

# The True Witness

Vol. LX., No. 3

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, JULY 14, 1910

PRICE, FIVE CENTS

## CATHOLIC WEEK IN LONDON.

### Consecration of the New Cathedral at Westminster.

This has been a Catholic week in London, and to-day, the feast of St. Paul, has been emphatically a Catholic day. In the morning we had the solemn consecration of Westminster Cathedral. In the evening the Premier introduced the Royal Declaration bill. With the reasons which had led to the introduction of this measure, the reader is probably acquainted.

At the time of the alleged "Popish Plot," the English people, frightened at the possibility of having forced on them a Catholic King supported by France, passed a number of violent laws, having for their object the exclusion of Roman Catholics from both houses of Parliament, from the throne, and from every public position down to that of street-sweeper and hangman. All these laws have been repealed, with the exception of the one relating to the King. The case for sweeping away that last relic of intolerance was, therefore, extremely strong, for why retain in the case of his Majesty a religious test from which every other man in the British Empire has been freed?

Moreover, the King at that time was King of England only. At the present moment, the King of England is also ruler of a great empire which contains about twelve million Catholics. Moreover, the declaration which he is forced to make on oath is couched in scurrilous language, insulting to the sovereign himself, as much as it is to his Catholic subjects. The Catholic Church has undoubtedly progressed in this country. Many officials in the royal household are now Catholics—Lord Acton, who is a Lord in Waiting; Major General Sir John Ramsay Slade, also a Lord in Waiting; the Earl of Granard, Master of the Horse; the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of England, and a considerable number of other powerful noblemen in Great Britain and Ireland are very keen Roman Catholics. The lord mayors of London, Banbury, Darlington, Hereford, Eccles and Oswestry are all Catholics. Some of the best journalists and authors in the country belong to the same religion. Conan Doyle for example, Father Hugh Benson (a convert and son of a Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury), Hilary Bellloc, M.P., Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, Mr. Chesterton, Mr. Wilfrid Ward, Mr. Lillie and others.

A reviewer in the Daily News lately accused the editor of the Academy of being a paid agent of Rome, and a member of the gigantic conspiracy alluded to, with the result that there was the other day a libel action, in the course of which several Non-conformist clergymen expressed their belief in the existence of the great secret society in question, and of a Catholic movement in the press for the undermining of the Protestant religion in this country. This simply shows how alarmed the extreme Protestants are by the apparent progress of Roman Catholicism in these islands.

It was Cardinal Manning who conceived the idea of building a Cathedral. Wisely, he chose to build the cathedral which was consecrated today, thus following in the steps of his great Catholic predecessors at Westminster before the Reformation and acting in accordance with that Catholic tradition which has covered Europe with beautiful shrines.

It was Cardinal Vaughan who built the cathedral, however, and who is responsible for the style adopted. It is in the ancient basilica style. The interior of the immense nave is being covered slowly with gold and varnished and marble and onyx nave, so that the ultimate effect will be most sumptuous. Three or four of the little side chapels are almost completed, and they give one a wonderful idea of what the finished cathedral will be like.

So far only about a quarter of a million pounds sterling have been spent on the sacred edifice. Its total area is twice that of the neighboring abbey. Its campanile is the highest in England, being 109 feet, that of Westminster Abbey being 105. In spite of news and stories to the contrary, the new building is 150 feet, while York Cathedral, the next largest, is 110. On the whole, it is a remarkable and striking object, an acquisition to London. Mr. J. F. Bentley, the able architect, was also a fervent Catholic and was, indeed, as the Cardinal himself wrote, "a poet; he saw and felt the beauty of the fancy, the harmony, and meaning of his artistic creations." In 1902 he died, before the Cathedral had been finished, but it has since progressed rapidly along the lines which he traced.

## POSSIBILITY OF COMPROMISE.

### Redmond Still the Factor in British Politics.

London, July 9.—The situation is greatly changed in the House of Commons and the whole political world.

John Redmond's success in getting the Ministers to agree to November sittings and to postpone the final stages of the budget till then, has produced equal delight and appeasement in the Liberal and Irish circles.

The Liberals are pleased because the postponement of the budget leaves the fate of the Government entirely in the hands of the House of Commons and thus prevents a chance of any such compromise by the Liberal negotiators as would imperil Liberal principles.

Hence that dangerous spirit of misgiving and revolt which threatened open rupture between the Ministry and their supporters has been exorcised and the whole political cheerfulness, so far as the Liberal and Irish ranks are concerned.

The Tories are equally pleased, their opinion being that all this cessation from conflict helps them by soothing the popular passion against the House of Lords.

These facts account for the considerable change during the week in the attitude of all parties toward the veto conference. The pessimism which looked for an early rupture or a final disagreement, owing to the gulf between the two parties, has given place to a spirit of optimism and the general impression that the conference will eventuate in an agreement.

But, although this transformation of temper may mean something, it cannot be taken too seriously. Never has a political secret been better kept than the proceedings of the conference. Even to their colleagues in the negotiators are dumb. Mr. Balfour's illness, moreover, introduces a new element of uncertainty and delay.

Another curious sign of the times is the feeling among the more rational Conservatives that the conference, if it mean a compromise on the constitutional question of the Lords' veto, may also mean a compromise on the Irish question. Evidently everybody feels that the solution of the Irish question cannot much longer be delayed.

The feeling is aided greatly by the spectacle of the Irish Party controlling all English politics at this moment. It was the Irish party which forced Premier Asquith and the Cabinet into the announcement of the demand of guarantees from the late King. It was the Irish Party that passed the budget and forced it down the throats of the House of Lords. And it was the Irish Party which forced the November sitting. The Tories are fans driven to contemplate the desirability of the removal from the Imperial Parliament of so disturbing an element.

Another factor is the well known opinion of the present King that local questions should no longer occupy so much of the time and attention of the Imperial Parliament and that a system of home rule all round should leave the Imperial Parliament to deal solely with Imperial affairs.

Ulster and the Orangemen are the only obstacles left to a settlement between the two parties on the Home Rule question.

## GREAT IRISH DEMONSTRATION

### Branch of the United Irish League Formed in St. Ann's Parish.

It was evident from the enthusiasm displayed at the large Irish meeting in St. Ann's hall on last Tuesday evening that the men of that district rightly realized and appreciated the great work of their political representatives in Great Britain. The meeting was called for the purpose of establishing in St. Ann's parish a branch of the United Irish League.

Mr. Geo. Donohoe, one of the pioneers of the movement, addressed the meeting and said he was highly pleased with the response to the appeal that was made from St. Ann's pulpit and through the columns of the True Witness for that evening's meeting. It was real proof that although many miles distant from their country their hearts were still at home. Looking at the peculiar standing of politics in England they had a right to be hopeful. They saw to-day a party who although denied the right to legislate for Ireland, yet that same party, in the true sense of the word, are the legislators of the whole British empire. The great English statesmen realize that fact, and hence the Irish question is promised immediate solution. It was their duty, therefore, to come to the aid of that party who were making such a bold fight, and so many sacrifices. It would afford much courage to their soldiers in their final battle to know that in far away Canada their actions were watched and appreciated. But turning from British politics altogether, the Irish of Montreal had a right to have a good, strong, active organization here in the city. All other nationalities were banded together for their common good, and Irishmen too had great need for such a society. They had their immigrants to look after and other matters that needed watchfulness. He referred to a leader in the True Witness of last week which emphasized the great necessity of looking after our immigrants. They had therefore great responsibilities resting upon them, and he hoped that in their wise judgment they would from that meeting elect a committee which would be capable of dealing with the matter referred to.

Mr. Thos. Markey emphasized what Mr. Donohoe had said, and remarked that Mr. Fitzgibbon and the Hon. C. J. Doherty and Hon. C. R. Devlin and other gentlemen were in entire sympathy with the movement. Messrs. J. P. Landy, R. Kelly, J. H. Conroy, H. O'Neill and other members having spoken, the officers were elected and the branch declared open.

The result of the elections was as follows: President, Mr. Geo. Donohoe; vice-president, Mr. Robert Kelly; treasurer, Dr. J. J. Heagerty; secretary, J. P. Landy; committee, Messrs. J. H. Conroy, H. O'Neill, M. Meade, M. J. Mullin, P. Noonan, M. Lynch, J. McKeon, T. Kelly, P. Donohoe, M. Birmingham and T. Hanley.

The chairman, after thanking the members for the honor conferred on him, proposed the following resolution: "That we, the Irish men and women of Montreal, declare our unalterable attachment to the principles of Irish Nationality and our determination to support the national movement for Irish legislative independence to which we have an inalienable right. That we express our entire confidence in the Irish Parliamentary Party, under the distinguished leadership of Mr. John Redmond."

The resolution was seconded by Mr. Thos. Markey, and carried amid acclamation. On the motion of Mr. P. Brennan a hearty vote of thanks was accorded the chair, and the meeting closed with the singing of "God Save Ireland."

## HANDSOME GIFT OF DIOCESANS.

### Bishop Receives Ticket to Eucharistic Congress.

A function of an interesting and very pleasing nature, took place in St. Mary's Hall, Fortham, Dundee, recently, when Bishop MacFarlane was presented with a cheque for \$120 from the clergy and laity of the Diocese of Dunkeld, towards his expenses to the Eucharistic Congress in Montreal this year. Provost Holder, in introducing the matter, said it was one of the most pleasant duties he had to perform in making the announcement. The clergy and laity felt their duty not only to send their Bishop, but to enable him to travel as a Prince of the Church should. He hoped the journey would be a pleasant one, and assured His Lordship that, though he would be absent from their midst he would ever be in their minds and hearts.

He called on Canon Turner to make the presentation. Canon Turner, on behalf of the subscribers, formally handed over a cheque for \$120 to his Lordship.

During the address delivered by Father M'Daniel on the Coronation Oath, that speaker took occasion to refer to the presentation, and said: "May I be pardoned in considering Canada first—but Canada is uppermost in our thoughts this evening, for we are to present his Lordship with a free ticket to Canada to attend the Catholic Eucharistic Congress there. We are proud, indeed, to have the opportunity, and we wish him God-speed in his journey, and we really envy him the happiness in store for him. It will be a grand sight indeed for him and for the others who go with him; they will witness a veritable triumph of Our Lord in the Holy Eucharist, enthroned and brought forward in the midst of thousands of Catholic children. It will be Transubstantiation once more glorified and publicly proclaimed by the most eminent Catholics of the British Empire. It bids fair to outrival in importance even the Eucharistic Congresses in London and Cologne, and to mark an epoch in the history of Catholic progress in North America; and even more than in the case of the London Congress, the voice of the Montreal Congress will be not only heard throughout the length and breadth of the Christian world, but it will be listened to with attention, and perhaps with anxiety, by those who are responsible for the preservation of the unity of the British Empire."

His Lordship made a fitting and very feeling reply in returning thanks for the great manifestation of kindness shown to him. He appreciated it very much, and he would not forget them in his prayers.

## Signal Honor to St. Joseph's Home.

### Pius X. Sends Blessing and Signed Photograph to Founder.



Father Holland, c. s. s. of Montreal, humbly prostrates the feet of your Holiness begs the Apostolic Benediction for himself, for the children of St. Joseph's Home and all its benefactors.

Justa gratia presentata in officio, die 15 Junii 1910.

Raymond X.

Father Holland feels justly proud of the above copy of the Holy Father's autograph blessing with his portrait, the original of which hangs in the best corner of the Home in a frame kindly presented by Mr. McGuire of Notre Dame street. This singular favor was procured by the Rev. Father Desjardis, C.S.S.R., who accompanied the Very Rev. Father Provincial in the recent visitation of the Canadian houses of the Redemptorist order, and with him went to Rome. A copy on cardboard suitable for framing will soon be sent to every one who helped or will help the struggling institution in any way. If any of our readers be forgotten, they have only to write to the Home, 26 Overdale Avenue, and the blessing and portrait will be sent to them at once. All benefactors have received the apostolic benediction, and now they can have it in writing by sending their address.

Since last account the following subscriptions have been received: Mrs. Dr. Carroll and Miss Nellie Flynn, Scranton, Pa., twenty-five dollars each; Mr. E. Flynn, ten dollars; Rev. Mother Cyril, five dollars; W. A. Gleason, Island Pond, Vt., Miss Mahoney, Mr. J. Brennan, P. J. Kealy, Martindale, P.Q., five dollars each; Mr. Stack, A. Friend, Miss Archer and Mrs. McCormack, two dollars each; Mr. J. Mulvihill, L. Dempsey, Martin Gleason, Mrs. Cuddy, Mrs. Joynt, M. Cuddy, M. Mc-

## ADIAN PACIFIC UNION DAY

Tickets will be sold at the fare. For the West Daily, the East Night Express, express trains 10.30 P.M. National Limited, FASTEST TRAIN, an Puller and Sleeping Car, 10.00 Grand Trunk, Puller and through Coach, Montreal to Detroit. Meals and refreshments on night trains.

## COLONIAL UNION DEPOT

Union Day tickets at single fare, from 10th and July 1st to July 4th, 1910. Schedule: CANTON JUNE 19TH, THE EXPRESS, Lac Beauport, Drummondville, Quebec, Riv. Ouelle, Murville, Riviere du Loup, Little Campbellton.

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or silly, a record thereof will be made in the proper column, and the age at which the infirmity appeared is required to be specified.

## Four Brothers Officiate.

Four brothers, members of the priesthood of the Catholic Church, conducted the services at St. Ann's Catholic Church, Tenleytown, last week. Rev. John Carter Smyth was the celebrant of the Mass; Rev. T. G. Smyth, deacon, and Rev. Carroll Smyth of St. Martin's Church, Baltimore, subdeacon.

Rev. James A. Smyth of St. Patrick's Church delivered an appropriate sermon. The church was crowded. At the close of the religious services the visiting priests were entertained at dinner by Rev. T. G. Smyth, pastor of the church, Washington Square.



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Soap

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Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first  
Monday of the month. Committee  
meets last Wednesday. Officers:  
Rev. Chaplain, Vev. Gerald Mc-  
Shane, P.P.; President, Mr. H. J.  
Kavanagh, K.C.; 1st Vice-Presi-  
dent, Mr. J. C. Walsh; 2nd Vice-  
President, Mr. W. G. Kennedy;  
Treasurer, Mr. W. Durack; Corres-  
ponding Secretary, Mr. T. C. Ber-  
mingham; Recording Secretary, Mr.  
P. T. Tansey; Asst. Recording Sec-  
retary, Mr. M. E. Tansey; Mar-  
shal, Mr. P. Lloyd; Asst. Mar-  
shal, Mr. P. Connolly.

**Synopsis of Canadian North-West  
HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS**  
ANY even-numbered section of Domini-  
on Land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan  
and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26,  
not reserved, may be homesteaded by  
any person who is the sole head of a  
family, or any male over 18 years of  
age, to the extent of one-quarter  
section of 160 acres, more or less.  
Entry must be made personally at  
the local land office for the district  
in which the land is situated.  
Entry by proxy may, however, be  
made on certain conditions by the  
father, mother, son, daughter, brother  
or sister of an intending homestead-  
er.  
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 homestead-  
er resides upon a farm in the  
vicinity of the land entered for,  
the requirements as to residence may be  
satisfied by such person residing  
with the father or mother.  
(3) If the settler has his permanent  
residence upon farming lands  
owned by him in the vicinity of his  
homestead the requirements as to  
residence may be satisfied by resi-  
dence upon said lands.  
Six months' notice in writing  
should be given the Commissioner of  
Dominion Lands at Ottawa of in-  
tention to apply for patent.  
W. W. COBY,  
Deputy Minister of the Interior.  
N.B.—Unauthorized publication of  
this advertisement will not be paid  
for.

To have children sound and healthy  
is the first care of a mother.  
They cannot be healthy if troubled  
with worms. Use Mother Graves'  
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Many testimonials could be pre-  
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Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil in curing  
disorders of the respiratory pro-  
cess, but the best testimonial is  
experience and the Oil is recommend-  
ed to all who suffer from these dis-  
orders with the certainty that they  
will find relief. It will allay in-  
flammation in the bronchial tubes  
to other operations.

