

A May Petition.

(Written for the True Witness.)

It was a bright May morning in Ireland, a morning shining with all the beauty and freshness and radiance of the first days of summer; a beauty and freshness and radiance that even the lovely and more mature days in June could not surpass. The Hawthorn lay like perfumed snowflakes on hedgerows softly green; buttercups and dandelions and daisies covered the meadows with a cloth of gold richly embroidered and shining in the sun; the pipe of the blackbird and linnet and thrush came from the woodland, and a tiny lark thrilled a song of ecstasy and exultation high up in the deep blue sky in County Clare.

A lovely world it was truly, Mrs. O'Neill said to herself, as she lifted her face gratefully to the soft breeze that blew down from the misty purple 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 cheerfulness 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 world of ours; and perhaps this it was which made her eyes shine with such a glad light, her cheeks glow 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 cheerfulness and good humor seemed to have deserted her; and it was not easy 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—who 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 his son.

Something in his well-laid plans had gone awry, 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 drink, and in a surprisingly short while seemed to be in a fair way of breaking both his father's and his mother's hearts.

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. 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 a year. Day after day his mother watched the post for news of him, without avail. Even his father, since the boy's departure, for he was the only son of the house, and no one could have believed how terribly lonesome and sad and silent the place seemed to all of them, but especially to the mother, without Michael's cheery laugh and ringing song.

It only she knew that the boy was safe 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 different from what she had hoped for him.

As Mrs. O'Neill walked quickly down the white country road or 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 Michael, then a lovely blue-eyed baby of six months 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 frock and white muslin pinafore—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 offered up their incense at her feet!

ter all it might be for the best, since he was the only son, and would be needed badly enough at home to manage the farm for her and his father, who was no longer young, and had of late years fallen into delicate health. How differently all her cherished dreams and hopes had turned out, for even to herself she could not but acknowledge that the boy had been a bitter disappointment, a sore thorn in the flesh of herself and her husband and her girls.

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 as she had done in his innocent babyhood, praying untrustingly that she would take care of, and watch over him, that she would one day restore him to his home and his parents again.

Ever since she had been a little girl attending the convent school near her home, Mrs. O'Neill had a great love and devotion towards our Blessed Lady. Even still the memory of the Litany of Loretto, sung by the nuns and their young charges through the leafy arches of the convent garden on balmy May evenings, floated back to her with a delicious fragrance, a haunting sense as of an invisible angelic choir ever hovering about them. Still, as in her childhood, the altar in her home of the Blessed Virgin was illumined and flower-strewn every day of this special month; she and her daughters every evening had recited before it the Thirty Days' Prayer that Michael might safely return, and though it was not without great and serious inconvenience, to her worldly cares and duties, Mrs. O'Neill had cheerfully, as she herself expressed it, "let everything else lie by," rather than miss one single morning's Mass 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 before now returned to her again in the full light of day. Michael must be dead or else he would, oh, he would never cease her this suffering, 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 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 all that had 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 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, Michael, 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."

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 psalm 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!"

THOS. C. KEANE,
41a Barre street.

THE FLIRT.

(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 Carrigmore 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 towards the wall that skirted the road. Kevin followed her and tried to take her hand, but she drew it away.

"Thinking it only part of her coquetry, he coaxingly said: "What is it, girl? 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, Kevin. It is skidoo to the tall timbers with you. I'm going back to Cheyenne a free American maiden lady."

With a quick movement she laughingly slipped under his arm and stood 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 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 straw for him! Oh, what a fool he had been! He could not speak. He was afraid to speak. He had never been so angry in his whole life. For two straws he would throttle her. The girl 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 pity replacing the thought of vengeance.

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

"You'd make a great philosopher," he heard himself say, sneeringly, and his voice sounded to him like the voice of a stranger. In a flash the girl's mood changed.

"Why, Kevin O'Malia, you know in your heart that you are no more in love with me than I am with you."

"Not!" 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 they told me of your flirting ways, and you knew better than to try cheap tricks on me. But you laid your plans most carefully! I admit you are clever. All heartless women are clever." Poor Kevin. His inexperience 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—this is my reward—" He broke off in a choking sob.

The girl's face was tense; but she held her position in the road, standing with head thrown back and hands clasped behind her and she 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 no other influence to tag at their foolish hearts; there is the passionate, 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 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 O'Leary road and Catty's houshen in the bog—the houshen where peace and satisfaction would reign once more for Catty, who had sacrificed so much, and so well.

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turned back to the town. "A flirt—he called me a flirt! Oh! Catty McGowan, it was hard enough without that, but—a flirt! Kevin, my darling, if you only knew."

