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OTIOE.

tt, Montreal. Dame needle, of Outremont, arthos, furrier, of the tribus, this day, instituted separation as to proser husband.

rch 17th, 1910.

G. E. MATHIEU, serpay for Plaintiff.

The True Witness



Vol. LIX., No. 46 Senate Reading Room

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, MAY 12, 1910

PRICE, FIVE CENTS

TWO PICTURES OF A ROMAN SUNDAY.

Conditions As They Have Been Described By the Rev. Mr. Tipple and the London "Saturday Review".

(Rev. B. N. Tipple, D.D., Pastor of the Methodist Church in Rome, in "The Christian Advo-cate," New York).

On Sunday afternoon, February 20, On Sunday atternoof, Pebruary 20, 1910, the streets of Rome were full of marching men. The excitement was intense. Not soldiers, but citizens; not anarchists, but university students, reputable labor organizations, members of Parliament and a majority of the municipality of Rome formed the lines. At the head of the column was a huge banner bearing the inscription:

The Roman Democracy for Giordano

Against the Religious Congregations
Tor the School
For the Family.

Passing a Catholic Church (there are four hundred of them in the are four numbers of them in the city) this great banner was dipped as a sign of protest. Led by the bands, these fifty thousand Italians moved to the Piazza Campo dei Fiori, a large square in the centre of which stands the statue of Giordano which stands the statue of Giordano Bruno. This statue was raised in 1889 by the Liberals, with the ap-proval of the Government, who gave for it a considerable sum of money. At that time Crispi was the Prime Minister. The Vatican with all 'the Minister. The Vatican with all the power it could command strove to prevent its erection. Italians well remember the surging, tumultuous crowds of that day of '89 when the deed was finally accomplished. On deed was finally accomplished. On that day the name of Giordano Bruno became the slogan of anticlericalism in Italy, and at least once every year since, the statue has been the storm centre of a great and popular demonstration against the Catholic Church. Giordano Bruno fought for the freedom of thought, and in this fight he perished at the hands of the Papacy. This explains why he has been taken up and canonized by the masses of Italians to-day bent on the destruction

explains why he has been taken up and canonized by the masses of Italians to-day bent on the destruction of the Romish Church in Italy. The principal speakers this year were Barzilai and Bissolati. The former is now chief of the Republican party, a member of Parliament, and, many think, the coming man of Italy. Bissolati is also a member of Parliament and a leader in the reform party. He stands well with the present government. By all parties he is regarded as one of the most honest men in Italian politics to-day. The addresses strongly arraigned the Catholic Church for its tyranny and policy of reaction. They summoned the men of Italy to pledge eternal warfare against the religious orders. They virtually exalted atheism. They pleaded for the public school and the home. Recently the Vatican said: "Bruno was executed for his unretracted blasphemies 'against religion." He was one of the philosophical leaders of his age, but tredy the great

soul.

But the cause for which Giordano
Bruno gave up his life is not yet
completely victorious the world
over. Religious intolerance still
abides in the same quarter / whence
issued the sentence that took Bruno's life by fire.

Indictment Against

Protestant Missionaries

(From the Saturday Review, (Lon

On the afternoon of this day (Sunday, February 20) a rowdy procession was formed of between 10,000 and 20,000 persons, among them, according to the "Temps," an unusual gathering of Italian functionaries, of members of Parliament, of notorious rather than celebrated journalists and lawyers, and of almost every noted Freemason Rome bearing his Masonic emblems. These people were one and all an archists and revolutionaries, anticlerical and anti-everything. They carried banners which bore blas phemous and seditious inscriptions, and the number of revolutionary flags was so great that we are as sured "they looked like a river of blood and fire pouring down streets through the modern city to the city of the past." The procession formed at the railway station, passed through the principal streets and eventually reached the statue erected in the Piazzo dei Fiori to the notorious pantheist, Giordano

Here revolutionary speeches of a nost violent description were delivered, notably by Podrecca, editor of the unspeakable "Asino." and by Barzalai, a wealthy Jew Socialist member of Parliament These violent attacks on the Pope, the Church and the monarchy were endorsed by Mayor Nathan, who expressed on behalf of the municipal bloc his hearty sympathy with the demonstration. Lastly Prince Gaetani, the renegade head of the great historical house to which belonged Pope Boniface VIII., attempted to address the meeting, but the audience, considering him an apostate to his order and religion, told him so nis order and religion, told him so very plainly and shouted him down. In the meantime the "Internationale." the "Song of the Workers," Mameli's "Hymn" and other revolutionary chants were howled in chorus, and then came the usual cries of "Down with the Popel". "Death the Polician!" Popen with Austria!" of Down with the Popel Death
to Religion!" Down with Austria!"
"Death to Christ!" "Neither God
nor Master!" "Death to the King!"
"The Arter a sort of ritual ceremony
performed before the statue of their

summoned the men of Italy to pledge eternal warfare against the religious orders. They virtually exalted atheism. They plended for the public school and the home. Recently the Vatican said: "Bruno was executed for his unretracted blasphemies 'against religion." He was one of the philosophical leaders of his age, but to-day the great majority of Italians think of him only as a martyr to freedom of the demonstrators, which have ample of the tyranny of the Roman Church. His philosophy is a combination of Theism and Pantheism.

Giordano Bruno was by no means a saint. There is strong suspicion that his personal habits were not always what they should have been The victim of intolerance, he nevertheless was often intolerant himself of others when their opinions did not coincide with his own. But in the face of all this he lives in his tory as one of the greatest men of that wonderful sixteenth century. Whatever he was or was not, be was not a coward. He had a great soul, so life by fire.

The victim of intolerance still abiles in the same gave up his life is not yet completely victorious the world over. Religious intolerance still abiles in the same quarter whence issued the sentence that took Bruno's life by fire.

Gospel to the savage and unlearned

pagans.

The experience of the author of the article has been that whatever may have been the guiding principle of the Protestant missionary in the past, he is, for the prosent at least, led on to his work not so much by the love of God and the interest of Christianity, as by the commercial spirit of the age. Immense movements are in progress in Protestant denominations to raise money for the use of these missionaries. Already millions have been raised for the purpose, and now it is hoped to raise a billion dollars. As Mr. Barry states: "They want one man and one woman for each 50,000 of that foreign population, and #2,000 for

each team to spend.

Continuing, he says: "The real attitude of the new movement is this—and I am but stating plainly what its speakers say inferentially: Letus carry beef and flour and rail-way ties and pig-iron to the heathen (deducting, of course, therefrom a good American profit from the transaction), and his soul will somehow take care of itself. We will carry little sidelines of tracts for his soul, but we, in our enlightened wisdom, are not so sure now that our soul ideas are much better than his. We will give him the benefit of the doubt on that point, and let him have his choice. On one thing, however, he shall not have any choice—that is, on business."

Mr. Barry goes still farther in characterizing these missionary enterprises. "We have advanced, however, as good business men, we see the advantage of an approved name of good standing, a name that we can advertise, So, we take the name of Christ, the methods of Mohammed and our own weapon, not the sword, but the dollar. Out of this holy trinity of name, ways and mean weap we will everyed.

and means we will evangelize the world—and in jig quick time." One would naturally imagine that the millions hitherto spent and still being spent would at least be still being spent would at least be used with economy and profit. Yet what are the facts? About one dollar in twelve actually gets to the heathen. When we drop a dollar in the plate on Sunday morning, we may pause to reflect that less than a dime of it will ever get to the Indians or the Chinese or the Africans.

Speaking of the calibre of the misspeaking of the calibre of the missionaries who are sent on these missions Mr. Barry says: 'Where there is a weakly minister, one so over-emotional and so spineless that he could be palmed off only on the heathen, he is the one that goes into the foreign fields. A man who would never find in this country a congregation that could pay him more than \$1,000 a year goes to China Lann India on Action with China, Japan, India or Africa, with an allowance of from \$1,200 to \$1,-800 a year."

The writer is merciless in his statements. The principal equipment of a missionary is not learning or zeal for souls, but the backing of a large supply of money. He must be the great one among the simple natives, whom he must astound in his display of wealth. "The missionaries make a convincing argument." his display of wealth. "The missionaries make a convincing argument for the necessity of this equipment — 2.e., convincing to business men. If they do not live in a way to impress the Oriental, they say, they cannot hope to convert him. Nothing about spirituality; nothing about the life everlasting; nothing about Christianity. No, spiritual conviction is not up-to-date. What the missionary of to-day needs is a good endowment, substantial buildings, plenty of rice money, a retinue of servants and the ever-hovering presence of a fleet of battleships."

The writer makes a striking contrast between the Protestant and the Catholic missionaries: "Al-

the Catholic missionaries: "Although I am not a Catholic and was raised in a Protestant church, I must confess that when travelled down the Yang Tse Kiang my allegiance went out instinctively to

ment." The incident speaks for itself and needs no comment.

On the whole the article, in the light of recent events, appears wholly just, especially when one recalls the experience of Hawaii. Men who for the sake of barter and trade undertake to preach a religion of which they themselves are not sure, cannot but leave upon the minds of the natives a grotesque and utterly false conception of Christianity. And yet it is these conscienceless and utterly "spineless" preachers who love to return to this country and malign Catholic missions and missionaries, and to indulge in self-glorification. The Catholic missionary obtains hardly chough to keep body and soul tegether, he finds no social or human amenities, he lives a life of privation, solitude and often infimity. He has no consolation, no support, no guide save only his Lord and his faith. It is only because he acts entirely in accord with the directions of Christ

TRIBUTES TO DEAD KING

Touching References in Catholic Churches to Kindly Sovereign.

Rev. Canon Gauthier spoke at St. James Cathedral as follows:
We Catholics of Canada feel our great loss in the death of the King, Our loss is indeed great. I will not now speak on the extent of that loss. We French-Canadians, are attached to the Royal Family of Great Britain. Its joys are our joys, its sorrows our sorrows. His Grace the Archbishop has already sent to His Excellency the Governor-General the expression of his profound sorrow. Excellency the Governor-General the expression of his profound sorrow. But we will do more. At the hour of the funeral in London a solemn religious service will be held in this cathedral at which His Grace the Archbishop will preside. His Grace will also speak to the faithful assembled in the cathedral of the departed King, of the great void felt by all loyal subjects, and of the loss the Empire and Canada have sustained. As this service is a public testimony of the esteem and attachment of Catholics to the British tachment of Catholics to the British throne, and the expression of our great loss, all Catholics, especially those in official life, are requested to attend.

In St. Patrick's Church the pastor, In St. Patrick's unuren the pastor, Rev. Father G. McShane, S. S., said: "Although the prescriptions of our faith do not allow us to pay to the memory of the dead sovereign the same religious tribute that is given to the children of Mother Church, nevertheless, we associate given to the childre Church, nevertheless we associate ourselves readily and dutifully the millions of subjects who mourn the millions of subjects who mourn the loss of a great monarch, and deplore the sudden end of a peace-ful and successful reign. Our hearts go out 'in earnest sympathy to the grief stricken family in their irre-

grief stricken lamily in their irre-parable loss, and we pray that God may comfort them in their sorrow and sustain them in this bitter trial. "There is no doubt that under the reign that has just suddenly drawn to a close, many barriers of seated religious prejudice have been levelled and Catholicity in the Brireveiled and Catholicity in the British Empire has enjoyed an era of peace and prosperity. We thank God for this, especially when we think of the strife and persecution prevailing in other lands, and we prevaling in other lands, and we pray for the continuance of these blessings, for the maintenance of these traditions of fair-mindedness, that we admire and respect in the peace loving sovereign, whose sympathies were as broad as the Empire he ruled."

Rev. Cure Troie, at Notre Dame, said: The Catholic Church joins in said: The Catholic Church joins in the universal sorrow over the unex-pected death of our beloved King. He was a wise and generous ruler, and an apostle of peace. We have every reason to mourn his loss. During the recent Plenary Council in Quebec, His Majesty sent a beautiful reply to the Fathers of the Coun-

Rev. Father Kiernan, Rev. Father Kiernan, pastor of St. Michael's, spoke very feelingly of the death of the King. He said: "King Edward won our respect and esteem, for he was a king of peace harmony and tolerance. We Catholics sympathize and grieve with the royal family in this hour of sadness and distress. 'I think I have ness and distress. It think I have done my duty,' were his last words and we will agree in echoing the thought. King, Edward the Peacemaker did his duty most royally and well, and he did it in such a manner as to make himself the best-liked and most popular man in his world-wide empire."

His Lordship Bishop Emard of Valleyfield says: "The world mourns to-day at the brer of Edward the Peacemaker, the King of kindly heart and broad sympathies, the monarch who was good, wise and tolerant. His letter to the assembled Bishops of the Plenary Council will be an inspiration for all times and will be kept and treasured in the archives of the Catholic Church in Canada."

Rev. Father Belanger, pastor of St. Louis de France, spoke of the dead King at all the masses. He said: "The death of the King is a loss that will be felt by every loyal subject. We are loyal subjects in this country and this sad event is keenly felt. His Majesty was a man of high intelligence, a beautiful character, and an apostle of tolerance. He showed his attachment and interest in the Catholic Church by the admirable letter he sent to the Bishops of this country during the Plenary Council at Quebec last year. We have lost not only a king but a pacifier and a conciliator."

Character is the great light which shines down othe ages from the life of Christ. It is the sum of right thoughts put into action, and its and its extent and power are dependent upon the number of such thoughts, not their names, rank or

ST. PATRICK'S A. A. A. WIN FRESH LAURELS.

Their First Annual Banquet a Great Success--Eloquent Speeches and Unbounded Enthusiasm a Feature of the Evening.

and renown on track and field, but on Tuesday night they added fresh laurels to their crown and made another record in quite a different line of sport than those to which they had previously bent their ef-

The occasion was the first annual banquet of the Association. Instead of the field and the packed stands and the shouts and plaudits of the crowds, there were the festive board, the speeches of the officers and guests, and the clatter of knives and cooks. guests, and the clatter of knives and forks. Well-groomed young men took the place of perspiring athletes; eloquent speeches replaced the hoarse instructions of the coaching line, and only the enthusiasm was the same. It pervaded the speeches, made itself felt in the songs, and caused the old rafters of St. Patrick's Hall, where the banquet was held, to re-echo again and again. The hall itself was well decorated, the tables were filled with flowers and on the guest-table were displayed the cups and shields the

the cups and shields s of the Association members

members of the Association had won, a group of trophies of which any club might well be proud.

The invited guests were: Hon. C. J. Doherty, Rev. Gerald McShane, Judge J. D. Purcell, Cornelius Coughlin, John J. Ryan, Jas. 1. Judge J. D. Purcell, Council, Coughlin, John J. Ryan, Jas. 1.
Brady, Dr. E. J. Mulialy, E. McG.
Quirk, D. Furlong, Jas. McKenna,
T. E. Quinn, J. F. Cahill; Prof. Shea
Rev. F. J. Singleton, Rev. F. Filiott, Rev. J. Killoran, Rev. Father
Veoghan,
Mr. Leo Burns, the persolent of
Mr. Leo Burns, the persolent of
Association, made a very capaeach

Mr. Leo Burns, the presedent of the Association, made a very capa-ble chairman, introducing each speaker with felicitous remarks. In

ceed. At the end of his speech he again roused the enthusiasm of the members by remarking that it was his intention to have a clock erected in the church tower. "Just give me a little time," he pleaded, "and I will try to do for you what our separated brethren have done for the Y.M.C.A. Go ahead and organize your campaign, and let the hands of this clock mark your progress. And after I once have this dear good Eucharistic Conference properly attended to and past, I shall, perhaps, be able to give you a hand myself."

The toast to Canada was proposed by Mr. Frank J. McKenna and would have been responded to by His Worship Mayor Guerin, had not the latter left for London to represent Montreal at the funeral of the late King.

Mr. I. P. O'Loughlin, in a parti-

the toast to Ireland, which was responded to by Hon. C. J. Doherty, who was also accorded a warm welcome. In the course of his remarks he declared that the name the Association had chosen showed how close to their hearts was the toast

The members of St. Patrick's A.A.

A., in the short period of their existence, have won for themselves fame and renown on track and field, but on Tuesday night they added fresh laurels to their crown and made another record in quite a different line of sport than those to which they had previously bent their efforts.

The occasion was the first annual banquet of the Association. Instead of the field and the packed stands and the shouts and plaudits of the crowds, there were the festive board, the speeches of the officers and

ory of the old land, where our fore-fathers lived and died, give us this realizing sense that we have a great past to live up to; and may the remembrance of the home of faith, courage and devotion, even unto death, to conviction and principle, fit our own lives for the duty and devotion we over this representadeath, to conviction and principle, death, to conviction and principle, fit our own lives for the duty and fit our own lives for the duty and

fit our own lives for the duty and devotion we owe to this new country of ours, Canada."

Mr. E. McG. Quirk, in proposing "The Association," showed what a great future they might look forward to, judging from the work already done, and how honest athletics pursued in the proper manner by the class of young men which now comprised the St. Patrick's Association, could only have the most now comprised the St. Patrick's Association, could only have the most beneficial results. A healthy body was needed with a healthy mind, for it was very necessary that the ship should be as sound as the cargo it carried. He finished by asking them to remember above all that in sport or business they should also the s

the Association,
ble chairman, introduce.

Speaker with felicitous remarks. In proposing the toast to the King he made a touching allusion to the great loss felt throughout the civilized world by reason of his death. For the new King he voiced the wishes of those present that he health of George the Fifth was drunk to the accompaniment of the National Anterm.

