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Witness

Vol. LVI., No. 16

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, APRIL 25, 1907

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Gardien de la Salle de Lecture Feb 19 1906 Assemblée Legislative

The French Case Mainly Stated.

A correspondent of the New York Sun, J. Caussade, a Frenchman and a Catholic, sets forth the true situation regarding the Church and State in France:

In the first place, in refusing to form associations culturelles (associations for worship) as suggested by the Minister of Public Worship, Briand, did the Catholic Church refuse to obey the law? No, no! And who says so? Briand himself. On December 9 last in the Parliament he said: "The law imposes on the citizen certain duties; it does not impose on him the exercise of a civil right. The Catholics saying, 'We will not form associations culturelles' have accordingly not revolted against law, and they can stand in this attitude as long as they please. The Government will not go to war with them." This was in answer to some Radical-Socialistic members, who urged that fresh measures be taken against the Church.

Secondly, having acknowledged the right of the Church not to make associations culturelles, but wishing to interfere with its organization, M. Briand brought forward the law of 1881 on associations and asked the Catholics to make in every parish a declaration of their intention to establish worship, which they would then be authorized to do, this declaration having to be renewed every year. In refusing to make this declaration did the Catholics revolt against law?

No! Once more, says the same Briand at the same session: "When the law on public meetings was voted it was not intended for public worship. It did not include public worship in public meetings; the worship was a special thing. Now that I have shown the formation of associations culturelles was optional, that the declaration required in the law of 1881 was not meant for worship, and that accordingly no law has been infringed by the Church by the Catholics, why did they refuse to submit to the decrees?"

First, because the provision for associations culturelles opens the way to schismatic organizations in the Catholic Church. To justify this opinion I refer your readers to the following: "Human spirit undergoes all diversities. Liberty will allow them to spring up again; the authority of the infallible Pope will by it grow less, and from the rivalry of the associations culturelles schism will arise." And who speaks thus? The actual Prime Minister of France, Clemenceau!

Why does the Church, why do the Catholics refuse to make declarations for worshipping, and this every year? Because they have no guarantee that the law will be interpreted later on in the spirit shown now by Briand; did not Combes completely transform Waldeck-Rousseau's programme? History might repeat itself. We know the spirit that animates the French Government: we know the meaning of the measures taken. France at present is governed by men who repeatedly have shown their hatred for all religions. Speaking on the educational bill the English Prime Minister said: "We want to form a national settlement of the educational bill on the general basis of common Christianity." Here the Government wishes to take as a basis "common atheism." If the law of separation of the Church and the State were made by men having intelligence of and respect for religion, these troubles would be avoided.

In England, Edward VII. and all his Ministers in their speeches do not fear to apply to God for the welfare, the prosperity of England. In the United States the Government is essentially Christian; President Roosevelt is an apostle of Christianity in all its forms. In France the President of the republic, Fallieres, is an atheist; Clemenceau, Prime Minister, is an atheist; Briand, Minister for Worship (what a mockery), is an atheist; Viviani, Minister of Labor, is an atheist, and so on.

It is true that Briand said: "The Government is not anti-religious, but simply unreligious"—that is, ignores religion, but only after the Chambers had voted that the following

words, spoken by Viviani the day before in Parliament, should be placarded in every town, in every village, in France: "We have taken away from conscience all faith; we have, with a splendid gesture, blown out all the lights of heaven, and they will never be lighted again. All of us, together, first by our forefathers, then by our fathers, have been attached to the work of anti-clericalism and irreligion. Do you think our work is at an end? No; it is only beginning." The reader may now understand the spirit that animates the French Government in its dealing with the Church. The newspapers that support most strongly the Government in its war against the Church, and which have the greatest weight in its resolutions are the Action, the Aurore, the Lanterne, the Petite Republique.

Beranger, the editor of the Action, wrote on February 13, 1904: "Our common end with Delpech is to dechristianize France, to destroy all religions." Flanchon, editor of the Lanterne, in 1905 wrote: "The end of the separation must be the crushing of the Church, of religion; the Church will not survive the separation law ten years."

The Aurore is the journal of the Prime Minister. I have shown above that he was pleased to see the formation of associations culturelles, because it meant schism and ruin to the Catholic Church. La Petite Republique, in the hands of a Socialist Gerault-Richard, every day sings in chorus with the other papers. After reading these statements can Americans wonder at the French Catholics refusing to accept the new law voted by the French Parliament?

An old Republican, Millerand, speaking of the administration of Combes' Government that preceded Clemenceau's, said: "It is the most abject France ever had. The one we now have is a government of falsehood and hypocrisy." To a Socialist, Allard, who wanted the Government to take possession at once of the churches, of the presbyteries, of all church properties, Briand answered in October, 1905: "The patrimony of the vestry boards has been made up by the community of the faithful, and for it, it is necessary that to-morrow this patrimony, which is the means for the Catholics to worship freely remains at their disposal; otherwise they will have to give up practicing their religion." In November, 1906, the same Minister said in Parliament: "It is our duty to leave the churches open, that the Catholics may enter them and pray either alone or together; it is also the right of the Catholic citizen, the priest, to enter the churches to do acts that his Catholic conscience requires of him."

And now, only a few weeks later, the same Minister obtained from the Parliament the voting of a law that is a monument of oppression combined with shameful hypocrisy. By allowing the Council of State to decide whether a church was really Catholic, the intention is to build a church independent of the Catholic hierarchy. By taking away from the Church what only a few weeks ago Briand acknowledged was indispensable to its very existence, all its properties, its revenues, even the bounties of the faithful, they have shown their true purpose, to make it impossible for the Church to live.

By declaring that it is the Mayors, the Prefects, who shall give or deny permission in every parish to the priests to officiate in the churches, they leave it in some cases to sectarians like Delpech and Lafferre, who can always find an excuse to refuse us the right. Already in some parishes churches have been closed. They dare not close all churches at once, but they hope that in time they will.

The writer of these lines has always been a warm partisan of the separation of the Church and the State. Having lived a long time in the United States, where all religions are so highly respected, he learned to appreciate and love liberty. There, it is true, the word liberty is not written on all public

buildings, but it is there nevertheless; while in poor France we have liberty neither at home, where at any time the Government officials can enter and search into our affairs on any pretext, nor in the streets, where twenty persons cannot meet without the police interfering. I hope the United States will sympathize with us French Catholics, as we are all Christians first, and we leave it to an impartial and liberty-loving people to decide which party is responsible for the present miserable conflict.

No More Pageants for Joan of Arc.

Clemenceau Trying to Divert Glory.

Paris, April 23.—The inhabitants of Orleans have been almost as much excited the last few days as their ancestors on May Day in 1429. The cause of the perturbation is a decree of M. Clemenceau, the Prime Minister, that in the next annual celebration of the deliverance of Orleans by Joan of Arc, the Prefect, Mayor, and various functionaries must not participate officially. The first interpretation of his dictum acted like a stroke of lightning on the Orleans people, who have come to regard this celebration as an event little short of being annually inspired through the spirit of the heroine.

The procession starts from the supposed site of the old gate of the city, whence Joan led the French to drive out the British, and ends at the Cathedral. It is much more mystic and religious than civil, as the supernatural attributes of Joan necessarily enter into the ceremony from first to last. The festival occurs May 7 and 8.

The Mayor of Orleans came to Paris the other day and pleaded with M. Clemenceau to permit the fete to be observed as in former years. It is related that the Mayor's arguments were accompanied by tears, but M. Clemenceau did not melt. M. Clemenceau, if he hasn't yielded, at least explained. He distinguishes between the civil and religious parts of the traditional ceremony. He wants the civil part retained and even made more imposing than usual but the religious part must be conducted without any participation by the government, because, he says, this separation is necessary as a result of the separation of Church and State.

M. Clemenceau has informed the Orleans clergy that they will be entitled to places in the civil procession to the battle ground if they desire to participate, but in the quality of simple citizens. A delegation from the Orleans Municipal Council came to Paris Wednesday and obtained from the Premier what, with a somewhat unwilling stretch of its imagination, is called satisfaction. M. Clemenceau approved of the programme in which the military element, public officials and corporate bodies will participate. It is understood, however, that the public officials and corporate bodies must precede the representatives of the clergy, who will be admitted to participation in the cortege in the same way as philosophical, labor, or other societies. The clergy will be allowed to wear sacerdotal vestments and carry banners, but not to carry any religious emblems, such as crucifixes, relics and chalices.

The procession this year will start from the City Hall, not from the Cathedral, as hitherto. A halt will be made in front of the Cathedral, to allow the clergy to take their places. There will be no religious benediction at the Tourelles, the scene of the battle which delivered Orleans.

They are a Powerful Nerve.—Dyspepsia causes derangement of the nervous system, and nervous debility once engendered is difficult to deal with. There are many testimonials as to the efficacy of Parnee's Vegetable Pills in treating this disorder, showing that they never fail to produce good results. By giving proper tone to the digestive organs, they restore equilibrium to the nerve centers.

A New Ex-Priest

Once in a while there is an instance in which Catholics of some ability become professional renegades and this appears to be true of Prof. Augustine Dwyer, formerly of Boston, who, according to Chicago reports, is now exhorting for the Methodists. The latter should beware of him and save their money, for Dwyer has method in his mercenary madness—he can't help flopping, when he wants diversion, notoriety and money. The history of this peculiar freak of a man is briefly as follows:

Thomas Augustine Dwyer was born about forty-five years ago of Irish Catholic parents. He was educated in Boston and New York by the Jesuits. After leaving college he joined the Paulists and spent four years with them in preparation for the priesthood.

Before receiving orders, however, he left the Paulists and the Catholic Church and became a High Church Episcopalian, joining Father James Huntington's community at Westminster, Maryland. A few years later he repented of his apostasy, and, desiring again to return to the Catholic Church, he made, by the direction of the Most Rev. M. A. Corrigan, then Archbishop of New York, an absolute abjuration of heresy and expressing the profoundest grief and sorrow over his defection, and declaring anew his belief in all the teachings of the Catholic Church, he was received back again into the fold. He then spent a year in Somerset, Ohio, as a guest in the household of the Dominican Fathers, always declaring his gratefulness to Almighty God for having again brought him back to the church of his fathers. From Somerset he went to New York, and associated himself with the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, and now he is lecturing in Methodist churches against the Catholic Church.

The "Cheap" Catholic.

The older a priest grows the less patience he has with that class of Catholics known in the common parlance of the country as bad pays, or by the more significant and more opprobrious title "dead beats." They are, as a rule, the most censorious and the most exacting. They are the first to insist that everything in connection with the church be kept in the best possible shape; that it be well lighted, heated and ventilated, and that it be an eminently respectable place of worship. They insist, at the same time, that a priest be a gentleman, a scholar and a saint, and especially the latter, for saints have acquired a reputation for living on meager annual allowances. It is this more or less intangible element known as "gall" which confronts the priest at every step in his dealings with this common brand of cheap Christianity, and which makes him lose patience and occasionally give utterance to unpalatable truths.

All that the Church asks and expects is that people contribute according to their means; no more, no less. Yet, if it ever becomes a penurious person and his money, she solemnly adjures him to keep his money and save his soul, i. e., if such a soul can be saved, which is, to say the least, very doubtful.—Rev. J. T. Roche, in "The Ought-to-Be's."

Freethinker Gets Historic Abbey.

Here is a painful bit of news found in a recent issue of the Fl-garo, of Paris: Maurice Maeterlinck, the Belgian novelist, has bought the Abbey of Wandrin, which stands on the banks of the Seine, midway between Rouen and Caudebec. The monastery is thirteen hundred years old. The monks were expelled four years ago, and now their property, auctioned by France, has fallen into the hands of an enemy. Maeterlinck is a freethinker and Freemason, and his novels have made him very wealthy.

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Abbey's Effervescent Salt

A few kind words from The Sisters of Misericorde.

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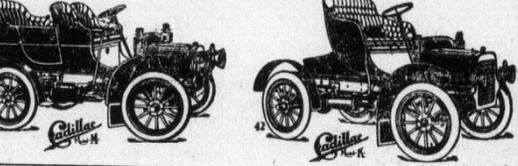
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The simple fact that more Cadillacs were sold last year than any other car in the world carries its own argument.

The Canadian Automobile Co.

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Why they went to Rome.

The following appears in the current issue of The Living Church (Protestant Episcopal): To the Editor of The Living Church: Your very excellent paper was given me by a friend not long since, and my attention was attracted by an article in reference to those who leave the Episcopal church to go to Rome. If I may be permitted, I will give my reasons why I, for one, became a convert to the Roman Church.

My father and mother, as well as the rest of the family, were members of a prominent parish in this city, which is well known for its Protestant tendencies. Indeed so much so, that the sight of the cross anywhere about the building would cause a stampede. No indication of Romish tendencies whatever was allowed, except the clean-shaven face of the rector.

Now to come to my story. On account of the irreverent manner in which the celebration of the Holy Mysteries was carried out, we made up our minds not to make our communions at this church any more. I have known the consecrated wine to be poured back into the vessel used for containing the wine in the vestry, and the bread thrown away. Now you may not wonder why I, for one left the Church of England and perverted to Rome. I am told that to this day the ablutions are not performed in this particular church. How can anyone who has any fine

sense or respect for the Blessed Sacrament, as many of us have been taught, remain where such shocking irreverence—may almost sacrilege—is committed?

"I am now a Roman Catholic and can now receive the communion of the Body and Blood of our Lord and Saviour where such irreverence and coarseness is unknown.

Thanking you for the privilege of making this communication in your columns, I remain, yours truly,
(Mrs.) EMILY STANTON,
Vancouver, B.C., March 15, '07.

Mr. Redmond and the Pope

Mr. Redmond, who had an audience recently with the Pope, was touched to the heart by the affectionate simplicity of his manners. "I was ushered into his presence," Mr. Redmond told Mr. Stead, who describes the interview in the Review of Reviews, "through stately corridors and splendid ante chambers, escorted by Papal guards and Papal chamberlains. But all the pomp and glory stopped when we reached the Pope's room. The door was flung open, and instead of finding the Pope on his throne, surrounded by ecclesiastics, waiting for me to kiss his foot, as some people used to say, I found, standing almost on the threshold, a dear old priest, all alone, the like of whom I have seen in many an Irish village, who would not even let me kiss his ring. I grasped both my hands, and then, putting an arm around my neck, led me to a chair, where we sat and talked for nearly two hours."

