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NOTICE. separation as to preher husband.

farch 17th, 1910.

EO. E. MATHIEU, ttorney for Plaintiff.

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MONTREAL, THURSDAY, MAY 19, 1910

The True Cuitness

Vol. LIX., No. 47

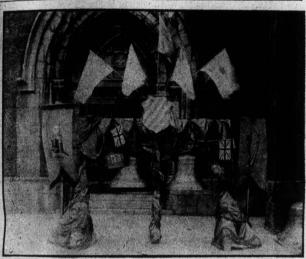
## Impressive Celebration at St. Patrick's.

Eight Bells, the Gifts of Parishioners, Blessed Midst Solemn Ceremonial.

The magnificence attending the plessing of the eight new bells at the history of the Church of Sunday last, at which His Grace the Archbishop pontificated, stands induce in the history of religious ceremonial in Montreal. These bells were the gifts of individual parishioners, the Symphony Choir and the children, and a very striking sight they presented suspended from the limb of a huge oak, its rustic outlines garlanded with smilax and set just within the sanctuary railing at whose open gates two massive beaten brass urns, filled with choicest flowers stood, sentinel-like. An air of festivity pervaded the grounds adjoining the church. Flags and pennants swayed in the breeze, and the brightest sunshine vied with the majestic preparations within the church. A very large congregation had assembled by 10.15 o'clock, prhaps the largest seen in the church for some time.

Rev. Sisters of the Congregation (St. Patrick's Academy); the Rev. Christian Brothers; the sanctuary boys; the rev. clergy; His Grace the Archbishop; the officers of the mass. The pastor, after making the usual announcements, thanked His Grace, in his own name and in that of his parishioners for the honor he was conferring by officiating at the grand ceremony, and then introduced the speaker of the day, the Rev. Christian Brothers; the sanctuary boys; the rev. clergy; His Grace the Christian Brothers; the sanctuary boys; the rev. clergy; His Grace the Christian Brothers; the sanctuary boys; the rev. clergy; His Grace the Christian Brothers; the sanctuary boys; the rev. clergy; His Grace the Christian Brothers; the sanctuary boys; the rev. clergy; His Grace the Christian Brothers; the sanctuary boys; the rev. clergy; His Grace the Christian Brothers; the sanctuary boys; the rev. clergy; His Grace the Archbishop; the officers of the hemse.

The pastor, after making the even clergy; His Grace the Archbishop; the fifteness, the head on the mass. The pastor, after making the usual announcements, thanked His Carace the Archbishop; the officers of the honor



The Choir Bell and Children's Bell which were presented to St. Patrick's Church on Sunday, May 8th.

As the procession, which had wended its way from the presbytery by Dorchester and Alexander streets to the main entrance of the church, reached the highest terrace, the organ pealed forth "Pratise ye the Lord." to be taken up by the Chancel Choir as they passed up the centre aisle; and the altar, which until then had formed but a silent, though imposing, background to the festive array of bells; became in an instant ablaze with lights.

The decorations, simple yet artistic, were carried out in red—red shaded lights, red cassocked altary boys, the touch of red in vested dergy—the color scheme of the Pentecostal feast which was being observed on that occasion lent added edit.

His Grace the Archbishan in full.

His Grace the Archbishop, in full ontificals, celebrated Mass. The Poniticals, celebrated Mass. The Rev J. Brophy was assistant priest and the Rev. Fathers Kavanagh and Walsh deacon and sub-deacon of honor. The Rev. F. Elliott and Rev. Martin Reid deacon and sub-deacon of office

"Not that St. Patrick's had been silent in the past, but the great event which will mark the present year, the Eucharistic Congress, in which your magnificent temple will be the rallying point for all the English-speaking Catholics of the continent, seemed to bespeak a voice of great amplitude and this chime about to be blessed will be that glorious voice that will peal forth from the towers of this church.

"The peculiar ceremonies which accompany the blessing of the bells have led to the term baptism, as applied to this consecration at the hands of the Bishop.



The Children Presenting their Bell to Rev. Father McShane, Sunday,

of a very high order, the Hallelulah Chorus at the close of High Mass being rendered in particularly brilliant style.

CDIME? LETTER

liant style.

At the close of Vespers the Rev.
M. P. Reid, chaplain of St. Patrick's Orphanage, Outremont, who delivered a splendid peroration.

He spoke in part of the duty which every creature—"all the works of the Lord"—at all times must perform towards the Creator.

This morning though, he continue.

must perform towards the Creator.

This morning, though, he continued, the bells assumed another and higher and nobler debt, when the Bishop of Christ's Church, with prayer and incense and holy oil and chrism that is consecrated, set them apart and destined them forever to the service of God, to reveal in a new way the Creator's power and wisdom, to show forth His beauty in a different manner, to praise Him and exalt Him and to proclaim anew, singularly and most befittingly, His greatness and His glory.

The reverend preacher gave a brief sketch of the origin and use of bells in the early Christian Church. The smaller bells of the seventh and eighth centuries were followed larger ones similar in shape to those of the present day.

The chimes began to be in use hout the eleventh century. "And about the eleventh century. "And soon, very soon, this new art, ra-ther this newest expression of the older art of sweetly blending musiolder art of sweetly blending musi-cal sounds, of happily and harmoni-ously combining musical tones, as another force, another power, was pressed into service by the Church to enrich the possessions of the House of God, to enhance its beauty, to aid in the spread of the

Kingdom of Jesus Christ on earth, to help the sacred cause of religion."

The bell is blessed, baptized, chris-tened with holy words and solemn rites. Especially beautiful, instructive and significant are the prayers of the prelate that the bell "be faithful to its new and sacred duties—that, hung high in the church's belfry, it may sing and ring the praises of the One, True God, in whose Name it has been blessed and in whose service it is forever in whose service it is forever de-voted; that it will summon the voted that it will summon the living to the august mysteries—call the priests and the people too . . . hurry the steps that falter, that are slow about the things of God, or maybe stay the steps that hasten to sin,—toll out its sorrow for the Christian dead, and, when it is a time of joy, gladden with its merry peals those who have reason to re-

The response of the bell is per-The response of the bell is perfect. Its voice is jeloquent, mysteriously sweet and sacred. The irresistible charm and holy magic of the Christmas bells,—the solemn grandeur of the bells of Procession grandeur of the bens of Procession Sunday—the majestty and triumph of the glorious Easter bells—the cla-mor and clangor of the Sunday morning Mass bells that God is yearning for His worshippers—the Passing Bell—the Funeral Bell."

"Their influence, their strange hidden, hard-to-be described power takes hold of us despite ourselves and makes us feel and think jus as the bells would have us. Lik as the bells would have us. Like St. John the Baptist, in the old days, the bell is a voice in the wilderness of air, and like him, it seems to say, "The kingdom of God is at hand. Prepare ye the way of the Lord." It is the voice of the the Lord." It is the voice of the Church calling us to God. It is God's voice calling us to Himself.

Concluding, the rev. preacher urged his listeners to harken always to the bells, especially and under strictest obligation to the bell for Sunday Mass and to the Angelus bell with its "tuneful, prayerful, hopeful message. . . telling the world over again the old, old Gospel story how, once upon a time, an angel of the Lord appeared unto a Virgin named Mary, and hhow Mary was conceived by the Holy Ghost." his listeners to harken always

Debate at Westminster Throws More Young Irishmen.

In a press of current matters of In a press of current matters of more or less importance, yet considered momentous by those engaged in writing the chronicle of the day, many journals—a vast majority in fact—appear to have entirely overlooked a very important debate that occurred in the British House of Commons on April 21 indeed persons entrusted with the task of reading over-seas papers and transferring interesting matter to the columns of the daily press must have lost the

ing over-seas papers and transferring interesting matter to the columns of the daily press must have lost the scissors when the last mail arrived. The debate referred to twok place when the House, having gone into Committee, began discussion of a vote on supplies and was originated by Mr. T. P. O'Connor arising and moving that the vote be reduced by the amount of the pension of Sir Robert Anderson. That was the start of the debate which continued until late at night and which at one time was the cause of a scene of wild disorder which necessitated the use of the closure and the consequent squelching of a member, Mr J. H. Campbell, who sits for the University of Jublin.

J. H. Campbell, who sits for the University of Publin.
The famous series, "Parpellism and Crime," was gone into and additional light was thrown upon "The Times Conspiracy." Indeed, so important was the discussion that it is considered to have been an invaluable contribution to the Irisa cause. The Weekly Freeman, Public, remarks that such a debate will prove wholesomely instructive to young Irishmen, because, among other things, it will show them how perilous the constitutional movement was to the liberties and the very lives of its leaders.

Continuing, the Freeman further

comments;
As Mr. T. P. O'Connor said,
Robert Anderson Rober Anderson, who has unwit-tingly done such a useful piece of revelation for the Irish cause, is in himself but small game. He would be scarcely worth attacking. But "he regarded him as the symbol and standard-bearer of a system which is bad and false and rotten." The is bad and false and rotten." The description is scarcely strong enough. The system which Anderson aided and abetted to the best of his ability is wilfully and maliciously unjust. If that has not been proved by this debate and made as clear as noonday then nothing has ever been accomplished by any Farliamentary discussion. The complicity of the Tory government of the day in the Times conspiracy against Irethe Times conspiracy against Iro-land, Parnell, and his colleagues was referred to. It is all very well for ministers of the Crown to absolve certain of their predecessors. That is certain of their predecessors. That is a species of professional duty which we can all understand, though we cannot approve it. But if that complicity had not been established, then never again should a man be, not hanged, but sentenced to even a day's imprisonment on circumstantial evidence.

Indeed, it is always absurd to talk

Indeed, it is almost absurd to talk Concluding, the rev. preacher urged his listeners to harken always to the bells, especially and under striction of the bell for Sunday Mass and to the Angelus bell with its "tuneful, prayerful, hopeful message. . . . . telling the world over again the old, old Gospel story how, once upon a time, an angel of the Lord appeared unto a Virgin named Mary, and show Mary was conceived by the Holy Ghost."

The donors of the bells were: Mr. C. F. Smith, Mrs. M. A. McCrory, in memory of her daughter; Mrs. M. P. Ryan, in memory of her parents; Mr. Martin Eagan, in memory of his wife, Mrs. Patrick Ryan, Mr. J. T. Davis; Symphony Choir; the children.

Italian Makes Bad Convent.

So far Mr. Tipple. Now here is what Miss Amy Bernardy, commissioned by the Halian Government to study the needs of Italian women and children in the United States, had to say recently regarding the proselytizing attempted by various Protestant churches among the immigrants. "The Italian people," said Miss Bernardy, "are either Roman Catholics or freettlinkers. They are by tradition Catholics, especially the women, and they come and undertaking to teach them to be good Americans, it is missionary bands belonging to Protest ant faiths who meet them and take them under, their wing. To urself the the Italian immigrants to unsettle his conscience. He loses his poise when he undertakes to embrace a new faith, and he makes a bad convert." The Methodite thorse in Rome might well into her of the call of the called the faith of the Italian immigrants to unsettle his conscience. He loses his poise when he undertakes to embrace a new faith, and he makes a bad convert." The Methodite thorse in Rome might well into head of these words of the celebrated Forster, Chief Secretary for Ireland, and himself subof circumstantial evidence in this case, for the connection between the Times and the then Unionist Gov-

PARNELLISM AND
CRIME" LETTTERS.

CENTRE LETTTERS.

Compared to the further says he thought his authorship was well known. Who else, in any case, could have supplied the spy, Le Caron, and his documents to the Times? And it was known to counsel for the Times? And it was known to counsel for the Times, one of them Unionist Attorney-General in the Government of the day, that he, Anderson, himself, was anxious to go into the witness, box at the Commission.

In face of all this he was knighted and he has enjoyed a superb pension of £900 a year for many years, and enjoys it still, and will continue to enjoys it still, and will continue to enjoy it if he keeps his tongue in his cheek for the future. That is the one thing about the debate we are sorry for. It is a pity that Anderson is now muzzled. The conceited old chap would probably have ceited old chap would probably have gone on with his revelations, and Ireland had everything to gain from his literary activity. How the high up Unionists, the fellows who held office in the days when Anderson was on the active list with him, must rejoice that he has been muzzled. The more he wrote, the more he babbled, the worse for them. But with this experience of his, has he not good cause as he sits at home with his knighthood and his fat pension, for his wonder and amazement sion, for his wonder and amazement that British rulers should express that British rulers should express disapproval of anything he has a done against Ireland? And who on the Tory benches of the House of Commons was man enough to say that Anderson is censurable in anything except that he was as unwittingly indiscreet as to "give the show away"? Not a single one of them. Anderson need not fear. His Unionist friends may be indignant that he began to make awkward revelations, but deep down in their hearts they approve and applaud all those other approve and applaud all those other actions of his, in spite of which he was knighted and got his £900 a year. Mr. John Redmond summed up the affair in a few sentences, which are well worth quoting: "His (Anderson's) action is simply a symptom of the system under which we suffered in those days, and which I am not sure is not in full swing in many respects up to the present moment. I make no pretense in what I say on this matter. I say that all through these proapprove and applaud all those other say that all through these I say that all through these pro-ceedings the Government of the day, from the head of it to the lowest member of it, were up to their necks in this criminal business." No won-der Anderson is annoyed; and no wonder we, Irish, love British rule in Ireland.

## An Artistic Bill in Ye Olden Times.

A somewhat curious document, found in the library of St. Genevieve shows the price of a few paintings done by a great artist. In 1759, done by a great artist. In the James Casquin had worked in the church of a certain monastery, and for this labor he asked the modest sum of \$15.60. But, as this amount seemed to the poor pastor to be too large, the painter was asked to forward a detailed account of his work, which, when finished, read as follows:

Corrected and varnished Ten Commandments of God. \$1.00 Beautified Pontius Pilate and put a new ribbon on his cap Replaced the old tail of St. Peter's cock; repaired its

wing of the Archangel Gab-

Washed the servant of the High Priest Caiphas and painted her cheeks with

Renewed the Heavens, inserted two new stars, gilt the sun and cleaned the moon.
Revived the flames of Purgatory and restored a few souls.

Put a new tail on Lucifer, re-

.40

Patched Annas' leathern breeches and replaced two missing buttons on his coat.
Put new gaiters on Tobias, jr., who was travelling with the Archangel Raphael and adjusted a new street to his. adjusted a new strap to his grip.

Cleaned the ears of Balaam's Jackass and shod it...

Gave Sarah new ear-rings...

Put a pebble in David's sling, enlarged Goliath's head and pushed back his legs.....

Readjusted the teeth in the lower jaw of Samson's ass.

Tarred Noah's Ark and gave this righteous man a pair of new sleeves...

Patched the Proligar Son's shirt, washed his swine and put water it their trough.

Put a new han lie on the Samaritan woman's water-vessel..... adjusted a new strap to his 1.20

## WARNING AGAINST CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

PRICE, FIVE CENTS

Archbishop O'Connell of Boston Confers With Eminent Physicians.

Archbishop O'Connell, on Saturday afternoon last, called about 100 prominent, Catholic physicians into conference and delivered to them an address which is evidently meant as a warning against Christian Science. Mrs. Eddy's name was mentioned only once, but the whole tenor of the address seemed to concern the Archbishop O'Connell, on Saturday the address seemed to concern teachings of Christian Science.

teachings of Unistian Science.

The Archbishop suggested the organization of a St. Luke's Guild by the physicians for co-operative effort. The Archbishop said in part:

"If physical science were to treat "If physical science were to treat only of minerals, lightning rods, railroads, automobiles, and such things, it might indeed be interesting and instructive to follow its theories, and they would not concern us morally to any great extent, but if, the physical scientist leaves that field and begins to invade a higher the physical scientist leaves that field and begins to invade a higher field; if, for instance, he comes into medicine and acts as if there were no immortal soul, if he rejects a moral responsibility, if he arrogates to himself the right-which is God's alone when he decides whether he shall prolong or put an end to life and even prevent life, than it is too much. No longer is it a matter of automobiles or lightning rods. It concerns the true dignity of humanity—the general and spiritual nature. "When I call to my sick room a

"When I call to my sick room a man who has in his hands a dan-gerous power and in his brain a dangerous knowledge, I insist upon knowing what is the moral position of that man and what are the prin-ciples upon which he acts.

"Pseudo-science runs perpetually to extremes. One school proclaims an absolute materialism which says there is no soul; that man is nothing more than a brute; The very horror of this view has driven some people to the other extreme, that of pure and simple idealism of which Mrs. Eddy is the high priestess.

"Then there is a third school which has a mixture of both and says that as there are both soul and

which has a mixture of both and says that as there are both soul and body in man, we must make the priest a physician and the physician a priest. This is Emmanuelism. "The Church says all this is wrong. To the Emmanuel Movement she answers that the priest is the minister of the soul and the physician is the minister to the body. She settles the question in this lucid way."

### Difficulties of Catholic Journalism.

No man known the difficulties of Catholic journalism better than Dr. Egan, American Minister to Denmark, says the Southern Messenger. He has himself experienced the trials of an editor and the vicisstudes of the newspaper better. He has himself experienced the trials of an editor and the vicisitudes of the newspaper business. He states the case for the editor bluntly and plainly in the following forcible paragraph taken from the introduction to a collection of short stories recently published by Benziger Bros. "If a Catholic paper is started to fill one of these long-felt wants—that.feeling of goneness we have all heard about—the intellectual side as an expense is the last thought of. The presses cost money, the type-setter must have his wages, the bill for heating must be settled in a reasonable time, the solicitors and agents draw large profits, but the editor, who is holding the fort, as it were, and making the paper what it is—the writer, who is so important in the economy of secular publications—hardly counts at all. Who is to blame for this? The Catholic public alone."

#### Conan Doyle Urges Change in Corenation Oath.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle strongly urges change in the royal oath as seen by his words, which follow:
"Is it not shocking," he says, "that, while Roman Catholic chapels throughout the Empire are still draped in black for the dead monarch, his successor should be compelled by law to insult the most intimate convictions of those same mourners? And is it not the most narrow, foolish policy, unworthy of this tolerant age, that the young King be forced to offend the feelings of great numbers of Irishmen, Canadians and other subjects?

"I feel sure that, apart from the Catholics, the great majority of broadminded thinkers of any or no denomination of this country are of the opinion that the outry of fanatics should be disregarded and all creeds receive the same courteous respectful treatment. So long as their adherents are members of a common empire, to bring these medithered has an auspicous oppning at a new reign."

#### The Treants.

Four funny finny fishes Four funny finny fishes
Disobeyed their mother's wishes
When she went to get for them
some needed food.
"Stay just here, my sons and daugh-

ters; Go not into other waters. You must promise me, my children to be good."

Wee, wayward, wicked Willie Who was very weak and silly,
That very morning ran away from
school.
For he wanted to go fishing,

And he couldn't keep from wishing To be down beside the shady fish-

But four fishes in the river Made him shake and made him shiv-

er, they gazed at him with great, reproachful eyes, His desire to fish they banished, While his rod and tackle vanished As he shrieked aloud with terror

This so dismayed the others, Who had disobeyed their mothers Strict commandment, that th turned their tails and fled, they And they vowed as they were flee

To escape this awful being
That hereafter they would do
mother said.

#### Manly Tom.

"I'd like some work, sir; I willing to do anything. All I want

is a chance."

This is what Tom said in store This is what Tom said in store after store, in office after office, as with tired feet he went up and down the busy strrets. And everywhere there met him the same answer, sometimes gruff, at times only brusque, in a few cases pleasant, but still the same answer, till it seemed to the poor boy that there was neither place nor encouragement for him answhere. him anywhere.

Tom was eighteen, he had sailed the lakes for a senson, but the big ore carrier that had been his home lay at her winter quarters in the river. Ice and storm had driven the lakes for the vessels from the lakes, so Tom was looking for other work and meeting only refusals.

But he did not gi

t he did not give up; having out with an object, he clung to At last he wandered into a men's furmishing store and made the request that he had made in vain so many times before

so many times before.
"No, we haven't anything a boy can do?" was the answer.
But the tone was kind and gave Tom courage to urge, "Let me have a chance. I don't care how hard it

Something in Tom's face inspired the merchant's confidence. "I can give you a trial for a day or two as porter. But it's no easy work, I warn you."

"I shan't mind that," was Tom's cheery answer. His heart grown suddenly light—he had found what he had been seeking! True, the work was of the most humble sort; he had to wash the windows, sweep the floors, wrestle with big they came in, and with the sound like glow-worms in the gathering darkness of the square. Millie yawned and stretched herself. sort; he had to wash the windows, sweep the floors, wrestle with big boxes of goods as they came in, and do many things that much older and stronger men are usually called upon for. But Tom worked cheerfullymore than that, he did his best; his windows shone, his floors were clean and what he had to do was done neatly, promptly, as one who was giving his mind to his work.