The health of the Pope was proposed by Mr. Chas. Shannon, and was responded to 'n a deligniful speech by Rev. Father McShane, of St. Patrick's. Father McShane, and St. Patrick's. Father McShane, and St. Patrick's. Father McShane, and the health of St. Patrick's. Father McShane, and the first own would do all he could for the benefit of the association and was responded to 'n a deligniful speech by Rev. Father McShane, and the health of St. Patrick's. Father McShane, and the health of the proposed by Mr. St. Patrick's. Father McShane, and the health of the proposed by Mr. St. Patrick's Father McShane, and the health of the proposed by Mr. St. Patrick's Father McShane, and the health of the proposed by Mr. St. Patrick's Father McShane, and the health of the proposed by Mr. St. Patrick's Father McShane, and the health of the proposed by Mr. St. Patrick's Father McShane, and the health of the proposed by Mr. St. Patrick's Father McShane, and the health of the proposed by Mr. St. Patrick's Father McShane, and the health of the proposed by Mr. St. Patrick's Father McShane, and the health of the proposed by Mr. St. Patrick's Father McShane, and the health of the proposed by Mr. St. Patrick's Father McShane, and the health of the proposed by Mr. St. Patrick's Father McShane, and the health of the health of

be "willing and powerful."

"Our Guests" was proposed by Mr. Edgar Roche and was responded to by Judge Purcell, who in a ringing speech, advised the young men of the Association to make use of the best in their natures to cement their fellowship. If they did so and remained banded together they would gradually grow into a strong body which would become a great power for good, not only in sport but in every walk of life.

Mr. John J. Evan proposed the

Mr. John J. Ryan proposed the toast to "The Press," to which Mr. P, Spanjaartt, of the "Star,"

During the course of the evening the banqueters were entertained with songs and recitations by Messrs McEvilla, T. Ireland and Lawrence

His Worship Mayor Guerin, had not the latter left for London to represent Montreal at the funeral of the late King.

Mr. J. P. O'Loughlin, in a particularly well-turned speech, proposed the toast to Ireland, which was responded to by Hon. C. J. Doherty, londerly, and the control of the late of the very body had assured every body had been sung, and after every body had assured every body had been sung, and after every body had assured every body had been sung, and after every body had been sung, and after every body had assured every body had been sung, and after every body had been sung, and after every body had assured every body had been sung, and after every body had been sung, and after every body had been sung, and after the last some had been sung, and after the last some had been sung, and after the last some had been sung, and after every body had assured every body had been sung, and after every body had assured every body had been sung, and after every body had been sung, and after every body had assured every body had been sung, and after the last some had been sung, and after every body ha had been the evening. They were consoled, however, by the promise made to them by their president that their next annual banquet would be held in their own home.

St. Joseph's Oratory.

Stream of Pilgrims Daily Testify to lutense Fait.

Devotion is increasing daily at the little shrine of St. Joseph, Cote des Neiges, and many cures are registered testifying to the great faith of those imploring the powerful in tercession of good St. Joseph. Only about five years ago this little oratory was built, and now some seventy cures are recorded. It stands on the hill facing Notre Dame College, on the Cote St. Luc road, and doubtless many persons have passed through the village of Cote des Neiges without observing its existence. At the summit of the hill is a statue of the Blessed Virgin and on the right of this is the little chapel which contains a statue of St. Joseph sent from Rome. The

great crowds which frequent the mi-raculous shrine make it necessary to provide better accommodation, hence a more commodious church will have a more commodious church wil to be thought of in the very future.

Brother Andre is always to be found at the shrine ready to give all necessary information to enquir-

I knew a man once who said his daily prayer was: "Lord, give in this day my daily opinion, and for give me the one I had yesterday." I think I shall make mine: "Give m my daily liking, and strengther those I've already got."—Letter from G. G.

Hot Water

Surprise Soap

Child's Play of Wash Day.

Tea Kettle

I stand upon the shore; far

out to sea
Are many ships, but none sail
there for me;
Yet once I launched one, and
bade it haste
Across the main,
And watched with eager eyes
the drawn waste

the dreary waste
To see my ship again.
And when its sails arose in
the west,
With richest hopes acrown,

not why-God knoweth best, But I sa I saw my ship

down -Eleanora Eversfield

Social Ozone.

Cheerfulness can become a habit, and a habit sometimes helps us over rough places. "A cheerful heart seeth cheerful things." A lady and gentleman were in a timber yard situated by a dirty, foul-smelling river. The lady said: "How good the pine boards smell!" "Pine boards!" exclaimed the gentleman, "just smell this foul river!" "No, thank you," the lady replied, "I prefer to smell the pine boards." And she was right. If she, or we, can carry this principle through our entire living, we shall have the cheerful heart, the cheerful voice, and the cheerful face. There is in some houses an unconscious atmosphere of domestic and seed a smell among the cheerful and the cheerful gade seed a smell per principle through our entire living, we shall have the cheerful heart, the cheerful voice, and the cheerful face. There is in some houses an unconscious atmosphere of domestic and sceled acceptance. some houses an unconscious atmosphere of domestic and social ozone, which brightens everybody. Wealth cannot give it, nor can poverty take it away.

A College of Housecraft

There is in London at present a house called St. Martha's College of Housecraft, where Catholic women are trained in the management of household officing The trained in the management of household officing The trained in the management of the trained in the trained i household affairs. The students are of three kinds: Educated women who wish to qualify as lady housekeepers, matrons and domestic workers, either for home or in the British Colonies; prospective brides; and girls who are fresh from school life and whose parents wish them to take a short course of domestic science in order that they may take an intelligent interest in their own household. an intelligent interest in their own household affairs, in a word, to become truly domesticated, after the manner of the German girl, whose mother would not consider her educated till she had been sent to the "Household School."

Students are divided into three groups, house, kitchen and laundry students, and remain thus a week at a time, at the end of the period changing over from one set of duties to another.

On Monday afternoons the select

to another.

On Monday afternoons the students have demonstrations in household cookery, Wednesdays in laundry work, and Fridays in housewifery. Tuesday afternoons and Thursday afternoons sewing and simple upholstry are taught, and Saturday afternoon is a half holiday. Sundays as little work as possible is done consistently with keeping things in order.

der.
Students in training do everything except those duties which do not come under woman's work. A happier and more cheerful set of workers does not exist and weeks of training pass quickly

Love-and How to Keep It.

It is impossible for two people of character to agree on strong character to agree on every subject, but no opinion is worth the price of happiness. Some people Some people seem to agree too well.

An Irishman was asked why he and his wife quarreled so constant-

"Faith," said he, "it is because we "Faith," said he, "it is because we are both of the same mind! She wants to be master and so do I!"
Even women who can not be persuaded to acknowledge the immense value of sympathy in everyday life, will see its worth in sickness. In illness a man wants remedies tactfully suggested rather than cold facts plainly stated. If he has indigestion, she is unwise who says: "There, I told you not to eat any of those muffins!"

A woman should be able to tell

Inere, I told you not to eat any of those muffins!"

A woman should be able to tell by glancing at her husband if things have gone well or ill with him. His voice, his walk, his bearing, all tell his secrets to the woman who loves him, and by virtue of the special study she has made of him, she should be able to go straight into the secret chambers of his heart and find there the sorrow he has hidden from her, and give him the sympathy he craves.

It was more than beauty, more than youth and charm that made Diemil, the Atra, say to his beloved.

While I live my heart will love ee, and when I shall be no more, il will my shadow follow thy adow athwart the tombs."

Perhaps Lord and Lady Beaconsd were as happy a course as one nid meet. She adored him, and he

called her his best and truest friend. On one occasion, when driving with him to the House of Commons, her finger got shut in the carriage door. He had to make a most important He had to make a most important speech that night, and, rather than distress and distract him, she sat distress and distract him, she sat there suffering agonies until he en-tered the House and she could have her finger released without him knowing of her accident. That was a manifestation of the truest love, showing self-sacrifice and self-con-trol. She had her reward, for the speech was a most wonderful suc-cess.

Women are much more given to the use of verbal endearments than are men; and they often overdo it.
They should try to learn the wisdom of economizing in terms of endearment, lest they become com-

Interesting Volumes.

The largest bound book ever made was owned by Queen Victoria. weighs sixty-three pounds and eighteen inches thick.

eighteen inches thick.

For the Hebraic Bible in the Vatican in 1512 the Jews offered Pope Julius II. its weight in gold—\$100,-000—but the Pope would not part with it.

More expensive even, if not more valuable, is the official history of the War of the Rebellion, issued by the United States Government at a cost of nearly \$3,000,000. It was ten years in the making, consisting of 112 volumes. of 112 volum

The smallest book in the world, not much larger tha a man's thumb nail was made in Italy, the text being a letter, before unpublished, written by the inventor of the pendulum clock to Mme. (Christine, of Lorraine, in 1615. It is four-tenths book in the world, The smallest dulum clock to Mme. Christine, of Lorraine, in 1615. It is four-tenths of an inch long. a quarter of an inch wide, and contains 208 pages, each with nine lines and from ninety five to one hundred letters. Next smallest is an edition of Dante's Divine Comedy, a little less than an inch wide, with type so small that it takes a microscope to read letters

A million million dollars could not make that flower which nods at you when you step into your yard. A billion billion could not buy that smile from the friend you love. The unminted wealth of countless mines could not make a single shaft of could not make a single shaft of the blessed sunshine which gladdens you each day. So we have an in-centive to do good in the fact that we are dependent. We owe it to each other to give a kindly word, an honest hand-clasp, and, if needs be, material assistance.—Edwin C. Litsey, in Men and Women.

Be a Part of the Whole.

"Who are the most delightful and sympathetic people you know? The ones, I will warrant, whose lives are a part of the mainland of human life, who, when they meet you.

not so eager to tell you of thealth and their affairs as they thei eager to know about yours. And the most entertaining and charming conversationalists? They are those tell you about other people not those who tell you about themselves; they are those who interest you in things outside themselves and yourself. And the most beautiful lives? The rule applies here, too.

They are those which have forgotten themselves in leave for each to the property of the second themselves in leave for each to the second themselves in leave for each tell. themselves in love for others "-Wo man's Home Companio

Some Tasty Recipes.

LITTLE SOUFFLES OF CHICKEN

Melt two ounces of butter in a saucepan and stir in one and a half ounces of flour; when a smooth paste is formed moisten it gradually (stirring quickly all the time) with rather less than a quarter of a pint of nicely flavored veal stock, mixed with a quarter of a pint of boiled milk. When the sauce is very thick season it with salt, pepper and nutmeg, and take the pan from the stove and add (one at a time) the yolks of two raw eggs and six ounces of pounded chicken (the white meat from a cooked bird), two ounces of pounded ham (cooked), a tablespoonful of sherry and a squeeze of lemon juice; then turn the mixture into a mortar and pound it well for a few minutes before passing it through a fine wire sieve. Add a pinch of salt to the whites of the eggs, whisk them to a very stiff froth, and stir them lightly into the souffle mixture; butter some little silver saucepans; rather more than half fill them with the prepared chicken, and put into a quick oven for ten minutes. Whisk the white of a third egg to a very stiff froth, season it with celery salt, cayenne and a little grated Parmesan, and quickly and neatly form a little dome-shaped cover on the top of each souffle, then replace in the oven until the egg is a pale fawn color, and serve at once.

LAMB CUTLETS

Put two ounces of bread into into a saucepan with a slice of onion stuck with a clove, one ounc of butter and sufficient milk to ver, and stir over the fire until the milk is absorbed and the bread is reduced to a thick paste; turn is into a basin, remove the piece onion, and add three ounces of fine ly minced mushrooms which on, and add three ounces on minced mushrooms which have n gently fried for ten minutes in cause of butter; season with been gently fried for ten minutes in one ounce of butter; season with salt, freshly ground black pepper, and a pinch of powdered mace, then add the yolk of an egg and mix it thoroughly. Have ready eight neatly trimmed lamb cutlets which have been fried for five minutes in hot butter (or clarified dripping), cover one side of the cutlets with the mushroom mixture, moulding it into pyramid form; pour some warm butter, seasoned with celery salt. Nepaul pepper and lemon juice, over the forcement, then cover it with finely sifted, dried bread crumbs and put the cutlets into a buttered baking in and let them finish cooking in a fairly quick oven, which will take about ten minutes. Arreance the cut of the cut to minutes. will take about ten minutes which range the cutlets on a support o potato down the middle of a ho dish, and surround them with young dish, and surround them with young peas which have been carefully boil-ed and then reheated in boiling cream seasoned with mint, salt, pep-per and nutmeg, and a dust of cas-

FOIE GRAS IN PORT JELLY.

Make some golden aspic jelly in way, but add nearly gelatine or isinglass would ordinarily be required, and when the jelly is cool, but still liquid, mix it with an equal quantity of port and add sufficient carmine to make it a nice, clear (but not dark) red. Rinse a china souffle mould (one pint size) with cold water, pour in enough of the jelly to not quite half fill it and put it aside in a cold place. Turn out the fole gras from a tureen, which is only slightly smaller in circumference than the soufflie mould, and when the jelly it. only slightly smaller in circumference than the soufflé mould, and when the jelly is set place it on the top and fill up the mould with the remainder of the jelly, which should be quite cool and inclined to stiffen. When the jelly is firm turn the moulded foie gras on a silver dish, and garnish with water cress and serve it accompanied by a saled serve it accompanied by a salad composed of young French beans (cooked) and stoneless cherries composed of young French beans (cooked) and stoneless cherries dressed as follows: Put two table-spoonfuls of the best salad of into a basin, add a little salt, Nepaul pepper and a dust of castor sugar, then stir in, by degrees, four table-spoonfuls of the liquor in which the cherries were preserved mix the cherries were preserved; mix tho-roughly and pour over the beans and

STRAWBERRY CREAM WITH FRUIT

Line a border mould with pale pineapple jelly, decorate it all over with whole, (preserved strawberries, setting them in place with jelly, and put it on ice until the lining is cuite firm. Pass half a pint of is quite firm. Pass half a pint of strawberries, which have been preserved in syrup, through a fine sieve and heat the pulp gradually in a saucepan; then stir in three quarters of an ounce of isinglass which has been dissolved in a little hot water, and a small wineglass of maraschino or kirsch, and a squeeze of lemon juice and put aside to get cool. Whip a pint of thick cream until ft is stiff, sweeten it, and color it a delicate strawberry pink and mix it thoroughly with the strawberry pulp, then fill the prepared mould with it. When the time arrives, turn the strawberry cream from the mould and fill the middle with rit. of an ounce of isinglass which mould and fill the middle with mixed fruit (oranges, apricots, bananas and pineapple) which have been cut into small pieces and steeped in a thick syrup flavored with kirsch, thick syrup flavored with kirs for two or three hours beforehan

We often win success with the weapon, of a smile. The road to a man's heart and to a woman's fortune sometimes lies in the light of a smile. A new cult teaches that one has only to sit up and look pleasant to obtain pretty much everything worth while possessing in life. Health and happiness, which clude the utmost endeavors of many of us to hold in thrall, we are assured may be won and kept by a smile. Advancement in business is meacured by the quality and variety of our smiles. A fellow being can be cheered to living, and one may prolong his own life by merely smiling. These and many other facts are brought out relatively to a school for smiling established in Paris.

The Frenchwoman is nothing if not practical. It took a Frenchwoman to reduce to a practical science with a commercial value, the gentle art of smiling. There is much to learn about this pleasing little contortion of visage. A grin is not synonymous with a smile, nor does

a simper rank in the same category or convey the same meaning. A widening of the mouth has not the significance one seeks in a smile, and laughter is a thing often associated with but distinct from it. One is an irresistible expression of excited risibles—the irrepressible overflow of mirth—or a vocalization of anger, irony, contempt. It is a product of the emotions. The other is more deeply seated in the feelings and when spontaneous more certainly serves as an index to character. It is not always spontaneous. Alas, it may never be so again!

The school for smiling consciously instructs in methods of producing smiles adapted to all purposes and suitable for every occasion. Unconsciously perhaps it inculcates deception and upon necessity in the smile of its graduates deceit is as likely to lurk as mirth, tenderness, pleasure or sympathy. The dimpled iradiation which betokens a gay, untroubled mind has almost the charm of the smile that belongs to happiness, and both are invariably the possession of youth. Older people are wont to take their joys more soberly, unaware that the outward and visible sign of a smile is as neces-

ly, unaware that the outward a visible sign of a smile is as necessary to their well-being as sunshi is to that of a flower. There a organisms which can exist only the light. Within us are organisms whose whose presence is necessary to health. These need the illumination of a smile and the exercise of laugh-ter to keep them in healthy condi-

can't climb up by pulling

What is Worn in London

common

scarf draperies to the back, where they were tied in a knot under a motif of gold embroidery set with emeralds. The black crepe satin on the bodice was drawn up back and front pinafore fashion over an under-bodice of gold tiesus according to the same content of the

under-bodice of gold tissue covered with emerald chiffon which had long plain mitten sleeves. The decolletage was left quite unadorned, the only

There is no happy medium in the

Another caprice of La Mode the employment of fur for the adornment of Leghorn and Tuscan hats. The crown is encircled with

summer, so it is not very surprising to learn that the next evolution of the wheel of fashion introduces fur

Draught-board feathers must

Stockings with openwork fronts ever come to the fore with the advent of the warm weather. Old lace, however, is now employed for this purpose, being crocheted on to the hose in an extremely successful manner. These stockings, with patent leather shoes, are reminiscent of men's pumps.