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

The truest homes are often in houses not especially well kept, where the comfort and happiness of the inmates, rather than the preservation of the furniture, is first consulted.

FLOWERS AND CHILDREN.

You have heard it said—and I believe there is more than fancy in that saying, but let it pass for a fanciful one—that flowers only flourish rightly in the gardens of some one who loves them.

HOW TO READ CHARACTER.

Teeth that are long and not narrow denote large, liberal views, strong passions and heroic virtues; if they are long and narrow a weak character is denoted, says Pearson's.

Deep colored eyes with well arched lids, both upper and lower, show a truthful and affectionate nature.

There is a whole world of telltale indications in the apex of the ear. If it lies close to the head, the owner possesses a refined nature, but if the top starts away from the head at a well defined angle that person has an uneven disposition and is not to be relied upon.

If a girl's thumb lies flat or drops a little, martial submission to the master mind is indicated. If the thumb has a tendency to stand at right angles to the hand, the damsel owning it is headstrong.

Fingers which bend backward mean powerful determination. If they are round, strength, both physical and mental, is indicated. Stubby fingers are grasping fingers. Finger nails that are rounded show refinement; if long and rather square at the top, firmness and energy are denoted.

SLEEPLESSNESS.

A servant-maid, finding that her mistress was troubled with sleeplessness, told her of a practice of the people of her country who were similarly afflicted: It was to take a napkin, dip it in ice-cold water, wring it slightly and lay it across

the eyes. The plan was followed and it worked like a charm. The first night the lady slept four hours without awaking—something she had not done for several months.

LIMITATIONS.

"Madam," said the young man who had called at the back door, "I have the pleasure of introducing to you our new, automatic housecleaning machine—a simple little thing which does the whole work of housecleaning, leaving to you merely the general supervision."

"Does it all, hey?" demanded the woman of the house. "Will it wash the outside of the up-stairs windows?"

"Why, no, madam, but—" "Will it take down, wash, stretch to dry, iron and hang up the parlor curtains?"

"Well, of course, this machine—" "Will it gild the chandeliers, paint the kitchen, make my daughter help with the dishes, persuade my husband to be contented with cold dinners, get out the screens and patch them up?"

"Oh, madam, this machine—" "Will it take down the parlor stove, and set up the refrigerator, wash the winter bedding, and put it away, lay down the furs with moth balls, paper the hall bedroom, wash down the paper in the bathroom, wash, fold, starch and iron and put away the family clothes, darn, patch and sew on buttons, wash dishes, set three meals a day, and pacify the household?"

"No, madam, you have misunderstood the limitations of this machine." "Limitations?" demanded the woman of the house. "I guess it has limitations. It will be a long time yet before any man will get up a machine that will do all a woman has to do in housecleaning time."

She took a fresh mouthful of tacks and went back to the dining-room carpet, and the agent faded sadly away.

TO CLEAN AND RESTORE VELVETS.

Light velvets are cleaned by gently rubbing with a flannel previously dipped in paraffine; or if the material be soiled in spots only, by rubbing with a piece of fat bacon, or butter, when the wrong side requires drawing over a hot iron in order to raise the pile, or they may be cleaned by brushing with cornmeal until the soil is removed.

Black and colored velvet, if not dirty, but only creased, is freshened by holding wrong side down close to but not on a hot flatiron on which has first been placed a damp cloth, the steam eradicating the creases and raising the pile.

When it has been steamed all over, remove the wet cloth and draw the velvet on the wrong side over the iron to dry it.

To clean mud-spotted black velvet, a solution of equal parts of spirit of wine, oxgall and water will be found efficacious. The method employed to clean light and dark velvet is a very simple one.

A lather of white soap is made, into which the velvet is dipped, then placed on a board or table and scrub the way of the pile with a clean nail brush until all the dirt has been removed, when it is rinsed in clean cold water, but not squeezed or wrung, as this would spoil the pile.

It is dried in the air, and sometimes the back is drawn over a hot iron, but this is not absolutely necessary.

To clean and brighten light satins, chloroform or benzine may be used.

WAYS WHEN YOU CLEAN HOUSE

Never work all day at housecleaning unless you want to be thoroughly worn out. After doing a certain amount of work take a resting spell. Don't forget to take a good

DRINK Blue Ribbon Tea

luncheon to keep you in good physical condition during this trying time.

To remove pencil marks from paint use a piece of lemon dipped in whitening.

To remove finger marks from door-knobs and locks use pure soap and old cheese-cloth.

Stains on marble can be removed with salt and lemon juice.

All paint should be scrubbed with soap and brush, if actually dirty, but it should not be allowed to get in any such condition.

When the furniture looks sticky or smeary, too much furniture polish has been used.

Wash all white paint with warm water and soap.

When cleaning the refrigerator do not forget the waste pipe. It can be cleaned with a cloth tied around a stick, or with a brush which comes for the purpose. In washing out the refrigerator use warm water with a little soda. If there is a musty smell in the refrigerator open the doors wide, and, if possible, give it a sun bath.

If you have a wooden lattice piece on which ice rests the musty odor comes from this, and can only be got rid of by getting a corrugated tin ice rest.

When tea stains come on the fine linen they can be taken out even after a long time by the application of glycerine. Take a little of the best quality glycerine, and with it rub the stained parts. Afterwards wash as usual.

When cleaning brass use the regular metal polish, but put a little paraffine oil on the cloth. This will give a fine polish and will not tarnish.

When the cane chair seats are out of shape, turn up the seats and with hot water and soap wash the cane work until thoroughly soaked, and leave the chairs to dry upside down in the air, when seats will become firm and tight again.

Mattings may be cleaned with salt water, applied with a small brush. Rinse and dry thoroughly.

An Irish peasant girl, a native of Carrigart, County Donegal, Ireland, has presented the Very Rev. Father Donnelly, S.J., for use in the Church of St. Ignatius, Stamford Hill, N.Y., with a magnificent set of vestments worked by her own hands. The robes, which are of beautiful design, took two years to finish.

Mild in Their Action.—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are very mild in their action. They do not cause griping in the stomach or cause disturbances there as so many pills do. Therefore, the most delicate can take them without fear of unpleasant results. They can, too, be administered to children without imposing the penalties which follow the use of pills not so carefully prepared.

"GOOB-BYE, BABY!"

The German Empress has been heard to say that the happiest periods of her life were the few weeks following the birth of each of her children, when she was able to retire from public life and enjoy her own treasures.

It happened when the youngest son of the German royal family was an infant that one of the ladies of the household, upon going into the nursery hastily, discovered the empress kneeling beside her baby's cradle.

Her majesty rose hurriedly, and came forward with her eyes full of tears.

"No," she said, smiling unsteadily into the anxious face of the lady in waiting, "nothing is the matter. I was only saying good-bye, baby. You know I have to give him up tomorrow, and it is the last night."

TIMELY HINTS.

A little borax put in the water in which table linen or towels are to be washed will prevent them from fading.

When washing pink muslins or linens, instead of using bluing, take a piece of turkey red, soak it thoroughly in the rinsing water until this becomes pink. Then rinse the goods

out in the pink water. Raw potato juice will remove stains from the hands, and also from woollen materials.

To remove soot from the carpet spread the spots with table salt and let it remain on a few minutes. Brush off the loose salt lightly into a dustpan, and then brush carefully with a wide, clean, dry nail brush, following the grain of the carpet.

The whiteness of the board floors which shows that the work is well done, is obtained by careful scrubbing the right way of the wood—never across the grain—with cold water and plenty of soap. No soda must be used, or the wood will turn a blackish color. Change the water often; it is impossible to have the boards white if you rinse them in dirty water.

If a whitish stain is left on a table by carelessly setting on a pitcher of hot water or a hot dish, pour some lamp oil on the spot and rub it hard with a soft cloth, then pour on a little cologne water over the white mark, and rub it dry with another cloth.

To remove iodine from linen soak the stain with sweet milk, occasionally rubbing the spot. If the stain is fresh wash in warm water with plenty of soap. Alcohol is also considered good for white materials.

It Has Many Offices.—Before the German soldier starts on a long march he rubs his feet with tallow, for his first care is to keep his feet in good condition. If he knew that Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil would be of much better service he would throw away his tallow and pack a few bottles of the Oil in his knapsack. There is nothing like it.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

Jack's Aunt—The Sick go to the hospital, the poor to the workhouse, the crazy people to the asylum. Can you tell me where the naughty persons go?

Jack.—I was whipped the last time I said it.

REMARKS FROM THE EDITOR.

There is so much pleasure in publishing a newspaper that some editors are refusing money as a reward for their services. It takes wind to run a newspaper. It takes gall to run a newspaper. It takes a scintillating, acrobatic imagination and a half-dozen white shirts and railroad passes to run a newspaper. But money—heavens to Betsy and six hands around, who ever needed money to run a newspaper? Kind words are the medium of exchange that do the business for the editor—kind words and church social tickets. Don't worry about the editor. He has a charter from the state to act as the doorman for the community. He'll get the paper out somehow, and stand up for you when you run for office and lie about your pigeon-toed daughter's wedding and blow about your big-footed boys when they get a four dollar per week job and weep over your shriveled soul when it is released from your grasping body, and smile at your wife's second marriage. He'll get along.—Exchange.

YOUTHFUL DETECTIVE.

Bobby's mother had taken him to church to hear the evening sermon, and they occupied seats in the gallery, where there was more room than on the ground floor, says Youth's Companion. Bobby tried not to allow his attention to wander from the preacher, but he did. He seemed to be particularly interested in a family who sat in front of him, and when the sermon was about half over he whispered to his mother:

"Mamma, I never saw those people before, but I know their name."

"Hush, dear."

"But I do," persisted Bobby. "Their name's Hill."

"How do you know?"

"Every time the preacher says his text, 'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,' those two big girls look at each other and smile." Subsequent inquiry proved that Bobby was right in his guess.

THE POET'S CORNER

THE COMBATANT.

God called a little soul to Him, forth from His choiring seraphim— A little spirit, spotless white, out of His multitude of light.

"Wilt leave the glories of My throne, and venture into ways unknown? Acquaint thyself, from youth to age, with yonder human heritage?"

"Weaponed for warfare shalt thou go—in armor such as mortals know— To wrestle through the unresting years with sins and sorrows, foes and fears."

"O gallant quest! O high emprise, to fight beneath my Father's eyes! Thou, Lord, my perils proudly past, shalt crown me victor at the last!"

A weary soul, one midnight late, knocked humbly at the heavens' gate. With shattered helm and broken sword, and downcast head before the Lord:

"Through mist and storm Thy will I sought—witness my wounds that I have fought; The unequal fight was fierce and long! Alas! I bring no triumph song!"

"No wiles had I for countermines against the cunning foe's designs, I can no more—my strength is spent—bid me, disgraced, to banishment!"

"Thou strovest well, My child," fold that poor, bleeding soul to rest.

"Thou strovest well, My child," said He. "I spake not aught of victory."

THE THREE ROSES.

(From the French of Francois Coppee. Translated by A. I. du P. Coleman.)

One morn the sudden triumph of the spring Beguiled me to my garden, there to see Three lovely roses, newly opening.

Poor dainty things, that by a stern decree Have but one short sweet summer's day to live,

For each of you what service shall there be?

"I," said the first, "love's errand shall achieve.

Breathe out my soul a snowy breast upon, And, dying 'mid the sweetness, scarcely grieve."

"But I" the second spoke, "shall die alone Within a churchyard, laid upon the moss That hides a name deep carved in the stone."

Then said the third, "Of gain or seeming loss I have the happiest lot—no service vain. But to expire in worship 'neath the Cross."

I fell to musing in a tender strain— On love, the passing madness of the day, On death, and swift oblivion of its pain.

The flowers in homage sent where love holds sway, Flowers laid upon a grave with reverent care, Alike they die, their perfumes pass away.

It must be so. Ye new-born roses fair, No skill your beauty shall immortalize, Save only thine, O mystic rose of prayer!

The soul by thee exhaled shall mount the skies, And, mingling with the censor's fragrant cloud, Unto the very throne of God shall rise!

SLEEP.

When to soft sleep we give ourselves away, And in a dream, as in a fairy bark, Drift on and on through the enchanted dark

To purple daybreak—little thought we pay To that sweet bitter world we know by day.

We are clean quit of it, as is a lark. So high in heaven no human eye can mark

The thin, swift pinion cleaving through the gray.

Till we awake ill fate can do no ill. The resting heart shall not take up again

The heavy load that yet must make it bleed;

For this brief space the loud world's voice is still. No faintest echo of it brings us pain.

How will it be when we shall sleep indeed? —Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has the largest sale of any similar preparation sold in Canada. It always gives satisfaction by restoring health to the little folks.

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The eminent Dr. I. K. LOVE, in his address to the Medical Board on the subject of Alopecia (loss of hair) states that if a means could be devised to bring nutrition to the hair follicles (hair root), without resorting to any irritating system, the problem of hair growth would be solved. Later on, when the EVANS VACUUM CAP was submitted to him for inspection, he remarked that the Cap would fulfil and confirm in practice the observations he had previously made before the Medical Board.

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LUBY'S

For restoring gray hair to its natural color and beauty for cleaning the skin and curing dandruff, in a word for preserving and restoring the hair LUBY'S PARISIAN HAIR RENOVATOR is unequalled. Its composition is such that it never fails if the directions are followed. The numerous demands for LUBY'S and the large quantities sold prove that it gives satisfaction to all who use it. 50c a bottle.