But he did not nor could not speak. He was afraid to speak. He had never been so angry in his whole life. For two straws he would throttle her. The girl 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 pity replacing the thought of vengeance.

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

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PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

THURSDAY, MAY 19, 1910.

THE HOLY TRINITY.

"O the depth of the riches of the wisdom and of the knowledge of God! How incomprehensible are His judgments and how unsearchable His ways! For who hath known the mind of the Lord? Or who hath been His counsellor? Or who hath first given to Him, and recompense shall be made Him? For of Him, and by Him, and in Him are all things: to Him be 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 Father, Son and Holy Ghost; while they blessedly recall in tones both awful and enduring the honor due to the Most Blessed Trinity.

St. Paul in this lesson, expresses 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 to which God ordains and directs everything; how, for instance, He receives and reuses 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 unbelievers and sinners. Then he invites us to praise and to glorify God on account of His infinite 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 words, while, when He added, "teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you," He plainly told His Apostles that they were, not only to teach, but to insist upon the observance of that which they taught. And, indeed, they always acted as superiors of the Christian congregations, made laws 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 excommunicated sinners at Corinth (I. Cor., v., 3 to 5). This threefold office, which Christ vested in the Apostles, passed from them by their delegated authority to their successors, the bishops of the Catholic Church.

Church. From the New Testament we learn that St. Paul made Titus bishop of Crete, and Timothy bishop of Ephesus, and gave them rules and regulations as to how they should administer their office. Writing to Timothy he says: "Preach the word, be instant in season, out of season; reprove, entreat, rebuke with all patience and doctrine" (II. Tim. iv, 2). St. Peter exhorts (I. Pet. v, 2) the bishops and priests, "to feed the flock of God, taking care thereof not by constraint, but willingly, according to God."

And Tradition is there with its testimony. St. 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 receive their office." St. Ignatius, a disciple of the Apostle St. John, in his epistle, frequently speaks of the bishops, and calls them successors of the Apostles, and exhorts the faithful to respect them as Our Lord Himself, because they are His representatives. St. Irenaeus emphatically says that the bishops are the successors of the Apostles: "The bishops and their successors in the Church down to our day have been appointed by the Apostles." True, Tradition means but little in the 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 last claim 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 Sacraments of God's Church are administered in the selfsame thrice holy Name. The child is baptized, the sinner absolved, and the priest ordained 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 (xvii., 49), in St. Matthew (iii., 16 and 17; xviii., 18 and 19), and elsewhere.

But we believe and shall ever believe 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, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

THE NEW KING.

It is our personal belief—one shared with millions of others—that George V. will prove a good King. He is, we think, every inch a man, and has certainly given Europe the good example of a hitherto well-spent life. The name of George needs 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, courteous, well-behaved, discreet, prudent, a good father and faithful husband.

all the vengeance of death or victory. King Edward is dead, but George V. will surprise us all, and prove beyond a doubt that a good 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 V., should not insult Catholics at his coming coronation; but Catholic subjects are bound that an end is to be put to outrage. We are loyal, true, and honest; hundreds of Catholic lives were sacrificed for the Empire's weal on Britain's battlefields, and it is now pretty near time an end and limit were reached. No other ruler, not even the Sultan of unspokeable Turkey, is obliged to utter the blasphemies demanded of an English sovereign at what is deemed a religious service; and yet we hear men like Rev. James Barclay (D.D.) denounce the narrowness, ignorance and sinfulness of the Dark Ages!

Mr. J. Bull will soon have to get over his nightmares. Even the Orangemen will soon find out that no hindrance must bar a Catholic's advent to the throne sanctified by Alfred the Great and Edward the Confessor, both of whom are marked for saints in the Sacred Album of God's elect, both, of course, good and strong Catholics. In spite of testant alliances, Catholics will see the Orangemen and a hundred Protesto to it that if they are willing to do more than their share on the Empire's battlefields, they are not going to stand for abuse. Protestantism has outlived the salutary effects of the reformation and can now get along with less than a maimed Bible; and so, bigots will have to 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 decency. Why speak of Spain and ridicule Russia, when in England a King may not ascend his throne without insulting millions of his subjects? Outside of the royal functions as they are conducted among the kings of those South Sea islands still proof against Christianity, there is nothing to match the British Coronation Oath in that part which Catholics object.