"You may have the place, Tom," said his employer at the end of the second day, for already he was impressed with the boy's desire to do well.

Now, Tom was willing to do the duties of a porter; he did not grumble or complain that the work was boxed this floor work.

"Would work the square. Millie was very and the stretched herself." "I am so tired of the rain and being indoors all day," she said. "I'm she said, with a little shudder, "what a dreadful thing bad temper is, Pussy. The Wish Fairy would come along lid wish to be in Good Temper Land. I'm sure it never, never rains there." "Would you?" said a wee voice at her elbow, so suddenly that it almost made Millie jump off her seat in her fright. "Well, perhaps there are Wish Fairies for all you know, and a funny little chuckle accompanied the words. Millie was very much astonished.

Now, Tom was willing to do the duties of a porter; he did not grumble or complain that the work was been a dream, but she atwelf and trying to reach her face. "Oh, that horrid Bad Temper Land," she said, with a little shudder, "what a dreadful thing bad termper is, Pussy. The Wish Fairy said a wee voice at her elbow, so suddenly that it almost made Millie jump off her seat in her fright. "Well, perhaps there are wish and the prime and stronger is pussed." "And not only to Sunshine Land," "And not only to Sunshine Land, "who who—are—you?" she gaspeth her of her strange dream. "Smiles are precious things, dearie they are the figure before her." "the figure before her." "And not only to Sunshine Land, "who who—are—you?" she gaspeth her of her strange dream. "Smiles are precious things, dearie they are the figure befo

well.

Now. Tom was willing to do the duties of a porter; he did not grumble or complain that the work was beneath him; at the same time he did not intend to always stay porter, and very soon he began to attend hight school, and also to improve himself in every other way. In the meantime he had made many friends in the store, and shortly was advanced to the position of salesman, but still kept up his continuance at night school. Honorable, truthful, and obliging, he quickly became one of the most faithful and trusted employes in the store, and shortly was advanced his circle of friends among its customers. Nor did material things absorb all his thoughts ortime. He was not asshamed to have the ward has his highest ideal. In the church he made more friends, and while striving he be the best salesman possible, he had an ambition to be something more, so after a few years he something more, so after a few years he began attending law school. But while doing this Tom kept on selling shirts and neckties, collars and cuffs, till his law studies absorbed so much of his time that the left the store, only helping out Saurday nights. For eight years and five months he had worked for the firm. It was hardly necessary to say that Tom graduated from the

law school with high honors-there, as in the store, he had done his best. Then the citizens of his ward were to elect a member of the city council, and they said; "There is Tom, he is straight, he will do his When the Council came together to choose a presiding officer, they in turn said, "There is Tom," and they elected him to the highest office in their gift. Step by sten Tom had advanced, through toil and persistence, striving for something better, but doing his best in the work at hand, as porter, salesman work at hand, as porter, salesman, night scholar, law student, lawyer, councilman, and president of the council, all, in ten years from the time he walked the city's streets seeking work.

#### A Word of Warning.

"If you take alcohol habitually, in ny quantity whatever, I am bound o believe: "1. That you are threatening the

physical structures of your stomach, liver, kidneys, heart, blood vessels,

nerves, brain.

"2. That you are decreasing your capacity for work, physical, intellectual or artistic.

"3. That you are lowering grade of your mind, dulling your esthetic sense, and taking the edge off your morals.

That you are lessening chances of health and longevity "5. That you may be entailing upon, your descendants yet unborn a bond of incalculable misery."—Henry Smith Williams, M.D., LL.D.

#### Where Does the Night Go.

the baby,
"Where does the night go when it's
day?"

And the 'Where does the night go?" asked

And the merry brown eyes are deep with wonder. And the mischievous hands have for

gotten their play.

Where does the night go? little e does the night go? little dream rover, e does the night go when it's

Over the roofs and the fields and the

river, Over the hilltops and far away. The night and the stars they went

together: And the baby's dreams, they, too, And

are done;
And they'll not come back till my
little dream rover
Is snug in her nest with the curtains drawn. -Buffalo Times

#### Sunshine Land.

"If only there were Wish Fairies!" sighed Millie, as she sat curled up on the nursery window seat one af-ternoon. It had been dull and rainy all day, so Millie had been reading all day, so Millie had been refairy tales; and the story of 'Three Wishes' had been the last to

"Look, look at that little girl," cried a very cross-looking boy as he pointed his finger at Millie. "What She thinks a horrid face she has. she is so nice, but she is not a bit. she is so mice, but she is not a bit."
All the bad-tempered children came
running toward her, each trying to
make her feel bad.
"Let's make her cry," said one.
"Yes, let's pinch her arm," said an-

'She ought to be put out," said a

third, "if she is not to be one

Suiting the action to the words, one hit her on the head, another pinched her arm, while the other tried to drag her out by her foot Others followed their example ing to make Millie have a bad temper. She tried hard not to cry, and she was just about to burst into tears when she heard the Wish

Fairy saying: "You have a second wish."

"Then please—please take me to Good Temper Land. I don't like this place at all. P-p-lease do!" cried Millie, between her sobs.

The old woman waved her stick again, and a moment later Millie was rubbing her eyes, for the sudden blaze of sunshine dazzfed her. After a few moments she errow.

den blaze of sunshine dazzled her.
After a few moments she grew
more used to the light, and, still
shading her eves with her hands, she
looked around.
She stood in the center of a large,

rillage green, and on the green were numbers of children, all happy, all

smiling, laughing gaily.

In fact everything seemed happy in this place. The birds sang, the bees hummed, the children laughed, and the sun shone brightly.

Every now and then a sudden ray of even more brilliant light seemed of even more brilliant light see o sweep over the green—just he flashlight from the lamp of ighthouse. Just as did the en darkening and thunder in emprey Land, mick Millia way den darkening and thunder in Bad Temper Land make Millie wonder, until she was told by the fairy, it was caused every time someome gave way to bad temper or was mean to anyone, so now this was caused by the smile of some human who had been kind and good, or some/one who had been very unhappy for a long time, but who had smiled at last at the prattle or kiss of a little child. "This is Sunshine and Children's Land, you know, dearie," Children's Land, you know, dearie," continued the Wish Fairy, "for children should always be gay and smil-ing. But"—she sighed—"how differ-ent is the other land—Bad Temper Land!" Her face clouded, and she

sighed again.
"Oh, yes!" said Millie. "Bad Tem "Oh, ves!" said Millie. "Bad Temper Land is a dreadful place; and I'm sure now I've seen such a lot of cross-patch children, I'll never, never, never be really cross and naughty myself again."

"Time's up," said the old woman suddenly. "You've only one wish left, remember, so I suppose you will wish to go home?"

"Yes, please," said Millie, "I'd like to go straight back to my own nursery. Home is really the nicest place in the world."

A wave of the wand and Millie.

A wave of the wand and Millie sat up, with a start, and rubbed her eyes. Her kitten had climbed up in her lap and was clawing her arm, trying to reach her face.

## The Church of the Holy Donkey."

Quite a little ink has been expended over the case of that "Church of the Holy Donkey," Ananias and Sapphira having had the pleasure of welcoming several distinguished new members to the secrets and grandeur of their now famous club. Indeed, a score of two-penny preachers in England, with a half-dozen excuses for editors aided and abetted by a baker's dozen of prayerful dames, have declared to the world that a "holy donkey" is worshipped in some parts of Italy, the "donkey" on which Our Lord rode on the occasion of His triumphal entry into Jerusalem. Quite a little ink has been Our Lord rode on the occasion of His triumphal entry into Jerusalem. Were it not for the blasphemy underlying the whole affair, it might be interesting to follow all the literature on the question: we can underlying the state of the control of th ature on the question: we can derstand, however, that the prehave full right to go into the de-

have full right to go into the tails of their genealogy. The Liverpool Catholic Times has, over the pen of clever writers, thewn the slanderers to be prevari-thewn the slanderers to the prevaricators; in consequence, they have been obliged to find the "Holy Don-key" in a dozen different cities. Nothing daunted, however, Editor Hocken, whose special duty it is to keep Orangemen in ignorance ( the peculiar benefit of the craft) a lucky inventor. The following from the Register-Extension speaks

from the Register-Extension speaks for itself; and to quote:
"The editor of the Orange Sentinel believes he has discovered the Church of the Holy Donkey. A picture of that venerable shrine is given in the last issue, or at least what a picture of the a picture of the purports to be a picture of the same. Naturalists hold that certain species of animals and have a sort of sixth sense, enables them to discover the sence of other members of the same species even when many miles apart. The unerring instinct of the Senti-nel's editor has probably enabled him to ferret out and locate this nim to ferret out and locate this venerated shrine to which the Rev. George M. Atlas made a pilgrimage on one notable occasion. We sincerely trust that when the time comes for the editor to make his pilgrimage that he will not meet with the same untoward fate which has overtaken Brother Atlas. We believe, too, that the discovery from another stampoint is exceptionally another standpoint is exceptionally fortunate. The Orange Brotherhood of this country have been without patron saint, and it seems to particularly fitting that the newly discovered shrine should supply one. What a crowning evidence of human genius it would be, all the same, if it should come to pass that the nan who invented the sacred do mat should also have dislast resting-place of the Holy, Ass!

Does it not seem strange that bigots should accuse Catholics of begots should accuse Catholics of being gullible. You can make them
believe what you like, and yet they
have stones to throw at us. Let
any blackguard and renegade get
up and denounce the Church, and
forthwith he is welcomed to a hundred Protestant pulpits, with thousands to credit his calumnies. Let
any grace-forsaken scamp write up a
Maria Monk story or a Chiniquy
book, and immediately he will
make all the money he expected. In
a word, the fanatical Baptists, Methodists, and Presbyterians, with
such Anglicans as Sam Blake and
the rowdies who stand, by John gullible You can make such Anglicans as Sam Blake and the rowdies who stand by John Kensit the Younger, are the most easily made dupes in the world. You could make them believe Hal-ley's Comet was made out of the hide of a Madagascar grasshopper, if only you could prove the Pone hide of a Madagascar grasshopper, if only you could prove the Pope loves comets. Of all the weak-minded people outside of the asylums, Protestant bigots hold the first place for mischievous childishness and mustile makes ness and puerile malice. Religion with them is a species of mania, a frenzy

Warts are unsightly blemishes, and corns are painful growths. Holloway's Corn Cure will remove them.

To be dissatisfied and fret about the world when we must of necessity be in it, is a great temptation. The providence of God is wiser than we. We fancy that by changing our ships we shall get on better; yes, if we change ourselves. I am sworn enemy of these useless, dangerous, and bad desires.—Saint Francis de Sales.

## SKIN DISEASES

## Burdock Blood Bitters

# POET'S CORNER

"Leve is Strong as Death."

(Cant. viii., 6.) Love is a cord To draw us to our Lord,
r He shall draw us w
"cords of love." Stoop from above,
O ever-loving God!
d draw me up the path Thyself
hath trod.

Love is a fire
Of fervent, deep desire;
The Spirit quickeneth this fire
love—
Steep from above,
O Paraclete Divine! Kindle my heart that it may be Thy shrine.

Love is a gift
With power to uplift
The soul it dowers to the throne of love;-Stoop from above.

O Giver of all grace!
Uplift me to the height of Thine embrace. Love is a cross
Of sharp and bitter loss—
e to Thine own, O bleeding,
thorn-crowned Love!

Stoop from above
And teach my heart to bear weary, wounding cross of pain and care.

Love is a life Beyond all pain and strife; The glorious, deathless life of God

on high,—
Oh, joy to die,
For evermore to be
Where love is crowned with immortality -Edith R. Wilson

#### The Soul's Mastery.

One drear November night I walked beside An angry sea. The waves, whitecapped, rolled high caped, roued high
And dashed against the beach with
mournful sigh;
Then back again to wat'ry graves
and died.
So passion's tide rushed through

my heart and tried Its strength The moon, deep-sunk in clouded sky sombre shroud defied. Pale-dress-ed, on high

rose; nor waters dark its light The glint and gleam on wavelets seen revealed
A boat of pearl in bar of light so
grand
And bright,—its journey heaven-

ward begun. Then, stooping down, as distant thunder pealed, In tiny barque I dropped, with trembling hand, My wayward heart; self's better self My

had won! -Sr. M. R., O.S.D.

#### Enemies.

No foe like the foe that was once

friend;
No hate like what was once love. Fearfully through the gloom I wend, Where, shall I hide me or how defend From the poisoned shafts there-

Once at your name for joy I'd start, Where now I thrill with fear; Once we were happiest heart to

heart,
Who now, the width of the world apart, Are still—ah God! too near:

All the days of my life to rue The day that I saw your face; All my doing but to undo, My weakness and woe—that I once

loved you—
And that once I won your grace! Hate and horror for evermore

Oh was it for this, I pray-Just to know how to wound

Ere the drear dividing day? Is hate like love? Will it cast out

fear,
And memory and hope defy;
And the cross on the grave that to
both is dear,
The desolation and anguish drear,
Of the death that we both must
die?

-Katherine E. Conway.

## From Various Sources.

Once you have planted the blessings of joy within you, let its beams radiate throughout your household. Let the husband be a source of joy to his wife and the wife to her husband. Do not permit the clouds of gloom and melancholy to gather on your brow. Let the children be as lesser lights in the domestic firmment, diffusing the rays of sunshine on their parents.—Cardinal Gibbons.

To grow a little wiser day by day, To school my mind and body to

obey.

To keep my inner life both clean and strong.

To free my life from guile, my hands from wrong.

To shut the door on hate and scorn and pride;

To open, then, to love, the windows wide.

To meet with cheerful heart what To meet with cheerful heart what

comes to me, turn life's discord into То mony.

share some weary worker's heavy load,
point some straying comrade to the road. To

To know that what I have is not

my own,
To feel that I am never quite alone This would I pray, From day to day, For then I know My life will flow In peace until
It be God's will I go.

## COMPELLED TO **ABANDON WORK**

A Very Severe Case of St. Vitus Dance Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

St. Vitus dance is a common disease in children and is also found in highly strung men and women. The only cure lies in plenty of pure blood, because pure blood is the life food of the nerves. And Dr. Williams' Pink Fills is the only medicine to make this life food because they contain the elements that actually make new, rich, red blood. This statement has been proven over and over again and now from Port and over again and now from Port and in highly statement has been proven over and over again and now from Port and over again and now from Port and in highly statement has been proven over and over again and now from Port and over again and power again and now from Port and over again and power again This statement has been proven over and over again and now from Port Maitland, N.S., comes another remarkable piece of evidence of power of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills over disease. Mr. Lyndon E. Porter, is one of the best known residents of that town. He suffered dents of that town. He suffers severe attack of St. from a severe attack of St. dance, and got no help from cine until he began using Dr. liams' Pink Pills. He says:

- case was unusually bad. I town. He suffer case was unusually bad. I was compelled to abandon work. I found fit impossible to sleep, and night after night would toss about in bed. I was receiving medical attention, but in spite of careful treatment I gradually grew worse. My limbs gradually grew worse. My limbs jerked and twitched to such an extent that I could not cross the floor without falling or coming in contact with some pieces of the contact with tact with some piece of furniture. I could not raise a glass of water to my lips so badly did my arms and hands tremble and shake. I cannot hands tremble and shake. I cannot imagine more severe suffering and inconvenience than one endures who has St. Vitus Dance. My father being a druggist knew of the many cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and advised me to try them. I did so, and with the most happy results. In less than two months.

Pills, and advised he to deliver the pills, and advised he to deliver results. In less than two months from the time I began the use of the pills I was a well man, and I have not since had the slightest symptom of the trouble."

All over the world, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are making just such cures as Mr. Porter's. They go right down to the cause of the disease in the blood. In this way they have proved in thousands of cases to cure anaemia, headache and backaches, rheumatism, lumbago, neuraligia, nervousness, indigestion, decline and the special ailments of growing gia, nervousness, indigestion, decline and the special ailments of growing girls and women. Sold by all medicine dealers, or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

### The King of Lourdes.

A touching incident occurred only a few days before his Majesty's death. When returning from Biarritz, he stopped at Lourdes, in the south of France, and reverently visited the famous shrine, with its holy relics and mementoes of wonderful cures. While there, the king noticed a procession file slowly toward the cathedral, and the greatest monarch in the world bowed his uncovered head in reverence as the priests and others marched by. Contrast his conduct with the infidel trast his conduct with the infidel rulers of France, who if present would be ready to revile the faith of those taking part in the pro-

## Troubled With Backache For

Years. New Completely Cured
By The Use Of DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Mrs. W. C. Deer, 13 Brighton St., andon, Ont., writes—"It is with assure that I thank you for the good aur Doan's Kidney Pills have done me, are been troubled with backache for an. Nothing helped me until a friend ought me a box of your Kidney Pills.

Written for t a brigh

It was a bright reland, a morni the beauty and ance of the first beauty and fret that even the lot ourse days in Jun The hawthorn snowllakes on green; buttercups daisies covered the country of the came from the swall thrilled a swall tation high us in County Of A lovely world

A lovely world O'Neill said to he face gratefully that blew down ip hills; and no right to be downing such as this, of God showing such as this, of God showing such as this, of God showing such as the such as t

to have deserted heavy after all to 'bright face when born and best belheart, was,—Her where! She never what it was had he who had alwa; he who had alwa, and loving and ki last year or two i a strange and terrome over him, percompany, perhap father had been to have a constant of the constant of James O'Neill, tho loving father at h and unbending ta strong and severe what was the best

Something in his had gone agley, had had suddenly of obstinacy and s much worse, had for evil company a and in a surprising seemed to be in breaking both his mother's heart.

mother's heart.
Of course it could though the poor no her power to averift was inevitable ture should take puther and son in the So one day after So one day, after angry quarrel betw angry quarrel between the had gone aw not heard anything ly a year. Day afther watched the him, without avail er seemed dull and since the boy's depthe only son of the one could have beli lonesome and sad

some and sad

seemed to all

pecially to the mot

cheery lau If only she knew safe and comfortab sale and comfortable of the happened. Perhaps ed, lost in his sins by must have happe would write. Comfear of his death, he might have 'li lately threatened to come. And yet, it ferent from what s

As Mrs. O'Neill

down the white cou way to Mass this s ing, a tear trickled and fell on the wor and fell on the wor and fell on the wor clasping her rosary. Ing of the morning so long age on this month—the same village chi dedicated to the Bi dedicated to the B en, to love, the windows th cheerful heart what me, e's discord into

some weary worker's oad, me straying comrade to at what I have is not

I am never quite alone
I pray,
to day,
know
I flow
til will I go.

## ED TO BANDON WORK

re case of St. Vilus red by Dr. Wil-Pink Pills

mee is a common dis-m and is also found rung men and women. Hes in plenty of pure pure blood is the life rves. And Dr. Wil-ills is the only medi-his life food because an elements that ac-new, rich, red blood, has been proven over has been proven over and now from Port, comes another reof evidence of the Williams' Pink Pills Mr. Lyndon E. Porhe best known resitown. He suffered

attack of St. Vitus no help from medi-egan using Dr. Wil-ills. He says:—'My tally bad. I was andon work. I found o sleep, and night ld toss about in bed. and toss about in bed.

g medical attention,
careful treatment I
y worse. My limbs
shed to such an exd not cross the floor
or coming in conice piece of furniture.
e a glass of water
dly did my arms and
d shake. I cannot
were suffering and
an one endures who
ance. My father benew of the many
Dr. Williams' Pink
d me to try them.

Dr. William d me to try them. ith the most happy s than two months began the use of twell man, and I had the slightest trouble."

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Medicine Co.

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with the infidel who if present revile the faith art in the pro-With

he For Now Completely Cured Use Of

EY PILLS.

Fills do for you for thousands of forms of kidney to stay cused.

ox sr 3 boxes for mailed direct on T. Milburn Co...

## A May Petition.

(written for the True Witness.)

It was a bright May morning in Iteland, a morning shining with all the beauty and freshness and radiance beauty and freshness and radiance the was a thouse to manage the farm for her and his father, who was no longer beauty and freshness and radiance the was no longer beauty and freshness and radiance the days in June could not surpass. The hawthorn lay like perfumed snowlakes on hedgerows softly green; buttercups and dandelions and dasies covered the meadows with a dolor of gold richly embroidered and himing in the sun; the pipe of the hackbird and linnet and thrush came from the woodland, and a tiny tark thrilled a song of ecstasy and lark thrilled a song of eestasy and authation high up in the deep blue sky in County Clare.