THURSDAY, APRIL 25, 1907. I have a little brindle Seal brown from tall His name, I guess, is Ted But I just call him Ted. He's only eight months I guess he's just a pup Pa says he won't be long When he is all grown up He plays around about As good as he can be He don't seem like a pup He's just like folks And when it is my bed Ma opens up the bed Then I nestle down rest And just make room And, oh, how nice we He doesn't fuss or bl Just nestles closely up And lies there still a We love each other dear My little Ted and me We're just good chums And always hope to be —Our Dumb Animals. BECAUSE THEY WE "Do you know why came out of the eggs. 'I guess they knew th ed if they stayed in." —sar. Grandson—Well, grand discovered that we ar from a foreign noblem Grandpa—Well, perhap right, Jimmy—but the respectable since I can A certain little village could not boast of hav entertainments, and a o event which was look with delight by the inb was at one of these "mu that a stranger sang wi ing "The Village Black In response to a vocif the singer was about "Rocked in the Cradle when the chairman tugg tail. "Better sing the ow again, mister," he w 'appen to be the chap singing about—the vill smith—and I reckon it'd fair to me if you was all over again and pop verse sayin' as 'ow I let cles." His Mother.—"I am so my, to learn that you ar boy next door had been again. Better make it him. Never let the sun upon your wrath." Tommy—"I don't, mar an' me is all right again him good and proper o'clock." It is only necessary to testimonials to be convin Holloway's Corn Cure is for the removal of ex etc. It is a complete ext Little Jeanie.—My man ways saying, "Why did that?" and "Why didn't this?" and "Why in the you forget so-and-so?" Tommy—How awfully s must be! What an a time you must have! Little Jeanie—Oh, it is she says all that; it's to Don't Condemn Y to Bright's Dis TAKE GIN PILLS Bright's Disease claims its yearly solely because people nature's warnings. Pain in the back and cor aches mean Kidney Troubl hands and ankles, and p joints, mean Kidney Troubl desire to urinate—urine hot ing—mean Kidney Troubl, sick Kidneys means Bright's —or if you suspect they are give them the help they FILLS. Taking GIN PILLS soothes the irritated, inflam brand—gives to the kid strength—corrects every ki bladder trouble I received the sample box of kidney were in such bad condit me lift or stoop without great p they pained me nearly all the t taken three boxes, working all heavy work on the railroad, and 4 day. FRANK And they are sold on a po notice that they will cure you refunded. Put them to the understanding that you cured or you get your m So sure are you that GIN PIL we will send you a free sam write, mentioning this paper, Drug Co., Winnipeg, sec. a box—6 boxes for \$2

TEED. I have a little brindle dog, Seal brown from tail to head; His name, I guess, is Theodore, But I just call him Ted. He's only eight months old to-day; I guess he's just a pup. Pa says he won't be larger When he is all grown up. He plays around about the house, As good as he can be. He don't seem like a little dog; He's just like folks to me. And when it is my bedtime Ma opens up the bed, Then I nestle down real cozy And just make room for Ted. And, oh, how nice we cuddle! He doesn't fuss or bite; Just nestles closely up to me And lies there still all night. We love each other dearly, My little Ted and me; We're just good chums together And always hope to be. —Our Dumb Animals.

BECAUSE THEY WERE WISE. "Do you know why the chickens came out of the eggs, Robbie?" "I guess they knew they'd get boiled if they stayed in." —Harper's Bazar.

Grandson—Well, grandfather, I've discovered that we are descended from a foreign nobleman. Grandpa—Well, perhaps you are right, Jimmy—but the family's been respectable since I can remember.

A certain little village in England could not boast of having many entertainments, and a concert was an event which was looked forward to with delight by the inhabitants. It was at one of these "musical feasts" that a stranger sang with great feeling "The Village Blacksmith."

In response to a vociferous encore, the singer was about to start "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" when the chairman tugged his coat-tail.

"Better sing the owd 'un over again, mister," he whispered. "I 'appen to be the chap you've been singing about—the village blacksmith—and I reckon it'd only be fair to me if you was to sing it all over again and pop in another verse sayin' as 'ow I let out bicycles."

His Mother—"I am sorry, Tommy, to learn that you and the little boy next door had been quarrelling again. Better make it up with him. Never let the sun go down upon your wrath."

Tommy—"I don't, mamma. Him an' me is all right again. I licked him good and proper about four o'clock."

It is only necessary to read the testimonials to be convinced that Holloway's Corn Cure is unequalled for the removal of corns, warts, etc. It is a complete extinguisher.

Little Jeanie—My mamma is always saying, "Why didn't you do that?" and "Why didn't you do this?" and "Why in the world did you forget so-and-so?" Tommy—How awfully strict she must be! What an awfully bad time you must have! Little Jeanie—Oh, it isn't to me she says all that; it's to pa.

Our Boys and Girls BY AUNT BECKY

The Secret of the Silver Lake

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

CHAPTER VII.—Continued. "Yes, because he expects a reward," said Mr. Manton. "Do you suppose he led you here for love? He wants to serve himself, not you or us. He is a bad man, I'm sure. I have heard of him."

"But, Uncle Manton, he led us through the bush and saved our lives," cried Ernest. "Nonsense!—only for money."

"He delivered us from the bush-rangers—" "Rubbish! only because he had a grudge against them, and wanted the reward!"

"He is willing to rescue Amy—I am sure he is a kind-hearted man," concluded Stephen. "And I am quite fond of him," declared Ernest stoutly.

"Quite right from your point of view, perhaps," grumbled Mr. Manton, "but he is a bad man, I tell you; if he comes back, which he will not do, I will tell him my opinion of him. Bond, indeed! I'll Bond him!"

"Well, you may then, Colonel," said the well-known voice of the Scout. "Here I am, and I guess you mean me. My name's Jacob Bond. I'm the son of the White-Maori, Jim Bond. Now, sir, say your say."

Mr. Manton was rather surprised at the Scout's sudden appearance, and he did not reply immediately. "Ah! you condemn me on hearsay," continued the Scout, "what have you to say?"

"Simply what I told my nephews. What is your demand? Name your price!"

"My price—what price? What for?"

"Why, your reward for saving these lads—I confess you have saved their lives. What value do you put on them?"

"Ask their father yonder; I'll leave it to him," replied the man. "Meantime, let me tell you, mister, that low as I have fallen, I wouldn't have your suspicious mean mind for the whole of your possessions. Bah! Even a Maori can be more generous than you."

Mr. Manton was greatly annoyed, and his hand clenched. But in another second his wrist was clasped as in a vice by the firm sinewy hand of the Scout. The riders closed in, expecting to witness a struggle, but Mr. Belton interfered.

"Come, Charles," he said, "the man is right. Your judgment is warped. He has saved my lads, your nephews; he will guide us to the village, and he shall be amply rewarded."

"I want no reward," said the Scout proudly. "Many years ago, men," he continued, turning to all the mounted settlers and servants: "many years ago, my little daughter—just such another child as mister's girl—left my hut and wandered into the woods. We didn't miss her at first, but in those days 'ye know what the bush was: deep, gloomy, trackless forests were the rule. That child wandered away; I sought her night and day for nearly a week. I couldn't find her. When I returned, my hut was empty; my wife had gone, or had wandered off in search of me: perhaps she had returned to her tribe. Anyway, I was alone. I took to the bush, and lived like a wild man: sometimes attacked by settlers, and sometimes attacking them in return, until one day, as I was not far from my old hut in the woods, I saw something white against a tree in that lonely place, all surrounded by brushwood. I went in, and as I got nearer a terrible feeling came over me. My knees trembled, my heart sank; I saw a white figure lying under the tree!"

"Gentlemen-settlers, I went up to it, and lifted that child. A tiny locket still hung by a golden chain around the little neck: that form was all that remained of my darling little girl who had strayed away into the woods, and—oh, listen—and had died of hunger. Think of it! My only child—my little Lily, as we called her, because she was so fair and delicate."

"On that spot I buried her, and over her little grave, Englishmen, I vowed that never, if I could help it, should man, woman or child wander to die in the bush! Many years



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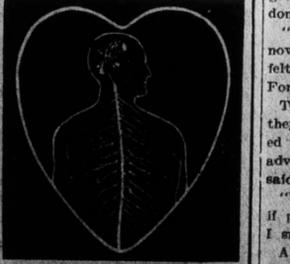
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NAPAWAN, May 13, 1906. I received the sample box of GIN PILLS and was greatly benefited by them. My kidneys were in such bad condition I could not sit or stoop without great pain. In fact, they pained me nearly all the time. I have taken three boxes, working all the time as heavy work on the railroad, and did not lose a day.

And they are sold on a positive guarantee that they will cure you or money refunded. Put them to the test with the understanding that you must be cured or you get your money back. So sure are we that GIN PILLS are just what you need in your own case, that we will send you a free sample to try. Write, mentioning this paper, to the Bold Drug Co., Winnipeg. 50c a box—6 boxes for \$2.50. 89

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NOTE WELL.—Matter intended for publication should reach us not later than 5 o'clock Wednesday afternoon

CORRESPONDENCE and items of local Catholic interest solicited.



THURSDAY, APRIL 25, 1907.

AS TO CHURCH MIGRATION AND OTHER MATTERS.

The Daily Witness and Le Canada—a formidable combination, we admit, when mutually sympathetic—were disturbed last week by an article appearing in the True Witness...

The Daily Witness quotes us as an "organ," while Le Canada avers that we are not at all musical. The characterization, however, is immaterial.

Far be it from us to give our Protestant friends any cause for resentment or lay ourselves open to a charge of unchristian spirit in our remarks or criticism. But the continued desertion of churches is as sure a sign of religious decline...

Our strictures did not contemplate the area of the city, where there certainly are vital spots, but it referred to the environments of the churches in question, which must have been established to satisfy a demand.

Religion is a business—a business of the most serious kind, and no business man deserts an established locality while his business is prosperous, but when a serious and demoralizing decline is noted, he seeks other fields.

The Daily Witness says true Protestantism does not measure itself by stone and mortar. Neither does true Catholicity, but we are forced to a great extent to measure the vitality of the Catholic Church by the prompted and utter annihilation of space within the walls created by stones and mortar.

The Daily Witness says, "Roman Catholic church property is valued at \$3,652,150, and if spiritual life and vigor are to be measured by church stones and mortar, there is two and a quarter times as much vitality in Protestantism." For the information of our duo of critics, we would say that, from figures furnished us by the City Comptroller, the Catholic Church property of the city of Montreal is valued at 54 millions of dollars, with no buildings bearing signs "to let," "for sale," et cetera. According to these figures the Daily Witness' figures on a pro-rata basis appear rather faulty.

It is far from our minds to cause any ill-feelings, or to appear hyper-critical, but facts are patent things, and "he who runs may read."

IRISH CARICATURE IN PUBLICATIONS.

To the Editor:

Dear Sir,—Within the past fortnight I have seen in widely circulated American magazines two highly objectionable pictures, purporting to represent typical Irish scenes. One of these was illustrating a folk-tale of my own in the Sunday Magazine, a supplement to eight or nine leading papers in the chief cities of

America. It appeared a couple of months ago, but it was only recently I saw it. The other appeared, illustrating an Irish story, in the Saturday Evening Post of Philadelphia a week or two ago, and showed two factions of Irishmen smashing one another's heads among the graves, and over the tombstones of a sacred burying ground. It was far and away the vilest of the two.

Irish-Americans can confidently reckon on this kind of outrage being regularly served up to them in the columns of the magazines, if they do not seriously and systematically set about ending it. To stop it is the easiest thing in the world. The American editor spends his life trying to get and hold his finger on the public pulse. If he finds these pictures are wanted, he'll give the public plenty of them. If he finds that the patient won't have them, he'll speedily stop them.

If on every occasion on which an offending picture appears every Irishman and Irishwoman, whose feelings are hurt, wrote a sensible, unambitious, firm letter of indignant protest and earnestly asked the editor not to outrage wantonly the feelings of a people who have done so much for the upbuilding of this great country and who occupy such a large and such an honorable place in the life of the country, the caricatures will disappear with a suddenness as surprising as it will be pleasing. It will not be enough to write such a letter on one occasion and forget to write it on two other occasions.

As it is the first opportunity I found, I have just written to the editors of the Sunday Magazine and the Saturday Evening Post of Philadelphia. I forbade the former ever again to employ upon any story of mine the artist who offended, informing him that I'd sooner burn my manuscripts and take a navy job than supply either ill-disposed or ignorant artists with the means of caricaturing our people. I told the editor of the Saturday Evening Post that our people are not the brutes, savages or scoundrels that his artist made them appear. I informed him that he had probably pained thousands of readers by the disgraceful picture and that he would be very likely to lose by it more readers than he cared to lose.

Letters along this line, I assure you, get home to the editors. I trust that some hundreds of your readers will be moved to follow the advice given and on every necessary occasion write a strong, sensible letter of protest to the editor of the magazine in which wanton offense is given. They will have reasons to be satisfied with results, I prophesy.

Yours faithfully, SEUMAS MACMANUS.

MORALS OF COLLEGE STUDENTS.

James R. Day, Chancellor of Syracuse University, denounces the moral conditions at many non-Catholic colleges. He says:

"I need mention no names, but we are all apprised of the depraved conditions and the scenes of debauchery in many of our universities. While heads of colleges seem zealous in guiding the students along lines of study, few there are who place morals first. I venture to say that if the college presidents would unite along a common line of thought and action this dissipation among the students could be wiped out in thirty days. At Syracuse, thank God, we place morals first. A student prior to entrance must show that he is morally equipped as well as intellectually, and once in the school he must maintain the strict standard required or get out. At a majority of the other universities, however, the student is allowed to come and go as he pleases—to spend his nights in riotous living, to drink, enter pool rooms, and waste much energy that should be devoted to his studies."

Drunkenness, profanity, lewd talk, and impurity are widely prevalent among students at these institutions. Yet there are Catholic parents who send their sons to them by preference over Catholic colleges, either not knowing that immorality obtains there or not caring for it so long as their boys get the social or

school advantages at the non-Catholic schools. Now there is a social superiority there, judged by the two standards of riches and official position, but there is no educational pre-eminence. There is no school in the United States—Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Chicago, Johns Hopkins or any other—that excels Georgetown, Fordham, Notre Dame and the Catholic University, says the Catholic Columbian. For Catholic parents, then, to send their boys to institutions where their morals are in danger of being corrupted, when there is no dearth of Catholic schools, is a sin and a shame.

ALDERMAN GALLERY'S ALERTNESS.

The City of Montreal should give an official vote of thanks to Alderman Gallery for his prompt action in having confiscated a huge cargo of poisonous, rotting salmon which was placed on sale in the city last week.

Had the poisonous food reached the tables of our citizens, it is not difficult to conjecture what the results would have been.

Actions like these are what commend public servants to the everlasting gratitude of a community, and we hope that Ald. Gallery will receive a just meed of recognition for his interest in the public welfare.

On behalf of the readers of the True Witness, we present our sincere thanks to Alderman Gallery.

GAELIC MISSION TO CANADA.

