

The Trinity



Witness

Gardien de la Salle de Lecture, Feb. 19 1908, Assemblée Legislative.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, MARCH 19, 1908

PRICE FIVE CENTS

St. Patrick's Day Celebration.

Fine Procession.—Imposing Ceremony in St. Patrick's Church.—Banquet.—Splendid Speeches, Much Enthusiasm.

Though the sun failed to shine on our great national feast day, yet patriotism, enthusiasm and pride were evident on every hand.

Almighty God of our origin and of our destiny? What is faith, but the pointing out to us of the road which we must follow in order to attain the end for which we were created?

days of my youth I ignored Thee, O Eternal God, I did not lend a docile ear to the words of my parents, and I forgot Thy precepts and now I am punished for my sins.

The several Irish societies of the city were represented by numerous delegates and an immense congregation filled the church to its full capacity.

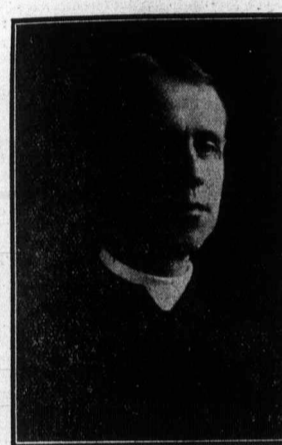
to forfeit it all, to surrender all your claims to fidelity, loyalty, integrity, for the grandeur, prosperity and the powers of this world, and when you come to stand before the throne of the Almighty Judge, and the nations, and the tribes of the earth are summoned there to render an account of their stewardship and their mission, will you blush for favours? Will you be ready to exchange yours for the conquests of the great nations of the earth, who perhaps at times, have taunted you with your lowliness, with your humility, with your poverty, with your obedience and your loyalty to the Church of Jesus Christ.

After having been released from his captivity, he was inspired with the holy thought of going back to that land of the Irish and striving to

All over this broad land to-day, thank God, from the icy shores of Labrador to the verge of the Peaceful Sea, hundreds of thousands of Irish men and women, and their children, and those who, through their instrumentality, have been brought into the Church of God, present a magnificent spectacle of a people making a grand manifestation of their faith in God, and this is the spirit, my dear brethren, of this holy celebration, a spirit of thanksgiving to God for the divine gift of faith, a spirit of deepest respect to God for having not only singled out the Irish nation as one for which peculiar efficacious means should be adopted to bring and to keep them in the Church of God, but peculiar gratitude; a special thanksgiving to the Almighty for having

When God destines a man for a great mission he endows him with the gifts and the faculties which are necessary for its accomplishment; not always, the dazzling gifts of genius and human power. God prepares His heroes in a different school from that of the world, and

lead them into the fold of Christ. He began his preparation in a most careful and assiduous manner. First he went to a monastery near Tours, presided over by his uncle, St. Martin, and there he applied himself to serious sacred and profane study for some years. He afterwards went to Rome, the seat of authority and of truth, and there he spent three years in the study of theology.



REV. GERALD McSHANE, Chaplain of St. Patrick's Society

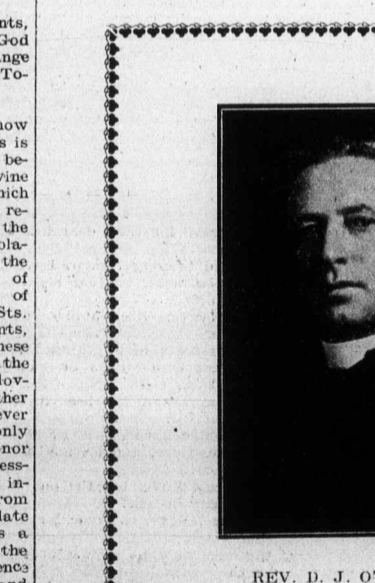


MR. W. P. KEARNEY, President St. Patrick's Society.

THE SERMON.

"We are the children of the saints, and look for that life which God will give to those who never change their faith from him." Book of Tobias, 2nd chapter, xviii.

My dear brethren: You all know that the holy sacrifice of the Mass is offered directly to God alone, because it is a supreme act of divine worship, and yet in a prayer which the officiating pontiff will soon recite at the altar, he will implore the Blessed Trinity to accept that oblation in memory of the Passion, the Resurrection and the Ascension of our Redeemer, and for the honor of the Blessed Virgin, the Apostles Sts. Peter and Paul, and of all the saints, and particularly in honor of these saints whose relics are enshrined in the consecrated altar.



REV. D. J. O'SULLIVAN, Preacher of the Day.

It is this true of all the blessed in heaven, dearly beloved brethren, may we not believe it with still greater certainty of those saints who have contributed more than others to the increase of God's glory upon earth and to the multiplication of the blessed who are to sing his praises forever in the kingdom of his glory. In a higher sense our Blessed Saviour claimed for His humanity that right to glory when He said to His Father: "I have glorified Thy name upon earth. I have made Thy name known to men. I have done the work which Thou gavest Me to do; now glorify Me, with that glory which Thou hast," and so St. Paul, speaking of his approaching dissolution, proclaimed that God was going to place on his brow a crown of justice, meaning, in a certain sense, that God owes it to His saints to reflect back upon them in the kingdom of His glory the splendor of His infinite perfections, in reward for their having exemplified to men through the sanctity of their lives upon earth, the perfections of the Most High.

raised up and prepared and moulded such a magnificent apostle as our own glorious St. Patrick. It is needless for me at this time, my dear brethren, to strive to convince you that the gift of faith is the most precious that God could bestow upon a people, and that it is a mark of His special predilection. In our day, perhaps more than in any other, the value of that divine gift is made manifest. We see those that have lost it in the world going mad with pride, ambition, injustice, and the love of sensuality. We see individuals and nations going to ruin and crumbling away, because with their own guilty hands they have shattered the foundation upon which their lives and their stability depend. Our Blessed Saviour Himself tells us that faith is that one great pearl of inestimable price, which a man having found, he went and sold all that he had and purchased. What is faith, my dearly beloved brethren, but the knowledge of God, and of Jesus Christ, whom He has sent? What is faith, but the true knowledge revealed to us by

that school is generally the school of suffering. Suffering is the crucible in which noble characters are tested. The base and the ignoble are dissolved and broken to pieces, whereas the virtuous man of God comes out of the crucible of suffering purified, refined, and strengthened; and the first element which is necessary for his purification is humility. The weak man, when stricken down by suffering, repines and murmurs; and although he may have brought his sufferings upon himself, he is always prone to cast the blame and the reproach on someone else; whereas the true man of God bows his head and says: "Thy will be done."

My dear brethren, we cannot claim for any saint the monopoly of greater perfection. The saints reflect upon the world the perfections of Almighty God, some in one man and some in another; some have a call to enter the cloister to lead lives of contemplation, prayer and mortification; others are called to the active life, to the military life of the Church in the world, and St. Patrick was a brave man in spite of his humility and his diffidence of himself. When he was called upon to speak or to act in the cause of his Master, he knew no fear, and he was mild and gentle and prudent with all, not unnecessarily provoking opposition, hostility and hatred on the part of the enemies of God.

About one year after his arrival in Downpatrick he made his way to Tara, where the great High King was holding his annual court. He arrived in the neighborhood on the very vigil of Easter, and on Easter Eve he commanded his monks to light the paschal fires which were to be the symbols of that fire, that torch of faith, that flame of torches which I hope were never, never to be extinguished in the land of Erin. It was customary on that very day for the Druids of old to light their fires on the Spring Festival, and every one was forbidden under pain of death to light any other fire in

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that neighborhood while the torch was burning. The Irish King in his wrath and fury summoned Patrick before him, and the next day, upon Easter morning, he appeared in his dignity, in the majesty of a pontiff, and the representative of God and His Holy Victim, and then without arrogance, without contempt, he explained the doctrines of the Church of Jesus Christ, and he immediately won to him many of the most learned among his hearers. For sixty years St. Patrick labored in the work of the conversion of Ireland. It is true that the soil was prepared to receive the seed of divine faith, because although almost a pagan land, yet even in that state, Ireland was a land of learning and of culture. The Irish were not the wild and fierce barbarians that some men are inclined to represent them to be. On the contrary, although they were warlike and fearless in their battles, in their domestic and social lives they were gentle, they were kind-hearted, and they were just. These qualities, therefore, may help to make an understanding of St. Patrick in that sense of sixty years accomplished in that wonderful miracle of changing a nation of idolaters into a nation of monks and scholars. He was a man from the whole of Ireland, he visited all the large cities of Ireland, and he finished his career he left seven millions of Catholics, three hundred bishops and three thousand priests. He had raised up innumerable schools, monasteries and institutions of learning, from which missionaries and teachers soon began to swarm over the continent of Europe. But, dearly beloved brethren, it would have availed us very little to have St. Patrick for the Apostle of our ancestors, if our own forefathers had not preserved in its beauty and its integrity that divine gift of faith, and after God Himself, to St. Patrick we owe the preservation of that unspeakable gift, because he not only sowed his life in preaching the word of God, but he offered up

THE BANQUET.

Good cheer, speech and song were the watchwords of the banquet under the auspices of St. Patrick's Society at the Windsor Hotel on St. Patrick's night. Among those present at the guest table were Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Canada; Sir Alexandre Lacoste, Rev. Gerald McShane, pastor of St. Patrick's; Rev. Dr. Paterson-Smyth, Mr. Charles Murphy, K.C., Ottawa; Messrs. Thomas Gilday, president of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society; J. C. Beauchamp, president of St. Jean Baptiste Society; Lieut.-Col. Gardner, president of St. Andrew's Society; J. H. Tremholme, president of St. George's Society; J. Albert McLean, first vice-president of the Caledonian Society; David Roberts, president of St. David's Society; Aid. T. O'Connell, acting Mayor and representing the city of Montreal; Rev. Father Gagnier, S.J., rector of Loyola College; Mr. Justice Curran, Mr. Justice Guerin; Mr. J. C. Walsh, M.P.; Dr. J. J. Guerin; Mr. T. J. Drummond, president of the Board of Trade; Mr. George E. Drummond, and Rev. Isidore Kavanagh, S.J.

(Continued on Page 5.)

HOUSE AND HOME

CONDUCTED BY HELENE.

Good cheer is the hall mark of a brave and healthy soul. To give way to gloomy thoughts, otherwise the "blues" is a sign of weakness. This isn't asserting that no one but weaklings are attacked by the blues; but it is one thing to be attacked and another to rout the disturber. And that is what the brave soul does. There may be a very real and tangible reason for life's sorrows, and the world full of unexpected trials, but to sit and brood over a trouble only makes it look larger and larger until it finally obscures the horizon line, and darkness descends upon the soul. Wherefore the thing to do is to cast aside all thought of worry for a moment—(just say to yourself it is only for a moment)—and when you return to it again you will be surprised to find how it had lessened in size and importance.

"Laugh and grow fat" is a somewhat vulgar aphorism that may not appeal to women who weigh over 140, but there is more real good sense in it than in most old aphorisms. A habit of laughter, of good cheer, of looking on the bright side, will round out more angles than all the olive oil prescribed by "beauty doctors," and the woman who grows the flowers of sweetness and charity in the garden of her soul will have written on her face the only story that is worth reading in the human countenance—the story of a good heart.

ABOUT WOMEN.

Only fools laugh at the woman who lavishes her caresses on a canary or a pug dog. The discerning weep at the tragedy of a heart so poor that it has nothing better on which to expend its love.

Women gauge virtue by emotion. They always believe in the goodness of a man whose voice trembles when he prays aloud in prayer meeting, and are convinced that the woman criminal who weeps when she tells her story is a poor, abused, persecuted creature.

The reason that the statue of justice is always represented as a female figure with blindfolded eyes is because women will never see justice done if they can help it.

A woman likes to be praised for her good looks, but the flattery that sweeps her off her feet is for a man to treat her as if she was a creature with almost human intelligence.

A man never tells a woman the truth except when he is angry with her. That is the reason that women are afraid of the truth and always dodge it if they can.—Dorothy Dix, in New York American.

THE COMING CHAPEAU.

It is certain that we shall have straight-brimmed hats with us in the early spring—certainly in the summer. And with these straight, wide brims, which are so becoming to most faces, we shall have high crowns, surrounded with upstanding feathers, or a cluster of handsome feathers placed high at the left side with an enormous ostrife springing from the midst. By the time these particular hats are really fashionable we shall no longer permit our headcovers to rest on the back of our necks. The exceedingly smart and becoming bandeau—moderate in size and placed directly at the left side—will again be in favor, and the hat will be given something of the Gainsborough-Duchess-of-Devonshire tili.

KEEPING IN TOUCH WITH CHILDREN.

As one grows older it seems harder and harder to enter into the plays and fancies of the children around us, even if they are our very own. There are mothers who have such busy lives that any exertion that is not absolutely necessary, is really an impossibility, but many are too lazy mentally and physically to keep in touch with their children, mothers who wall around that their children do not give them their confidence. No child who had absolute confidence in her mother ever went wrong.