The preachers are clamoring for liberty of conscience, and yet they want to force the king to profess Protestantism! The King of England must not be a free man: he 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 are those of the British Empire. They 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 remnants of Canadian Orangemen are going to march again this year in Toronto, on the glorious Twelfth of July! Toronto is, therefore, bound to remain what it has ever been, a hot-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 play of it. The Saturday 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 grown-up villages) all over America, are willing to live in the present, and do away with the cankerous sore of Orangemen, Toronto must still hold on to the lying ghost that brought it renown in the past. The saloon will do a thriving trade of it on another July 12th; screeching colors will be waved, noses smashed, eyes extracted, ears bitten off, teeth eliminated—oh! it will be a red-letter day, one up to the good old standard set by bigotry and ignorance in the past. The Dominion Alliance 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 Toronto will discourse appropriate music to the words of "Kick the Pope"

and "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town." All that in Canada of the twentieth century! A week after, pious preachers like Dr. Barclay, will dwell on the "Dark Ages" and attempt to show how the Pope is opposed to fishing rods and hen-coops.

Scotch-Irish gentlemen will largely figure in the parade, men who do not want the Irish, and with whom the Scotch would not be bothered. There is quite a contingent of those Scotch-Irish in Canada; the only 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 going West will be at the smallest possible figure, so as to permit all our undesirables here in Montreal to be out of the city for at least twenty-four hours next Orangemen's Day.

STRANGE THEY DID NOT KNOW HIM.

It now appears that good people belonging to the Canadian Club in Halifax had been under the impression that Rev. Dr. James Barclay, of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, this city, "was known for his broad, tolerant views and his appreciation of the virtues and good works of those who differed with him in religion and race," to quote a much-esteemed contemporary. Where did the Haligonians hear that? Surely they are not strangers to what has been going on in Montreal. Dr. Barclay, a man "of broad, tolerant views!" Premier Briand the chosen benefactor of the gentle Sisters of Charity! One is as likely as the other, and neither is conceivable.

And then he lectured on Literature! Now literature is too broad a subject for Presbyterian narrow-mindedness, and as willing as we 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 literature.

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 of an eclectic club, and thus violated one of the first principles of etiquette.

"Altogether," says the Record, "with apparent deliberation and a boorishness quite out of keeping with the reputation which Dr. Barclay carried with him to the meeting, he fulminated for about five minutes against the Catholic Church, and so surprised his hearers, both Catholic and Protestant, that they did not 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 and his innate narrow prejudices. His Halifax utterances in no wise contradict the general trend of his Montreal discourses. So it is our duty, of course, to thank him. He has read Carlyle and has made him the subject of his meditations.

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

"As I cam by Chrochallan, I cannie keekit ben; Rattlin', roarin' Willie Was sittin' at yon board-en' Sittin' at yon board-en' And amang gode 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 do the most of us care whether the immigrants remain Catholics, or whether they go astray? Have we not as much right as Cain not to bother with the new-comers?

The sects are at work, rest assured of that. Baptists, Presbyterians, Methodists, and even good-natured 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 lot of a Catholic names lost to the sects, and yet some of us may think that zeal is uncalled for. When His Lordship Bishop Casey named a devout and learned priest to care for the immigrants on their

arrival at St. John, he acted with all the wisdom characteristic of the man. If our good Catholic societies were to interest themselves more in the question of caring for the immigrants of our faith, they would act with a zeal worthy of the noble organizations to which they belong. Happily, however, the 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 of communication" forged, welded, and staked shall the work be what it should be. Let us sleep for another quarter of a century, and we shall have more thousands of 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 Quebec.

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 brother 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 those 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 of Jules Tardivel. At times he told Irishmen the truth, and we often deserved what he told us, and yet he never spared his own the rod. They came in for the better share of it.

There was no hypocrisy to Tardivel's makeup, no sugar-coating to his medicinal pills, no double-dealing in his manner, and no compromise 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 is worth living. 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 defenders with a ready pen and ready whip. He must have his monument! His memory, it is true, is now perpetuated and shall continue to be perpetuated through the school of journalists he gave the Province, and yet we say he must have a monument. He must live in either bronze, stone, or marble—better in all three—and no place, outside of our churches, is too sacred for the memorial.

His son is now at his father's work and is doing it well. In spite of little national troubles, we are 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 SPITEFUL.

Toronto the Good is not a bit sorry King Edward is dead. We mean, of course, that the devout Orangemen of that city are not. They remember the lesson Edward VII. taught their fathers, and many of themselves, when, as Prince of 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 Queen Victoria's death, the Board of Control would not grant the Magistrate's request. As a result, Mr. Denison inquired in oratory of the impassioned order, even if sense is lost on a Toronto Board of Control. Then see the grand fiasco they made of the royal salute!

It all comes to what so many of us believe, namely, that if there happened to be a war to-morrow between England and the United States 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 secrets of the fort. They cannot help it. They have the deserter's blood in their veins. Their fathers were cowards before them. Nor has the story of the United Empire Loyalists ever moved us or caused our hearts to flutter. Excuses are an old invention.

