the place in the parlor where, in the near future, the child would be drumming scales on a fine big square piano that he had in his mind's eye. With this end in view, he applied himself more than ever to his daily toil, for the advent of the first child had taught him the great lesson of providing for the future of the charge that he, in his true, child-like faith, believed God had entrusted to him. More than ever was he a home man, delighting in the company of his wife and child and refraining from the crowd that was happiest over the bottle.

Everything that Andy had touched became on the instant gold. He had built a new house, one of the finest in town, and ten times better, he boasted, than the O'Brien mansion. This fact alone would have turned a more settled head than Andy's. But not so with him. He was still unpretentious Andy, respected on all sides for his honesty, and above all, for his democratic manners, despite his money. Mrs. Andy, however, was more prone to social aspirations, and felt in duty bound to preserve the honor of the noble family name by the assumption of a girl quite at variance with her meagre education. Andy noticed this shortly after he had moved into his new palace. He had been contented where he was, but Mrs. Andy had nagged at him till, in sheer desperation and to have peace at home, he followed out her every desire in building an up-to-date mansion, of which she was extremely proud, and he supremely ashamed, except for the fact before

stated, that it beat the residence of the O'Briens.

With the abundance of ridicule and the counter efforts of Andy in calling the little girl Nora whenever he had a chance, Gloriana soon lapsed from popularity and finally became a bit of ancient history, and when Honora Gloriana was conducted to school for the first time, her name was entered on the books as plain Norie McGinnis, with not even an initial letter to mark the ruin of the glory that had been, and even when she entered the high school she was still Norie McGinnis, the girl that sang like a nightingale and played the piano like Paderewski. Honora Gloriana, however, was not satisfied with signing herself in this sweet, romantic manner. Her dear girl friends, who, needless to say, were legion, and, much to Andy's disgust, nearly all "high-toned Yanks," were persuaded to address her in fond familiarity as Glory. This, he it said, was all foreign ground, never within the democratic companionship of Papa McGinnis.

So went the struggle for style till the great night of Norie's graduation. It was a proud night for Andy. Norie was going to sing a French song—she was the only soloist in the class, a fact which delighted Andy still more. After that she was going to read an essay on "The Nebulous Phenomena." He was gratified to think that a daughter of his knew so much about things that he had never heard of, and he pictured to himself the great sensation she would make with a French song and that essay. He could hardly be blamed for feeling quite elated as he proudly marched down the aisle of the Town Hall, with Mrs. Andy by his side. They were somewhat late, but she had caused delay on the plan that the distinguished are never on time, and, moreover, she was wearing a glorious creation made especially for this night at such an expense that every one must see it. Of course, only a late arrival could accomplish this.

They were seated just as the piano struck up a march to accompany the graduates to the stage, and Andy, with a contented smile on his face, turned around to get a glimpse of the fair procession, and especially Norie. But a reprimand from his very correct consort re-directed his face to the front. Ah, there she was leading off the march with the Mayor's son! She was handsome, the handsomest there, Andy knew, and this was a joy to his heart. The programme began, but he paid little attention to the speakers. The heavy essay which a fair girl was sending forth as a message to the world on the subject "Time is Money," seemed very puerile to him. What did she know about the nebulous phenomena? What did she know about French songs? Wait till Nora stood up with a voice like a thrush's and that girl with the essay on "Time is Money" would be sorry that she ever graduated.

"She is going to sing now," whispered Mrs. Andy, and Andy craned his neck to see how she looked on the stage.

"The next number on our programme," announced the master of ceremonies, "is a French song by Miss N. Gloriana McGinnis."

Andy's face assumed a look of surprise, then indignation, then anger.

"What did he call her?" he said to Mrs. Andy.

"N. Gloriana. It's that way on the programme."

"It's all your fault, woman. Let me out of this."

"Be quiet. Where are you going? Listen to her. She's singing."

"I don't give a hang," said Andy. "She's disgraced me. Let me out, I say."