Mrs. O'Neill was by nature not at all a melancholy person; indeed theerfulness was part of her religion and seldom a day passed but she many a time lifted up her heart and cried with the psalmist, "All ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord, praise and magnify Him for ever!" She had a keen appreciation of the beauty of everything, of earth and sea and sky, of flower and bird and beast; in this wonderful

But to-day her accustomed look of But to-day her actustomed took of cheerfulness and good humor seemed to have deserted her; and it was not easy after all to wear a smile and a to have deserted her; and it was access after all to wear a smile and a bright face when Michael, her first born and best beloved child of her heart, was.—Heaven alone knew where! She never could understand what it was had come to the boy—he who had always been so dutiful and loving and kind. But in the last year or two it was certain that a strange and terrible change had come over him, perhaps it was bad company, perhaps it was that his father had been too hard on him, for James O'Neill, though a good and loving father at heart, was a strict and unbending taskmaster, holding strong and severe convictions as to what was the best way to bring up

Something in his well-laid plans had gone agley, however, for Michael had suddenly developed a spirit of obstinacy and self-will; what was much worse, had acquired a taste for evil company and strong and in a surprisingly short while seemed to be in a fair way of breaking both his father's and his mother's heart.

mother's heart.

Of course it could not go on, and though the poor mother did all in her power to avert the catastrophe, it was inevitable that an open rupture should take place between father and son in the end.

ther and son in the end.

So one day, after a bitter and angry quarrel between the two, Michael had gone away, and they had not heard anything of him for nearly ayear. Day after day his mother watched the post for news of him, without avail. Even his father seemed dull and broken down since the boy's departure, for he was the only son of the house, and no one could have believed how terribly ignesome and sad and silent the ome and sad and silent the seemed to all of them, but especially to the mother, without Mi-chael's cheery laugh and ringing

If only she knew that the boy was If only she knew that the boy was see and comfortable! But a dread lay on her heart that something had happened. Perhaps he was drowned, lost in his sins—something surely must have happened, or else he would write. Compared with the fear of his death, the thought that he might have 'listed, as he had lately threatened to do, seemed welcome. And yet, it was all so difference. And yet, it was all so difference. come. And yet, it was all so dif-ferent from what she had hoped for him.

come. And yet, it was all so different from what she had hoped for him.

As Mrs. O'Neill walked quickly down the white country road on her way to Mass this sunny May morning: a tear trickled down her cheek and fell on the work-stained hand clasping her rosary. She was thinking of the morning, another May morning so long ago—twenty years ago this month—when she carried Michaeleen, then a lovely blue-eyed baby of six monthe old, down to the same village church, to have him dedicated to the Blessed Mother of God. She thought of him now in his little white and blue cashmere trock and white muslin pinnfore—the Madonna's own colors. How dainty and fresh he had looked, and how he had cooed and laughed and stretched out his little pink fists to the dear Virgin, and sought naughtily to clutch the lovely lilies that cifered up their incense at her feet!

And how embarrassed she had felt before the priest when on looking down during the ceremony she had caught sight of a plump rosy bare foot, off which the baby, in his joy and frolic had kicked both stocking and shoe, and left them lying on the floor in the centre—of the church. Old Mrs. Normile had told her it was a right good sign—that the baby would one day be a priest. And his mother had rejoiced in the thought, though long years after, when Michael had shown no inclination for the Church, she had censoled herself by thinking that at

Yet, outcast and all as he was, Michael was still and always would be ineffably dear to his mother's heart. Day and night she prayed for him, day and night she offered him up again to the Blessed Mother ky in County Clare.

A lovely world it was truly, Mrs.

Neill said to herself, as she lifted her face gratefully to the soft breeze hat blew down from the misty purhat blew down from the misty purhat blew down from the misty purhat blew down hearted on a mornight to be down-hearted on a mornight

A lovely world it was truly. Mrs. o'Neill said to herself, as she lifted ber face gratefully to the soft breeze that blew down from the misty puple hills; and no one at all had any right to be down-hearted on a morning such as this, with the goodness of God showing itself as it did in a hundred and one ways; in the springing corn, the waving meadows, the blue skies, in the exquisite beauty and craftsmanship of even the merest flower that blossomed by the wayside.

Mrs. O'Neill was by nature not at all a melancholy person; indeed cheerdness was part of her religion and seldom a day passed but she many a time lifted up her heart and cried with the psalmist. "All years of the Lord, bless ye the Lord, praise and magnify Him for ever!" She had a keen appreciation of the beauty of everything, of special month; she and her daughters secrit. She had a keen appreciation of the beauty of everything, of earth and sea and sky, of flower and bird and heast; in this wonderful world of ours; and perhaps this it was which made her eyes shine with such a pleasant, rosy cheerfulness as left her at forty years of age to look as though she were at least ten years younger.

But to-day her accustomed look of

during this month of all months.

And now the month was nearly at an end. Almost the last special petition of the long thirty days had been said, and still there was no sign, no word from the missing boy any more than if he had never existed. Was it any wonder if his mother's heart should feel heavy, that her unwavering courage and faith should begin to flicker and die down?

All during the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice that morning, her spirit felt weary and oppressed. Surely the worst must have happened; all the fears which had kept her lying awake at night for weeks be-fore now returned to her again in the full light of day. Michael must be dead or else he would, oh, he would never cause her this suffering, this suspense!

sing, this suspense!

She waited a little while after the Mass, partly in order to plead a little longer for her desire, partly because of late she felt strangely shy of meeting the neighbors, of being repeatedly questioned and sympathized with by them. When she did emerge at length her eyes were misty with tears, dazzled a little, too, by the strong glare of bright sunshine coming after the dim and shadowy atmosphere within the church. Perhaps that was why she did not quite at once catch sight of somebody who stood far within the shadow of the porch, somebody with tremulous lips porch, somebody with tremulous lips and eyes as misty as her own, who came forward with a little cry of "mother!" to find himself almost at the same moment enveloped in that mother's arms.

"Oh, Michael, my boy, my dear son," she was crying. "Thank God, thank God and His blessed Mother,

who have restored you to me. How long have you been waiting?"
"I arrived by the first train this morning and came straight to the church—you see, I knew I should find you here."

"If I had known, I should not have delayed—"
"I am glad you did not come out with the rest," he said, shyly. "I

wanted to see you-alone; you and only you, mother."

"You did not go home, Michael?"
His face flushed. "No. I dare not go there—after—after all that happened. My father, he will never forgive me—you know,

he told me never to dare return—"
"There is many a rash word spoken in anger, my boy," his mother said, smiling softly. "If that is all that kept you away—"
"That was all, that and the

said, smiling softly. "If that is all that kept you away—"

"That was all, that and the thought of my own folly and ingratitude. But I thought of you every day, every hour of the day and night, mother. And I have not been so bad, so wicked, as you might think. And as soon as I realized what I had done, I took the pledge, and have never touched drink—never will touch it again, with the help of God! I never missed Mass once since I left home, though I have known hardship, have known what it was to be hungry, since I left you. And as last night, with a very sore and despondent heart, I said the Memorare which you had taught me so long ago before the statue of the Blessed Virgin in the church near my lodgings, it seemed as though something told me to return, that you at least, still loved me, that you would forgive me, mother—"

"Oh, Michaeleen, my heart, did you ever doubt it!" she said, smiling through a mist of tears. "Of course I love you, of course I forgive you, and so does your poor father, you may be sure. For though he seems hard and unbending at times, he loves you, Michael, and indeed has been well nigh, broken-hearted since you went. You may be heartily sure of his welcome."

So the two went happily home together, and as they climbed, the full towards the beloved little home.

the earth put on a new, a greater aspect of joy and radiance for Mrs. O'Neill, as well as for her son. For the whole world seemed singing a paean of praise and of gratitude to God and the Blessed Mother who had not disdained her prayers; while her own heart echoed the song: "All ye works of the Lord, praise ye the Lord, praise and glorify Him for ever!" for ever!'

THOS. C. KEANE,

#### THE FLIRT.

(Continued from Page 3.)

(Continued from Page 3.)

Kevin brightened a bit. He hesitated, however, at the thought of her cousin. "What about Father O'Grady?" he inquired.

"Oh, he's safely intent on the political situation. He won't be ready for hours to go home, and they have forgotten me entirely."

They took the Carraigmor road and were half a mile beyond the town before either spoke. At last Kevin, swallowing hard, asked; "Well, Molly, what is it to be?"

The girl paused and went over to-

Well, Molly, what is it to be? The girl paused and went over to-vards the wall that skirted the oad. Kevin followed her and tried o take her hand, but she drew it

Thinking it only part of her co-quetry, he coaxingly said:
"What is it, girleen? Sure, you have decided the right way?"
He turned her gently toward the moonlight to get a look at what he expected would be a modestly flaming face. He saw, instead, an impish and tantalizing grin.
"Yes, I have decided Kowin It is

"Yes. I have decided, Kevin. It is skidoo: to the tall timbers with you. I'm going back to Cheyenne a ou. I'm going back to Ch ree American maiden lady.'

With a quick movement she laugh-ngly slipped under his arm and tood in the middle of the road

again.

The young man was rooted to the spot. This was not the girl he had grown to love—this wicked, heartless woman! He stared at heartless woman! He stared at her stupidly for a moment. Then an ungovernable rage filled his heart—rage against her, against all women. So this was the way of Americans—to lead a man on, and then to make a fool of him! The old woman back in the bog had been right after all. She had been making game of him, and she did not care a thrawneen for him! He could not speak. He was afraid to speak. He fool he had been! He could not speak. He was afraid to speak. He turned back to the town.

"A flirt—he called me a flirt! was speaking. She was laughing no longer, and even in his blind rage he saw her face, white and frightened. Irishman that he was, he found nity replacing the thought of vengance.

"A flirt—he called me a flirt! Kevin, my darling, if you only knew."

But he did not nor could not know.

"But he did not nor could not wengance."

"Yes," she was saying "it is al-ways, hard to decide the right way. especially when one is young and life

"You'd make a great philosopher,"
he heard himself say, sneeringly,
had his voice sounded to him like
he voice of a stranger.

In a flash the girl's mood chang-

"Why, Kevin O'Malia, you know in ove with me than I am with you."

"No!" he thundered at her "No!" he thundered at her.
"Thank God, no. I'm not in love
with you, now that I see what a
despicable flirt you are. I would
not believe the others when
told me of your flirting ways, and
you knew better than to try cheap thundered at tricks on me. But you laid plans most carefully. I admit are clever. All heartless women are clever." Poor Kevin, His in-experience with women was apparent. "I was in love with you. I was throwing away all that I had held dear before I met you, and for your sake, and—and this is my reward—" He broke off in a choking sob.

The girl's face was tense; but sh held her position in the road, stand-ing with head thrown back and hands clasped behind her and she answered him:

answered him:

"Let me speak plainly to you. Let me tell you that you never were in love with me—that is, not truly in love. There are many kinds of love, Kevin. There is a love of young, romantic people who are only acting the parts which they have read in story-books; there is the love of men and women who are thrown much in each other's company with much in each other's company with no other influence to tag at their foolish hearts; there is the passion-ate, flaming love of a moment, that which is born of a quick impulse that will afterwards be regretted for a lifetime; and there is the rightful love of the serious man and woman who are mature and who know that there are greater things to be con-there are greater things to be conmuch in each other's company with love of the serious man and woman who are mature and who know that there are greater things to be considered than one's own miserable self. Kevin, you are older by a year or two than I, but you have lived in this little village or spent most of your life at college, outside the association of clever women, and you do not know what love is at all. This is only a phase, and some day you will thank me for this. Shall we go back, or would you rather cross the fields to your home?"

"Is that all you have to say?" he demanded.

"Yes, except that I hope you will remember me in your Mass now and then. It is better so. So, go on and receive Holy Orders, and pray for the American flirt."

For a moment the young man hesitated. Then, throwing himself over the wall, he hurried across the fields toward the Ciliciaran road and Catty's housheen in the bogthe housheen where peace and satisfaction would reign once more for Catty, who had sacrificed so much and so well.

The girl stood motionless, her eyes following his dark form until it disappeared. Then with a sob she

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ter each meal, which is what they

really need, everybody can and should use the tooth brush at least twice a day.

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ctean. Take a couple of manutes in the morning and again before re-tiring and see what benefit you will derive from bathing your eyes in water as hot as you can bear. Red cyelids are ugly, They will seldom appear if you take this simple pre-caution.

a multitude of blemishes is the theory upon which some people go, of removing disfigure ments which would yield readily

The care of the teeth demands more attention than the average person usually gives it. It isn't sufficient to use the tooth brush just once a day.

While it is hardly practicable for all persons to clean their teeth after each meal with kis what they

A red nose cannot be cured toilet powder. It may be seriously harmed.

A red nose is really one of na-ture's danger signals. It indicates that the possessor is suffering from indigestion or alcoholism. If the former is the case, get the advice of your doctor, and aim directly at the cause of the trouble. If alcoholism is responsible, the remedy is obvious.

Few people have trouble with their care upless they explain the property of the propert

for the use of smokers, whose teeth invariably become discolored from tobacco.

A good tooth powder, of which the principal ingredient is prepared chalk, may be used to advantage, "A woman's crowning glory is her hair," but a man's hair is almost equally as important to his general appearance and health.

The state of the scalp determines the condition of the hair. The merning bath will keep the scalp in good shape, but a weekly or bi-weekly shampoo should be indulged in to invigorate the hair follicles and stimulate the oil glands, The natural oil secreted by these glands help to give the hair its gloss and sheen. The equal distribution of this oil will be promoted by good, brisk brushing. If the head is kept clean and a hand brush is used two or three times a day, there will be no need for brilliantines or hair preparations of any kind. Nature has been in the business of hair dressing a long while, and it is presumptuous to try to improve on her methods.

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why so many of us should begrudge the half hour or three-quarters of an

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Billy had been promised twenty-five cents if he would not use the word "darn" again. A short time after he came in saying: "Oh, mother, I know one that is worth fifty cents."—Delineator.

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-Pope Pius X.

## Episcopal Approbation.

If the English Speaking Catholics of Montreal and of this Province consulted their best interests, they would soon make of the TRUE WITNESS one of the most prosperous and powerful Catholic papers in this country.

I heartily bless thuse who encourage this excellent work.

PAUL, Archlishop of Montreal.

THURSDAY, MAY 19, 1910

## THE HOLY TRINITY

"O the depth of the riches of the wisdom and of the knowledge God! How incomprehensible are His judgments and how unsearch ways! For who hath known the mind of the Lord! who hath been His counsellor? who hath first given to Him, and recompense shall be made Him? For of Him, and by Him, and Him are all things: to Him glory forever. Amen

The texts above (33 to 36 of St Paul's 11th chapter to the Romans) constitute the short but sublime epistle of the Mass for Holy Trinity How thrillingly they point to the incomprehensibility of the Eternal Three, and to the works of the Fa ther, Son and Holy Ghost; while they blessedly recall in tones both awful and enduring the honor du to the Most Blessed Trinity.

St. Paul in this lesson, his admiration of the infinite wisdom of God, who knows how to turn all things into good; he marvels at the incomprehensible judgment of God, that is, at the purposes and intentions according which God ordains and directs everything; how, for instance, He ceives and reacues some from ruin; how, on the contrary, He withdraws His grace from others and leaves them to perdition. Lastly, he admires the ways of God, that is, the means which He employs to carry out His purposes and particularly to rescue unber vers and sinners. Then wisdom, love and mercy.

In the Gospel of the day, Christ speaks of His power, gives the Apostles the threefold office of teaching, baptizing and governing, and promises His permanent assistance. It is from St. Matthew. ch. xxviii., 18 to 20. The commissions to teach and baptize are given in so many while, when He added, teaching them to observe all things pever I have commanded you, He plainly told His Apostles that they were, not only to teach, but to insist upon the observance of that th they taught. And, indeed, always acted as superiors of the Christian congregations, made ws and ordinances, for instance, at the Council of Jerusalem, when they declared the ceremonial law of the Jews abolished (Acts xv.); they also exercised the power of punishing; for example, St. Paul excomcated sinners at Corinth (I. v., 3 to 5). This threefold ofwhich Christ vested in the tles, passed from them by their rated authority to their suc-rs, the bishops of the Catholic

that St. Paul made Titus bish Crete, and Timothy bishop of Eplations as to how they should minister their office. Writing Timothy he says: "Preach the be instant in season, out of season patience and doctrine" (II. Tim. iv, St. Peter exhorts (I. Pet. v. 2) the bishops and priests, "to feed the flock of God, taking care there of not by constraint, but willingly, according to God."

And Tradition is there with Clement of Rome says: "The Apostles appointed the bishops their successors and ordained. as the rule of succession, that when they died other tried men should re ceive their office." St. Ignatius, a disciple of the Apostle St. John, in his epistle, frequently speaks, of the bishops, and calls them success sors of the Apostles, and exhorts the faithful to respect them as Our Lord Himself, because they are His representatives. St Irenœus emphatically says that the bishops are the successors of the Apostles: shops and their successors in the Church down to our day have been appointed by the Apostles. Tradition means but little in eyes of heretical preachers; but, then, their orders and priestly powers are nothing but sacrilege and usurpation in the eyes of the Almighty. They do not bother with tradition, for tradition disproves their to authority over Christ's flock.

The Apostles received their power to teach, baptize and govern in the name of the Most Blessed Trinity. and the Sacramenrs of God's Church administered in the selfsame thrice holy Name. The child baptized, the sinner absolved, and priest ordained in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Before the faithful receive the Body and Blood of the Lord, they are blessed and absolved in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, and so with Confirmation and with Extreme Unction; while husband and wife are blessed in their union in the same Holy Name.

Heretics have arisen who have dared to deny the Trinity of God. The Unitarians, in their ridiculous claim to Christianity, are aware that multitudes of alleged Trinitarian preachers have no more faith in the Most Holy Three than had Colonel Ingersoll. They swear by the Gospel in word, but their hearts are bent on other things, away from the fountain of truth, and removed from the Mountain of God. And yet the Gospel speaks in unmistakable terms; in St. John (xv., 26 and 27; xiv., 16), in St. Luke(xxiv., 49), in St. Matthew (iii., 16 and 17; xxviii., 18 and 19), and else-

But we believe and shall ever be lieve that in God there are three Divine Persons, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Often have we sung the old hymn:

'Have mercy on us, God Most High, Who lift our hearts to Thee, Have mercy on us worms of earth,

Most Holy Trinity! Most ancient of all mysteries, Before Thy Throne we lie; Have mercy now, Most Merciful, Most Holy Trinity!

May God bless us all in life, in death, and in Heaven, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

THE NEW KING

It is our personal welief-one shared with millions of others-that George V. will prove a good vites us to praise and to glo- He is, we think, every inch a man, rify God on account of His infinite and has certainly given Europe the good example of a hitherto wellspent life. The name of George eeds redemption on the English throne, and its fifth bearer gives promise of a cheering story.

If the new King did not travel all over Europe, assault and batter the Decalogue, that is not why he shall not prove a great ruler. When in a secondary place he did secondary things well; he was silent, cour teous, well-behaved, discreet, prudent, a good father and faithful hus-

Just at present, the British Parliament is passing through a crisis. Balfour will not succeed in drugging the Commons, with appeals to cheap sentimentality. An empire cannot spend its time in a gravevard, no matter what the co mourning, and even the death of the King has not drowned Sir Robert Anderson's voice crying "Parecho, in Balfour's conscience and in that of some other religiously in-

George V. will surprise us all, prove beyond a doubt that a father and faithful husband can prove a good king as well.

#### THE CORONATION OATH

The Orangemen do not see why the new King of England, George should not insult Catholics at his jects are bound that an end is, be put to outrage. We are loyal and honest; hundreds of tholic lives were sacrificed for Empire's weal on Britain's battlefields, and it is now pretty time an end and limit were reached No other ruler, not even the Sultan of unspeakable Turkey, is obliged to utter the blasphemies demanded deemed a religious service; and vet we hear men like Rev. James Barclay (D.D.) denounce the narrow ness, ignorance and sinfulness of the Mr. J. Bull will soon have to get

over his nightmares. Even Orangemen will soon find out that no hindrance must bar a Catholic's advent to the throne sanctified Alfred the Great and Edward Confessor, both of whom are marked for saints in the Sacred Album God's elect, both, of course, good and strong Catholics. In spite of testant alliances, Catholics will see the Orangemen and a hundred Proto it that if they are willing to do more than their share on the pire's battlefields, they are not going to stand for abuse. Protestantism has outlived the salutary effects of the reformation and can get along with less than a maimed Bible; and so, bigots will have digest another declaration from the common sovereign of both themselves and honest men and women

The Coronation Oath as it stands is a disgrace to our vaunted British civilization. George Washington would have nothing of it in his Constitution, and Americans would not permit its tone and spirit to defile the first man-made law of their land.