# The Song of the Hurdy Gurdy

It was a cruel letter. Vaguely, Mary realized the fact and bitterness of the woman who had written it, while forced to grasp the full, unkind significance of her wording. Mary read and re-read the letter, stupidly. It was awful!

"My dear little girl," ran the words, "the work on your page has run so low since the fire that the city editor has decided that we must cut that department away down, and that the regular girls here can get out, in spare time, the work for which we are paying you. I am so sorry! Besides liking you and your writing immensely, and not wishing to part with you, I have the added regret that you need this money and I hate to have you lose it. But I know the boss is right, and I can do nothing. After this week, we will not need you."

It was a tragedy—Mary did need that little money. And the woman's letter was a lie, of that the girl had no doubt. A few weeks ago, Mary had been ill and unable to do her week's page, and the woman had got her out for her. Later she had said: "It was nothing at all! I could do that every week myself."

The other girls in the office had exchanged glances.

"Poor kid!" one of them whispered to Mary. "Look out for her. If she has found that she can do your work with no trouble, rest assured you won't stay long."

The blow had fallen. Mary could scarcely face the shabby truth. The woman had stooped to this, that she might add a paltry five dollars a week to her really princely salary! It was unbelievable!

Outside the day was sunny with a solemn gray yellowness that only the autumn can bring. The wind blew, singing around the corners and against the window-panes. Mary pressed her hot cheek against the glass and peered out. The wildness called to her troubled heart.

"I must get out!" she said to herself.

She put on her trim, worn little hat, coat and gloves. There was a line between her eyes, and the corners of her mouth were down, but tears were denied her.

In the lower hall she met her kind but slatternly landlady.

"I'm going for a walk, Mrs. Byrne," Mary said. "If any one 'phones or calls, I'll be back in about an hour. I won't have another pupil until evening, so probably no one will inquire for me."

"Well, I'm glad you're going out," cried Mrs. Byrne, heartily. "You are that pale and peaked from the work you do! It's had enough teaching by the hour, but it ain't a patch on that that newspaper you're on."

Mary smiled wanly, edging through the outside door, anxious to get away from the voluble old lady.

"I'm not going to do that any more!" she said, with something like a sob, and fairly bolted down the shabby steps and out of the yard. Mrs. Byrne stood staring after her, her arms akimbo, her mouth open.

"I do declare!" she said aloud to herself. "I wonder if that poor child's lost that paper job!"

She went shuffling back to her work, soberly. She was a kind woman, but a very poor one, and even with the newspaper work Mary had had many a hard time trying to scrape together enough for her room rent and board. What would she do now? Mrs. Byrne wiped her honest eyes on the edge of her apron.

"Poor lamb!" she said, "she's welcome to stay in my house if she has any a cent to pay, and I'll tell her so!"

She began to sing about her heavy work then, her heart lighter for its charity.

Meanwhile, Mary was walking rapidly along the autumn streets, her trim young body falling into an excited swing she had when her mind was troubled. Her head was up and her eyes looked straight ahead, seeing little at first of the beauties of this important happening. Her face, giving it light and color, but she noticed it not; the wind tossed her curling hair into her eyes and neck and tugged at her hat, but she brushed aside locks and straightened headgear mechanically, noting not at all what was happening.

What was she to do? There was her dentist bill, running two months now, and the osteopath that she had been forced to go to because of her terrible headaches. When could she pay them? Tutoring did not bring her enough to pay poor, obliging Mrs. Byrne for a home over her orphaned head, and two of the pupils were almost through with their work. God only knew where she would get others to take their places! Children who needed coaching in English and history were few, she had found, and she was not very well known in the city. She had not had a story accepted in three months, and not an editor owed her a penny! Where was her bread to come from? Mary asked of the air that flung ahead of her.

She swung on, her mind increasing with her misery. She was taking a way that was most familiar to her—through the parkway and into the city's best avenues. It was late afternoon, and the asphalt was alive with cars and carriages and gay, prosperous people. She found herself almost a great red brick house. At its side-carriage entrance, under a grotesque, umbrella-shaped roof, a pompous man in livery stood helping the many elaborately gowned women and out of their carriages. Mary was the only one as she

lacked, the sheen of the motor cars, and the horses, the artificial masks of the women's faces were, and the rich frivolity of their flounces and fluffs and feathers. Inside, the stately rooms were lit with candle-light under pink shades. The sun of the day was scorned. Mary knew that the daughter of the house was "coming out" in society, for she had been sent there, by her newspaper, some weeks before to get the exact date of this important happening. How beautiful everything was in the mansion's palatial entrance—and how badly she, the reporter, had been treated!

She swung along.

"What can I do?" she asked herself with insistent straining that set her poor little head to thumping. "Go in? If I could be a servant, then I would have a room and meals all paid for, but I was not educated for that. Will I starve?"

She passed a church whose gold crosses shone burnished in the autumn gleams. "Go in," said her heart, "for God's comfort."

But Mary shook her head. "No, no," she cried, as if fearful of her very self, "I can't go in! Even God has deserted me!"

The wind made a moaning, singing noise in the high, arched trees above her; it impressed itself on her hearing after a time and she looked up at the bare, nodding boughs. "You look cold, poor things!" she said aloud, and smiled oddly at the sound of her own voice.

She shook herself and stared out at the furs and animated faces riding past. "I must not think of it," she told herself. "I am making my head ache, and there is the lesson to-night!"

The carriages rolled and rolled along, a steady stream; and the automobiles shot up and down, and hither and thither, going this way and that, until one would think that the world was full of them and all were upon this street to-day. Suddenly, the sight of all this wealth and comfort got on Mary's nerves. She swung into a quieter street, and fairly ran to get away from the fashionable parade. "I must get on, I must get on!" she repeated in a fever. "I am not dull and I can't be so poor! Other girls make good money, other women grow rich! Why not I?"

She shuddered, then, calling up the fur coat and the hundred and fifty dollar pet cat of the woman who had written her the cruel letter.

"But I couldn't get it that way!" Mary said to herself with a shiver. "I would rather be like this!"

This street was almost deserted, and the wind had full sway in it. The brown, withered leaves of the trees were scattered all about her feet and the air was constantly bringing others down and fluttering them everywhere. The girl stopped to watch them, musingly. A gust of wind took a whole troop of them and they started off, chasing one another like a crowd of wanton fairies from one side of the road to the other and back again, many times. They seemed alive. The girl followed them in their antics and the sadness deepened in her tired eyes. They were free, and there was no question of their to-morrow's meal. They did not need to eat, dear little frisking brown things! "I might better be a leaf!" said Mary, whimsically, and went on her way.

"If I pray," said she to herself, "I shall feel better."

But the girl did not pray. Rebellion had entered into her heart and she wilfully shut herself from the one friend who had watched over her these barren years of her young life.

A nurse girl passed her, trundling a baby in a white fur-loaded go-cart. They were red and healthy-looking from the biting wind, and the nurse was humming a little tune. She saw a policeman on the corner and she quickened her pace to meet him. Her eyes flashed and she smiled broadly. Mary turned round and watched her go. "I suppose," said Mary to herself, "that is another source of happiness, one that would not fail, even if a girl were just out of a job."

But Mary did not sigh. She swung about and passed on, the line still deep between her eyes, the fever of unhappiness and unrest in her tired eyes. "What shall I do? What shall I do?" she kept asking the wind.

"Pray!" admonished her conscience.

But the girl stubbornly shook her head. "No," she cried, within. "My lot is full of woe and I won't ask for earthly help! Why should I? God has promised reward hereafter to the pure of heart—but just now I need earthly money!"

She tried to laugh at herself, but it was a falling effort, and she only walked on faster, her head up.

What was that? A sound came to her on the crisp, clear air. She stopped again to listen. So tense was her mind, so excited her nerves, that everything about her seemed unreal, weird. The witchery of the autumn day and light aided in her general impression of unreality, and the sound of music broke in upon a noisy silence in her ears, with a clash that was startling. It might have been heavenly music, or a call to battle, for all the sense she first had of its significance. She stood quiet still, hardly breathing, her eyes frightened, her ears strained to the sound. Then she shook herself impatiently.

"It's a hurdy-gurdy!" she cried, relieved, and turned instinctively in

the direction from which the music came.

Her nervous feet led her toward the instrument. It was down on a side street where fashion kept indoors and seemed to show itself only in the stately beauty of the houses' fronts. A nursemaid with three dancing children occupied the sidewalk near the players, a man and a woman. In the front windows of a house before which they were playing two little heads peeped. While the woman turned the crank, the man went to the window, hat in hand, and somebody older opened a crack above the casement and threw out a coin.

Mary slackened her feverish pace, strolling up to them, her ears bursting with the clashing, tinny music. They were grinding out a bit of rag-time, and the notes were lost, every now and then, in a drowning rumble. "Poof," black-eyed folk! thought Mary, they drew a wretched hurdy-gurdy today! But the children enjoyed the old frame's efforts, kicking up their little heels in rhythm with its rumbles, and the nursemaid laughed and could not keep her toes still.

Mary went quite close, almost stopping in the street. Unconsciously the darkness lifted from her head and she found herself humming the rag-time tune. The man came toward her, and the big black eyes of the woman at the crank sought and held her, wistfully. Had Mary but known it, her flushed cheeks, fair hair, fever-bright eyes and neat blue suit, better a thousand times than anything the organ grinder's wife could have, were very attractive to the woman.

The man held out his hat to her, but Mary shook her head. "I haven't a cent," she smiled, and spread out her hands.

The smile was a tremulous one, but as sweet as Mary's smiles always were. The man answered it with a faint flickering across his sombre face, and put on his hat and went back to the hurdy gurdy. The woman smiled at her, too, a sad and melancholy smile that left her dark, dreamy face more poor and pallid than it had been before. She continued to stare wistfully at the girl, a silent something—was it sympathy or understanding of mutual trouble?—in her liquid eyes.

"And these people," thought Mary, "were once the rulers of the earth! Poor dead Rome!"

The woman shifted her position and turned the machine for another bit of music: the rag-time had stopped. The crank began to grind out the score of "Il Trovatore," and Mary edged closer. In spite of the rumble and the lost bars its music was welcome to her.

"You like de music?" asked the woman, sadly. She showed her wonderfully white teeth in a friendly smile.

The strains of "Il Trovatore," and the soft, melancholy voice combined, to open the well gates of Mary's misery. The tears sprang into her eyes and flowed down her cheeks, choking her voice. She tried bravely to smile, then nodded sobbingly, and turned away, going to the opposite side of the street. She walked slowly, heavily, forcing back the tears, and far up the street the music pursued her.

She walked more and more slowly, her head bent, her hands clenched. But she was less unhappy than she had been on the way to the hurdy gurdy. The echo in her ears said: "Others are worse off than you—while there is any kind of music in the world there is relief from pain."

The avenue with its glances and bustle was less distasteful to her. She passed the debutante's house calmly, and looked coolly in at all the luxury and display. After all, hers were other things on earth; youth, good health, virtue—"Il Trovatore," even if played by a hurdy gurdy! Mary laughed, irresistibly. She skipped a little and threw up her head, sniffing the crisp, fragrant air with a feeling akin to peace and gladness.

But there was not quite peace and Mary knew why. The gold cross, now afire in the low sun's rays that struck it almost at right angles, drew her, like a magnet. She dragged herself into the church's dusky, sweet interior and fell upon her knees before the main altar. God was all good, and he had never failed her in time of need. She knew that He would send her earthly help now!

And His peace had entered into her soul when Mary left the church. She went home, neither slowly nor feverishly, but with grief, trouble and world-worry laid at His feet.

"Did I get any mail, Mrs. Byrne?" she asked, lightly.

"You did that," cried Mrs. Byrne, coming out of the kitchen, where she was preparing the evening meal. "See, here 'tis! Sure, I put it under the cloth so no one would get it."

Mary tore open a letter from an editor. She wondered why he was writing to her. She had not written him a story in months, and no editor owed her a cheque or the return of a manuscript.

"Dear Madam," the communication ran, "we recall several short stories and articles you have sent us at various times. We have liked them. We are getting out a syndicated series of 'working girl' talks, same to be published weekly. We accepted something of the sort from you not long ago. If you will write us more in the same strain, we shall be glad to examine them, and will pay you from ten to fifteen dollars for each weekly article that meets our requirements."

"A windfall!" cried Mary, laughing gaily. She read the letter aloud to sympathetic Mrs. Byrne.

"I can write of such things for weeks and weeks, Mrs. Byrne," she cried, waving the paper in the air. "It is a perfect gift from above! It is better than a hundred newspaper jobs under a woman like Miss Blank!"

"That it is!" cried Mrs. Byrne, heartily. "Thank God you got it. I have been that worried about you all afternoon, poor child."

Mary went upstairs with an elastic step. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" she asked the emptiness. "When did God ever fail to answer your righteous petition for help from Him? Shame! You needed to hear an old hurdy gurdy before your sinful soul would go to weep at the feet of your only Friend!"

She sat down to read the order again.—Jerome Hart, in Benziger's.

It Has Many Qualities.—The man who possesses a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is armed against many ills. It will cure a cough, break a cold, prevent sore throat; it will reduce the swelling from a sprain, cure the most persistent sores and will speedily heal cuts and contusions. It is a medicine chest in itself, and can be got for a quarter of a dollar.

## Father Conrardy Again at Work.

Rev. L. L. Conrardy, who was reported some months ago to be in a dying condition, is able to resume his work among the lepers of China. In a letter to Mr. M. G. Munley of Portland, Ore., published in The Sentinel (Portland), he writes:

"At last I am able to answer your letter. I believe you got a postal card before this telling you I got your welcome letter.

"I have been very sick, and it is due to overwork among over 600 lepers, badly fed and other privations of twenty years ago on Molokai. I had eight months' illness. Now, thank God, I am well, having resumed my work among the Chinese lepers since the middle of November last. Taking care of my health, I will be able to last maybe ten years more. When poor Father Damien was sick longer and to ask God that favor, but he told me he had enough and was willing to die. But he was not quite fifty years old. Now near seventy I begin to feel that when the end will come I will not be sorry, although I like to live to do some good to others and to thank and praise God and show Him my gratitude for all He did and does for me, although, humbly speaking, my way of living is not a very pleasant one. Alone, being my own servant, and not yet able to talk much of the Chinese language, I live with my lepers on the island. I have seldom the chance to see a white man, but I like to live anyhow. The days are much too short for me, and this is the reason that I write very seldom to my friends.

"I have not yet asked you for flour as I was permitted to do by the gentlemen we visited together. Every five days I get a few loaves of bread from Canton, but I have to pay more to them than the bread is worth. If only I stay well and speak the Chinese language, Cantonese style, things would go better. The Chinese one can trust are very few. To cheat a white man, for them, is nothing. China is awakening, but very slowly. She is Ling City, not very far from my island, has a population of over 100,000 people, but not a Chinese who can understand three words of English. They have no fixed prices. One must learn this by his own experience.

"Everything is to be done in China—they have no judges; money does all, justice or injustice. Children are exposed, especially near the graveyards. The graveyards have rooms to receive the living and the dead and no one to look after them, only they bury them when dead. All the girls are sold by their parents and bought by future husbands or for evil purposes. Polygamy is allowed by law. A man's life is a very little thing, especially so if poor. Three months ago 300 soldiers were killed and beheaded for a few cents, the result of a dispute which had arisen about a trifling matter. The Viceroys often keeps away from the people. The Emperor or Regent never appears in public. If China is so backward, it is because the Chinese are pagans. Woman's condition is very inferior to that of a man. A married man will never allow his wife to show herself.

"If Christians would only know and recognize what they owe to God and to the Church of God they would be more grateful than the poor of this world."

## New Vigor for Brain and Body

Comes with every Dose of DR. A. W. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD.

When you use Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food you are doing good to every cell and tissue of the human body.

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True, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food cures nervous prostration, locomotor ataxia and partial paralysis. There is abundant proof of this.