All eyes were turned upon Andy, for he had taken no pains to moderate his expression of wrath. Mrs. Andy heard the subdued laughter about her, and her face was flushed with shame. But that did not subdue her husband. He took his hat and started for the door, while Mrs. Andy became deeply interested in the programme, to the accompaniment of a French song of the unflinching Gloriana.

"N. Gloriana," he muttered angrily, "N.G., that's what it is, an' they're all N.G. It's too many airs they're gettin'. But this is the end. I'll show them that Andy McGinnis is boss, an' that he'll have no upstarts in his house."

While he waited for the return of the women his anger increased in

proportion, and he flashed indignant glances at them as they entered the house with enough flowers in their arms to stock a good-sized greenhouse. They had trembled all the way home in fear of papa's indignation, but they were hurt most by the fact that his rude behavior before such a crowd would be the talk of the town and bring eternal opprobrium upon them.

"Aren't they lovely?" said the sweet girl graduate, holding out a bunch of roses by way of an attempt to soften his wrath.

"No, they ain't," said he tartly; "they're glorious gloriannous. So you did the dirty work on the old man, did you? An' now the old man'll work it back on you. You pack up as soon as you like. You'll move back to the old house. I'm going to sell this place."

"Andy!"

"Papa!"

But the imploring voice smote upon a hardened ear.

"Papa," he sneered. "Call your old man father. I gave ye all ye wanted, an' now ye repay me by bein' upstarts. Pretty soon ye'll be changin' the name of McGinnis. Ye're ashamed of me because I'm an ignorant Irishman, but I'll give ye cause to be ashamed on me. Go on now, no more talk. Ye'll pick me up in the mornin'. Go on now, I say."

The two women retreated, but not in joy. There was a heavy weight upon their hearts. Oh, the awfulness of it! What would people say? Go back to the old cottage and leave this fine palace?

Early in the morning he rapped on the door of Miss Gloriana's room. She called it her boudoir.

"Get up with you. The movin' wagon's outside."

"Father," she called in desperation; "come here!"

Andy heard the voice and turned back.

"What is it?" he asked sharply.

"Come in."

The indignant papa, the iron ruler, entered and was immediately assailed with feminine argument. The face of the sweet girl graduate of last night was new-learned and pained in expression. In his heart Andy was sorry for her, but still unrelenting. She threw herself at his feet and, grasping his hand, poured out a torrent of invocation. She would never do it again; no, never, never. She would do this, she would do that. The promises came so fast Andy lost count of them. Like an immovable judge he stood.

"Will you promise never to use that name again?"

"Yes, oh yes," interspersed with sobs.

"Will you promise to leave off yer high-toned airs?"

"Yes, oh yes," interspersed with tears.

"Will you promise to do as I tell you about the company you keep, an' so on?"

"Yes, father."

"Well, thin," decided Andy. "If so I won't be too hard on you. You needn't pack up this time. But (it was an awful but) if ever again you know what that means, I'll go now an' send away the movers, but—go on now an' tell it all to yer high-toned mother. I'll have a word with her by-an'-by meself."

With the same dignity wherewith he had entered he now left the room. But when the door closed behind him the dignity dissolved, and a broad smile illuminated the face of the democratic Andy.—St. Patrick's.

### Irishman May Build Panama Canal.

Will an Irishman build the Panama canal? It looks like it. The lowest bidder on the contract is John Oliver, a Southern contractor. The Washington authorities doubted Oliver's ability to carry out so big a task. So Oliver hastened to the New York financiers for aid.

Mr. Thomas F. Ryan took up the project. As a result, a company has been formed to build the canal and at its head is John B. McDonald, builder of the New York subway, and probably the greatest of living contracting engineers. Two other Irish contractors are on the list of incorporators, P. J. Brennan, of Washington, D.C., and Mr. Patrick Walsh, of Davenport, Ia.

If the work of building the canal is let to private parties, and it undoubtedly will be, the company headed by Mr. John B. McDonald will do the work. And thus the most stupendous engineering contract in history will be handled by an American immigrant from the Emerald Isle.