Mortense

mer millinery

Fringes, which are, perhaps, one of the prettiest forms of trimming of the prettiest forms of trimming ever invented, are growing more and more popular every day. The love of fringe may almost be termed a primaeval passion, for savages of all countries and climates have one taste in common—and that is fringe. Whether it be the fringe of cowrie shells and berries of the island dwellers of the Pacific, the fringe of scalps or of cut dearskin and beads of the Red Indian, or the fringe of ermine tails of the Lapps, and beads of the Red Indian, or the fringe of ermine tails of the Lapps, and Samoyedes, the fact remains that fringe is the most widely appreciated form of adornment of the human race. Personally, I am a fanatic on the attractions of fringe, and the wider it is the better and and the wider it is the better and the more beautiful in its rippling, swaying effects as the happy wearer moves; so this detail of the present moves; so this detail of the pr fashion has my hearty support encouragement. The fringes year are being much used to phasize the bias or spiral was left quite unadorned, the only ornament on the dress to mitigate its severity being two long motifs of the gold and emerald embroïdery, which started in a point at the top of the black pinafore at each s'de of the bodice and were carried in a widening design down to the place where the front panel was separated from the rest of the dress and draped round to the back. It was certainly not "everybody's wear" but it was one of the most original and striking dresses I saw in Paris, and on the right type of woman would have a superb effect. phasize the bias or spiral lines which are so graceful and popular, and are a most pleasant change to the straight lines which characterized the double skirts and tunics of last year. All the tunics this year are either cut longer at one side than the other or are draped up or trimmed to give the bias effect. In a dinner gown which I saw.

trimmed to give the bias effect.

In a dinner gown which I saw
this week this bias or spiral idea
was most charmingly carried out in
fringe. The foundation of the dress
was the usual clinging fourreau of
moonlight blue satin, fringe. The foundation of the dress was the usual clinging fourreau of shimmering moonlight blue satin, sminnering moonlight blue satin, over which fell a tunic of sun-ray pleated mousseline de soie in the same color, which was cut in a long point over the satin train at the back, and was bordered all round back, and was bordered all round with a deep band of embroidery carried out in blue silk and silver thread and studded with sapphires, whose deep dark blue showed up admirably against the silvery moonlight blue of the satin and chiffon. Two lines of sapphire fringe wound round the figure spirally, the lower line being mounted on a band of moonlight blue satin. The same satin formed the waist-belt which was wound round the figure, and then wound round the figure, and then the end, bordered with a narrow fringe of sapphires, was brought up across the bodice and fastened on

There is no happy medium in the realm of millinery, toques are permissible—indeed, are very fashionable—but the small hat has been relegated to the background, the enormous hat having completely usurped its place. There are the close-fitting Neapolitan fisher hats, which are really toques; the crowns are of exquisite needle-run lace, finished with a band of satin, and the lace is draped in front so that it falls down in a peak at the back, when it is weighted with a gold on silver tassel. The modified pierrot toques of straw are quite new, and are trimmed with bands of velvet, a tiger feather or an aigrette. across the bodice and fastened on one side with a huge sapphire brooch. The bodice was made of the same lovely embrodery which bordered the tunic, softened at the decolletage with folds of tulle; it was cut in a very wide square in front (which is always the most becoming form of decolletage) and in a very deep point at the back, which is also one of the details of fashion which prevail at this mofastic brooks. hats. The crown is encircied with a band of costly peltry, or a piping is introduced on the doublure, which is usually of two contrasting materials. Velvet hats were worn last fashion which prevail at this mo-ment. In fact, some of the latest bodices are cut down into so deep chronicled as a novelty; they are obtainable in all cashmere colorings, and are extremely costly, as the greatest difficulty is experienced in dyeing them, the colors being apt to run from one square to the

ment. In fact, some of the latest bodies are cut down into so deep a point at the back that one wonders what the wearer does with her corset, for the point almost reaches the waist.

All the evening dresses I saw in Paris on my round of visits to most of the big dressmaking houses in the Rue de la Paix and elsewhere were faithful to the tunic and veiled effects. The possibilities of these effects are so illimitable that there is no monotony, as one would expect from all the dresses being made according to one dominant idea; and certainly the philosophic observer has no desire to quarrel with a fashion which makes so indubitably for beauty of color. At one well-known house I saw a lovely dinner gown in which the tunic was multiplied with the happiest effect. It was a Princess dress of white satin brocade, over which fell not one but three separate tunics of black mousseline de soie edged with a narrow jet ball fringe. The tunics were slightly cut up the front to give a slanting line to the back: the lowest reached almost to the hem, the next below the knees and the upper one a little above the knee line, the jet fringe in each case making a clear line of demarcation. The black tunies rose above the waist-line in a corselet fashion on the bodice, which was entirely of a lovely silver embroidery; and the effect of the somewhat dense black of the triple tunic getting lighter toward the hem of the skirt was distinctly original. Another very

Black jet beads play a prominent role on colored crepe gowns veiled with black net; they enhance the severity of the creation, and can appropriately be used on the transparent coats which are a feature of smart promenade and evening tollettes. They do not usurp, however, the place of the ordinary evening mantle, the latter being more elaborate, harmonizing with the color scheme of the gown.

other.



note of black on the garish coloring of the gown was wonderfully clever and attractive. Without it the dress would have been vulgar and aggressive; with this veiling of black over one side it was recalled into the possible bounds of good taste and became simply original and uncommon. A negro preacher, whose supply of hominy and bacon was running low, decided to take radical steps to imdecided to take radical steps to press upon his flock the neces for contributing liberally to church exchequer. Accordingly, the close of the sermon, he mad A very beautiful dinner gown had a certain severe simplicity in design which was exceedingly effective. The material was black crepe satin, a material which drapes to perfection, as was shown in this dress, for though its outline and general effect was that of a Princess robe, the front panel was separated about halfway down from the sides and taken round in loose scarf draperies to the back, where they were tied in a knot under a A very beautiful dinner gown had

"I hab found it necessary, on account ob de astringency of the hard times an' de gineral deficiency ob de circulatin' mejum in connection widd is chu'ch, to interduce ma new attermatic c'lection box. It is so arranged dat a half dollah or quartah falls on a red plush cushion without noise; a nickel will ring a small bell distinctly heard by decongregation, an' a button, ma fellow mawtels, will flah off a pistol; so you will govern yo'selves accordingly. Let de c'lection now p'ceed, w'ile I takes off ma hat an' gibs out a hymn.j'—Tid-Bits.

Enraged over something the local newspaper had printed about him, a subscriber burst into the editor's office in search of the responsible re-

"Who are you?" he demanded, glaring at the editor, who was also the main stockholder.
"I'm the newspaper," was the calm reply.

calm reply.

"Aunty," said little Constance, don't you want some of my can-

"Thank you, dear," was the reply. "Sugared almonds are favorites of mine."

of mine."

"The pink or the white ones?"
asked the little tot.

"The white ones, please."
There was silence until the last plece had disappeared.

"They were all pink at first, Aunty," remarked Constance.

"With all your wealth you are not afraid of the proletariat?" asked the delver in sociological problems.
"No, I ain't," snapped Mrs. Newrich. "We boil all our drinking wa-

Emperor-I do not care to hear

for army use.

longer. Opening a window over the front door, she poked her head out and remarked severely:
"Young man, I do not desire to say anything to you. Kindly do not disturb me any more. Go

away."
"I can't." roared the reporter,
ide himself with anger. "You
shut my coat-tails in the door."

Funny Sayings.

HE GOT THE MONEY.

impressive pause, and then proceeded as follows:

"I hab found it necessary, on ac-

caim reply.

"And who are you?" he next inquired, turning his resentful gaze on the chocolate-colored office-devil clearing out the waste-basket.

"Me," rejoined the darkey, grinning from ear to ear. "Ah guess ah's the cul-ud supplement"

NO FAST COLORS.

FOREARMED.

JUST THE THING

your composition, sir. Everything that is submitted must first be put through the Pr.me Minister. Subject.—Nothing would please me better. I wanted to show you the new bayonet which I have invented for army use.

Once a reporter went to a certain residence to get details about the master of the house, who had just died, in order that an obituary notice might appear in the newspaper which he represented. Such details, as a rule, are easy to get, as few people have objections to giving them out for publication. The reporter, therefore, was intensely surprised when the widow of the deceased, with scarcely a word, slammed the door in his face and retired into the house. Presently the door-bell rang, more furiously than before. Still the lady of the house would not stir.

"I have told him that I don't want to say anything about my husband," she thought to herself, "and he has no right to be so persistent."

So she sat still, while the door-

dstent."
So she sat still, while the door-bell rang again and again and

At last she could stand it

KAVANAGE, I Kavanagh, K. érin Lajoie, K. Lacoste, L.L.L.

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The transition from winter's cold to summer's heat frequently puts a strain upon the system that produces internal complications. Always painful and often serious. A common form of disorder is dysentery, to which many are prone in the spring and summer. The very best medicine to use in subduing this painful allment is Dr. Kallogy's Dresentery Cordial. It is a standard remady.

MY LADY HOPE.

He was a great and nighty monarch, His subjects numbered millions, and the palace was the most magnificent since the time of Solomon the splendid. Dany ne walked through stately corridors, where the floors were of beaten gold, lined on either side with courtiers clad in velvet and silken trappings, who prostrated themselves faces to earth at his approach. His robe was of royal purple and rich ermine; his jeweled crown glistened above his BROSSARD, CHOLETTE & TANSEY jeweled crown glistened above brows, and when he waved his seep-tre, so great was he and so mighty that even his counsellors trembled. Yet he was the wisest and most peaceful king the earth had ever

known. He would have men at his feet because he was their sovereign—but only to raise them, to place them at his royal side, to rejoice with them, to sorrow with them, to counsel and advise them.

He was the conqueror of the world. Not by war, for he abhorred it; not by trickery or artifice, since before being king he was an upright man. But by the law love—the universal love—the God-given, God-imposed. Nations from near and far came to him, each after the other, yielding homage, for never, in this history of the universe, had there been united in one mortal so many graces of pre-sence and of mind. Majestic in his power, lovable in his personality, his words were hung with wisdom as the vines bend under the burden of fruition. And the people heark-When he spoke, his phrases ened. When he spoke, his phrases were taken up, whispered from one listening courtier to another, and the whisper grew, and the murmur swelled, and, in a trice, a mighty roar from the echoing hills proroar f from the echoing hills pro-d the fact that the inhabitclaimed the fact that the inhabit-ants of the earth were repeating his speech, rejoicing at it, blessing him. And oh, the good he did, and oh! the wonders he accomplished. There

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.-Estabwas neither sin nor shame—each worked for the other's welfare; kindness to all was the motive of his schemes. On every side were evi-dences of his benefits—and the peo-ple were glad at heart, and their faces shone with the very joy of livated 1863; Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first ated 1863; Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Chaplain, Vev. Gerald McShane, P.P.; President, Mr. H. J. Kavanagh, K.C.; 1st Vice-President, Mr. J. C. Walsh; 2nd Vice-President, Mr. W. G. Kennedy; Treasurer, Mr. W. Durack; Corresponding Secretary, Mr. T. C. Berningham; Recording Secretary, Mr.

One thing was to him a great annoyance—and this one thing per-plexed and disturbed him—like a thorn in the flesh, it stung and its pain would not be eased. It was a woman—a beautiful woman, with a white face that looked as if the moonlight were shining from within

it, so luminous was its waxen pal-And she was always weeping. aw her very often. And being He saw her very often. And being so tender-hearted, he felt sorry for her and sat beside her, forgetful of his kingly majesty—forgetful, too, of the pain she caused him—allow-ing her to hold his hands in her litfingers. And at such times she put her arms about him, and cried more bitterly than ever. And that was when the pain came, for her tears hurt him. She said she was his wife, but that was absurd, he

ANY even numbered section of Domi-sion Land in M-saitoba, Saskatcha-wan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homestreaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter sec-tion of 160 acres, more or less. Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the distribut in which the land is situated.

Entry by proxy may, however, be toid her gently. She was a beautifut weman—yes, he could see that
lacking at her. But who had ever
furred of a king marrying teneath
tis royal station? If she were in-Entry by proxy may, however, be nade on certain conditions by the other, mether, son, daughter, bro-ber or sister of an intending home rest with him in his palace. were the robes and the rown of gold? All this be said to ber in the tenderest of tones, trying to show her whersin she arred. Putte woman would not be convinced.

Sn: clung to nin state with sorrowful little sighs, and he was silent out of pity for her until she went away.

with uader one of the following plans:

(1) At least all mostles residence appears and cultivation of the land in such year for three years.

(2) If the father (or mother, it its father is deceased) of the homotecader resides upon a farm in the reliciary of the land entered for, the majoremente as to residence may be mainted by such person residence when farming lands which the father or mother.

(3) If the sottler has his permanente as to residence may be mainted by such person residence when farming lands which the father or mother.

(3) If the sottler has his permanente as to residence may be motisfied by residence upon said land.

Six meather the General selection of the conditions of the outlier has his permanente as to residence upon said land.

Note that morning, the reports of his ministers on the conditions of the outling provinces. These had been highly gratifying, but he was much wearied, and he had called to his jester, to while away an hour or two. At his feet he lay, a misshappen little being, indeed, but wittier and wiser, in the king's eyes, than any of his courtiers. There came word, just at that moment, that the woman craved audience. He rose at once, forgetting his fatigue, and taken so much pains to instruct. He colled into the room, and second before the beautiful, pale woman, grimacing. And at the strange sight of him, she cried out, and covered her face with her hands. The king, looking at them both, felt that her emotion was disgust, and in mighty wrath ordered her from his presence.

She went, but she cannot need the following.—

She went, but she cannot need the following.—

She went, but she cannot need to the path that morning the reports of his ministers on the conditions of the outlet into the room, and second before the beautiful, pale woman, grieval and the path that morning the reports of his major in the ting from the conditions of the outlet into the room and second before the beautiful, pale woman, grieval and the path that the path that the path that the path that the path t

emotion was disgust, and in mighty wrath ordered her from his presence.

She went, but she came again. For his sake, she told him, meekly, she would try to like the jester—Prank, they called him. Yes, she would like him, and here was a bright ribbon she had brought him. Wasn't it pretty? And now would he not please her also by trying to remember her? Did he not know Eleanor, his Eleanor? And dear old Callingford, and the long lane behind the little shurch, where they used to walk on summer eveningswhere he first told her he loved her and asked her to be his bride?

Thecourt physician approached just then. The king, with her hands clinging to his arm, turned to him pityingly.

"Poor creature, poor creature!" he said. "She is really crazy, is she not? Take her away and do what you can for her."

The physician held out his arm to the woman, and she leaned upon it heavily, sobbing as if her heart would break. The king and his jester stood staring after her. Then the jester made the guttural, grunting noise, which meant with him superlative enjoyment.

But the great king felt something miss cheek and put up his hand to wire away the tears. And

he was very quiet and melancholy all that evening and forgot his grand dreams for his people.

He had been a sculptor of no mean attainments in the world of sense, this poor fellow who played at mimic king, and wore his gilded pasteboard crown. The day came when he finished his lifework—a glorious creation in marble. He called it "My Lady Hope," and it was a splendid, strong-limbed, noble did, strong-limbed, noble spieling, strong-limbed, noble female figure, upon whose face, under the magic of his fingers, had grown an expression at once uplifting and pitiful. He had put his soul into this, and the love of his soul, too—for he was wedded to a heautiful cirl and he had idealized. ing and pitiul. He had put his soul into this, and the love of his soul, too—for he was wedded to a beautiful girl, and he had idealized her. When it was finished the critics viewed it, and it was too mighty for them to understand. They laughed at it, and at him. They mocked it and tore it to pieces, tearing his heart also with their bitter words. Startled, he lost confidence, even in the beauteous thing he had wrought. His body enfeebled by much labor, grew weak, his brain enfeebled by much thinking, gave way under the strain. Dr. Morrison, the head of the sanitarium, had known him before his rium, had known him before his misfortune and took a keen interest misfortune and took a keen interest in him now. Every one was kind to him—no one could help being so—for he was an inoffensive fellow, full he was an inoffensive fellow, full of spontaneous good nature, which cropped up in spite of the disorder. Visitors, when they passed, turned again to look at him a second time inquiring who he was. He had a handsome, melancholy dark face, and his carriage befitted the royal part he felt himself called upon to play in the shadowy world be knew. part he felt himself called upon to play in the shadowy world he knew. play in the shadowy world he knew. And wherever he went the misshapen little being, he called his jester, rolled after him, as hideous in appearance, as his master was imposing. The great head sunk into huge shoulders; the eyes devoid of intelligence; the hair matted across a low forehead: the under jaw rest-Intelligence; the hair matted across a low forehead; the under jaw resting on the breast; the tongue protruding. People shivered when they saw him, poor, discarded offshoot of humanity—many, if sensitive, like Eleanor Satterlee, grew sick or afraid. It would have fared, indeed, ill with him had it not been for the deranged young sculptor. deed, ill with him had it not been for the deranged young sculptor. The sanitarium was not a public institution, and he was kept there through the doctor's charity only. through the doctor's charity only. Knowing this, the attendants paid but scant heed to him. His friend, however, showed infinite kindness toward the poor creature who had no power in hand or brain—no sense to direct the dormant power, rather. If still living, those who were responsible for his being had long since gone out of his life, and if any one now vouchsafed him a passing glance it was curious, or filled with aversion. He had no wit to feel this, happily. His one reto feel this, happily. His one recognition of things material was in
evidence only at the sight of food,
and of that he never seemed to have
sufficient. At meal times the mimic
king placed him at his right hand,
and it was touching to see him lar. it was touching to see him lay aside his gilded crown patiently to feed the poor little creature who sat beside him, looking up at him help-lessly, but with eyes of perfect trust. Privileged visitors who chanced to come among them turned away with tears of pity. The physicians, used to sights as curious, pointed to this combination as one of the dispensations of Providence.