One cannot help being struck by the lack of sympathy between the average mother and daughter or father and son, especially as the children grow up, and the fault seems to be largely with the parents, not the friend or companion to whom the children would go with even the stillness of youth and have them received as such, not as things of lasting importance, and to be referred to again and again after they have passed and are sinking into oblivion.

"Oh, I can't tell mother anything; she lays so much stress, so much importance, on every trifle and never forgets it or lets me. I wish I had a mother I could tell things to," is the cry one hears continually from school girls.

WINTER LINGERIE WAISTS.

"Even girls who have foot muffs, hand muffs, fur coats and lap robes to protect them against the cold when they are out driving, still cling to airy lingerie waists," asserted the observer of feminine foibles. "Wrong," retorted the listening girl; "the lingerie waists cling to them." Anyway, the one-piece dress does not kill off the white waist. One little change is seen, however. Girls are not holding up the collars of their waists with little jeweled bars, neither are they tying bands of tulle about the collars. Last fall the tulle band was met in the front or the back in a large bow. Now the fad is to fasten a band of gold braid about an inch high about the white collar. It is caught at the back with little pins. A tiny bow of braid is seen at the throat.

THE USE OF MUSTARD IN THE BATH.

The growing use of mustard in the bath is a modern adaptation of the principle that mustard is one of the most valuable external stimulants, says Black and White. To those who have not tried it the result is really surprising.

Take a teaspoonful of best mustard and add to the bath when filled. The water will be found to be of slightly yellow-green color and absolutely free from any stinging or smarting sensation. In fact, it has a soft, velvety feeling, almost like milk, but with a glowing warmth that is appreciated by the most delicate skin. Under its influence sore and stiff joints become supple and elastic, and the whole body experiences a sense of exhilaration that is scarcely credible.

The mustard bath is already a favorite with those engaged in arduous sports, and equally so with society ladies, who find it refreshing antidote to the fatigue of the functions and a charming way of keeping in that healthy condition so conducive to beauty.

A NEW VERSION OF THE GOLDEN RULE.

The end of the day found the Two of Them in the Garden, for the Garden, on a mild midwinter evening, is not without its attractions. The mist rising up there by the river, reaching out its white arms to enfold the dark trees, had offered the Two of Them fanciful talk for half an hour, and Orion and Florida had told them tales of other times, when Memphis was young and the Sphinx less of a mystery.

"Have you ever," asked the One "stood on the brow of a hill overlooking a city when the gray twilight was mingling with smoke of the many shops and factories, weaving a cloak for it, such as the woods never wear?"

"And I hope never will wear!" ejaculated the Other. "But go on— and pardon the interruption."

"And as you looked down upon it—its lights outlining the streets pressed by hurrying feet, its illuminated windows showing where are the tolls—serve on small circular pieces of toasted bread or zephyrettes. It may be readily seen that this recipe is admirably adapted for chafing-dish use."

from our eyes?" "And as you stood there and thought of all that misery and sin and suffering, you sought for a remedy, what did you find? But I know—and it is as old as Adam, and it is being applied more frequently and thoroughly than you perhaps think."

"It is," asked the One, turning toward the gate, for the night was growing chill. "Why, let each one alleviate the suffering he sees, of course!" "No, that was not it! It was for each one to do nothing that would cause suffering to himself or any other."

"If such a thing could be!" cried the Other, with eyes on the stars. "Earth would be what we fancy they are. Can you not see such an one, wearing even here the visible glory of righteousness, walking amongst us, scattering healing as he went, feared by no living thing and loved by God and man? And there are so many who could become such, in a large measure. Their work tends toward elevation; their habits of mind and conduct have been trained toward goodness, nature herself aiding education. Sympathy and tenderness are theirs in a degree far beyond their brethren, and they have abiding faith in the ultimate attainment of good by all things. And what withholdeth them from becoming that which would crown them and humanity with them, is, to them, weaker than a spider's web!"

Something like a sigh passed over the old Garden, but the brightness of the stars was undimmed, for they are too far away to feel pity for the feebleness of earth.—From The Garden Bench, Rosary Magazine.

NEW THINGS FOR THE HOUSE-KEEPER.

In the March Woman's Home Companion, Fannie Merritt Farmer gives her attention to the needs of the young housekeeper, and her talk is well worthy the careful reading of any woman of the home who is on the lookout for new, simple and good things.

A bean rabbit is just one of her many good hints to housekeepers: "Just the way to use the last of the baked beans! Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, add one teaspoonful of salt, one eighth of a teaspoonful of paprika, one half cupful of milk and one cupful of cold

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To MRS. _____ TOWN _____

mashed baked beans. Stir until thoroughly heated, and add one half cupful of grated soft, mild cheese. As soon as the cheese has melted, serve on small circular pieces of toasted bread or zephyrettes. It may be readily seen that this recipe is admirably adapted for chafing-dish use."

THE MARCH WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION.

The March number of the Woman's Home Companion again captures public notice with its charming cover picture of a Japanese girl—one of the daintiest magazine covers that has appeared in years. This issue is the Spring Fashion Number, and for it Grace Margaret Gould, the fashion editor, has prepared many delightful pages, illustrating in detail the advance spring styles.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale contributes a charming talk on "Home Reading," Kellogg Durland, the author of "The Red Reign," has an article of absorbing interest, entitled "Women of the Revolt," containing some heart-rending anecdotes of the part that certain brave women have played in the Russian Revolution. Dr. Woods Hutchinson writes on "The Mental Growth of Babies," a refreshingly bright article, and Irving Bacheller, Francis Lynde, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and many others contribute fiction. The usual department, presided over by Margaret E. Sangster, Fannie Merritt Farmer, Anna Steese Richardson and others, are helpful and attractive. The whole number is beautifully illustrated.

SPRING STYLES.

The March number of the Woman's Home Companion is the Spring Fashion Number, and in it Grace Margaret Gould, the fashion editor, has many interesting paragraphs, among them the following: "Voile will continue to be one of the fashionable materials throughout the spring and summer. So popular is it that it is now looked upon as a staple among fabrics.

"There is one item in her wardrobe that no woman ought to worry about this year—that is, her blouse, her shirt waists, as she is apt to call them. For no matter what her age or her figure, she can readily find in the new designs for blouses many models exactly suited to her individual need.

"If she wishes to add breadth to her shoulders, she can make them so that she will look broad shouldered and yet have the consciousness that she is in the height of style, for the broad-shouldered effects are all the vogue, sometimes produced by plaits extending over the shoulders, and

then again by a scarf-like drapery so arranged that it widens the shoulder-line. While if, on the other hand, she has a fondness for the long drooping shoulder, she can find many designs that will carry out this effect."

WHEN THE PREACHER LAUGHED.

Rev. Dr. Eddy was one of the most dignified and learned of preachers. He said that in his sixty years of church work there were two occasions on which he could not restrain himself from laughing. One night a bad boy sat in the gallery and amused himself by dropping, or trying to drop, spit balls into the open mouth of a pillar of the church who had fallen asleep in the amen corner. This incident nearly broke up the meeting, because every man and woman in the congregation was watching the performance and no one paid the slightest attention to Dr. Eddy.

The other occasion which caused Dr. Eddy to laugh concerned his own son. The youngster, going to church in a white duck suit, had a nose-bleed, and, being without a handkerchief, allowed the blood, drop by drop, to form diagrams upon his trousers. He made all sorts of figures by moving his head about. Mrs. Eddy finally looked about for her husband's prayer, but without success. As soon, however, as the prayer was ended she hit her boy a mighty whack—whereat the doctor laughed.

"And there I stood, Aunt Susan," said Miss Porter's long-winded nephew, who had been drooping about his summer in Switzerland for some hours since the old lady's eyes had begun to droop—"and there I stood, Aunt Susan, with the abyss yawning in front of me." "William," said Aunt Susan, speaking as one who has long kept silence, "was that abyss yawning before you got there, or did it begin afterwards?"

JUMPING AT A CONCLUSION.

"I have just swallowed a couple of—of—what are these things that work while you sleep?"

"Gas meters! Great Scott, you've never swallowed a couple of those!"

"I want to hear 'Il Trovatore' last night."

"Fine opera." "Oh, shucks! Man, the hand organs have been playing them tunes for years. I recognized them all."

A GOOD SUBSTITUTE.

Jimmy had his weak points, as an example of the result of modern educational methods, but his brain was of excellent quality. When the teacher looked at him and inquired, coldly, "What is a synonym, James?" he was ready with his answer.

"It is a word you can use when you don't know how to spell the one you thought of first," he replied, cheerfully.

With the Poets.

THE MESSAGE OF THE MUSIC.

What's that the fiddle's sayin', which the others never hear?— Somethin' that's a-hoverin' betwixt a smile an' tear— Somethin' of the past time—the shadow an' the beam, An' I hear it for the last time in a dream—in a dream!

"The old lads are weary— Youth must have chance; Too old to dance now— Too old to dance!"

On merry nights I hear it from my chimney corner place; Rosy cheeks aroun' me, with the dimples in a race! An' I seem to feel their freshness—a breath of golden curls, As movin' to the music they swing the sweetheart girls!

"The old lads are lonesome— Youth must have chance; Too old to dance now— Too old to dance!"

That's how the fiddle's singin' in a tune to them unknown— A sort of farewell message to the heart of me alone!

"You've reaped the youth-time roses— You've had your day and time The twilight round you closes, where bells of Memory chime—

"The old lads are lonesome— Youth must have chance; Too old to dance now— Too old to dance!"

—Frank L. Stanton, in Uncle Remus' Magazine.

BOYS AND GIRLS

a Pause in the Day's Occupation.

JAMIE'S PRIZE.

Just as Jamie was about to climb over the fence on his way to school one cold morning, he was surprised to find the fence gone, and only a neat zigzag of ashes where it had been. The little gap between the two sections of wire fence had been pieced out the summer before with a rail fence, and a spark from a passing engine had burnt it up completely. Of course the wire fence would not burn, so the fire went out after reaching it.

"Good! I don't have to climb over this morning," said Jamie. "I'm glad all these weeds and brush are gone." Jamie was only seven years old, but he was allowed to cross two large fields alone on his way to school, because his mamma was sure she could trust him. Never in all the time he had been going to the little school house had he been tardy, and this year, which teacher had promised to every scholar who would be present every day and not tardy.

"Oh, there are Mr. Harper's sheep!" said James aloud as the whole flock came running to meet him. "They will get on the track and get killed if some one does not watch them."

Tommy Harper and Jamie had had a little tiff the day before over a game of marbles, so Jamie walked on quickly, saying: "Tommy's lamb had better look out or it will get pitched off the track by an engine. I guess I can't afford to be tardy and lose the prize just because their sheep got out. I'll tell Tommy when I get to school, and he can run home. Teacher will excuse him that long."

But just then a train whistled, and Jamie felt ashamed of his naughty words. He hurried back to drive the stupid sheep away from the gap, and presently a long slow freight thundered past. When the noise was over, Jamie heard the last school-bell ringing, and he knew it was too late to get there in time.

"I might just as well stay and watch," he said, as the big tears rolled down his cheeks. "I've lost the prize now."

The silly sheep crooked around, and he had to get a long stick to drive them away. Many a time he had carried a handful of salt to the tame creatures, so they imagined he had a treat for them again. Over and over he sent them back over the light snow, but always they would come sniffing back, ready to escape if he had not been there to watch them. The tired little boy wished they would behave for a few moments, but the exercise was just what he needed to keep his fingers and toes from freezing.

"Why, Jamie Ford, are you here?" said Mr. Harper after four trains had thundered past and the winter sun rose high in the sky. "Have you been keeping my lambs safe from harm? I can never thank you enough. The stupid creatures would have fuddled together on the track as sure as anything if you had not been here. I'll carry some rails from the old fence and close this gap and you run on home as quickly as you can."

Jamie wanted to hurry on to the school, but Mr. Harper persuaded him to go home, where his mamma looked very grave when she heard

the story. She gave her little boy a hot footbath and a cup of hot herb tea before putting him to bed, so he lost a whole day by his act of kindness.

"You think you have lost the prize at school, Jamie?" asked his papa at the breakfast table next morning. "Well, that is too bad; but look out in the yard at the prize you won taking care of the lambs yesterday."

"And right outside the door stood Tommy Harper and his father with five new lambs to reward Jamie for his trouble." "I'm glad I was tardy and lost one prize," said Jamie—"for this one is better than all."

A FORGIVENESS ACCOUNT.

John and his Sister Gladys were out at the front of the house, Gladys was making a bead necklace for her doll. The beads were on a little work table beside her. John was playing at trains. His train was an old box cart, his new wagon was a coach for the passengers, and Gladys' doll carriage for the "first-class" passengers.

"Don't come here, John," said Gladys, as he came near the table. "Puff, puff," went his snorting human engine.

"Take care!" cried Gladys again, as he came nearer to the table, "you will spill my beads."

Away John went, and soon forgot his sister's warning. The train came round the corner, and before he knew the table was upset, and the beads scattered in all directions.