The Very Rev. Father Campbell, S.J., of Glasgow, is shortly leaving Scotland on a Gaelic mission to the Catholic Gaelic-speaking Gaels of Canada, of which it is estimated there are about 200,000. Besides conducting the mission, which will be in the national tongue of Scotland throughout, Father Campbell will prepare the way for an entente cordiale between the Catholic Gaels of Scotland and those of Canada, with a view to the formation of a society which shall be at once Catholic and national, and which will devote itself to the promotion of the Gaelic cause in Scotland and Canada. Father Campbell will be absent from Scotland six months, and comes to Canada at the invitation, sanctioned by Rome, of a number of Canadian Gaelic-speaking priests.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

An association of Catholic ladies was recently formed in New York with a view of bringing Catholic influence to bear against the divorce evil and other works in aid of the Church. The association is known as the Daughters of the Faith. At a meeting last week Archbishop Farley delivered the principal address, which dwelt on the importance of Catholic education. In the course of his remarks he said:

"I cannot speak too strongly on the subject of the necessity of sending Catholic children to Catholic academies. There is, I regret to say, a constant and I fear growing tendency to violate this most binding duty."

"Let no motive, social, financial or political, lead you to fling your children into the jaws of infidelity and atheism."

"Only a few weeks ago a mother came to me almost in despair, entreating that a Mass be said for her daughter. She had sent the girl to a woman's college—I will not mention its name, but it was an institution on the order of Vassar, Smith and Bryn Mawr—and in six months her faith had been tampered with to such an extent that she refused to accompany her mother to confession on Holy Thursday."

"Again I enjoin upon you, don't relax your vigilance in this direction."

The words of the Archbishop should serve as a warning to any Catholic mother who is contemplating sending her daughter to a Protestant educational institution.

The following from the Standard and Times, Philadelphia, well expresses our own views. At last a step has been taken by the city authorities to grapple with the epidem-

ic of immoral postal cards. Strange that while the cry of smallpox or spinal meningitis mutes our guardians instantly rush to the ramparts to grapple with an invisible foe, the deadly enemy of the soul that can be both seen and felt is left to work its ravages all over the city, boldly staring at the public from every petty store window. And, stranger still, those impure and obscene things are sold across the counters, in most places, by young girls, who seem to have no feeling that modesty is outraged by the merchandise they are reputed to handle. The Director of Public Safety has shown that he does not confine his estimate of danger to the general health to the physical side of human nature. Apathy as to moral sanitation has been too long existent. Long ago the postal authorities at Washington gave warning as to the danger of this postal-card display by laying down rules for the exclusion of the objectionable kinds. Every city should have immediately taken steps to check the evil at its source.

Joseph Dwight, son of Professor Thomas Dwight, of Harvard Medical School, Boston, after mature reflection, and under wise spiritual guidance, has entered the monastery of the Trappists, Our Lady of the Valley, Lonsdale, R.I. Mr. Dwight is twenty-one years of age. The Trappist novice is tested for the hard life of his choice, and a considerable time must pass before he is allowed to make the perpetual vows of religion.

It is rather noticeable that these convert sons and daughters of the Puritans are drawn to austere lives in the Church. A near relative of the young candidate for the Trappist Order is a Carmelite nun, as is also another daughter of a well-known Boston convert, whose family were early followers of Channing, the Unitarian leader.

The Rev. James Kent Stone, Union soldier, and later Episcopal clergyman and college president, has found his mission in the strict congregation of the Passionists, as Father Fidelis, now at the head of the Eastern Province. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, Mother M. Alphonsa, is at the head of a community of Dominican Nuns who devote themselves to poor cancer patients in the poorest districts of New York.

"The new Catholic Apostolic French Church, headed by the Archbishop Vilatte, has come to an end," is the way in which a cable despatch from Paris announces the failure of the experiment made by the versatile "Archbishop" in the matter of starting a brand new French church, which was to take the place of the Catholic Church. Sure enough, Vilatte is about to abandon his "pastures new" in Paris and return to his old stamping grounds in the United States.

The despatch from which we have quoted above states that the "Archbishop" intends to start soon for America. The reader may be disposed to believe that with Vilatte's madorous record staring the American public in the face he will have no chance of charming dollars from the pockets of anti-Catholic big game. The "Archbishop" knows better. His past experience has convinced him of the gullibility of the class among whom he will work after his return to these shores.—Freeman's Journal.

Father Phelan's Western Watchman thinks "there must be an anti-Merry del Val cabal in Rome. Scarcely a week has gone by in the past year that we have not been told that he was either to resign, or be dismissed. True, the Cardinal Secretary of State is young, and has never had much diplomatic training, but the cause of all those hypocritical tears is the terrible but undeniable fact that he is not an Italian. He is not considered a Spaniard, as he is never included among the Spanish contingent in the sacred college. He is certainly not an Englishman. Then what is he? He

has spent most of his life in Rome, and he is more Italian than anything else; and we do not think he will be forced out of his place by the Italian cabal while the present Pope lasts."

Archbishop Farley at the Peace Conference last week said:

Public opinion we must cultivate, but any genuine and durable public opinion must eventually have a basis of religion. Otherwise it will be only a series of popular ebullitions, a form of psychology of the mob, that to-day shouts for "Liberty" and to-morrow goes drunk over its violent extinction.

We ought to welcome all organized religious efforts in the interest of a general peace, for all such effort is essentially Christian, and supremely humane and uplifting.

The Holy See is still the working head of the great Catholic body, over 250,000,000 of souls, and its moral authority was never greater. All these countless millions would surely welcome the recognition of the Holy See as a factor in international arbitration.

"Any man with blood in his veins would do the same as the defendants before me are charged with. No man, especially an Irishman, would sit still and witness a performance that was ridiculing his mother and sister. From what I learn of the sketch it was indecent, vulgar and shocking to the extreme."

These are the words of Judge Fleming, of Brooklyn, in discharging Edward Bergen, John Harrington, William Fleming, Paul Donahue, Patrick O. Winslow, Daniel Managan, Hugh Coyle, William Bryan and Patrick Naughton, who were charged with having created a disturbance in a theatre when they drove "The Irish Servant Girl" from the stage.

Rev. Alexander R. Goldie, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, formerly vicar of Elvaston, Derby, and rector of Gawsforth, Macclesfield, is one of the latest converts to the Catholic faith. He was received into the Church on March 8, at Bath, by the Rev. Dunstan Sweeney, O.S.B. Among the immediate causes of his conversion was the reading of Froude's "History of England." The anti-Catholic, violently partisan Froude was a signpost pointing out to Mr. Goldie the right direction, and he trusts that Froude may do the same good turn to many others.

In a local daily's report of the Torrey campaign, we find the following:

Other requests were for prayers for a celebrated brewer, a noted atheist, a Sunday-school superintendent who played cards and attended theatres, and an influential deacon who held card parties in his home. Lastly, a Catholic lady requested prayers for herself and her husband, that they might see the light.

We were unaware heretofore that we had any Dowiesites in Canada.

At present there are in France only three or four Catholic papers of note: La Croix, L'Univers, La Libre Parole and Le Gaulois. We were sadly surprised to learn through the Luzerner Vaterland, a Catholic paper of Switzerland, which claims to have absolutely reliable information on this point, that L'Univers has 3200 subscribers, all told, although the paper is in existence seventy years.

The Vermont Catholic Review, published at Burlington, Vt, which started some few months ago, gives evidence of prosperity. We note the names of Rev. J. Aloysius Lynch and Rev. R. J. Cahill, D.D., appearing as editors, and T. E. Scully as business manager. This combination should give the Vermont Catholics a thoroughly appreciated paper.

The report sent out from Rome by some enterprising press association that Mgr. Sbarretti, the Papal delegate in Canada, who is at present in Rome, would not return to this country, is, of course, incorrect. Mgr. Sbarretti will come back with the Premier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who is now in London attending the imperial conference.

Dominion Edition of Payson, Dunton and Serbiner's System of Penmanship

The tracing books are especially adapted for introduction into grades lower than those where writing has hitherto been practiced. Tracing Course, letter A and B, Price, 5c. each. The pupils are taught in them to know the letters, and is trained to all the movements required in forming the same by tracing correct models on every page. These are Drill Books for educating the muscles used in writing and leave the pupil free to concentrate his earliest efforts on elementary points.

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Where to Dine in the City. ST. ELMO RESTAURANT.

Corner McGill and RECULLET. A. R. Finlayson, Proprietor. Now is the time for a good hot dinner and not only hot but the best 50c meal in the City. Give us a call, lots of room.

Premier Clemenceau, fearing that conflict between Church and State might result in disturbances, has forbidden the civil or military authorities to participate in the annual historical processions and festivities in celebration of the deliverance of the city from the English by Joan of Arc (May 8, 1429), in which the clergy take a prominent part.

The status of the Civic Library was legally defined at the meeting of the City Hall Committee yesterday afternoon by City Attorney Ethier, who declared that property speaking a technical library should not include works of general literature or fiction. This decision is in accordance with His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi's formal demand that certain obnoxious books be debarred.

MOTHERS FEEL SAFE.

Mothers who have used Baby's Own Tablets for their little ones say they feel safe with the Tablets at hand, for they are a never failing cure for all the minor ills of babyhood and childhood. Mrs. Ursula Crossman, New Hamburg, Ont., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for stomach trouble and constipation with marked success. I always feel that my little one is safe when I have a box of the Tablets in the house." Baby's Own Tablets are sold under the guarantee of a government analyst to contain neither opiates nor other poisonous drugs. They always do good—they can't possibly do harm. For sale at druggists, or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE SOVEREIGN

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His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi

Asks for Censorship Production

Matter Under Consideration of Aldermen.

His Grace has addressed to Mayor Ekers and the city asking that censorship be established examinations of plays playhouses. His Grace follows:

"To the Mayor and the city of Montreal: Gentlemen,—The more I am to be favorable you a project in the public morals, and which is very important; I wish of the establishment of of theatrical censorship. "Certain incidents which happened have given this measure and have necessity for it.

"Also I know for a large number of citizens only asked for it, and of the theatres themselves, it, as is shown by the I have received and of ward you copies herewith. "Among your duties that of maintaining One of the means of public morals would be effective control exercised theatrical performances, about a city as Montreal, where trees are already numbered become more so. "I therefore pray you powers to establish for in the city, according to means at your disposal, committee charged with attention before hand of the of plays which it is intended to be performed. "As we can count on men, when on your good your devotion, when it in the defence of a cause so important as theatrical morals, I am confident will give to my request serious attention. (Signed) "Archbishop of

As an evidence that of nations favor the move, appends the following from the Department of and Moral Reform:

Toronto, April "My dear Archbishop: I have learned that you have established a censorship of the plays produced in your city. In Toronto there is a movement purpose of reaching the also prohibiting children years of age from attending.

"I have been asked by city aldermen to assist in movement, and I, therefore, you requesting that you furnish me with a statement of the method adopted for this idea.

"Permit me to assure you high admiration with which I viewed your temperance and to wish you the greatest success. A meeting of the committee to deal with the matter will be held some week, and I should be obliged if you would give me a reply. (Signed) "S. D. C.

Letters from Mr. R. Rivest, sending the management of theatres, and Mr. Paul Ouellet, of the Theatre National, in support of the proposed censorship, also transmitted.

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His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi

Asks for Censorship in Theatre
Productions.

Matter Under Consideration By
Aldermen.

His Grace has addressed a letter to Mayor Ekers and the aldermen of this city asking that a theatrical censorship be established to make examinations of plays offered local playhouses. His Grace submits as follows:

"To the Mayor and aldermen of the city of Montreal:

"Gentlemen,—The moment appears to me to be favorable to submit to you a project in the interests of public morals, and which I consider very important; I wish to speak of the establishment of a committee of theatrical censorship.

"Certain incidents which have just happened have given significance to this measure and have shown the necessity for it.

"Also I know for a fact that a large number of citizens have insistently asked for it, and the managers of the theatres themselves endorse it, as is shown by the letters which I have received and of which I forward you copies herewith.

"Among your duties is assuredly that of maintaining good morals. One of the means of safeguarding public morals would be a direct and effective control exercised over theatrical performances, above all in such a city as Montreal, where the theatres are already numerous and may become more so.

"I therefore pray you to use your powers to establish for all theatres in the city, according to the legal means at your disposal, a competent committee charged with the examination before hand of the repertoire of plays which it is intended shall be performed.

"As we can count on you, gentlemen, when on your goodwill and your devotion, when it is exercised in the defence of a cause so noble and so important as that of the public morals, I am confident that you will give to my request the most serious attention.

(Signed) PAUL,
Archbishop of Montreal.

As an evidence that other denominations favor the move, His Grace appends the following from the Methodist Department of Temperance and Moral Reform:

Toronto, April 19, 1907.

"My dear Archbishop,—I was pleased to learn that you had succeeded in establishing a censorship upon the plays produced in the theatres in your city. In Toronto at present there is a movement on for the purpose of reaching the same end, also prohibiting children under six years of age from attending the theatre.

"I have been asked by one of the city aldermen to assist him in the movement, and I, therefore, write to you requesting that you would kindly furnish me with a statement of the method adopted for carrying out this idea.

"Permit me to assure you of the high admiration with which I have viewed your temperance propaganda, and to wish you the greatest possible success. A meeting of the committee to deal with the theatre problem will be held some time next week, and I should be very much obliged if you would give me an early reply.

"Yours faithfully,
(Signed) "S. D. CHOWN"

Letters from Mr. R. Rivaux, representing the management of the Nouvelles, and Mr. Paul Caseneuve, on behalf of the Theatre National, announcing the proposed censorship, were also transmitted.

The letters were read at the opening of the sitting, and at the close, Ald. Payette, seconded by Ald. Proulx, proposed the following motion:

"That, before proceeding with the second reading of the by-law now before the Council, a special committee, composed of His Worship the Mayor and Aldermen L. A. Lapointe, Giroux, Mercier, White and the mover and seconder, be appointed to consider the question of the establishment of a theatrical censorship committee, in compliance with the desire expressed by His Grace the Archbishop of Montreal, in a communication under date of April 19th, inst., said special committee to report to council within the shortest possible delay."

The motion was adopted without discussion. The by-law referred to in the aforesaid motion concerns the observance of Sunday, in which Ald. L. A. Lapointe has incorporated the new legislation obtained by the city last winter on this subject.

The Doctor Said Nervous Prostration

But After weeks of Effort He
Could Not Help Me And I
Was Cured By

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Sleeplessness, failure of appetite and digestion, and then nervous collapse. This is the story told in this letter. But there is also new hope for similar sufferers in the cure described.

Mrs. Alf. Stevens, Burgessville, Oxford county, Ont., writes:—"Two years ago last November I was run down and did not know what was wrong. I could not sleep or eat, and at last my nervous system gave way entirely, and I had to go to bed. The doctor told me I had nervous prostration, and though he doctored me for some weeks, I did not get any better.