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Why not put Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food to the test when you are weak and run down, when your head aches and sleep fails you, when you keep the blood rich and the nerves in vigor all the time and avoid the more serious forms of disease. You can depend on Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food to do this for you. 50 cts. a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

## LONG STANDING SCIATICA

Completely Cured by One Box of Father Morrissey's No. 7 Tablets.

Sciatica is hard enough to endure, and harder still to cure, in many cases, with ordinary remedies. Caused, like rheumatism, by impurities in the blood, which in this case set up an irritation of the sciatic nerve, it is so difficult to get at with external applications that many sufferers try in vain to get relief.

Mr. Charles McEachern, of Summerville, P.E.I., was in just that position until he started to take Father Morrissey's "No. 7." He writes:

"After trying several doctors and spending large sums of money without avail, I was completely cured of Sciatica of long standing after using one package of your Medicine (No. 7 for Rheumatism). No matter how long you have suffered from Sciatica or Rheumatism of joints or muscles—no matter how much medicine or liniment you have used without result—try Father Morrissey's No. 7 before you give up. It has restored health to many who were almost hopeless.

50c. a box at your dealer's or from Father Morrissey Medicine Co., Ltd., Chatham, N.B. 85

## Noted Writer on Socialism Passes Away.

The Rev. John J. Ming, S.J., professor of philosophy and well-known writer on Socialism, is dead at St. Stanislaus House, near Cleveland, O. Father Ming had been a professor at St. Francis Seminary, Milwaukee, Wis., at Canisius College, Buffalo, N.Y., Spring Hill College, Mobile, Ala., and at the Jesuit scholasticates at Prairie du Chien, Wis., and St. John's House, South Brooklyn, O.

His best known works on Socialism, which saw several issues and which were praised even by Americans and English Socialists for their clear and correct views and principles, are "Data of Modern Ethics," "The Characteristics and Religion of Modern Socialism," and "The Ethics of Modern Socialism."

Besides these larger publications, Father Ming frequently contributed to the Catholic Quarterly, the Catholic Encyclopedia, and during the last year to the new Jesuit weekly, America. He was just making preparations for a larger work when his last illness overtook him.

## Roosevelt Attends Rosary and Makes Speech to Immigrants.

On board the Kaiserin Auguste Victoria, on June 13, Theodore Roosevelt was the chief figure in a noteworthy scene in the steerage, when he attended a Catholic service held for 1200 emigrants, Russians and Galician Poles.

The emigrants, surrounding an altar draped with the American flag, chanted a litany, and then Mr. Roosevelt spoke briefly, the priest interpreting.

Mr. Roosevelt welcomed his hearers to America, and advised them to avoid association with strangers upon landing.

He exhorted them to be mindful of the duties of citizenship and to protect the rights of women. At the end of his remarks the emigrants crowded about him, trying to shake his hands.

Later, at a service in the second cabin, at which a German priest officiated, Mr. Roosevelt spoke in similar vein to a gathering of Germans who cheered him.

## K. of C. Choral Union Going to Quebec.

During the grand convention of the Knights of Columbus, the beginning of next month, there will be in Quebec one of the best musical organizations of the kind, the "Knights of Columbus Choral Club and Gregorian Choir" of St. Louis, Mo., under the direction of Father Leo P. Manzetti. For the past seven or eight years this famous choir, numbering about 75, has been giving concerts in St. Louis and other southern cities and their performances are said to be unique. Father Manzetti is a pupil and personal friend of Father Perosi, the great composer and Kapellmeister of His Holiness the Pope.

## A COMPLIMENT.

"I wonder what the teacher meant about the singing of my two daughters?"

"What did he say?"

"He said that Mamie's voice was good, but Maude's was better still."

—Catholic News.

## Bad Blood Means Bad Health.

**BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS**—Makes Good Blood and Good Blood Means Good Health.

Mrs. Fred Biggs, Kingston, Ont., writes:—"I was completely run down, my blood was out of order, and I used to get so weak I would be compelled to stay in bed for weeks at a time. I could not eat, and was pale and thin; everyone thought I was going into Consumption. I tried everything, and different doctors, until a friend advised me to use Burdock Blood Bitters.

"I did not have one bottle used when my appetite began to improve.

"I used six bottles.

"I gained ten pounds in two weeks. When I began to take it I only weighed ninety-three pounds. It just seemed to pull me from the grave as I never expected to be strong again. I will tell every sufferer of your wonderful medicine.

Burdock Blood Bitters is manufactured only by the T. Millard Co., Toronto, Ont. See that their name appears on every bottle."

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**THE WILL.**—Matter intended for  
 publication should reach us NOT  
 later than 5 o'clock Wednesday after-  
 noon.  
 Correspondence intended for publica-  
 tion must have name of writer enclosed,  
 not necessarily for publication but as a  
 mark of good faith, otherwise it will not  
 be published.  
**ITEMS OF LOCAL INTEREST**—  
**NOTED.**

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

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

THURSDAY, JULY 14, 1910.

**OUT WITH THE SHILLELAGH!**

Do you know, Catholic Irishmen,  
 of Montreal, that the "butter" Free-  
 masons, "les emancipés," are hatch-  
 ing plots against the Eucharistic  
 Congress? Is it impossible that the  
 fellows should be responsible for the  
 sacrilege at St. Michael's Church?  
 Are we going to sit by inactive? If  
 even the slightest scum of the slimiest  
 lodge in Montreal mean warfare  
 on the Most Blessed Sacrament is  
 that a reason why we should with-  
 hold our arms and our muscles?  
 We have told you all along about  
 those devil-bosomed "emancipés,"  
 told you that they mean to wreck  
 our schools under the specious pre-  
 text of cheap books and diplomas  
 for our religious teachers; railed  
 those very few among ourselves  
 willing to take the rascals seriously;  
 but now we say "Out with the shil-  
 lelagh!" Let us organize in de-  
 fence of our schools and of every-  
 thing we hold sacred!  
 The foul attempts of those vile  
 upstarts against the Eucharistic Con-  
 gress should make us take a hundred  
 times more interest in its welfare  
 and success. When we fight the other  
 fellow always loses! So, let "les  
 emancipés" find us serried into  
 ranks of steel! A hundred dirty fel-  
 lows cannot beat us down! Let  
 them find out that they have struck  
 a cyclone for the first time in their  
 lives!

**THE BALMES CENTENARY.**

The Bishop of Vich, Spain, has  
 sent out a splendid pastoral dealing  
 with the coming centenary of the  
 birth of James Balmes, the learned  
 priest and brilliant philosopher.  
 The main feature of the celebration  
 is to be an international congress of  
 Apologetics, to be held from Sep-  
 tember 7th to 11th, and this year.  
 In a note appended to the Bishop's  
 letter, we are told that the commit-  
 tee in charge invites to the congress  
 all Catholic theologians, philosophers,  
 writers and publishers. The pro-  
 gramme includes lectures and dis-  
 cussions of the apologetics in its re-  
 lations to science and the Bible, its  
 history and development, its auxil-  
 iary disciplines, and its bearing on  
 the Catholic social reform movement  
 now on foot all over the world.  
 Correspondence is solicited by the  
 committee for the Centenary of  
 Balmes, Vich, Spain.  
 Jaime Lacio Balmes, born at Vich,  
 Catalonia, Aug. 28, 1810, died  
 there, too, July 9, 1848. He was  
 ordained a priest in 1832, and was  
 only twenty-two, and was for a  
 time professor at the University of  
 Cervera.  
 Those were troublous days in  
 Spain, days when courage was re-  
 quired of heroes; yet Balmes man-

fully related the movements of the  
 revolutionary hordes and factions in  
 Spain, although he plainly sympa-  
 thized with institutions meant for  
 the true and real progress of the  
 Spanish nation.

Balmes did yeoman service in the  
 cause of Catholic enlightenment, and  
 his name is now, through his books,  
 as widespread as the very Church  
 herself. His principal works are:  
 "El Protestantismo comparada con  
 el Catolicismo en sus relaciones con  
 la civilizacion europea" (4 vols.,  
 Barcelona, 1842-4), which passed  
 through several editions, and has  
 been translated into English and  
 other languages; "El Criterio" (Ma-  
 drid, 1845); French and German  
 translations, 1851-52. Henry F.  
 Brownson, son of the great Dr.  
 Orestes Brownson, published a trans-  
 lation of "El Criterio," in two vol-  
 umes, New York, 1857. A complete  
 edition of Balmes's political writings  
 appeared in 1847, and biographies of  
 him have been published in Spanish,  
 French and English and German, to  
 say the very least.

It is a good thing that we are  
 having so many grand and faithful  
 congresses nowadays. Congresses  
 are what will give us union. They  
 are based upon that spirit and prin-  
 ciple which gives us councils in the  
 Church. The sects are aware of the  
 fact that were they united they  
 could fight Christ's Church with  
 more effect, even if that is the only  
 common cause in which they natu-  
 rally agree with any amount of full-  
 heartedness.  
 Balmes ranks with the Church's  
 best champions in these latter days.  
 He worked wonders for good, not  
 only for Spain, but for the entire  
 Catholic world.

**DIRTY NESTS IN MONTREAL.**

We want to arouse at least our  
 fellow English-speaking Catholics  
 here in Montreal into iron action  
 against the vile fellows who wish  
 to rule us all, our schools, and our  
 children of the schools. We could  
 succeed if only all were willing to  
 be aroused. We expect much from  
 certain portions of the A.O.H., for  
 instance, and we feel sure that very  
 soon they will take up the fight.  
 Writing in a late issue of La Vé-  
 rité, a contributor, Pierre Mance,  
 has what follows to say for his  
 French readers:  
 "The readers of La Vérité have  
 often been informed as to the sorry  
 progress of freethought and anticler-  
 icalism in Montreal.  
 "They have long known that  
 among us there is the Alpha-Omega  
 Circle; not a few, however, are at a  
 difficulty to know how that circle  
 grew to exist. A passing word  
 will not be out of place concerning  
 another secret club.  
 "The Alpha-Omega was founded in  
 the course of the winter of 1908-09  
 by a group of French-Canadians,  
 some of whom were Laval students,  
 for the purpose of free debate. At  
 the outset they were not hostile to  
 the Church or to Catholic belief.  
 Was this a piece of roguery calculat-  
 ed to bring in more recruits? That  
 is what is hard to say.  
 "Towards the spring of 1909,  
 thanks to Masonic control and to  
 freethought, the Alpha-Omega be-  
 came a thoroughly anti-religious or-  
 ganization. Shortly afterwards, the  
 Loge de l'Emancipation placed some  
 of its members on the Alpha-Omega's  
 advisory board, and gave its  
 sister as new members some social-  
 ists with anarchistic tendencies, re-  
 volutionaries, and a whole brigade  
 of rabid sectaries. La Loge thus  
 became the mistress of the Circle.  
 It was then that no check was put  
 upon the appetite of some of the  
 Masonic brethren in their work of  
 devouring priests. Anti-religious  
 and anti-clerical lectures were fre-  
 quently given and conferences organ-  
 ized. Thus, again, it came to pass  
 that last autumn a Protestant min-  
 ister gave a lecture (?) on the Ro-  
 man Inquisition, wherein the Church  
 was soiled and slandered in the most  
 shameful of manners.  
 "Some of the founders of the Cir-  
 cle, members as yet, struck with  
 sudden fear, sought to snatch the  
 Alpha-Omega from the hellish grip of  
 l'Emancipation.  
 "Last November, as discord was  
 tearing the bosom of the Circle  
 apart, the most advanced members  
 decided to form another club called  
 La Raison. Its object was to do  
 work along the lines of devilry as  
 it works in France. A veritable lit-  
 tle revolution was to be organized.  
 Hopes were set in certain workmen's  
 clubs and upon certain big  
 newspapers. The bubble burst. But  
 in the month of December the self-  
 same individuals organized a new  
 Masonic lodge within the very  
 bosom of l'Emancipation, and called  
 it 'Force et Courage,' which is spoken  
 of in Lemieux's brochure, p. 13.  
 In the mind of its founders, the new  
 lodge meant to get the worst ele-  
 ments of French-Canadian Masonry  
 together. As is stated on page 14  
 of Mr. Lemieux's book, membership  
 in the lodge 'Force et Courage' is re-  
 fused to all who still believe in God  
 and in the soul's immortality.  
 "History with reason was it said  
 repeats itself.  
 "Fourteen years before, likewise in  
 December, Godfrey Langlois noisily  
 left the lodge known as 'Coeurs-Unis,'  
 under the pretext that it was not  
 sufficiently rabid; he then founded  
 l'Emancipation, and now lo! and  
 behold ye, the latter is not suffi-  
 ciently impious and wicked for a  
 full baker's dozen of 'les emancipés.'  
 We can thus form an idea of the

progress reached in our midst by  
 anticlericalism and impiety. The  
 plot hatched against the Eucharistic  
 Congress says enough concerning the  
 mentality of those individuals an-  
 swerable for 'l'Emancipation,' 'Force  
 et Courage,' 'Alpha-Omega' and  
 'La Raison.'

Thus "Pierre Mance" in La Vérité.  
 Now, for God's sake let us remem-  
 ber that the selfsame fellows of  
 those clubs and lodges are the peo-  
 ple who want to rule us as Catholics  
 and our schools. What are our so-  
 cieties going to do? Again let us  
 say that our hopes are principally  
 set in certain divisions of the A.O.  
 H. Let us seize our shillelachs!  
 Those agents of Hell here in Mont-  
 real must find out that they have  
 now won foes in quarters unfore-  
 seen. Let us scatter the rascals as  
 far as our Irish schools are concern-  
 ed, at least!

**COLONIZATION.**

Our readers are aware of the ar-  
 duous work of colonization going on  
 under the zeal and care of our Bi-  
 shops in the Western Provinces. More  
 than a few priests have organized  
 entire settlements. Catholic Exten-  
 sion is hard at work as well. It may  
 be well for us all to become deeply  
 interested in all matters that tend  
 towards broadening out the king-  
 dom of Christ on earth. Archbishop  
 Ireland, ever resolute and practical,  
 early understood what was the best  
 way to give growth and expansion  
 to the Church in his particular field.  
 Unfortunately, however, we are not  
 interested half as much as we should  
 be in the Catholic immigrants com-  
 ing to our shores, even if the ex-  
 ample and lessons of Archbishop Ire-  
 land are there to show real effort  
 crowned with success abundant.  
 Handling the question with which  
 we are dealing, Father Julius E.  
 Devos contributes the following rich  
 paragraphs to the mid-June issue  
 of Editor Preuss's truly admirable  
 Catholic Fortnightly Review (Bridg-  
 ton, Mo., U.S.A.):  
 "What becomes of our Catholic im-  
 migrants? Many are lost amid non-  
 Catholic surroundings. Many others,  
 who move from one place to an-  
 other, also drift away. Close calcula-  
 tions of railroad men estimate this  
 class at 100,000 per year. Most of  
 those people going to churchless re-  
 gions disappear from our census and  
 are lost to the Church.  
 "Lack of grouping, lack of coloni-  
 zation, are the main causes of this  
 defection. The Catholic who settles  
 among unbelievers invariably falls  
 away. Catholics grouped together  
 grow in number and become a power  
 in the land. The bulk of our  
 immigrants are recruited from the  
 most energetic workers of Europe.  
 If well directed they could be made  
 a valuable acquisition to the Church.  
 "That the lack of colonization is  
 a great cause of leakage is evident  
 from the magnificent celebration in  
 St. Paul, May 19. It was my privi-  
 lege to see that triumph of organi-  
 zation, and I shall never forget it.  
 The representative of the Pope, Mt.  
 Rev. Diomedo Falconio, archbishops  
 and bishops, prelates and priests had  
 come from all parts of the U.S., to  
 assist at the consecration of six bi-  
 shops for the province of St. Paul.  
 The civil and military authorities  
 vied with the population of the twin  
 cities to celebrate the progress of the  
 Catholic Church in the Northwest.  
 What is the main cause of the  
 growth of the Church at the head-  
 waters of the Mississippi River? It  
 is colonization. Hardly was the  
 land open to white men, when Arch-  
 bishop Ireland planted half a dozen  
 Catholic colonies; and he continued  
 his work of caring for the incoming  
 Catholics. The need of six bishops  
 is a proof that the settlements have  
 grown. Through colonization the  
 Catholics grouped in centers were  
 taken care of, and the result is ten  
 bishops with 800 priests in Minne-  
 sota and Dakota. The western and  
 northern dioceses of Lead, Bismarck,  
 Crookston, and Duluth are not thick-  
 ly settled, but they have bishops to  
 direct their settlements. It is ac-  
 cording to the plan. They are mis-  
 sionary bishops.  
 "Why do we never hear of such ce-  
 lebrations in the south? Why is it  
 that one bishop can or does suffice  
 for a whole State along the Atlantic  
 and Gulf coasts? The lack of coloni-  
 zation has a great deal to do  
 with it. The time of the South has  
 now come. Immigration to-day is  
 largely from the Catholic lands of  
 Southern Europe—of the refined La-  
 tin and the hardy Slavic stock. It  
 comes mainly from rural districts.  
 Providence brings it to the Atlantic  
 coast to give the South its share of  
 Catholic population. The efforts at  
 colonization are still timid and ten-  
 tative—few and far between.  
 "An army of half a million immi-  
 grants waiting to be directed to  
 the Promised Land. It ought to be  
 possible to guide many of these to  
 the sunny fields of the South. If  
 these immigrants were from the  
 North of Europe, the Northwest  
 would not let this splendid opportu-  
 nity pass without reaping a bound-  
 less harvest. The South needs more  
 centers of Catholic activity, more  
 organization, more bishops, and  
 more priests. The bishops will bring  
 the priests and form organizations  
 like we see in the West.  
 "There are two difficulties that  
 are often brought forward. The first  
 is that the emigrants' destination is  
 determined before they leave Europe,  
 ordinarily by friends who send for  
 them. But the facts show that it  
 is determined without regard to  
 church facilities, as the emigrants do  
 not join any church when they come.  
 That determination could be changed

through the clergy of Europe if we  
 had an official colonization system  
 in America. Let European bishops  
 know where provision is made for  
 the soul of the immigrants, and the  
 good people will go there, or be sent  
 there.