"Oh, John!" cried Gladys, with angry face, "what did I tell you?" "I'm awfully sorry," said John, as he helped to pick up the beads. John was always sorry, but it did not make him careful. Gladys did not answer for a moment, but then said: "Never mind, John, I'll forgive you." She had remembered the lesson she heard on the previous Sunday about Jesus telling Peter how he had to forgive his brother seventy times seven. Gladys was a passionate child, but had resolved to obey Jesus. She had been saying to herself—although John did not know—"I will forgive him four hundred and ninety times, but after that?" She shut her lips tight. "I'll keep a forgiveness account," she thought "so as to know what it's seventy times seven." Before she went to bed she wrote at the top of a clean page in her last year's copy book: "List of the Times I Forgive John." And under this: "Monday—For spilling my beads."

Then she remembered that very day she had upset a block tower John built to show his father when he came home and John had not been the least cross with her. "I suppose I ought to count that on the other side," she said. She then wrote on the opposite page: "The Times John Forgives Me." "Monday—For knocking down his tower."

That made them even.

And so day after day it went on. One day she had a longer list, and another John had it—often they were even. And Gladys was beginning to feel very humble, and said to herself: "I guess if I forgive all I can without keeping any list, it will take me all my life to make four hundred and ninety times. Perhaps, after all, that is what the Bible text means."

THEY ALSO SERVE.

They also serve who only stand and wait; Yea, Lord, and many such perchance there be, Who, unawares, in patience serving thee, Stand all day long before some fast-barred gate.

Beyond, there lie sweet dreams yet unfulfilled, Or hope deferred that sickens the stout heart; And makes it far from gladness dwell apart, While faith yet keeps its clamorous outcry stilled.

Some wait with wistful faces ever set With eager longing toward the distant prize; And some, whose hope is dead, yet lift their eyes, Waiting and praying still with lashes wet.

So wait that wait with smiling, hopeful cheer! Yet these serve best, for what they seem to say— Waiting is blessing; those who wait must pray, And praying brings the kingdom ever here.

CHILDHOOD INDIGESTION MEANS SICKLY BABIES.

The baby who suffers from indigestion is simply starving to death. It loses all desire for food and for the little it does take does it no good; the child is peevish, cross and restless, and the mother feels worn out in caring for it. Baby's Own Tablets always cure indigestion, and make the child sleep healthily and naturally. Mrs. Geo. Howell, Sandy Beach, Que., says: "My baby suffered from indigestion, colic and vomiting, and cried day and night, but after giving him Baby's Own Tablets the trouble disappeared and he is now a healthy child." The Tablets will cure all the minor ailments of babyhood and childhood. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

25c to Cure Your Cough

Bole's Preparation of Friar's Cough Balsam comes in such a big bottle—and the prescription from which it is made is such an excellent one—that one bottle cures most coughs.

Bole's Preparation of Friar's Cough Balsam

costs only 25c a bottle. Your dealer has it or can easily get it for you. See that he does. It is BOLE'S PREPARATION you want—the cough cure that cures coughs.

NATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA LIMITED, LONDON, ONT.

Activite Catho

The New York contained a ske... F. Ryan, wife... which is pleas... its refreshing... type not only... and fashion, but... "professional"... "According to... Herald, Mrs. Ry... the women of... in that philan... a fad in the l... wealth. The o... the wider scope... sible by the im... band's fortune... has not changed... "Tom" Ryan w... week. In Sixte... man and wome... the munificence... wife thirty year... modest home... apartment, the... house."

Up in the big... ting-room of her... where the great... is spent, Mrs. R... her a woman of... and new-fashion... tures, the chin... music-box, the k... the darning ball... plicity of her n... to-date flat-top... south corner, w... files and its tel... other side her... extremes of the... housewife and th... woman of affa... meeting in the... Many times a d... ivory knitting n... the call of an... message by telep... stitches round a... hood, churches... planned, and aid... distress.

No public sub... carried the nam... Fortune Ryan. G... give to public o... is said that wh... the girls and t... ivory name dev... tience is not af... is Mrs. Ryan's... astrous railroa... country residence... the inadequate p... and wounded, sh... a fine hospital t... porter went to... Ryan said:

"Why should a... about this? I... nothing more ab... done, so why t... that they hav... don't mention m... and find some v... hard work six d... on the seventh g... strength to some... man, and this fo... There are hundre... New York—thou... that story would... be more interest... print a yarn abo... little thing."

It is always... Mrs. Ryan does... thedral, a church... mission. It is a... find employment... men who have ot... their efforts; it... "to make work"... are unfitted by... day to meet the... conditions. It is... send an ill wome... into God's ai... air is undified, l... and the strain o... SOME OF THE O...

Many a shoppe... been driven to N... in Mrs. Ryan's... gone back to her... richer for the int... On her shopping... kindly eyes wand... long counters in... men with the tir... and a feverish... is never passed i... ther to the girl... the manager of t... offers a chance to... and there is nev... tion—"that noth... it."

Out in the dry... zona, where natu... she is the great... culcitis, there ar... "lungers" suppor... cence of Mrs. Ry... many visits into...

You won't the clothes with so little. It is just with peculiar wash.

SURP

Activities of a Rich Catholic Lady.

The New York Herald recently contained a sketch of Mrs. Thomas F. Ryan, wife of the millionaire...

where both of the boys she has lost went seeking health, Mrs. Ryan saw the dire need for such work. Many afflicted men and women find themselves stranded in that country...



99.90% Pure —That's what makes St. George's Baking Powder so satisfactory. It is the purest Cream of Tartar Baking Powder that Science can make.

A Relic Exposed in a Spanish Church.

In an article in the London Morning Post, Mr. Hilaire Belloc, M.P., gives a haunting description of the exposition of a relic in a Spanish church...

few others which have always been in the vernacular. They next intoned the "Salve Regina." But what an intonation! Had I not heard that chant often enough in my life to catch its meaning? I had never heard it set to such a tune...

The Price We Pay.

I just received a letter from an old friend, the first in many weeks, written in a hand that was almost unrecognizable. When I opened it I found that he had commenced to use a typewriter in his correspondence with me...

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Time Proves All Things One roof may look much the same as another when put on, but a few years' wear will show up the weak spots. "Our Work Survives" the test of time. GEO. W. REED & CO., Ltd. MONTREAL.

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SOCIETY DIRECTORY. ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY—Established 1863, revised 1840. Incorporated 1863. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, Montreal, Monday of each month.

Synopsis of Canada North-West HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS. ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 28, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family...

Curious News. Here's a curious piece of news from France: "Clemenceau has just signed a decree conferring medals of honor on two nuns—on one for her services in ministering to the victims of the bubonic plague at Oran during the outbreak of September-October, 1907, and on the other for her services during the epidemic of small-pox and typhoid fever last year."

Satisfaction follows the surprise of every housewife who uses Surprise Soap. You wonder how it can make the clothes so white and clean with so little rubbing? It is just SOAP—perfectly pure with peculiar qualities for washing clothes. Try it the next wash.

INDIGESTION AND SICKLY BABIES. If your baby suffers from indigestion, starving to death, if he is too fat and if he takes too much food, if he is cross and restless, if his mother feels worn out, if his baby's Own Tablets relieve indigestion, and if he sleeps peacefully and healthily, ask for Geo. Howell, Sandy Bay, N.S. My baby suffers from indigestion, colic and vomited day and night, but my baby's Own Tablets disappeared and he is healthy and happy. The Tablets all the minor ailments of childhood. Sold by all druggists or by mail at 25¢ per box from The Dr. Williams' Medical Co., Brockville, Ont.

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

ONTARIO ORANGEMEN.
The Grand Lodge of the Ontario Orange Society held a meeting at which more than ordinary compliments were paid the brethren and more than usual bitterness dealt out to others.

ST. JOSEPH.
We know no saint who so exemplifies St. Paul's word that our life should be hid with Christ in God as does St. Joseph.

our own people either socialism or atheism is gaining ground. The remedy proposed in this case would be worse than the disease.

SOCIALISM IN ENGLAND.
That Socialism is fast becoming a menace to politics in England is everywhere evident.

THE LITERARY DIGEST HAS A HALF-PAGE advertisement of Voltaire's works. He is, of course, eulogized as being the great man of his day.

OTAWA IRISHMEN celebrated St. Patrick on Sunday. Among the resolutions passed at the mass meeting at St. Patrick's Hall was one calling upon the government to give Irish Catholics adequate cabinet representation.

Mrs. T. P. O'Connor.
Mrs. T. P. O'Connor, of London, wife of the brilliant "T. P." of international fame, made the statement in a recent interview, while on a visit to this country, that it would be better for every woman, rich or poor, college bred and plain every day school bred, to be compelled to earn her own livelihood for at least one year of her life.

Him, wound Him. His enemies will seek to put Him to death. Who shall protect Him? God's treasures are rather on earth than in heaven.

QUEBEC LEGISLATURE PAYS TRIBUTE.
There was a decidedly Hibernian air about the Legislative chamber on Tuesday. When the afternoon session opened there were few members but had a sprig of green in their buttonholes.

THE AMERICAN WOMAN. I think, can learn a great deal to her advantage from the English woman. She possesses what I would call a characteristic charm.

ST. JOSEPH.
We know no saint who so exemplifies St. Paul's word that our life should be hid with Christ in God as does St. Joseph.

James Cuddy & Co.
Fancy and Staple Dry Goods
Removal Sale.
BIG REDUCTION.
\$30,000 Stock in DRY GOODS

PICTORIAL POST CARDS!!
While orators during the past few days were extolling the wit of the Irish people, dealers in stationery did a rushing business in tawdry postcards as green as those who bought them.

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COSTLY MCWILLIAMS and RECOLLET
A. E. FAYALON, Proprietor.

St. Patrick's
Gentlemen:
It is my most agreeable...
(Continued from 1)

Various small advertisements and notices including "Breastfeeding", "Milled only in the fine", and "WEST".

St. Patrick's Day Celebration.

(Continued from Page 1) Mr. W. P. Kearney, the chairman, was particularly happy in his address, which follows:

Gentlemen: It is my most agreeable duty to extend a cordial and hearty Irish greeting to the guests, to our sister societies, and to each and every friend of St. Patrick's Society, assembled here to-night to celebrate the anniversary of the birth of Ireland's patron Saint.

In every part of the habitable globe the exiles from Erin and men of Irish ancestry meet as we do here to-night to venerate the character and glorify the magnificent achievements of St. Patrick and to invoke the Almighty blessings upon that dear little island of the sea, where our most grateful thoughts and fondest memories wander to-night.

It is a matter of the greatest gratification to be able to record the position now held by the people of Ireland in their native land. With agricultural and manufacturing interests improving and adding to the progress and comfort of the people, with education unrestricted and with an increasing friendly feeling toward them by the people of Great Britain, their cause has been steadily advancing politically under the wise and conservative leaders of the Irish party in Parliament, until they now seem to be on the victorious eve of a measure of Home Rule, nothing short of which will ever satisfy the rightful ambition of the Irish people.

Everywhere, the world over, the sons of Erin are pressing forward the march of progress, and every walk of life is illuminated by their deeds, from the highest positions down through the ranks of the distinguished men as leaders in the great professions, in the varied business literature, Irishmen and the sons of Erin lend glory to the Irish name, and the history of this Society records the names of many who are so distinguished themselves.

It is worthy of notice that from year to year as these banquets are held, a kindly face is missing from this festive board, and this absence is no exception for there is absent to-night one who always followed by word and deed his friendship, and appreciation for this Society, I refer to that distinguished Irishman, the late lamented Dr. Drummond, who a year ago was present, and for that occasion composed the little poem, entitled "We are Irish Yet," which we have reprinted on the back of the menu to-night as a token of our remembrance of him.

As there are many distinguished speakers here to-night who will add to your entertainment, I will not trespass further on your time, beyond expressing the hope that you will all enjoy the programme the committee of management have prepared for you, and that the spirit of friendliness with you throughout the entire evening, I will ask you to fill your glasses and drink the health of His Most Gracious Majesty, The King.

Let us drink to the leaders and also to the more humble servants of Ireland who suffered and died for her. And let us also drink to the health of the Ireland of to-day, of those who still struggle on for the full liberty of Ireland; to those who are still in Ireland and to those Irish who are exiled, scattered all over the world, and who to-day have but one sentiment—love for their Motherland. Let us also drink to the Ireland of to-morrow, and let this toast be a prayer to your patron saint. May the Almighty give help to Ireland to pass through her misery, and may the Almighty in the future grant her peace, glory and prosperity.

The strains of "God Save Ireland" echoed the words of the eloquent speaker. When the Rev. Gerald McShane rose to reply to this toast he received a splendid ovation. His powers of oratory were well known and it was with expectancy that all waited for what they knew must follow. The rev. gentleman spoke as follows:

Gentlemen: I must thank Mr. Chairman for his kind introductory words. The good-natured manner in which you have endorsed them is an expression of sympathetic feeling which I shall not for a moment claim for myself, but rather for the office I have the honor of filling, of Spiritual Director of St. Patrick's Society. The members of this society have at all times been noted for their devotedness to their clergy and ever exemplified the sentiments so aptly expressed by the Irish poet, John Bunim, Loyal and true to you Soggarth Aroon—

I have not the great privilege of being an Irishman born, but if I did not see the light of day on the shores of the Old Land I have tried to repair this deficiency in my life. I have done the next best thing. I have spent the first days of my priestly career among my saintly mother's people, amid the hills of sweet Connacht, on the soil of Holy Ireland.