### THE BUILDER OF NEW YORK'S SUBWAY.

Mr. John B. McDonald is a living refutation of the statement that the Irish lack practicability, are wanting in constructive ability. He is a big man of wonderful executive ability. Engineering projects of extraordinary difficulty, which appal lesser men, are what McDonald has made his name and fame on. His construction of the \$50,000,000 subway under New York City fixed his fame throughout the world.

John Bartholomew McDonald is just sixty years old, but he doesn't look it. He is a trifle below the medium height, with a deep chest and broad shoulders that stoop slightly. His whole appearance is one of strength and his every movement betrays a catlike suppleness and intensity of purpose. His arms are long and muscular and his hands big, with strong fingers and thumbs, show how he earned the right to talk of hard labor. His Irish origin manifests itself in the formation of his head. The forehead is slanting, but full over the quiet, shrewd, kind hazel eyes, which are shaded by bristling brows of sandy gray.

The biographies and the men who write sketches of people have McDonald labelled as a railroad contractor. Well, he is, but he is something else. He makes destinies; he builds bridges of life, and his controlling hand opens and shuts the arteries of commerce and of industry so effectively that he may really be said to control life; at least one vastly important and vital phase of life.

Mr. McDonald was born in Ireland and he is now in his sixty-second year. He came early to this country with his parents, and first began to attract metropolitan attention when, as a young man in the building business, he essayed the role of tunnelling and built the Vanderbilt tunnels north of Forty-second street.

### OTHER BUILDING FEATS.

Immediately he began a systematic series of building feats which placed him among the leading engineers of the country, and won a material success for him which he has ever since maintained. The career of achievement which he then started, he did not finish until he topped it all with the gigantic feat of building the New York subway, and superintended the construction of the great rapid transit system of the metropolis.

To illustrate the geography of his accomplishments, a few of his most noted works may be mentioned. After he had proven his ability by erecting the Vanderbilt tunnels in New York, he was called north. Canada wanted his genius, and Canada received it, and paid him royally for it. The Canadian Pacific railroad is the one complete artery in the railroad system of the country which taps both ends and the middle effectively. To complete the efficiency of that great system the directors called upon the contractor, McDonald, and the tunnel of the Georgian branch of that road was his solution of a very knotty transportation problem. From Canada he went South, and in 1891 he began the work on the tunnel under the city of Baltimore which connects the Baltimore & Ohio road at the Baltimore Belt line system. He likewise built a tunnel on the route of the B. & O. from Philadelphia to Baltimore, and built one on the line from Elgin, Ill., to Dodgeville, Wis. All of these details would be mightily irrelevant save to illustrate that the man has left his trade mark and monument in almost every part of the country.

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See that your feet are properly protected against dampness.

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A. & B. 80- second Sun- in St. Patrick's street, at 3.30 of Management hall on the first month, at 8 Rev. Jas. Kil- J. P. Gunning; O'Donnell, 412 St.

DA, BRANCH 28 November, 1883. ick's Hall, 92 St. every 2nd and each month for business, at 8 -Spiritual Ad- Killoran; Chan- nedly; President, Vice-President, ording Secretary, 6 Overdale ave., J. J. C. Co- bain street; Treas- s: Marshall, M. d. James Cal- D. J. McGinnis, Stevens, W. F. Cahill. Medical Harrison, Dr. Merrill, Dr. W. Dr. J. Curran.

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### Women Suffer Agonies from Kidney Trouble

#### GIN PILLS CURE THEM

There is Mrs. Ripley, for instance. She suffered terribly with her back. It ached, ached, ached—all the time. Even in bed, it seemed as if she could not get easy. It finally became so bad that housework was impossible.

She certainly was a discouraged woman when she began to take GIN PILLS. And there isn't a happier, healthier woman in the Dominion than this same Mrs. Ripley to-day.

Williamsdale East, May 9th. I cannot refrain from writing you the benefits I have received from GIN PILLS. Before I had taken GIN PILLS I suffered dreadfully with my back, and had suffered for twenty years. I have tried almost everything but got no relief until I got "GIN PILLS."