HOW CAN YOU BLAME THEM?

Colonel Howell, head of the Salvation Army immigration work and Premier Hazen and the New Brunswick government in general. It appears that Premier Hazen refuses to help the Colonel financially, and seemingly, wants none of the immigrants the Army has to offer. How can you blame him?

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

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

True, Colonel Howell is going to punish 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 to the part of our friend, Mr. Radcliffe.

There is something radically wrong with the immigrant notions and methods as they exist and operate within the pious precincts of 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-for-nothing scamps and aimless scoundrels have drifted across the ocean already; our police have all they can do with the numbers that have proved failures up to now. Let John Bull and his prisons "old what they '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 apostasy from the inspiration and the authority of the Bible. "We must confess that there are scores of preachers now in Protestant pulpits conceitedly dealing out destructive criticism and cunningly undermining the faith of the people, who would be promptly silenced by Catholic authority. How strange the times and how humiliating to our reformed profession."

Let us say, first of all, that we 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 undermining the faith of the people." That is an old truth. Those preachers 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 Tom Payne; they must insult the Pope, however, and talk nonsense about the "Dark Ages!" All this to soothe the consciences of their hearers and to better do away with the clamoring cry for confession and conversion on the part of the selfsame hearers' 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 give their readers a chance to laugh. If men of affairs were to talk to the 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 in the Aulium. Half those preachers talk for the daily press.

How will they compare with the fore? Are you warmness?

The Salvation Army another species of "parable" not obliged to give evangelist with the King's Rev. By tionalist preachers not a bit free advertisement pers have been should be no is a caution.

The Jews still doing a the "White" people who ally in such w citizens even key. It is v have very litt however, th they must no congregation's Gregory VII of Canossa, do well those who frequently rec Lord, and rece childlike confi Mother, we w match for the

"Verily," w "I know of n better calculat rivet the atte promote fervor cite the mind thought, and with God."

Another of Croker's daugh waste the othe hage or other, the august pr rities. She w will be disapp that some peo made to withs dollars sets th in them.

An Episcopal was cremated in St. Louis. ring a few not cremate the Mount Royal c lic avowal of p in the Protestan sible. But, th do? The Old the voice of au

"Roosevelt," lan, "refused to clubs of London of Naples said city without m it was worth d but itself." T biting president leaving the Unit honor and glory law should incl vice-presidents.

The expected B. M. Tipple is in his true high brethren of the In other column matter at leng pole (where d names?), another, says that the foolist missiona feel sure that B Montreal, will n We hope Catho note the names who are willin build his church.

The Catholics a be ashamed of have let Brian crew regain powe again. We are g obliged to fall b such calibre. W ask Catholic Ger its backbone? "V l'Eglise," is all strong, virile C thing better. S cellent, so are b us the shillelagh!

We are glad an P. N. Breton's st want that kind Eucharistic Conger the humiliatio turned into a go miners. The Gen wise and promp would do well t along the lines of ble societies. We very easily. It w imposition, even piously inclined n not very popular adays.

Echoes and Remarks.

How will this month of Mary compare with the others that went before? Are years adding to our lukewarmness?

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

Rev. Byron Stauffer, Congregationalist preacher, of Toronto, is not a bit pleased with the kind of free advertisement some Catholic papers have been giving him.

The Jews—hundreds of them—are still doing a handsome business in the "White Slave Traffic."

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 a 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 with God."

Another of them gone astray! Dick Croker's daughter was married in haste the other day to some scoundrel or other, before a justice and in the august presence of police authorities.

An Episcopalian clergyman's body was cremated the other day down in St. Louis. In Montreal, debaring a few notorious exceptions, we cremate the garbage only.

"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 but itself."

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.

Mr. Dalby, formerly of the Star, is not an admirer of the Protestant method of teaching religion.

The Catholics of France ought to be ashamed of themselves. They have let Briand and his infamous crew regain power over the land once again.

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 goldminers.

Under the Old Law the Jews admitted but one true religion. Protestant believers admit they were right; they, likewise, admit that Christ gave us a new dispensation.

How, then, could He establish nine hundred sects? There is no logic in Protestantism of any kind. It is a go-as-you-please system.

Tom, Dick and Harry starts a religion, and thousands eager to be fooled jump at the bait.

Prisonnier ici pour l'acte, je viens vous demander si vous voulez m'aider à retirer une malle où j'ai la somme de 1,200,000 francs, qui se trouve en dépôt dans une gare de France; et pour cela venir ici lever la saisie de mes bagages en payant au Greffe les frais de mon jugement, pour vous emparer d'une valise à secret, dans laquelle j'avais caché le bulletin de la gare indispensable pour retirer la malle et autre garantie que je vous ferai connaître.