Perhaps the worthiest and most appropriate way of speaking on Ireland would be to visit the old land in spirit, and by dint of fancy and imagination, endeavor to bring its picture vividly before our minds. If I were to attempt this, if I were to recall pleasant memories, what would be uppermost in my mind, what would cling most reverently to my memory would be the recollections of the Irish, the Irish home and family, the Irish peasantry, that bold peasantry, its country's pride, as our Irish Goldsmith has so fittingly called them.

But to see Ireland and the Irish, have we really need of crossing the ocean and treading the sod of the Emerald Isle? Is there not closer to us another Ireland, with its people, and customs, identical to the land across the sea? Yes, we cannot in reality feast our eyes with the sight of Irish green hills—we cannot sit by a fireside and watch the flame of an Irish turf fire, we cannot delight our ears with the sweet songs of an Irish lark.

And yet for all we here enjoy an atmosphere that is truly Irish. An Irish life and an Irish spirit. What is that life? What is that spirit? The gentle Drummond will tell you:

O! 'tis the spirit of the west, The spirit of the Celt, The breed that spurned the alien breast, And every wrong has felt— And still, tho' far from fatherland, We never can forget To tell ourselves with heart and hand We're Irish yet! We're Irish yet!

In the providence of God the Canadian nation is destined to be made up of various elements, of many peoples possessing traits and characteristics, blending and making a strong, powerful nation. Canadian citizenship, therefore, as we conceive it, admits of the preservation of national characteristics, it is the very presence of these and their singular power of adaptation and acclimatizing that is making Canada one of the most truly interesting nations of the world.

What are these characteristics? What is the Irishman's contribution

to this striking piece of mosaic? What are the features of Irish life in Canada? Ask our friend the Scot, the son of Albion, or of la belle France, and he will tell you it is pathos, soul and fire, a sympathetic, whole-souled, generous nature. An almost infinite capacity of adaptation with the genius of art, poetry and music.

This is the Irishman—minus, of course his faults; but it is not on a festive like this that I am to make a confession of faults. An occasion of this kind is hardly one upon which a speaker can presume to preach or moralize, but taking advantage of my office as chaplain of the venerable Society of St. Patrick, may I not be allowed to sum up the lessons conveyed by the entire celebration of Ireland's patron Saint, and in the words of the much loved Drummond, say to every Irishman here to-night: We're Irish yet! Oh, let us remain Irish yet.

Gentlemen, these lines are from the pen of a great Irishman and a great Canadian. May his name and memory be forever blessed.

But, like Kipling, he has taught us a lesson true, Judge of the nations spare us yet Lest we forget, lest we forget.

Lest we forget that we are Irish, that the blood flows in our veins and the stamp is on us set. Let us maintain those traits of Irish life and Be Irish yet! Be Irish yet! The Irish type of loyalty to the Church is the best in the world. Preserve that intact—the faith and practice of those who have gone are good enough for us, and if there is the progressive spirit in us or in our children, its tendency should not be to diminish or minimize aught of what was good and holy in the grand old past.

Be Irish in your home life. I need not tell you what constitutes a happy home, but I will tell you what it will make an Irish home happy. It is the Irish type of womanhood—not the poor conception of feminine delicacy imagined and created by the new world, but the real solid type of womanly dignity and reserve, that is the proudest boast of the Irish nation.

This type lives in your mothers, wives and daughters, and far be it from us that we should allow it to disappear. And if there be the ring of merriment and music that enlivens the home circle, let it be from the sweet strains of the Irish melodies of Moore. You have heard them sung to-night by our boys—our own Irish boys, of our parochial school, we, the clergy, and educators of youth, we firmly believe that it is part of their education to learn the songs of Erin as well as the history of the land of their fathers.

And especially should we strive to be Irish in our public life, bearing in mind that honesty, strict commercial integrity, and earnest constant endeavor will lead us to success and to positions of trust. The Irishman has contributed richly to the upbuilding of other nations, why should he not work for the moulding of the Canadian race. If we may not possess the statesmanship of an O'Connell, but there are in him, by reason of his Irish origin, possibilities, almost infinite possibilities, that await development. And the presence here to-night of the Chief Justice of our country ought to be the strongest stimulus to the aspirations of the young Irish of Canada.

My last words will be to the young men. Young men, sons of Irish parents, a noble mantle falls upon your shoulders. Will you not allow us to look to you with proud hope for the future of our dear Canada of ours, the land of the bright future. Of every one of you might be said the words of the poet:

His eye may never see the blue Of Ireland's April sky, His ear may never listen to The song of lark on high, But deep within his Irish heart Are cloisters, dark and dim, No human hand can wrench apart, And the lark still sings for him, Deep within your Irish hearts are cloisters dark and dim—temples and sanctuaries adorned with sacred traditions, the rich inheritance left you by noble Irish fathers and saintly Irish mothers.

The recollections of the past: the memories of the years. Young men, the hope of our country, do respect and maintain all these, embodying in your very lives, the type of the Irish gentleman.

De Irish yet! Be Irish yet. Mr. Charles Murphy, K.C., of Ottawa, declared that on an occasion of this kind might profitably be used as a time of national stocktaking. Let the Irishman see what they have done for this country and for all others. He then recalled the names of a few Irishmen who held the highest positions to-day. The relations of Ireland to other countries were most friendly and helpful. Even towards England, the unfriendliness was confined to the rule of England within Irish shores. While twenty million Irishmen the world over were celebrating the day, at no one of the celebrations would anything be heard to the detriment of any other nation. (Cheers.)

While the Irishmen had no place on the Tercentenary Battlefields Association, they had figured rather prominently on the battlefields themselves. It was not generally known that the Irish Brigade had sailed from Brest in 1755, conveyed by a fleet under the command of Admiral Macnamara. On September 8th, some companies under the brave but rash Dieskau attacked the British on the banks of Lake Champlain, and though defeated, retarded the British invasion a year. In 1756 the brigade, co-operating with Canadians and Indians, captured Oswego, Fort William Henry, and on July 8th, 1758, took a leading part at Ticonderoga, or Carillon, as the French love to call it. The commanders of these troops were de Levis, and de Montreuil. De Montreuil took his name from his estate, but his real name was Johnson, and he came from Ireland. Among the names of the killed on the French side at these battles are found Fitzpatrick, McCarthy, O'Hern and many other Irish names. In 1759, the fate of the country was settled at Quebec, but the next year the remnants of the Irish Brigade, with the remnants of de Levis's French troops, met the British on the heights of Sillery and Ste. Foye, and that time it was not the French who ran. The very Plains of Abraham were called after Abraham Martin, an Irish sailor, and pilot. If any one wished to controvert this statement Mr. Murphy offered to supply documentary proof in the registers of the parish churches attesting his birth, marriage, and the marriage of his daughter to a gentleman named Duggan.

Though a promise had been exacted by Sir Charles Fitzpatrick that he should not be called upon to speak, the disappointment which the gathering would have felt was considered sufficient excuse for breaking it. Sir Charles admitted that deep down in his heart he was glad to have a chance to address them. After recalling past incidents he asked the Irish of Canada to consider whether relatively they occupied a better position in the country than their fathers did. It was a common sneer to point to Irish laborers in the streets. The Irish had their weaknesses, but there were plenty of excuses for them. It was scarcely a century ago that it was almost a crime for an Irishman to learn to read and write, while to-day the Irish Catholics in Canada were the minority. Not only were they the majority of the Catholic element, but they were the majority of the English speaking element, and while he did not wish to complain, the Irish had therefore to suffer the usual fate of minorities.

In fairness, Sir Charles said, he should mention that if he had succeeded in political life it was not through the aid of his own countrymen, for only five per cent of the voters in his old constituency were Irish. He succeeded through the aid of his French-Canadian friends, and if he had accomplished anything in professional life it was largely due to the support of English-speaking Protestants, who had never once in the whole of his career asked what was his religion. (Applause.)

MR. JUSTICE GUERIN. Mr. Justice Guerin gave the toast of Canada. He recalled that the Treaty of Versailles had been respected and the aid made for the progress and prosperity of the country. At first it was not so, but the coming of Lord Elgin had caused the realization of the spirit, as well as the letter of the treaty, and consequent peace and happiness. There was another treaty, signed in 691, between the Lords Justices of England on the one hand, and Sarsfield, Earl of Lucanannon, on the other, ending a war and giving Ireland her rights as a nation. That treaty had been violated and the British Parliament had restored those rights—and the good feeling that existed in Canada would be repeated in Ireland with even greater intensity. He added the hope that when an Irish Parliament was called to meet in College Green, Lord Aberdeen, who left such pleasant memories in Canada, should be there to open it as the King's representatives.

Mr. Frank J. Curran, responding to the toast, spoke of the proud position Irishmen are holding to-day in all walks of life and commented upon those who had helped to further the upbuilding of our country, and said:

"The son of Erin who appealed most strongly perhaps to such an audience as the present one, was among the Fathers of Confederation—the brilliant and gifted Thomas D'Arcy McGee. McGee's eloquence and his writings contributed perhaps more than the work of any other man to the establishment of Confederation, by putting its advantages before the people of Canada. The Irish had done their share toward upbuilding the great public works of Canada, and during the last twenty years men like Sir John Thompson and the others had shed lustre on the public life of the country and many members of St. Patrick's Society of Montreal had contributed to that desirable end.

"The Canadian flag and the green flag of Erin were to be found in the hall folded together; the Shamrock and the Maple Leaf were entwined on the cover of the menu and this union was stamped with the seal of the society, the parent Irish Society. There was no reason why, if Ireland obtained the right to rule her own affairs, the Union Jack should not be joined in even closer companionship with the rose in Ireland.

"Our Guests" was proposed by Mr. H. J. Kavanagh, K.C., first vice president of the society, and responded to by acting Mayor O'Connell and the representatives of the various other societies; "The Press" was toasted by Mr. E. McG. Quirk, second vice-president, and responded to by Mr. P. T. Ahern, while Dr. James Rogers gave the toast to "The Ladies," on whose behalf Mr. W. P. Kearney responded.

"Dr. J. J. Guerin gave the health of the president, to which that gentleman responded as follows: Gentlemen: It is with keen sense of appreciation of the honor conferred on me that I rise to thank Hon. J. J. Guerin for the very flattering remarks made in proposing my health, and you gentlemen for drinking it so heartily.

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for after all my humble efforts would avail little towards making this banquet the success it has been were it not for the able assistance that has been rendered me by our Vice-Presidents, Mr. Kavanagh Mr. Quirk, our painstaking Secretary, Mr. T. P. Tansey, and the members of the banquet committee, and in particular I wish to mention Mr. Thos Wright, Mr. Frank Curran, Dr. Walter Kennedy, and Mr. Michael Tansey, and while all have done their share, the greater part of the work devolved on those mentioned, and each one is entitled to his share of the credit. And yet by virtue of my office I am the recipient of the hearty burst of appreciation which I assure you makes me feel is a fitting reward for greater deeds than I am capable of. I don't know what more I could say, gentlemen, to properly express my thanks. I would however take advantage of this opportunity to thank all those who have assisted at our banquet.

The speakers who have so eloquently entertained us, the representatives of the various organizations for their kind words of congratulation and good will; Our kind friends the Irish Protestants for their generous response in numbers to our invitation, to Brother Prudent and the boys of St. Patrick, as well as the artists who have added so materially to our entertainment, and lastly to each and every one present for the generous appreciation and applause given our efforts.

And now, gentlemen, I will not detain you further, beyond expressing the wish that we shall all meet again at our next banquet, and that the intervening time shall bring you both good fortune and good cheer.

A Tonic for the Debilitated.—Par-nocce's Vegetable Pills, by acting mildly but thoroughly on the secretions of the body, are a valuable tonic, stimulating the lagging organs to healthful action and restoring them to full vigor. They can be taken in graduated doses and so used that they can be discontinued at any time without return of the ailments which they were used to allay.

The Lady and the Bishop.

It was a social gathering. Not an "affair" in the exaggerated sense of the word, as used by "the exclusive set," but a dignified, elegant assembly of prominent gentlemen and ladies, ecclesiastics, United States Senators and their wives. Among the latter was a charming woman, who as she moved through the crowded rooms, was followed by many admiring eyes. Suddenly a Bishop of the Catholic Church appeared, the royal purple and the episcopal ring distinguishing him from all around him. The lady paused in her smiling conversation, and advancing towards the prelate, gracefully and reverently knelt and kissed his ring. There was a lull in the polite hum of subdued conversation, and "I want this splendid woman said, "I want your blessing, Bishop." The prelate himself was filled with surprise.