"I then began the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and by the time I had used six boxes I was completely cured. People remarked how well I looked, and I said, 'Yes, and I feel well, that is the best of it, and Dr. Chase's Nerve Food did it.'"

"Twenty years ago," said Dr. Weir Mitchell, the great American authority on disease of the nerves, "the treatment of diseases was the highest medical ideal. Now the highest ideal is prevention of disease."

In the front ranks of preventives must be placed Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, because it works on the principle of increasing the quantity of rich blood and nerve force in the body and thereby keeping vitality at the high water mark.

This is the only way in which nervous prostration, locomotor ataxia, paralysis and many less dreaded diseases can be prevented or cured, and cure of such ailments when once they are thoroughly established means long weeks and months of persistent treatment.

The old saying that "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure" is nowhere so applicable as in diseases of the nerves, and there never was so effective a preventive as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. This is being proven every day in thousands of cases. 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmansons, Bates & Co., Toronto.

London, April 24.—The spirit of compromise is having effect on the prospects of the Irish council bill and to-day supporters are more hopeful of reconciling the differences regarding the terms of the proposed measure. The outlook has so far improved that Mr. Birrell, chief secretary for Ireland was able to announce in the House of Commons this afternoon that he hoped to be able to introduce the bill May 7.

Memorial Service at the College of St. Laurent.

A Stricken Soldier

(In memory of the Rev. Thomas J. Lennox, C.S.C., who died at Cornwall, N. Y., April 7, 1907, aged twenty-eight years.)

Another watchman from the wall-top gone!
Gone ere dawn's vermeil streaks had lit the day

Of long awaited hope when he would play
The soldier's part, and bear aloft and on

The blood-drenched Sign his Lord had died upon.

At daybreak felled, his life slow ebbed away

Within the camp, though plighted for the fray—
To lead the van till faint eve's embers shone.

With hands upraised as God's great chief of old,

While brethren fought each hourly issue through,

Intent he watched and prayed. Within his breast

What martial spirit heaved! Our eyes beheld

The deed once done, God's see the will to do—

His fight well fought, be his the victor's rest.

—Timothy Crowley, C.S.C.

Monday, the 15th April, a solemn Requiem Mass was sung at the College of St. Laurent for the repose of the soul of a former student and professor, the late Rev. Thomas J. Lennox, C.S.C., who died at his home, Cornwall, New York, Sunday, April 7.

Born at Mattawan, N.Y., the young priest received his early education in the parochial schools. Later, to prepare himself for the ideal after which his heart yearned, he entered the College of St. Laurent, where he followed the classical course with distinction, always giving proof of his many and beautiful traits of character, thereby endearing himself to his fellows and to his professors. On finishing his course of studies, feeling that God called him to the religious life, Father Lennox joyfully entered the Novitiate of the Holy Cross, at St. Genevieve.

After his religious profession, he went to Laval University, Quebec, to pursue his studies in immediate preparation for the holy priesthood. Recalled by his superiors to the College of St. Laurent, he taught there, winning the affection and esteem of all with whom he came in contact, both professors and students. In the fall of 1905 he was sent to Washington to finish his course of theology, and on August 2, was promoted to sacred orders at Notre Dame, Indiana. Apparently in good health, though looking much fatigued he went home for his first Mass. From this on he grew weaker and weaker, giving every sign that the dread malady, consumption, had marked him as a victim. His superior, the Rev. Fr. Morrissey, on hearing that there was a hope of prolonging Father Lennox's precious life, sent him to the Sanitarium Gabriels to drink in the pure air of the Adirondacks. After a few months spent at Gabriels, as Father Lennox's health was in no way improving, the Provincial, on the instructions of the doctor there, called him to Notre Dame. Only a month ago, he went once more to breathe his native air at Cornwall. On Sunday, the 7th, he said Mass for the last time, and during that day was apparently no weaker than usual, but at night took a hemorrhage and calmly passed away.

On Thursday, the 11th, his former superior, Rev. James Burns, C.S.C., of Washington, was celebrant of the Solemn Requiem Mass, sung in St. Thomas' Church, Cornwall, N.Y., Rev. W. H. Condon, C.S.C., a former professor of the deceased, deacon; and the Rev. Joseph McCann, a former classmate, sub-deacon. Father Condon paid the last sad tribute to his former pupil's memory.

At the solemn Requiem service today, Father Meaban, C.S.C., was the celebrant; Father Condon, C.S.C., the deacon, and the Rev. T. J. Kellet, C.S.C., sub-deacon.

To his venerable father, and surviving sisters, one of whom is a Sister of Charity in New York, we offer our sincere sympathy in their affliction. R. J. P.
April 15, 1907.

Wear Trade Mark D. Suspender guaranteed: 50c.

Corresponder.ce.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

To the Editor of True Witness:

Dear Sir,—While Rev. Dr. Torrey the other evening was exhorting the congregation of St. James Methodist Church to confess Christ, renounce Satan and save themselves from the fires of hell, another rev. doctor was preaching from the pulpit of the Anglican Cathedral, just one block further west, declaring that there was no hell; that God was too good to condemn His creatures to eternal fire. Remember, this latter gentleman was speaking from the pulpit of the Anglican Cathedral, right under the episcopal throne, and there attacked and absolutely denied the veracity of one of the fundamental articles of Christian belief; and he was allowed to proceed in his remarks without protest from his "superiors," nor have we heard aught else about the attack save that the rev. doctor is certainly a fearless exponent of twentieth century theology—the kind that procures the best paying situation; something up-to-date, modern and acceptable to the "smart set."

No doubt the rev. gentleman claims apostolic succession, wears a priestly stole and holds out for historical continuity in the Church of England.

To say that I was surprised when I read the report of this "modern" sermon in the evening papers would not be correct, for I am surprised at nothing that comes from the direction from which this did, nor did I expect that the rev. doctor would be called to order for preaching heresy right from the cathedral pulpit, knowing that the Church of God alone possesses divine authority to teach the truths of God and only she can enforce her teaching.

But what did surprise me was that not a member of the congregation entered a protest against a bold denial of God's sacred truths.

Thus passes away Anglicanism into utter infidelity. Thus passes that church called into existence by the ambitions and lusts of a cruel and tyrannical kind and nursed and fostered by men and women no less cruel or tyrannical. Pampered by the laws of an Empire, she took deep root in England and scattered her variable doctrines wherever she could. She was forced upon the English nation at the point of the sword, and she tried to force herself upon the Irish nation, but, thank Heaven, the sons of St. Patrick were not obliged to look a second time before discovering in her the "hireling and treating her as such. She to-day stands on the very verge of collapse, one section of her adherents demanding union with the chair of Peter, another seeking greater laxity—if there can be any—in her doctrines, while still another utterly denies the fundamental truths of Christianity.

Thus, three hundred and fifty years after her creation, she stands shattered by the shells she herself made, they being used against her by the very body of men whom she calls her priesthood. Truly the ways of the Most High are unsearchable. It is the duty of all in the faith to pray for those poor souls without who are tossed to and fro and carried about by every wind of doctrine, that the light that comes from God may shine radiantly in their souls, that seeing they may believe, and enter the one fold of the Shepherd where truth does not change, but remains truth as long as God remains God.

M. C.

Montreal, April 16, 1907.

GIVE US THE BEST.

To the Editor of True Witness:

Sir,—I read with interest the letter which appeared in last week's issue of your paper under the heading "A Call to Duty." Your correspondent's remarks are timely and deserve the attention of the Shamrock executive.

It is true that the hockey team which represented the Shamrock association nine years ago was one which brought much glory to the old club by winning many notable victories. But is it not a fact that almost every player of that team received his hockey training elsewhere than as members of the Shamrock Club? What young man can become proficient in the art of playing first-class hockey with two or three hours' practice a week, at an hour when he should be slumbering? In order to attain a position of honor in the League standing next winter, our association must make greater efforts to give their players a better chance to develop their present knowledge of the game by sufficient practice and proper training. A losing team will never take among our people. There may be an excuse once in a while, but to take last place every year is too big a mouthful to swallow.

What has been said of the hockey team applies, in part, to our lacrosse team. A fall from holders of the Minto Cup to tail-enders in the space of three months was a bitter pill for Shamrock admirers and was the cause of much complaint as to the management. One error shown by the executive was the constant changing of the goal-keeper—a weekly change was the rule throughout the season. Did that show managing ability? I fail to see it.

Another question being asked by admirers of the association is, How much attention is given to the intermediate and junior teams? Is it not curious that not more than three intermediates became full-fledged seniors during the past six years? Be it remembered that some of the best players of the famous seniors of 1905 were graduates of the National team of 1898.

Time is short now, and if we are to have a team of conquering heroes this year now is the time to get it together, with a determination that means success. Secure some first-class trainers and do not rely on men with no capacity for the position. We need the best if we are to win. Of course, if the executive simply desires to make a fair showing, which I do not think the case, then stick to the ways of last year, but that will not pay this year. A bumper stand to see the Colts down the team of many colors a week later. We have the material, develop it properly.

ANOTHER SHAMROCK.

April 24, 1907.

Struggling Infant Mission

IN THE DIOCESE OF NORTHAMPTON, FAKENHAM, NORFOLK ENGLAND.

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

Average weekly Collection...3s 6d. No endowment whatever, except HOPE. Not a great kind of endowment, you will say, good reader. Ah, well! Who knows? Great things have, as a rule, very small beginnings. There was the stable of Bethlehem, and God's hand is not shortened, I HAVE hopes. I have GREAT hopes that this latest Mission, opened by the Bishop of Northampton, will, in due course, become a great mission.

Best outside help is, evidently, necessary. Will it be forthcoming? I have noticed how willingly the CLIENTS of ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA readily come to the assistance of poor, struggling Priests. May I not hope that they will, too, cast a sympathetic and pitying eye upon me in my struggle to establish an outpost of the Catholic Faith in this—so far as the Catholic Faith is concerned—barren region? May I not hope, good reader, that you, in your zeal for the progress of that Faith, will extend a helping hand to me?

I cry to you with all earnestness to come to my assistance. You may not be able to do much; but you CAN DO LITTLE. Do that little which is your power, for God's sake, and with the other "littles" that are done I shall be able to establish this new Mission firmly.

DON'T TURN A DEAF EAR TO MY URGENT APPEAL.

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

ARTHUR,

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

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

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

Butterfly Suspenders. A Gentle man's Brass, "as easy as nose." 50c.

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

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

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

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

(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon said land.

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

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

Pilgrimage To Rome.

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

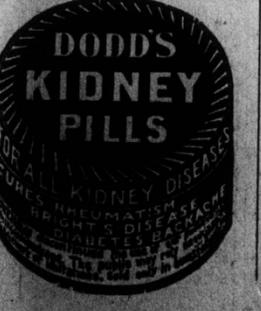
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Drink, weary Pilgrim, drink, I say,
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21 Craig St. East, Montreal.



Cardinal Richard Expulsion.

(Catholic Universe.)

Miss M. C. Keogh, an Irish lady, was in Paris on the day the venerable Cardinal Richard was expelled from his palace, contributes the following graphic account of what she saw to a recent number of the Irish Monthly:

Monday, the 17th of December, 1906, will not easily be forgotten by those who witnessed the expulsion of Cardinal Richard from his palace in the Rue de Grenelle, Paris. It is a day which has left its indelible mark upon the pages of history.

We awoke with a sense of suppressed excitement, and it was with a feeling of expectancy of what we knew not what we wended our way at noon along the spacious boulevards, until we reached the narrow streets that lead to the Archeveche. The Rue de Grenelle is a long, winding thoroughfare, and at one end there stands a large bar-rack. Groups of police were standing round its doors, and in the courtyard we noticed a regiment of dragoons drawn up in readiness for anything that might be required of them.

Otherwise the street maintained its usual aspect; everything appeared quite normal until we came somewhere near to the center on which all our thoughts were fixed. Then we noticed that people were hurrying on with quick steps, and that their number was increasing every moment. The traffic grew thicker as cabs and carriages sped quickly past filled with eager occupants, and it became more and more difficult to pursue our course. There was no noise save the sounds of horses' feet, and the patter of footsteps of the multitude that accumulated from every point that converged from the Rue de Grenelle. No one spoke aloud; every one conversed in low tones. It was as if some dire calamity had already happened, and people held their breath with surprise and shock.

But when we arrived in front of the vast portals of the archiepiscopal palace all was changed. There was a crowd that stretched from side to side of the street, talking loudly and pressing close to the great doors that still remained closed; and here, from every window, leaned out men and women, gesticulating and manifesting every sign of interest and enthusiasm.

Having arrived early, we managed to push our way near the entrance and congratulated ourselves upon a fair chance of being among the first to enter the courtyard when the time came for admittance. As we heard the bolts withdrawn, the crowd pressed closer round us, and then fell back with a murmur of disappointment as a loud voice proclaimed that those only would be admitted who could present their visiting cards. There was a predicament! Of course our visiting cards were safely locked up in our rooms! But a kindly acquaintance, a Frenchwoman, bade us keep up a bold front and pass in with her as of her party—she having had the forethought to bring the required card. So all went well. "Passez, Mesdames" ("you may pass, ladies")—and we were safely over the border!

We breathed freely once more and made haste to take up a good position near the steps of the spacious building which had been the home of Cardinal Richard for thirty years. It stands at the farthest end of the courtyard; to the right are the stables, and to the left the servants' apartments. Drawn up outside these there stood the small brougham and single black horse destined to convey His Eminence to the house of Baron Denys-Cochin, who so nobly offered hospitality to the aged victim of renegade sons.

It was not yet 1 o'clock, and we waited in the courtyard for three-quarters of an hour before the supreme moment arrived. Every instant the crowd grew thicker and thicker, until at last one dense mass of heads alone could be seen, and it was with great difficulty that a path was kept clear in the center, through which the deputies and priests, who had the right of entry

into the palace, could proceed. It was also with immense difficulty that we kept our own places, but as yet the crowd was a quiet one. No movement had begun, all eyes being fixed upon the door with expectancy. At length it opened, and there was a quick, simultaneous move forward. But no, it was not the one we looked for, but a priest who came out and solemnly held up a small crucifix, black, with the figure in brass.