Poor Teddy Bear got into hot water over in Norway. He took sides with the leader of the Opposition in the Norwegian parliament, in the course of a noisy conversation, on questions directly political.

William Jennings Bryan's daughter Ruth, although divorced from one Leavitt, her first husband, has found another. According to the Western Watchman, she "says her second engagement was a case of love at first sight."

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.

The British Crown shall have to keep clear of Freemasonry, whether as to its mastership or its protectorship.

The Orangemen, in a half-dozen obscure corners, manifested sorrow over King Edward's death.

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.

"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 liberties."

In spite of Rev. Dr. Barclay, it was well for Luther that he did not come into the world until a century after the immortal discovery of Gutenberg.

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 letter to a friend of ours, a man of utter respectability and former Mayor of one of our principal Canadian towns.

Madrid, le 14 avril, 1910. Monsieur..... Prisonnier ici pour l'acte, je viens vous demander si vous voulez m'aider à retirer une malle où j'ai la somme de 1,200,000 francs, qui se trouve en dépôt dans une gare de France; et pour cela venir ici lever la saisie de mes bagages en payant au Greffe les frais de mon jugement, pour vous emparer d'une valise à secret, dans laquelle j'avais caché le bulletin de la gare indispensable pour retirer la malle et autre garantie que je vous ferai connaître.

Even the Protestant preachers themselves are growing heartily disgusted with our renegades. Some years ago it was no uncommon sight to 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 sensation.

The following news-item has gone the rounds of the press: Eew York, May 11.—The World's London correspondent cables:—King George has suddenly asserted himself in a sensational fashion.

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

In another column we dwell on the belief we cherish that George V. will be a good King. This action of his with regard to the sacrilegious Coronation Oath does not surprise us in the least.

In his "Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury" (vol. iii., p. 83), Dean Hook, of the Church of England, truthfully remarks: "It was not from hostility to a translated Bible, considered abstractedly, that the conduct of Wyclif in translating it was condemned."

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.

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.

On a return for your services, I shall make over one-third of the money to you. Not knowing whether my letter will reach you or not, I shall await your answer before I tell you all.

Despatch: Lazaro Silva, Cruz 26 principal Madrid, Spain. Goods received (Sign your name here).

En récompense, je vous céderai le tiers de la somme. Ne sachant si ma lettre vous parviendra j'attendrai votre réponse. Je ne puis recevoir votre réponse en prison, mais vous enverrai une dépêche à mon ancien serviteur qui me la remettra en toute sûreté.

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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.

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 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?

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?

THE BEST FLOUR IS BROTHERS Self Raising Flour. Save the Bags for Procrastinators. She filled her hands with the wild wood violets— (So faintly fragrant as joys long dead.)

YOU BLAME THEM? How, head of the Saly immigration work and is not a bit pleased with the New Brunswick in general. It ap- Premier Hazen refuses to colonel financially, and wants none of the im- the Army has to offer. ou blame him? umies have arisen in holy We are ready to grant l Booth's spiritual war- well and work very de- they care for the down- have taken many a e crucial point is soon e Army's converts are ble for their perseve- ntentiousness, while many nk more of a free ticket than they do of carrying over the royal road to Brunswick there is law murders are not one of e people's pastimes. In Brunswick is not Ten- is it either London or Premier Hazen and his o half-converted as- ves, slumbers, or any in the fine arts of En- el Howell is going to Brunswick. It appears ided to boycott Hazen wn and hamlet in the e sea. That is very indeed. It will help asteners" to pay less and will preclude the an extra visit on the friend, Mr. Radcliffe, something radically the immigrant notions as they exist and ope- the pious precincts of New Brunswick legisla- long heads, and Dor- iary has a population the report of any Too many good-fer- and aimless scound- rts across the ocean police have all they e numbers that have es up to now. Let his prisons 'old what Before the Salvation ve a success as immi- s, they will have to way of winning souls.

ADMISSION. use of an article con- Episcopal Recorder rvin, a Protestant ckport, N.Y., makes onfession: important character- holic Church is that destructive critics in They are a conserva- in the modern apos- inspiration and the e Bible. nesses that there are hers now in Protest- cidedly dealing out icism and cunningly e faith of the people, promptly silenced by rity. How strange now humiliating to ofession." rst of all that we "concededly" in this ers a lot of ground. he "Higher Crickets" in his true light by some of his brethren of the Methodist ministry. In other columns we refer to the matter at length. The Rev. Stack- pole (where do they get their names?), another Methodist preach- er, says that the native Italian Me- thodist missionaries are frauds. We feel sure that Brother Lattoni, of Montreal, will not like to hear that. We hope Catholic purchasers will note the names of those merchants who are willing to help Lattoni build his church. The Catholics of France ought to be ashamed of themselves. They have let Briand and his infamous crew regain power over the land once again. 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 its backbone? "Vive le Pape," "Vive l'Eglise," is all very well, but strong, virile Catholicism is something better. Speeches, too, are excellent, so are banquets, but give us the shillelagh! 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 goldminers. 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 are piously inclined money-makers are not very popular performances now- adays.