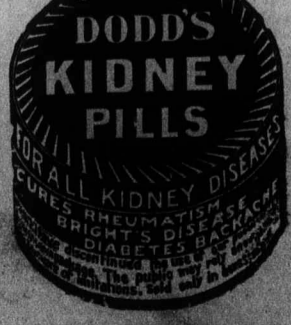
"Certainly, my child, but I did not know you were a Catholic. Bishop, but I was reared at a convent school, and my training there was so beautiful, and the influence of the nuns so holy, that I keep up some of their teachings, you see." "And did you never inquire into the religion that was the inspiration of all these beautiful teachings?" said the Bishop.

NOTICE. The Fabrique of the parish of St. Francois d'Assise, of Longue Pointe, having decided to reconstruct the church and the sacristy of the said parish, destroyed by fire on Nov. 7, 1907, and being duly authorized to this effect, give notice that they will make application to the Quebec Legislature at its next session to obtain the passing of a law authorizing a special loan with assessment on the immovable property of Catholic property owners to provide for the cost of reconstruction of the said church, sacristy and other necessary appurtenances; and for the payment of all expenses occasioned by this reconstruction; to form a syndic office having all the powers, rights and obligations required and necessary for the ends of said reconstruction, the assessment and everything else required in similar cases; to authorize the Fabrique to give to the Syndic to use for the said reconstruction, all the moneys they can dispose of, proceeding from the insurance on the old church destroyed by fire; and to authorize the said Fabrique to lend to the Syndic for the ends of said reconstruction all sums of money which it can dispose of, proceeding from the price of sale of the immovable possessions commonly known under the name of "land of the Fabrique."

JOS. A. DESCARRIES, J.M. of the Firm of Cressé & Descares, Attorneys. Montreal, Feb. 11, 1908.

Church, at least in its ministers, I see." "Oh, yes!" she she, "I always salute a Bishop when I meet him, as I have done you, and, Bishop, I say a prayer the nuns call the 'Angelus' every morning, noon and night. I think it so beautiful, I suppose my piety ceases after that." The Bishop looked his surprise, but in giving his blessing he said: "Continue, my child, to say that beautiful prayer—the 'Angelus'—and your difficulties about the Real Presence will soon vanish." "With a graceful gesture the lady disappeared, and the Bishop thought how hard it is for wealth, and beauty, and society—in a word, how hard it is for the worldly to turn their whole hearts to God. But he prayed for her and saw her frequently after that.

Years passed on. She was stricken with a lingering illness. God's time was at hand, and the reward of that little act of reverence, and the fruit of her triple Angelus was coming to her. In a moment of grace she responded to God's call. She sent for a priest, was instructed fully in the faith she had ignored, and with most edifying sentiments died a holy and happy Catholic death.—Rev. Richard W. Alexander, in the Missionary.



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You WANT Bread that makes Tasty Eating;

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Various vertical advertisements on the far left edge of the page.

An Irish Bismarck

"Now, what do you think of that? You say you're in love with Martha and Martha's in love with you, but you're afraid to tell her father for fear he'd say no.

"Well," said John, "I think Martha would feel very bad, and she might even think she oughtn't to see me any more if the old man once told her that she mustn't. This way we can at least be friendly, and hope that something will occur to turn his mind."

"And what has he got against you, John?" asked Martin Reilly, looking admiringly at his strapping nephew with his dark blue eyes and curly dark hair.

"I wouldn't be too sure that the girls think so," he said modestly. "What's bothering me is how to get old man Schleier to think that I'm good enough for his daughter."

"What is it he has against you?" asked Martin Reilly once more. "Oh, nothing much, I suppose, except that I'm not German."

"I have an idea, John. I don't suppose tactics that will catch an Irishman will work with a German in courtin'. I know blamed well they don't in politics. Why, I've seen this here county lined up solid to win, except for a lot of spunky Germans who wouldn't come in. They're that set on having their own way that they'd stick to a brace of bow-legged mules against a 2.30 team if they took a notion to the mules first."

"There might be times," said John thoughtfully, "when the mules'd be the most useful."

"Well, that ain't the question now, John, as I can see—don't be disturbin' me wid fool talk when I'm trying to plan a winning campaign for you. I don't know but what me experience in politics 'll stand in a courtship, and that is what set me thinking of this here Bismarck, that was such a fine boss and statesman among the Germans. Now, what went wid the Germans in love as well as in war, and old Schleier being a dyed-in-the-wood Dutchman couldn't mind any one followin' Bismarck's example now, could he?"

"What's that?" said John, looking interested. "Well, you see," said Uncle Martin, "I can remember reading somewhere that the father of Bismarck's sweet heart, who was a duke or something, couldn't expect to remember them German names—was just about as cranky as old man Schleier. None of his girls could look at a fellow widout he was threatenin' to lock 'em up and swearin' to punish the bold lad. When Bismarck fixed his eye on one of the girls—I think her name was Johanna—the old man was worse than ever, for Bismarck was a young scapgrace then wid little money and not much prospects, but sure he had his wit in the right place. So he never said an ill word to the old man, but bided his time, just as you're doin', John. The point is that Bismarck knew his time, and it's wid a view of enlightenin' you as to that I'm relatatin' this tale. Well, then, they had some kind of a party at his father-in-law-to-be's house, and they had one of those dances that they call coullillions. I don't know much what it's like, but I suppose it's something like the Virginia Reel, where everybody's out on the floor in turns. Bismarck didn't notice his sweet heart at all evening, nor she him, and the old man was just about thinkin' how good and obedient and easy-going they both were, when didn't Bismarck go and choose the girl for

this dance, that no one ever dances except with his best girl. Bismarck and Johanna were the last couple to have their turn, and when everybody was gone and sat down in their places he still kept on dancing with his sweetheart, and finally wound up by giving her a kiss fair and square right there before everybody. And then Bismarck turned round and told the people there that that kiss was to seal the engagement, and of course, they cheered. By that time the old man got his breath and he came over like a thundercloud to see what it meant, but his wife was close behind him and his daughter fell around his neck as soon as he came near enough and between the two women they had him fixed. For," said the old lady, "don't you make a scandal now and say anything that'll spoil Johanna's chances in life."

"Don't you worry now, father," he's able to take care of me." And so he ended up by shaking hands with young Bismarck and telling him he was glad he was going to have such a fine son-in-law."

"Well, that was an idea," said John. "But," he added dubiously, "Bismarck didn't have old man Schleier to face."

"Aw, what's that, you're kidding me? Do you think that if Bismarck could face the old man who was a duke, or a lord, or something like that, you ain't equal to facing an old German farmer on the Broken Kettle road at the stick in his hand and maintained a beautiful silence."

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dark head and his eyes gleaming out at her. Suddenly it came into her heart like a pain that some other girl would ask him, and as for herself, she could not bring herself to ask anyone else. She saw John start forward a little, and if there were any other girl who had planned to ask him, neither he nor Martha ever knew it.

"Seems to me," whispered Jimmy Mangan during a wait, "that you haven't danced much with Martha to-night, John. 'Fraid of the old man? We'll have to make the best of your chance while you have it," and he chuckled as John blushed.

Up and down the couples went, until each had had a turn, and then they waited to hear the "All proceede," but Jimmy sang out instead, "All waltz," and winked at John as he did so. The blood rushed to John's heart, instead of his face, this time, and he felt himself trembling as he and Martha commenced the turns of the waltz. Here it was—just like Uncle Martin's story. He knew the fiddlers would never stop playing as long as any one kept the floor, and he and Martha were surely good to dance them all down. And what then? Round and round they glided and one by one the other couples went to their seats, and at last John and Martha were dancing all alone. He swept the room with a quick glance and saw old man Schleier's eye fixed upon him with a wrathful glint in it, but beside him stood Mrs. Schleier, benign and approving. It was as if the scene had been set on the Bismarck model.

"Martha, darling," John whispered on the impulse of the moment, "will you be mad at me if I do something terribly bold?" Martha was nearly breathless, but she shook her head and smiled. So John gave a few more turns until they were well in the middle of the room, when he stopped dancing and waited until the fiddles stopped. Then he drew Martha toward him again and kissed her before everybody. A little gasp went around the room, and then John spoke out, looking straight at the old man, "This is to announce that Martha and me's engaged to be married."

The old man looked for a moment as if he were going to have an apoplectic fit, and John was truly frightened, but Martha came closer to him. He saw Mrs. Schleier put her hand on her husband's arm as he started forward. She said something to him which John could not hear and could not understand if he had.

"So, so," said the old man, when he came up in front of John and Martha, "vat kind of foolishness is dis?" Martha freed herself from John's arms, and going up to her father, said gently:

"No foolishness, father, only a little surprise. And you always said John was such a fine fellow." Her father looked at her as if he thought she was dreaming.

"Well, didn't you?" she asked, boldly. "Maybe I said he was good enough for an Irishman." John bore the modification meekly. "I heard once," he said then, "that this was the way the great Bismarck was engaged, and I thought maybe it was the way that Germans do," and at this a smile went around the room. Even the old man seemed to catch its feeling.

"So," he said, with a sarcastic chuckle, "you want to be like Bismarck. You—"

"Don't you see, father," said Martha, "he's half a German already, and we're only engaged, and maybe he will be in the legislature yet."

"H'm, engaged, you engaged!" The dreaded storm seemed gathering again, but Joe Schleier, who really liked John very well, commenced clapping his hands, and the others joined in, until Jimmy Mangan called out, "Three cheers for Mr. and Mrs. Schleier and three more for Bismarck and Mr. and Mrs. Johny German waltz." They cheered and cheered until the roof of the barn shook, and presently the band played "Lauterbach," and John danced with Mrs. Schleier and Martha with her father.

ral weakness and a host of other troubles that come from poor, watery blood. That is why men and women who use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills eat well, sleep well, and feel bright, active and strong. Mrs. Joseph Lepage, St. Jerome, Que., says: "My daughter suffered from headaches and dizziness. Her appetite could not study or do any work. She was thin and pale as a sheet. A neighbor advised the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after taking a couple of boxes we could see an improvement in her condition. She used the pills for some weeks longer when they fully restored her health, and she is now enjoying the best health she ever did." Try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills this spring if you want to be healthy and strong. Sold by all medicine dealers or strong mail at \$2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Evil of Sham. From the Sacred Heart Review. What is to be done to check the flood of dishonesty, fraud, extravagance, and greedy love of riches that is overspreading our nation? What is to be done to prevent the shame and disgrace that come to so many families; the financial ruin; the laying bare of domestic wretchedness to the public gaze; the filling of the newspapers with scandalous details about our business men, our society women? Shall the standards of "plain living and high thinking" ever return to our midst? Let us begin with the children; let us teach ourselves, to say truthfully and fearlessly, "I cannot afford it," when we know that we have not money enough to pay for certain things.

And why? Because we are thus helping to preserve our children from possible and only too possible sin, sorrow and disgrace. It is a shame for any one to go through life on a living sham; living on other people's credit; living in debt unnecessarily; living under a cloud, never paying bills if one can get out of it; living knowingly and willingly beyond one's income. Yet this sort of thing is all in the air about us—unpaid bills, unpaid taxes, unpaid anything and everything the lack of integrity and business uprightness, the lack of honesty towards our neighbors and of a straining fear of an all seeing and avenging God. This desire to emulate and to surpass our neighbor, to wear fine and expensive clothing when plain clothes are all we can justly afford to pay for; to buy costly furniture, when far more necessary things are neglected in our homes; to build ostentatious houses, give splendid entertainments and bring up your children in lazy and luxurious habits, slaves to self and unwilling to deny self for others—is this the way to uphold a noble nation and to form a loyal, self-sacrificing people?

No! A different course must be followed, or we verge certainly upon our national ruin. Let us reiterate, and reiterate, and reiterate, in our teaching of our young people. Have a horror of small debts, have a horror of having a home full of practical help. Not to borrow or to spend for what we do not strictly need. And why should we teach our children this? Because we are Christians, and because it was by no means Parson Wagner who first preached "the Simple Life." Jesus taught us, by word and example, to be content with that which we have. When we dishonestly go beyond that; when we run recklessly into debt; and thereby make people wait needlessly for the payment of their debts, perhaps most sorely needed by them—are we not coming dangerously near to breaking God's divine command: "Thou shalt not steal!"

A grave temptation to grave sin lies in our haste to get rich, and to make a show, and to emulate or surpass our neighbor. A child brought up in such surroundings is being educated, swiftly and surely, to say in his heart: "It does not matter if I cheat in politics, or in trade, or in my social life, I can live a lie with the rest of them!" Some day there must come a reaction in our present methods of living, a horror for these smooth disguises a dread of the vengeance of the living God. But we must begin now with the children, now and without delay. Let us teach them that honor, integrity, obedience, truth, self-sacrifice, love of God and of our neighbors are far beyond, in value, all arts and sciences, all amusements and pleasures, all wealth and luxuries, of this passing world. Let us teach them the guilt of non-payment of debts; of keeping back their dues from those who have rightfully earned them; of spending what is not ours and of living beyond our means.