I have taken six boxes and now I have not the sign of a pain or an ache in my back. I am now 45 and feel as well as I ever did in my life. There is nothing can hold a place with GIN PILLS for pains in the back to which women are subject. Yours truly,  
 MRS. MELLANOR F. RIPLEY.

Mrs. Ripley had serious Kidney Trouble. And the sick kidneys were making her back ache—were giving her those splitting headaches—were sapping her strength—and dragging her down. GIN PILLS really saved her life. GIN PILLS cured her kidneys. She has been well ever since. GIN PILLS are a grand medicine for women.

Try them at our expense. Mention this paper when writing and we will send you a free sample so you can see for yourself just what GIN PILLS will do for you. The Bole Drug Co., Winni-peg, Man. GIN PILLS 91 50c. a box—6 for \$2.50. At all dealers.

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The Mother Superior of the Bourgeois Academy writes:  
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Yours truly, MOTHER SUPERIOR.

has been for upwards of a quarter of a century mayor of St. Hyacinthe and since 1878 has been president of the Bank of St. Hyacinthe, and has been prominent in many of the industries of that district. A life-long Liberal, he was frequently asked to enter public life, but steadily refused until the general elections of 1907, when he was elected to the local Legislature. He has also been for some years president of the local St. Jean Baptiste Society.

**CANADIAN PACIFIC**  
**CHEAP RATES**

Second Class from Montreal March 1st to April 30th, 1907.

**\$48.60** —Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle, Tacoma, Washington and Portland, Ore.  
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35 DRESSERS and STANDS, made of Hardwood, finished in Imperial Oak finish; Dressers fitted with 14x24 bevelled mirror, 3 large drawers. Combination Washstands. The two pieces are worth \$13.50; our reduced price to ..... **\$11.75**

18 DINING TABLES, made of Hardwood, 6 heavy turned legs, top extends to 6 feet, strong and well made and worth \$6.25. Reduced to each ..... **\$4.60.**

100 DINING CHAIRS, made of Elm, finished golden oak finish, fancy embossed carved backs, strong and well made and worth 90c. Reduced to ..... **66c**

Gardien de la Sa  
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Feb 19 1907  
Assemblée Législative  
Vol. A DA

**ITEMS OF INTEREST**

**ACKNOWLEDGMENT.**

We beg to acknowledge for missionary in India the following:

Napper Tandy ..... \$5.00  
Miss Anastasia Cleary  
Glen Eden, Ont ..... 2.00  
Michael Cleary  
Glen Eden, Ont ..... 1.00

**ORPHANS' GIFT TO FUND.**

One of the prettiest of the many touching incidents in connection with the Children's Memorial Fund for Miss Maxwell occurred last week, when fifty-two of the orphan children from St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum, twenty-six boys and twenty-six girls, marshalled by Mr. Barney Tansley, walked into the Star Office on St. James street, and each gave 25 cents towards the memorial.

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is an unparalleled remedy for colds, coughs, influenza and diseases of the throat and lungs. The fame of the medicine rests upon years of successful use in eradicating these affections, and in protecting mankind from the fatal ravages of consumption, and as a neglected cold leads to consumption, one cannot be too careful to fight it in its early stages. Bickle's Syrup is the weapon, use it.

**FATHER HARTY ARRIVES HOME**

Father Harty and Father Finucane, who spent some time in the United States and Canada in the interest of the O'Connell Memorial Church at Cahirovee, have arrived home, and were given a most cordial welcome. On the arrival at Cahirovee of the two priests, they were met at the station by practically all the residents of the town, headed by the local band. The crowd escorted them to the rectory, where both travelers made addresses, and were showered with greetings and congratulations. Father Harty spoke of the generosity of the Irish in America, and also lauded their piety.

**MARIEVILLE COLLEGE AND A NEW DIOCESE.**

A recent visit of Archbishop Bruchesi and members of the municipal council and of the school board of St. Johns, Que., to Marieville, has added greatly to the interest taken in the question as to whether the recently burned college at Marieville will be constructed in the same locality. It is now rumored that the creation of a new diocese, with St. Johns as the episcopal seat, is contemplated, and the name of the Rev. Cagon Lemieux, superior of the Marieville college, is mentioned as the first Bishop of that new diocese. The transfer of the college to St. Johns would also seem probable.