We want no privileges; we want simple justice and very ordinary politeness; no favors, just plain Why speak of Spain and ricency. dicule Russia, when in England King may not ascend his throne without insulting millions of Outside of the royal functions as they are conducted among the kings of those South Sea lands still proof against Christianity, there is nothing to match British Coronation Oath in part to which Catholics object.

The preachers are clamoring liberty of conscience, and yet they want to force the king to profess Protestantism! The King of England must not be a free man: must not worship God according to the dictates of his conscience. There is twentieth century broadmindedness for you. As we often say, the biggest fools among all bigots those of the British Empire. have neither sense nor logic of any kind on their side. They denounce the Spanish Inquisition and want to force their King to blaspheme the most sacred beliefs of Catholics There must come a change, and the sooner the safer

#### THE PIOUS ORANGEMEN WILL MARCH

And so the triumphant remmants of Canadian Orangeism are going to march again this year in Toron to, on the glorious Twelfth of July! Toronto is, therefore, bound to main what it has ever been, a bed of bigots and fanatics. The Toronto Telegram is there to encourage the men of the fiery appetite. while the Star, the World, and the Mail and Empire are likewise on the scene to cheer the holy men to glory and a hilarious day of it. The Satu day Night will take a hand, too; but it is well to remember that neither it nor the Telegram could prosper in any other settlement outside of Toronto.

While all other cities, (or grownup villages) all over America, willing to live in the present, do away with the cankerous of Orangeism, Toronto must still hold on to the lying ghost that prought it renown in the past. The saloon will do a thriving trade it on another July 12th; screeching colors will be waved, noses smashed, eyes extracted, ears bitten off, teetl eliminated—oh! it will be a red-letter day, one up to the good old standard set by bigotry and ignor-ance in the past. The Dominion Al-liance will refuse to be active that day, at least.

Dr. Sproule will be there, | and Col. Sam Hughes, and the man from Cayuga, and, most likely, the Band of the Highlanders' regiment in Tobent on securing the bald scalps of ronto will discourse appropriate the big Tories; the fight is on with

Old Town." All that in Canada of the twentieth century! A week ry! A week clay, will dwell on the "Dark Ages and attempt to show how the Pope is opposed to fishing rods and hen-

Scotch-Irish gentlemen will largely not want the Irish, and with wh the Scotch would not be bothered. There is quite a contingent of those Scotch-Irish in Canada; the trouble with them is that they have not honesty enough to be Irish, and mistake their natural sneakishness for thorough Scotch shrewdness.

We hope that railroad rates goin West will be at the smallest sible figure, so as to permit all our undesirables here in Montreal to be out of the city for at least twentyfour hours next Orangemen's Day.

#### STRANGE THEY DID NOT KNOW HIM.

It now appears that good people belonging to the Canadian Club Halifax had been under the impression that Rev. Dr. James Barclay St. Paul's Presbyterian Church this city, "was known for broad, tolerant views and his preciation of the virtues and good works of those who differed him in religion and race," to quote much-esteemed contemporary

Where did the Haligonians hear that? Surely they are not strangers to what has been going on Montreal. Dr. Barclay, a man broad, tolerant views''! Premie Briand the chosen benefactor of the gentle Sisters of Charity! One is as likely as the other, and neither And then he lectured on Litera-

Now literature is too broad a subject for Presbyterian narrowmindedness, and as willing as are to grant that Dr. Barclay ranks fairly well with men of general culture, here in our city, as willing are we to admit that he is much esteemed by his congregation, yet we must confess we were surprised to think that the Catholic members of any Canadian Club should know so little about their lecturers on liter ature

To quote our esteemed contemporary, the London, Ont., Catholic Record: "With this performance dies Dr. Barclay's unmerited reputation as a tolerant, broad-minded Christian gentleman." He inflicted his fanatical views on the members an eclectic club, and thus violated one of the first principles of etiquette.

"Altogether," says the Reco boorishness quite out of keeping the reputation which Dr. B the reputation which Dr. Barclay carried with him to the meeting, h fulminated for about five minutes against the Catholic Church, and so urprised his hearers, both Catholic and Protestant, that they did know what action to take."

Now, we must pay the Doctor the tribute of saying that, in our eyes, he was simply faithful to himself innate narrow prejudices. His Halffax utterances in no wise contradict the general trend of his Montreal discourses. So it is our duty, of course, to thank him. has read Carlyle and has made him the subject of his meditations.

True, when he returned to Mont real there were people of tSt. Paul's ready to greet him with lines such as Bobbie Burns wrote on "Willie Dunbar"

'As I cam by Chrochallan I cannilie keekit ben; Rattlin', roarin' Willie Was sittin' at yon boord-en' Sittin' at yon boord-en', And amang gude companie; Rattlin', roarin' Willie,

Ye're welcome hame to me!" OUR CATHOLIC IMMIGRANTS.

Two or three weeks since we dealt with that most burning of Catholic editorial topics—Catholic immigrants The scholarly priest who wrote us on the subject knows what he is talking about, and nobody-our bishops excepted-is more entitled to deal with the matter than he. Naturally, however, he is well aware of Catholic apathy along this line as along many another. What the most of us care whether the immigrants remain Catholics, or whe ther they go astray? Have we not as much right as Cain not to bother with the new-comers?

The sects are at work, rest sured of that. Baptists, Presbyterians, Methodists, and even good-no tured Anglicans are reaping a harvest of orphans, and we shall have more Hardshells and Shakers with Irish names. The Province of Ontario and St. John Valley, N.B. are there with their living toll of allatholic names lost to the sects, and yet some of us may think that zeal

s uncalled for.

When His Lordship Bishop Casey

all the wi man. If our good Catholic so ties were to interest themsel nore in the question of caring the immigrants of our faith, they would act with a zeal worthy of the oble organizations to which Happily, however, Holy Name Society in Toronto, for instance, is taking a practical interest in the work for which we plead, but not until there is a strong "chain welded, and staked shall the be what it should be. Let us sleep for another quarter of a century, and we shall have more thousands perversions to deplore.

#### THE LATE JULES TARDIVEL.

April 24 was the fourth anniversary of Jules Tardivel's death, and the fourth anniversary of a serious loss for Catholic journalism and Catholic spirit in the Province of Que-

Jules Tardivel was born of an Old Country French father and an English-blooded mother, in the poetic state of Kentucky. His mother was a convert, we think, and her ther became a priest. Jules was educated at the College of St. Hyacinthe, finished his studies in half the allotted time, and was a better scholar than nine-tenths of who shared twice his privilege. He did not know a word of French when he entered the College, and had not a peer in French journalism, here in Canada, when he made "La Vérité," his paper, what it is.

For the sake of God and truth, he remained poor, and gave our province an era of independent journalism guided by the Church and under the rule of authority. If there is in Quebec to-day a higher class of intellectual journalism than elsewhere in Canada, it is thanks to the example, methods and influence Jules Tardivel. At times he Irishmen the truth, and we deserved what he told us, and yet he never spared his own the rod They came in for the better share

There was no hypocrisy to Tardi vel's makeup, no sugar-coating his melicinal pills, no double-dealing, in his manner, and no promise in his utterances. Withal he was a lovable man, even if he did put poetasters to their place and scourge "les émancipés." We thank God Tardivel lived, and

a career such as his proves that life worth liv;ng. His pen could not be stilled, or his voice silenced while the Church was being reviled, and principle cast to the winds. He inaugurated a whole school of fenders with a ready pen and readiment! His memory, it is true, now perpetuated and shall continue to be perpetuated through the school of journalists he gave the Province and yet we say he must have He must live in either bronze, stone, or marble-better all three and no place, outside our churches, is too sacred for memorial.

His son is now at his father's work and is doing it well. In spite of little national troubles, we with La Vérité tooth and nail. Peace to the ashes of Jules Tardivel, for his soul, we feel sure, is already enjoying the Beatific Vision.

THEY ARE STRANGELY SPITE-FUL.

Toronto the Good is not a sorry King Edward is dead. We mean, of course, that the devout Orangemen of that city are not. VII. taught their fathers, and many That is an old truth Those preach-They remember the lesson Edward Wales, he visited Canada.

Police Magistrate Denison asked the Toronto Board of Control to close the police court for a day out of respect for the memory of the late King; and, although the court had been closed on the occasion of of Control would not grant the however, and talk nonsense a Magistrate's request. As a result, the "Dark Ages!" All this Mr. Denison indulged in oratory of soothe the consciences of their are and to better do one way with the impassioned order, even if sense trol. Then see the grand fiasco they made of the royal salute!

It all comes to what so many us believe, namely, that if there happened to be a war to-morrow be tween England and the United State those Orangemen of Toronto would be the very first either to surrender, die with bullets in their back, or go over to the enemy with all the screts of the fort. They cannot be it. They have the deserter's block

HOW CAN YOU BLAME THEM?

Colonel Howell, head of the Salvation Army immigration work and epartment, is not a bit pleased with Premier Hazen and the New Brunsick government in general. It appears that Premier Hazen refuses to help the Colonel financially, ingly, wants none of the migrants the Army has to offer. How can you blame him?

Various armies have arisen in holy warfare. We are ready to that General Booth's spiritual war riors mean well and work very devotedly. They care for the downtrodden, and have taken many man out of the mud. So far well, but the crucial point is reached. The Army's converts are not remarkable for their perseverin righteousness, while of them think more of a free ticket to Canada, than they do of carrying their cross over the royal road

In New Brunswick there is and order; murders are not one the Maritime people's pastimes. a word New Brunswick is not Tennessee, nor is it either London Liverpool. Premier Hazen and people want no half-converted sassins, thieves, slumsmen, or other adepts in the fine arts of Eu-

True, Colonel Howell is going to punish New Brunswick. It appears pums new brunswick. It appears he has decided to boycott Hazen and every town and hamlet in the province by the sea. That is very kind of him, indeed. It will help our "Down-Easterners" to pay less for jail bills, and will preclude the necessity of an extra visit on the part of our friend, Mr. Radcliffe

There is something radically wrong with the immigrant notions and methods as they exist and ope rate within the pious precincts the Army. New Brunswick legislators have very long heads, and Dorchester penitentiary has a population big enough for the report of any census officer. Too many good-fornothing scamps and aimless scoundrels have drifted across the ocean already; our police have all can do with the numbers that have proved failures up to now. Let John Bull and his prisons 'old what 'ave! Before the Salvation Army will prove a success as immigration experts, they will have to find the true way of winning souls unto godliness

#### A PLAIN ADMISSION.

In the course of an article contributed to the Episcopal Recorder Rev. E. P. Marvin, a Protestant minister, of Lockport, N.Y., makes the following confession:

"3. A third important characteristic of the Catholic Church is that they allow no destructive critics in their pulpits. They are a conservative influence in the modern apostacy from the inspiration and the authority of the Bible.

"We must confess that there are scores of receiving the modern apost the state of the scores are scores of receiving the modern apost the scores are scores of receiving the modern apost the scores of the score

scores of preachers now in Protest ant pulpits conceitedly dealing ou destructive criticism and cunninglundermining the faith of the people cunningly who would be promptly How strange Catholic author the times and how humiliating our reformed profession."

Let us say, first of all, that like that word "conceitedly" in this instance, it covers a lot of ground. Nine tenths of the "Higher Crickets" whether in the pulpit or in the professor's chair, are simply conceited individuals. Go ask the men who have to work side by side with them, and you shall be convinced of the truth of what we say.

Then, it is no surprise to be told, even by an honest Protestant clergyman, that there are scores of preachers "conceitedly dealing out destructive criticism and cunningly underers especially who occupy rich pulpits must preach anything or everything, infidelity not excepted. They must smilingly and approvingly deal with Buddhism and Voltaire and Zola and the rank and file of fellow-divines, such as Ingersoll and Payne; they must insult the Pope, however, and talk nonsense about clamoring cry for confession and conversion on the part of the selfsame arers' souls. Why do those "Higher Crickets"

among the preachers not cease to earn salaries under false pretenses?

It is plainly recognized by all Americans to-day that the big dailies take special pains to report the preachers on Monday, in order to public, or for the press, in strains for which the preachers are noted, they would have to cease business and fight their election to a seat

**Echoes** 

How will t The Salvat

gn evangelist with the Kir. Rev. Byro not a bit ple free advertise: pers have bee should be no is a caution,

still doing a the "White people who a ly in such w ditizens even have very littl however, they must no congregation"s Gregory VII of Canossa, d

well those wh

frequently rece

Lord, and rep

childlike confi Mother, we w match for the "Verily," w "I know of n better calculat rivet the atte promote fervo cite the mind thought, and

Another of th Croker's daug haste the other wag or other, the august pre rities. She w will be disapp made to withs dollars sets th

was cremated in St. Louis. ring a few not cremate the Mount Royal C lic avowel of I of the Protesta sible. But, th do? The Old the voice of au

"Roosevelt." lan, "refused to of Naples said city without m it was through which would no but itself." T biting president leaving the Uni honor and glory law should incl vice-presidents.

B. M. Tipple is in his true ligh brethren of the In other column matter at lengt pole (where d names?), anoth er, says that the thodist missions feel sure that B Montreal, will n We hope Catholi who are willing build his church

The expected

The Catholics ashamed of have let Brian crew regain power obliged to fall b such calibre. W ask Catholic Ger its backbone? "Y l'Eglise," is rll us the shillelagh!

We are glad ar P. N. Breton's si want that kind fer the humiliati turned into a go miners. The Gene wise and prompt would do well t along the lines of very easily. It imposition, eve piously inclined

N YOU BLAME THEM?

Iowell, head of the Salis not a bit pleased with usen and the New Bruns-nment in general. It ap-Premier Hazen refuses to olonel financially, and wants none of the imthe Army has to offer. ou blame him?

rmies have arisen in holy We are ready to al Booth's spiritual war-well and work very de-They care for the d have taken many of the mud. So far so e crucial point is soon he Army's converts are ble for their perseverhteousness, while nk more of a free ticket than they do of carrying over the royal road

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REDAY, MAY 19, 1910.

How will this month of Mary com-pare with the others that went be-fore? Are years adding to our luke-

The Salvation Army is developing another species of fisherman, namely the "parable preacher." They are not obliged to solemnly ordain him gn evangelist (?), as is the case with the Kirk.

Rev. Byron Stauffer, Congrega tionalist preacher, of Toronto, not a bit pleased with the kind of free advertisement some Catholic papers have been giving him. should be no "a" in his name. Byron is a caution, at any rate.

The Jews-hundreds of them-are still doing a handsome business the "White Slave Traffic." Any people who are interested financially in such wickedness are not fit citizens even for unspeakable Tur-It is very strange the rabbis have very little to say. We suppose, however, that like the preachers they must not meddle with congregation's business.

Gregory VII., writing to Mathilda of Canossa, declared that "by using well those which consist chiefly in frequently receiving the Body of the Lord, and reposing an assured and childlike confidence in His Blessed Mother, we will be more than match for the prince of darkness."

"Verily," writes Abbé Rohrbacher, "I know of no practice of devotion better calculated than the Rosary to rivet the attention, increase piety, promote fervor in prayer, or to excite the mind to deep and salutary thought, and the heart to union

Another of them gone astray! Dick Croker's daughter was married in haste the other day to some scalawag or other, before a justice and in the august presence of police authorities. She wanted notoriety, but will be disappointed. It is plain that some people's brains are not made to withstand prosperity. A few dollars sets them crazy. It is not

An Episcopalian clergyman's body was cremated the other day down in St. Louis. In Montreal, debarring a few notorious exceptions, we mate the garbage only. Mount Royal Crematorium is a public avowel of paganism on the part of the Protestant authorities responsible. But, then, what can they do? The Old Church alone can use the voice of authority.

"Roosevelt." remarks Father Phelan, "refused to meet the women's clubs of London. The funny papers of Naples said when Teddy left that city without making a speech that it was through disgust at Vesuvius, which would not let any one spout There is a law prohibiting presidents when in office from leaving the United States. For the honor and glory of the Republic, the law should include ex-presidents and vice-presidents.

The expected has happened. Rev B. M. Tipple is now being exhibited in his true light by some of his brethren of the Methodist ministry. In other columns we refer to matter at length. The Rev. Stackpole (where do they get their names?), another Methodist preach er, says that the native Italian Methodist missionaries are frauds. We We hope Catholic purchasers will es of th who are willing to help Lattoni build his church.

The Catholics of France ought to They ashamed of themselves. have let Briand and his infamous crew regain power over the land once We are glad Ireland is not obliged to fall back on defenders of such calibre. Why cannot France ask Catholic Germany for a little of ask Catholic Germany for a "Vive gion. Surely out the backbone? "Vive le Pape," "Vive He was doing and teaching. l'Eglise," is all very well, but strong, virile Catholicism is some thing better. Speeches, too, are ex-cellent, so are banquets, but give

Poor Teddy Bear got into vater over in Norway. He ides with the leader of the Opposi tion in the Norwegian parliament, in the course of a noisy conversa tion, on questions directly political The leader of the Opposition rushed into the newspapers with all alacrity of a Rev. B. M. Tipple Teddy had to contradict both leader and himself. When Roosevelt came into the world he was too well created; he should have minus his tongue.

William Jennings Bryan's daughte Ruth, although divorced from found another. According to Western Watchman, she "says econd engagement was a case love at first sight." Then Warchman adds: "She said of the first. Hurrah the Chanticleer, and bar barnyard ethics! '1 love yoy; cock-a-doodledoo!"" Bul himself, her father, was ordained a Presbyterian elde the other day. That shows just what Presbyterianism cares for the sacred bond of marriage.

Ever since England was made Anglican by an Act of Parliament outriding the demands of conscience, preachers in English-speaking countries have been trying to sanctify people through parliaments, and legislatures. They do not know how to work. They are simply a sore on our parliamentary represents. tives' back. While the Old Church reaches the people through the Sacraments, 'those comical preachers have to jump into country and city politics. It is a necessity for them, seeing that they have to get along without the Holy Ghost, who can have nothing in common with ror.

Gaynor, Mayor of New York, does not like to see policemen carry revolvers. How would he like hear of one of the good men's death, at the hands of a fiendish murderer? By all means, let our policemen carry a dozen revolvers, if necessary. While the city sleeps, the policeman's life is in danger from desirable immigrants of a hundred different kinds, which we have been getting.

The British Crown shall have to keep clear of Freemasonry, whether as to its mastership or its protectorship. Freemasonry of any and every kind is opposed to the tholic Church, and Catholic British subjects are entitled to at least as much justice as the men who work in the dark, wearing little aprons. At the bottom, French, Italian, Eng. lish or Scotch Masonry is the same Six of one and a half-dozen of the others!

The Orangemen, in a half-dozen obscure corners, manifested sorrow over King Edward's death. Truly, it was enough to make a crocodile shed a few extra tears to witness their grief. At any rate it did not prove too contagious for the Lodges; they remember the just treatment the late King gave them, on the oc casion of his visit to Canada, when the young Prince of Wales. They know, too, that he sovereignly abhorred them all his life. And yet they boast of their special cream of loyalty. We are glad, however, the Orangemen are taking an interest in our school system, for with education ignorance has not a chance to

Mr. Dalby, formerly of the Star. is not an admirer of the Protestant method of teaching religion. The poor preachers live under a queer sky. What is the use of a cate-Montreal, will not like to hear that. chism in a Protestant church, when a member of the congregation can believe what he likes? It is a logical impossibility for a Protestant preacher to teach Christian doctrine. He admits the fallibility of the Protestant system. How is the hearer to know when the minister is teaching a truth, and when not. A church that lays no claim to infallibility has no right to teach. do Protestants not bring a little of their business insight into reli-

Under the Old Law the Jews admitted but one true religion. Protestant believers admit they were We are glad an end was put to P. N. Breton's stamps. We do not want that kind of piety, and the Eucharistic Congress must not suffer the humiliation of seeing itself turned into a good market for gold miners. The General Committee took wise and prompt action. Mr. Breton would do well to take up work along the lines of the tract and Bible societies. We think he got off very easily. It was a nice piece of imposition, even if the tricks of plously inclined money-makers are not very popular performances nowadays. right; they, likewise, admit that

Even the Protestant pro elves are growing heartily disgusted with our renegades. ears ago it was no uncommon sight o behold shameless apostates in Canadian Protestant pulpits; but ever since the laity found out just what kind of wood the renegades used in their stoves, an end has been put to the sacrilegious se tion. It is a well-known fact that Protestants are obliged to get rid of nine-tenths of their French-Canadian preachers. The preachers use them until the laymen grow sicken-Where are two-thirds of those who were acting as preachers six years ago? Poor Parson Amaron grew disgusted with his Chiniquist congregation on St. Catherine street. They want money, and Mr. Amaron had not enough for them. Rev. Boudreau, Chiniquy's successor in Illinois, closed his St. John street church in Quebec. It is now moving picture show. He is teaching in the High School, a more honorable occupation, in very truth.