"Made in Ireland" to Mean Something. The Irish Industrial Improvement Association, whose mission is to revive the manufacturing enterprises of Ireland by working up popular interest in their favor among the Irish people at home and abroad, and all others interested, adopted a national trade mark of unique and

artistic design for the protection of Irish manufacturers against unfair competition on the part of cheap imitators of their goods. Under the British law the manufacturers of Ireland are helpless in the matter of protection, as the English fiscal policy of absolute free trade permits the flooding of the market with shoddy of every description which, to a large degree, is sold by unscrupulous dealers as genuine goods of Irish manufacture. To put a stop to this ruinous competition the Irish Industrial Association, under the active leadership of Mr. Borland, M.P. for South Kerry, took up the cause of the manufacturers, and, after long and painstaking efforts, devised and adopted an Irish national trade mark, of artistic and intricate design, and having embodied in it, in Celtic characters, the legend "Made in Ireland." This mark has been surrounded by every possible safeguard against piracy, and the association takes care that it does not get into the hands of any but bona fide manufacturers of goods made in Irish mills and factories.

In a town in the north of England, recently, a clothing dealer was detected selling a line of shoddy which he ticketed as genuine Irish tweed, giving a fictitious name of a non-existent mill as the place of manufacture. The Irish Industrial Association had counsel to prosecute the case, and secured a conviction for infringement of their trade mark, and the court imposed a smart penalty. The association hopes to be so strongly organized soon as to be able to follow up such cases, so that cheap imitations, most of them made on the continent of Europe, of Beleck pottery, of Balbriggan hosiery, of Belfast linen, of Blarney or Galway tweed or of Irish pot lace shall be stopped, as far as it is possible to do so, so that both the Irish maker and the purchaser, whether the buyer be a Britisher or an American, may be saved from a type of fraudulent misrepresentation that has for years worked havoc upon Irish industries.

HOLLOWAY'S CORN CURE destroys all kinds of corns and warts, root and branch. Who, then, would endure them with such a cheap and effectual remedy within reach.

Truly a Struggling Mission In the Diocese of Northampton, Fakenham, Norfolk. HELP! HELP! HELP! OF the Love of the Sacred Heart and in Honor of St. Anthony of Padua, DO PLEASE send worthy for the erection of a monument to the Blessed Sacrament. True, the out-post at Fakenham is only a GARRET but it is an out-post; it is the SOLE SIGN of the vitality of the Catholic Church in 35 x 20 miles of the County of Norfolk. Large donations are not sought (though they are not objected to). What is sought is the willing CO-OPERATION of all devout Clients of the Sacred Heart and St. Anthony in England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and the Colonies. Each Client is asked to send a small offering—to put a few bricks in the new Church. May I not hope for some little measure of your kind co-operation? The Church is sadly needed, for at present I am obliged to SAY MA'S and give Benediction in a Garret. My average weekly collection is only 3s 6d, and I have no endowment except HOPE.

What can I do alone? Very little. But with your co-operation and that of the other well-disposed readers of this paper, I can do all that needs to be done. In these days, when the faith of many is becoming weak, when the Church is being deserted, when the devotion of the hearts of the English people again, I have a very uphill struggle here on behalf of that Faith. I must succeed or else this vast district must be abandoned.

IT RESTS WITH YOU to say whether I am to succeed or fail. All my hopes of success are in your co-operation. Will you not then extend a co-operating hand? Surely you will not refuse? You may not be able to help much, indeed, but you can help a little, and a multitude of "littles" means a great deal.

Don't Turn a Deaf Ear to My Urgent Appeal. May God bless and prosper your endeavours in establishing a Mission at Fakenham. ARTHUR, Bishop of Northampton.

FATHER H. W. GRAY, Catholic Mission, Fakenham, Norfolk, Eng.

P.S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation, and send with my acknowledgments a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart and St. Anthony. THE NEW MISSION IS DEDICATED TO ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA. Constant prayers and money assistance for Benefactor.

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It had seemed a give that the children... (Continued in next issue)

A Voice from the Void.

By Marion J. Brunowe, in which even Margaret could object on this occasion! No, but the influence of a strong mind over a weaker one in the long run, spoken or unspoken by its opinions, invariably claims the mastery.

This was only one of many such Sunday morning scenes, though most sad to relate, all did not end as propitiously. Two weeks later on the pretext of a slight cold Rose remained at home, there might be a relapse, and there was none to counsel to the contrary. And George had never seemed so loving as upon those two occasions when they had the quiet morning all untruncatedly to themselves.

So it had gone. Rose would go one Sunday, only to remain at home for trifling cause the next, until at the end of her first year of married life, she found herself ashamed to enter a church.

We shall now beg leave to give the remainder of this story in the words of Dr. —, an eyewitness to the scene we are about to portray. I had been practicing some twenty-five or thirty years when this most strange occurrence was brought to my attention.

It was the 6th of November, 18—, and quite late at night, in fact I was preparing to retire, when my call-bell was pulled several times in succession. On answering it, my office boy brought me a note, a few words scrawled in my friend Dr. —'s familiar writing.

"My dear Doc.—Am laid up; have just slipped on the ice on my own door-step; result severe sprain, unable to move. Unfortunately was on my way to call on Mrs. Harper, 18— street. You remember consultation day before yesterday. She is in a critical condition; can you go there for me at once?"

"And, sir, the messenger is in a tearing hurry," said my lad; "he says the lady's dying."

Hurrying on my overcoat, I set forth. I recalled the case instantly, for, as has been intimated, I had met Dr. — in consultation only the day before. It was a complicated form of pneumonia which we had agreed in pronouncing beyond the aid of medical skill.

No earthly power could have effected a cure; indeed my only wonder was that the patient was still alive. She was a young married lady, perhaps in reality, not more than thirty-five, but already the wreck of what once must have been a lovely girl.

We physicians see mankind at their worst, and can guess at many hidden springs, of which the world knows not. A long and severe illness is apt to give a care-worn and old look to even youthful faces late hours and dissipation will do the same, but there are lines and shadows which only anxiety can produce, and a practiced eye had noted these, and many of them, on the face of our patient. Being an old man, I may be indulged in a little sentiment, and I honestly confess to a pang in the regions where even medical men are supposed to have a heart, as I vaguely conjectured who could have been so unkind as to make life a trouble to that fragile creature. At present she seemed to be surrounded by all that love and extreme solicitude could do.

The husband, a man prominent both in business and social circles, appeared to be rendered well-nigh desperate by his grief and anxiety. I had seen three or four weeping children, while as constant companion and chief nurse night and day, she had her sister. And that last was evidently a character worth more than a passing word.

A magnificently stately woman, apparently in the prime of life when such women show to the best advantage, she was gifted with a queenly grace and dignity of bearing not often met with.

We had occasion to desire her presence for a few moments after our consultation, and her intelligent and instant comprehension of the drift of our questions stamped her as the ideal nurse. I am willing to wager no touch could be gentler, or more soothing to burning brow or aching limbs than that of those slender white fingers. I hinted as much to Dr. —, who readily agreed with me.

"A great pity she never married," commented the gruff old practitioner; "she might have been mother to a race of heroes."

As I entered the house to-night the lady in question was the first to greet me. She was pale, but very calm. She started me by her question:

"Doctor, are you a Catholic?" As I replied in the affirmative, she clasped her hands, murmuring: "God be thanked!" Then in low, rapid, concentrated tones: "My sister is — our faith also, though of late she — she has been unable to attend to her religious duties. My brother-in-law, who professes no creed, nevertheless refuses admission to a priest of our Church. He contends that the exertion of receiving any visitors now would be most dangerous. Doctor, for God's sake, disabuse him of this idea, represent the ease of mind such ministrations would afford your patient, and aid me in endeavoring to save my sister's soul, for — I will be frank — it is in danger."

There was so much subdued fire and passion in her voice and manner, that even had I been inclined, I could not have resisted the plea. However, it was otherwise, and I went upstairs firm in my determination to procure the desired aid.

The poor sufferer was barely conscious, and it required no experience or glance to tell that at the most she had but a few hours to live. It was then midnight, in my opinion I gave her till about dawn.

After rendering what temporary aid I could, I hurried away, and motioned the husband aside. I felt a pair of anxious eyes were following our movements as Miss Carrigan bent over the pillows.

Stating her condition plainly, the hopelessness of her recovery, etc., I intimated to Mr. Harper that if his wife had any religious duties to perform, there was not a moment to spare, skillfully alluding to the soothing, quieting influence generally resulting. I said only a few words, yet I flatter myself that they made an impression.

"It shall be as you advise," was his laconic answer, and I noticed he made a slight gesture to Miss Carrigan. She was with us instantaneously.

"Can a clergyman be procured at this hour?" His tone was cold and distant. But her voice came near breaking as she answered:

"Certainly, Mr. Harper; I shall send for Father — at once," mentioning a venerable priest with whom I was well acquainted. A thought struck me. Perhaps it would not be so easy for this intrepid woman to get a messenger.

"As my way lies past the rectory, if you permit I shall be happy to call on Father — myself," I suggested.

A grateful glance from Miss Carrigan's eyes rewarded me, as my offer was courteously accepted by Mr. Harper.

"Trouble there, deep trouble," was my mental colloquy as I hastened homeward. Calling at the rectory as I had promised, I saw Father — and in a few words stated the facts.

"Now, God be praised!" exclaimed the zealous man; "a brave sister's prayers were not in vain. My dear Doctor, you bring me the best summons I have received in many a day. Not a moment to spare, you say? Then good-night, I thank you." And before I could well draw breath he was off. Had it been anybody but Father — I might have felt slighted, but Father — was Father —, odd, eccentric, but the most zealous man that ever lived. I went home and to bed.

Next morning, thinking that there might be just the slightest possible chance that Mrs. Harper still lived, I made my first call of the day there. But no, my prognostications had proved correct; she had expired in the early morning.

As I stood in the hall making my inquiries of a servant, there was the soft swish of a woman's dress, and I beheld Miss Carrigan descending the stairs. I stepped forward and met her half way.

As I took her extended hand, I endeavored to express my sympathy in a few appropriate words. I felt the tremor that shook her, saw the large eyes were swimming in tears and comprehended that she was unable to articulate a word. Instead with a quick gesture, full of poignant emotion, she bent her stately head and pressed her lips to my hand.

"My dear madam!" I protested.

"O Doctor!" was the broken reply, "we owe you a thousand-thousand thanks. My sister was permitted to make peace with God. Will you come up?"

In silence I followed her to the darkened death chamber. Only a maid servant was in the room, moving noiselessly around in preparations for the last sad services; my companion informed me, "and I have just succeeded in persuading Mr. Harper to lie down a while—O my darling!"

And as she spoke she drew aside the sheet, revealing the marble features of the dead.

Death is at times merciful, even tender; in this instance it was both. From the fair countenance the weary troubled look had vanished. Youthful, peaceful, calm, beautiful; it was the face of a sleeping child; it was the sister's voice was thick and choked; "Poor little Rose, she has never looked so since the happy days of long ago, when we were children together. But surely she must be happy!"

"The last words were half question, half assertion, and she turned her searching eyes full upon me, as if challenging me to reply. I essayed to speak, but a sudden chill seized me, and the words froze upon my lips, for mournfully like the wail of the wind in a winter storm

came the words: "Yes—and no." At the same instant a shudder passed over the frame of the dead; there was a convulsive twitching of the features, the lips parted, the eyes opened, and a strong whisper bade:

"Lift me."

Trembling like a leaf, strong man as I am, I placed one arm about her shoulders, and raised the body to a sitting posture.

"Thank you, hold me," were the next words; "do not leave me, Margaret." And she extended both hands toward her sister, who with bated breath, and dilated eyes, had sunk on her knees at the bedside.

"Margaret, send for George, send for my husband; bid him come; I have but a few moments—as mortals measure time."

The dazed woman tottered toward the door, stumbling over the maid who had fallen in a heap at the threshold. The noise of both must have come to the ears of the stricken husband, for he was in the room in a moment. Pausing one instant in his horror, he then attempted to rush to her side. I felt her whole form shake like an aspen leaf, as she motioned him back: "No nearer, my husband, no nearer."

There was an indescribable sadness in her voice. The man paused where he stood as if rooted to the spot, and all eyes were fixed in a strange fascination upon the face of the dead—the dead so miraculously come to life. As yet no one had uttered an articulate word. To do so was an impossibility if all experienced what I sensed, that of the tongue actually cleaving to the roof of the mouth. We were powerless and speechless.

For the space of about five seconds there was a heavy, awful silence in that room. Then in hollow, ringing tones, whose echoes I shall never forget, she gave forth her message:

"For full one hundred years, as mortals measure time, I have been as one dead. In a dream I have been judged before an all-just God, and condemned—here she paused, and condemned—here she convulsively groaned, and buried her face in her hands. The next words were addressed directly to her, and there was a tender, softening in their accents; almost a tremble:

"No, my sister, not to eternal perdition, which your conscience knows I so justly merited. Before coming to the Judgment Throne, I had an advocate—ah, me! the Mother of my God! When the accumulated sins of a careless, negligent life rose up before me, and I was tremblingly awaiting the final sentence on bended knees before the Throne of Thrones, the gentle mother pleaded that my purgatory might be shortened. God's minister on earth had been with me but a moment before. 'The waters of penance had washed my soul'—but there was to be an expiation."