One moment's hush, a feeling of choking in our throat, and a sensation that will endure forever! Then with one voice that vast assemblage burst into a solemn chant, keeping together as one man, the cadences rising, falling, and rising again with the strictest rhythm and regularity. There was no mistaking the words—it was a manifestation and protestation of faith as set forth in the "Credo." At the words: "Et unam sanctam Ecclesiam Apostolicam et Catholicam," the voices rose to such a degree of intensity as almost rent the air. There had been no rehearsal, and there could be no doubt that that vast throng was unanimous in faith, in feeling and in devotion.

At the final Amen there was a momentary pause, the crucifix remained held aloft, and for the following half-hour the hand that held it never lowered for an instant. Then a voice cried from one of the windows, where several of the clergy could be seen: "Vive Pie Dix" ("Long live Pius X.") and the assembly gave it back with thunderous echo: "Vive Pie Dix." Again came the voice: "Vive le Cardinal"; again the deafening echo, "Vive le Cardinal. A bas les franc-maçons" ("down with the Freemasons"). A feeling of excitement began to quiver through us when, as if by inspiration a soprano voice began the first strains of a beautiful French Canticle, which was taken up by all.

For the remainder of the time this programme was carried out, unrehearsed and entirely spontaneous. Canticle followed canticle, with alternate cheers for the Pope and the Cardinal. In the present crisis and at that particular moment, one special canticle (which calls upon God to save France) seemed to us extremely touching.

Sauve le France! (save France). A cry of distress from the oppressed which must surely be answered in God's own good time.

But the moment arrived when the Cardinal's brougham was seen slowly approaching the steps, and we were forced back upon each other and then hurled forward again as a band of gentlemen pushed their way to the front with many apologies, but with determination, bent upon removing the horse and taking its place to draw their beloved prelate to his new abode. Loud cries of "Detelez le cheval" ("unhitch the horse") were heard on all sides, and in a moment it was done. All was in readiness for his Eminence; then there was a hush of expectancy, followed by "A genoux, a genoux" ("on your knees"), as the bent, aged and feeble figure of the Cardinal stood upon the steps and in almost inaudible tones pronounced his benediction.

It is impossible to describe the scene that followed when the shafts were turned, the wheels began to move, and those who drew the carriage (among whom we afterwards heard were General Charotte, an admiral of the French fleet, and many others in eminent positions), forced their burden through the dense mass of men and women whose enthusiasm mounted to the highest pitch. For ourselves, we were wedged in and carried forward, how we knew not, till we found ourselves again in the street, trying to adjust our garments and feeling that we must have left some remnants behind. Here we found a little breathing space, and it was quite beyond our strength to push into the crowd again.

We lingered to look back into the now deserted courtyard, and witnessed the final incident. The concierge came forward to close the great door, and as he let the heavy bolts fall into their grooves, his tears ran down his cheeks and fell upon the ground. Rather would he have seen the remains of his beloved

DOCTORS USING PATENT MEDICINES

The Honest Physician is Anxious to Cure and Uses the Best Available Remedies.

The proposed legislation through the Dominion Parliament for the regulation of the manufacture and sale of patent or proprietary medicines is of the utmost importance, and it is receiving a great deal of attention, not only by the proprietary medicine manufacturers, but also by the leading doctors and druggists. Every manufacturer of reliable and high class remedies welcomes the bill as a step in the right direction. The discussion has brought out the fact that the best physicians in Canada and on the continent approve of and prescribe Psychine in cases of the most difficult character. In a recent instance of very serious throat and lung trouble the patient had been using Psychine. Two leading United States specialists were consulted, in addition to two eminent Canadian physicians. Upon learning what the patient was using, a sample of Psychine was taken and analyzed, with the result that the physicians advised its continuance. They prescribed no other medicine but Psychine, with the result that the patient has fully recovered and is a splendid walking and talking advertisement for the wonderful curative power of a remedy that will "stand up" before the keenest professional criticism and analysis. As a builder up of the system and restorer of all wasted conditions, Psychine has no equal, and the best and most earnest physicians recognize this fact.

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ed master carried through those portals to their last resting-place, than have closed them on him thus. Before he shot the last bolt, we took his hand and shook it warmly in mute sympathy; then turned away with heavy hearts and retraced our steps in silence.

Chagrin of French Government.

Robbery of Papal Nunciature Proves Useless Crime.

The New York Evening Mail has the following cable from a staff correspondent: Paris, April 3.—The publication of the much-talked-of "Montagnini papers," is completed with to-day's issue of the Paris Figaro.

These papers, seized by the French Government upon the expulsion of Mgr. Montagnini, the Papal Nuncio, were expected by the anti-Church party to furnish damning evidence of a conspiracy of the Roman Curia and the French Bishops against the Republic.

The veritable mare's nest which has developed out of them flatly contradicts all such hopes. The net results of the publication of the stolen bundle of private notes and correspondence have been an abundant etalage of trivialities, affording food for gossip and a good deal of personal annoyance to certain politicians and ecclesiastics whose names have been involved.

Among the great things hoped for from this exposure was the discovery that Pion, the Catholic member of the Chamber of Deputies, who seems to have been on the most intimate and friendly terms with Montagnini had been guilty of illegitimate back-stairs interference in the negotiations between the government of his country and that of his Church.

As for the statement attributed to Pion, that Prime Minister Clemenceau was a purchasable factor, it is ridiculed even by his opponents, the Catholics, who admit that the integrity of the man is beyond question.

Clemenceau's personal disclaimer is regarded here as not only superfluous, but, under the circumstances, undignified.

The most important letters in the collection reveal nothing but efforts to prevent discussion of the Church question by political candidates, combined with a sort of current record of French press comments on the situation.

It is of interest for Americans to note a statement of Cardinal Richard quoted in the letters. In which His Eminence recommends French Catholics to study the Church condi-

tions obtaining in England and America, and endeavor to save the sacred right of public worship by bringing about similar conditions in France.

There is absolutely no sign in the whole series of anything like an "anti-Republican memorandum," no hint of money supplies sent from Rome to French Catholics. The whole affair of the "Montagnini papers" has ended in a fiasco.

THE LANGUAGE OF HELL.

Catholic speakers in the French assembly have quoted freely from utterances and speeches made from time to time in the Freemason lodges in France. These speeches breathe the most diabolical and blasphemous sentiments against God and His Church, and the rooted determination on the part of the infidel statesmen to destroy both. One is filled with terror even in quoting them. In 1880 M. Lanessan, afterwards a member of the government, elaborates and focuses the famous saying of Gambetta in 1877: "Clericalism—behold the enemy." "We must crush the infamous one—the infamous one is not clericalism, it is God."

Hear what M. Beaugnier says, whose words, spoken in a convention of lodges in 1892, were recently quoted and received with shouts of applause, cheers and laughter: "As I said just now, and I come back to the point because I deem it essential, we must have with us, within our temple, all educators and instructors of youth. We shall never see the republic set on a lasting basis until there shall be found in every village a Freemason school-master, a secularist parish priest who can be set against the other parish priest, and can profitably combat his pernicious influence. We shall never see the republic definitely established until every child trained by such a teacher shall have in his hand no catechism but that of the rights of man and the citizen, when the communion rails shall be deserted, when the money boxes shall be empty, and the cure, to keep himself from starvation, shall be obliged to consume the stock of wafers into which, under the name of hosts, he professes to make Christ descend."

And the Protestant press and Protestant conventions ignore these things!—Western Watchman.

Bishop McQuaig Takes Important Action.

Rochester, N.Y., April 16.—Bishop McQuaig gave out a statement tonight announcing his plans for erecting a Catholic hall at Cornell. He stated that there are upwards of 200 Catholic students at Cornell, and he proposes to erect a house of residence there when conditions will warrant it, containing a lecture hall, and chapel, where students of his faith can receive religious instruction. He believes that this can be done in a way that will be satisfactory to him and to the college authorities.

A year ago Bishop McQuaig suggested to the archbishops, when in session at Washington, that a plan similar to this should be adopted in connection with all the large non-Catholic universities in the country, but he says no attention was paid to the matter. He will therefore take independent action in regard to Cornell, which is in his diocese.

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The British guns si-poured shot and shell o-position, which was abo-square. The lyddite great clouds of green, na-which filled the bed-while shrapnel burst on-down the sides of the r-into which the burghers-ed, and from tunnels the-they often poured a retur-laid many a British sol-d-that day alone the Brit-men in killed and woun-Thus the long line of I-tries belched forth deat-day long, and on each-lay two battalions whose Maxims sounded the roaring big guns. many dumb animals, oxi-in that whirlpool of sh-and many Boer women w-labes and many tiny tot-gray-haired men, but th-stop the firing; not even-night. The earth shook-detonation of the fearfu-ing and the soaring grap-bursting shells cro-other and bursting in the-the Boer laager made a-cal display never to be f-those who witnessed the-ble of the Modder Rivier, the resistance of Cronje-angered, then awed Lord-ner of the Shropshir-contained some Irish sha-That night the Shropshir-dered to relieve the Gord-drawn on their stomach-trawled. But somehow c-rifle bullets of one of the-its mark. Shot through-men, a young Irish Shrop-geant ceased his crawling-helpless. His comrades d-by his feet slowly and pa-the rear, where the whit-the Red Cross each deco-the symbol of mercy, shir-the flickering light of t-"It's a blamed treacherou-said the cool surgeon as-ed the man; "he may live-and a little longer, but t-curtin' him." Gently-placed him on a cot. man heard the blunt surg-marks. He knew his time-and amidst the terrors of the bleak veil there arose-mind the green fields of I

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Seven Hundred Miles for a Priest.

It was the 25th of February, 1900, the eighth day since the grim Boer commandant, General Cronje, had been surrounded by the British forces in the Modder River. He had some 4000 troops all told, whilst Lord Roberts had 50,000 men. Some of these were composed of crack Canadian and English regiments. Lord Roberts' artillery consisted of 150 pieces. After the third day of the grand defense of General Cronje and his heroic band, the British General determined to crush him at all hazards. On the south bank of the river he placed in position, at a range of 2000 yards, the Eighteenth, Sixty-second and Seventy-fifth field batteries and two naval twelve pounders. On the north bank, and encircling the whole river, were placed the Sixty-fifth Howitzer battery, the Seventy-sixth, Eighty-first and Eighty-second field batteries and three naval 4.7 inch guns. A terrible scene followed.

The British guns simultaneously poured shot and shell on the Boer position, which was about a mile square. The Lyddite shells raised great clouds of green, mauseous smoke which filled the bed of the river, while shrapnel burst on the edge and down the sides of the river banks, into which the burghers had burrowed, and from tunnels they had dug, they often poured a return fire which laid many a British soldier low. On that day alone the British lost 800 men in killed and wounded.

Thus the long line of British batteries belched forth death the whole day long, and on each side of them lay two battalions of infantry, whose Maxims sounded petty beside the roaring big guns. There were many dumb animals, oxen and horses in that whirlpool of shot and shell, and many Boer women with suckling babes and many tiny tots, and many gray-haired men, but that did not stop the firing, not even during the night. The earth shook under the detonation of the fearful cannonading and the soaring grape shot and the bursting shells crossing each other and bursting in the midst of the Boer laager made a pyrotechnical display never to be forgotten by those who witnessed the fearful battle of the Modder River. The stubborn resistance of Cronje at first angered, then awed Lord Roberts.

One of the Shropshire regiments contained some Irish sharpshooters. That night the Shropshires were ordered to relieve the Gordons. They crawled on their stomachs to the trenches. But somehow one of the rifle bullets of one of the Boers found its mark. Shot through the abdomen, a young Irish Shropshire sergeant ceased his crawling and lay helpless. His comrades dragged him by his feet slowly and painfully to the rear, where the white tents of the Red Cross each decorated with the symbol of mercy, shimmered in the flickering light of the assault.

"It's a blamed treacherous wound," said the cool surgeon as he examined the man; "he may live three days and a little longer, but there is no curin' him." Gently the nurses placed him on a cot. The poor man heard the blunt surgeon's remarks. He knew his time had come, and amidst the terrors of war and the bleak veil there arose in his mind the green fields of Ireland and

the stillness of his little parish church and the benign face of the Soggarth Aroon, the dear priest. And he repeated to himself the lines of Banim, so full of deep tenderness:

"Who, in the winter's night,
Soggarth Aroon,
When the cold blasts did bite,
Soggarth Aroon,
Came to my cabin door,
And on my earthen flure
Kneelt by me sick and poor,
Soggarth Aroon?"

II.

The head nurse had been admitted to Lord Roberts' field tent. He was about to retire. Standing upright at the small table, he listened attentively to what the nurse had to say. "Sergeant Mc— will not admit that it cannot be done, my lord. He knows that the next Catholic priest is seven hundred miles away. But he says he cannot believe that you would refuse the request of a dying man. We have fought with him on every possible ground. He will not listen." The British general looked to the ground in silence. "What shall I say, my lord, to the man?" insisted the nurse. Lord Roberts went to the opening of the tent. "Call Engineer Headly," the general said to the orderly, who was waiting outside.

A trim, wiry, stocky little man appeared, bronzed like a Florentine statue, with eager eyes, restless and keen, and stood at attention.

"Headly, is the train in readiness?"

"It is, my lord."

"How long will it take you to race to Kimberley and back?"

"Four days, my lord."

"Call Captain MacDonald."

The orderly saluted. Tall and with quick steps the captain entered. "What of the last reports of the condition of the road?" asked General Roberts.

"The last telegrams indicate, my lord, that the road is well guarded and up to this hour no break is reported."

"Engineer Headly, you will proceed to Kimberley at once."

Then Lord Roberts sat at a small writing table and dashed off a few lines. "Give this to Major Dudley." And then the men saluting, the nurse bowing, left the tent of the commanding officer. Soon the light in Lord Roberts' tent was extinguished.

And half an hour after, the men in the trenches heard between the lulls of firing the whistle of the train, as it sped out of the camp into the night on its long way to Kimberley. "There must be something doing," said one to another. "Never heard of such a thing before," spoke a burly ambulance man, the red cross sewed to his left arm, as he bent over a still form, with glassy eyes, and lifted it upon the stretcher.

"What did you hear?" asked his companion, coolly examining his helmet through which a bullet had just whizzed.

"Why, His Bobs (meaning Lord Roberts), has sent Headly with his train seven hundred miles to get a priest for Sergeant Mc—, who is expected to die within a few days; just the engine, the tender, and a coach, and Headly is ordered to make the run of his life." The other ambulance man only gasped and shook his head. They were nearing the hospital tents with their burden. "How is Sergeant Mc—?" they asked of the assistant surgeon, who, when he saw the ambulance men coming, drew back the tent flap for them. "Sleeping like a child," he responded, "and that ever since he heard the good-bye whistle of Headly's train."