"There is no hope for the child," they said. "None. The man is likely to recover his senses at any mo-

Colds Affect the Kidneys

MOST PAINFUL AILMENTS FOL-LOW - THEIR HEALTH AND ACTIVITY RESTORED BY

DR. CHSE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS

When you catch cold there is no-

When you catch cold there is nothing better to do than to take a dose of Dr. Chase's Kidney and Liver Pills at bedtime.

Colds often settle on the kidneys and are followed by the most paintful and fatal results. By quickening the action of the kidneys at this time you enable them to carry off the lurking poisons and prevent serious disease.

time you enable them to carry off the lurking poisons and prevent serious disease.

Keep the back warm, avoid sitting with the back in a draft and regulate the kidneys by the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney and Liver Filis. These rules are worth following, particularly at this season of the year.

Mr. W. Ferguson, blacksmith, Trenton, Ont., states:—"In my work I am bending over a great deal, and this, together with the constant strain on all parts of the body, and the sudden change of temperature when going to and from the forge, brought on kidney disease and backache. At times I would suffer so that I would have to quit work to ease my back, and felt so miserable most of the time I did not enjoy life very much.

"At last I decided that I would have to get relief in some way, and having heard of Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Fills as a successful cure for backache and kidney disease, I began using them. To my surprise and pleasure they helped me at once and a few boxes entirely removed my troubles."

The Chase's Kidney and Liver

ment—or never. It is one of our strangest cases. To-morrow may find him a raving lunatic—fit for the straight jacket. Once that happens, his death will be but a question of a few days. Or his sleep to-night may restore reason to him fully." "Is that so?" the visitor invariably exclaimed, anxious to hear

more.

"No telling what Prank will do without him," the speaker would continue

"No hand but his dare touch him The hears no human voice but his. It will be a good thing the day the man sees light again. We are very much interested in the case—for we have the man sees had a seed to the case—for we have the seed of the

wonder what will happen Prank."

"How can he bear him—how can he bear him!" moaned Eleanor Saterlee, wringing her hands in agony. "He loved beautiful things S0, he was so refreed." agony. "He loved beautiful things so, he was so refined, so gentle al-ways. Oh, when I see this poor ways. Oh, when I see this poor cseature near him—dear God, for-give me the thought!—it seems as if it is he that is keeping him from me."

For five years, buoyed up by her For five years, buoyed up by her faith and by her belief in the power of prayer, she trusted implicitly that her loving husband, her other self, might be restored to hermight in time return to her from the darksome night that obscured his brain. His statue had outlived the pitiful attempts made to decry it. People drove out of their week. People drove out of their way to pass the sanitarium where, per-chance, a glimpse might be had of the sculptor whose work was now deemed a masterpiece, whom un-kindness and lack of appreciation had driven mad. Week after week, the faithful woman visited

the faithful woman visited him, striving to bring near to him the memory of olden days.

Month after month rolled by, year after year, and still there was no gleam of reason to tell her that the bond was loosening. Still did he hold his mimic court and

his mimic crown. And one day Eleanor Satterlee came to Dr. Morrison. "I want you to listen to me," she said, simply, looking at him with eyes that were more eloquent than any speech her lips could frame. "The years—the very best years—of his life are going one by one A grown days were A and server when the server was the same way and the same way are way and the same way and the same way and the same way and the same way are way and the same way a one by one. And every day meart grows heavier and heavier, us heart grows heavier and heavier, until it seems as though it pulses but feebly—too feebly to sustain me. When I think of him I feel"—the tears were running swiftly down her face—"I feel as if I, too, will go mad. Madness would be a blessing, Dr. Morrison, for then I could not remember—all."

Dr. Morrison looked at her sympathetically.

pathetically.
"My plan—I have one, you with a sorrowful little with a sorrowful little smile, "is this. His statue, ours, is still in my possession. I would not part with it. Supposing," she pleaded swiftly, seeing the growing wonder on his face, "supposing that I have it taken here, set up here in your room, and bring him in upon it suddenly? Do you think such suddenly? Do you think such a thing might aid him, might help him

lips grew suddenly parched, for he shook his head, averting his eyes not to see the pain on her face.

"It may serve to drive him to the padded cell. My dear madam, consider. He is at peace now, he has no cares, no troubles, he may possibly recover in time. Why disturb him, perhaps condemn him to-

"No, no, do not say it, do say that word," she cried, pro-No, no, do not say it, do not say that word," she cried, pressing her hands to her heart. "I beg you, I beseech you, do not say that word to me. God—you do believe in God, don't you? God wouldn't be so cruel to me. If—if you knew how much—" her voice grew faint and weak—"if you knew how much I love him and bow he level we I love him, and how he loved me until that miserable day! I as unhappy," she went on. "Night day he is with me, night and I think of him, dream of him, for him, plan for him, love him, love

for him, plan for him, love him, love him. Oh, Dr. Morrison, be pitiful. See, I kneel to you. Let me try to save him. For it means death to me if I cannot."

She was at his feet indeed, her hands clasped across his knees, her face luminous in its pallor, raised to his, her blue eyes dark with anguish. The professional man vanished. His heart was stirred. Suddenly he saw her as she had been on that day when she first realized the dreadful truth. He remembered her sorrowful and stricken, but not like dreadful truth. He remembered her sorrowful and stricken, but not like this, for her beauty then was young and sweet and fresh, pink and white and delicate, not strained to the mere shadow of a vanishing loveliness. like the white countenance turned up now to his pitying gaze. He felt that she spoke the truth—that present conditions meant death to her.

"Women should be made of sterner stuff," she went on, sobbingly. "I should be brave and strong, I know, but I cannot. He was all I lived for. At first I was desperate. I

stuff," she went on, sobbingly. "I should be brave and strong, I know, but I cannot. He was all I lived for. At first I was desperate. I am so much alone. Dr. Morrison, and I am not brave. Because I I seem so at times does not argue that I am, and maybe—maybe—if I showed myself the coward that I really am, you would not let me come so often. My heart was wild with its pain. I would throw myself upon my bed, begging God to give me strength to save him, or to let me die. It would have been easier for me to die than to struggle. I cannot fight—"

"You are the bravest little woman I ever knew," said Dr. Morrison softly. The tears were in his kind eyes.

"Just hear me," she begged. "Just hear me. I have prayed and prayed so. I asked Our Lady to have pity, Our Lady, my Mother, the only mother I have ever known. I prayed to her as I sat looking at the statue he had made, the statue that proved his undoing. It was 'My Lady Hope,' he had given it that name, his ideal figure. And Our Lady showed me then, that though all

else was gone, I still had hope. Afelse was gone, I still had hope. Atterwards, when my mind dwelt on the future, the dreadful thoughts that tortured me were driven from me by the prayer. Dear Mother, let me hope.' And last night, like an inspiration, something came to me. Something whispered to me that since through her he had lost all that made life worth living, through her, by our Lady's grace, all would her, by our Lady's grace, all would her, by our Lady's grace, all would be restored."

Her voice thrilled him. He looked down at her, not knowing that the tears that had come into his eyes were thick upon his lashes; for he was not easily moved—he had seen too much misery.

"It shall be even as you desire," he said to her. "It is a venture, but of that you are aware. You abide the consequences?"

"I abide the consequences!" She rapide the consequences!" She sprang to her feet, transformed, her eyes glowing. She seized his hand and covered it with kisses. "Oh, I shall succeed, I shall succeed, I have hope and our Lady with me. How can I fail?"

nope and our Lady with me. How can I fail?"

And while Doctor Morrison felt that he had done an unwise thing now, he excused it to himself on the grounds that for the past five years he had taken more than a professional interest in the case, and in the woman. He had yielded, true, and even realizing what her failure meant to both, he could not say that he regretted doing so. He had seen weeping wives in his day, young and beautiful even as she, some of them. They had come, distraught and anxious, to this tomb of buried and lost ambitions Unlike this woman, however, they had accepted the inevitable, they became reconciled. Some of them, indeed, the greater part, were easily consoled, and Dr. Morrison had grown sceptical where woman's grief was concerned. But Eleanor Satterlee her

and Dr. Morrison had grown scepti-cal where woman's grief was con-cerned. But Eleanor Satterlee, her eyes shadowed by long watching and sleepless hours shining out of her moon-light face—well, she was her moon-light face—well, she was different. She commanded, not alone his intense respect, but even his re-gard. She fought for this man's reason with desperate resolve. She left after her weekly visit, and the physician knew that she scarcely left physician knew that she scarcely left her knees, until she returned again. That was chiefly why he consented to the trial having but a vague idea what she meant to do or how she meant to do it. And though he told her part of the consequences, he told her part of the tolling me he did not tell her that failure me Herbert Satterlee. He he did not tell her that failure meant death to Herbert Satterlee. He was not troubled by the scruples a Ca-tholic practitioner would have in such a case, and mayhap, he thought that death would be a merciful thing-how merciful only those come much in contact with it know

They set up the glorious statue in he doctor's private parlor, placing it carefully in the alcove, drawing the red velvet curtains as to hide it from view. Behind the portieres that led into the inner room the doctor and his assistants concealed themselves in case, the physician told her, of some accident. Dr. Morrison's lips were set, his brow bent. Now that the trial dent. Dr. Morrison's lips were set, his brow bent. Now that the trial was imminent, his heart misgave was imminent, his heart misgave him—to his surprise he became afraid of her. Not for the blighted mind that knew nothing of what was coming, but for this frail shadow, buoyed up by hope and Our Lady. What if she failed? The man at that moment his soul was an agnostic, a freethinker, but at that moment his soul was stirred. "I shall be tempted to believe in your existence, Mother of Christ, if she succeeds," he said.
And then he smiled. The thing And then he smiled. The thing seemed so impossible—that she should succeed. The mimic king was led into the little parlor alone. His clouded brain saw the bare corridors outside transformed into royal paths but the rich furnishings of this room struck pleasurably more than the room that the room than the room than the room that the ro room struck pleasurably upon is senses. He looked about him with evident delight. Dr. Morrison, with his keen gaze upon the patient's face, was suddenly startled. A woman's voice broke the silence, a rare contraito, that most beautiful of God's gifts to creation, and it was singing Matteh's 'Non e Ver.' How its deep notes throbbed through the room. filling it with speech and sound. The deranged man turned quickly, clasping and unclasping his hands in nervous fashion. Then out from behind the curtain she came. She had slipped off her long dark cloak, and was clad in simple white, her beautiful hair thrown carelessly back from her face. The woman's soul was desperate, the emotion that gave that thrill to her voice was passionate fear, but she was singing as she walked. She looked up to meet her husband's gaze, and the song died upon her lips. She ran to him, holding out her hands.

"Why, Hubert!" she cried. "You have not answered me. What is the matter with you. You are very strange—"

"Am I, sweetheart?" he asked. "I did not answere dar, because, "Hollow the wood have not answered me. What is the matter with you. You are very strange—"

She had startled his sleeping brain with a vision of herself as she had been when he wooed her in the country lanes, when they sang togethed. He put his hand to his forehead, and pushed the hafr away. The old blank look settled across his face,.

"My good sir," she retorted galy, and as she spoke she linked near the songs they both loved. But after that first effort he grew troubled. He put his hand to his forehead, and pushed the hafr away. The old blank look settled across his face,.

"My good sir," she retorted galy, and as she spoke she linked near you look rather shaky, my dear min his. 'Tec. us have a linked near you look rather shaky, my dear man in it. 'Tec. us have a linked near you look rather shaky, my dear my his hand to his forehead, and pushed the hafr away. The old blank look settled across his face,.

"My good sir," she retorted galy, and as so beyed him. Le she w room struck pleasurably upon his senses. He looked about him with evident delight. Dr. Morrison, with his keen gaze upon the patient's face, was suddenly startled. A woman's voice broke the silence, a rare controlled that most beautiful for the summer of the startled that most beautiful for the startled that most beautiful for the summer of the startled that most beautiful for the startled that most beautiful for the summer of the startled that most beautiful for the summer of the startled that most beautiful for the summer of the startled that most beautiful for the startled that most beautiful for the summer of the startled that most beautiful for the summer of th

nead, and pushed the hair away. The old blank look settled across his face.

"My sood woman," he began.

"My good sir," she retorted gaily, and as she spoke she linked her arm in his. Ter, us have a littue that, dear. You are late to-day, it is almost time to go home, and then grandfather will want you to play dominoes with him, and I shan't have a chance to say another word to you. Let us talk of when you and I shall be married—yes, dear?—and of how we shall travel. All through Europe, remember, you have promised me. And you are going to be famons, oh, so famous! She looked up into his face and langhed merrily, so that Dr. Mor-

LAID UP FIVE YEARS Until Half a Bettle of Father Morrisoy's Limiment Cured His Shoulder.

Mr. Jos. J. Roy, a preminent tinsmith of Bathurst, N.E., july 16, 1909;
"I cannot let this opportunity pass without letting you know what benefit I received from your Liniment. For five years I had a sore shoulder, which prevented me from working or from sleeping at night. I had tried everything possible and still could find no relief, until I was advised to try a bottle of your liniment, which I purchased without delay. I only used one half of the bottle when I was completely cured, and now I feel as ff I never had a sore shoulder. I would advise anyone suffering from Rheumatic pains to give your Haisment a trial, for I cannot praise it too highly."

A finissent that will do that is the infrance you want. It is equally good for some throat or chest, backache, tootisacha, ear ache, spraina, sore muscles, eath, hrubes, burns, from Buther Morrisey Bedichae Co. Ltd., Chatham, N.B.

rison marvelled at the melody, the sweetness of it. He did not know that in the old days Hubert Satterlee had told her that her laugh was the prettiest he had ever heard. And all the time her heart was praying, ("Mother of Christ, give him to me," she pleaded, "just this one soul. my Mother, just this one soul. my Mother, just this one soul. Mother of the Baby God Who sat upon your loving knee, give me this, give me this!")
"Famous!" her lips were saving

"Famous!" her lips were saying blithely. "Oh, what a famous sculptor you will be! You will put me into marble, won't you, Hubert? Do you remember the last work you finished. 'My Lady Hope?' Can you remember?" remember?

"No," he muttered, "I cannot remember, Eleanor."

Her heart seemed to stop beating suddenly. Dr. Morrison leaned for-ward, a long breath parting his lips, his intent gaze on the pathetic scene. The room swam before her dazzled sight. One moment of weakness now, might spoil all, one false word. But she was a woman, therefore she was brave, a woman struggling for more than life.

'You cannot remember?" again she laughed, and again heart ached with its prayer: "Oh, Mother Mary, help me now!" and her little hand trembled. "Do you want to see it, dear? It is grious, Hubert. Let us look at together, husband mine.

"Where is it?" he asked. "Where is it, Eleanor?"

He was trembling, and his eyes were shining, and his breath came in hot gasps. She moved quickly to the alcove, and drew aside the to the alcove, and drew aside the red curtains. The electric light was turned on full, bathing in its brilliant brightness the magnificent figure he had created. The dazzling light, after the semi-darkness of the room, startled him. He bent forward, fascinated. The marble image seemed, to Electronic straining room, startied him. He bent forward, fascinated. The marble image seemed, to Eleanor's straining sight, as if it were endowed with feeling. Her lips were moving piteously. And the patient, beautiful sculptured face looked down on the man who had fashioned it, and the woman who was fighting for so much. Just a second they stood so, but to that living, loving woman the moment seemed almost like eternity, it was a whole century of torture, agony, inexpressible, anguish, for

Then a shout rang through Then a shout rang through the room. Hubert Saterlee rushed forward, falling on his knees at the base of the statue, sobbing like a little child.

"My statue!" he cried. "My hope

(Continued on page 7.)

The Crue Ber Witness

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orrespondence intended for publica must have name of writer enclosed necessarily for publication but as a k of good faith, otherwise it will no unblished. ITEMS OF LOCAL INTEREST (")L.

TN vain will you build churche give missions, found schoolsall your works, all your efforts will be destroyed if you are not able to wield the defensive and offensive weapon of a loyal and sincere Catholic press.

-Pope Pius X.

Episcopal Approbation.

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

I heartily bless thuse who encourage this excellent work. PAUL,

Archishop of Montreal.

THURSDAY, MAY 12, 1910.

PENTECOST.

Next Sunday will be Pentecost, a great anniversary indeed in Christian Church. Naturally, our minds go back to the ever-memorable scene of the first Pentecost in the Cenacle, when the Holy Ghost came down upon the apostles under the appearance of fiery tongues that sat upon their heads.