"The second difficulty is that  
 many European emigrants have  
 no money to go farming. They must  
 first earn money. These industrial  
 laborers, too, ought to be colonized  
 in mining or lumbering camps and  
 industrial villages, free from the  
 vices that run so many workmen  
 in our mines and forests, factories  
 and cities. Under the guidance  
 of the Church, the men could command  
 higher wages and save part of what  
 they earn, and it would be easy for  
 them to get farm homes in a few  
 years."

**THE RELIGION OF HUMANITY.**

(Answer to "Objector.")  
 Now that the greater number of  
 preachers, with millions of their  
 hearers, have seen the emptiness of  
 Protestant claims, in the light of  
 logic, history, and the Gospel, they  
 are serving us "Humanity," in lieu  
 and stead of Our Lord Jesus Christ,  
 to the tune of "the Fatherhood of  
 God and the Brotherhood of Man."  
 Scamps and artists of all kinds and  
 shades find that kind of religion very  
 convenient. It needs no apologetics  
 to destroy it, as is the case with  
 Protestantism, even if it is curing  
 the world with the ugliest kind of  
 Paganism it has ever seen, since Lu-  
 cifer began his Hegira to his king-  
 dom of to-day.  
 The sacrilegious cry of God's Fa-  
 therhood and Man's Brotherhood, as  
 its apostles use and mean it, is  
 ruining millions of souls. Here are  
 some of the works attributed to the  
 Religion of Humanity:  
 It teaches free love;  
 It patronizes and extends the vil-  
 est divorce;  
 It is giving us a reign of "Molly  
 Coddles";  
 It will let the driver drown to  
 save his horse;  
 It wants to vivisect criminals;  
 It wants to make criminals virtu-  
 ous through surgical operations;  
 It has cast the Gospel to the  
 winds;  
 It causes girls in universities to  
 listen to lecherous lectures from  
 male professors;  
 It is emptying the heretical  
 churches;  
 It is giving us social and "Every  
 Day" clubs on Sundays instead of  
 real religion;  
 It promotes race suicide and auto-  
 sterilization;  
 It is destroying all authority, even  
 in the home;  
 It is putting infidels in Christian  
 pulpits to earn salaries under false  
 pretenses.  
 The daily newspapers are its pre-  
 chers supreme in the work of snatch-  
 ing souls from Christ.  
 It is even making some minor sec-  
 tions—of the Catholic press, utterly  
 colorless;  
 The Mosaic Decalogue, especially  
 the Sixth and Ninth Commandments  
 (Cath. version), is the bugbear of  
 its clients.  
 It makes of elopement in marriage  
 a fashionable sensation;  
 It is taking manhood from man,  
 and modesty from womanhood.  
 It is giving us the fool-professor in  
 our universities;  
 It is making even Catholic maga-  
 zines more careful of etiquette than  
 of the truth;  
 It is giving us a world of old wo-  
 men of both sexes, and an abun-  
 dance of young men with old men's  
 faces.  
 It is giving us the kind of fool  
 needed to humbug millions of other  
 fools in the world;  
 It is giving us sermons on "Kind  
 Words" even for Satan.  
 It explains the "Mother's Sunday"  
 and the Sunday for Dumb Animals.  
 It persecutes undersalaried police-  
 men.  
 It is giving us filthy lawsuits.  
 It is what is helping some bad ne-  
 gres to be lynched;  
 Its motto and programme is "I  
 love you! Cock-a-deedle-doo!"  
 Now, "Objector," there is our  
 frank view of your "Religion of Hu-  
 manity." You know yourself that  
 we are not exaggerating. Thousands  
 want the "Religion of Humanity,"  
 because they want none at all. It is  
 all sham and buncombe. Get them  
 to keep the Sixth Commandment,  
 and we may cease our preachments.

**JUST THE TRUTH.**

Our valiant contemporary, the Re-  
 gister-Extension, has this to say,  
 while flatteringly a contemporary:  
 "Even if we say so, the Catholic  
 press of Canada has made a distinct  
 advance technically and otherwise  
 since Extension came into the field.  
 This is well. The Catholic press  
 has the same grand work to do  
 here as elsewhere and it should  
 strive to do it in the most effective  
 manner. We are always glad to see  
 our contemporaries improving."  
 Now, that is nothing but the truth.  
 Register-Extension believes in cour-  
 age and manliness; so do the vast  
 majority of Catholics. Our friends  
 and peaceful fellow-citizens, the  
 Orangemen of Toronto, are having  
 coals of fire heaped upon their heads  
 nowadays, with the result that they  
 are fast going to cinders,  
 There is too much petty jealousy  
 among self-canonized saints; many  
 alleged exemplars believe in peaceful  
 glory for themselves, leaving the  
 martyr's palm for those a thousand  
 times better than themselves. The  
 men responsible for the Register-  
 Extension are above such pettiness;  
 there is frankness to their well-  
 wishes. The reign of brazen demi-  
 gods is going to end. But all this  
 is an allegory!  
 It may be well to subjoin a very  
 pertinent remark we borrow from  
 the Casket:

"An exchange that we read with  
 delight is the Catholic Register and  
 Canadian Extension. When we see  
 a brother in arms in the thick of  
 the fray, and doing battle manfully,  
 we cannot help feeling that we should  
 like to line up beside him and share  
 the fighting with him. A good deal  
 of the Register's fighting, however,  
 is local in Toronto and Ontario, and  
 our post of duty is elsewhere. But  
 Ontario papers do come to Nova  
 Scotia; and we know enough of what  
 the Register has to contend with.  
 Orange Sentinels, Atlases and their  
 bogus stories; Sam Blakes and their  
 donkey bishop's oaths, or bogus Je-  
 suit's oaths; and the itinerant ad-  
 venturers who trade upon the credu-  
 lity and bigotry of the happy. Of these  
 latter, Toronto is the happy hunting  
 ground. It is the mecca of scandal-  
 makers of the Maria Monk and Chi-  
 niqny brand. It is said that tramps  
 have the custom of putting a private  
 mark on the gate or door of a house  
 where good treatment is accorded to  
 their kind. We imagine the "ex-  
 nuns" and the "ex-priests" and their  
 well-known kind, must have a great  
 testimonial chalked up somewhere  
 for Toronto. But the tramps have  
 another custom—they put a mark  
 in the place where there is trouble to  
 be expected. And by this time, eve  
 have no doubt, when an itinerant  
 "priest-baiter" approaches Toronto,  
 he sees more than one chalk-mark in  
 the haunts of his species; for surely  
 whom the Register has put to flight  
 long ere now, marked up somewhere  
 the friendly warning—"Beware of the  
 Popish watch-dog."

**IF THEY READ HISTORY.**

We have often said, and we now  
 repeat, that were Protestants to  
 read the history of their respective  
 sects, they would lose all confidence  
 in Protestantism. Others, tens of  
 thousands, did, and the result was  
 what we say it would be in the case  
 of those left. One of the reasons so  
 many Protestant scholars—four-fifths  
 of them—become infidels is attribut-  
 able to the fact that they read his-  
 tory, and are not willing to see the  
 light when they can find it.  
 In spite of Prof. Bieler's theories  
 (based upon Merle d'Aubigne's fic-  
 tion), even the Huguenots alone, as  
 one of their writers confesses, burnt  
 down 900 towns or villages, and  
 murdered 378 priests or religious,  
 in the course of one rebellion. The  
 number of churches destroyed by  
 them in France is computed at 20-  
 000! Still there are men who pic-  
 ture these Huguenots as martyrs!  
 They are mindless of the truth, or  
 else they know nothing at all about  
 history. The Rationalists have read  
 and have studied; that is why they  
 just scoff at heresy, deeming Catho-  
 licism alone foemen worthy of their  
 anti-Christian zeal.  
 The history of England's reforma-  
 tion (though this was more orderly  
 than infamous Knox's in Scot-  
 land) has caused the conversion of  
 countless Anglicans, some of them  
 their best leaders and most theo-

Another thing is this: certain or-  
 ganizations (which we need not  
 name) are ruled and governed by  
 the thickest-hided bigots, and they  
 seem to go after their rank and file  
 amongst the most sinister fanatics  
 in the country. As long as such  
 things hold in the heart of their  
 pious organizations, they need not  
 expect to see gentlemen take them  
 seriously.

A third thing: some of those or-  
 ganizations to which we refer need  
 a bath and a scouring for their list  
 of leading officials. It is all well  
 and good to make laws for the pe-  
 tity offender, a holy and wholesome  
 thought to fine a man for having  
 sold popsin gum, peppermint candies,  
 and "sen-sen" on the "Sabbath,"  
 but do not forget the bath and the  
 shower and the needed deluge!

**THE TROUBLE WITH THE PROTESTANTS.**

The trouble with the Protestants  
 of scholarship is that they refuse to  
 read history aright; especially is  
 this true of High Church divines.  
 They will not read the Fathers with  
 single mind. They are direfully con-  
 tent with semi-conviction. They  
 swim in an ocean of doubt, and de-  
 pend but upon perishable wreckage  
 for their safety. Not so with New-  
 man. He read Church History and  
 manfully sought the Light. For him  
 the Fathers were not dead. He con-  
 sulted them, as soon as their mind  
 was clear to him he made it his  
 own. This was the influence that  
 proved decisive. "What was the use,"  
 he asked, "of continuing the contro-  
 versy, of defending my position, if  
 after all I was but forging argu-  
 ments for Arius or Eutyches, and  
 turning devil's advocate against the  
 majestic Leo? Be my soul with the  
 Saints! and shall I lift up my  
 hands against them? Sooner may  
 my right hand forget her cunning,  
 and wither outright, than shall I  
 once stretched it out against a pro-  
 phet of God—perish the whole tribe  
 of Crammels, Rideleys, Latimers and  
 Jewells—perish the names of Bran-  
 hall, Ussher, Taylor, Stillfleet,  
 and Barrow from the face of the  
 earth—er I should do ought but  
 fall at their feet in love and wor-  
 ship, whose image was continually  
 before my eyes, and whose musical  
 words were ever in my ears and on  
 my tongue!"

Newman had an intellect; he read  
 the story of Protestantism, and saw  
 the Fathers before him fight its er-  
 rors, and the Church of the early  
 day anathematize its heresies. He  
 came over to the Church, under God,  
 the conqueror of history and the  
 prize of logic. Oh! if Protestants  
 would only do what he did!

"I want to see the relations be-  
 tween the clergy and the people  
 spontaneous. I hope I shall never  
 see the day when the clergy will be  
 sustained by the government. This  
 would mean that the government  
 could pay what doctrines should be  
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 Gibbons uttered these words, the  
 other day, at a banquet in connec-  
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 ver jubilee of St. Mary's Academy,  
 Leonardtown, Md. "I want," he  
 added, "to see affection, devotion,  
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 and people." Archbishop Spalding  
 has said: "The world has not, I be-  
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 ple as a whole always make up for  
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"Hammer and tongs" journalism  
 provokes controversy, and controver-  
 sy makes few converts," says the  
 Hartford Catholic Transcript. "Yes,"  
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 sion, "and dull journalism gives  
 people an excuse for saying that our  
 Catholic papers are no good. It is  
 hard to draw the line. But we no-  
 tice somehow that it is not the dull  
 journals which are most frequently  
 quoted and most largely read. When  
 we get to a pass where our prin-  
 ciples are not worth fighting for, we  
 are ready for the undertaker. Even  
 the sacred books are not entirely  
 free from what might be called the  
 hammer and tongs style of journal-  
 ism."

rough scholars. It produced this  
 effect on James II., and his first  
 consort, the mother of Queen Mary  
 and Queen Anne.

Following is the account which the  
 last named has left of this change,  
 and which is to be found in Dodd's  
 last volume, as well as in the "Fifty  
 Reasons" of the Duke of Brunswick.  
 "Seeing much of the devotion of  
 Catholics," she says, "I made it my  
 constant prayer that, if I were not,  
 I might, before I died, be in the  
 true religion. I did not doubt but  
 that I was so until November last,  
 when, reading a book called the  
 History of the Reformation, by Dr.  
 Heylin, which I had heard very much  
 commended, and had heard of, if  
 ever I had any doubts in my reli-  
 gion, that would settle me: instead  
 of which I found it the description  
 of the horridest sacrileges in the  
 world; and could find no cause why  
 we left the Church, but for three,  
 the most abominable ones: 1st,  
 Henry VIII. renounced the Pope be-  
 cause he would not give him leave to  
 part with his wife and marry an-  
 other; 2nd, Edward VI. was a child  
 and governed by his uncle, who made  
 his estate out of the church lands;  
 3rd, Elizabeth, not being lawful heir-  
 ess to the crown, had no way to  
 keep it, but by renouncing a church  
 which would not suffer so unlawful  
 a thing. I confess, I cannot think  
 the Holy Ghost could ever be in  
 such councils."

The Queen was right, and, indeed,  
 she had just reason not to see the  
 workings of God's Holy Spirit in  
 such sacrilege, even if the Reformers  
 are not the only offenders who blas-  
 phemously drag the name of the  
 Holy Ghost into the sacrilegiously  
 alleged approbation of trumpety and  
 falsehood. Sins against the Holy  
 Ghost are not ordinary in their ma-  
 lice.

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 of scholarship is that they refuse to  
 read history aright; especially is  
 this true of High Church divines.  
 They will not read the Fathers with  
 single mind. They are direfully con-  
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Echoes and Remarks.

We are glad to see that Rev. Dr. Sedgewick, the veteran Orthodox minister, from Tatamagouche, N.S., is still busy with "Higher Crickets" of his sect. We respect a man like Dr. Sedgewick, for he is sincerely what he is, differences with us to the contrary notwithstanding.

In Russia, says an exchange, one letter out of ten passing through the post is opened by the authorities, as a matter of course; and yet they will tell us that Russia and its czars are wicked people! The Russians are very lucky we should think. Letter-opening is a mean piece of business, a remnant of the Deluge.