**LENTEN SERMON AT ST. JAMES.**

Sunday evening, at St. James Cathedral, Rev. Canon Gauthier, continuing his Lenten discourses, asked if from an intellectual point of view Protestantism surpasses Catholicism. This idea of Protestant superiority in the intellectual field, he said, started among the French people in 1801 when the Institute of France appeared to answer the re-establishment of the Catholic religion by crowning a book entitled "An Essay on the Spirit and Influence of the Reformation." The same arguments were re-asserted after the Franco-Prussian war in 1870, and again in 1899 after the Spanish American war. They say that this superiority is based on the self-denial and submission of Catholics, while Protestantism is based on liberty and progress.

Touching on free thought and unlimited license in matters of dogma, the preacher claimed that as in history, medicine and mathematics we are not free to believe what we like, so doctrinal subjects should have their limitations.

**A SPRING NEED.**

**Weak, Tired and Depressed People Need a Tonic to Put the Blood Right.**

Spring blood is bad blood. Indoor life during the winter months is responsible for weak, watery, impure blood. You need a tonic to build up the blood in spring just as much as the trees need new sap to give them vitality for the summer. In the spring bad blood shows itself in many ways. In some it breeds pimples and eruptions. In others it may be through occasional headaches, a variable appetite, perhaps twinges of neuralgia, or rheumatism, or a lazy feeling in the morning and a desire to avoid exertion. For these spring ailments it is a tonic you need, and the greatest blood-making, health-giving tonic in all the world is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every dose helps to make new, rich, red, health-giving blood, which reaches every nerve and every organ in the body, bringing health, strength and energy to weak, despondent, ailing men and women. Here is proof. Mrs. Geo. Merritt, Sandy Cove, N.S., says: "I was weak, feeling miserable and terribly run down. The doctor whom I consulted said the trouble was anaemia, but he did not help me. A friend advised me to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and it is simply impossible for me to over-estimate the good they have done me. I shall always recommend them to ailing friends."

But if you want new health you must get the genuine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People manufactured in Canada at Brockville, Ont. Other, so-called pink pills are fraudulent imitations. The genuine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all reputable medicine dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

**GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM**  
**REDUCED FARES**

In effect from March 1st to April 30 1907.

Second Class Colonist Fares from Montreal to

SEATTLE, TACOMA, VICTORIA, VANCOUVER and PORTLAND ..... **\$48.60**  
ROSSLAND, NELSON, TRAIL, ROSSNO, SPOKANE ..... **\$46.10**  
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COLORADO SPRINGS, DENVER, PUEBLO ..... **\$45.50**  
SAN FRANCISCO, LOS ANGELES ..... **\$49.00**

Low Rates to many other points.

**CITY TICKET OFFICES**  
127 St. James Street, Telephone Main 466 & 461, or Bonaventure Station

some sixty children from the St. Joseph's Orphanage and the young lady boarders of the Rideau street convent were present in the church. Solemn High Mass of Requiem was celebrated by the Rector, Rev. Father Sloan, attended by deacon and sub-deacon, whilst the Rev. Fathers Poli, O.M.I., and Bouillon assisted in the sanctuary. The floral, and especially the spiritual offerings, the latter numbering 151 masses, were as follows: Mr. M. F. Walsh, Mrs. S. Bingham, Miss Logue, Mrs. Goodwin, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Heney, Mrs. A. Hunter, Mrs. A. Devlin, Mr. and Mrs. Grant Boyden, Miss C. Bingham, Master Raymond Casey, Mr. R. J. Sims, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Sims, Miss M. Devlin, Mrs. J. D. Harris, Mrs. A. E. McCann, Miss Margaret Hunter, Mr. H. J. Sims, Mrs. McEvilla, Mrs. R. O'Reilly, Miss Bookerville, Mr. Edward Devlin, Mrs. Bruce Boyd, Sisters and Orphans of St. Joseph's Home, Rev. Father Bouillon, Mrs. D. Behan, Miss Griffith, Mr. N. Belanger, Mr. H. Belanger, Sister St. Cecile (Mattawa), Madam Taillon, Mrs. Costigan, Mrs. Byrne, Dr. Sheehan, Mr. McGarvey, Mr. and Mrs. McCaskill.