Before Christ ascended into Heaven, He instructed His Apostles, in a final discourse, on the love God, promised them the Paraclete, and consoled them for His departure. Sad, indeed, were their hearts at the parting, and, perhaps, a whit when "behold, two men stood by them in white garments, Who also said: Ye men of Galilee, why stand you looking up to Hea-

It was a bitter separation for the disciples to endure, they who felt the burning need of a strong ter; but on Pentecost they were triumphantly consoled. How sublime, too, the story of the Paracoming, as we read it the Acts of the Apostles (II., 1 to

"When the days of the Pentecost were accomplished, they were all together in one place; and suddenly there came a sound from heaven, as of a mighty wind coming, and it of a mighty filled the w filled the whole house where they were sitting. And there appeared to them parted tongues as it were of lire, and it sat upon every one of them; and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and they began to speak with divers tongues, according as the Holy Ghost gave them to speak. Now there were divelling the tribute of ours to the memory of him gone before God to give an account of his royal stewardship, than by adding words spoken in his praise by His Lordship Bishop Casey, of St. John, N.B.:

"In the midst of the grief in which the British Empire is plungspeak with divers tongues, according as the Holy Ghost gave them to speak. Now there were dwelling at Jerusalem, Jews, devout men, out of every nation under heaven. And when this was noised abroad the multitudes came together, and were confounded in mind, because that every man heard them speak in his own tongue. And they were all amazed and wondered, saying: Behold, are not all these that speak, Gallieans? and how have we heard, every man our tongue wherein we were born? Parthians and Medes, and Elamites, and inhabitants of Mosopotamia, Judea and Cappadocia, Pontus and Asia, Phrygia, and Pamphillia, Egypt and the parts of Lybia, about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome; Jews also, and proselytes. Cretes and Arabians: we have heard them speak in our own tongues the wonderful works of God."
What a change had come over the apostles once they had been blessed with a visit on the part of God's Boly Spirit of Wisdom and Fortitude. They had ceased to be weaking, and were presently transcremed into heroes and martyrs.
And so with us. The action of the floty Spirit, says Father Gerrard, within us in all our spiritual effects, gives Him the title of Committee of the speak and sagrament, the laying on of

this office, He uses a ment, the laying on of the strength received in

Confirmation, we are fortified through our faith, against dangers to our moral life. In the constant, spirit who is our mainstay.

Thou of Comforters the best, Be our soul's most welcome guest, Sweet refreshment here below

This, then, is the practical fruit to be gathered from the dogm the Holy Spirit. We know that Divine person, who is the Love God and His Gift, has come to as our guide and comforter, dwell within us, and by His dwelling to make us holy, to foster and bring to perfection our lasting life. In the olden times God revealed Himself as the God of Might, a God whom His people served with a service of fear the Gospel times, He revealed Himself as a God of Love, a God joying the happiness of His threefold personality, a God clothed human flesh, and living among His reated children. A further revelation, however, showed Him to be God living not merely among us, but This the burden of our meditations for Pentecost.

THE PASSING OF KING FL-WARD.

The King is dead! We have a he w ru'er in consequence, a morarch with a name that hardly breathes inspiration in England's kingly ar

When the late Monarch was cending the throne, even shrewd statesmen in the Empire were doubt as to his capacity and as to whether he was going to make a success of his reign. Events, however, have reassured even the most be equity and justice, with right exacting of all. Edward VII. provof himself capable of worthy measures and of a policy of broadmind edness. In Ireland, especially. will be remembered for his spirit of peace and for his willingness to re cognize a people for whom preceding rulers had entertained but scant

feeling. True, King Edward's visit to France but shortly after that country had banished the religious bo dies and confiscated their honest property, caused some alarm; it reminded us all of the fact that as' Prince of Wales, had been Grand Master of the Freemasons; and yet we were all willing to believe that, heart of hearts, the King was not the kind of man to find glory in the work of hounding defenceless nuns and destroying the saving vestiges of religion. His reign was short, but it will truly live in story, with the account of doings of no mean shape and significance.

Catholics expect the new King, Edward's successor, to be a man of noble motives, holding a message of peace and good will for all subjects. We do not expect a liant monarch, but we hope the nev King will take heed of the things his father did while King. If the Empire is to grow stronger, remain as strong as it is, all Dor tions of that Empire will have to be attended to, and all classes of subjects be honestly and full-heartedly dealt with.

Canadian Catholics will never forget the late King's courtesy wards our Bishops in Council sembled. The message of good will he sent them will remain a cious possession of the Canadian Church

We could not better close this lit tle tribute of ours to the memory of

"In the midst of the grief in which the British Empire is plunged at the news of the death of its great and good King, there are no more sincere mourners than the millions of his Catholic subjects. I recall my visit to Ireland about five years ago. There I met meny stronge

ers will relish it. We had the n the house of his parish priest, to the Doctor is a Catholic. He is n longer a young man, it is true, eve verse always breathes youth love, and hopefulness. We are sorry that Dr. Chandler loves his soli ude by the sea too earnestly contentedly. We would like him to give the most of his poetic worl to readers who would surely relish it. It has been our privilege, how ever, to know his muse and to grasp the meaning that words can never portray. We hope that hencefor ward the True Witness will be able to offer its readers many a sonnet. or other poetic gem, from the pen of kind and genial Dr. Chandler.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

There is such a thing as abiding respect for authority, but when House of Lords as it stands England is held up as authority worthy of respect and obedience, pecially on the part of the Irish people, abuse of terms easily finds its way and wake.

True,-and we admit it,-there must be law and order, authority and obedience, in every land; true that many of the Lords are good men, but many of them are what they should be. There are tyrants, "grafters," and general goodfor-nothings among them. people have no right to dictate to civilized people, and have claim that is real and earnest upon the good sense of any portion of a governed. people.

Let us have law and authority let the throne be made stronger; let demagogues be set aside; but let there

All those nobodies rated rightfully by leading papers as "Wildpeers,"
"Noodles," "Boodlers," and "Backwooders" have no right to sit in the House of Lords. The sooner England finds that out the better for the honor and safety of the crown We do not want "to see the reigr of godless demagogy hold sway over us; we do not want to be subjects of a power on a footing like that of infidel France. On the contrary, we want the authority over us to strong and respectable, and is why all the good-for-nothing elements, supposedly of power, really of destruction, should driven into obscurity, forced abdicate. England has to under stand now, or shall have to admit later, that her House of Lords, just as it is at present constituted not made to keep any people in healthful subjection and shall never succeed in putting the yoke of rlavery upon the neck of the Irish peo-

JOHN REDMOND THE MASTER.

Of a necessity, those organs English opinion which, together with the London Times, have made it a natural conscience duty to slander Ireland and the Irish, could not be supposed to praise John Redmond over his successes either past or present. But, even in England lying and calumny are considered nefarious trades to-day. forced by the urgency of sense and common justice, are willing to deal with the Irish along lines tomed to souls that deem expediency and dollar-getting more important than even the Mosaic Decalogue.

John Redmond is the man of the He has forced his enemies to capitulate, at least for the sent. England hates to think that Ireland's day of final triumph is, dawning. She was even wont rule her subjects as slaves. whenever she was able to do so, and, naturally, the present discomfiture of Asquith & Co. is not a whit consoling. The London Daily Mail, however, is one of the most discouraged of all English organs; commenting upon Mr. Redmond's recent results, that organ of trumpery and misrepresentation says:

results, that organ of trumpery and misrepresentation says:

"If there is any man in England who should feel proud to-day, it is John Rèdmond. He is the master of Asquith, who is the master of Asquith, who is the master of the Liberal Party, and who is preparing to exercise an absolute tyranny over this country. He is the "boss" who pulls the strings, and for whom the puppets of the Cabinet work. The spectacle of a British Prime Minister's descent to be the tool of an Irish factionist is intolerable enough, but it becomes shameful when, at the order of Mr. Redmond, Mr. Asquith is compelled to violate every Constitutional principle, and to drag the Crown into the party arena. The ignominy is all the greater because the Irish Party on every occasion proclaims its hostility to this country, and because it is financed by enemies of England in the United States. It is them, to please the foes of the Empire, that this affront is to be offered to the head of our State, and that the British Constitution is to be destroyed."

he destroyed."

In spite of the Daily Mail, the
Lords, and all other effete organiza-

tions in England, shall have swallow many another bitter before Redmond and the Irish through with them. It was ever ed to fight against constitutional tyranny and injustice: but when a nation is backed with ten centuries of undaunted warfare, it can look to hope beyond even the very denial of hope. The age of tyrants and of slavery is no longer popular, even

Obedience and loyalty are good, are things called for, as necess human life; but slavery, tyranny and oppression are things agains which Christ and His Church have rightfully fought. If England is so willing to boast of what she may have, let her begin to boast that, at least in the twentieth century she is willing to let Irishmen in the Old Land freely live and breathe. Until she does she shall continue to find out that there are Irishmen and sons of Irishmen abroad in places where they make their voices heard in objection and opposition.

EMBARRASSED CATHOLICS.

"Considerable discussion has arisen over the lecture on "Literature" de livered by Rev. Dr. Barclay, of Montreal, before the Halifax Cana-dian Club several days ago.

Barclay's references to he termed "the ignorance and su perstition of the Pre-Reformation od," and his remarks concerning
"hostility of the monasteries of
time toward the extension of
ation to the masses," caused period," some embarrassment to Roman Catholics on the platform with him

There is the Star's way of telling what Dr. Barclay did down in Ha lifax. He "embarrassed Catholics"! If the pastor of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church did embarrass the Ca tholics present at his lecture, he is the first pteacher who ever did. The whole trouble is that Dr. Barclay was forgetful of the rudimentary principles of very primitive quette. Any man who speaks as the Doctor did could never embarrass a man with a grain of sense, helped out by even a slight knowledge history.

TOO DRASTIC.

The following news-item has apeared in the dailies:

'The convocation of Canterbury which is to the Church The proceedings have not been deem ed of sufficient interest to report in the newspapers except the discus of the divorce law and Sunday

creation.

"The debate on the proposed "The debate on the proposed law showed changes in the divorce law strong feeling against increasing the facilities for obtaining divorce. The Bishop of Southampton said the tich could afford to pay the cost of di-vorce procedure and the poor were unable to pay. Therefore the quesunable to pay. ion was whether they desired to make divorce for the poor, or should hey not rather wish to make it more

resolution favoring the entire abolition of divorce was carried. Now, first of all, the Convocation firmly of Canterbury is not the dangerous thing the news-item claims it and all the Convoca department tions of Canterbury in two turies can change nothing in Church of England. The cultured and respectable members of the Canterbury body may offer suggestions, but they are powerless as far executive worth is considered. The creed and polity of the Church of England may be approved or modified by agnostic heads of the government, but even the entire House of Anglican Bishops can do nothing worth talking about along the same lines of endeavor or usefulness. It has come to the crisis at last,

that a church founded on divorce must fall by divorce. All rulers who play with rebellion and revolution must fall the victims of volution; and a religious body built upon any violation of the Decalogue must die through the violation. What becomes of Henry VIII., and what becomes of his motives, Anglicanism is no longer the friend of easy divorce? Of all the Protestant sects, Anglicanism may the most caltured, but she is, likewise, the most illogical. Logic converted Newman and Manning helped, of course, by the light from above.

"The proceedings," says the news item, "have not been deemed of sufficient interest to report in the newspapers, except the discussions of the divorce law and Sunday recreation." And there you are for the thousandth time! When the pro-seedings of any Protestant synod or

WHO ARE INTOLERANT?

There are people in Ontario, and elsewhere, who declare that the Province of Quebec is intolerant, wh as, it is well known that, in the Province of Quebec alone do the majority give the minority a full and onest chance, beginning with the ery city of Montreal. In Ontario and in parts of the Maritime Provinces, in Manitoba, in British umbia, and in all the Western Provinces, a man's title of Catholic de ears him from his share of worldly success wherever and whenever gots and fanatics, urged on by the Orangemen and the forces of Fr. sonry, find it a possible game play the hypocrite's part and sume the role of the double-dealer

It is sheer nonsense to blame Catholics themselves for this state affairs. That is an old explanation, with only wooden legs whereupon to stand. It is not true, only in so far as it holds that Catholics are discriminated against just cause they will not rise up and defend their rights.

There is a big glowing spirit of charity(?) abroad, the wind some mighty Catholics' breath, to the effect that an era of union and generosity has dawned upon us. It is something like inviting Crangemen to share our rejoicings over Redmond's triumphs!

The grand era of union and generosity has not yet come, howe and shall not come until Catholics get their fair share of representation, beginning with the Cabinet at Ottawa.

The following letter, which peared in our esteemed contemporary, the Catholic Record, tells its own story, and points to what could be said by Catholics dwellers in seven other provinces: Editor Catholic Mecord: -- Co

menting on Hon. Mr. Murphy's address at Toronto St. Patrick's Day his advancement in Canada. theless, in this Province of Brunswick Brunswick, forty per cent Catholic citizens of that denomination as accorded the slightest meed fair play or justice. Conditions in New Brunswick were never ideal in this respect, yet the present time sees a state of things hardly to be sees a state of thing believed by the casual observer believed by the casual observer. Some \$40,000 is abnually paid in salaries in the departmental offices salaries in the departmental offices a band-\$2,500 is grudgingly paid to a hand ful of Catholic messengers and ful of Catholic messengers ar junior clerks. It is a well know fact that even this small amount to be curtailed and the recipient ing starved out of the service. What is true of the seat of government is true of the province. Appointment of the province. Appointment tholics are gazetted only where too dangerous altoge would be too ther to refuse Catholic; in mixed communities such appointments are not made. In Hon. John Morrissy the Catholic people of New Brunswick have a courage-ous and willing champion, but for the first time in its history the province rejoices in a militant Orange administration, and Catho-lic members of the Leville ic members of the Legislature ndifferent or ignorant of condition mbers of the Legislature are eing created under their very feet

My object in writing this is to make the statement, that while public men are seeking votes they are very solicitous that our rights be maintained, yet on arriving e top they speedily kick over dder on which tney crimbed to . This is one of the reasons Mr. Morrissy is fighting a lone the ladder power.

Mr. Murphy might have so air. Murphy might have gone farther and set forth that the inferior positions Catholics hold in the various public services are large by due to the fineapacity or lack of courage of their representatives various legislatures and govern-ments. That such a state of affairs is allowed to exist in New Bruns-wick shows something radically wrong with our public men.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

TWO PICTURES OF A ROMAN

Elsewhere we are publishing double account of a recent Roman Sunday; one of the accounts peared in the Christian Advocate, New York, over the signature of B. M. Tipple, D.D., pastor of the Methodist rabble in Rome; the second appeared in the Saturday Review,

rused both accounts, they will be able to add still more to their fund of admiration for the Rev. B. M. of admiration for the Rev. B. M. Typple, who, it is plain, is seeing to it that Methodism in Rome shall share the honor and glory and infamy of the worst elements in the Eternal City of the Popes.

Were Tipple a sincere man, and were the Christian Advocate (Methodist) honest, they would choose other friends and boon companions.

But, what does Tipple care? Why

eing gentlemen at least.

At the bottom of their hearts, wen the noisiest of pagans cannot help pitying the preachers. They want all the allies they can find, and the preachers of Tipple's die and stamp make good tin soldiers, at least, even if bullets are wasted on the kind of people he and confederates are.

For the benefit of all those good whose purses are interested in Tipple's success, we subjoin the ollowing from Rome, the organ of the English-speaking Catholics the Eternal City. Says Rome

"It is not the success of the Methodists which makes them an object of aversion to all right-minded persons in Rome, but their vile propaganda. Fifty years ago they began to spend millions of dollars on the perversion of Italian Catholics, and every year since then they have been sending home highly decorated accounts of their success. simple truth is that they have fail-But the ed utterly to make any permanent

In Rome for September 7, 1907, we were able to present the lowing facts from their own official report:

In Italy and Italian Switzerland there are about 34,000,000 people, and the Methodists among including both members and probationers, total exactly 3,449. which is well over the half millio mark, contains two hundred and sixty-six members and probationers. How many of the 3449 and the 266 are Italians and how many of them are Americans, English, Germans, etc., we do not pretend even guess, but taking them all as Italians, we reach some interesting re sults:

It will be found that the present Methodist following in Italy has cost about 7000 francs per head; that the half million francs spent on Italian Methodism last year (1906) has resulted in a net gain over the numbers of the previous year of just 75 persons, which works out at 6666 francs for every additional Methodist; that at the same rate of penditure and the same rate of progress it will take 12,500,000,000 france and 36,000 years to convert the Italian people to Methodism. Unfortunately, there are several in the calculations, for we find that in some respects Italian Methodism is going back. The last report, for instance, announces that there were 32 native preachers in the whereas the previous one registered 55. We also note that in the space of one brief year these 32, aided by the nine foreign missionaries of Methodism, baptized as many as two adult and eighty-six infant Italian Methodists, while in the previous year the number of adults were no fewer than five and of infants eigh-This means a diminution of six baptisms in the year-but it must be remembered that there were 23 fewer missionaries to do work."

ARCHBISHOP HAMILTON'S JUBI-LEE.

Little as Archbishop Hamilton's church standing means in the matter of Catholic validity of orders, yet, knowing him to be the man he is we are glad to pay him our tribute of good will and praise.

On Sunday, May 1, he celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of consecration-his Silver Jubilee. He was born in Hawkesbury, P.Q., the 6th day of January, 1834; he was educated at the Montreal High School and at the University Oxford. In the year 1857. when he was only 23 years of age, he was ordained to the Anglican ministry, and became curate of the Quebec Cathedral the same year. In 1864, he became rector of St. Matthew's Church, St. John street (without the gate), and remained in that position until 1885. In 1885 he was appointed Bishop Niagara, and after holding this position for eleven years, he was named Archbishop of Ottawa, in which

capacity he is still retained.