The advocates of sugar-coated Catholicism might commit these lines of Yriarte to memory: "And thus we find authors the practice make To hold, as infallibly true, The rules they fancy themselves to take And in their own writings pursue."

That ugly sore on the face of The "Holy Ghosts," whose barquentine, "The Kingdom," is now registered by its captain as a pleasure party, are simply heretics like all others. Their founder had as much right as Luther to supplant our Savior. They are one of the most gentlemanly of sects in the bargain. So why be hard on them?

We are glad to see they have a strong "Watch and Ward Society" in Boston to fight the traffic of the unfortunate "White Slave." When are we going to have something like it in Montreal? Catholics and Protestants can, and may, work together along such effective lines of philanthropy.

A rich Bostonian, however, once ordered—it was in the 40's, the days of Know-nothingism—a copy of the Venus of Milo from Rome. The copy duly arrived. It was marble. But the Boston man no sooner got it than he sued the railroad company for \$2,500 for mutilation. He won the suit, too! Bostonians with the sweet breeze were not numerous in those days! Augustus St. Gaudens borrowed the story from a Cornish novelist.

Bishop Richardson, of the Fredericton Anglican diocese, has instituted a conference of Sunday School workers at Rotsay College, with a programme distinctly redolent of a Catholic retreat. Bishop Richardson is a hard worker, and is above and beyond the narrow grooves and petty byways of the joke-sects. The Anglicans are going to pieces in the Maritime Provinces, but it is not Bishop Richardson's fault.

Prince Chun, the regent of the classic land of China, is being asked by delegates of the provincial assemblies to give his people a national parliament. Eight of the delegates are pledged to suicide in the event of a refusal; and they should all commit their queues to the barber, in the case of a compliance with their request.

That plague spot on the face of America, Evangelist (?) King was out in Utah the other day spending his venom, folly and prevarication on the Church. King tells people he was formerly a priest, and that is a barefaced untruth, nothing more or less. There are some fools left in America yet, ready to take King, Sam Blake, Dr. Sproule, and "Adam God" seriously. The principles of the Reformation have let all such humbugs loose in the world. Ontario is, in certain parts, a happy hunting-ground for fakers and mountebanks. Nothing but painful dentistry will extract the last teeth.

At the Edinburgh Conference of the Protestant Missionaries (which conference Rev. Dr. Symonds attended) its chairman, Sir Andrew L. Fraser, K.C.S.I., late Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, gave the ministers and other delegates some kind advice on the work of making proselytes. He denounced that spirit which explains the unholy presence of Dr. McLaren and the other Presbyterians among the Ruthenians, and, incidentally, gives the death-blow to the Methodist rabble in Rome. He is, therefore, not in favor of indecency using the mantle of godliness.

One good thing will result from the famous contretemps between Fairbanks and the Vatican. The Methodist mission in Rome will be discontinued or allowed to die of financial inaction. In some moment of lucidity, Roosevelt, too, will see what a laughing stock he made of himself! "Celui qui mange du Pape en crève," our French friends say, which, being translated, could mean that Roosevelt will get surprised the

next time he is after honors. Bi-William Taft needed this folly on the part of Roosevelt to fully realize he was President, and not the henchman of Theodoros Ursinus! (Between us!)

What is the Government going to do with Rev. Sanford, the and financier of the "Holy Ghosts"? We send a poor fellow guilty of having stolen a dozen of black puddings to jail for six months; and yet Sanford, and others of his ilk, can dupe people into surrendering their goods, chattels, and bank accounts in the name of religious zeal and development. Is Halifax harbor a ballast ground? Is Sanford going to keep up his trickery under the benign protection of the Government? Why is he not suppressed? Surely Canada is not going to be the last port of refuge for humbug. We have sufficient sects already with the Hornerites and Harold Patrick Morgan to match; so, for Heaven's sake, spare us Sanford, the "Holy Ghosts," and all such sacrilegious stamps and nonsense.

MIRACLES.

Some gentlemen, called medical doctors, Dr. Osler in particular, together with two or three Englishmen, have lately spent their wisdom on the world, and the dailies nearly lost some of their editors through the effects of lockjaw. We shall here state some facts very interesting on the question of miracles in general:

The Church is very particular in the matter of miracles; The learned Protestant advocates of Revelation, such as Grotius, Abbadie, Paley, Watson, etc., in defending miracles against infidels, all agree that "Miracles are the criterion of truth."

These Protestant authors observe that both Moses (Exod., iv., 14; Numb., xvi., 29), and Our Saviour (John, xvii., 38; Ibid., xiv., 12; Ibid., xv., 24) constantly appealed to the prodigies they wrought in attestation of their divine mission and doctrine.

The whole history of God's people, from the beginning of the world down to the time of our Blessed Saviour, was nearly a continued series of miracles.

To say nothing of Urim and Thummim, the Water of Jealousy, and the superabundant harvest of the sabbatical year, it is incontestable from the Gospel of St. John, v., 2, that the probational pond was endowed by an angel with a miraculous power of healing every kind of disease, in the time of Christ;

Our Savior (Mark, xvi., 17) promised the most remarkable miracle power to His disciples and to the Church of all time;

The Fathers of the Church constantly appealed to miracles as a proof that God was with His Church in all truth.

St. Irenaeus, a disciple of St. Polycarpe, himself a disciple of St. John the Evangelist (Lib. ii., contra. Haer., c. 31) reproaches the heretics, against whom he writes that they could not give sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, cast out devils, raise the dead to life, as he testifies was frequently done in the Church.

Tertullian (Lib. De Praescr.), speaking of the heretics, says: "I wish to see the miracles they have wrought."

St. Pacian, 4th century, writing against the schismatic Novatus, scornfully asks (Ep. ad Symphor): "Has he the gift of tongues or prophecy? Has he restored the dead to life?"

St. Augustin often appeals to miracles as proofs of the Church's veracity (e.g., De Utilit. Cred., iv.).

St. Nicetas, 6th century, advises Queen Clotildis (Labbe's Concil., tom. v., p. 835), in order to convert her husband, Alboin, King of the Lombards, from Arianism, to induce him to send confidential messengers to witness the miracles wrought at the tombs of St. Martin, St. Germanus, or St. Hilary, in giving sig.; to the blind, speech to the dumb, etc., adding: "Are such things done in the churches of the Arians? (No wonder all heretics scoff at miracles!)"

Leovigild, King of the Goths in Spain, an Arian, reproached his heretical 'shops with the lack of miracles on their part (Greg. Turon., bk. ix., c. 15).

The seventh century was illustrated by the miracles of St. Augustin, of Canterbury (Bede, Eccles. Hist., bk. ii., c. 3), wrought in confirmation of the doctrine he taught, and recorded on his tomb; and the doctrine of St. Augustin of Canterbury taught, was, even by the confession of learned Protestants (The Centuriator; of Magdeburg, Saec. 6, Bale In. Act. Rom. Pont. Humphrey's Jamet, etc.) the Roman Catholic.

In the eleventh century we hear a celebrated doctor, Richard of St. Victor (De Trinit., bk. i.), speaking of the proofs of the Catholic reli-

gion, exclaim: O Lord! if what we believe is an error, Thou art the author of it, since it is confirmed amongst us by those signs and prodigies which could not be wrought but by Thee."

When the Anabaptists, true to his teaching, broke away from Luther, he asked them to show miracles in proof of their teaching (Sleidan).

For further testimony we have Origen (Contra Cels., bk. i), St. Gregory the Wonderworker, (Greg. Nyss. Euseb., bk. vi); besides the testimony of the Fathers, St. Gregory Nazianzen, St. Chrysostom, St. Ambrose, and of the historians Socrates, Sozomen, Theodoret, etc., miraculous events to which they testify are also acknowledged by Philostorgius the Arian, Ammianus Marcellinus the Pagan, etc.

We could go on multiplying testimony from authoritative sources. Of course, in the present instance, we mean to appeal to believers in Christ not of the Fold. They admit the Gospel and study the Fathers (in a way); they are honest and sincere; so let them see for themselves. Where are the miracles in the sects to-day? When has Protestantism worked a true miracle? Even the devil can show forth a wonder or other, but a miracle, a miracle! "Lead, Kindly Light, amidst the encircling gloom!"

THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

The Anglicans are very enthusiastic over their Book of Common Prayer. It is hard to blame them, and yet they stole the contents of that godly book from the Catholic Church. We say "from the Catholic Church," and with due reason, for were we to accuse any Anglican in particular of being a Catholic, he would have reason to bring us before the courts, if Protestant apologetics mean anything.

The Book of Common Prayer borrows our definition of a Sacrament. The first form of Anglican common prayer, in Edward's reign, enjoined the unction of the sick, as well as prayer for them—a loan from us.

Dr. Rennel (Disc. p. 237) pays the Catholic Church an unmeant tribute, by calling his Anglican liturgy "the most perfect of human compositions and the sacred legacy of the first reformers."

Let anyone compare the collects, lessons and gospels, in our Catholic prayer books, with those marked out for corresponding church days in the Anglican Book of Common Prayer, and he will readily be convinced. Both are based on the Missal and Ritual.

The Anglicans hold eviscerated Catholic services; for Holy Mass they have substituted "The Order for Morning Prayer," which ordinance James I, called "an ill-said Mass."

Whatever dignity there is in an Anglican service is due to the remainder of Catholic ritual still kept in it.

We often hear the dailies speak of the "simple, yet impressive funeral rites of the Anglican Church," Stolen glory! Their celebrants, gossellers, and epistollers are faint reminders of the priest at solemn High Mass assisted by deacon and sub-deacon.

Bishop Grafton and scores of others have purloined nearly the whole of our ritual.

The Anglican order for the making of priests and for the consecrating of bishops is just a truncated mockery of Catholic services.

Although Anglicans are supposed to submit to that commandment of God which prohibits stealing, yet we notice that, although they have plagiarized the Catholic Missal and Ritual, they are not willing to admit their theft. It is ridiculous to hear Anglican prelates praise their Book of Common Prayer as something distinctly Anglican.

"BEWARE OF EVIL-WORKERS!"

"Professor" Sam H. Blake, general Canadian circus artist, gives "Beware of Evil Workers" as the keynote of a pamphlet on the question of ritualism within the Church of England.

The title of Sam's latest contribution to literature (of a kind) is "An Anglo-Roman Priesthood v. An Anglo-Protestant Laity." The Professor protests especially against the sacerdotal tendencies which he deems obnoxious in regard to "The Lord's Supper," "The Altar," "The Eucharist," "The Confessional," and "Absolution."

One paragraph of the doughty professor's says: "While the Ritualist and the Sacerdotalist seek to make the unwary believe that they have ceased to exist, the periodical output of the rabies that seeks to poison our church shows this not to be the case, and that they had again dropped their muzzles and were ready, when unexpected and therefore unobserved, to persecute the church afresh. The warning of

the Apostle must ever be heeded until the church militant ends in the church triumphant. Beware of dogs, beware of evil-workers."

It is no tribute to the majority of Anglicans that paragraph of the Professor's; no tribute to the High Church ministers either, even if it is plain that the spirit that animates Sam is not love for Anglicanism so much as hatred for Catholicity. The Anglicans have in the ridiculous Blake a two-penny Chiniquy or Luther of their own, or perhaps a penny-bug reproduction of old Jack Knox.

Another says: "They tell you that all differences are removed and that all members of the church should now work together in harmony, and at the same time you are handed a circular for the present season of Lent, which contains—

"Additional Services," "Vespers of the Departed," "Stations of the Cross," "Confessions will be heard, etc (at named hours.)"

"It is a good thing that the people in our church are being aroused to these evils, which are now so widely attacking the Church of England. It is an insult to the intelligence of the true members of our church for these persecutors childishly to cry out 'You did it' when we are simply defending ourselves against the attacks, divisions and treasons caused by a noisy set who virtually are outside our Reformed Church."

And still there is a serious side to Sam's pamphlet. Even if he knows by experience what the rabies is like, and even if the first High Churchman's little finger is worth the Professor's whole body, yet there is moment to his outcry.

The Anglican ministers are supposed to swear, to the Thirty-nine Articles of Elizabeth, which blasphemous declarations make of Holy Mass, Transubstantiation, the Real Presence, Purgatory, etc., so many abominations. We know, too, that Episcopalians in the Philippines are trying to mislead Catholic Filipinos by alluring them, under false pretences, to alleged Catholic services.

It was a fatal day for Anglicanism when Pusey, Keble, Newman and the others of Oxford undertook to have Anglican ministers study theology and church history. The result was disastrous. Three-quarters of the Anglican clergymen as a result, have little regard left for the Thirty-nine Articles.

But what does a Ritualist think about when he goes to bed, and is alone with God and himself? Are not his doubts discouraging?

The decent Ritualists may be illogical from our point of view, but Sam Blake ought to be consistent with his conscience and either join the Baptists or the Holy Rollers. Pity help the Ritualists, to think that Sam has an authoritative voice in the Synods of Canadian Anglicanism. There is a result of man-made religion in the concrete for you, gentle reader.

THE DEPARTMENTAL STORE CRUSADE.

Have the local governments of our provinces any gumption at all? They impose high taxes on merchants within their jurisdiction, and yet big departmental stores, solid trusts and combined, may send their circulars and catalogues all over the country, thus helping to paralyze business effort, and industry. Why do the provincial legislators not wake up?

What is the good of having Boards of Trade, if all the money is being grabbed by trusts and combines. And, then, just think of it: up to some weeks since, post offices all over some parts of Canada were distributing departmental store catalogues free! Is it any wonder we have Socialism? Is it any wonder thousands of our young men are leaving Canada for the United States? We are getting men from the Western States, but are they selling their American farms? Dakota fields after ten years' rest will be ready for our settlers of to-day, with their Canada-made fortunes—and we shall be in quest of new immigrants.

How do they expect to build up the Maritime Provinces when trusts are sucking millions of dollars out of them? They want money for schools, good roads, and agriculture, and the departmental stores may work riot and ruin! There is twentieth century graft and civilization for you!

Half the "exhorters" and money-makers posing as statesmen in our provincial legislatures should be asked to abdicate. If this century is to be Canada's, let us mean to have it such by electing only competent and wide-awake men to run our provinces and country. The departmental stores have muzzled the press with advertisements.

To acquire mistrust of self we have need only to remember three things—first, how often we have erred in our opinions; secondly how little we have read; thirdly, how little we have studied.—Manning.

CONSECRATION OF WESTMINSTER.

"(Most) Original Building of Modern Times."

London, July 1.—The great Roman Catholic Cathedral at Westminster was consecrated last Tuesday, and on the following day there was a solemn Te Deum and Mass, sung by the Archbishop in the presence of the Bishops of the Province.

This cathedral—no visitor to London can have failed to observe its tall tower, even if he has not entered the building—has been described as the "most original building of modern times." The expression is true in one sense, if not in another. The idea of building a cathedral in the early Christian Byzantine style is certainly original in these days, but the architecture itself is a faithful rendering of the style in question.

There is much difference of opinion regarding the beauty or otherwise of the cathedral. Some persons dislike it extremely, but the probability is that as time goes on and tones down the rather too conspicuous exterior—it will not take long to do this in London—and the interior is adorned with the mosaics with which it is proposed to cover the walls as those of St. Mark's in Venice are covered, the edifice will be very beautiful and stately.

It was necessary, according to the tenets of the Catholic faith, that the cathedral should be entirely free of debt before its consecration could take place. It was already known two months ago that the appeal made by the Archbishop had had that result. In his "Letter of Thanks," issued on May 1, the Archbishop stated that by the preceding day the whole sum of \$35,000 needed to pay off the deficit on the building fund had been subscribed, and that the cathedral stood free of any debt upon its structure.