GOD BLESS OUR NEW KING.

The following news-item has gone

the rounds of the press: Eew York, May 11.—The World's eorge has suddenly asserted himself in a sensational fashion. He has notified his Ministers that he has a invincible objection to reciting the declaration which he will have to make the first time he meets Parliament after his accession, because of its offensive references to Ro-

man Catholic beliefs. man Catholic beliefs.
When the King appeared at the Privy Council on Monday he had to make another declaration of the same tendency, but much less drastic in its terms, and he informed the privy Councillors, to their amazement, that he signed it with reluctance, as derogatory to himself and his Catholic subjects.

The action of the King will arouse violent hostility among certain classes of Protestants, who are still considered that Rome may yet un-

convinced that Rome may yet dermine the British monarchy the Protestant succession by the underhand process denounced in the declaration referred to. Protestant meetings have been called to premeetings have been serve the declaration.

The Government intends to intro duce its amending bill immediately after the House re-assembles business, any alteration, to be fective, must be passed before the opening of next session, when King will legally be compelled make the declaration."

In another column we dwell on the will be a good King. This action of his with regard to the sacrilegious the selfsame news in the bargain. Coronation Oath does not surprise us in the least. We heartily credit our new sovereign with the noblest of motives, and we knew he would repudiate the blasphemous duty England imposes upon her sovereignselect of cursing what Catholics ther adore or venerate and of declaring himself a Protestant, not out of conviction, but as by law establish

Naturally, of course, the bigots and fanatics of every hue are alarmed and in soul-distressing consternation; they preach religious liberty, but would burn the Pope to-morrow if they could get a chance of doing the like on the sly, after the manner of all hypocrites.

'Geneva was free,' says O'Connell, "till the Protestant Bernese conquered it. Sweden was free until the Reformation was established in it; and Denmark was free until the Reformation struck down its 15berties." So with England.

In spite of Rev. Dr. Barclay. was well for Luther that he did not come into the world until a century after the immortal discovery Guttenberg. A hundred years earlier his idea of directing two hundred and fifty millions of men read the Bible would have been received with shouts of laughter, and would have inevitably caused his removal from the pulpit of Wittenberg to an hospital for the insane.

The present King wants to be free man as well as the rest of us. and not the slave of false gospelmongers.

BEWARE! BEWARE!

A robber is at work in Madrid, Spain, and is trying to operate in Canada. He has even gone to the extent of sending the following letutter respectability and former Mayor of one of our principal Canadian This friend handed over the us. It was written in French, and reads as follows: word for word:

Madrid, le 14 avril, 1910.

En récompense, je vous céderai le tiers de la somme.

Ne sachant si ma lettre vous parviendra j'attendrai votre réponse pour tout vous confier.

Je ne puis recevoir votre réponse en prison, mais vous enverrez une dépèche à mon ancien serviteur qui me la remettra en toute sûreté.

Dépèche:

Dépêche:
Lazaro Silva, Cruz, 26 principal Madrid (Espagne M.
Marchandises reçues. (Nom....).

drid (Espans).

Marchandises reçues. (Nom.....).

Dans l'impatience de votre réponse, je ne signe que—R- de O.

Surtout répondez par dépêche et

non par lettre

Now, there is a nice piece of fraud for you. That name, Lazaro Silva is very ominous. Lazaro is Spanish for Lazarus, and the only Mr. Silva we have ever seen is worshipper at the Synagogue in his home-city. But let us translate the

(Translation)

A prisoner here for bankruptcy, I A prisoner here for bankruptcy, 1 am going to ask you if you are willing to help me get back a truck in which there is the sun of 1,200,000 francs (about \$240,000) belonging to me, which trunk is now in bond at a railroad station in France; and, if, therefore, you will come over therefore, you will come over ere to cancel the seizure on my baggage by paying the costs of my thus secure a magic satchel in which thus secure a magic satchel in which there is a railroad check which I had hidden, and which is altogether indispensable in getting back the trunk, with another guarantée which I shall make known to you.

As a return for your services.

As a return for yo shall make over one-third of the ney to you. Not knowing wh ney to you. Not knowing whether my letter will reach you or not, shall await your answer before

I cannot get your answer in prison, but you will please send a despatch to my former man servant, who will hand it to me in all safe-

Lazaro Silva, Cruz 26 principal Ma-

drid, Spain. Goods received (Sign your name

Burningly awaiting your reply, I simply sign myself. R. de O. Above all, answer by despatch, not by letter.

Now, we absolutely guarantee the genuineness of the above letter in its French dress, at least, and so. we beg to call the attention of our police authorities to this outrage. We shall pass on the original letter if asked. There is no joke in this to matter. That despatch, with its "Goods received," says enough. Let us hope all our papers will give us a belief we cherish that George V, hand and spread the news broadcast. Let us be held responsible for

THE OLD OBJECTION.

Once upon a time, the illustrious champions of bigotry and fanaticism used to declare that the Church was opposed to the diffusion of God's Written Word among the people. Many a holy sermon and many pious homily were preached on how Martin Luther had discovered Bible, the grand old Protestant "chained Bible," but that kind nonsense is no longer believed cept in devout Orange lodges. The rationalists of Germany, thousands of others of our "separat ed brethren," have given the blow of death and the seal of the grave to that slander.

In his "Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury" (vol. iii., p. 83) Dean Hook, of the Church of England, truthfully remarks: "It wa not from hostility to a translated Bible, considered abstractedly, that the conduct of Wyclif in translating it was condemned. Long before his time there had been translators Holy Writ. There is no reason to suppose that any objection would have been offered to the circulation of the Bible, if the object of translators had only been the edifider. It was not till the designs of the Lollards were discovered that Wyclif's version was proscribed." Then the (English) Quarterly Review, October, 1879, was frank enough to admit that "the notion that people of the Middle Ages did not read their Bibles is probably exploded, except among the more ignorant controversialists . . . The notion is not simply a mistake . . it is one of the most ludicrous and grotesque blunders."

Yet pious Protestant weeklies even as late as at the present hour, are dishonest enough to tell people the same old untruths about Church and the Bible, and that, if you please, when one-half of the preachers are denying the inspiration of Holy Writ, ranking it with the pages of Milton and Shakespeare and actually tearing it into shreds But it is only in English-speaking countries that such ignorant bigotry

can find a market.

Neither England nor the United States would tolerate mistransla tions of their respective constitutions for a moment, and yet if the Church prevented imposters from garbling the Word of God, we are told she was the enemy of the Bible, **OXYDONOR** 

## THE CONQUEROR OF DISEASE

Science is every day getting closer to Nature and assisting her to make good the ravages of Time and of our artificial life upon the human system. The treatment by drugs will last just as long as the public, in its unreasoning regard for convention, demands it. But the most effective treatment of the body is to give it the means of repairing itself—not to overload it with drugs.

Oxygen is Nature's own restorative and the greatest power in restor-ing health, strength and vigor. The problem is to get enough of it into the diseased system.

Over twenty years ago, Dr. Hercules Sanche, after a long series of experiments and exhaustive tests, gave to the world the first and only practical method of aiding the human system to absorb oxygen for the elimination of disease. This was by the use of his wonderful little instrument. OXYDONOR

ment. OXYDONOR

Oxygen instilled into the system by OXYDONOR has helped thousands to regain health where drugs have failed. It has cur d cases that were abandoned by physicians as incurable. It helps where nothing else will, for it aids Nature to fight her own battles without the use of drugs. OXYDONOR is as effective for the young child as for the years of obust manhood or tottering old age. It has brought new life into counties homes by removing sickness and infirmity.

But beware of fraudulent imitations. Get the genuin and original OXYDONOR, and avoid the disappointment which must follow the use of any but the genuine instrument. Don't be misled by any similarity of names.

Write for Booklet telling about OXYDONOR and its marvellous cures.

Energetic, reliable men wanted in every district to handle our g ods. Dr. H. SANCHE & CO.

392 ST. CATHERINE ST., WEST, MONTREAL

and of the Gospel in doing so. Protestantism has lived long enough. however, to see for itself just who is the true, faithful, and declared friend of God's Written Word. The present Pontiff, Pius X., put the Modernists to their place, while, as a result of his energetic action and soul-meant policy, the "Higher Crickets" do not now amount to a row of cheap pins.

The Venerable Bede, who lived in England in the eighth century, and whose name is profoundly cherished in that country, translated the Sacred Scriptures into Saxon, which was then the language of England. This was before the time of either Luther or Wyclif.

Thomas Arundel, Archbishop of Canterbury, in a funeral discourse on Queen Anne, consort of Richard II pronounced in 1394, that is, long before the Reformation, praises her for her diligence in reading the four Gospels. Arundel was then chief bishop of Catholic England and he could not condemn in others what he commended in the Queen. Sir Thomas More affirms (Dialog

3, 14) that before the days of Wyclif, there was an English ver sion of the Scriptures, "by good and godly people with devotion and soberness well and reverently read." In his "Faith of our Fathers" (p. 109), Cardinal Gibbons remarks:

"No one will deny that in days there exists a vast multitude of sects, which are daily multiply-ing. No one will deny that this ing. No one will deny that this multiplying of creeds is a crying scandal, and a great stumbling-block in the way of the conversion of heacrying then nations. No one can deny that these divisions of the Christian family are traceable to the assumption of the right of private judgment. Every new-fledged divine, with a superficial education, imagines that he has received a call from heaven to inaugurate a new re-ligion, and he is ambitious of hand-ing down his fame to posterity, by stamping his name on a new sect. And every one of these champions of modern creeds appeals to the un-changing Bible in support of his

ever-changing doctrines. To-day Protestantism is counting with paganism against the Church

### The Quest of May.

Where wanders April, My Lady April, With feet of fleetness And small hands white-The blush of morning, Her cheeks adorning, Her eyes twin stars and Her hair sunlight?

At dawn she lay in yon ferny hol-The green moss pillowed her drowsy

The white narcissi kept watch about And apple blossoms made soft her

She laved her face in the running water, Her feet of fleetness, her small hands white

winte.
She twined her hair with the red wind-flowers,
And sped away in the morning light.

Her laughter rang with the wood-land's music.

But clearer, sweeter, the woods will tell, And far away as the south wind

sighing,
Her voice went echoing through the dell.

What sang my fair one, My Lady April, With lips of laughter And voice of song--Oh! winds a-blowing, Green grass a-growing, What sang my fair As she sped al-ng?

She filled her hands with the wild wood violets—
(So faintly fragint as joys 'org dead);

She laid them close to the warm For memory's sake, Plue Fyes," she said.

And bending over the yellow jonquils,
She kissed them fondly, then cast

For dreams are olden and dreams are golden, But few there ee in the variation she sighed,

Now, Hope will find ye, and Love may bind ye,
(So faintly fragrant as joys long

she said—

The gold dream-flowers from Spring's own bowers,
In Tir na noge," then away she fled.

Oh! lost my April, Nor found my April, t Age shall know ye for mine," Light breath of song Up! Joy and Laughter Swift follow after— Some where she tarries. Some where she tarries,
Time's road along.
LOTTIE M. MORGAN.
Montreal, May 2, 1910.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will drive worms from the sys-tem without injury to the child, be-cause its action, while fully effec tive, is mild.

#### Edward VII Friend of Irish and Catholics.

In response to a request from

In response to a request from an official expression on the death of King Edward, the Lord Mayor of Dublin wrote for publication as follows:

"Our friends in America should know the state of the Irish feeling at this juncture—it is one of genuine feeling of regret by all classes at this juncture—it is one of genu-ine feeling of regret by all classes and creeds throughout Ireland. Ed-ward was a good friend of Ireland and Irish servants. He endeared himself to the hearts of the Irish people by his genuine good will toward us. I speak as a Catholic and a Nationalist."

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal. No. 1175. Superior Court. Dame Elizabeth Alice Mc-Intosh, of the City and District of Montreal, and Province of Quebe wife common as to property Lorne McDougall Cairnie, of same place, contractor, duly authorized to ester en justice, plaintiff. vs. the said Lorne McDougall Cairnie, defendant.

The plaintiff has, this 14th day of March, 1910, taken an action in eparation as to property the defendant.

Montreal, March 16, 1910. as to property against

TRIHEY, BERCOVITCH & KEARNEY. Attorneys for Plaintiff.

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



most unprofitable thing to hold in this world is a

#### Six Hints For Successful Honsewives.

Don't hang the dishcloth over the The pan will soon become badly rusted. Don't leave the floor-cloth folded

up on the bottom of the floor Pail.

They both will last longer if the cloth is hung up to dry.

Don't leave a tin lid on the sauce-

pan, if you start the cereal in the evening for breakfast. It will rust and the moisture drip into the food. Don't use table-napkins or glass towels to fold lettuce in when you place it on ice. Paper because place it on ice. Paper bags are more economical, and will keep out

the air if the tops are folded Don't try to keep parsley in a cup of water. It will last ever so much longer if placed in a paper bag, sprinkled occasionally, and left on

Don't forget to empty the waterpitcher between meals. It is some-times forgotten. Moisture will form under the pitcher and mar the polish on your serving table or sideboard.

#### To-day's Duty.

It is the duty done to-day that sweetens life at its close. To stand at the couch of the dying and see at the couch of the dying and see the loved and dear one go hence, and in the sublimity of your holy faith know and believe that the angel guardian will have a welcome privilege when he conducts the parted soul to its Judge, is every hope and all consolation. But duty done to-day is better than the duty planned for to-morrow. He who delays it is not likely to take care of the morrow when it comes.

Don't send my boy where your

girl can't go,
And say, "There's no danger for
boys, you know,
Because they all have their wild oats

to sow" There is no more excuse for my boy to be low an your girl. Then please don't tell him so.

Don't send my boy where your girl

can't go, For a boy's or a girl's sin is sin, you know,
And my baby boy's hands are as
clean and white
And his heart as pure as your girl's

to-night.

#### Household Hints.

Bags for Brooms.—A string should be run in each and tied round the handle of the broom. Thus covered the broom will be found very useful in wiping down walls, high ward-robes, and also polished floors. The bags may be easily washed out and dried before use. Linen is often used for these covers, but is not

used for these covers, but is equal to flannelette.

The tall vase so adapted for long-stemmed flowers has one deplorable defect; it is certain to be top-heavy, when you least expect it, over the state of the stat

and moist, put in a cool place, co-ver closely with a serviette or cloth wrung out in cold water, and many hours after it will be as moist as

Nothing baked will keep well un-sit is thoroughly cooled before

less it is thorough, being put away. A Use for Lemon Peel.—Do not A use for Lemon peel. Fill

A Use for Lemon Peel.—Do not throw away your lemon peel. Fill a bottle with rectified spirit, and when using lemons cut off the yellow part of the rind and place in spirit. You will find this quite as good as the essence of lemon which is sold at shops. Orange peel can be done in the same way.

To Preserve Linen from Moths, etc.—When well washed and dried, fold up, and scatter in the folding powdered cedar wood, having previously perfumed your drawer with orris root. This will effectually prevent dampness, moths, and worms. To Wash Fragile Lace or Muslin.—Boil down with a little water any edde and ends of soap you have. State the lace or muslin in cold state for ten minutes. Pour off the

cold water, and to a bowl of hot water add sufficient of the soap mixture to make a nice lather, and allow the lace to soak in this for an hour. when the dirt will be

an hour. when the dirt will be drawn out. No rubbing is required.

To Keep Plants Fresh When Going Away from Home.—Place a bowl of water on a table, and the plants on the floor beside it. Insert lengths of worsted, weighted at the end, into the bowl, and allow the other end to hang over the plants. This will syphon the water from the bowl and drop it slowly on the plants below. If a large bowl is used, the plants will keep fresh for weeks in this way.

weeks in this way.

To Wash Lace Blouses and ties to look equal to new, dissolve over night a piece of gum arabic the size of a walnut in cold water, make a lather with lux or finely-shredded soap, put the articles to be washed into the lather, and well squeeze but into the lather, and well squeeze but do not rub; then carefully rinse in two tepid waters, adding the gum

Bread Fritters.-Have ready equal parts of ground cinnamon and castor sugar mixed, and a pan of boiling fat, butter preferred; beat up one fat, butter preferred; beat up one egg in a breakfast cupful of milk, take some pieces of bread about half an inch thick, fry in fat to a light brown color, dip in cinnamon and sugar, and serve hot .- Southern Mes-

## Mere Begin's Creole Dishes.

#### Adapted to a Fireless Cooker.

When Cousin Victorine, old Uncle Belcourt's daughter, wrote that she was coming straight from the steamer for that long-promised visit of hers, my husband turned to me with a distinctly exultant challenge in his

eye.

"Now," said he, "you'll have to give us some real Creole dishes in spite of yourself, my lady."

"I don't see why," I argued, more for the fun of tensing than anything else. "She's been abroad long enough to get catholic tastes in eating, as well as other things, I should think."

"That's just it! She's been abroad so long that she must be home-sick for a real Creole dinner such as Mère Bégin used to conjure together in old Papa Belcourt's kitchen. Do you remember?"

you remember?" Could one forget? The old French woman, broad shouldered, wide of geth, moving among her myriad pots and pans, tins, coppers and glazed earthenware which made spots of brightest color in the long, low-ceilinged kitchen with its sanded floor, was not a picture easily forgotten; while for her savory dishes, steaming hot, her salads and her coffee, one cherished a respectful veneration, quite apart from any sentiment usually aroused by so commonplace and familiar a subject as daily food.

We had spent three lovely winters

We had spent three lovely winters

subject as daily food.

We had spent three lovely winters there in the early years of our marriage when Victorine was a mother-less little schoolgirl with quaint the bottom of the vase with about two ounces of shot, and you will have no more trouble.

Copper is excellent for kitchen use, but much time must be expended in keeping it clean.

To wash Silk Handkerchiefs.—Begin by soaping well all over, and using cold water; then rinse and let dry. Boil a handful of bran in water, strain through a linen cloth, and then steep the handkerchiefs in it for some time; press, and hang out to dry; iron while still damp.

To remove spots from the front of boys' suits thoroughly rub them with benzine, and put out in the air afterwards to take off the smell.

To keep bread and butter fresh and moist, put in a cool place, cocook. Get a maid if it will help you.

cook. Get a maid if it will help you."

I shook my head. Domestic service in Washington, if relatively cheap, is apt to be inefficient. Besides, imagine a maid in the intricacles of a daube à l'Italienne or a Créole gumbo.

"I prefer a fireless cooker to a maid any day," said I.

Neal looked reproachful. Dear Neal would live à la Créole if I could hear of such a thing; but regard for his digestive powers, now no longer in their first vitality, and for the best interests of Eleanor—a girl of fifteen who studies and needs food that is both simple and easily assimilated—had kept me silent as to the possibilities of leaving dishes that in the old Creole days needed patient watching and coddling to the tender care of a plain homemade hay box. (Only I long since discarded the hay for a mixture—of cotton and cork with asbestos cylinders.)

Certainly he decided that it was an ideal menu for a week of such sight-seeing and visiting as we put

in, for there is this merit about most of the Creole dishes, that they combine so many ingredients in themselves that any one dish, in conjunction with plenty of crisp golden brown French bread, a bowl of salad or olives and voffee—clear and piping hot—will form a most satisfying meal, and Victorine's delight over them all was at least half as much sentinemtal as gustatory. It was only necessary to order the day

was only necessary to order the day was only necessary to order the di-before and to have everything of livered early in the morning, so the after Eleanor and Neal were off the the day, while Victorine, who is sisted upon taking hold, made the beds or straightened up the 1 room, I started my dinner and ready for the the round of sight-seeing

And now for some of Mère Bégin's treasured recipes written in French, in fine, slanting, quavering lines on ruled paper—yellow and brittle with age and breathing a faint though pungent aroma of the kitchen. (And pungent aroma of the kitchen. (And here, let me say, that if you do not like the flavor of garlic, do not be afraid to omit it; even the omission of the ever-present onion could not spoil the dishes. There are so many in a true Creole dish that one may well spare a few, if necessary. Also, if your family is averse to things fried in lard, you may use butter, ham or bacon fat.)