Archbishop Hamilton has passed
the three score and ten mark, and is, therefore, no longer a young man. Hie honesty of purpose and the nobility of his aims and mefor what is best in the Church of England. He is very High Church in his leanings, and is an open ene-my to lax marriage laws that favor the re-marrying of divorcees. He has publicly praised the Church's stand on that question, and has, likewise, confessed his admiration for our separate school system, bechoes and

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an, however, cann Another loathsome rio courts, with as a consequence, freedquarters. And alk about trying to ce of Quebec t Fire did some da

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wake up! Outside of Halley's no body that move Anglican paris rches may be goo es, but we are gla Church does not need at city. She is ol new ones, for the old

Rather ghoulish was oduced at the funer ther day in Harrisbu oung lady who had singer of high n after prayer had bee nograph, which co rds of several of h dered these selections say, the effect was ra

People need not be Briand and his legion again successful in France was never mea try of freemen. The on finds natural is that ruling slaves. They h We must reme that the ballot is son government can contro

The Jews are afraid ing to die martyrs in Isn't it too bad they c ssociated Press to anage to malign and sia, the Russia of the e. The Jews she orn that in a countr da citizens must be l

raightforward. The end of the academ ight. Let us hope iversities will stand ideals of deep learning, ing professors for en Let the two-penny gen-preach infidelity take up where their ning will be best ve

We are glad to hear t agan will henceforw World. Father J. alley are good prede Dr. O'Hagan takes his s racant chair with good rk of his own to loo re are few things we n some of his prin one on Gray's Elegy

he most humble slave ren of men is the lindly swears obedience rs in the womb of Lincoln emancipate moes, and it is pretty one would think men of small degree entury under Simon La by the willing slave of

In paying a left-hands ment to Governor Hughe fork, over his appointm Supreme Bench of Judges wake friend, the Re okes fun at him, over the is a Baptist, a memile is a Baptist, a memile to all sects that we have judgment. To han our contemporary aid about Bob Ingersol

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in the matter orders, yet, ne man he is our tribute he celebrated rsary of his Jubilee. He ry, P.Q., on

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Schoes and Remarks.

MESDAY, MAY 12, 1910.

that fools these poor men who chances for Eternity by refusing attend to their Easter duty.

more laws we make against riding" the more quickly the atomobile seems to go. One police-

Another loathsome case before the rio courts, with more disgrace, a a consequence, from the wonted isadquarters. And yet they will alk about trying to convert the oce of Quebec to the Gospel!

Fire did some damage to the hurch of St. John the Baptist hich the Duke of Norfolk' is buildng at Norwich. Thirty years have teen given to the work, and the formal opening is to take place very

Teasing an eccentric person is a me for cowards. A gypsy of add manners killed two teasers While we do not comthe gipsy for his action, let inclined to tease try their mius on people who can stand it.

Many of us do not seem to know. even care, who the men are that e trying to "emancipate" The little fellows at work mow no more about pedagogy than cow does about a telescope. Let

Outside of Halley's Comet there no body that moves so quickly as Anglican parish. Portable ches may be good things at es, but we are glad the Catholic Church does not need them in any great city. She is obliged to build new ones, for the old ones become

Rather ghoulish was a novelty induced at the funeral service the ther day in Harrisburg, Pa., of a oung lady who had been an amasinger of high merit, when, after prayer had been offered, a nograph, which contained the rds of several of her songs, rendered these selections. Needless to say, the effect was rather startling.

People need not be surprised that Briand and his legions have been gain successful in France, for France was never meant for a country of freemen. The only rule France We must remember, withal, that the ballot is something the vernment can control in France.

The Jews are afraid they are gog to die martyrs in this Province. Isn't it too bad they cannot use the ssociated Press to tell us untruths about ourselves, just as they anage to malign and slander Rus sia, the Russia of the Czars, if you ise. The Jews shall have arn that in a country like Canada citizens must be honest and raightforward.

The end of the academic year is in tht. Let us hope our Canadian versities will stand by the solid deals of deep learning, when choosing professors for ensuing terms. Let the two-penny gentlemen who preach infidelity take up work in the where their efforts and rning will be best valued and ap-

We are glad to hear that Doctor lagan will henceforward edit the w World. Father Judge and Dr. ley are good predecessors, and Dr. O'Hagan takes his seat in the racant chair with good and lasting ork of his own to look back upon. ere are few things we like better of his printed lectures, one on Gray's Elegy in particu-

The most humble slave among the children of men is the man who blindly swears obedience to occult rs in the womb of Freemason-

7. Lincoln emancipated the ne-roes, and it is pretty near time one one would think of liberating le men of small degree who wear ittle symbolic aprons. Better a tatury under Simon Lagree than a by the willing slave of Freemason-

In paying a left-handed compliment to Governor Hughes, of New York, over his appointment to the Supreme Bench of Judges, our wide-wake friend, the Register-Extension poles fun at him, over the fact that is a Baptist, a member of that set of all sects that warps up a san's judgment. That is more than our contemporary could have ald about Bob Ingersell, as bad as was.

of the Catholic press, an editorial on "Some claims of the Church." The Syracuse Catholic Sun appropriated it without giving us the least credit for it, and ther ne of our very best papers-if not itself the very best of all-was into temptation, with the result that our hat is now too small.

The Rev. Stobo, a Baptist minister in Quebec, has spent his life trying to prevert French-Canadians. He would need as many lives as a cat has to succeed in any degree worth mentioning. French-Canadians only laugh at such eccentrics as Rev. Brother Lebeau, Stobo. twenty like him, could not over a decent French-Canadian in an age. Both of them make a poor

While our Canadian young are hurrying to the United States, the cream of our government's immigrants continues to flock to our shores—Jews, Italian murderers, Doukhobors, Anarchists, Socialists, with a small contingent of godless good-for-nothings from France. The Salvation Army is bringing us England's criminals. Meanwhile, as we have intimated, our young men may expect but little encouragement. They are not rated as desirable ci-

All this talk of currying favor with the Orangemen for the uplifting of Ireland is mere sham and twaddle. What do we want with the Orangemen? What right have they to celebrate St. Patrick's Day, or to rejoice over the prospects of Home Rule for Ireland, They have been the curse of our country for years and years. Rather let us lose the fight than ride to victory on Orange good will. Before they can share our claims and titles, must be born over again and shake off the mud from their class

Our contemporary, the Daily Star, cannot be surpassed for Saturday wishy-washy sermons. Not three of them are worth five cents as expositions of Christian teaching, while a Mahometan could preach half of them and still be rated as sincere to the principles of the Mosque. There is more solid Christianity to one paragraph of Star's ordinary editorial matter than there is to nine-tenths of the into the language of natives in the excuses for sermons that appear in its Saturday columns.

A society should be established whose aim would be to prevent finds natural is that of a tyrant every Tom, Dick and Harry from ruling slaves. They have proved it calling himself Bishop or Reverend. The principles of Protestantism are to blame, of course, for such blasphemous abuse of the age-sacred titles. True, the colored High Church bishop here in Montreal has as much validity to his orders as Bishop Grafton of Fond du Lac, yet the title does not suffer quite much in one case as in the other.

> Certain gentlemen from other pro vinces are not afraid to belittle Quebec in the halls of our Parliament. For a change, those gentlemen ought to take a look around and about them, and see for themselves just what wooden parliamentary statues their own provinces send to Ottawa. There are quite a few of them who would make good "exhorters," but who were never intended by either art or nature for the work of a statesman. If Quebec beats them all down, it is because we have at least some kind of representation in the Ottawa House.

The Anglicans have forfeited the most glorious of opportunities here gret at the attitude of the minister

halt of some kind were called. That good little Presbyterian boys and kind of thing must have an end, in the name of Christianity. But, of course, when people are willing to fill Rev. (?) B. M. Tipple's coffers, they may be expected to buy burdock for cabbage. Why, in the name of goodness, do they not apply a little of their business spirit handling questions of endeavor that call for it.

WHAT EXPLAINS THEIR EAGER-

It is a well known fact that, the barbarous natives of many crude lands and of cruder islands are very anxious to procure copies of the Bible, for which honest Protestant money has to pay. We are, likewise, well aware that a longing for righteousness has nothing to do with the longing of the natives for copies of the (garbled) Bible.

In his "Bampton Lectures" (c. 3. . 93), Archdeacon Grant, of the Church of England, tells us that the cause of the eagerness which has sometimes been evinced to tain the sacred volume, cannot be traced to a thirst for the Word of Life, but to secular purposes, the unhallowed uses to which the Holy Word of God left in their hands, has been turned, and which are absolute ly shocking to any Christian feeling" while Dr. Wells Williams, in his work, "The Middle Kingdom," (vol. II., c. 19, p. 343) says: "They have counters of in Macao, cut in two for wrapping up medicines and fruits, which shopman would not do with worst of his own books."

"In New Zealand, the Maories," according to Mr. Fox (see "Six Colonies of New Zealand," p. 83), "tore up the Bibles to make wadding for their guns, and even went so far as to convert them into New Zealand, earthidges." Zealand cartridges.'

Instances of misusage, such this, might be truthfully multiplied a thousand fold.

Mr. Marshall, a convert from An glicanism and its ministry, and the man who made the Tablet what it is, says, in his "Christian Missions" (Vol. I., p. 22) that garbled Bibles "have cost innumerable sums, have awakened only the contempt of the few pagans who read them, have been polluted foulest and most degrading ses, and finally consumed as waste

Some of the preachers have undertaken to translate the Bible foreign field. In general they are lamentably deficient and direfully ridiculous translations. Among other pearls, for instance, in a Protestant Hindostani version of the Scriptures the sentence, "Judge not that ye be not judged" (or, "and you shall not be judged") is rendered, "Do no justice that justice be not don to you." This we learn from a Baptist missionary account, and yet people will ask why the Catholic Church is so strict with translations

WHY ARE THEY SCANDALIZED ?

The daily press has heralded the following news item from the Atlantic to the Pacific:

Toronto, May 4.—The Toronto Presbytery yesterday passed the fol-lowing resolution, which dealt with the release of Skill and King, the Toronto booksellers:

express its deep concern to observe that the sale and distribution Canada of books which have been denied the use of the mails of Canada and the United States as tending to corrupt morals, have been justified by the Minister of Justice as classic, and by comparison with the Bible."

The Anglicans have forfeited the most glorious of opportunities here were at the attitude of the minister of canda. The Baptists and Methodists and the terms of the people who should be adherents of the Church of Christ. Happily for the Anglicans, some of the bishops they have to-day are men of action. Lack of the missionary (?) spirit explains the losses the Church of Christ. Happily for the Anglicans, some of the bishops they have to-day are men of action. Lack of the missionary (?) spirit explains the losses the Church of Christ. Happily for the Anglicans, some of the bishops they have to-day are men of action. Lack of the missionary (?) spirit explains the losses the Church of God.

It is truly lamentable to see to what abuses the Noreign Bbis Societies are exposing the holy Word of God.

It is truly lamentable to see to what abuses the Noreign Bbis Societies are exposing the holy Word of God.

Delivering, as they do, piles of Bibies to all kinds of infidels and good-for-nothing tribesmen, the result is that the sacred pages are submitted to the most infamous inseges. What do our honest Frotestant authorities the abuse is going on the testimony of Protestant authorities the abuse is going on the most infamous inseges. What do our honest Frotestant authorities have a selection of the protestant authorities the abuse is going on the learned of the most infamous inseges. What do our honest Frotestant authorities the most infamous inseges. What do our honest Frotestant authorities the abuse is going on the most infamous inseges. What do our honest Frotestant authorities are exposing the holy word of God.

The Anglican basis and the device of the missing the filty of the mails of the most infam

girls mean to be, and that is why we are up in arms against the conscienceless people who befoul the minds and hearts of those same children, by giving them Maria Monk, Chiniquy, and a thousand other damnable prints to "read, when weigh, consider and inwardly

> Let Mr. Aylesworth take those preachers at their word, and see to it that all obscene literature is debarred from Canada, beginning with Chiniquy. Once Chiniquy's obscenities are declared null, void, and obnoxious, Presbyterianism, as certain preachers seem to understand it will lose its main prop in the field of apologetics.

While certain hypocrites are bothering the government to make people holy by virtue of an Act of Parliament, the Old Church of Christ is working along its thoroughly spiritual paths and sacramental ways. We said it before now, and we here repeat the saying: let half those preachers, and three-quarters of the other half, get down to employment of which an honest conscience may approve.

If we are not a united people today, go ask those self-same troublemakers we denounce. There is not a dram, or even a grain, of validity to their powers. They attack governor, judge, premier, and people, and yet they have no more right to preach or legislate than has the first Yiddish orator on May 1. Let there be an end to hypocrisy!

IS ONTARIO DISGRACING US?

Even the dailies of Ontario are alarmed! The editors evidently feel that things are not well with the glorious Orange province. In spite of the boast that our nowaday civilization is far above and beyond what our fathers knew and were willing to enjoy, we are able to offer official records of crime and disaster, even here in Canada, that can shared only by the crudest corners of the earth. Ontario, of course, stands in the lead, notwithstanding all that its fanatical denizens want to do in order to better our lot in the Province of Quebec.

The Toronto World was never remarkable for either common justice or level-headed dignity, and yet what a pen-picture it affords crime in the sister province. True, it does not deal with the unnatural crimes seemingly so rampant in Ontario, but its picture is bad enough, indeed. And to quote that organ which so blatantly insulted Apostolic Delegate, the Province of Quebec and Catholics in general, but a while since:

"Ontario at one time took a pride the comparative freedom from in the comparative freedom from serious crime that the province enjoyed. Of late, however, the record has been sadly blurred. And, further, the fact that the vengeance of the law was sharp and just is not as apparent nowadays as it used to

be.
"The results of thr spring assizes courts in Ontario have been extraordinary. At North Bay there were three murder trials, with one conviction for murder, one for manslaughter, and one for assault with intent, and despite the strong judicial charges to the jury in all cases.
At Fort William a man who shot another in a fight was convicted of manslaughter, so were two Chinese manslaughter, so were two Chinese who struck and killed a white man, and a woman who shot a man who attacked her was freed. A man convicted of perjury there received a sentence exceeding the others put together. At St. Catharines, a

young man who struck and killed another in a fight was acquitted.
"Near Guelph drink was responsible for a wife murder and suicide. At Cobourg an Italian who shot two compatriots in a drunken fight.

OXYDONOR

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

ad it with drugs Oxygen is Nature's own restorative and the greatest power in restoring health, strength and vigor. The problem is to get enough of it into the diseased system.

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

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

But beware of fraultent invitorious of the the remaining the significant of the property of the

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

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392 ST. CATHERINE ST., WEST, MONTREAL

to satisfy them that the culprit could not have been in his right senses, and so was irresponsible."

Billy McLean's paper tries to make the most of whatever deviltry may be ascribed to offending Italians to the revolting crimes of which the World fails to speak, and which are disgracing us among our friends in the neighboring Republic. Strange too, is it not, that the selfsame unnatural doings are traceable to those hot-beds of bigotry and ignorance in Ontario where the name of Catholic is abhorred, and where some pious anti-Catholic weeklies find the greater number of their subscribers.

It is not in a spirit of pride or of inglorious hatred that we denounce crime as it reigns in Ontario but simply in the name of our common Canadian heritage. Let us hasten to add that with the verdicts of juries as they have stood in New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Ontario, and British Columbia, of late, we are glad, indeed, that it is the privilege of our paper to stand for the defence of Quebec. Let them keep half their foreign missionaries at home, if they are able to affect

VIRI GALILOEI. QUID ADMIRA-

"Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye looking up to heaven? Why your trouble and longing and wondering and amazement? This the question the angels asked of the Lord's disciples, as they stood amazed sorrowed after the Master had ascended beyond the clouds into Heaven. Would that both men and the angels should be able to ask us, in all truth, why we, too, looking up to heaven, for, after all, our home is beyond the skies and the true land of our soul and spirit is that land whose beautiful shores is that land whose beautiful shores need not the light of sun or of star er's feet, ma'am."—Harper's Bazar. to illumine them, and whose fields are all elysian, who share the radiated joy of God.

rious martyrs, of those undaunted rious martyrs, of those undaunted confessors of the faith, who. through the centuries, proved faithful to the grace they had received and who first intimation of this aliment the the centuries, proved faithful to the won countless souls to God. Of the holy virgins who preferred heaven to earth's fleeting pleasures, it could well be asked why they, too, stood with their eves fixed why they too. well be asked why they, too, stood with their eyes fixed upon the courts of God's glory, and why they found such solace in the service of God.

Apart from the triumphal ascension of Jesus there is Mary's As-sumption, Mary's glorious entry into the kingdom of her Eternal Son borne on the wings of God's angels, and wafted by all the choirs of God's spirit-messengers before the throne of the Lamb, to be given a throne herself in the courts of God's elect, there to rule as Queen for all eternity.

Life is short. Thank God it is.

Life is short. Thank God it is.
The cross we have to bear may seem heavy, but if we seek God's help and Mary's love, it can never weigh us down, no matter what its weight. We, too, must ascend beyond the clouds and beyond, and far beyond, the highest star. We must so five that our souls may be borns to heaven after we shall have done with the crosses and bitterness of earth. We are heirs of the ling-dom and co-heirs with Jesus Ohrist our Radgamar. For us the words:

n witnesses to the crime, there have been witnesses, sel for the defence are able Last Day.