"A result," he said, "due to the generosity of Catholics of every position and degree scattered over the world." The movement for the building was begun many years ago, among those chiefly interested being the Duke of Norfolk, the late Lord Petre, and the late Lord Gerard. In 1905 (Cardinal Manning having prepared the site in his lifetime) Cardinal Vaughan took up the work. The late J. F. Bentley was chosen as the architect and the Byzantine style was decided upon, after much consideration, the Cardinal's idea being "that to build the principal Catholic church in England in a style which was absolutely primitive Christian, which was not confined to Italy, England, or any other nation, but, up to the ninth century, was spread over many countries, would be the wisest thing to do."

The first stone was laid on June 29, 1895, by Cardinal Vaughan, assisted by Archbishop Logue, Primate of Ireland, and many of the Bishops and clergy. The ground was blessed along the lines traced out for the walls and mass was celebrated on the site of the future high altar. By 1899 the outer walls were nearly completed, and the vast transverse arches, 90 feet high and of 60 feet span, were being turned to carry the four domes.

The cost, exclusive of the site, to the end of April was over \$1,250,000. The dimensions of the cathedral are as follows: External—External length, 360 feet; width, 156 feet; height of nave, 117 feet; height of campanile (St. Edward's Tower), 273, and to the top of the cross, 284 feet; Internal—Length, 342 feet; width of nave with aisles, 98 feet; height of main arches of nave, 90 feet, and of the domes 112 feet. The area of the whole building is 54,000 square feet.

The ceremony of consecration was a very remarkable one. It is one of the most ancient in all the ritual of the Roman Church. The relics used in the ceremony were set apart overnight by the consecrating prelate, who had fasted the day before; they were placed on an altar with lighted candles, while the choir chanted matins and lauds in honor of the saints whose relics they were. On the day of consecration twelve crosses were marked on the walls of the church with candles before them, which were lighted at the commencement of the ceremony. This symbolizes the walls of the Heavenly Jerusalem.

The Archbishop and Bishop then went in procession around the outside of the church three times, sprinkling the walls and boundaries with holy water, and the Archbishop then knelt with his pastoral staff at the entrance of the cathedral, saying (in Latin): "Lift up your gates, ye princes, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in." The Deacon at the door asked, "Who is the King of Glory?" receiving the reply, "The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle." The door opened, and the Archbishop and assistants entered the church.

The Archbishop then described on the ash-strewn floor of the nave a cross composed of the letters of the Latin and Greek alphabets, symbolizing thus the union of the Latin and Greek churches. Then followed the consecration of the altars; the consecrating priest, marked five crosses on each altar with his thumb dipped in a compound of ashes, salt and wine, the choir chanting meanwhile the Antiphon, "I will go unto the altar of God."

The Archbishop, Bishops and clergy then went in procession around the interior of the cathedral three times aspersing and blessing the walls; the relics were then borne in and deposited in the "sepulchres," or holocausts in the altar stone, which

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

MENEZEY BELL COMPANY 22, BROADWAY ST., TORONTO, CANADA. Church Bells. Memorial Bells a Specialty.

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were closed and cemented; the altars were incensed on their five crosses, the consecration crosses on the walls were anointed, and, finally, amid the chanting of the choir, the sanctuary vessels and ornaments were consecrated, and the cathedral thus became a sacred habitation, one vast shrine.

The ceremony was the same as that with which Westminster Abbey was consecrated in the year 1066. Last Wednesday, the day after the consecration, was devoted to the commemoration of the sixtieth anniversary of the restoration of the Catholic hierarchy in England.

Says Catholics Have No Fight With Other Faiths.

"The Catholic does not build schools to fight Protestantism. He has no fight with people of other faiths," declared Right Rev. John J. Glennon, Archbishop of St. Louis, in an address before the National Catholic Educational Association convention at Detroit. His subject was "The Home and the School." Other features of the Catholic national platform, as enunciated by Archbishop Glennon, were the following:

"The Catholic wants no State church. He is opposed to it. The Catholic will never demand one cent from the State to help in Catholic propaganda or as recompense for teaching Catholic doctrine.

"The Catholic expects that, if it pays for any, should pay for all." "The Pope's benediction was bestowed with impressive ceremony upon kneeling delegates by Monsignor Diomedeo Falconio. The bestowal of the benediction followed the celebration of the pontifical high Mass by Bishop Hartley, of Columbus, O., and an address by Bishop Foley, of Detroit, who in welcoming three hundred priests and as many nuns, representing various teaching orders, formally opened the convention. Monsignor Falconio bore a message of congratulation and advice from the Pope.

The delegates, accompanied by Rev. William Ketcham of the bureau of Catholic Indian missions, returned from a trip to the northwest, where he attended the Catholic Sioux Congress at Fort Yates, N. Dak., last week.

One thousand children from the parish schools of the city sang. Cardinal Gibbons was elected Honorary President and Mgr. T. J. Shahan of Washington, D.C., President General.

WORDS OF CAUTION TO YOUNG MOTHERS

Mothers must keep guard over the health of their little ones during the summer months. Summer is an anxious time for all mothers, but more especially for young mothers. It is the most fatal time of the year for babies and young children. It is then that stomach and bowel troubles come almost without warning, and often before the mother realizes there is any danger the little one may be beyond aid. The mother must take strict caution to keep her little one's stomach sweet and pure and his bowels moving regularly. No other medicine can do this so quickly and thoroughly as this so-called "Baby's Own Tablets." The Tablets should always be kept in the house. An occasional dose will keep baby well, or if illness comes on suddenly the Tablets will quickly remove the cause and make baby well and happy. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

# OUR BOYS AND GIRLS



CONDUCTED BY AUNT BETTY

## The Altar Boy.

Beside the priest at holy Mass each day,  
The altar boy kneels there in reverent low;  
To wait upon Christ's minister so blest  
From whose pure hands God's strengthening grace doth flow.  
What sacred privilege to be so near,  
What at the mystic words Christ then appears,  
And in the priest's frail hands His body rests,  
Whose precious food He gives for thousand years.  
Ah! Surely Jesus' love will fill the hearts,  
Of those who serve around His altar sweet,  
And He must mark the altar boy who often comes His presence dear to greet.  
Ah! pure must ever be His faithful ones,  
And He will fill their souls with gifts most fair:  
Their lives with His united in such joy,  
Must find a dream of heaven resting there.  
—Rixford J. Lincoln.

## In the Restaurant.

"Look at the girl at the corner table, Alice—the one with the white shirtwaist and green hat."  
Alice turned and looked across the palms in the center of the restaurant toward the little round table near the last window. "Oh, the girl with the pretty auburn hair!" she exclaimed. "Lovely color, isn't it?"  
"Whom does she remind you of?"  
"Why, I don't know," Alice studied the face shaded by the green hat and the girl, apparently suddenly conscious of observation, looked up. Then her eyes dropped, and a flush mounted to her cheeks.  
"There is a familiar look about her," Alice exclaimed, "but I can't seem to think who it is that she looks like."  
"Isn't it Miriam Ellis?"  
"Miriam Ellis! Why, of course!"  
Alice continued to study the pretty face of the girl at the corner table. "She's nicer looking than Miriam, but I don't believe she's so full of fun. Oh, dear! Do you remember the time Miriam tried to ride the calf, and how dreadfully the poor thing bellowed?"  
Both girls began to laugh. And as the most spectacular of Miriam's many pranks started them along the path of reminiscences, they made a gay luncheon. Neither noticed that the face of the girl at the corner table had clouded over, and if they had noticed, they would have been far from supposing that they had any connection with the fact.  
But to the girl at the corner table all was plain enough. First the girl with the roses on her hat had noticed her and pointed her out to her friend. And the girl had looked and stared indeed, till Margery's cheeks had flamed under the ordeal. Then both of them had laughed, and they were laughing yet. It seemed likely that the joke would last through the meal.  
The girl at the corner table looked down at herself rather piteously. What could there be about her to cause such uncontrolled amusement? When Aunt Joan had invited her to luncheon at the fashionable restaurant, Margery had taken especial pains with her toilet, for to her the occasion was an important one. There were no restaurants at Green Lake, which was Margery's home. It had all seemed to her like a chapter out of a story, till the two girls on the opposite side of the room had begun to look and whisper, and betray amusement.  
"You're not half eating," said Aunt Joan's crisp tones. "Don't you like it, Margery?"  
"It's all so different," the girl returned with a wan little smile. "It would take a while to get used to it."  
They were kind-hearted girls, the two at the other table, who had looked the stranger over as if she had been a piece of statuary, and had commented on her appearance unmistakably, though inaudibly and not unkindly. They would have been highly indignant if anyone had accused them of a breach of good manners. And yet they were responsible for spoiling the pleasure of the girl at the corner table. It really was a pity.

## My Mother.

We sit in one big chair, for mother's little,  
And rock and talk, all in the fore-light's glow.  
She pats my hand—perhaps you think it's funny—  
It's somehow easier to visit so.  
She loves to read the very books that I do,  
That tell of Lancelot, and all the rest;  
She thinks that Charlemagne was such a hero.

was best.  
But maybe Bayard, bravest knight,  
She knows about the school, and what I study;  
She likes the boys, remembers nick-names, too.  
I tell her everything that I am doing—  
Why, bedtime comes before we're nearly through!  
She's glad that I'm a boy, and growing taller;  
She isn't sorry that my hair does curl.  
My mother is not like a grown-up lady;  
I'm sure she always seems just like a girl.  
—Alix Thorn.

## The City Cousin.

He's my own cousin, mamma says; but my! he's awfully green! Because he's always lived in town and so he hasn't seen  
So very many things. He said he never milked a cow,  
And all the grass he ever saw was in a yard till now!  
He never gathered roasting ears, and it's the first time he  
Threw up a stick to knock down nuts and ate 'em off the tree!  
And he don't know where honey grows and never learned to swim.  
My! I would hate to be that old and not know more than him!  
When he is home there ain't a creek and so he never goes  
A-fishing, and he hasn't got a suit of real old clothes,  
The kind you have to have to fish; and he says he can't go  
Barefoot with us because the grass and weeds would hurt his toes!  
He won't chew slippery elum bark or beeswax; he's afraid  
Of it because he told us that he don't know how it's made;  
And he won't dig up angle worms because they wiggle so.  
I never saw the place he lives, but my! it must be slow!  
—J. W. Foley.

## The Doings of Donald and Dorothy.

Donald and Dorothy were twins and every one said they were the cutest, most mischievous, most loving little couple in town. They were usually very good, too, but one day they did something which was very funny afterwards, but which was very serious at the time. Isn't it queer how many things that are funny afterwards are not funny when they happen.  
The twins had been playing all the morning, but at last they grew tired of their block houses.  
"Let's not play this any more," said Dorothy at length.  
"Yes, let's not," agreed Donald; "it's too sitting stilly."  
"I know what we can do," continued Dorothy. "You know that lovely little playhouse we found up in the attic when mamma was finding papa's fur coat?"  
"Uh-huh," assented Donald.  
"Well, I'll take Rosa, and you can take Teddy, and we'll go up there and play 'Alice in Wonderland.' You know, mamma read it to us yesterday. Teddy can be the white rabbit 'cause he looks more like a rabbit than Rosa does."  
Donald agreed to this plan, so they trotted gaily up the stairs, hand in hand.  
After much rummaging they found everything they needed for the game but a rabbit hole, and for a little while even their active brains were unable to devise a suitable one. At last Dorothy found a loose brick in the chimney—which ran through the attic—where they could take out enough bricks to make a "dandy rabbit hole."  
"You can be 'Alice' first," said Donald, generously, "cause you're a girl. Dorothy did not object to this arrangement. So after tossing poor Teddy into the dark hole, fat little Dorothy prepared to follow him. The hole was a tight squeeze for her, but at last she slipped in.  
"Oh, dear," she called a minute later; "I've stuck, an' it's so dark I can't see to 'magine marmalade."  
"Wiggle hard," answered Donald, "an' hurry, so I can go, too."  
There was no answer, but a slight shuffling noise. Donald sat by the rabbit hole a long time, and listened.  
"I wish I dared holler," he thought; "but I might 'sturb' her 'mar'ning. Guess I'll go downstairs."  
When Donald got down he found mamma looking for them, as papa had come to take them for a drive before lunch.  
"Where's Dorothy?" said mamma.  
"Dorothy's don't down the rabbit hole, and she ain't got back yet."  
"Well, you go and call her," said mamma, wondering what they had been playing.  
Donald was back in a few minutes. "She won't answer me," he said; "I s'pect she's opening the garden door now; Teddy's the white rabbit."  
"Donald, stop your fooling at once and tell me where Dorothy is," said mamma sternly.

"I've told all I can tell," said Donald, beginning to cry.  
Just then mamma heard a faint little cry of "Mamma! Mamma!" which seemed to come from the wall near by.  
"There's Dorothy, now," said Donald.  
"Where are you?" called mamma.  
"Why, I'm wright here," came a tremulous little voice. "Won't you come and get me, 'cause I can't get back?"  
Just then papa came in to see what kept them so long, and together they ransacked the house. But still that fearful little voice kept calling them to hurry. "Don't you know where I am?" it said; "why, I'm wright here, and I'm so tired."  
Mamma and papa were now thoroughly frightened. "If I don't find her pretty quick, we'd better call the policeman," said mamma.  
All this time frightened little Donald had been running about, looking in the cream pitcher, sugar bowl and behind doors, and getting in everybody's way. "What is it you're looking for?" he said; "cause if it's Dorothy, I telled you she was in the rabbit hole in the attic."  
"In the attic!" said papa, as he rushed upstairs three steps at a time. Dorothy's voice seemed far below him now. "Come up, and show me your rabbit hole," Donald, he called.  
Donald came as fast as his little fat legs would carry him. "Right over here, papa; isn't it nice?"  
Papa didn't stop to see whether it was nice or not. "Dorothy," he called; "we're coming; wait a minute longer, dear."  
"You needn't bother now, papa," called back Dorothy. "I'm most un-stuck." Then a slight scuffling noise was heard followed by a dull thud.  
The Davis house was an old one, and had a big, old-fashioned fireplace in it, which had been boarded up when the stoves came into general use. It did not take Mr. Davis long to remember this, nor to remember that this was the chimney which opened from it. Dorothy, in squirming about, had loosened herself, and fallen on the floor of the fireplace.  
Mr. Davis quickly ran downstairs and knocked the fireboard off, and rescued a tear-stained little "Alice in Wonderland," and Dorothy rescued the white rabbit.  
"Why didn't you come before?" said Dorothy, in an aggrieved tone; "I was wright here all the time!"  
Though the twins were afterwards just as mischievous as before, I don't believe they ever again tried to slide down the chimney.

## How to Appear Smartly Dressed.

Dress becomingly.  
Be individual in your style.  
Do not dress beyond your means.  
Learn the right times and seasons for wearing your clothes.  
Make a study not of your good points but of your weak ones before buying your frocks and hats, says the *Norwich Bulletin*.  
Learn materials and their wearing qualities, especially if your clothes must do duty another season.  
Study color effects and know what combines well, as well as what is suitable to your type.  
Learn the lines that suit you and stick to them. Only modify them enough not to be hopelessly out of date.  
Don't trust to what your dress-maker or milliner tells you. Use your common sense.  
Do not buy a frock or hat because it takes your eye; only to remember when you get home that you cannot afford it and have no suitable occasions for wearing it.

## CONSCIENCE MAKES COWARDS.

A quiet, bashful sort of a fellow was making a call on a Capitol Hill girl one evening not so very long ago, when her father came into the parlor with his watch in his hand. It was about 9.30 o'clock. At the moment the young man was standing on a chair straightening a picture over the piano. The girl had asked him to fix it. As he turned, the old gentleman, a gruff, stout fellow, said:  
"Young man, do you know what time it is?"  
The bashful youth got off the chair nervously. "Yes, sir," he replied. "I was just going."  
He went into the hall without delay, and took his hat and coat. The girl's father followed him. As the caller reached for the door-knob the old gentleman again asked him if he knew what time it was.  
"Yes, sir," was the youth's reply. "Good night!" And he left without waiting to put his coat on.  
After the door had closed the old gentleman turned to the girl.  
"What's the matter with that fellow?" he asked. "My watch ran down this afternoon and I wanted him to tell me the time, so that I could set it." —Denver Post.