III.

Among the intrepid Boer generals no name was more feared by the English army than that of the Commandant Christian De Wet. Young and fearless, wily and resourceful, gifted with the magnetism which made his men do his bidding with enthusiasm, he inflicted more harm by his daring night attacks to the British than the other Boer generals combined. He it was who would derail the supply trains at unexpected places, and taking from the cars what suited him, would burn the rest. He was to be found cutting into the flanks of the moving army and taking hundreds of prisoners at a time. He would conceal himself in a road that crossed a deep nullah, and so well were his forces hidden that the leading scouts passed over the drift without discerning them, and not until the wagons and guns were entering the drift did the Boets show themselves. They then opened fire and many of the drivers and artillery horses were at once shot down at short range, guns were captured, and the Queen's best cavalry regiments put to flight.

Headly had reached Kimberley in safety. He was on his return to the Modder River with a single passenger, a Catholic priest, the chaplain of the Fusiliers at Kimberley, quite a young man, the idol of his soldier boys. The news of his train's singular trip had sped on before them, and wherever the engine stopped either to take on water or for the engineer to telegraph, the soldiers on guard looked inquisitively through the windows of the coach to see the Catholic priest for whose coming "Bobs" had sent a special train.

They saw him, a man of military and resolute bearing, calmly eyeing them, silent and composed. For he hid with him, nestling closely to his beating heart, the blessed sacrament. It was past midnight and within a few hours they would reach the out-posts of General Roberts' army.

The squad of men guarding both entrances of the coach fell to the floor like so many logs as the train came to a sudden standstill. A fusillade of shots rang out into the night air, and a confusion of voices, rough and shrill, was heard. Before the men could gather themselves from their arms, the coach was filled with bearded burghers.

Then a voice was heard, clear as the metal ring of a bell, but in badly accented English, saying: "You show me the priest and I let you pass. But by — if it is not so I shoot you on the spot." Headly was dragged through the throng, and back of him, towering like a giant, a revolver in his hand, came De Wet, the Boer general. "Here, sir, is Father George, the chaplain of the Fusiliers, let him answer for me," exclaimed the engineer. "Stand back, men, do you hear, stand back!" cried De Wet, as he held a lantern on high and let the light fall full on the face of the priest, who seemed neither startled nor dismayed.

"I see you are a priest," said De Wet. "Did Lord Roberts send for you to attend a dying man at the Modder River?" "He did, sir," was the answer of Father George. "He may be a spy; he may have valuable papers on his person," remarked one of De Wet's men in Dutch. De Wet turned on him like a tiger: "Get thee out of here, and all of you. This train shall pass, and woe to him who will molest this man or not obey my orders." And the burghers knew Christian De Wet's temper. Pell mell they scrambled out of the coach. "The Lord, our good God, be with you, Father, and bring you safe to the end of your journey," spoke De Wet as he uncovered and held the priest's hand a moment in his iron grip and then vanished into the darkness, as the train puffing and hissing moved again over the rails towards its destination.

IV.

A wild shout went up among General Roberts' men as the train, the whistle screeching incessantly, reached the camp. General Cronje had surrendered two days before, and he and his men were witnesses of the pandemonium that reigned when it became known that Headly had arrived. Sergeant Mc— received the sacraments of the dying with his senses unimpaired and with a devotion and gratitude towards God that was truly edifying. A few hours afterwards he died, and in the dead of night he was buried.

"Slowly and sadly they laid him down,
From the field of his fame, fresh
and gory;
They carved not a line, and they
raised not a stone;
But they left him alone with his
glory."

—G. D. H., in The Messenger.

First Volume of Catholic Encyclopedia.

The Catholic Encyclopedia, of which the first volume has reached us, will, when completed, consist of fifteen volumes, of 800 pages each, with 2000 maps and illustrations. It is edited by Charles G. Hebermann, Ph.D., LL.D., Edward A. Pace, Ph.D., D.D.; Conde B. Pallan, Ph.D., LL.D.; Thomas J. Shahan, D.D.; John J. Wynne, S.J., with numerous co-workers.

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It is not exclusively a church encyclopedia, nor is it limited to the ecclesiastical sciences and the doings of churchmen. The general reader who goes to it for specific subjects will find in addition information of the broadest scope and value in its summaries of results on the entire cycle of Catholic interest and doctrine, and on all subjects directly and indirectly related to the Catholic Church in every department of human knowledge.

All matters of importance are, of course, exhaustively treated. One of importance, uppermost in the public mind to-day, for instance, is treated in part as follows:

Adulteration of Food (Lat. adulterare, to pollute, to adulterate). This act is defined as the addition of any non-conditional substance to a food, such substance not constituting a portion of the food. Even this carefully-worded definition is not perfect. Some kinds of salt provisions have so much salt added that some of it has to be removed by soaking, to render the food edible, yet this does not constitute adulteration. Adulteration of food has long been practised. It is mentioned in the case of bread by Pliny, who also says that difficulty was experienced in Rome in procuring pure wines. Athens had its public inspector of wines. England and France early passed laws to guard against the adulteration of bread, and as far back as the days of Edward the Confessor public punishment was provided for the brewers of bad ale. The legal status of adulteration is largely a matter of statute, varying with each governmental body which attacks the subject. Food is declared adulterated if there is added to it a substance which degrades or injuriously affects it; if cheaper or inferior substances are substituted wholly or in part for it; if any valuable or necessary constituent has been wholly or in part abstracted; if it is an imitation; if it is colored or otherwise treated, to improve its appearance; if it contains any added substance injurious to health. These are examples of statutory provisions. Political considerations, such as the desire to protect the food-producers of a country, may affect legislation. Thus adulteration may be so defined as to include foreign products, which otherwise might be treated as unobjectionable. Food-preserved have a very extensive use, which often constitutes adulteration. Salt is the classic preservative, but is also a condiment, and is seldom classed as an adulterant. Salicylic, benzoic, and boric acids and their sodium salts, formaldehyde, ammonium fluoride, sulphurous acid and its salts are among the principal preservatives. Many of these appear to be innocuous, but there is danger that the continued use of food preserved by their agency may be injurious. Extensive experiments on this subject have been performed by the United States Bureau of Chemistry and by the German Imperial Board of Health, among others.

The connection of the William Appleton Company with the book is



something more than a piece of business. It represents a triumph of principle.

No public library, no reference library of school, newspaper, author, master or student in the learned professions can now be accounted complete without the Catholic Encyclopedia.

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup needs no recommendation. To all who are familiar with it, it speaks for itself. Years of use in the treatment of colds and coughs and all affections of the throat has unquestionably established its place among the very best medicines for such diseases. If you give it a trial you will not regret it. You will find it 25 cents well invested.

Irish International Exhibition at Dublin Will Open in May

The Irish International Exhibition to be held in Dublin will open in May and continue during the summer months.

The scope of the exhibitions will be Irish and international in the widest sense. Exhibits will be classified under thirteen different sections. Not only will the arts, industries and manufactures of Ireland be especially displayed, but there will be exhibits of the manufactures, industries, resources, machinery and its appliances, science, art, archaeology, etc. of all nations.

The Executive Council, realizing the great advantages which must accrue to Ireland from such an exhibition attended by vast numbers of visitors from all parts of the world, is determined to make such a representative display of Irish products as never before has been attempted in the country.

An exhibition such as this to be held will display the many opportunities which exist in Ireland for the investment of capital. It will place before the world her industrial manufactures and products; will show the remarkable progress they have made in a few years, and what further development they are capable of.

Outside the purely business aspects of the exhibition, the amusement of the visitors will be amply catered to. Musical entertainments, vocal and instrumental on a high class will be provided. A large concert hall is being built. Special concerts devoted to Irish music will be given, and the best instrumental bands of Great Britain have been engaged. Other amusements of a novel character—water chutes, switchback, etc., will be provided; and the creature comforts of extensive dining, tea and refreshment rooms.

In addition to all these attractions within the exhibition, there are the further attractions of the city and country. Dublin and Ireland have these to offer in profusion. Ireland cannot boast of such natural features as the mighty Alps of Switzerland or Italy, or the rivers, canons and mountains of America; but she has entrancing scenery peculiarly her own, and fresh and balmy climate, unequalled greenness of vegetation.

pure, the gift of the Atlantic, which washes her western coast.

The idea of the exhibition had its inception at a meeting of the then newly formed Irish Industrial Conference, held on April 15, 1903, in the hall of the Royal University, Dublin. The meeting was called for the purpose of establishing an Institute of Commerce for Ireland and of initiating a movement for the holding of an international exhibition in Dublin.

Men of all classes, creeds and politics met for the common purpose of doing what they could to better the condition of the country, and by meeting decided to hold an international exhibition in Dublin.

Following the precedent of exhibitions held elsewhere, the Executive Council decided to raise a guarantee fund, and the project was so favorably regarded that nearly 1000 guarantors, representing every section of the community, subscribed to the fund, which now exceeds \$775,000.

The site secured for the exhibition is one of the best residential suburbs of Dublin, within a mile and a half of the centre of the city. The greater portion of the site on which the buildings are now being erected was recently presented to the Pembroke Urban District Council by the Right Hon. the Earl of Pembroke, K.P., one of the vice-presidents of the exhibition, who owns a large property in the neighborhood in commemoration of the coming of age of his son, Lord Herbert, to be dedicated as a park and recreation ground to the public forever, when the exhibition closes, and to be known as Herbert Park.

In addition to the park, the Executive Council was able to obtain a short lease of several acres of adjoining land, so that a total of about fifty-two acres is available for the purposes of the exhibition.

The site is eminently suited for the purpose. It provides ample room, is picturesquely timbered and will be easily adapted to the scheme of landscape gardening, which the Executive Council will carry out. A lake, fountains and a wealth of shrubs will form a beautiful setting for the magnificent structures now nearing completion.

The main entrance to the exhibition will be at Ballsbridge, on the tramway line from the city to Dalkey, and will open into a Celtic court where will be placed some of the Irish industrial exhibits. There will be other entrances on the south side of the park, to the vicinity of Donnybrook.

Directly opposite the main entrance will be the principal building, consisting of a central octagonal court, 215 feet in diameter, surrounded by a corridor opening into four radial wings, each 164 feet long and 80 feet wide. Over the centre of this building will be an octagonal dome, 80 feet in diameter and 150 feet in height. Around this building—as shown on the block plan—will be grouped a number of pavilions for the British, foreign and colonial exhibits—motor cars, electric lighting, gas lighting, Irish industries, machinery and power houses; also extensive dining, tea and refreshment rooms, and the other buildings usual in such an exhibition.

A fine art gallery, in which it is proposed to install a collection of modern art of Ireland, will be erected. The building will be of special fireproof construction, and the utmost precautions will be taken to insure the safety of the pictures and other art exhibits which are in course of collection.

There will be special pavilions for foreign governments and nations, and fac similes of Irish buildings of interest either from their archaeological or historical associations.

The president of the exhibition is the Marquis of Ormonde, and among the vice-presidents are the Most Rev. Dr. Healy, Archbishop of Tuam; the Marquis of Waterford, the Earl of Pembroke, the Earl of Kenmare, the Earl of Desborough, the Earl of Meath, the Earl of Drogheda, Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal and the Lord Chief Justice of Ireland. James Shanks, J. P., is secretary and executive officer.

IF WOMEN ONLY KNEW

Thousands of women suffer untold misery every day with aching backs that really have no business to ache. A woman's back wasn't made to ache. Under ordinary conditions it ought to be strong and ready to help her bear the burdens of life.

It is hard to do housework with an aching back. Hours of misery at leisure or at work. If women only knew the cause. Backache comes from a sick kidney, and what a lot of trouble sick kidneys cause in the world.

But they can't help it. If more work is put on them than they can stand it's no wonder that they get out of order. Backache is simply their cry for help.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

will help you. They're helping sick, overworked kidneys—all over the world—making them strong, healthy and vigorous. Mrs. P. Ryan, Douglas, Ont., writes: "For over five months I was troubled with lame back and was unable to move without help. I tried all kinds of plasters and treatments but they were no use. At last I heard tell of Doan's Kidney Pills and after I had used three quarters of the box my back was as strong and well as ever."

Price 52 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.50, all dealers or The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

Dr. Wood's



Norway Pine Syrup

Cures Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Pain or Tightness in the Chest, Etc.

It stops that tickling in the throat, is pleasant to take and soothing and healing to the lungs. Mr. E. Bishop Brand, the well-known Galt gardener, writes: "I had a very severe attack of sore throat and tightness in the chest. Some times I would almost choke to death. My wife got me a bottle of DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP, and to my surprise I found speedy relief. I would not be without it if it cost \$1.00 a bottle, and I can recommend it to everyone bothered with a cough or cold."

Price 25 Cents.

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS

are mild, sure and safe, and are a perfect regulator of the system.

They gently unlock the secretions, clear away all effete and waste matter from the whole intestinal tract, curing Constipation, Sick Headache, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Coated Tongue, Foul Breath, Jaundice, Heartburn, and Water Brash. Mrs. R. S. Oden, Woodstock, N.B., writes: "My husband and myself have used Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills for a number of years. We think we cannot do without them. They are the only pills we ever take."

Price 25 cents or five bottles for \$1.00, at all dealers or direct on receipt of price. The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

FACTORY

QUIETLY—Established 1856; incorporated 1840. Meets in St. Alexander's Hall, 92 St. Alexander Street, Montreal, on Monday of each month, last Wednesday of the month.

Rev. Director, P.P., President, 1st Vice-President, 2nd Vice, E. J. P. Gunning; Secretary, W. J. O'Donnell, 412 St. James Street.

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DA, BRANCH 28 November, 1888. 92 St. Alexander Street, every 2nd and 4th month for business, at 8.30. Spiritual Ad. Killoran; Channedy; President, 1st Vice-President, and Vice-President, Recording Secretary, 16 Overdale Ave., J. J. Curran.

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Improved SCHOOL and OFFICE guarantee we have used 26 years and are talking about.

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Bell Company, 177 Broadway, New York.

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SALE

2.00; cut half slabs, \$2.00; hand saw, \$1.50 a large lot.

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The thoroughly safe and mild purgative for family use.

McGale's Butternut Pills.