"Ye men of Galilee, why stand you looking up to heaven?" Beyond is our home, beyond is our crown, beyond the eternal balm of God's glory and presence as long as The Italians, however, are strangers angels shall dwell before His

ANOTHER ONE OF THEM

F. M. Lupton, publisher, New York, has got up "Famous Comic Recitations," gathered from all sources-not ten of them worth even a tinker's laugh.

Now, Lupton has taken special care to belittle the Irish in degrading pieces about l'O'Grady's Goat,j' "Maloney's Cow," etc., etc.; while he has taken good care handle the Jews with kid gloves. It may be that Lupton is intimately associated with Israel and the Synagogue, and in all probability he

Meanwhile, however, let Irishmen remember the name, and that "Fanous Comic Recitations" is one of 'The People's Hand Book Series."' so extensively advertised by "The Wholesale Book Co.," Winnipeg, and by Mr. Lupton himself.

Let those gentlemen protect their own kind, the Jews, if they wish, but we should make them understand that they cannot trample upon us without finding a thorn in It is a pity that the "Famous Comic Recitations" should spoil an otherwise valuable series of useful publications worth ten times the rice at which they

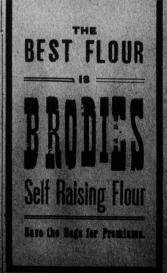
HIS SOLE RESTING PLACE.

A precise Boston teacher spent a A precise Boston teacher spent a quarter of an hour impressing upon her class the right pronunciation of the word vase.

Next day, hoping to reap the fruits of her labor, she asked: "Now, Johnnie, tell me what you see on the mantel-piece at home?"

And Johnnie night fouth. "Teah

"Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye looking up to heaven?" Well could the question be asked of God's glo-



THAT GOOD LITTLE BOY, NEXT

THAT GOOD

DOOR.

They say he's the best little boy in the town,
He never does anything wrong:
Though he wears an old jacket that is faded and brown.

that he's never been that two weeks wacation each year will make unore serviceable and valuable.

Please keep us in such good condition that you'll be proud to drift that the harness first the same of th

is faded and brown.
They say that he's never been known to frown.
And he's good as the day is long, and if I am careless, or tired of play And leave all my toys on the

They make such a fuss, and they always say, That my things had better be given

away To that good little boy next door

He must be a dreadfully good little If he's like what I've heard them

say, He loves to bring the cows at night And thinks it is silly to play with a

And would rather study than play No matter how hard I try to

No matter now hard I try to do right,
It's just no use any more;
For it's 'Oh, don't, Teddy!'' from morning till night,
And it's ''Teddy,' I wish you were half as polite that good little boy door."

Why is it I hate to go after the cows,
And study at school all day?
Why is it I always break my toys.

And can't get along without making And why do I like to play?
But if I'm not anxious to pick

chips, Or sleep on the garret floor, Or rock the baby on rainy days. They always speak of the wi

ways
Of that good little boy next door I often watch for that good lattle

That I hear so much about, But I never see his face at the door Or hear him talking, and then,

what's more,
He never seems to come out.
But I think if I knew him

well, you see, And coaxed him to tell me, or Watched how he does it, it seems to

me t some day or other I really that good little boy next

-G. E. Billings, in Youth's Com-

Boys, Don't Swear.

Of all foolish, disgusting, as well as wicked habits, it seems to me that profanity is the very worst. What possible satisfaction can any boy or man derive from taking God's name in vain? And yet you meet boys every day, who seem to think it a menty think to be it a manly thing to do.

Ask the most profane man you know for his opinion on the subject. If he is honest, he will tell
you he cannot help a feeling of disgust for another as profane as himwhile he respects the man who can converse with him without us any profane language. hen, like all bad habits, it is hard

to get rid of.

Form this habit while you young, the time will come when you will be heartily ashamed of it. Then see how very hard it will be to break yourself. The writer once once experience like this: The first time

was able to shake it off. But it was a great task. When last I saw him he had grown to manhood, but never forgot to thank his friends for the good advice they gave him.

No, boys, you cannot afford to utter the first oath, but if you have let it be the last.

The Herses Flead.

An attractive placard, headed with picture of four horses and the rords "Please be kind to us—We rork hard for you," is being cirulated in Cincinnati by the Ohio fumane Society. It reads as fol-

Please do not use the whip. It is news

seldom necessary.

Please remember that we will re-

and does not chafe sore or spots.

Remember we work hard for you. Our Dumb Animals

De You De These Things?

It is bad manners to make marks about the food at dinner To talk about things which only interest yourself.

To contradict your friends when ey are speaking.
To grumble about your home and

relatives to outsiders To say smart things which may hurt some one's feelings. [
To dress shabbily in the morning because no one will see you.
To be rude to those who serve you

either in shop or at home To think first of your own pleasures when you are giving a party. To refuse ungraciously when somebody wishes to do you a favor.

A Hooligan Penitent.

(By Olive Katharine Parr, in Extension.

It began with the Boys' Club. At the time when the Cardinal founding the Social Union-night clubs for boys and girls—our head parish priest (for whom Diana and I slaved in our spare time) was na-turally desirous of society. turally desirous of seeing this neces sary good work started in his parish. There was not much difficulty about the girls. More ladies volunteered than could be employed, but the boys were a much greater problem, and the Head at last entrusted them to some extenses. defined at last entrusted them to some gentlemen of the congregation. All went well in the beginning, but at last, an awful story circulated through the parish to the effect that, the evening before, the boys had had a riot, broken the en the windows of the hall, and turned the gentlemen out en masse. Criticisms flew thick and fast, some to the effect that the Cardinal's new schemes would not prove prac-tical. "Oil and water never mixed tical. "Oil and water never mixed yet, and never will, not for the whole college of Cardinals put. to-gether," snorted one wiseacre.
"I don't know that they are want-

ed to mix," replied a meek lady who ed to mix, replied a meek lady which had not, hitherto, been thought to "have anything in her." "Oil pour ed on troubled waters calms then and still keeps to the top, you know. That is rather more His top, you know. That is Farner. Eminence's notion, I fancy. think, myself, that he would And I better to wait and hear why and how the disturbance occurred before criticizing our esclesiastical superi-

While the storm was at its height While the storm was at its height Diana had occasion to call on the Head, about another matter, and I accompanied her. (Diana is my mother.) He was sitting in his elbow chair in his special sanctum, enveloped in a well-night impenetrable cloud of gloom. But he glared at us from under his eyebrows, offered us chairs, and then placed one ear invitingly outside his capouch. For him, and under such circumstances, this was a cordial reception.

knew a boy who related his experience like this: The first time he ever uttered an oath he was thoroughly frightened. He rather expected to be stricken dumb or even dead. And yet how soon that feeling wore off, and it became second nature because he persisted in it, thinking, as so many other boys foolishly think, that it would make a man of him.

Then, as he grew older and became ashamed of himself, as well as the habit, what a struggle it was to shake it off. I remember very well how we labored with that poor boy, and how persistently he tried and struggled within himself to correct the evil habit until finally he was able to shake it off. But it was a great task. When last I saw him he had grown to manhood, but never forgot, to thank his friends for the good advice they gave him.

No, boys, you cannot afford to utter the first oath, but if you have let it be the last.

I have often wondered why all loved that old man. He was often wondered why all loved that old man. He was over the vas correct in the confessional. But, after the first interview, we all became his abject the slaves. Alas! that I must use the past tense in thus writing of him. All that is left to us of him mow, is a fine monumental brass near the spot where his confessional used to stand; and an empty niche in many a heart, which will never again be filled.

"I am so sorry, Father, to hear about the trouble with the boys," began Diana, briskly. "But it comes of, putting men with them. If you had appointed ladies for them as well as for the girls, it would have been much better."

A gleam shot from the keen blue eyes.

"Just what I was thinking, my child," he acquiesced, rubbing his alabaster-like hands together. "Well, will you take them?"
"Yes," answered Diana, promptly. The stern face relaxed still furrither.

ther.
"Whom will you have as helpers?"
"No one but Olive, to begin with, at any rate. I must have people, or a person, who will do as she is

He turned to me with a grim

news to me."

"Not half so much as to me, Father," I exclaimed "I am simply staggered by the accusation."

After a few more minutes, the matter was arranged, and that evening we found ourselves alone in the schoolroom, awaiting the rioters.

The Head had offered to be there and also to have a counte of police-

and also to have a couple of policemen in ambush, but Diana declined all such suggestions, with thanks. "They will be as good as gold with ladies," she declared. "You see if they are not. In the heart of the most deprayed man on earth, there still burns, not merely a scart, but still burns, not merely a spark, but a flame of chivalry."

I sincerely hoped she was right nd that our Hooligan Knights might prove to be as Lancelots and Percevals, but I must confess to some misgivings when, at the stroke of eight, the tramp of hobmailed boots, and shrill cat calls were

boots, and shrill cat calls were heard approaching up the court.

Diana stood waiting for them at the high desk in the middle of the room, and I shall never forget their faces, when they slouched in, with their caps on, to find a small woman confronting them. They stood man confronting them. They stood stock still in the doorway, gaping, too utterly taken aback even to en-

"Good evening, boys," began Diana "Good ex"Good ex"Good ex"Good ex"The club is income as you der new management, as you come in to the fire and he come in to the fire and he warm." (It was a bitter night warm, two of the was a bitter night.) As in a dream, two of the ring-leaders advanced, still with their heads covered.

"Caps off, please," said Diana, briskly. "Ladies are present, now

Instantly they uncovered and one. more zealous than the rest, reached back to knock off the caps of those in the rear. So they crept in and sat down and looked at us in silence. There was not one ounce of bravado left in the whole lot. We conversed cheerfully with them about many things, and, after a bit, one painfully sharp imp, smaller than the rest and known as the "clown," inquired, in shrill accents, clown," inquired, in shrill acce When the gents wos a comin'?

"There are no more gentlemen expected," said Diana, with a twinkle, "unless you wish to bring some of your friends or relations. But for to-night our numbers are now com-

This produced a smothered guffaw nd the "clown," who had inadand the "clown," who had inad-vertently re-capped himself, was al-most lynched by the entire mob. When order was once more restored they began questioning Diana as to how the girls' club was conducted, leaning over the desks, one above the other, in their anxiety to hear every word.

"That's wot I sh'd like," shrilled the clown. "Some conce in anxiety.

the clown. the clown. "Some sense in arsting us ter come and make warm close, us ter come and make warm close, and keep what yer make, instead of this b-boxing, I mean, and sich like. Couldn't yet git us some flannel, lydy, and let us make shirts fer ourselves and keep them? We can sew's well as any gal, I bet."

For a moment even Diana was staggered. We both thought at first that it was a piece of exquisite satire, but it quickly became evident that they were in grim earnest. And

that they were in grim earnest. And after all, it was not to be wonderafter all, it was not to be wondered at. There was not a boy there with a decent suit of clothes, and their calling was the arduous and exposed trade of costering. All day and half Saturday night they lived in the streets in all weathers, earning barely enough to get them food, let alone such luxuries as clothing and boots. Though it was a fine night, four present wore sacks glittered on the cushions in over their shoulders instead of jets. night, four present wore sacks over their shoulders instead of jackover their shoulders instead of Jacobser states and on wet nights, the entire ets; and on wet nights. They

over their shoulders instead of jackets; and on wet nights, the entire contingent arrived in sacks. They were, I suppose, as rough and as low a set of boys as could have been found in London, speaking from the usual ignorant Pharisaical standpoint. And yet how clever, how kind, how plucky and how grateful were the same "low roughs!"

Just as Diana was being overwhelmed with requests for flannel, the lower door opened and a whiterobed figure stood in the aperture. It was the Head, too anxious to remain away any longer. There was a rush at his entrance. Some fled toward him, some made for the outer door. These last were promptly stopped by Diana. One among the deserters was the "clown," who confessed apologetically that he hadn't seen Father Z— since he was a nipper at the school, and was conscious-stricken at the unexpected sight.

a mpper scious-stricken at the unexpected sight. Well, from that evening our dear Hooligans—as the Head would call them—flourished like grass in the spring. Diana did buy flannel, and they did spend every club evening in working teverishly at shirts. Vainly we tried to lure them to cards, boxing and other games. They sat and stitched until it was time to close, congratulating each other upon the new management brought about by their reprehensible riot, of bygone weeks. If ladies had not

taken them over, they argued, there would have been no flannel shirts. Some of them also took to making comforters on wooden frames, and where they ever learned to sew, we never could gather. But sow they did, wearing their thimbles on their forefingers like tailors. In winter, when the nights were still dark, an escort always saw us safely home to our own door, and many were the weird presents brought to us from the costers' barrows. Some took the form of rosy-cheeked apples polished to a suspicious brightness. (Over the coster method of polishing it is best to draw a veil. But, luckily, we were never expected to eat our presents in public). And then came the gladdening news from one or other of the how that they were

sents in public). And then came the gladdening news from one or other of the boys that they were once more regularly attending Sunday Mass. But the climax was reached when the "clown" followed us out, one Friday evening, and asked, in a subdued tone, whether he might go to confession. The Fathers were then hearing, so Diana tolled me off to see him through, and I led the way to the great church, followed bravely by a figure clad in corduroys and sacking. "To whom will you go?" I asked. "Father B. is very very kind."

The "clown" shook his head. "Not much. Father Z.—'s my priest.

much. Father Z—'s my priest.
Yus, lydy, I know he's a bit of a
scorcher. But I allus went to 'm
when I wos a nipper and I bet I deserve a doing."

Accordingly, we knelt down. The Accordingly, we knett down. The Head's box was at the very bottom of the church, for which I was not sorry. It was a fashionable church, and I feared the sack might attract embarrassing notice to its wearer. For a long time the poor "clown" remained with buried face and.

with buried face glancing back, I could see the Head giancing back, I could see the Head, with opened doors, watching us from behind. Suddenly the would-be penitent sidled toward me. "I s'pose yer couldn't go in fust and smooth the way a bit!" he suggested. "It's 'arder'n I thought."

Who could refuse? Not I, though never once dared to brave th Head in confession. Tremblingly I entered the confessional and knelt down, while, at that precise mo-ment, there flashed into my troubl-ed mind the harrassing story of the woman who got, as a penance, three Our Fathers for her own sins, and the Penitential Psalms daily for a month for her husband's. With this month for her husband's. With this lurid object lesson against telling tales in confession, I opened pro-ceedings, wondering if the unfortunate wife's confessor could have been anything like such a dragon as the

'Please, Father," I faltered, Please, Father," I faltered, "I haven't come to confession. It's the 'clown'—I mean Ned Smiler, Father. He wants to come now, and he hasn't been since he left school, and he hasn't been to Mass or anything since, and he asked me to pave the way for him."

Anxiously I peered through at the white profile, and awaited condemnation. But none came. Could that nation nation. But none came. Could that tender face, softened by a Christlike pity, indeed have been the Head's? If so, here for the first time I saw the priest as he really was, with all masks of reserve cast away. Then came a gentle voice

"Poor boy! I quite understand. Tell him not to be afraid. I understand everything. And you, my child, God bless you."

As in a dream, I rose, went out, and delivered the comforting message to the poor "clown," then knelt down once more to wait. It was a long time, and when he emerged I could not see his face, but to way construction. but, to my consternation, the sack robed figure stumped defiantly up the middle aisle to the quarters of the elite at the top. The church was very quiet and heads turned at unaccustomed music of hobnail-boots upon the beautiful tiling. ed boots upon the beautiful tiling.
Still, he marched on, even to the
very top seat of all, which, in honor of its purse-proud owner, was
upholstered with crimson velvet
cushions. I followed at a respectful distance and knelt in the
bench
hehind him, determined to defend behind him, determined to defend him to the death if the haughty owner of the sitting should happen along. He knelt there perfectly elb

At last, he arose and stu way with bent head, and just I, too, prepared to go, something glittered on the cushions in the gas-light. It looked like a iamond reflecting the light. Thinking that the proud lady might have lost a jewel, I moved round into the bench to make a closer investiga-

Troubled With Constipation For Years.

Any irregularity of the bowels is always dangerous to your health and should be corrected at once for if this is not done constitution and all sorts of diseases are liable to attack you.

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills cure Constitution and all Stomach, Liver and Bovel complaints.

Mr. Henry Pearse, 49 Stantish Ave., Owen Sound, Ont., writes:—"Having been troubled for years with sometipation, and trying various so-called remains which did me no good whatever, I was permadual to try Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. I have found them must be a present to the constitution of the constitution

ting.

For upon the arm cushion, on the ruby velvet whose smooth surface showed signs of plushing from rough irreverent elbows, there shone—one bright tear.

POET'S CORNER

THE MEMORARE

hearted,
How from of old the ear hath never heard
That he who to thine arms for refuge darted,
Thy help implored with reverent,
earnest word,
Thy prayers besought, and on thine interceding
With loving confidence and trust

relied Did ever futile find his fervent plead-

ing
Or see thy grace and favor e'er de

O Virgin Mother, 'mongst all' hers tender With equal confidence to thee fly—
thee I come as to a sure
fender;

A weeping sinner, unto thee I cry. Sweet Mother of the Word Incarn ate, hear m

ate, hear me—
May e'en my halting words efficient prove;
last not away my prayer, but deign
to cheer me,
And let my sore distress thy pity

move.