**THE LATE SISTER ST. GILBERT**

Sister St. Gilbert, of the Hull Convent, who has just died in the Transponte city, was well known in Ottawa and Buckingham, where she had been located as a teacher at different times. She leaves five sisters, all nuns, and two brothers, one of whom is a priest, to mourn her loss. Sister St. Gilbert had been a nun for fifteen years, and her death is the first that has occurred in the Hull convent.

**CAPTAIN ST. ONGE.**

Death came suddenly Sunday to an old sailor of the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Company's service, Captain Joseph St. Onge. He was attending mass at the chapel of the Hospital for Incurables, at Notre Dame de Grace, where he had been spending a couple of weeks on account of heart trouble, which had bothered him more than usual of late. He was preparing to receive Holy Communion, but just before the time came for that ceremony he was seen to fall over, and when help reached him he had breathed his last. The funeral took place on Wednesday at Lachine.

**MR. ZOTIQUE LEFEBVRE.**

A well-known newspaper man of this city passed away Monday morning in the person of Mr. Zotique Lefebvre, a member of the staff of La Presse, and connected with journalism in this city for many years. The cause of death was pneumonia, and he succumbed after an illness of only two weeks. He was in his forty-seventh year, and leaves a wife and four children. The funeral took place on Wednesday from the residence of his brother, Mr. Albert Lefebvre, 411 Frontenac street, to the Church of St. Eusebius.

**HON. C. E. CASGRAIN.**

Hon. Charles E. Casgrain, who had been ill for some time, and who underwent an operation at Windsor, Ontario, some weeks ago, died at 1.30 p.m. on Friday last at the advanced age of 82 years.

He was the son of the late Hon. Charles E. Casgrain, who was educated at the College of St. Anne's, Que., afterwards taking a medical course at McGill University, where he graduated C.M., M.D., in 1851. He practised in Detroit until 1856,

**NEW ORGAN WAS INAUGURATED.**

At the seminary of philosophy took place last week the inauguration of a new organ. His Lordship Bishop Racicot, auxiliary Bishop of Montreal, presided, first at a scientific examination in which the students demonstrated some of the subjects which are comprised in the curriculum. Afterwards the new organ which depends upon electricity for its motive power, and contains some most ingenious mechanical novelties that make the task of the organist easier, was heard to advantage when Mr. B. Poirier, a former pupil of the seminary and now organist and professor of music at Montreal College, rendered several classical selections in masterly style. Among the pieces executed were a fugue by Bach and a Mendelssohn sonata which brought out the fine qualities of the organ.

**A TEMPERANCE LESSON SUGGESTED BY THE RECENT HOHELAGA DISASTER.**

The recent appalling tragedy of the Hochelaga School has suggested to Mr. Paul de Puy, a most earnest apostle on behalf of temperance. Writing to the Patrie, he gives a graphic description of the poor children lying powerless in the burning furnace, with the crowd around crying for the salvage appliances.

Establishing then a comparison, he points out that we witness every day the ravages of another terrible fire—the fire of alcohol—that destroys, right before our eyes, the reason of individuals and the happiness of families. The poor victims, he says, seem powerless to save themselves, and those around offer no help but the remark "He is a drunkard."

The letter concludes with an appeal to all those who can exercise any influence to employ their best efforts towards saving their unfortunate brethren who are burning in the furnace of alcoholism.

**SUCCESSOR TO LATE SIR WILLIAM HINGSTON.**

A despatch from Ottawa states that at Saturday's Cabinet meeting Mr. G. C. Desaulles, of Ste. Hyacinthe, was appointed to the Senate to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the late Sir William Hingston.