#### CREOLE GUMBO

Cut in pieces a young chicken.
Wash and sprinkle with salt and
pepper and fry in hot lard.
Pack
the pieces in your cooker kettle.
Pour away some of the lard if you Pour away some of the lard if you think there is too much left in your pan, and into the remaining slice a large onion. When the pieces are tender but not brown add a spoonful of flour. Brown this carefully, adding gradually a little hot water, that it may not burn. Have ready some small pieces of ham, two dozen oysters, two dozen boiled shrimps, and add these to the contents of the pan. Then pour over the whole three pan. Then pour over the whole three pints of boiling water. Cook to-gether for a few minutes and pour over your chicken. There should be enough liquor in the kettle to cover the whole. Boil five minutes, sea-son to taste and place in the cooker. You will want to put your gumbo on the fire fifteen minutes before you are ready to serve, in order to reduce the gravy. Pour into a turreen, sprinkle with chopped parsley and send to the table with rice, cooked dry cooked dry.

DAUBE A L'ITALIENNE. Have your butcher send you juicy cut of beef about three inches thick, such as would be suitable for a pot roast. Make slits in the meat and insert strips of fat ham and tiny bits of mashed garlic. (Or if you prefer the merest soupçon of the flavor, bruise a bit of garlic with a spoon and rub the spoon lightly all over the meat, rubbing it occasionally on the garlic.) Brown the meat and insert strips of fat ham into the cooker kettle, add sliced carrots and sliced onions (diced potatoes are nice, too, though they are not usually included in a daube) and enough boiling water to cover the whole. Season with salt, a bit of red pepper, cloves, and the usual kitchen bouquet, and bring again to a boil. When you feel satisfied that everything is heated through to believe the control of the c tisfied that everything is heated through to boiling point, transfer to cooker, where it will have to spend at least eight hours, while fifteen would not be too much. Infifteen would not be too much. In-deed, for a midday meal you could advantageously put it on while you were getting dinner ready the night before. When ready to serve, remove to a platter; take a piece of butter the size of a hickory nut and spoonful of sugar; burn this in a frying pan, stirring into it a spoon-ful of flour and pouring over it the sauce from the meat. Sprinkle the daube generously with capers and serve with plain boiled macaroni or spaghetti, well powdered with grat-ed Italian cheese.

### JAMBALAYA OF CHICKEN.

Fry in hot lard a young chicken and slices of raw ham. Pack into the kettle of the cooker. Now fry a sliced onion, a couple of tomatoes and when they are nearly done, a and when they are nearly done, a cupful of rice, stirring constantly. Pour these over the chicken, add enough bolling water to cover, season with salt, bay leaves, chopped parsley, thyme and a bit of red pepper. Boll ten minutes and transfer to the cooker. Before sending to the table you may have to reduce the gravy a little, as this should be served rather dry.

## CHICKEN A LA CREOLE.

This is made in almost the same manner as jambalaya of chicken, except that you add a can of sweet peppers and omit the rice. If your chicken is very young you will scarcely leave it more than two or three hours in the cooker.

RAGOUT OF MUTTON WITH PO-

Have your butcher take off suct and skin from a piece of m

ton—the breast, I believe, is preferred—and cut it into small pieces. Brown these in hot fat, turning frequently, that every part of the meat may be seared. Put into the cooker kettle, adding a handful of small onions, two cupfuls of diced potatoes and one cupful of sliced carrots. Strain off extra fat in pan, add a spoonful of flour and sufficient stock to cover all, season with salt, pepper, parsley and bay leaves. A few mushrooms add considerable to the delicacy of flavor. Cook briskly ten minutes and then remove to the cooker. This put on late in the forencon will be ready for evening dinner.

any should object that quanti-It any should object that quantities are not mentioned with sufficient exactitude, I can only say that with the wide margin for individuality always allowed by French cooks, the good old lady who jotted ality always allowed by French cooks, the good old lady who jotted down these recipes spoke vaguely of such quantities as a "fistful" of rice such quantities as a "fistful" of rice and was never more exact in the matter of salt and pepper, parsley or thyme, than to say broadly, "Assaisonnez au gout," which, after all, is wise enough, since my taste is not yours and the greets of the salt. enough, since my taste is not nd the guests at my table those for whom you are ca---Clarisse McCauley, in Good Housekeeping.

### What Makes a Woman Look Smart.

It is easy to look smart on \$10,-It is easy to look smart on \$10,-000 a year, but your truly clever woman is she who, like Becky Sharpe, but not in her way, can keep up an appearance on nothing.

To be smart on nothing a year one must have taste, and it must be taste of the most conservative kind.

You cannot be smart if you buy the latest 'freak of fashion and expect to wear it more than half a season. The weather eye must always be out for a change of fashions Nothing it out the season.

Nothing is quite so tiresome as the second latest. In buying clothes simplicity and unobtrusive cut must be considered and above all things a becoming color.

Hyacinth is just now a popular shade. Likewise wistaria and some of the mauves. Now, these are most suitable and beautiful for the woman suitable and beautiful for the woman with the pale, creamy skin. But put that shade, under a florid, tanned face, and the effect leaves much to be desired. Yet how many florid, tanned people are buying just that color? That particular shade of wistaria is sure to be passe by next winter, and you will be able to spot it as last year's suit, providing it is not really becoming. If a dress is becoming and not too ultra stylish, its charm will last for years. ish, its charm will last for

The same applies to all the necessities of feminine wardrobe. A charming woman whose allowance is not as large as she would like it to be bought a tan-colored dress greenish trimmings. She was cajoled by the salesperson at the glove counter into buying a pair of light green gloves, and now she has to wear the gloves when she wears the dress, and as they are conspicuous dress, and as they are conspicuous enough to make it impossible ever to forget them these gloves have made her dress appear to be seasons old, though it is comparatively new It is difficult to look smart and

be careless about the appearance of one's neck. Yet, how often we see a charming toilet, pretty face and gracious man-ner marred to a more or less con-spicuous extent by the careless toil-

et of the neck!

#### How the Color of Food Influences the Appetite.

When you select a chocolate-colorof taste and refinement.

If, on the contrary, you show a partiality for yellow or saffron-col-

ored foods, your taste is most probably low and vulgar.

That is the conclusion of a remarkable theory on foods and color which has been made by Dr. J. S. Goodall, lecturer to the Middlesex Hospital Medical School in London

After many experiments Dr. Good-ll has found, as a general rule: Cultured and educated people prefer chocolate-colored foods

ored foods

Children of all classes have a fond-ess for foods of the pink color. Dr. Goodall says that the color

Dr. Goodall says that the color of food is a far more important factor with regard to appetite and digestion than is generally supposed. "I first made experiments with animals," he said. "A cat, for instance, is very much influenced by the color of its food. In one experiment I placed a number of pieces of meat, each tinted a different color, before a cat. "The animal looked at each piece."

"The animal looked at each piece carefully, and then selected the red-colored meat. Dogs, on the other hand, do not appear to use their visual sense, like cats. If the food smells all right a dog will eat anything.

thing.

"Haman beings are very sensitive as to the color of their food. By making inquiries among caterers I found that chocolate-colored foods were easily the most popular among the educated classes.

"In the poor classes cakes, buns, etc., which were colored a bright yellow commanded the largest sale.

"Pink is by far the most popular color with children. If a child is offered the choice of a pink and a yellow sweet the pink variety will invariably be selected.

"Blind people who cannot use their visual sense in selecting food appear to like foods with a strong flavor best, certain vegetables being very popular with them."



An opinion on this subject also gathered from Dr. G. Nor Meachen, the well known food dietic specialist. Norn "Diners-out, on entering a restau

rant, are largely influenced in appetites by the color of the which are brought before them, said. "Certain colors stimulate the ap-

petite and digestion, others have a reverse effect. All foods artistically colored green appear to be avoided

by all.

"White foods, such as white fish, are stimulants to the appetite. Dr. Goodall states that the poorer classes have a liking for yellow. One of the reasons for this may be that they think such foods are richer than others. than others

"Personally my appetite has often been stimulated by certain colors. I have entered a restaurant with very feeble appetite and ordered "The steak has come up a reddish, chocolate-brown in color. I look at it, and immediately begin to

look at it, and feel hungry. Brown-baked potatoonals have this effect on me.
"It is my theory that green or blue is not conducive to a healthy appetite. To sit down to dinner in appetite. To sit down to dinner in appetite. a green-papered room often destroys one's desire for food at all."

#### New Order of Nuns Established in America.

Five nuns of the Passionist Five nuns of the Passionist or-der, the first of this community in the United States, arrived in New York recently from Italy, accompa-nied by the Very Rev. Joseph Ann-heim, C.P., Consultor-General of the Passionist Order. The five religious will found the first convent of the order in the United States in Pitts-

burg.

The rule of life of the Passionist Sisters is most austere. At the end of the novitiate they make four vows-the three ordinary vows of a vows—the three ordinary vows of a religious, poverty, chastity and obedience, and a fourth vow of promoting devotion to the Passion of Jesus Christ. These vows are perpetual. Much time of the day and night is given to prayer. Like the Passionist Fathers, the Sisters chant the Divine Office at the different hours of the day and rise about midnight for the chanting of the Matins and Lauds. the Matins and Lauds.

The habit of the Sisters is similar

to that worn by the Passionist missionary. This habit is made of rough, black cloth with a cloak of the same material. On this habit the same material. On this habi

and cloak is attached the Passionist emblem, a white heart surmounted by a cross. Sandals are worn on the feet.

The order was founded in the year 1770, about fifty years after St. Paul of the Cross founded the Passionist Fathers. The first convent was in Cuveto, Italy, and the first Passionist nun was Sister Mary of Jesus crucified.

#### Sterilizing Fabrics by Ironing.

I presume that many matrons will hours of labor at the ironing board in the interesting discoveries of a painstaking foreign doctor. An ar-ticle of his recently translated from

painstaking foreign doctor. An article of his recently translated from the scientific American will doubtless help to solve the problem of many a hard-worked physician in the country.

Boiled down, his experience is this: He had formerly, after his visits to patients suffering with contagious diseases, gone home and changed his suit, having a separate suit for each disease. When the treatment of the case was concluded, the suit was disinfected by formalin vapor in an airtight cabinet. This had proved wholly successful as far as risk of spreading contagion was concerned. However, the good man got tired of the waste of valuable time dressing and undressing, to say nothing of the expense, Sterilization by steam was found impracticable, and after about two hundred very interesting experiments made with various sorts of purposely infected fabrics and sad irons of varying temperature at the Bohemian University of Prague, he learned these facts:

That a single application of the hot from sterilizes all fabrics superficially, and fine hapkins, lawns, handkerchiefs and pieces of this description throughout their thickness. Russian or other heavy linen must be ironed twice on each side. By further investigation he developed the fact that infection of fabrics is for quite a considerable time superficial and that therefore this iron-

ing is a cheap and rapid method of checking infection. He now wears a long gown of linen in the presence of patients and these are ironed as of patients and these are ironed directed after each wearing.

The hygienic value of iron seems thus to be established. In country, where very large iron to be considered in the country, where very large iron iron to be established.

seems thus to be established. I country, where yards and lines be had, the boiling of the f garments would seem to be a supplemented by the whirling biowing in the sweet air and shine or bleaching on the grass, certain garments whose appear counts require ironing—shirt we thin gowns, fine underware. counts require ironing—shirt waists, thin gowns, fine underwear, and, of course, the napery. The time spent by delicate women in the ironing of dish towels and the whole expanse of common sheets, woven undergarments and stockings, is worse than wasted, because it exchanges ine sweet odor of sun-dried linen for an inferior one, and represents ignored opportunity for rest.

In the city, however, the case is different. Even if one is not germ crazy the thought must occasionally intrude itself that these lines of con-

ntrude itself that these lines of scientiously boiled clothes flying from roof tops and in apartment back yards and balconies, are liable to all the ills that a great city can let loose on the air. One will be justified here in using all the flatign and the property of the control of the contro iron sterilization one's health or purse affords, economizing on some other of the overdone household tasks rather than this one.

We are taking many strides along We are taking many strides along the paths of common sense and hy-giene in dress, and I trust that no backward leap like that sometimes fearfully rumored of hoopskirts may come to checkmate this progress. A come to checkmate this progress. A dozen years ago the fitted and bon-ed waist of silk or wool was worn by all business women during the winter. Now the shirt waist, blessedly washable, is en regle winter and summer. And with them during a part of the year at least we have skirts and coats of linen and other materials that can be tubbed. Indeed, we are far ahead of the times materials that can be tubbed. In-deed, we are far ahead of the times when dust reigned supreme in our clothing, and we shall go farther

If we can only contrive a way to prevent the fearful kickup behind of the autos so that our household goods may not be gray with dust five minutes after we dust them-but why grumble? We can't reach Utohere below.-Peggy Quincy,

RECORD FOR STRANGENESS

A Niagara Falls man tells this

story:
"A Buffalo man brought a relative from Scotland here to see our grand spectacle. The two gazed at the fall in silence a long time. Then the Buffalo man heaved a sigh and

"Ah, Cousin Donald, did you ever anything so beautiful

The Scotchman, after a moment's thought, answered calmly:
"'Weel, for bonnie, yon's a richt: but for strange, no—fur I once saw in the Town o' Peebles a peacock wa' a wooden leg.'"

SCHOOL SYSTEM A FAILURE.

"Paw," queried little Hugh, "what is a parasite?"
"How long have you been going to school, young man?" asked Mi-chael, Sr.

"Four years," answered Hugh.
"Well," continued the old man.
"there is something wrong with our
educational system if four years of
schooling hasn't taught you that a
parasite is a person who lives in
Paris."

#### A RELIGIOUS DIFFICULTY.

A RELIGIOUS DIFFICULTY.

A Scotchman who is a prominent member of a church in Glasgow one Sunday recently put by mistake into the collection a piece of silver instead of a penny. On returning home he discovered the serious blunder. He spent the afternoon in considering the matter and talking it over with his wife. "Ye see." he said to her in explanation of his loss, "I might stay awa for twentynine Sawbaths to mak' it up, but then I wad be payin' seat rent an' gettin' nawthin' for't. I'm thinkin', lassie, this mann be what the menister ca's a religious deefficulty."

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Synopsis of Cana

HOMESTEAD ANY even numbers tion Land in Ma-wan and Alberta, act reserved, may any person who is family, or any man Ramity, or any manage, to the extent then of 160 acres, Electry must be n the local land officin which the land Entry by proxy made on certain eighter; mother, so liber or sister of a steader.

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(8) If the settler has his permonent residence upon farming hands much by him in the vicinity of his humestend the requirements as to raidence many be satisfied by residence upon said hand.

Rix mouths' metics in writing hands be given the Commissioner of business Lands at Ottowa of infestion Lands at Ottowa of infestion Lands at Ottowa of infestion Lands at Ottowa of infestions.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy Minister of the Interior.

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and rapid method of \*on. He now wears a linen in the presence

linen in the presence these are ironed as the act ironed as ach wearing.

Value of ironing be established. In the yards and lines may oiling of the family oiling of the family oil seem to be amply the whirling and sweet air and sunng on the grass. Only its whose appearance ironing—shirt waists, is underwear, and of e underwear, and, of ery. The time spent nen in the ironing of the whole expanse of s, woven underg it exchanges sun-dried linen fo

sun-dried linen for an drepresents ignored rest.

owever, the case is if one is not germ, the must occasionally at these lines of condided clothes flying and in apartment balconies, are liable lat a great city can air. One will be air. air. One will using all the one's health overdone household n this one. many strides along

many strides along amon sense and hy-and I trust that no like that sometimes of hoopskirts may te this progress. A the fitted and bonen regle winter and ith them during a at least we have
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STRANGENESS. lls man tells this

brought a relative re to see our grand wo gazed at the long time. Then heaved a sigh and

nald, did you ever

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little Hugh, "what

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The transition from winter's cold to summer's heat frequently "puts a strain upon the system that produces internal complications, always painful and often serious. A common form of disorder is dysentery, to which many are prone in the spring and summer. The very best medicine to use in subduing this painful aliment is Dr. Kellogg's Dysentery Gordial. It is a standard remedy, sold everywhere.

# THE FLIRT.

Back of God-speed and half way between the Cillciaran road and the Hill of the Fairies, or Cnoc-ma Sidhe, if you put the Irish on it, stood Catty McGowan's cottage, proudly isolated from all the rest of the world in a wilderness of brown bog and purple-blossomed heather. There was a suggestion of aloloness rather than of loneliness about the little whitewashed cottage—as if it were edging away from the scraggy village of Cillciaran just around in the road beyond. It was like Katty herself, for there was not a prouder woman in the three parishes about they have the controlled to the sign of her peculiar pride—so the neighbors thought. For what on earth sense was it to be washing to dry them in the rain when a white oil-cloth or a fine bright red one was as well to be using?

"I've sold four loads of turf to Dominic McDonagh," remarked Ke-vin, tentatively, as he drew his chair in to the table where Catty and placed the "tay" and the cake. "And I've brought you a new cap for yourself."

Catty turned from the hob where she was pouring the first draught on the results of the neighbors thought. For what on earth sense was it to be washing to dray them in the rain when a white oil-cloth or a fine bright red one was as well to be using?

"I've sold four loads of turf to Dominic McDonagh," remarked Ke-vin, tentatively, as he drew his chair in to the table where Catty was like Katty herself, for there was not a prouder woman in the three was not a prouder woman in the was not a prouder woman in the three was not a prouder woman in the three was not a prouder woman in the three was not ot a prouder woman in the three arishes about than the same Catty parishes about than the same Carry McGowan, and one would think that it was Roslevin Castle that sh

owned instead of the little "hou-sheen" in the middle of the bog.

The sun had dropped back of
Sliev Cairn when Catty came to
the door to look up the road towards Ballinamor for a sight of her
nephew.

"Tis a grand evenin'," she said.

Pusheen purred her assent, as with
arched back, she rubbed her pretty
yellow and white body against the
skirts of the old women. skirts of the old woman

skirts of the old woman.
"'Tis that," added Catty, after
a pause, "and sorra a bit will he be
home before dark, an' Father Henery
in town with the books he's wantin"." She spoke as if to reassure her-

self, but the look in her eyes as her gaze traveled the road laid bare the fear of her heart that Kevin was not with Father Henry. vas not with Father Henry.
She stood at the door for a long

time. Finally, weary with the strain of looking in vain, she sighed and turned her eyes from the white strip of road to rest them upon Sliev Cairn.

The afterglow was resolving itself

into a shifting mass of violet and gold, and tender pink, which wreathed itself about the shining crest of the mountain. Beautiful sunsets had become a familiar sight to Catty, and she saw this with a half for its containing the same than t sense of its glory, an inheritance that came to her from generations of beauty worshippers. But like all her race, Catty was in close touch with the world beyond, and when a flood of light beside threads. flood of light broke through the mauve-tinted cloud, it came as a be-

nediction to her troubled spirit
"Wirra, but God is good,"

light faded from the thatch of light faded from the thatch of the cottage, the old woman caught the sound of a sidecar rattling down the road. It was the mail-car. It camevery fast, as if making up for lost time; and its driver, "Punch" Rochneen, bounced up and down in his seat with cheery abandon, while the car careered along, dangerously near the edge of the bog. There was a reason for the extravagance of "Punch's" speed, and an old established cause for his exuberance of shed cause for his exuberance spirits. naggin is a hard thing to put our hand against. When he reached the point where

he main road met the boreen, 'Punch' slowed up long enough to shout: "I passed Kevin at the cross he talkin'

"Yerra, "Punch" Rochneen, is it makin game of him ye are—the likes o' ye makin game o' me bye! Well, then, we'll see!"

With the vague threat, she began to pour fresh water into the kettle. "Musha, then, the whole three pa-rishes are laughin" at ye, Kevin, the madhaun that ye are, makin' ducks omandant that ye are, makin dicks and dhrakes out of yer eddication an' the priesthood for that lady!" She jerked the vrane viciously into place above the fire and slapped the kettle upon it, as if it were the "Yank" herself that she was placing upon the coals. Then she sat down and stared dully at the blackened chimney wall. Pusheen tried to get up in her lap, but the old woman brushed her off, and the old cat had to content herself with lying on the hearthstone instead.

Twilight fell. The kettle sang its comfortable suggestion of the frag-comfortable suggestion of th

for the evening meal.

At last the grating of cart-wheels outside told her that Kevin was back from the fair. She smiled when she heard his "b-r-r-r!" to the donkey, but her smile did not forebode cheerful evening for the young

a cheerful evening for the young man.

When he had brought in the various packages from the cart outside. Kevin remarked, "I got eleven pence for the butter."

His aunt ignored the good news. The kettle had boiled over, and she was stooping over the tea-pot. "I got eleven pence for the butter, Aunt Catty," he reiterated.