## POET'S CORNER

### ONE OF THESE DAYS.

Say! Let's forget it! Let's put it aside!  
Life is so large and the world is so wide,  
Days are so short and there's so much to do,  
What if it was false—there's so much that's true!  
Say! Let's forget it! Let's brush it away,  
Now and forever—so, what do you say?  
All of the bitter words said shall be praise,  
One of these days.

Say! Let's forgive it! Let's wipe off the slate!  
There's so much good in the world that we've had  
Let's strike a balance and cross off the bad.  
Say! Let's forgive it, whatever it be;  
Let's not be slaves when we ought to be free.  
We shall be walking in sunny ways,  
One of these days.

Say! Let's not mind it! Let's smile it away!  
Bring not a withered rose from yesterday;  
Flowers are so fresh by the wayside and wood,  
Sorrow are blessings but half understood;  
Say! Let's not mind it, however it seems;  
Hope is so sweet and holds so many dreams.  
All of the sere fields with blossoms shall blaze,  
One of these days.

Say! Let's not take it so sorely to heart;  
Failure be genius not quite understood;  
Hates may be friendship just drifted apart;  
We could all help folks so much if we would!  
Say! Let's get closer to somebody's side,  
See what his dreams are and know how he tried;  
Learn if our scoldings won't give way to praise,  
One of these days.

Say! Let's not wither! Let's branch out and rise  
Out of the byways and nearer the skies;  
Let's spread some shade that's refreshing and deep,  
Where some tired traveler may lie down to sleep.  
Say! Let's not tarry! Let's do it right now!  
So much to do if we just find out  
We may not be here to help folks or praise  
One of these days.  
—J. W. Foley.

### WORK IS WORSHIP.

He always prays who always worketh well—  
The lightest touch  
Laid on a child in love, yet serveth much;  
He, whose behest is labor, in God doth dwell—  
Heaven is of such  
Here ever holds  
That dear New Kingdom fashioned  
Out of hearts;  
Here lies its strength, and at this fountain starts;  
A baby moulds  
Its boundless measure, of broken lives and parts.  
Divinely, on bruised reeds and pierced breasts,  
Its glory rests.

Be thou a servant, brother, and thou shalt be  
A sovereign then;  
Royal in thy coming down and royal in ken,  
And of the Heavenly Kingdom greatly free—  
God's citizen  
Thy loftiest rise  
Whom lowliest kneel, to wash a beggar's feet  
Or snatch a jewel thrown upon the street;  
The Paradise  
Is here and now, and maketh suffering sweet.  
Earth groweth sad, and darken skies and droop,  
Unless we stoop.

He always worships, whose delight is toil—  
Simply to serve,  
And never from the track of duty swerve;  
One with the freshness of the flowers and soil,  
And planets' curve.  
Bending to lift  
Weakness, he raiseth higher Heaven's new walls,  
In answering outcasts' cry and sorrow's calls;  
Where'er souls drift,  
He casts himself beneath the sinner's falls,  
In truth's foundations yet shall lie, with trust,  
His sacred dust.

Be thou a servant, brother, and like our Lord—  
Helping the least,  
A wounded bird and stricken and starving beast;  
Christ will Himself with thee, in love's accord,  
Wait at thy feast,  
And holy bread,  
The life eternal, thus shall feed thy soul,  
And in thy going make thee His and whole.

His table is spread  
At every kindness, that thou dost not dole,  
Within the humble heart, God's lowly skies,  
Heaven's Kingdom lies.  
—F. W. Orde Ward, in *Animal World*

### THE BOOK OF YEARS.

In sleep I turned the volume of my years;  
The leaves were many, rough and soiled and marred,  
And here and there a line was blurred and scarred,  
Where to erase it I had tried with tears.  
No page was perfect, but through all there ran  
Fair lines and many spaces white and clear;  
Ah, small they were, the blotted lines too near,  
But each showed where a higher thought began.  
Unknowingly I traced these pages interlined,  
I thought them but loose leaves soon torn and lost;  
I knew not then the tears which they should cost  
When in the western sky my sun declined,  
Could I but write them now, how fair they all should look  
When the great angel comes to close and seal my book.

## Runny Sayings.

"Mrs. O'Rooney," said Father McMurphy, "why do I never see Patrick at church now?"  
Mrs. O'Rooney shook her head sadly.  
"Is it Socialism?"  
"Worse than that, your reverence."  
"Is it Atheism?"  
"Worse, your reverence."  
"What is it, then?"  
"Rheumatism."

### BEYOND THE REACH OF LAW.

Dr. Pigou, the dean of Bristol, has for long had the reputation of being one of the brightest humorists in the church.  
One of his stories turns upon the deceased wife's sister. It appears that a vicar of Dr. Pigou's acquaintance had, in ignorance, solemnized such a marriage, and he interviewed the old vergier, whose business it was to look after such things.  
"Yes, yes," exclaimed the old man. "I knowed the parties. I knowed them."  
"Then, why in the world didn't you tell me?" exclaimed the vicar.  
"Well, vicar, it was this way, you see," replied the old fellow. "One of em parties was 83 and t'other was 86. Says I to meself, 'It can't last long; bother the laws and let 'em two wed.'"

Two men walking along beside a river saw a man fall in where it was very deep. One of the men went to rescue the poor fellow, but it was a paper one and it came away in shreds. He then caught hold of the man by his hair, but it was a wig, and it came away also. He then, in desperation called to his companion: "Come here and help me, Jamie, this man's comin' awa' in bits."

For years Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has ranked as the most effective preparation manufactured, and it always maintains its reputation.  
Regarded as one of the most potent compounds ever introduced with which to combat all summer complaints and inflammation of the bowels, Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial has won for itself a reputation that no other cordial for the purpose can aspire to. For young or old suffering from these complaints it is the best medicine that can be procured.

Two Jews were once discussing the death of a friend. Said Jacob: "Sure Ike was a good fellow?"  
"He was that," replied Isaac, "a mighty good fellow, Jacob."  
"And a cheerful man too was Ike, and very generous as well."  
"Vell," replied Isaac, "I don't think too very much about that. Did Ike ever buy you nothing?"  
Jacob said, "sure, very near; von time he come into Cohen's saloon, vere me and Abbe and Moses were drinking, and he said, 'vel, men, vat are ve going to half-rain or snows?'"

"And where have you been my pet?" asked Willie's mother on his return home after an uninvited absence of several hours.  
"Playing postman," said the family hope.  
"Playing postman?" repeated Willie's mother. "And how does one play postman, sweet?"  
"Why, I just left a letter at each house in the road," explained the prodigy—"real letters, too."  
"Real letters, darling?" inquired mamma, smiling. "But where ever did you get the real letters from?"  
"Out of your wardrobe drawer," responded Willie—"those old ones tied up with pink ribbons." —Answers.

Little Harold, before going out to dinner, was admonished by his mother to eat everything like a little man. His hostess noticed his soup with macaroni standing before him untouched, and asked him:  
"Harold, don't you like your soup?"  
"No, ma, 'cause my mamma generally eats the stiddups out."

## Belgian Priest Becomes Collier.

Sociology too often is but an arm-chair study. The schemes of its students come down with a rush at the first test of practical experience. The same fate has not overtaken the person or the teaching of a well-known Belgian Dominican, the famous Father Rutten, and for a very good reason, says the *London Catholic Times*.  
Preparing a lecture upon the conditions of life among the colliers, he could not find any reliable data upon which to work. It was all hearsay. With the permission of his superiors the friar doffed his habit, put on the miners' old clothes, went down into the pit in his turn, and lived for several weeks in lodgings with a collier's family.

The result was that this good priest returned from the Belgian Black country with his face begrimed with coal-dust but his heart cheered by the many good qualities of the men with whom he had worked below.  
Utilizing the knowledge thus gained, Father Rutten set about providing for the deficiencies he had noticed, and gave himself up to the work of organizing them on Christian lines.  
Anyone interested in social work could not do better than pay a visit to Ghent, the home par excellence of the many Catholic social works which have grown up in Belgium and render so strong in that country the position of the Catholic Church. We must not forget that Belgium is the very home of local self-government. Each town has its own speciality in "ouvres" just as in other social matters. I may mention that, for instance, if one wishes to get an insight into the works for country-people, such as the "Boerenbond" and its offshoots, Louvain is the place to go to. But if the industrial classes and their interests appeal more to one's sympathy, then Ghent is the place to visit.

There we shall find at home the subject of these lines. In appearance this friar and collier is handsome and sharp-featured. He has scarcely passed the thirties. Like so many other Belgians, clerical and lay, his tastes are most catholic and not narrowed down to his social work. Go with him to the famous Cathedral of S. Bavon, to admire van Eck's "Adoration of the Lamb," and you will realize quickly that in the heart of this leader of men both the artist and the dreamer have found a home. Imagination plays a great part in scientific discoveries. She has also a place in social work. She shows us what "might have been" quit to let experience and methodical observation teach us what may be done.  
Father Rutten, the artist, is besides a speaker of the first water. His Lenten lectures have recalled many a soul to a more practical Christianity. But when treating of social questions this fire is quenched. Experience has taught the friar the danger of being carried away by imprudent generosity from the hard facts of every day life.

Thus some years back, when a great stir was made over all Belgium concerning the legal limitation of working hours in the mines, this brilliant orator, with his practical experience down below carefully refrained from any exaggerated statements. It would, however, be unfair to give the subject of this notice the whole credit of the social works in Ghent. One must not fail to mention the engineer, M. Arndt, the popular president of the Democratic League, Mr. Verhaeghe, and last, but not least, a Mr. Eysenbosch, an ex-printer, the soul of this social movement.

Looked at askance at first, Father Rutten has met the fate of all apostles with new ideas. After his time of trial, he has become to-day one of the most useful members of the Catholic movement in Belgium. Mr. Bernaert has spoken of the "moine-ouvrier," as one of the most useful assets of his party. In France the followers of M. Le Play and all the notabilities of the Catholic Social School frequently invite Father Rutten to lecture before them. "The Belgians," said the friar in one of these lectures, "are fonder of working than wasting their time speaking."

## HER PREFERENCE.

"Does your daughter play Mozart?" inquired the young man with gold-rimmed glasses.  
"I believe she does," answered Mrs. Sanders affably. "But I think she prefers tennis."

## Was Troubled With His Liver For Four Years.

### Doctors Gave Him Up.

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS CURED HIM  
Mr. Harry Graves, Junkins, Alta., writes:—"I can not say enough in regard to your wonderful Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. For four years I was troubled with my liver, and at times it would get so bad I could not move around. At last the doctor gave me up saying it was impossible for me to get cured.  
My father got me four vials of your Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills, but I told him there was no use trying them and that it was only a waste of money, however I took them and to-day, six months later, I am a well man and weigh twenty-four pounds more than I did. I would advise all liver sufferers to use them.  
Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are 25 cents a vial, or 5 vials for \$1.00, at all Dealers, or will be mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

## Home

The main object of the forthcoming United Irish League held in Buffalo, N. Y., is of course, Ireland.  
That is the subject of questions—for Irish party none since the party. Then Home Rule it has remained at the front still subject at every convention, at every king of every kind and ending nationalist demands self-governing nall the time.

This explains the Irish Party of the Budget and the Veil power. The Budget mainly because Home Rule concerned in the feat of the Budget and throwing the Government.  
Rule and the put the Party pledged Rule.

Therefore the I ed the Budget somewhat the t the increase, how the masses of the the landlord ar who are well ab have hitherto bee cape paying their Irish Party support the interests of H view that, as Mr. expressed it, the the British Parli best money barga England for Irela on behalf of the restoration of the themselves and co money."

That is the sum the Irish Party g question. Wh House of Lords' cerns Home Rule, only obstacle in obtaining Home House of Lords I had Home Rule n no other obstacle where to Ireland's All the civilized British Empire Home Rule for House of Lords a presents. We have have often cit words of Mr. Glac words' verdict on for Ireland and a one of his num speeches the great "I must refer to which we, and have been specially using. I think it some weight and consideration; and ment derived from authority to Ireland's exhibited in its p It has been my ob could pursue it, the sentiment of a ropan literature, subjects, and I ha a single case in writer, speaking fr view that gave h sideration, had app duct of England recognized it other great stain upon country."

And in other language "the old emphasized the "Go," he said, "in breadth of the w literature of all co if you can a single book, in which the land towards. Iea treated except wit bitter condemnation There was no t argument of the v side and against E none because none

## Father Campbell

By direction from the General of the Thomas J. Campbell charge as Superior of the Jesuits, 32 West, New York City chief of America, t tholic weekly that He is well know preacher, and edu native of New York duate of St. Fran lege.

Father Campbell preparatory course order and then Fin Europe. Returning States, he taught i his order in New Y successively Preside Fordham and St. F was then appointe to the office of Pr New York-Maryland order, which inclu ern States. This i signal success for t he became one of The Messenger, a Canada, where he collecting material the pioneer Jesu North America, which have already He has recently ret task, and his app Rome as editor in Ont.

Home Rule--The Question of Questions.

(Irish World.)

The main object--the only object--of the forthcoming convention of the United Irish League of America to be held in Buffalo on Sept. 27, 28 and 29, is of course, Home Rule for Ireland.

BLAMES METHODIST COLLEGE.

Archbishop Ireland Upholds the Vatican.

Responding to the address of the Board of Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, issued on May 16, Archbishop Ireland contributed to the forthcoming issue of the North American Review an extended article upon the Methodist Episcopal Church of America in Italy, reviewing the statement of the Methodist bishops and justifying the action of the Vatican in connection with the proposed audience of Colonel Roosevelt.

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Best Becomes

often is but an arm-schemes of its stu- with a rush at the-ical experience. The not overtaken the- of a well- fam- and for a very- the London Ca-

A PUBLIC WARNING

We wish to warn the public against being imposed on by unscrupulous dealers who substitute with cheap and worthless preparations designed to be imitations of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, the wonderful Bowel Complaint cure.

Geo. W. Reed & Co.

Contractors for: General Roofing, Cement and Asphalt Paving, Sheet Metal Work. 337 Craig St., W. Montreal.

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Had Heart Trouble

Life was a burden. Mr. Alexander McKay, Port Phillip, N. S., writes: "Seeing testimonials in the B.B.B. Almanac of how many poor sufferers had been helped by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, I thought mine would not be amiss."

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Americans in Canada.

They are reported to be smiling softly to themselves in Canada over a curious discovery made by Vice-Admiral Sir A. L. Douglas on the subject of the preference of the Dominion for Americans as compared with English immigrants.

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Father Campbell Honored.

By direction from Rome of the Father General of the Order, the Rev. Thomas J. Campbell has assumed charge as Superior of the House of the Jesuits, 32 Washington Square, West, New York City, and editor in chief of America, the national Catholic weekly that is published there.

Renewal of Vows.

At the termination of the spiritual retreat at Nazareth, Kalamazoo County, Michigan, on the feast of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin thirty-four Novices renewed their vows and Sister Mary John, Sister Mary Leonard, Sister Mary Boniface and Sister Mary Athanasius made their solemn vows.

A \$500 Challenge.

An interesting controversy is being indulged in on the Upper Lakes in connection with the relative speed of the SS. Harmonic, of the Northern Navigation Co., and the SS. Keewatin, of the C.P.Ry.

Summer Cruises in the Northern Seas.

In connection with the inauguration of the Grand Trunk Pacific steamship on the Pacific Coast on June 12th, the Company has issued a very handsome and interesting booklet describing the new boats and the scenic grandeur of the trip from Seattle, Victoria or Vancouver to Prince Rupert.

Liver Pills

Junkins, Alta. enough in regard- Laxa-Liver I was troubled- it would get- around. At- up saying it was- cured.

Cardinal's Advice.

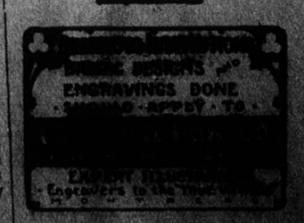
His Eminence of Baltimore never makes the mistake of "talking over the heads" of his auditors. And there is always substance in his talks, be they short or long.