Even the Protestant preachers themselves are growing heartily disgusted with our renegades. Some years ago it was no uncommon sight to 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 sensation. 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 sickened. 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, Chiniquist's successor in Illinois, closed his St. John street church in Quebec. It is now a moving picture show. He is teaching in the High School, a more honorable occupation, in very truth.

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 a pious homily were preached on how Martin Luther had discovered the Bible, the grand old Protestant "chained Bible," but that kind of nonsense is no longer believed except in devout Orange lodges. The rationalists of Germany, among thousands of others of our "separated 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 was 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 of 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 the translators had only been the edification and sanctification of the reader. 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 the 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 mistranslations 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.

En récompense, je vous céderai le tiers de la somme. Ne sachant si ma lettre vous parviendra j'attendrai votre réponse. Je ne puis recevoir votre réponse en prison, mais vous enverrai une dépêche à mon ancien serviteur qui me la remettra en toute sûreté.

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THE FLIRT.



MORRISON & HATCHETT
Advocates, Barristers, Solicitors.
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SOCIETY DIRECTORY.
ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1856; incorporated 1863; Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month.

RELIGIOUS INSTITUTIONS
HAVING DESIGNS AND ENGRAVINGS DONE SHOULD APPLY TO LA PRESSE PUB. CO.

SELF RAISING FLOUR
Brodie's Celebrated Self-Raising Flour
is the Original and the Best.

DIFFICULTY.
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.

Back of God-speed and half way between the Cillicaran road and the Hill of the Fairies, or Cnoc-na-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.

Kevin's pale face flushed as if he had been detected in some guilty action. After she had poured his tea, she demanded: 'An' let me see the cap.'

Kevin pushed back his chair from the table in a temper which he could no longer repress. 'Aunt Catty, once and for all, let me tell you that I will not have you slurring that girl before me! I am grateful to you for what you have done, and I hope to repay you soon, but this must stop, Miss Caldwell is an American; she is a lady; and she is no baggage. Her ways are not the ways of our girls, because her training has been different from that of our Irish girls, but this is not to her discredit. I know what 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 shocks the old fogies. Let it be. She does not need their approval. That's all, and do not force me to say more to you, Aunt Catty, about this. You hear?'

Kevin kept his peace. No subject evidently, was safe to-night. After a short silence his aunt spoke again. 'You must have done a fine job of it for the lady. What was it, that she gave you such a fine cap as that for the poor old woman in the bog?'

Kevin obeyed, glancing now and then at his aunt's face. Slowly a smile crept over his own. He remembered that "Punch" Rocheen 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 household.

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 girl herself, as well as upon him.

Kevin pushed back his chair from the table in a temper which he could no longer repress. 'Aunt Catty, once and for all, let me tell you that I will not have you slurring that girl before me! I am grateful to you for what you have done, and I hope to repay you soon, but this must stop, Miss Caldwell is an American; she is a lady; and she is no baggage. Her ways are not the ways of our girls, because her training has been different from that of our Irish girls, but this is not to her discredit. I know what 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 shocks the old fogies. Let it be. She does not need their approval. That's all, and do not force me to say more to you, Aunt Catty, about this. You hear?'

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Kevin had not bargained for this new proposal, but as he had promised her before to show her and some other friends the beauty of Roslevin Castle by the white light of the moon, he was bound to obey now. 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 conscience had begun.

Kevin pushed back his chair from the table in a temper which he could no longer repress. 'Aunt Catty, once and for all, let me tell you that I will not have you slurring that girl before me! I am grateful to you for what you have done, and I hope to repay you soon, but this must stop, Miss Caldwell is an American; she is a lady; and she is no baggage. Her ways are not the ways of our girls, because her training has been different from that of our Irish girls, but this is not to her discredit. I know what 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 shocks the old fogies. Let it be. She does not need their approval. That's all, and do not force me to say more to you, Aunt Catty, about this. You hear?'

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Baby Eczema Skin Irritation
Splendid results obtained by using DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT the greatest of healers.

Local and Diocesan News.

LOCAL CALENDAR— Fri. May 20. St. Bernardine of Siena Sat. 21. St. Felix of Cantalicio. Sun. 22. St. John Nepomucene. Mon. 23. St. John Baptist Rossi. Tues. 24. Our Lady of Good Coun- sel.