Mr. George Casimir Desaulles, the new Senator, is the son of the late Hon. Jean Desaulles, Seigneur of Ste. Hyacinthe, and is descended on the mother's side by the famous patriot, Papineau. Mr. Desaulles, after finishing his primary education, studied for the bar, but has not practiced that profession. He

**ROME WILL CELEBRATE.**

The celebration in 1911 of the fiftieth anniversary of the proclamation of Rome as the capital of Italy is already being discussed. It has been decided to inaugurate the construction of a great port, to be built between the mouth of the Tiber and Porto d'Anzio. It is planned to make this port Rome's exit to the sea. It will be able to harbor the largest of the Trans-Atlantic liners and travellers will be conveyed up to Rome by train in half an hour.

**ORDINATIONS AT ST. LOUIS DE FRANCE.**

Sunday morning, in the Church of St. Louis de France, His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi raised to the dignity of the priesthood Rev. J. Desaulniers and Rev. A. Cormier of the diocese of Manchester. After the ceremony the pastor, Rev. Father Belanger, congratulated the two young priests on the dignity to which they had attained.

**SACRED BENEFIT CONCERT.**

The members of the Choral Association of St. Louis de France will give a rendering of Massenet's "Marie-Madeleine" in the Monument National to-night, Thursday, March, 14th, for the benefit of the Notre Dame Hospital. To all those who sympathize with the excellent work done by this institution, the concert should especially appeal. The tickets are \$1 each.

**A Requisite for the Rancher.**—On the cattle ranges of the West, where men and stock are far from doctors and apothecaries, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is kept on hand by the intelligent as a ready made medicine not only for many human ills, but as a horse and cattle medicine of surpassing merit. A horse and cattle rancher will find matters greatly simplified by using this Oil.

**ST. PATRICK'S DAY SOUVENOR.**

The Irish Canadian St. Patrick's Day Souvenir, Mr. D. M. Quinn publisher, just issued from the True Witness Presses, is a number deserving of much praise.

The number is replete with timely half-tone engravings, news matter, and biographical sketches of interest to Irishmen generally.

Typographically and mechanically, the St. Patrick's Day number is a fair specimen of the work being turned out by the True Witness Publishing Co.

**THE NEWEST IN NEW SPRING CARPETS**

We have now opened out all of our New Carpets for the coming Spring season. One in need of a New Carpet cannot do better than have a look over our fine stock. The selection is one of the largest in the city, comprising all the best qualities of Tapestry, Brussels, Velvet, Wilton, Axminster and Parquette Carpets from the very largest and best makers in the world.

New Tapestry Carpets, from..... 14c to \$1.05 yard  
New Brussels Carpets, from..... 89c to \$1.25 yard  
New Wilton Velvet Carpets, from..... 85c to \$1.30 yard  
New Congaught Wilton, from..... \$1.55 to \$1.75 yard  
New English Axminsters, from..... \$1.35 to \$2.45 yard

**A Chance Purchase of Art Squares**

Now is an opportunity for anyone to purchase a fine Ingrain All-wool or Union Art Square, of every good quality, at a very low price, in all of the very newest designs and colorings. Note the following very low prices for these fine Squares.

UNION ART SQUARES	ALL WOOL ART SQUARES
Size 3x2 yards. Special price \$2.95	Size 3x2 1-2 yards. Special price \$4.45
3x2 1-2 yards. Special price \$3.75	3x3 yards. Special price \$5.35
3x3 yards. Special price \$4.25	3x4 yards. Special price \$7.10
3x3 1-2 yards. Special price \$4.95	3 1-2x4 yards. Special price \$8.30
3x4 yards. Special price \$5.75	3x3 1-2 yards. Special price \$9.20
3 1-2x4 yards. Special price \$6.75	4x4 yards. Special price \$9.45
4x4 yards. Special price \$7.45	4x4 1-2 yards. Special price \$10.75
4x4 1-2 yards. Special price \$8.45	4x5 yards. Special price \$11.75
4x5 yards. Special price \$9.45	

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**New Hats**

In every desirable Style

We have already received large shipments from all the best British makers, including all the newest British and American styles for young men. We invite you to come in and examine our new shapes.