The old woman turned and viewed him with uncompromising gaze.
"The tay is med. "I'll be spreadin' the cloth if you take those articles off o' the table and be puttin' them on the dhresser," she said dryly.

ly.

Kevin obeyed, glancing now and then at his aunt's face. Slowly a smile crept over his own. He remembered that "Punch" Rochnen had passed him at the cross-roads. And he decided there and then that he would take a walk for himself that evening. It would be a wise thought-for the peace of the house-bold.

she was pouring the first draught on the ashes—for it is wrong to be drinking the "tay" before you pour the first "suppen" for "themselves" —and she eyed her nephew suspi-ciously.

"Ye're gettin' very thoughtful of yer ould aunt, I do be thinkin, Ke-vin O'Malia," she said with bitter

was not gallivanting the town with anyone. I had enough to do to attend to my own business."
"Didn't 'Punch' Rochneen see the two o' ye holdin' up Lydon's wall at the cross-roads?"
Kayin kent his classe.

After rummaging among the parcels, the old woman discovered the

cap.

"How much did ye say ye paid for it, Kevin?" Her tone was sweet, but the young man moved uneasily in his chair.

"I—I got it in exchange for some missin' the little largrage from over they fall, me lad, they will not be taking that way, Aunt Catty," he said, sharply. "Curses fall on those who startly in his chair.

"Let them an' welcome. Wherever they fall, me lad, they will not be taking that way, Aunt Catty," he said, sharply. "Let them an' welcome. Wherever they fall, me lad, they will not be taking the said, sharply. "Let them an' welcome. Wherever they fall, me lad, they will not be taking the said, sharply. "Let them an' welcome."

posite her nephew.

upon him.
Outside it had grown from dusk to darkness. Catty rose to light ge of the bog. There was a for the extravagance of h's' speed, and an old estabcacuse for his exuberance of It was Fair day, and half in is a hard thing to put hand against.

Outside it had grown from quasification of the candle. Placing it upon the cause for his exuberance of cup of tea, and took her place before the fire again, staring with unseling the reached the point, where to the young man at the table, but as he looked at her rigid form he could guess what her eyes held. A pang of remorse shot through his

After all, this was the woman who had taken the place of his mo-"Was there much of a fair?" inquired Catty, in a tone which cut short his interest in Kevin's doings. "Oh, then, middlin' big."

The mail-car went merrily on its way. Catty stood for a while looking after it. Then she turned into the house, muttering to herself.

"War we "Thread", Bookness, in it. speak kindly to her now—to reas-sure her, for well he knew what her trouble was. But it is hard for the western Irish to give utterance to the affectionate thoughts which their hearts possess. Instead, he asked, "Did Eddie Conlon cut the

asked, Did Eddie Conion but the mangolds for you?"

"I saw no sight of Eddie Conion this day," snapped Catty.
"But he came home from the fair early, and I told him to cut them

"Well, then he did not cut them, an' why should he, when me own didn't trouble their head to do it

# Baby Eczema

Splendid resulfs obtained by using

Thoughtful mothers are forsaking Thoughtful mothers are forsaking pore-clogging and insanitary powders for the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment and find there is no treatment so effective for chafed and irritated skin, scald head and eczema.

This ointment makes the skin soft and smooth and ensures healthful natural action of the pores of the

and smooth and ensures healthful in the cloth if you take those articles off o' the table and be puttin' them on the dhresser," she said dryly.

Kevin obeyed, glancing now and then at his aunt's face. Slowly a smile crept over his own. He renembered that "Punch" Rochneen had passed him at the cross-roads. And he decided there and then that he would take a walk for himself hat evening. It would be a wise-hought-for the peace of the house-hold.

Catty was intent on smoothing it the minutest winkle of the hite cloth. This cloth was an-

It had come. Kevin had been expecting a tirade against the "Yank" from his aunt for some time. And he was glad that they were going to settle it alone, for the fear had been haunting him that the old woman would come down upon the been haunting him that the old wo-man would come down upon the girl herself, as well as upon him.

"I mended her bicycle for her, that was all," he answered quietly

"Well, then, ye can take this right back to her. I am not beholden to her or to anny little jade like her for annything. So ye can march right back with it to her, wid me

"And it's for her," she continued bitterly, "that ye are givin' up the chance that I was given' ye; it's for her—that doll-faced Yank, who wouldn't like' annything betther than to be decavin' a poor omadham like yerself—that I wasted me hard-airned money on ye. Afther me slavin' and dhraggin'—cuttin' turf, plantin' cabbages and diggin' and wearin' meself to the bone that I cud make a priesht out o' ye, so that ye might be respected and look-"And it's for her," she continu then, 'tis a great reward I'm get-tin' for it all—but sure 'tis no sur-prise to me. 'Isn't it rthe way yer breed elways rewarded. Kevin's pale face man.

After she had poured his tea, she demanded: "An' let me see the cap."

"Tis over there among the other parcels: but let it be, and come and have your tea."

"It's little ye were thinkin' of me and me tay the while ago, whin ye were gallivantin' about the town wid the 'Yank."

"You are wrong there, aunt. I "You are wrong there, aunt. I "You are wrong the town with shame and remorse held him tongue-tion.

Catty relapsed into silence for any remain.

other while. Kevin finished his supper in a few minutes and remained scated at the table, his chin in

at the cross-roads?"

Kevin kept his silence. His aunt was no logician and often confused her issues; but there was one thing certain,—the safest argument was silence.

"Bad cess to her!" suddenly burst from Catty's lips. It was one of her quick changes of mood. Kevin looked up with anger flaming in his

You had better not be talking that way, Aunt Catty," he said, sharply. "Curses fall on those who utter them."

but the year.
in his chair.
"I—I got it in exchange for some work—a little bit of work which I did," he answered haltingly.
"I see ye did. It is not a shopmade cap."
The half-curious, half-grateful smile.
The half-curious, half-grateful smile.

"Aunt Catty, once and for all, let me tell you that I will not have you me tell you that I will not have you me tell you that I will not have you

which had been twitching the corners of the old woman's mouth have way to the hard scorn which she had been trying to repress. Tossing the cap upon the dresser, she took her place at the table ophabeted with this must stop. Miss Caldwell is an American: she is a lady; and posite her nephew.

They finished their meal in planee, Kevin looking up from plate only when he thought upon him.

Outside it had grown from dusk to darkness. Catty rose to light some of the women are saying about her. She is too free and natural for their idea of a lady. She has not the sly ways of the Irish girls when dealing with men—and they call her bold for that. She is independent and says what she thinks is true, no matter to whom she may be talking—and that sheeks the old fories. -and that shocks the old fogies.
Let it. LShe does not need their approval. That's all, and do not force me to say more to you, Aunt Catty, about this. Do you hear?"
With this dictum, Kevin took his can and went out into the right.

cap and went out into the night, leaving his aunt gaping with astonishment at his daring, for Kevin O'Malia had ever been a docile boy and quick to obey her commands. Now the tables seemed to be turned

When she recovered from her sur when she recovered from her sur-prise, she called after his retreating figure, "Troth, an' ye're learnin' yer lesson well from her!" But as soon as she was left alone the old woman bent her head upon

her folded arms and wept in wretchedness. For the first in her life Catty McGowan the loneliness of spirit which the disloyalty and the neglect from one for had sacrificed in

whom she had sacrificed in vain only could being to her.

In a little while Kevin came back with a creel of turf, and he began to empty it into the turf-box.

Catty could not refrain from bring-

avowed enemies. "Too deuced cleveh, bah Jove! One nevah knew but what she was making game of one, y'know," they agreed—"Well, ra-

But Kevin and Father O'Grady knew the sweet, true nature of the girl, and in their heart of hearts they were glad when she made what she called one of her "breaks," for there were those thereabouts who deserved a "jolt" from her.

deserved a "jolt" from her.

While Catty sat lamenting over his folly the young man finished his task of filling the turf-box. He then brought in the harness and hung it on the wall beside the chimney, and with the final duty of replenishing the fire, he left his aunt to her thoughts, to "take a stroll for himself," as they say in Cillciaran.

All his life had Keyin been taught.

All his life had Kevin been taught At his life had kevih been taught to look forward to the day when he should say his first Mass in the chapel, with Catty to receive his first blessing. It had never occurred to him to think of any other general blessing. It had never occurred to him to think of any other career than that of a priest of God. Catty had made sure of that—Catty and old Father James, who had prepared him for college. This was his first holiday after entering the seminary. He had spent it, not in the quiet contemplation of his future concern but in a present it. but in careering about the country with the essence of all that was worldly Molly Caldwell, the are-free American cousin of Father

It that had been all! But now he was facing the fact that he was in love with the girl from Cheyenne—he, the schinarian, the model of the three parishes, in love, head over heels, in love, with the harum-scarum "Yankee" from the Rockies. It was small wonder that he was greatly disturbed as he walked. greatly disturbed as he walked the conlit road to the town

It was a terrible thing to be what they call in Ireland a "spoiled priest." This thought made him ga priest. This thought made him gather himself together and walk faster. And the more rapidly he walked, the faster crowded his thoughts upon each other. There was his aunt and her desire—and her life's aunt and her desire—and her life's sacrifice made in vain. And was there ever any luck with a spoiled priest? Suddenly it came upon him that honor compelled him to go on—if only for his aunt's sake. Yes, he would go back to the seminary and pursue his studies and go on the foreign mission to America—oh, no for that would be near her. no, for that would no, for that would be near her, Australia, that was the place for him, and after he was settled there in a parish of his own he would send for old Aunt Catty. And she would not have slaved in vain. Thus he framed his decision.

"Hello!" called a sweet, girlish pice from somewhere in the sha-ows. He turned the bend in the dows. He turned the bend in the road and came face to face with Molly Caldwell. The young lady was sitting on the wall viewing his approach with mock-majestic dignity. For a moment Kevin paused to readjust his thoughts.

She might have been a fairy, so dainty and aerial did she look in her shimmering white dress and the

her shimmering white dress and the dark Claddagh clock which hung from her shoulders. She wore a motor-veil about her head and throat, out of which her wind-blown heir curled and theosed in the sawe abandon with which everything per-taining to her was marked.

"Good evening, Kevin O'Malia. Taking the moon-cure, too?" she asked with suspicious sobriety.

"Good evening to you, Miss Caldwell," he answered, with imitative

Then the girl on the wall laughed. "And what may the moon-cure be? What ills does it cure?"
"Oh," she said, drawing in her

arms and hugging them to her like an old fairy-woman, "there's the lumbago, the rheumatism and dys-pepsia—not to mention love-sickness," she answered sagely. this in an innocent and ing up the bitter subject once more.
But there was a more cautious tone in her voice.

"Is it the way o' Yankees to give impidence to the prieshts?" she inquired demurely.

Keyin smiled.

"Curse," this in an innocent and confiding tone, "you would not be foolish enough to catch the last-named, unless it be in a light form, such as amorvacationitis."

"Amo—what?" inquired the puzzled Kevin.

"Is it the way o' Yankees to give as it, that she grave ye such a fine as that for the poor ould wo in the bog?"

Aby Eczema

Skin Irritation

Endid results obtained by using DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT the greatest of healers.

Thoughtful mothers are forsaking e-clogging and insanitary power for the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment it and find there is no treatment offer the way of Carraignor.

This oldment makes the skin soft is sonoth and ensures healthful untal action of the pores of the late. The late what that what that old gosspin, so discording and healing, and pleasant to use that it soon finds that he please of the sin and as a not of vercoming painful and solved it men the content of the pores of the late. The late the health of the content of the pores of the late of the skin and as a not so overcoming painful and solved it may be a priest, and that he contend grow it was all dealers, or Edman—"

An' didn't she tell the girls that they did not know their business to let him be a priest at all? God forsy it is soo pure and clean, so destrully soothing and healing, and pleasant to use that it soon finds that his auth and not heard worse himse that its soon finds and so mass of overcoming painful and solved and some of the pores of the little trollop?"

An' didn't she tell the girls that they did not know their business to let him be a priest at all? God forsy its change that its soon finds that his aunt had not heard worse things than these of the little trollop?"

Kevin subset.

Tatis of Dr. Chase's Ointment is ally enough to convince anyone, there is nothing like it as a utilifier of the skin and as a nass of overcoming painful and soon finds and so overcoming painful and soon for the pores of the little trollop?"

An' didn't she tell the girls that they did not know their business to let him be a priest, and the little trollop?"

The Anglicized ladies of the 'county families' whom the Roelevin O'Man, Bates & Co., Toronto. Write a free copy of Dr. Chase's Re
Tatis of the skin and as a free copy of Dr. Chase's

she had actually hinted at the inharmoniousness of the ecclesiastical purple and his lordship's red hair, and she had refused to call him "Your Lordship." "Really, she was bad form, very bad form," one had been quoted as saying, while the others had been heard to make the brilliant remark, "Well, rathah!"

And the English army officers whom she had met at Roslevin and at Hawthorn Hill had become her avowed enemies. "Too deuced cleveh, bah Jove! One nevah knew but what she was making game of one, when they agreed—"Well, ra-virugele of Kevin O'Malia's converted to castle by moonlight."

Kevin had not bargained for this new proposal, but as he had promised her before to show her some other friends the beauty of Roslevin Castle by the white light of the moon, he was bound to obey stirred a grateful little thought for this outlet from his decision which he had been about to frame the minute before he met her, that of not walking with her again, except in the company of others. The death struggle of Kevin O'Malia's conthe company of others. The struggle of Kevin O'Malia's

struggle of Kevin O'Malia's conscience had begun.
Once or twice, as they walked up the Roslevin road, the girl leaned forward and peered up into his face, for he was silent most of the time, allowing her to chatter on without interruption. Instinctively she was aware of his state of mind, and although he could not see it, there was a wistfulness in the eyes that tried to read his face.

The castle by monlight was all.

tried to read his face.

The castle by moonlight was all that an artist could expect. It was the usual picturesque ruin with the moon's beams sifting through its apertures. But the mist from the bog below was slowly rising and scattering, wraithlike, about its broken walls, as if it were the spirits of dead O'Malias or De-Burghs, or perhaps the dead enemies of the united houses who were playing their share of life over again. It was an old scene to Kevin, but the American girl felt a superstitious dread creep over her. She drew nearer to her companion and her hand clutched his arm.

"O-0-0-0!" she whispered, "isn't it stepond".

"O-o-o-o!" she whispered, "isn't it skeery'?" A little shiver through her, and Kevin felt it and drew her closer, wrapping her more comfortably in her cloak.

comfortably in her cloak.

"It is only the mist that gives it the uncanny look," he reassured her, "That is what distinguishes it from the other castles about."

They stood for some time gazing across the bog at the ruins, but for both of them the ruins and the moonlight and the mist were drifting out of the reality of things. Suddenly, and before she was aware of his intention, he drew her closer to him.

him.

"No, oh, no! Kevin," she cried,
"remember your vocation!"

In another moment she had turned away and was walking back down the road, weeping miserably.

The bewildered young man followed her. This was outside of his experience, and he was at a loss as to how he should deal with her. Ashamed, and with stumbling apologies, he tried to present his case Ashamed, and with stumbling apologies, he tried to present his case to her. He wished her to be his wife. It was no use now in pretending to himself or to her that he had a vocation. He would go out to America and become a solicitor, or lawyer, as she called it. He would be able to make a living for them in a very little while. Then he dropped into the soft speech of his own people. "Orrah but you'll be my Share o' the World, astorin. Say you will. Sure, it is not in Say you will. Sure, it is not the heart of you to deny me!" pleaded.

pleaded.

"Oh, stop, stop!" she retorted.

"What would your aunt say?—what would everybody say to me, \( \mathbf{H} \) I should be the cause of your turning from your vocation? Oh, Kevin, Kevin, Kevin, I did not think it would go this far. I did not mean to let you make love. I did want your friend-ship—wanted it more than, you could guess. But—" guess. But-

The man in him asserted itself. He vould not worry her. He could

would not worry her. He could see that she was sincere and thoroughly frightened at the outcome of things. To-morrow she would see it in a better light.

"Molly, stop crying, and we shall not say another word about it tonight. You can give me your answer to-morrow, or as soon as you can make up your mind about it. Now you are unfit for reasonize. Now you are over it. The over it. The mist-ghosts and the moonlight have frightened my girleen. But I'll wait—I'll wait astorin!" he whispered.

That night when Kevin knelt down beside his bed he prayed for light and guidance. It were better after all to be a spoiled priest, he reasoned, than to make a blunder that would blast his life. In the morning he surprised Melly works. morning, he surmised. Molly and morning, he surmised, Molly would to be lastform, shrink to normal proportions and can be handled more easily without guilty tremors.

But, the next day found him house, when the beautiful proportions and can be handled more easily without guilty tremors.

But, the next day found him house-bound, for his aunt had taken it into her head to go to town, and one of her idiosyncrasies was never to leave the house alone. Although he had often teased her about it, Kevin always acquiesced to this notion of hers. So he was held in suspense all day. He was willing to wait, however, although he knew that Molly Caldwell had the characteristic American despatch, and he had heretofore found her quick in her decisions.

he had heretofore found her quick in her decisions.

That night his aunt was in high glee when she came home. All worry about the "Yank" seemed to have left her. Kevin's heart shrunk at the thought that soon he would have to strike her dumb with the news of his engagement.

"Twill soon come time for ye to be goin' back, Kevin?" she said as they were taking their tea.

Kevin did not answer. He was too honest to hedge about the question, and it was not time to speak yet.

When evening fell he set out for Father Henry's, where he would be sure to meet Father O'Grady and Molly, for they spent most of their evenings there.

Molly, for they spent most of their evenings there.

He found her at the gate. She was very grave, and a sudden fear assailed him.

"I'll go in for my cloak, and we'll take a walk down the road."

said eagerly.

(Continued on Page 7.)

## Local and Diocesan News.

LOCAL CALENDAR-

May
20. St. Bernardine of Sienn.
21. St. Felix of Cantilicio.
22. St. John Nepomucene.
23. St. John Baptist Rossi.
34. Our Lady of Good Coun.

25. St. Gregory VII. 26. Corpus Christi.

FORTY HOURS' DEVOTION.— Saturday, May 21, Viauville; Mon ay, May 23, Boucherville; Wednesday. May 25, St. Placide.

GOLDEN JUBILEE CELEBRA TION.—To-day is being celebrated in St. Mary's parish the golden jubilee of the Rev. Mother Superior of the Academy of Our Lady of Good Counsel. The demonstration proper gan yesterday afternoon, when pupils presently attending the school met to offer their congratula-tions and good wishes that many more useful years would be granted the venerable jubilarian. This ning the jubilee Mass was cele-ed at eight o'clock by the pas-of St. Mary's, Rev. P. J. Brady, M. O'Brien delivered the euto the venerable logy. This evening's entertainment is in the hands of the former pupils and judging from a glance at the splendidly arranged programme. It is splendidly arranged programme. It is mean order is in store for those privileged to attend. the

GIFT TO ARCHBISHOP.-Last week His Grace the Archbishop was made the recipient of a large num-ber of cushions for the use of the dignitaries who will be present dur-ing the Eucharistic Congress. These were the gift of the ladies of some of, the city parishes. Work is ing on apace, and great quantities of altar linen and vestments are being got ready for presentation and for special use in the Cathedral, St Patrick's. Patrick's, and Notre Dame, churches where the services of Congress will take place

ST. JOSEPH'S HOME.—Thomas Jennings, of Bradford, England, the first to enter this little isstitution, departed this life last Toosday at the early age of twenty-one. He been ill with consumption for past year, as our readers may member, and at last has gone the reward of an angelic life. Tom, with four companions, each with a trunk on his back, landed at St. Ann's Presbytery a little over six years ago. They came from another home in the city to look for a place where there place where they could perform their religious duties and go to Mass on Sunday without having to stay out all Saturday night, and they found it at St. Joseph's Home, which had just been opened by the mother of one of the boys, who was acting under the advice of Father Hol-land, who, a few months later, found himself with the whole burden his shoulders, the lady in ques tion having decided to go back England. The fare was scanty Engrand. The lare was scanty and poor at the commencement, and the beds pretty hard, until a benefactor sent in some ticking which was put together by the priest's mother and the ticks filled with straw by Mr. A few buckets of dripping Power. A few buckets of dripping and a sheep's pluck or two were the first occupants of the larder, but the boys were happy, nevertheless, with a Catholic roof over their heads and a father who managed in some way, with God's help, to

some way, with God's help, to provide for their souls and bodies. Let us hope that the pioneer boy in the Home and the first of the band in heaven may by his prayers obtain from Almighty God, through the intercession of St. Joseph and his hely Spouse, the prosperity of the brave little work. It is really wonderful how it has been blessed since its inception.