FORTY HOURS' DEVOTION— Saturday, May 21, Viaurville; Monday, May 23, Boucherville; Wednesday, May 25, St. Placide.

GOLDEN JUBILEE CELEBRATION—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 began yesterday afternoon, when the pupils presently attending the school met to offer their congratulations and good wishes that many more useful years would be granted to the venerable jubilarian. This morning the jubilee Mass was celebrated at eight o'clock by the pastor of St. Mary's, Rev. P. J. Brady. Rev. M. O'Brien delivered the eulogy. This evening's entertainment is in the hands of the former pupils and judging from a glance at the splendidly arranged programme, a musical and intellectual treat of no mean order is in store for those privileged to attend.

RIGHT TO ARCHBISHOP—Last week His Grace the Archbishop was made the recipient of a large number of cushions for the use of the dignitaries who will be present during the Eucharistic Congress. These were the gift of the ladies of some of the city parishes. Work is going 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, and Notre Dame, the churches where the services of the Congress will take place.

ST. JOSEPH'S HOME.—Thomas Jennings, of Bradford, England, the first to enter this little institution, departed this life last Friday at the early age of twenty-one. He had been ill with consumption for the past year, as our readers may remember, and at last has gone to 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 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 Holland, who, a few months later, found himself with the whole burden on his shoulders, the lady in question having decided to go back to England. The fare 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. 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 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 holy 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 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 in peace!

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 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 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. Kellogg'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 CARDINAL GIBBONS.

Urges Attendance of His Clergy and Faithful at Eucharistic Congress.

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 solemn ceremonies of the Eucharistic Congress, 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 especially for the Church in America, 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 gathering is to offer our homage and thanksgiving to the Author and Finisher of our Faith, our Savior Jesus Christ. For thereby we proclaim 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 presence, which each Catholic realizes at the foot of the Altar, is likewise the chief source of our spiritual life, the bond of our unity, the unseen yet unailing cause of the countless activities whereby religion is spread, through sacrifice and organized effort, to the uppermost ends of the earth.

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 three decades have been marked by trial and struggle for the Church of God, they have also been singularly fruitful in consolation and encouragement, and it is surely significant that our own age, so noteworthy for scientific advance and material progress, should have witnessed so general an increase in devotion to one of the profoundest mysteries of our holy religion.

The impulse of faith which has hitherto found its center in Europe, 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 Catholic pioneer, the heroism of the missionary and the sturdy faith of the people who erected the altar, wherever they went, the entire continent 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 of Christ. It is fitting therefore that we should hold their memory sacred, and there is no worthier tribute we can pay them than that of our loyalty to the Faith for which they lived and for which so many of them died.

This is our common heritage, and we may well be thankful that in Canada and in the United States it has not only been preserved but has increased a hundredfold. Through it unnumbered blessings have been brought to our homes, our social relations and our public life. Of these 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.

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

OUR NEW KING, 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 reigns of his revered father and grandmother have done? Of course, there are some carpers and croakers 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 throne. His majesty acquitted himself well 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 of government no locus standi at all. It is a position which calls for self-repression, and almost self-effacement rather than self-assertion. For there is not room in one realm for two kings, and should an heir-apparent show himself to the public as possessing the faculty of government in any remarkable degree, it is most probable that it would be found that he was exceeding his own and encroaching on the kingly office. Nevertheless there are certain tests which may be applied to a Prince of Wales, with the object of ascertaining whether 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 themselves. The betterment of the people 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 himself declared in his touching speech to his privy council, a constant helpmate. 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 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 all his empire face to face, and fair would keep it one." Whatever else may be doubtful about his personality, his robust faith in the empire, and his sturdy confidence in its future are known to all. In some respects, indeed, his own frank, fearless nature seems to have more in common with those who dwell in his overseas dominions than with those who live a more cramped and complicated life within the narrow limits of the British Isles. He makes no secret of his enthusiasm for the courage, the perseverance, 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 commerce and a civilization beside which the commerce and civilization of 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 remember that her supremacy in every direction is being assailed, and with no small success. His "Wake up, England!" speech was one which it

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 cordial 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 adherents of Jesus Christ in every diocese of our country.

J. CARD. GIBBONS, Archbishop of Baltimore.

required no ordinary courage to make. For the English nation does not, as a rule, love receiving—it prefers 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 perhaps another story.

STUDENT OF AFFAIRS.

Thirdly, the King has been a very close and attentive student of political affairs, though he has always studiously avoided all appearances of political partisanship. 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 difficult, 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 than any other politician in 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 majesty's judgment and statesmanship.

WILL DO HIS DUTY.