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RARE AND PRICE-LESS PAINTINGS.

Mr. Purves Carter Examines Them at St. Henri, Levis.

Mr. J. Purves Carter has just returned to Quebec from Hamilton and Toronto, to attend the funeral of the lamented Monsignor Laflamme.

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haps through insufficient advertisement, the citizen portion of the audience was hardly numerous enough to do justice to the efforts of the Association.

Gentiles Everywhere Taller Than Jews.

All over the world the Jews tend to shortness of stature. This tendency is clearly inborn, in that the Jews are everywhere shorter than the Christian population.

In London, for example, the prosperous West End Jew is taller than the denizens of the East End.

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ROSPIGLIOSI MARRIAGE VOID.

So Stands the Declaration of the Papal Tribunal.

The pontifical tribunal of the Rota has at last rendered a decision in the famous case of the Princess Rospigliosi, formerly Mary Jennings Reid, of Washington.

The princess was born in New Orleans in 1870. When quite young she went to Washington, where she married Mr. Parkhurst, who divorced her and kept their two children.

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It would be the story of an attempt of a woman by her duties and the like to secure the support for her little boys and girls, trusting to neighbors and Providence, to guard them while she is away from home.

Coming Struggle For Religious Instruction in Italy.

After the lapse of over three years since the last attempt to get the primary schools of Italy under the complete control of the Government, Italians are once more to witness a repetition of the struggle in the Chamber of Deputies.

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PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that under the First Part of chapter 79 of the Revised Statutes of Canada, 1906, known as "The Companies Act," letters patent have been issued under the Seal of the Secretary of State of Canada, bearing date the 7th day of June, 1910, incorporating Patrick McCrory, coal merchant, Patrick Joseph McCrory, clerk, Francis Joseph Curran, and Louis Edward Curran, advocates, and Florence Nightingale Swanson, stenographer, all of the City of Montreal, in the Province of Quebec, for the following purposes, viz: (a) To buy, sell, import, export, manufacture, search for, get, work, mine, raise, make merchantable and deal generally in coal, wood, oil, coke, and all kinds of fuel, all kinds of gas, metals, minerals and all other substances, whether of a like nature or not; (b) To acquire and take over the assets, liabilities and good will of the business heretofore and now being carried on at the City of Montreal, by the said Patrick McCrory, as a coal merchant, and all rights, privileges, interest and ownership of the said Patrick McCrory, in any docks, wharves, elevators or other things for loading and unloading coal and in general shipping facilities, and to pay the said Patrick McCrory for the said business, assets, good will, rights, privileges, interests and ownership in fully paid-up shares of the capital stock of the company; (c) To carry on a general lumber business; (d) To acquire, hold, buy, sell, exchange, convey and deal with, in any manner whatsoever, all movable and immovable property, rights, privileges and interests which may be necessary, useful and advantageous for the carrying on of the business and undertaking of the company; (e) To carry on a general cartage, transportation and storage business; (f) To act as agent of any other company or companies carrying on business of a nature similar to that of the undertaking and business of this company; (g) To acquire and take over the whole or any part of the business, property, assets or liabilities of any person, partnership or company, carrying on business, with objects similar in whole or in part to those of this company, or possessed of properties and rights useful and advantageous for the purposes of the company; (h) To acquire, purchase or obtain and own shares of the capital stock, bonds or other securities of any other company, individual, partnership or corporation carrying on any business similar to any business which this company is empowered to carry on, and to acquire and hold or dispose of such shares, bonds or securities notwithstanding the provisions of section 44 of The Companies Act; (i) To acquire, build, own, charter, operate and lease at kinds of steam, sailing boats, tugs, barges and other kinds of vessels, docks, wharves, elevators, warehouses, freight sheds and other buildings necessary and convenient for the purposes of the company; (j) To build, construct, purchase, lease or otherwise acquire and to operate, plants or works for the production and disposal by sale, lease or otherwise of steam, pneumatic, hydraulic, electric and any other power or force, and to use, buy, sell and generally deal in all such kinds of power or force; provided any such rights, privileges and powers hereby conferred upon the company in this paragraph as to the acquisition, use and disposal of electricity or other power when exercised outside the property of the company shall be subject to the laws and regulations of the local, provincial and municipal authorities in that regard; (k) To acquire, use, lease or otherwise dispose of any patents of invention, processes or improvements, trade marks, trade designs and trade rights, as may be incidental, useful and pertain to the purposes and business of the company and to pay for the said trade marks and rights in cash or in shares of the company, if deemed advantageous for the carrying on of the business of the company; (l) To make any agreement or arrangement for the sharing of profits, union of interests, co-operation, joint undertaking or adventure with any person, partnership or company carrying on any kind of business that this company is authorized to carry on, or to amalgamate with any other such company; (m) To raise and assist in raising money by way of loan, promise, endorsement, bonus, guarantee of bonds, debentures, or other securities or otherwise to aid any other person, partnership, company or corporation and to guarantee the performance of contracts by any such persons or bodies with whom the company may have business relations or commercial interests; (n) To invest any moneys of the company, that is not immediately required for use in carrying on the undertaking of the company in such manner as may from time to time be determined; (o) To pay or distribute among or to the shareholders of the company in kind, any assets or property of the company and in particular any shares, debentures or securities of any other company or companies which may have acquired or taken over, either in whole or in part, the property, assets and liabilities of this company; (p) To sell or exchange or otherwise dispose of the rights and undertakings of the company in whole or in part, for such consideration as the company may deem fit and in particular, for shares or securities of any other company, having objects similar in whole or in part to those of this company, and upon such terms and conditions as may be agreed upon; (q) To issue paid up shares, bonds or debentures or other securities, for the payment in whole or in part, of any real or personal property, rights, claims, privileges, concessions or other advantages which the company may acquire and to issue such shares or other securities in payment in whole or in part, or in

Not an Irishman's Weapon.

The Inter-Mountain Catholic says that no stabbing affray is ever heard of in Ireland. Says our contemporary: "We never knew or heard of an Irishman in the old country drawing a knife in a brawl. The manhood of the Irish Celt would resent it. Drunk or sober, the Scot or the Hibernian is a man and plays a man's part. We know of only one case where a true Irishman was tempted murder with a knife, and that attempt was on the life of the great Archbishop Hughes of New York."

The Archbishop was sitting in his library late one Saturday night when a man, who had concealed himself in the episcopal residence in Mulberry street, entered the room, and, drawing a dagger, advanced to strike the prelate. With wonderful presence of mind, the Archbishop stood up and, meeting the eye of the assassin, saw that he was demented. "One moment. Are you an Irishman?" "I am," answered the other. "Then go out," thundered the prelate, "get a blackthorn stick and kill me with that. No Irishman, and you know it, ever killed a man with a dagger; it's the weapon of a coward."

The madman threw down the knife started out for a blackthorn, and the prelate's life was saved.

Obsequies of Lat e Mgr. Laflamme

With a simplicity that marked his earthly life, and a life that was well spent in the interest of his fellow beings, the remains of the late beloved Mgr. Laflamme, former Rector of Laval University, and one of Canada's most distinguished sons, were laid to rest on Friday morning in a vault beneath the Seminary Chapel, Quebec.

The funeral service was solemn and impressive in its simplicity and the requiem Mass was celebrated by Mgr. Begin, Archbishop of Quebec, assisted by Mgr. Mathieu as assit. priest, Abbes Laflamme, curé of Rumford Falls, Me., nephew of the deceased, and Revs. Genest and Paquet as deacon and sub-deacon respectively.

The sanctuary was draped in purple and black, but apart from this there were no other marks of mourning.

In the choir were Mgr. Bruchesi, Archbishop of Montreal; Mgr. Labrecque, of Chicoutimi; Mgr. Bruneau, of Nicolet; Mgr. Roy, Auxiliary Bishop of Quebec; Mgr. Faguy, Mgr. Gagnon, Mgr. Paquet, Mgr. Lapointe, Vicar-General of Chicoutimi; Mgr. Marchand, Vicar-General of Three Rivers; Mgr. Tanguay, Vicar-General of Sherbrooke; and Mgr. Donville, Vicar-General of Nicolet.

In the assembled congregation present at the service were many who have much to thank the late prelate for the splendid training and education they received under his supervision, both at the Seminary and Laval University. These represented the priesthood and all the professions, among whom it was evident that the death of the late Mgr. Laflamme was keenly felt as a severe loss.

On the conclusion of the solemn service the body was removed to the vault, where the final prayers were said by Archbishop Begin.

Among the large and distinguished number of mourners were Sir C. A. P. Pelletier, Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, who was accompanied by his aide-de-camp, Capt. Victor Pelletier; Hon. Justice Groulx, who represented the Governor-General; Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, who represented the Dominion Cabinet; Premier Sir Lomer Gosselin, His Worship Mayor Drouin, and Mr. H. J. B. Chouinard, representing the Quebec City Council.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Montreal-Portland-Old Orchard-Kennebunkport, Me. FAVORITE ROUTE TO THE SEASIDE. Sleeping Cars leave Montreal at 8.15 p.m. daily. Parlor Cars leave Montreal at 8 a.m. daily. Sleeping Car leaving Montreal Saturday nights will run to Kennebunk only. On Sundays Sleeping Car will start from Kennebunk at 7 p.m.

HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSIONS. HOMESEEKERS' ROUND TRIP EXCURSION TICKETS to Western Canada via Chicago on safe July 26; August 9, 23; September 6, 20; at very low fares. Good for 60 days.

CITY TICKET OFFICES. 130 St. James St. Phone Main 6908, 6909, 6907, or Bonaventure Station.

CANADIAN PACIFIC HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSIONS. Nimitobe, Saskatoon & Alberta. July 12, 26; August 9, 23; Sept. 6, 20, 1910.

TOURIST CARS. Leave Montreal daily, Sundays included, at 10.30 p.m. for Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver and Seattle, and daily, Sundays included, at 10 a.m. for Winnipeg and intermediate stations.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. SUMMER SCHEDULE. IN EFFECT JUNE 15TH. MARITIME EXPRESS. 8.15 a.m. Daily. St. Hyacinthe, Drummondville, Levis, Quebec, Riv. Ouelle, Murray Bay, Riviere du Loup, Little Metis, Campbellton.

OCEAN LIMITED. 7.30 p.m. Except Saturday. For St. Hyacinthe, Levis, Quebec, Murray Bay, Riv. du Loup, Little Metis, Metapedia, Campbellton, Moncton, St. John, Halifax, and Sydney.

CITY TICKET OFFICE. 130 St. James Street. Tel. Bell M. 618. H. A. PRITCH, GEO. STRUBBE, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt. City Ticket Agt.

PATENTS. We call the attention of manufacturers, inventors and others who realize the advisability of having their Patent business transacted by experts. Preliminary advice free. Charge moderate. Our Patent Attorneys are: Messrs. Marston & Marston, New York Life Bldg. Montreal and Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

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exchange for the shares, bonds, debentures or other securities of any other company carrying on business with objects similar in whole or in part to the business of this company; (r) To buy, sell and deal generally in all kinds of goods, wares and merchandise and to do all such other acts and things as may be deemed by the company to enhance the value or render profitable any of the rights, privileges or properties of the company. The operations of the company to be carried on throughout the Dominion of Canada and elsewhere by the name of "The P. McCrory Coal Company, Limited," with a capital stock of thirty thousand dollars, divided into three hundred shares of one hundred dollars each, and the chief place of business of the said company to be at the city of Montreal, in the province of Quebec.

Dated at the office of the Secretary of State of Canada, this 10th day of June, 1910. THOMAS MULVEY, Under-Secretary of State.

Local and Diocesan News.

LOCAL CALENDAR. Fri. July 15, St. Henry. Sat. " 16, Our Lady of Mt. Carmel. Sun. " 17, St. Alexis.

Forty Hours' Devotion. Saturday, July 16, St. Arsene; Monday, July 18, Providence Mother House; Wednesday, July 20, St. Lin; Friday, July 22, Novitiate of Redemptorist Fathers.

Catholic Sailors' Club. On July 7th the fine choral association of St. Louis de France visited the Catholic Sailors' Club and gave a concert which evoked the enthusiasm of the great gathering of sailors. The visitors were delighted and surprised at the good work that has been carried on so long.

Grand Trunk Bureau at London. A part of the magnificent Headquarters building recently built by the Grand Trunk System on Cockspur street, London, is to be devoted to the Bureau through which is to be distributed information concerning Canada. The Standard of Empire calls it "A new Canadian Commercial Embassy."

Throng to Buffalo.

We hope our readers are busy or getting busy in preparation for good work for Ireland at the forthcoming convention of the United Irish League of America—to be held in Buffalo on September 27—28.

John Redmond, the Irish leader, will be there with three of his colleagues of the Irish Party—T. P. O'Connor, Joseph Devlin and Alderman Boyle. The last-named gentleman is not much known in America, but he is well known in Ireland and Great Britain and highly esteemed as a veteran in the Irish cause.

The Irish envoys will remain in America about six weeks. Besides attending the convention, they will address meetings in several towns and cities throughout the country, according to the plan or program already announced—each envoy to be assigned a section and cover as many meetings in that section as possible.

Not to be Forgotten.

John Dillon the other day, speaking of the Budget and the policy of the Irish Party, said: "After the struggle of last session, one of the most exacting and trying I have ever been through, I am convinced that Mr. Redmond was absolutely faithful to the mandate he received from Ireland. What was that mandate? If ever a clear mandate was given by a nation, it was that through all vicissitudes of fortune he was to force the question of Home Rule to the front. The country had set its heart upon that. If we had been convinced that the Liberal leaders were determined to run away from their pledges, and desert the battle against the House of Lords, even if we knew that by throwing out the Liberal Party we would be inflicting a much heavier burden of taxation upon the people of Ireland than this Budget threatens them with, we would have thrown them out to-morrow even at the risk of greater taxation because though we felt, and we still feel, bound to fight the best battle we could to save Ireland from unjust taxation we felt bound never to forget in the course of that battle that our main business in the House of Commons, and our main mandate from Ireland, is to push to the front of British politics the demand of Ireland for self-government, and we have done so."

Just a Helping Hand.

There are so many people who need just a helping hand. They are climbing life's ascent with precarious footholds. One strong grip and they are over the worst places and can make their way. Widows with young children and little means, wives with worthless or afflicted husbands and with growing daughters and sons to be fed and clothed until they can care for their own maintenance and provide for the support of their mothers. How many cases there are of those hidden from the sight of their fellows, not the object of professional charity, who long for a helping hand. If the story of the little tenement could be told it would be the story of the daughter going to work in the factory and laboring to perform a stated task through 10 hours of

Vol. LX. Veto Redmond (T. P. O'Connor) York Times An ardent political inter- plaining that mystery at than the fight Commons his papers conta about the m is given to the Liberal a Ardent po restive, and through the resumption of Parliament in N finite station fighting poli complain the killed all the It seems u dismiss Pa some inform present mome conference pro a degree un Commons hi is beginning that the criti fore the Hou ators will k be a compro ture is inevit I find the persisting th as a part of I st such a rimot petition in cannot be ac Mr. Redmo in consequ daughter, bu back at any nounced befo himself in re receipt of a te compromise v Liberals whi not support rule, and Red if a comprom At present, I said except t come and th certain. The chief d on woman su the navy. O bill was not party lines, t its favor com than Tories. stained from George and C Radical view the bill beca a small mino dread being t consist main The future sent session sealed, but the more vio fragettes wi tions in or any action ne BETTER RE The naval J John Dillon, of the Radica tion. It v than the pre tions betwee undoubtedly last year, p minution of land. In spite of contradiction other Libera admitted ex ates for nav many, the s quith's scoo lish-German received in G The situati improving. the whisky t ed, is not a temperance reaching pr days of Feb many sectio favor of the is still rega and will be November s bers, the Iri still remain campaign ag The agitator land over th sion Oath. Government poste quart the ultra P concession t attacked by cause it is g the Establi erment nu the vacation dangerous a and already verpal has