Next week an interesting account. week an interesting account will be given of recent donations Jennings' funeral took place this morning from the Incurable Hospital, after the Requiem Mass sung by Father Holland. May he rest

The Bowels Must Act Healthily.— In most ailments the first care of the medical man is to see that the bowels are open and fully perform-ing their functions. Parmelee's Vegebowels are open and fully performing their functions. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are so compounded that certain ingredients in them act on the bowels solely and they are the very best medicine available to provery best medicine available to produce healthy action of the bowels. Indeed, there is no other specific so serviceable in keeping the digestive organs in healthful action.

## Choir-Leaders and the Eucharistic Congress.

The Most Reverend Archbishop of Montreal invites the leaders of all the choirs of the city and suburbs to meet him at the Palace on Saturday, May 21st, at 8 p.m., to discuss the musical portion of the programme to be rendered at the different functions of the Eucharistic Congress.

In the treatment of summer complaints, the most effective remedy that can be used is Dr. J. D. Kellogy's Dysentery Cordial. It is a standard preparation, and many people employ it in preference to other preparations. It is a highly concentrated medicine and its sedative and curative qualities are beyond question. It has been a popular medicine for many years and thousands can attest its superior qualities in overcoming dysentery and kindred complaints.

## CIRCULAR LETTER OF OUR NEW KING CARDINAL GIBBONS.

Urges Attendance of His Clergy and Faithful at Eucharistic Con-

The following letter has just been issued by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, in which he expresses the desire that as many of the clergy and faithful of the United States as can should attend the so ceremonies of the Eucharistic gress, to be held in this city

gress, to be held in this city in September next: At their annual meeting at the Catholic University the Archbishops of the United States expressed their heartfelt interest in the Eucharistic Congress which is to be held in the city of Montreal during the second week of next September. Realizing also the great importance of this event for Catholicism at large and Catholicism at large event for Catholicism at large and especially for the Church in Amèrica, they requested me, in their name and in my own, to invite the attention of the hierarchy and laity of our country to the scope of the Congress and to its characteristic feature as a public manifestation of our Catholic belief.

It is indeed a matter of rejoicing that the central purpose of this ga-thering is to offer our homage and thanksgiving to the Author and Finisher of our Faith, our Savior Jesus Christ. For thereby we pro claim in the hearing of all men that He is the same divine reality for us as He was for those to whom He declared: "Behold I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world." This abiding pre-This abiding prewhich each Catholic at the foot of the Altar, is likewise the chief source of our spiritual life, the bond of our unity, the unseen yet unfailing cause of the countless activities whereby religion is spread, through sacrifice and organized ef-fort, to the uppermost ends of the

It is therefore not surprising that each announcement of a Eucharistic Congress should meet with an enthusiastic response, and that this means of honoring our Lord should have spread so quickly from country to country, in the New World, as well as the Old. If the last as well as the Oig. In the three decades have been marked by trial and struggle for the Church o God, they have also been singular ly fruitful in consolation and en couragement, and it is surely significant that our own age, so note worthy for scientific advance material progress, should have wit-nessed so general an increase in de-votion to one of the profoundest votion to one of the profo mysteries of our holy religion.

The impulse of faith which has The hitherto tou... directs hitherto found its center in Eu-rope, directs the great Catholic movement of this year to Canada. The Congress will be held upon ground that is rich in memories of the early days when Christianity and civilization came together to these shores. To the work of the Ca-tholic pioneer, the heroism of the missionary and the sturdy faith of the people who erected the altar, wherever they went, the entire con tinent of America is forever indebted. It is not merely as discoverers and explorers or as builders of new nations that their names are written large in our history; but above all as the heralds of the kingdom of God and as bearers of the Cross Christ. It is fitting therefore we should hold their memory cred, and there is no worthier bute we can pay them than that of our loyalty to the Faith for which they lived and for which so many of them died.

many of them died.

This is our common heritage, and we may well be thankful that in Carter and the common finite of the common states. nada and in the United States has not only been preserved but has increased a hundredfold. Through it unnumbered blessings have brought to our homes, our relations and our public life. these benefits each of us in his private thought and his personal exthese benefits each of us in his private thought and his personal experience is conscious and appreciative. But to estimate them at their full value it is needful that we should feel from time to time how thorough is the community of our religious interests and how strong the ties which bind the Catholic people.

people. I accordingly regard the approaching Congress as a most favorable occasion both of quickening our own zeal for the service of Christ and of giving new evidence of the vitality which the Church

## Subscription List for Great Congress.

A Subscription list has been placed in the True Witness office for St. Patrick's Church, for the equipment of fifteen altars to be used during the Eucharistic Congress, also for the decoration of the church and grounds with flowers and flags on the occasion of the visit of the Papal Legate and distinguished delegates of the Congress on Saturday, September 10, next.

# HIS PERSONALITY

He Knows His People; Has Visited Corners That No Other British Monarch Has Trod.

The personality of the new King is the theme of frequent discussion in every land at the present time. Will his reign add fresh lustre to the annals of British sovereigns, as the annals of British sovereigns the reigns of his revered father grandmother have done? Of conthere are some carpers and croak who take pleasure in answering both of these questions in the negative. They are the very men who said precisely the same thing—though in even more offensive form—about King Edward when he was called upon to ascend his mother's this majesty acquitted himself as heir to the throne. The position of Prince of Wales is a delicate and difficult one, for, though the second personage in the empire, he has in matters. difficult one, personage in matters of of government matters of government no locustandi at all. It is a positio which calls for self-repression, an almost self-effacement rather that self-assertion. For there is no room in one realm for two kings and should an heir-apparent shou himself to the public as possessin the faculty of government in any re markable degree, it is most proble that it would be found that was exceeding his own and encroach-ing on the kingly office. Nevertheless there are certain tests which may be fitly applied to a Prince of Wales, with the object of ascertaining whefitly applied to a Prince of Wales, with the object of ascertaining whe-ther he possesses the potentiality of a good sovereign

HE KNOWS HIS PEOPLE.

In the first place, he has been trained for social service. He has a knowledge,—a first hand knowledge—of the "condition of the people" question such as few men can boast. It is the pride of Englishmen of all classes that their beloved royal family—and not least the king—know more of the lives led by the poor than any save the poor them poor than any save the poor them selves. The betterment of the people is a subject that is very near ple is a subject that is very near his heart, and in this, as in other matters, he has, in the gracious lady who shares his throne, as he him-self declared in his touching speech self declared in his touching speech to his privy council, a constant help-mate. For of Queen Mary—our own Princess May—it may be said with almost literal truth, that, ever since the days of her girlhood, her name has been blessed in the humblest, as in the highest homes in the land. The princely virtue of social service has seldom been more worthily exemplified than by the august couple on whom our hopes and our hearts are fixed to-day.

TRAINED IMPERIALLY.

Secondly, the King has been trained imperially. It would have been ed imperially. It would have been almost impossible for any grandson of Queen Victoria, or any son of King Edward, to take a mean or narrow view of life and affairs, or a light view of his own duty. But His Majesty has sailed in seas, and he has trod on soil, where never one of England's sovereigns has sailed or trod before. "He has seen hll his empire face to face, and fain would keep it one." Whatever else may be keep it one." Whatever else may be doubtful about his personality, his robust faith in the empire, and his sturrdy confidence in its future are known to all. In some respects, indeed, his own frank, fearless nature seems to have more in seems to have more in comm those who dwell in his overseas do-minions than with those who live a more cramped and complicated life within the narrow limits of the Bri-tish Isles. He makes no secret of tish Isles. He makes no secret of his enthusiasm for the courage, the perseverence, and the success of those of his subjects, who, thousands of miles from the motherland, and yet bound close to her and to each other by the golden link of the British throne are building up a each other by the golden link of the British throne, are building up a commerce and a civilization beside which the commerce and civilization of Great Britain herself will one day look but small things and poor. or Great Britain herself will one day look but small things and poor. And, as all the world knows, he makes no secret, either, of his views that the old country needs to re-member that her supremacy in every direction is being assailed, and with direction is being assailed, and with no small success. His "Wake up, England!" speech was one which it and with

unceasingly draws from the Eucharistic Source of all grace. Together with the Archbishops of the United States, I earnestly commend to our clergy and faithful this reunion so Catholic in purpose and so replete with advantage for our spiritual welfare. It is most desirable that we should further its aims by every means in our power and especially by taking part in its proceedings. I am confident that the object of the Congress appeals to every Catholic heart, and I sincerely trust that as a result the Church of our country will be fully represented at Montreal by laity and clergy alike.

Our presence and co-operation will be a source of joy to the Catholics of Canada, to the hierarchy, and in particular to the Most Reverend Archbishop of Montreal, who has spared no effort in the arduous task of organizing the Congress. In sympathy with his endeavors and in response to the cordini invitation which he has extended to our people, I would regard it as most gratifying and as truly characteristic of our common Catholicism if the Eucharistic Congress should count among its members the faithful adorers of Jesus Christ in every diocese of our country.

J. CARD GIBBONS, Archbishop of Baltimore.

make. For the English nation does not, as a rule, love receiving—it preters to give—advice, and especially advice to "wake up"—even from the 
popular prince. But his warning 
was taken in good part, though 
whether it has been heeded is peraps another story.

STUDENT OF AFFAIRS.

Thirdly, the King has been a very Thirdly, the King has been a very close and attentive student of political affairs, though he has always studiously avoided all appearances of political partizanship. And he is said to have very decided views of his own. Indeed, it would be strange if he had not. For neither Queen Victoria nor King Edward—and certainly not his imperial cousin of Germany—were lacking in marked force of character. One who knows him well has said of him to the writer that he is diffident, but not self-distructful, and that, though cautious in forming his dent, but not self-distrustful, and that, though cautious in forming his opinions, he can be very tenacious of them when formed. Lord Rosebery—than whom there is no shrewder judge of men in the United Kingdom—has been honored with his friendship more these. judge of hier domestic domestic has been honored with his domestic hand any other politicians of the front rank, and, both in public and in private, he has more than once given expression to the high value he sets on his mathematical mathematical department and statesmanship. WILL DO HIS DUTY.

And lastly, the King is animatedand nobody who has had the privi-lege of listening to one of his in-spiring addresses can doubt it—by a very sincere and genuine desire to do his duty. It is in response to duty's call that his head has as-sumed the burden of the imperial sumed the burden of the imperial crown. And his resolve to do his duty as a constitutional monarch was apparent in every line of his pathetic speech, which, on the moreover of his heavy bereavement, he row of his heavy bereavement, he made to his privy councillors, and, the world. "Duty" was practically his loved father's last word. It was the inspiration of Queen Vic-toria's long reign. It was the signal of Nelson in the moment of his glo-

"Not once or twice in our fair is— land story The path of duty was the road to glory." The -Toronto Star

An Easy Pill to Take.-Some per-An Easy Fill to Take.—Some persons have repugnance to pills because of their nauseating taste. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are so prepared as to make them agreeable to the most fastidious. The most delicate can take them without feeling the revulsion that follows the taking of ordinary pills. This is one reason for the popularity of these celebrated pills, but the main reason is their high tonical quality as a medicine for the stomach.

#### Convention of Catholic Wokmen.

The Third Annual Conference of Catholic Trade Unionists of Eng-land will be held in Manchester, on May 28th.

The objects of this conference The objects of this conference of the organized Catholic workingmen of England are to safeguard the Catholic interests of the Catholic members of the Trade Union and Labor Movements, and to protest against the introduction of the question of secular education into the Trades Union Congress and the Labor Party Conference The Conference Labor Party Conference. The Conference will consist of Catholic trade unionist delegates elected by branches of Catholic federations, branches of Catholic federations, branch of Catholic associations, go-verning bodies of Catholic federa-tions, and Catholic associations, and any organizations of Catholic Trade Unionists.

#### Lourdes Confisicated.

The French Government has added to its many crimes the confiscation of the Basilica of Lourdes

How long will such sacrileges be permitted to continue? Instead of a crusade against the land of Mahomet, it would look as though one were necessary to the land of St. Louis. The liveliest imagination of the godless could not have conjured up a picture as drastic and as terrible as that of the present condition in France. We wonder what kind of people and what kind of Catholics there. Catholics there are in France who with folded arms look on at such outrageous injustice and sacrilegious confiscation of the endeared shrines, such as that of Lourdes. If there will be a such as that of Lourdes. such as that of Lourdes. If there will be no interference with public worship in the sanctuary of Lourdes, the motive, we can easily surmise, is to continue the income to the state, to the railways and to the into the state, to the railways and to the inn-keepers. The cup of the in-iquity of the government should now be full. Yet the government was re-turned to power at the last elec-tions with Catholics in the land out-numbering all others, perhaps twen-ty-five to one—Catholic Universe.

11011111 KIDNEY WHEREAS, in and by the 1st part of Chapter 79, of the Revised Statutes of Canada, 1906, and known as "The Companies Act," it is amongst other things in effect enacted, that the Secretary of State may, by letters patent, under his Seal of Office, grant a charter to any number of persons, not less than five, who having complied with the requirements of the Act, apply therefor, constituting such persons, and others who thereafter become shareholders in the Company thereby created, a Body Corporate and Politic for any of the purposes or objects to which the Legislative authority of the Parliament of Canada extends, except the construction and working of Railways or of Telegraph or Telephone lines, or the business of Banking and the issue of paper money, or the business of a Loan Company, upon the applicants therefor establishing to the satisfaction of the Secretary of State due compliance with the several conditions and terms in and by the said Act set forth and thereby made conditions precedent to the granting of such charter; And whereas George Plunkett Magann, of the City of Toronto, in the Province of Ontario, contractor; John Francis Cahill, journalist: Henry Judah Trihey, advocate, and Michael Thomas Burke, law student, all of the City of Montreal, in the Province of Quebec, and William Patrick Kearney, of the Town of Westmount, in the said Province of Quebec, advocate, have made application for a charter under the said Act, constituting them

vince of Quebec, advocate, have made application for a charter under the said Act, constituting them and such others as may become shareholders in the Company thereby created, a Body Corporate and Politic, under the name of "Tribune Press, Limited," for the purposes hereinafter mentioned, and have satisfactorily established the sufficiency of all proceedings required by the tisfactorily established the sufficiency of all proceedings required by the said Act to be taken, and the truth and sufficiency of all facts required to be established previous to granting of such Letters Patent, and have filed in the Department of the Secretary of State a duplicate of the Secretary of State a duplicate of the Memorandum of Agreement exe-cuted by the said applicants in con-formity with the provisions of the said Act. Now know ye, that I. the

Now know ye, that I. the said Charles Murphy. Secretary of State of Canada, under the authority of the hereinbefore in part recited Act, do by these Letters Patent, constitute the said George Plunkett Magann, John Francis Cahill, Henry Judah Trihey, Michael Thomas Burke and William Patrick Kearney, and all others who may become shareholders in the said Company, a Body Corporate and Politic, by the name of "Tribune Press, Limited," with all rights and powers given by the said Act and for the following purposes and objects, namely: A. To said Act and for the following purposes and objects, namely: A. To engage in a general printing and publishing business, including the business of embossing, lithographing, engraving, book-binding, electrotyping stereotyping, photo-engraving, engraving, book-binding, electrotyping, stereotyping, photo-engraving, manufacturing and dealing in paper boxes and stationery, and the printing, publishing, circulation and dealing in newspapers, books and publications of all kinds; B. To manufacture and deal in paper, maching, machine, ma ufacture and deal in paper, machinery and other articles necessary or useful in carrying out the objects of the Company.

the Company, C. To carry of business of general traders in manufacturers of goods, chrometric particular of goods, chrometric To carry out the manufacturers of goods, chattels, merchandise, and supplies which can to advantage be dealt in by the Company in connection with the above business; and to recommend Company in connection with the above business; and to purchase or otherwise acquire, sell, use, lease or otherwise dispose of buildings, plant and machinery necessary or incidental to the business carried on by the Company. D. To accurre to the business carried on by the tal to the business carried on by the Company, D. To acquire, hold, lease, sell, exchange or otherwise dispose of shares, stock, deposits or security in any corporation carrying on business with objects similar to those of this Company or carrying on any business capable of being conducted so as to directly or indirectly benefit this Company notwithstanding the provisions of section 44 of the said Act; E. To invest or use the moneys or assets of the Company in such securities and in such manner as

moneys or assets of the Company in such securities and in such manner as may from time to time be determined, including the purchase or stock in any other corporation; F. To sell, lease, exchange or otherwise dispose of in whole or in part the property or undertaking of the Company for such consideration as may be agreed on and in particular for shares, debentures or securities in any other Company; G. To amalyes. be agreed on and in particular for shares, debentures or securities in any other Company; G. To amalgamate with any other Company having objects in, whole or in part similar to those of this Company; H. To do all, acts and exercise all powers and carry on all business incidental to the carrying out of the objects for which the Company is incorporated and germane to these

incorporated and germane to these objects; I. To purchase or otherwise acquire and take over the undertakings, properties, assets and liabilities, or in the alternative the capital stock of the True ings, properties, assets and liabilities, or in the alternative the capital stock of the True Witness Printing and Publishing Company, Limited, and to pay therefor wholly or partly in cash or wholly or partly in paid up shares, bonds, debentures or other securities of the Company to be carried on throughout the Dominion of Canada and elsewhere. The place within the Dominion of Canada which is to be the chief place of business of the said Company is the City of Montreal, in the Province of Quebec. The Capital Stock of the said Company shall be fifty thousand dollars, divided into five hundred shares of one hundred dollars each, subject to the increase of such Capital Stock under the provisions of the said Act. That the said George Plunkett Magann, John Francis Cahill and Henry Judah Trihey are to be the first Provisional Directors of the said Company Provided always that nothing in these Presents expressed or contained shall be taken to authotize the construction and working of Railways GRAND TRUNK SOLLWAY Colonist Excursions

ONE WAY SECOND-CLASS COL-ONIST TICKETS to Western Points in Canada and United States on sale until April 15th, 1910, at greatly reduced fares. Homeseekers' Excursions . HOMESBEAKERS' ROUND TRIP EXCURSION TICKETS to Western Canada via Chicago, on sale Tuesday, April 5th, and every second Tuesday thereafter until September 20th, at very low fares.

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H. A. PRICE,
Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt GEO. STRUBBE,
city Ticket Ag

DATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED



Church BELLS

NOTICE.

Superior Court, Montreal. Dame Alexina Laurencelle, of Outremont, wife of Bela Barthos, furrier, of the same place, has, this day, instituted an action for separation as to property against her husband.

Montreal, March 17th, 1910.

EEO. E. MATWIEU,

Atternay for Plaintiff.

THE TRUE WITNESS is printed and published at 616 Lagauchetiere street west, Montreal, Can., by C. Plunkett Magaza.

Oshawa You can't affect to roof a Galvanized thing officer Others Osham Steel Shingles Shingles, Seed for the free booket. PEDLAR People of Oshawa Managal, Taranso, Halfrax, St. John, Winnipeg, Yancouver

or Telegraph or Telephone lines, or the business of Banking, and the issue of paper money, or the busi-ness of, Insurance or the business of a Loan Company by the said Com-

pany.

Given under my hand and seal of office, at Ottawa, this ninth day of May, 1910.

May, 1910.

CHAS, MURPHY,
Secretary of State.
TRIHEY, BERCOVITCH &
KEARNEY,
Attorneys for applicants.

Vol. LIX., CATHOL

Archbishop I egyric at

MOU

Throughout last memoria honor of the impressive Cathedral, at bishop Bruch cal Mass for bereaved Roy distinguished of the Bench fessors of La attendance. touching was dress at the immediately a the choir of Having mount as follows:
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a sovereign, a affection. In the strength heavy cross to place upon His will be do share of your with courage These were
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be said, couns the opportune happy solution problems, and to have on al juste et la mer When Englar had on the thr a great monar He also had a his subjects ha reign of peace, renounce his ri a throne by to These were the position of our virtue of his s domineered all never speak to that rendered heart, was his Edward VII. degree that he skilful, and a "it is goodnes popular, and the

popular, and the will never atta Edward VII.

the last years sired to see to King Edward by questions of His tact, anyhed him if difficulties with the control of the contro lowed the etiques to has become him men were made other and mut from their meet ter Edward V daughter of his Catholic faith and of Spain. Did bring him close few weeks befor to Lourdes, viste grotto as a of the ardent if These sentime his son and ohis surrounding hope arises to-of England and Empire. Yes, that our desired larger Englishmemories of peaner and alrestend us to belie maid words of that wound the of millions will V. was a with soil of scenes cibly, and he umssion to the the Virgin and Encharist are