See Our "Best in America" Pure FUR FELT HATS at \$2 each

Warranted for style, quality and durability, Guaranteed to give satisfaction in wear and to keep their color.

**STORES OPEN TILL 11 P. M. TO-NIGHT.**

Fine Variety NEW COLORED SHIRTS, NEW NECKWEAR, NEW CLOVES, etc.

**ALLAN'S** Corner Craig and Bleury Sts. 401 West St. Catherine St.

when he removed to Windsor, and shortly afterwards was appointed coroner and jail surgeon for the county of Essex. He took an interest in militia, and was captain of the Sandwich Company, Essex Battalion and during the Fenian Raids of 1861-64 he was surgeon to the troops at Windsor. For three years he was a member of the municipal council, and for eighteen years sat on the Board of Education. In 1883 he was created a Knight of the Order of the Holy Sepulchre, and in 1887 he was called to the Senate.

St. Alphonsus Church, Windsor, was crowded to the doors and the street in front of the church was thronged Monday while the funeral services were in progress. Many of the mourners were farmers from the townships back of Windsor, who were attended in sickness by the Senator when he was a practicing physician. Mgr. Meunier at 10 o'clock began the solemn high requiem mass. He was assisted by a score of priests from the country parishes and a full choir. Shortly after eleven o'clock the march to the Windsor cemetery was begun. The pall-bearers included many members of the oldest French families.

**CANCER OF THE FACE.**

Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont., will gladly send you the names of Canadians who have tried their painless home treatment for cancer in all parts of the body. Some of the cures are simply marvellous.

**Most Enth...**

No fairer day could have wished for, and Montreal is proud.

Not in the history of the more enthusiasm been shown Patrick's Day.

Springtime and St. Patrick's are synonymous terms, and break with winter comes a seventeenth of March. True traditions the Sunday break. But the wet morning hours loved by charming spring and in turn that gave way other delightful day, so the once in many years the social blessed with a glorious spring. Towards 9 o'clock along main thoroughfare in the processions vended their way Patrick's Church. The church filled to overflowing. All taken, and the crowd met aisles and even to the step sanctuary.

His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi wished to attend the service it was necessary for him to Manchester, N.H., to attend a secretion of Bishop Guertin, not possible.

Mgr. Racicot acted as officiating clergyman: Rev. Martin Callaghan, pastor Patrick's; Rev. Father Flynn, St. Ann's; Rev. Father St. Mary's; Rev. Father St. Anthony's; Rev. Father St. Agnes; Rev. Father S.S.R.; St. Ann's; Rev. Father superior of the Marist; Rev. Father Condon, C.S. Laurent College; Rev. Father St. Gabriel's; Rev. Father Rev. Abbe Lecoq, superior Sulpire; Rev. Abbe Robila; Abbe Silvestre; Rev. Father Helfferan, of St. Anthony's; Father Shea, Rev. Father E. lehan, Rev. Father Polan and Father O'Bryan.

**THE SERMON.**

Rev. Father Peter J. E. preached a most eloquent taking as his text "And the of Him shall not pass away, part as follows:

The Irish heart throughout world, as well as in its own isle, to-day sends forth its thanksgiving to the Triune gratitude for the gift of faith he has bestowed upon Ireland year the Irish people render iron-like grip around the heart Ireland's patron saint, with enduring affection, as a sign their undying gratitude and reverence still lives, and God that it will ever prevail.

St. Patrick's mission to was a miraculous intervention Providence of God. He was a captive to the land and a simple shepherd, tending the upon the hills. But God that he should care for other his own human souls. God him away from his captivity left Ireland. But he had been enough there to learn to love land of his exile. He tells anxiety about the salvation of souls of the Irish, who were up to false gods. Then came miracle. He was mysteriously planted in a beautiful valley angel spirit unrolled a scroll him on which was written voice of the Irish." At the moment a loud chorus of the of voices was heard crying: "treat thee to come amongst the year of our Lord 432, he able to answer to this prayer. Pope sent him to Ireland. In then in his sixtieth year, an sixty years more he labored at the Irish people