And lastly, the King is animated—and nobody who has had the privilege of listening to one of his inspiring 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 assumed 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 morning of his 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 Victoria's long reign. It was the signal of Nelson in the moment of his glorious death.

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

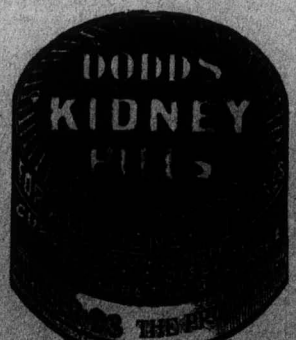
An Easy Pill to Take.—Some persons have repugnance to pills because of their nauseating taste. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are so prepared as to make them agreeable to the most fastidious. The most delicate can take them without feeling the revulsion that follows the taking of ordinary pills. This is 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 Workmen.

The Third Annual Conference of Catholic Trade Unionists of England will be held in Manchester, on May 28th. The objects of this conference of the organized Catholic workmen 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 will consist of Catholic trade unionist delegates elected by branches of Catholic federations, governing bodies of Catholic federations, and Catholic associations, and any organizations of Catholic Trade Unionists.

Lourdes Confiscated.

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 goddess 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 are in France who with folded arms look on at such outrageous injustice and sacrilegious confiscation of the sanctuary of Lourdes, the motive, we can easily surmise, is to continue the income to the state, to the railways and to the inn-keepers. The cup of the iniquity of the government should now be full. Yet the government was returned to power at the last elections with Catholics in the land outnumbering all others, perhaps twenty-five to one.—Catholic Universe.



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 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 Insurance, 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 prescribed, 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 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 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 Memorandum of Agreement executed by the said applicants in conformity with the provisions of the said Act.

Now know ye, that I, the said Charles Murphy, Secretary of State of Canada, under the authority of the herebefore 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, with 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 engage in a general printing and publishing business, including the business of embossing, lithographing, 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, machinery and other articles necessary or useful in carrying out the objects of the Company; C. To carry out the business of general traders in and 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 purchase or otherwise acquire, sell, lease or otherwise dispose of buildings, plant and machinery necessary or incidental to the business carried on by the Company; D. To acquire, hold, lease, sell, exchange or otherwise dispose of shares, stock, deposits or securities in any corporation carrying on business capable of being conducted so as to directly or indirectly benefit the 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 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 amalgamate with any other Company having similar 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 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 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. The operations 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 authorize the construction and working of Railways

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NOTICE Superior Court, Montreal. Dame Alexina Laurencelle, of Outremont, wife of Bela Barthes, furrier, of the same place, has, this day, instituted an action for separation as to property against her husband. Montreal, March 17th, 1910. GEO. E. MATHIEU, Attorney for Plaintiff.

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or Telegraph or Telephone lines, or the business of Banking, and the issue of paper money, or the business of Insurance or the business of a Loan Company by the said Company. Given under my hand and seal of office, at Ottawa, this ninth day of May, 1910. CHAS. MURPHY, Secretary of State. TRIHEY, BERCOVITCH & KEARNEY, Attorneys for applicants.

Vol. LIX., CATHOLIC MONTHLY ARCHBISHOP OF MONTREAL Throughout last memorial honor of the impressive Cathedral, at Mass for bereaved Roy distinguished of the Bench fessors of La attendance. touching was dress at the the choir of Having mount follows: My dear people 'Not only by the death of the nation's able loss of a sovereign, s affection. M the strength heavy cross to place upon His will be do share of your with-courage These were Alexandra, on great bereavement dowed her soul more beautiful tion resignation, and this are assembled since admiring sympathy. Over the big King George's resignation no august mother comes from on the lowly and are still man which cannot the governm should acknowl faith in God, of His help-u the qualities distinguished Everything I pears of the pital of the Em the whole unpraise and no homage renders world has reced fluence that he men and events guided him to be said, couns the opportune happy solution problems, and to have on all juste et la mes When Englan had on the thr a great monar He also had an his subjects had reign of peace, renounce his righ a throne by th These were the position of our virtue of his s dominated all never speak t heart, was his Edward VII, w degree that he skilful, and a popular, and th will never attac Edward VII, the last years sired to see t King Edward by questions of His tact, anyh ed him if diffi loved the etiq He saw Leo h become his men were mad other and muter from their daughter of his Catholic faith of Spain. Did bring him close few weeks befor to Lourdes, w the grotto as t of the ardent f his son and his surroundi hope arises to- of England and Empire. Yes, that our desir larger English memories of per ance and bless lead us to belie date words of that wound the of millions wil V. was a wittn soil of scenes t eibly, and he u mission to the the Virgin and Eucharist are i