"My Son," were the tender words, "in Thy bounteous clemency and

Thirty-Eighth Annual Report TO JANUARY 1st, 1908, OF THE Mutual Life of Canada HEAD OFFICE - WATERLOO, ONT.

CASH ACCOUNT		DISBURSEMENTS	
INCOME		TO POLICYHOLDERS:	
NET LEDGER ASSETS, December 31st, 1906.....	\$ 9,890,477.70	Death Claims	\$ 17,776.50
PREMIUMS:		Matured Endowments	178,785.00
First year	\$ 230,636.63	Surrendered Policies	92,138.68
Renewals	1,519,322.77	Surplus	80,805.19
Annuity	3450.00	Annuitants	10,714.93
	1,753,409.40		\$680,220.30
Less Re-assurance	20,397.52	EXPENSES, TAXES, ETC.	383,981.33
	1,733,041.88	BALANCE NET LEDGER ASSETS, December 31st, 1907.....	11,069,846.28
INTEREST	509,240.02		
PROFIT AND LOSS	1,288.25		
	\$12,134,047.85		

BALANCE SHEET		LIABILITIES	
ASSETS		LIABILITIES	
Mortgages	\$5,756,070.85	Reserve, 4%, 3 3/4% and 3% standard	\$10,019,563.89
Debentures and Bonds	3,593,965.84	Reserve on lapsed policies on which surrender values are claimable	4,171.22
Loans on Policies	1,410,130.87	Death Claims unadjusted	39,350.00
Premium Obligations	22,534.21	Present value of death claims payable in instalments	38,506.93
Real Estate (Company's Head Office)	30,875.79	Matured Endowments, unadjusted	1,693.45
Cash in Banks	280,494.20	Premium paid in advance	12,737.18
Cash at Head Office	1,505.19	Due for medical fees and sundry accounts	10,936.75
Due and deferred premiums, (net)	319,277.97	Credit Ledger Balances	25,730.82
Interest due and accrued	241,554.91	Surplus, December 31st, 1907.....	1,503,719.68
		(Surplus on Government Standard of Valuation \$1,897,358.28)	
	\$11,656,409.92		\$11,656,409.92

Audited and found correct.
J. M. SCULLY, F.C.A.,
Auditor.
GEO. WEGENAST,
Managing Director.
WATERLOO, January 29th, 1908.
New Business written (gain over 1906, \$1,577,855) - - - \$7,081,402
Insurance in force (gain over 1906, \$4,179,440) - - - \$51,091,848
Surplus (gain over 1906, \$300,341) - - - \$1,503,719
Booklets containing full report of the Annual Meeting, held March 5th, 1908, are being published and will be distributed among Policyholders in due course.

Nerves Wrong Everything Wrong.

Sleeplessness.
Sick Headache.
Nervous indigestion.
Neuralgic and sciatic pains.
Weakness of bodily organs.
Nervousness and irritability.
Tendency to worry and anxiety.
Sensitiveness to light and sound.
Discouragement, despondency, and dread of the future.

These tell of exhausted nerves and point to the approach of prostration, paralysis, or locomotor ataxia. It is so easy to neglect diseases of the nerves, but they never right themselves. The system must be strengthened, built up and revitalized by such treatment as Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food, the greatest of nerve restoratives, 50 cents, at all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Mrs. G. W. Power, 50 Terrace Hill, Bradford, Ont., states:

"When I began the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I was suffering almost constantly from nervous headache and could hardly get a night's rest. I frequently felt tired and languid and my nerves were very unsteady. By the time that I had used three boxes of this medicine, my headaches were entirely gone, I could sleep without any difficulty, my nervous system was strengthened, and I felt one hundred per cent better."

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Are a specific for all diseases and disorders arising from a run-down condition of the heart or nervous system, such as Palpitation of the Heart, Nervous Prostration, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Fatigue, Dizziness, Headache, etc. They are especially beneficial to women troubled with irregular menstruation.

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thy earthly body, to give thy message. "Then the heavens were shaken as with a thousand thunders, and some were the visions. Darkness and wandering had been my portion ever since, and a consuming fire of regret, Husband! husband! heed my prayer; I may not linger here. Nightly am I permitted to bend over the pillows of maidens who have plighted, or are about to plight their troth to unknown dreams. But to thee I may come no more. Farewell, my own one; fare thee well. In mercy heed me, my husband."

There was a flutter in the form I had been supporting, a faint sigh, the fair head fell back against my shoulder. My hand sought her wrist; the pulse had ceased. She was dead—quite dead.

"A case of suspended animation, Doctor, very unusual. I grant you, but still fairly possible. The moment of dissolution had not really come, all appearances to the contrary notwithstanding. The patient was in a trance, the past and future mingled in one strongly accentuated vision. How, science cannot yet explain; but a clear case of suspended animation. Make an interesting report of it for the next number of the Medical Journal."

Thus pronounced my medical conferees in council assembled. No doubt they were right, but—I'm a credulous old man. Not for nothing came that strange "trance," or "vision."

Of the subsequent history of the family little remains to record. The lady's relatives are living yet, are Catholics and living with Miss Carrigan, but of Mr. Harper nothing has been known for years. Shortly after this strange occurrence he started on a voyage to the Bahamas, and although the vessel arrived at her port in safety he has never been heard of since. As I see Miss Carrigan frequently, however, I will probably be one of the first to hear any news of the missing.

I encountered my clerical friend of the other day, and our conversation drifted around to that subject.

"I have distinct hopes of his conversion," said Father—. "Before leaving the country he borrowed of me some controversial and polemical volumes, Scoble's 'Plain Facts for Fair Minds,' Cardinal Gibbon's 'Faith of Our Fathers' and several volumes of Newman. Mr. Harper is a gentleman; he will some time think of returning these books, and the well-my dear sir, do you think the Almighty would condemn a patient, suffering soul, a soul for whom His Mother pleaded, to wander over-log through space? No, no, her prayers, and noble Margaret's life of sacrifice—that woman holds most dear, in order to care for and watch over the motherless children—will not go unanswered, unrewarded. He will come to us—some day."

CONSTIPATION.

Although generally described as a disease, can never exist unless some of the organs are deranged, which is generally found to be the liver. It consists of an inability to regularly evacuate the bowels, and as a regular action of the bowels is absolutely essential to general health, the least irregularity should never be neglected.

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have no equal for relieving and curing Constipation, Biliousness, Water Brash, Heartburn, and all Liver troubles.

Mr. A. E. Betts, Vancouver, B.C., writes:—For some years past I was troubled with chronic constipation and bilious headaches. I tried nearly everything, but only got temporary relief. A friend induced me to try Laxa-Liver Pills, and they cured me completely.

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St. Patrick's Day at St. Laurent.

Nowhere was St. Patrick's Day celebrated with more pomp and grandeur than at St. Laurent College, under the auspices of St. Patrick's Literary and Dramatic Society. Festivities began with a solemn High Mass sung by Rev. William H. Condon, C.S.C., the Moderator of the Society, assisted by Rev. Henry Homen as deacon, and Mr. James Toner as sub-deacon. An eloquent panegyric on the life and works of St. Patrick was delivered by the assistant Moderator of the Society, Rev. J. Kellett. A select choir of fifty voices, accompanied by a string orchestra, led by Rev. Thomas J. Kellett, C.S.C., the director, assisted by Mr. George J. Massey, the organist, rendered a most magnificent musical programme which deserves endless praise. Messrs. Doherty, McKeon, Coyle and Murphy excellently rendered the solos of "Kyrie," "Veni Vexillum" and "Te Deum." Mr. Cornelius Maher, who ably assisted the Society, carried the solo work in the "Gloria" beyond criticism with perfect ease. The soloists in the "Sanctus," Messrs. Sullivan and Doherty, deserve unlimited merit. Messrs. O'Donnell and Coyle, and Mr. William O'Byrne, C.S.C., admirably rendered the solos in the "Benedictus," and Mr. George Rich beautifully handled the solo work in the "Agnus Dei." During the Offertory Mr. Bourassa gave a masterly execution on the violin.

A sumptuous banquet was held in the spacious and tastefully decorated dining-hall shortly after noon. Mr. William P. Lunny acted as toast-master. The following toasts were given, and in a way which reflects inestimable credit upon the toasters: "The Day We Celebrate," by Mr. William A. Whelan, Rhetoric '08; "Irish Heroes," by Mr. James M. O'Connell, Rhetoric, '09; "Our Canadian Members," by Mr. Edward J. Bresnahan, Rhetoric, '08; "Our American Members," by Mr. John Mulcair, Rhetoric, '09; "Our Sister Societies," by Mr. Hugh H. Harrahan, Rhetoric, '09; "Our Society," by Mr. Telephore Bourassa, Rhetoric, '08; "Rhetoric Class of '08," by Mr. Francis McKeon, Rhetoric, '09; "The Land Across the Sea," by Mr. William P. Lunny, Rhetoric, '08; "The Future of St. Patrick's Society," by the Worthy President, Mr. Thomas P. Doherty, Rhetoric, '08.

After the banquet all proceeded to one of the large halls wherein the afternoon was spent in playing, singing and dancing. An able orchestra composed of the members of the Society, under the direction of Mr. Telephore Bourassa, dispensed entrancing music throughout the afternoon. A grand ball was tendered at night, the music of which was rendered by Rev. Adolf Clement, C.S.C., with the college band.

Festivities were brought to a close with Solemn Benediction given by Rev. Edward Meahan, C.S.C., during which Mr. Telephore Bourassa beautifully sang an "O Salutaris" and Mr. William O'Byrne, C.S.C., admirably rendered the "Ave Regina." The officers of the Society, upon whom so much credit reflects for their untiring efforts in its behalf and likewise for the great success which the present celebration reached, are as follows: Rev. William H. Condon, S.C.C., Moderator; Rev. Thomas J. Kellett, C.S.C., Assistant-Moderator; Thomas P. Doherty, President; William A. Whelan, Vice-President; William P. Lunny, Recording Secretary; John Mulcair, Corresponding Secretary; Telephore Bourassa, Treasurer, and Francis McKeon, Librarian.

St. Patrick's Day Concert.

YOUNG IRISHMEN'S L. & B. ASSOCIATION CONCERT. "The Rose of Limerick" was presented on Tuesday evening by the dramatic section of the above society at the Theatre des Nouveaux before an audience that taxed the accommodation of the theatre to the utmost. The presentation was one of the most successful ever held by the association, and deserved the applause so liberally bestowed upon it. The President, Mr. P. T. Golden, in his opening address, called attention to the lack of a national hall for young Irishmen, and stated that the Association proposed to gather funds for the purpose of building one that would be a credit to the Irishmen of Montreal, and asked the support of all in their efforts.

The acting of Mr. Power as the villain, Harry Loftus, was exceptionally good, while Mr. R. J. Love as Brian O'Farrell and Mr. J. P. O'Connor as Mr. McLean, a Scotch Middleman, ran him close for the honors. Of the ladies, Miss Tina White as Bridget Maguire, Mrs. George Arless as Ellen Moriarty, and Miss Alice Rowan as Nora O'Donnell gave a display of histrionic ability that would have done credit to professionals. Altogether the work of the actors was such as the Association may feel proud of, and speaks well for the training they have received. During the evening bouquets were presented to the ladies, and a box of cigars to Mr. Love.

Among the vaudeville turns, the singing of Miss Mary Durcan, Miss Kathleen Fitzgerald, Miss E. Tigh, Mr. L. Benoit and Master R. Lavallee was greatly appreciated, while the dancing of Miss Josie Harrington took the house by storm.

ST. PATRICK'S CELEBRATION IN MOUNT ST. LOUIS.

Last Thursday evening was the occasion of a patriotic entertainment at Mount St. Louis Institute. Every year, on St. Patrick's festival, the students of the above named institution favor their friends and the numerous patrons of the house by a celebration of the event in a manner peculiar to themselves. As usual, therefore, the night was fondly looked forward to, and those who attended were in no way disappointed.

Numerous friends of the students were present to encourage the young men who were so right royally celebrating the national feast. The programme was a fine one, and was carried out in a manner reflecting great credit upon the students. Besides the splendid dramatic trial scene from Sir Thomas More, there was a series of musical numbers, exhibitions of physical culture and an address to the Rev. Father McShane, pastor of St. Patrick's, and guest of the evening, to which the gentleman replied in his customary happy style.

As is usual at Mount St. Louis, everything was carried out with precision, and the immense audience was certainly most enthusiastic in their appreciation.

ANTICIPATED FEAST OF ST. PATRICK.

On Sunday evening last St. Aloysius Church, Hochelaga, was crowded to do honor to St. Patrick, whose feast was being celebrated by anticipation. The preacher of the occasion was Rev. Father Kiernan, who eloquently reviewed the life work of the great saint, and urged the people to be true to the faith that was in them, the faith planted in soil bedewed with the blood of martyrs. At the close of the sermon Canon O'Meara blessed the statue of St. Patrick, a gift to the church, following which was Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

OUR MONTHLY CALENDAR

March, 1908.

Quinquagesima Sunday.