Reliable in any climate, any time, for children, adults and the aged. Get a box, 25c, at dealers or by mail.

THE WINGATE CHEMICAL CO., Limited. MONTREAL, Canada.

ITEMS OF PASSING MOMENT

That hundreds of families in Montreal had a narrow escape from wholesale poisoning was made clear at the meeting of the Incineration Committee in the City Hall. It was recorded a few days ago that a large consignment of tinned salmon, coming it is supposed from Toronto, had been confiscated as being unfit for food. Ald. Gallery, who first got the information that led to the whole consignment being seized, inquired what had been the result.

Chairman Major replied that the stuff had been sent to the civic incinerator along with other garbage to be destroyed. Ald. Gallery then asked to have Dr. McCarrey, the chief food inspector, called in, after which it became obvious that almost a crime had been committed.

There were 50,000 tins in the lot, and Ald. Gallery asked the committee to consider what might easily have happened if the sale that was just going on when the food inspector arrived, had taken place, and that quantity of diseased food had been supplied to grocers of this city to be in turn sold to thousands of families.

There ought to be some way to reach the perpetrators of this crime. The cemeteries were evidently cheated of their quarry by the vigilance of one man.

President Roosevelt last month received about five hundred school teachers from Toronto and surrounding places, who were on a visit to Washington. After greeting each one cordially, the President said:

"There could be no body of visitors whom I should more gladly greet than I greet this. I have, as every good American must have, the very warmest and strongest feeling for our brothers across the line in Canada. So I welcome you as Canadians; then as a father of six children I have a strong feeling for teachers—I may say sometimes a strong sympathetic feeling—and when I greet you as both Canadians and teachers I greet you with a double fervour. It is a very real and great pleasure to see you here, and I would not have missed on any account the chance of greeting you personally in the White House to say how very, very glad I am to see you, both in your individual capacity and for the sake of the mighty Dominion you represent."

"This looks like a public meeting which I am to address," said Mr. Bryce, as he faced a bevy of newspaper men in one of the rooms of the Government House at Ottawa; but it was little that could be wormed out of the British Ambassador. He had, he assured them, enjoyed a little mountain climbing in the Canadian Rockies; he had on one occasion negotiated a horse deal in Latin in Ireland; he wished he had seen Canada at "the most beautiful and picturesque time of the Canadian year"—that is the winter; and he was sure that the writing of a book on "The Canadian Commonwealth" might prove quite as interesting a task as was the writing of "The American Commonwealth." But for the rest, Mr. Bryce would talk nothing but platitudes, and in that he, no doubt, showed how wise a man he can be. He returned to Washington after his visit to Toronto. He was surprised at the way places in both the United States and Canada were named after towns and cities in the Old World. There is no scarcity of names available, he says, from the rich and musical Indian tongues. When in Toronto he sent despatches to the foreign office in London, only to learn later that they had gone to London, Ont. But Mr. Bryce will have to learn to write "Eng." on his letters.

The Dundee Advertiser tells a story of a country cleric, still on the under side of forty, who was driving home along a road from an outlying hamlet when he overtook a young woman. He recognized her as Mary the maid of all work at a farm which he would pass on his way to the rectory. So he pulled up and offered her a lift. Mary was nothing loath, and the parson was glad of her company. All the way to the farm gate they chatted pleasantly, as country people do, and when her destination was reached he set her down. Then she thanked him for his kindness and his company. "Don't mention it, Mary; don't mention it," he said politely, as he pulled the rug around his knees and gathered up the reins. "No, I won't," answered Mary in an obliging tone, and the young rector went on his way thoughtfully.

Father Burke, of Charlottetown, is looking keenly after the interests of the people of the Provinces. Referring to the proposed tunnel connecting the provinces, Father Burke says: "Before Sir Wilfrid left he informed us of his purpose, and whilst welcoming an honest investigation we insisted that the engineers should be fully competent and that the island, whose future depends on the issue, should have representation on the committee of examiners so that their report could be accepted without cavil. No doubt Mr. Butler is a good man, but he is not persona grata to Prince Edward Island. When in railway matters the people have been ground under a bureaucracy, the intention of which, if carried to its conclusion, would close the road altogether is a kind of treatment we will tolerate no longer. We want a fair deal and it will pay the authorities to consider our wishes and their own interests in these matters. We want the tunnel, and nothing but the tunnel."

At the Council meeting Tuesday a vigorous protest from the students of Laval, asking the Mayor and the City Council to prohibit the proposed Socialists' parade on May Day, was read. It stated that last May the students and their university were grossly insulted, and that they would not tolerate any repetition of the occurrence. They, therefore, demanded that the procession be prohibited, declaring that there would be trouble if it were not.

A long legal opinion on this question, submitted by the civil law department, led nowhere. It recited the law and merely recommended that the chief of police take all necessary steps to prevent any public disorder.

Now it is up to His Honor. The students appear to have a just grievance, and it is hoped that the matter may be amicably adjusted.

The Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, postmaster general, made an important announcement in the House of Commons at Ottawa on Monday. By arrangement with the imperial authorities, the present rate of 8 cents per pound on British newspapers, magazines and trade journals coming into Canada will be reduced to 2 cents, the same to be effective on May 1, and to extend over a period of four years. Mr. Lemieux afterwards referred to the new postal arrangement between Canada and the United States. He said that the department was endeavoring to check the flood of cheap American publications into Canada. One ton of American newspapers came to Canada to every 100 pounds going the other way. After negotiations with Washington a compromise had been reached by which the rate for newspapers, etc., was fixed at one

cent for every four ounces or fraction thereof.

The best paid Colonial Premier is the newest—General Botha, who is to draw £4000 a year from the Transvaal Government.

The following is a list of the other Premiers' salaries given in the House of Commons recently by Mr. L. V. Harcourt, who was answering questions for the Colonial Office:

Australia	£2100
Natal	1846
Queensland	1800
Victoria	1400
N. S. Wales	1570
Canada	1200
W. Australia	1200
S. Australia	1000
New Zealand	1600
Tasmania	950

Dr. Jameson, the Prime Minister of Cape Colony, receives no salary. Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, as Premier, receives no salary; but as First Lord of the Treasury he is paid £5000 a year.

Earl Grey, at the Peace Conference in New York the other day, delivered a noteworthy speech, in which we find the following:

"Now, why should we not apply to international disputes the principle of this Canadian act, which forbids men to draw the sword until after a round table conference has taken place? Let the legislatures of the world, who wish to promote peace, decree it shall be illegal to furnish a war loan to any nation which begins hostilities without first coming to the round table of The Hague tribunal.

"I should like, with your permission, to tell you, gentlemen, who was the author, so far as I know, of this suggestion of using the financial boycott as a means of preventing war.

"After the death of Mr. Rhodes, a most interesting document was found among his papers. It was written in the year 1875, when he, as a boy of 22 years, was working on the boundless plateau of South Africa, and sleeping under the stars. Inspired by his surroundings, he penned in his schoolboy handwriting his confession of faith and his wishes as to the way in which the money he might leave behind him after his death should be employed.

"After pointing out in his remarkable confession that happiness was to be found, not in any form of self-indulgence, but only in the conscious pursuit of a noble purpose, he gave expression to his regret that the United States and the United Kingdom ever parted political company, and his reason for this regret was that if they had remained united, it would have been possible for them, by the mere act of refusing supplies, to have stopped the Russo-Turkish War, which was then proceeding; and he concluded that document by a bequest of all his money to a friend, for the purpose of forming a society which should aim at reuniting the English-speaking peoples of the world in the interests of peace.

"We owe a duty to our fathers that begot us, to give a disinterested example to the world, and the call that has been made to us to co-operate in the cause which aims at the substitution of arbitration for the sword in the settlement of international disputes will, I am confident, not be made in vain."

Woman's Trials

Can be Banished by the Rich, Red Blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Actually Make.

The health and happiness of growing girls and women of mature years depends upon the blood supply. There is a crisis in the life of every woman when there are distressing headaches and backaches; when life seems a burden and when some women seem threatened with even the loss of their reason. It is at this period that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills prove a blessing to women. Every dose increases the richness and the redness of the blood supply, and this new blood strengthens the organs, enables them to throw off disease, and banishes the headaches and backaches and dizziness and secret pains that have made life a burden. There are thousands and thousands of growing girls and women in Canada who owe their health and happiness to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. James McDonald, of Sugar Camp, Ont., is one of these. She says: "I was badly run down, felt very weak and had no appetite. I suffered from headaches and backaches, and a feeling of weakness. I could scarcely drag myself about and felt that my condition was growing worse. I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills

CANADIAN PACIFIC CHEAP RATES

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

- \$48.60 - Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle, Tacoma, Washington and Portland, Ore.
- \$46.10 - Spokane, Wash., Nelson, Rossland, Midway, B. C.
- \$45.60 - Missoula, Mont., Salt Lake, Utah, Helena, Butte and Anaconda.

\$49.00 - San Francisco, Los Angeles, via Chicago only.

Proportionately low rates to other points.

TICKET OFFICE: 129 St. James Street Next Post Office.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM REDUCED FARES

In effect from March 1st to April 30 1907.

Second Class Colonist Fares from Montreal to

- SEATTLE, TACOMA, VICTORIA, VANCOUVER and PORTLAND. \$48.60
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- SAN FRANCISCO, LOS ANGELES. \$49.00

Low Rates to many other points.

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Montreal and the Atlantic INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY IS THE ALL

Canadian Route TO Canadian Winter Ports St. John and Halifax.

If intending to spend the early months of the new year in warm climate, try the

WEST INDIES

Full particulars about regular sailings end of a

42 DAYS

Yachting cruise to the West Indies and Mexico leaving Halifax January 20th and March 15th on application to

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J. J. McCONNIFE, City Pass & Ticket Agent.

P.S.—Write for free copy, Tours to Summer Haunts, via "Ocean Limited." "Train de Luxe

and got a dozen boxes, but before they were all used I had fully regained my health, and was able to do my housework without the least fatigue. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been a great blessing to me."

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People from any medicine dealer or by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50. If you are weak or ailing give these pills a fair trial—they will not disappoint you.

A Papal Curio.

The recent meeting between His Holiness the Pope and the King of Greece was one of old friends and curiosity collectors. King George in his frequent journeys always used to call on the then Cardinal Sarto at Venice, and a community of tastes soon led to a cordial intimacy. The Pope is a great philatelist, while the King's particular hobby is the collection of quaint trifles which carry with them historical memories. This time the Pope had prepared a surprise for King George, and presented him with the return ticket with which he had come from Venice to Rome three years ago to attend the Conclave, little knowing that he was never again to leave the holy city. As a proof of the authenticity of this relic, which has hitherto been carefully preserved in the Vatican, his Holiness also handed a statement written by himself attesting the fact.

OBITUARY.

DEATH OF MRS. W. E. LUNNY.

Mrs. Lunny, wife of Mr. W. P. Lunny, Secretary-Treasurer of the Shamrock Athletic Association, died on Sunday last. She was buried from her late residence, Oliver Ave., Westmount, on Wednesday, with services at St. Leo's Church.

Mrs. Lunny was a most exemplary wife and mother, and her death is peculiarly sad, as she leaves six children and her husband to mourn their loss. R. L. P.

THE S. CARSLLEY Co. LIMITED

THURSDAY, APRIL 25, 1907.

First Communion Sets.

This week we are making a specialty of these present requirements. These suits are made of the very best material and yet at prices that are well within a limit.



BOYS' FIRST COMMUNION SUITS of Black Venetian cloth, with open or closed collar, pleated back and front, strongly made, and good color. \$3.50. Suit, complete with Silk Cap and White Ribbon Badge, trimmed with gold fringe and arm-let. Special \$4.75

BOYS' FIRST COMMUNION SUITS of imported Black Venetian, of very fine quality, and finish, best make, with close up collar or with lapels. A smart up to date, natty Suit \$5.50

BETTER QUALITY OF VERY superior make and finish, \$6.50 and \$7.50, with Eton coat \$10.00

First Communion Dresses.

Not forgetting the girls, the Whitewear Department has gathered the best Muslin Dresses together, all beautifully trimmed, and perfect finish. These will be offered at this week's sale at very low figures. THIS WEEK ONLY.

EXTRA FINE QUALITY ORGAN-DIE MUSLIN First Communion Dresses, made with deep flounce, 2 rows of Val. lace insertion, tucks, lace edging, 2 rows of Val. lace insertion and tucks above flounce, star collar, trimmed with lace insertion and edging of Val. lace. Special \$5.00

EXTRA FINE QUALITY LAWN DRESSES, made with all over embroidery, skirt, waist trimmed with embroidery and tucks. Special \$6.75

A GREAT VARIETY of Manufacturers samples of Children's Cream Cashmere Pelisses and 3-4 Coats, to be sold at great reductions.



THE S. CARSLLEY Co. LIMITED

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In This Spring Weather

See that your feet are properly protected against dampness.

Our Waterproof Boots assure you comfort and dry feet. Every Style of Rubbers and Rubber Boots. Special this week in Ladies' Good Rubbers. Sizes 2 1/2 to 5. Worth 60c. a pair at 48c.

RONAYNE BROS.

485 Notre Dame St. West. Chabouillez Square.

PERSONAL.

Rev. Father O'Meara and Ald. Dan Gallery will leave in a few days for Dublin, where they will represent the Catholic School Board at the International Exhibition.

Pius X Keenly Interested in the Press.

Pius X. has always taken the keenest interest in the daily press. While he was Patriarch of Venice he almost edited the *Difesa*, during times of special crisis. Since he has been Pope he has been supplied every morning with all the notes and articles regarding the Holy See that have appeared during the preceding twenty-four hours, and he finds time at least to glance through half a dozen of the principal Catholic papers of Italy and France, says Rome. This week His Holiness sent the following autograph to the Editor of the *Croce* of Naples on the occasion of the publication of a special number illustrating the necessity of a good Catholic press. "Considering the unbridled license of the non-Catholic press, by means of which the eternal laws of truth and justice are impugned or denied, the Church is rendered an object of derision and the most pernicious doctrines, taintful to the mind, fomenting

Cardinal Merry Del Val Resigning.

A cable from Rome, received morning says:—Cardinal Merry Del Val, papal secretary of state, is expected to resign today the post now in Rome and the diploma credited to the Vatican. Cardinal Del Val authorized a denials report that he will resign the office of papal secretary of state. The report is said to be the result of the fact that the Holy See has made any change during the past year.