1 St. David, Abp.
2 St. Symeon, O. C.
3 St. Cosmas, Conf.
4 Ash Wednesday
5 St. John Joseph of the Cross, C.
6 The Passion of Our Lord
7 St. Thomas Aquinas, C. D.
8 St. Sunday in Lent.

9 St. John of God, C.
10 St. Francis of Rome, IV.
11 The Forty Martyrs
12 St. Eulogius, P. M.
13 St. Gregory the Great, P. C.
14 St. Gregory the Younger, C.
15 The Holy Crown of Thorns, G.
16 St. Martha, D.
17 St. Sunday in Lent.

18 St. Zachary, P. C.
19 St. Finian the Leper
20 St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland.
21 St. Gabriel, Archangel.
22 The Spear and the Nails.
23 St. Benedict, Ab.
24 St. Joseph, Patron of the Church.
25 St. Sunday in Lent.

26 St. Basil, P. M.
27 St. Victorin, M.
28 St. Simon, M.
29 Commemoration of the B. V. Mary
30 St. Ludwig, B. C.
31 The Five Wounds of Our Lord.
32 St. Simeon, P. C.

Fourth Sunday in Lent.

1 St. Joseph and Companions, MM.
2 St. Chamaeus, Ab.
3 St. Nicholas Van der Fluë, C.

The concert was given under the auspices of the different societies of the parish, which deserve great credit for the brilliant success of the entertainment. An extensive and very interesting programme was excellently rendered, and there was not a dull moment as the frequent and hearty applause of the audience sufficiently proved. The principal feature of the evening's entertainment was Father O'Meara's account of his recent trip to Europe. The pastor of St. Gabriel's gave a bright and snappy account of the strange places he had met, and the strange people he had met in the course of his journey, and he enlivened his description by many good stories well told. Altogether it was about as interesting an account of travels as Montrealers have had the pleasure of hearing in a long while.

Mr. Kain, one of the officers, opened the concert with a few introductory remarks. Mrs. Kain presided at the piano. Among those who took part in the entertainment were Messrs. Flaherty, Deegan, Asselin and Dowd, members of the church choir; Mrs. Payette, the directress of the choir also favored the audience with a song, and those present showed their appreciation of her excellent work by insisting upon an encore. The pupils of the local convent and college gave a very pretty military drill, and the different evolutions which were performed with wonderful accuracy were greeted with storms of applause. Altogether it was an entertainment which will long be remembered with pleasure in the parish.

DEBATE BY ST. GABRIEL Y. M. SOCIETY.

Last Friday evening in the St. Gabriel Young Men's Society hall, a debate was held on the subject of Prohibition. The theme was well sustained on both sides, some able and conclusive arguments being put forth by the respective parties. The debaters in favor of prohibition were Messrs. J. Collins, M. J. Flood, C. Thompson, J. Stanford and E. O'Flaherty; and against Messrs. W. E. Hennessy, J. J. Merrill, M. O'Brien, J. Murphy and M. Allen. Much interest and enthusiasm was evident. At the invitation of the chairman, Dr. Conroy, Messrs. P. Polan and E. J. Colfer, representing the St. Gabriel T. A. & B. Society, senior branch, assisted him as judges.

After the debate an impromptu concert was given, in which the following gentlemen took part: Messrs. W. E. Hennessy, M. Allen, J. Harding, J. Murphy, J. Deegan and E. O'Flaherty. Afterwards the chairman read a very interesting and instructive paper upon the subject of alcoholism, graphically describing it in its physical, moral and intellectual effects. On the whole the evening was an ideal one, and it has been decided to hold debates from time to time.

Let Everybody Sing

The best of the old hymns are touching. Father Faber—the eminent oratorian—did a great deal to make a hymnology for the Church that was modern as well as simple. There is nothing more inspiring than a ringing hymn sung by a whole congregation. It was my good fortune to hear a vast corps of the United States army stand silently as the Stars and Stripes came rattling down the pole at sunset. The silence had the effect of song—of something akin to battle and not very far removed from prayer. The majesty of it impressed me. Yet I cannot see why there is not a deeper thrill to be found in a congregation of Catholic souls pouring out their battle fervor in "Holy God We Praise Thy Name."

And again it seems to me that the time is ripe for the restoration of the Plain Chant. We often hear of the glorious ritual, the imposing ceremonies of the Church, in which music plays such an important part. What are the Solemn Mass, the Office of the Dead, the Tenebrae, without the music? And what music is there for the greater part of these offices but Plain Chant.—Boston Republic.

OBITUARY.

MR. DENNIS DWYER.
The death occurred at St. Clotilde on Friday, March 6th, of Mr. Dennis Dwyer, native of County Limerick, Ireland. Deceased was in his seventy-eighth year, and leaves seven daughters and one son to mourn his loss. He was the brother of Rev. William Dwyer, of Tacoma, Wash., and of Sister Rose, St. Agnes Convent, St. Louis, and father of Sister Mary Denis, also of St. Agnes Convent, and Sister Elesia, of San Diego, California. He left Ireland at the age of nine years, and was for a number of years a resident of Chattanooga, N.Y., finally settling in St. Clotilde, where he passed away surrounded by his family. Requisite in pace.

CONCERT AT ST. GABRIEL.

One of the best attended and most enjoyable concerts ever held in Point St. Charles took place there on St. Patrick's night in the basement hall of St. Gabriel's Church.

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Edward VII. Heretic.

England's King, defender of the Protestant faith, etc., evidently is in for it. He has been to mass, together with his gracious queen, and now the little fellows of the large mouth are orange with the envy of bilious bigotry. In St. James' Church, London, a memorial mass was celebrated for the late King Carlos of Portugal. Out of respect King Edward and Queen Alexandra attended, thus scandalizing the righteous Protestant Alliance and bringing condemnation upon the graying regal heads. The Alliance, like Uriah Heap, very unbecomingly points out that away back in 1689 parliament provided that "all and every person who shall hold communion with the See or Church of Rome shall be excluded and be forever incapable to inherit, possess or enjoy the crown and government of this realm, and the people of these realms shall be absolved from their allegiance."

The over-pious objectors, could they have their way, no doubt would hang, draw and quarter the royal pair. Thank God, we are living in the year 1908, not 1689, when freedom of worship gives the king the privilege to attend any service he

CANADIAN PACIFIC TRAIN LEAVE MONTREAL

WINDSOR ST. STATION

BOSTON, LOWELL, 10:30 a.m., 17:45 p.m.
TORONTO, CHICAGO, 10:30 a.m., 11:00 p.m.
OTTAWA, 10:30 a.m., 10:10 a.m., 14:00 p.m., 10:40 p.m., 11:10 p.m.

SHERBROOK, 10:30 a.m., 4:30 p.m., 17:25 p.m.
ST. JOHN'S, HALIFAX, 17:25 p.m.
ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS, 10:40 p.m.
WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER, 11:10 p.m.
WINDSOR, MOOSE JAW, 11:10 a.m., 11:10 p.m.

TRACIE VIKER STATION

QUEBEC, 10:55 a.m., 12:00 p.m., 11:30 p.m., 14:30 p.m., 11:30 p.m.
THREE RIVERS, 10:55 a.m., 12:00 p.m., 14:30 p.m., 11:30 p.m.
SHAWINGAN FALLS, 12:00 p.m.
OTTAWA, 10:30 a.m., 15:45 p.m.
JOLIETTE, 10:00 a.m., 18:55 a.m., 15:00 p.m.
ST. GABRIEL, 10:30 a.m., 15:00 p.m.
ST. AGATHE, 10:45 a.m., 14:45 p.m., 14:45 p.m.
NOMINGUE, 10:45 a.m., 14:45 p.m., 14:45 p.m.
Daily, 10:00 a.m., 12:00 p.m., 1:00 p.m., 1:00 p.m., 1:00 p.m., 1:00 p.m.
and Sat. 10:00 a.m., 1:00 p.m., 1:00 p.m., 1:00 p.m.

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SAN FRANCISCO, LOS ANGELES \$54.00
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Leave Montreal Mondays and Wednesdays at 10:30 p.m. for the accommodation of passengers holding first or second-class tickets to CHICAGO AND WEST thereof as far as the PACIFIC COAST. Nominal charge is made for berths, which may be reserved in advance.

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It makes no difference whether it is chronic, acute or inflammatory.



Rheumatism
of the muscles or joints

St. Jacobs Oil
cures and cures promptly.
Price, 25c. and 50c.

Blessing a Mixed Marriage.

Why place a wrong construction on the blessing which Pope Pius X. sent to the Hungarian gentleman (we always forget his name), and the rich American lady on the occasion of their mixed marriage at New York recently? The Pope is a benevolent pontiff. His good will is broad, and humanitarian. He will bless a Protestant as well as a Catholic. He has often done so at Papal audiences. We ourselves would not refuse an editorial blessing to any young married couple that ask it. We would give it even to a bachelor of 49, about to wed. Blessings are good, generous, kind things—not to be begrudged to anybody or from anybody. (Of course, in the case of the Papal blessing, there are some cable to.) Meanwhile, the position of the Church on mixed marriages is too plain to be misunderstood.—Catholic Citizen.

S. CARSLY Co. LIMITED

135 to 183 Notre-Dame St., 184 to 194 St. James St., Montreal.
THURSDAY, MARCH 19, 1908.

Ladies' Stylish Spring Coats

Now Spring Models that are second to none for exclusive elegance and at moderate prices.

LADIES' TAILOR MADE PONY COATS, made of very good reliable fancy stripe Covert Cloth, double breasted, 27 inches long, 3 pockets, velvet collar, special sleeves, with turn back cuffs, lined throughout, all sizes, Special \$7.25

LADIES' WELL TAILORED SPRING COATS, made of very good reliable broadcloth, in black and navy, tight fitting effect, 24 inches long, self collar, new sleeves with turn back cuffs, all sizes, Special \$6.75

LADIES' VERY LATEST NOVELTY SPRING COATS, made in an all-wool Cheviot Cloth, navy blue, 46 inches long, new kimona sleeves, collar and sleeves trimmed with black and fancy braid and buttons, all sizes. Special \$9.75

Superb Parisian Millinery.

One has only to turn to those many exquisite Millinery gems, the creations of foreign millinery artists on view in our show cases to understand why Carsley's styles are recognized as the most exclusive and elegant the city can show. The immense variety of the models, no two alike, is the chief feature of the exhibit.

Paris Model Hat of Champagne Satin Straw, rolled brim, high crown trimmed with champagne straw lace bandeau, and tulle, two large ostrich plumes on side held together with hnot of tulle. Price \$37.25

Paris Model Hat of navy mohair, trimmed with navy tulle and shot silk ribbon in green and blue, yellow roses and white lilac with foliage on side. Price \$13.15

WHITE LAWN BLOUSES

Two Specials.

Ladies Fine Quality White Lawn Blouses, beautifully trimmed down front with two wide open work embroidery insertion also lace insertion set in between, made in open back, 3-2 sleeves. Special, \$1.20

Ladies' Good Quality White Lawn Blouses, made in all over embroidery front, and trimmed with 6 wide tucks, neck, back and sleeves trimmed tucks, lace insertion edged frill of lace. Special, \$2.20

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Please send me "The True Witness" for..... months
from.....190...for which I enclose \$.....
Name of Subscriber.....
P. O. Address.....
If you are a new subscriber, write "new" here.....

Province of Quebec, District of Montreal, Superior Court, No. 3174.
Dame Lizzie Cameron, wife of Joseph Luttrell, manufacturer, of Montreal, has instituted this day against her husband an action for separation as to property.
Montreal, February 1st, 1908.
RIVET, HANDFIELD & HANDFIELD, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that application shall be made to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec at its next session for an act to incorporate the Canada Trust Company, with the following powers, namely: To accept, fulfil and execute any trust which may be committed to it by any person, corporation or court of justice; To act as trustee, executor, tutor, curator, guardian, administrator, sequestrator, liquidator, receiver, trustee for holders of debentures, notwithstanding any provision of the Civil Code of the Province of Quebec; To lend monies upon real estate, ground rents on Dominion, Provincial, British, foreign or other values; To act as fiscal agent of registration or transfer for any Government, Corporation or person; to act as financial agent; to receive and keep in trust on deposit any monies or valuables whatever; to warrant titles on im-

moveables or mortgages thereon or any other investments; to buy, hold, sell, pledge debentures, shares, hypothec or obligations and to transport thereon; to establish agencies and branches; to act as judicial security; to borrow monies and secure payment of the same; to have, keep and use vaults and safes and other places for keeping valuables and goods to examine and audit accounts, books of accounts, and to examine into the conditions of any business or properties of any company, firm, estate or person; to buy, pledge and sell hypothec or mortgage and to guarantee the payment thereof; to act as general financial and real estate agents; to collect dividends, interests and rents on any investment of property and any sums of money to manage and administer the properties, business and affairs of any person, estate or corporation; to act as agent for the investment and administration of monies; to do business as a deposit company; to receive and administer sinking funds; to define the powers of the Board of Directors and of the company, and generally to carry on the business of a Trust Company.

For the Petitioners,
L. LYMAN, Attorney,
Montreal, 19th February, 1908.



Vol. Assu.

AV

(Robt. E.

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