-Rev. A. B. O'Neill, C.S.C., in the Ave Maria.

My little son, who looked from thoughtful eyes And moved and spoke in quiet, grown

disobeyed I struck him and dismissed

With hard words and unkissed— His mother, who was patient, being dead. Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep, I visited his bed,

But found him slumbering deep,
With darkened eyelids, and their
lashes yet
From his late sobbing wet;
And I, with moan,
Kissing away his tears, left others

of my own; For, on a table drawn beside

He had put beside his reach A box of counters and a red-veined stone, A piece of glass abraided by beach.

And two French copper coins, rang ed there with careful art.

To comfort his sad heart So when that night I prayed

So when that night I prayed
To God, I wept and said,
"Ah, when at last we lie with
tranced breath,
Not vexing Thee in death,
And Thou rememberest of what toys We made our joys, How weakly understood How weakly Thy great commanded good, Then fatherly, not less

Than I, whom thou hast molded from the clay,
Thou'lt leave Thy wrath and say
I will be sorry for their childishness." ishness."
—Coventry Patmore.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

Have you heard of a Little People, who hall from a Little Isle. Where the Shamrock grows in the meadow and the colleen waits by the stile?

ve you heard of my Little People as they wander to and fro the lands of their Love and Labor where the Irish exiles go? They builded the great west railroads,
And limbered the world's great

guns; They'll follow the last o' the trail roads, Wherever the last trail runs:

They are gentle in peace, my kinsfolk, but somehow averse in strife,
Having learned in their early conflict the varue of that called—Life.

Life.
They are lions and doves together;
together they laugh and cry—
But no man says of the Irish that
they know not how to die.
For their Soggarth stands before

them,
And he bids the ranks to kneel
When the war smoke thickens o
them,
And the muzzles click to steel.

They play them a step of music; 'tis maybe a rebel tune
Of the pike on an Irish shoulder at the rise of an Irish moon—
The tears on the Colonel's features are terribly and to see.
But nobody asks their reason—excepting the enemy.
They fight for the Kings of Britain, They fight for the Queens of Spain But Czar, nor Kaiser, nor Sultan, Has called them ever in vain.

solene stops the parox

scriptive Booklet

Large
Must clear the way for the Iris
when the Irish call the "charge
Oh, the smell of the battle powd
Is a savour sweet to the Celt,
When the kettle-drums rattle loud
In the heart of the firing belt. Irish, "charge."

So, not with a song af boasting; so, not with a song at boasting; and not with a song of pride, I am glad of my Little People who wandered, and fought and died.
They salted the earth with their courage, and filled the Earth with their strength.
And the God of their Irish mothers

answer their prayers herever the Wild Folk wander, Wherever the Kind Folk bide, The Faith and the Hope is in them, Whatever, whate'er betide.

Ye will hear of the Little People, who hall from the Western Isle. Where the Shamrock grows in the meadow, and the colleen waits by the stile. Ye will hear of my Irish people— 'till the work of the world shall cease—

the fields of the Nations" battles,

peace.
-E. J. Brady, in Sydney Freeman,

LAY FOR WEEKS AT DEATH'S DOOR

But Dodd's Kidney Pllls cured Mrs. Thompson's Dropsy.

It started with Backache and grew worse till the doctor said she must die.

Holt, Ont., May 9.—(Special)—All the countryside here is ringing with the wonderful cure of Mrs. Samuel Thompson, who lay at the point of death for weeks, swollen with Dropsy so that the doctor five different times decided to tap her but desisted because, as her husband but desisted because, as her husband said, "It might be better to let her die in peace." After the doctor had given her up Dodd's Kidney Pills cured her.

Mrs. Thompson's terrible trouble started with reals in the base of the property of the control of the property of t

started with pain in the back. She grew worse and the doctor treated her for jaundice tor eight weeks. Then her feet and legs began to swell, and it was realized that Dropsy was the trouble. For seven months she suffered. The doctor said there was no hope; she must die.

As a last resort, Dodd's Kidney
Pills were tried. The improvement
was slow, but gradually her
strength came back. To-day Mrs. Thompson is a well woman. She says, and the country-side knows, she owes her life to Dodd's Kidney

If the disease is of the Kidneys, or from the Kidneys, Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure it.

It was Monday morning, and the rent collector was pursuing his task. His nag was getting heavy when he reached the house of Mrs.
M'Pherson. Little Johnnie opened
the door and said: "Mother and father are out. Will you please call
on Friday?" "And why on Friday,
my little man?" asked the collector. "That's what I don't know,"
replied Johnnie, "unless it's because
we are going to leave on Thursday."

His Friend Said "If They Don't Help or Cure You I Will Stand

Liver Orangeville, Ont., writes: "I had been troubled with Dyspepsis and Liver Complaint and tried troubled with Dyspepsis and Liver Complaint and tried tried to the complaint and tried tried tried to the complaint and tried tri

Popular Vi Work Came F

CELTIC SOL

DIVINE

pr. J. Dunn, for faven, now profess language and liters while University of the faven of the fav the Divine Comec glated. Up to the serally believed, as to be believed, that do be believed, that do be believed, that do be believed, that de in the preat from an almost ine-of material, and we was first made publications and the preat of the preat of the preat of the preat of the pread of the preat of the pread o

d to the legendary fiddle 'Ages, the, li rose to defend, hir marge and proclaim randal. To have li lassical literature meen pardoned and e he value of his poion of the day, bu wed anything to thends of the Middle OW TO HAVE PE is from Celtic la

from Ireland. that st popular of the per world have con ine comedy. The jstence of Hell, Purg-yen, as the popular 1 them, the physical to lost, the bodily pena ory, were believed in il Western Christe eep this in mind wh vine Comedy, the padditional interes for us. Of the Celtic Chr. preceded the I st known are t St. Brandon and the Saint Patrick. It is

ndale, however, the right than any of regarded as a pro-ine Comedy, and o number of instance works agree. T two works agree. To difference between of Saint Patrick and s of the time is signs the entrance to
certain place and t
strictly speaking, the
vision, but of the expe
who in their lifetime esh, were granted a avisible world.

The primary object ritten as a vehicle of ruction, was to edif; nce, and soften the means to this end was tion of the torments of than the delights of H theory, no doubt, if t theory in it, that sp ments would not appea pular understanding an fear of physical suffering efficacious than the had wards. Besides, the offered a bette exercise of the im

may be, too, that the Celt is peculiarly impraccounts of Hell and I LEGENDARY LORE However childish and

however childish and these simple. mediaeval the other world may be still of the greatest val better than the annals nicles, the show the so and peetic ideal of the ideal that was not wit and peetic ideal of the and peetic ideal of the ideal that was not will ideal and has exercised a veale influence on litera may smile at the credual may smile at the credual age in which they are was in which they are was in making world actual, a faculty ware lost, and in reduci lance between the world ware lost, and in reduci lance between the world ware lost, and in reduci lance between the world ware lost, and in reduci lance between the world ware lost, and the other. It is too soon to decide the soon of these pre-Dantean deal linedited among the cripts a number of work to this class which may decable light on the quay never be proved, ho hante did or did not kn these visions directly.

Inost surprising if Da at made his own all the his time, did not known and the surprising its last made his own all the his time, did not known and the surprising its last made his own all the his time, did not known and the surprising the surprising its last made his own all the his time, did not known and the surprising the surpri

he way for the Irish, Irish call the "charge." I of the battle powder, I sweet to the Celt, I sweet to the Celt, tle-drums rattle loud t of the firing belt.

a song af boasting;
with a song of pride,
my Little People who
and fought and died.
the earth with their
and filled the Earth
strength. strength, of their Irish mothers wer their prayers at

Wild Folk wander, e Kind Folk bide, il the Hope is in them, whate'er betide.

of the Little People, from the Western Isle, from the Western Isle, amrock grows in the and the colleen waits of my Irish people— ork of the world shall

f the Nations" battles, halls of the Empires'

y, in Sydney Freeman,

R-WEEKS BATH'S DOOR

Kidney Pllls cured ompson's Dropsy.

Backache and grew doctor said she must die.

May 9.—(Special)—
yside here is ringing
riful cure of Mrs. Sah, who lay at the
for weeks, swollen
that the doctor five
decided to decided to tap her ause, as her husband be better to let her After the doctor er up Dodd's Kidney

n's terrible trouble tin in the back. She if the doctor treated ce for eight weeks, at and legs began to us realized that Drop-puble. For seven ered. The doctor said ope; she must die. stort, Dodd's Kidney. The improvement at gradually her

. The improvement ut gradually her ack. To-day Mrs. well woman. She country-side knows, to Dodd's Kidney

is of the Kidneys, neys, Dodd's Kid-ire it.

y morning, and the as pursuing his was getting heavy the house of Mrs.
le Johnnie opened
d: "Mother and fafill you please call
ind why on Friday,
asked the collecttt I don't know,"
'miless it's because leave on Thursday

end Said I Will Stand

CELTIC SOURCES OF DIVINE COMEDY.

it Popular Visions in Dante's Work Came From Ireland.

R. J. Dunn, formerly of New gaven, now professor of the Gaelic inaguage and literature at the Catholic University of America, denered recently at the institution a geture on "The Celtic Sources of the living Comedy," of which the following is a synopsis: It is little more than a century at that the question of the sources of the Divine Comedy began to be stated. Up to that time it was searally believed, as it was wished to be believed, that Dante constructed his divine poem out of his own rich imagination. Historians of italian literature were slow to perserve that the great poet had drawn from an almost inexhaustible mine of material, and when this opinion was first made public, namely, that hante was in some measure indebted to the legendary material of the fiddle 'Ages, the literary world area to defend him against the sandal. To have borrowed from classical literature might easily have been pardoned and even added to the value of his poem in the opinion of the day, but that Dante owed anything to the obscure legeds of the Middle Ages, never.

HOW TO HAVE PROPER INTER-

It is from Celtic lands, and above if is from Ireland, that most and the most popular of the visions of the ther world have come. Too much symbolism has been read into the ymbolism has been having comedy. The material experience of Hell, Purgatory and Heaven, as the popular legends describe them, the physical tortures of the lost, the bodily penances of Purgatory, were believed in literally by the western Christendom. If we all Western Christendom. If we keep this in mind when reading the Divine Comedy, the poem will have an additional interest and reality

Of the Celtic Christian legends preceded the Divine Comedy, est known are the Voyage of the best known are the Voyage of St. Brandon and the Purgatory of Saint Patrick. It is the vision of Jundale, however, that has a great-er right than any of the others to er night than any of the others to be regarded as a prototype of the Divine Comedy, and offers the great-et number of instances in which the two works agree. The chief points of difference between the Purgatory of Saint Patrick and the other visions of the time is that it assigns the entrance to Purgatory to
a certain place and that it is not,
strictly speaking, the narration of a
rision, but of the experiences of men
who in their lifetime and in the
flesh, were granted a glimpse of the
invisible world.

The primary object of the visions,
written as a vehicle of popular instruction, was to edify, to urge pe-

written as a venicle of popular in-struction, was to edify, to urge pe-mance, and soften the heart. The means to this end was the descrip-tion of the torments of Hell rather than the delights of Heaven, on the theory, no doubt, if there was any theory in it, that spiritual enjoy-ments would not appeal to the popular nts would not appeal to the ular understanding and that tar of physical sufferings is n ficacious than the hope of ards. Besides, the place of ards. Besides, the place of the immed offered a better subject for see exercise of the imagination. It may be, too, that the mind of the elt is peculiarly impressionable by excounts of Hell and Purgatory.

LEGENDARY LORE USEFUL.

However childish and extravagant these simple mediaeval legends of the other world may be, they are still of the greatest value. Much better than the annals and chronices, the show the social, moral and posic ideal of the time, and ideal that was not without its influence on the real life of the day, and has exercised a very considerable influence on literature. We may smile at the credulity of the age in which they are written, and if the men who took pleasure in adig them, but this much we must dmit, that they had succeeded in that age in making the unseen world actual, a faculty which we have lost, and in reducing the distance between the world in which we live and the other. It is too soon to decide the relation of these pre-Dantean visions to be Divine Comedy, for there are all inedited among the Irish manuscripts a number of works belonging this class which may throw compute the compulsory at some period of the University course what-

It is too soon to decide the relation of these pre-Dantean visions to blvine Comedy, for there are ill inedited among the Irish manufigte a number of works belonging this class which may throw consable light on the question. It waver be proved, however, that the did or did not know of any these visions directly. It would most surprising if Dante, who amade his own all the learning his time, did not know of these

Celtic legends which were then at the height of their popularity. The "Famous Headland" POPULAR SOURCES DRAWN

FROM.

Nor could it have been that he knew them but despised them and deemed them unworthy to find them a place in his Comedy, for the sources from which Dante drew were above all popular. If he did know them, it is most extraordinary that he does not mention any of them, which had he known them, could not, have failed to win his admiration for their brilliancy of color and fertility of imagination. On the other hand, if we deny that Dante knew these visions, it becomes extremely difficult to account for the many and closer resembles.

comes extremely difficult to account for the many and closer resemblances which are found in his and the earlier works. Mere chance, independent invention, will not suffice to explain them.

That Dante was familiar with other Celtic themes, is seen from his reference to tales of the Round Table, especially to the story of Laucilotto, the reading of whose love for Ginevra led to the destruction of Paolo and Francesca da Rimini. It is no small glory for tion of Paolo and Francesca da Rimini. It is no small glory for the Celt that his romance of love, the pearl of the trilogy, the most beautiful passage in all literature, on which Dante lavished all his art, is a theme from the fund of Celtic lore. The visions, chiefly of Irish origin, were like the sparks of which Dante speaks in the first Canto of Paradiso: "Poca favilla gran flamma seconda," "A few sparks create a great fire," and it is perhaps the greatest glory of is perhaps the greatest glory of these modest Celtic legends that they led to and resemble, if only ir a distant way, the Divine Comedy of Dante.—Western Watchman.

MY LADY HOPE.

(Continued from page 3)

swung in started forward with joyous grunt. Eleanor heard the guttural "yap, yap," of pleasure, and her nervous grasp upon her husband's arm tightened. She hurried him past, and he, unconsciou of the little creature who had been his care, went with her undisturbed. Dr. Morrison laid strong, but not unkindly fingers upon the shoulders of the hapless being, and drew him

aside.

"Poor little Prank!" he said, looking down at him, for his heart was very tender just then. "Poor little chap, you have lost your only friend."

And in his heart, his somewhat hardened, worldly heart, he said, "Thank God!"

But Prank did not understand. He was staring, open mouthed as usual, after his protector. A blank, puzzled look shut down over his al, after his protector. A blank, puzzled look shut down over his face. He struggled a little to free himself, but finding the struggle vain, gave up, and watched the form of Hubert Satterlee disappear. When he had gone, Dr. Morrison released him. He fell to the floor, inert and helpless, moaning like a stricken thing wounded to the heart. "Whatever became of that handsome young sculptor?" asked an interested visitor some six months after. "Did he die?"
"Indeed no," answered Dr. Morrison. "He is as sound as ever he was. Splendid fellow, bright as a dollar. We always expected it, more or less, but his wife finally accomplishhed it. She—well, she is a

complished it. She—well, she is a superb woman."

Dr. Morrison, was a superb woman.

superb woman."

Dr. Morrison was a warm friend of both by this time. It was Eleanor Satterlee's simple trust that led him afterwards to the true faith, but that occurred a good many years subsequently, and it is not within the province of this little tale. He was apt, though, ever and always, to wax enthusiastic when he spoke of her.



A reader of the Freeman's Journal sends us a copy of the Boise (Idaho) Daily Statesman which gives an account of a missionary convention and reports a speech made at it by a certain I. T. Headland, "the famous missionary of Peking."

It would seem that one who has been in China long enough to become "famous" ought to know something about Christian work in that country. But from what this Headland says we are forced to the conclusion that he is very ignorant of Catholic missionary work in Chiof Catholic missionary work in China, or that he deliberately falsifies

na, or that he deliberately lausnies.

Here is what he says:
"Protestantism has built 40,000 schools and universities in China. Catholicism never did anything

Now we propose to show false the latter portion of statement is: latter portion of

statement is:

Not to go farther back, Clement V. sent missionaries to China in 1307. A Pishopric was erected at Baitun in Fukien. In 1362 the fifth Bishop of Zaitun was massacred. In 1370, William de Prato was appointed to the See of Peking—five hundred years before the veracious Headland appeared there. As for the more modern missions. As for the more modern missions, the Jesuits were in China in 1602, that is 308 years before the famous Headland.

Headland.

In 1746 a persecution broke out in Fuking during which Bishop Sanz and four other Spanish Dominicans were martyred. In 1748 two Jesuits were put to death at Su-chou. In 1820 Father Clet, a Lazarist, were strangled at Wu-ch'anc. vas strangled at Wu-ch'ang. In 1825 Bishop Dufress was

In 1870 ten Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul were put to death with great barbarity. We might mention many other Ca-

We might mention many other Catholic missionary martyrs to expose the falsehood of Headland.

The members of the religious orders have been working and shedding their blood in China for many years the Jesuits, the Dominicans, the Augustinians, the Lazarists, and others. We have no room to describe their work in detail; we refer the reader interested in this matter to the Catholic Encyclopedia, Vol. III, article "China."

The Catholic ecclesiastical govern-

ter to the Catholic Encyclopedia, Vol. III, article "China."
The Catholic ecclesiastical government of the Church in China is divided into regions and provinces.

In the province of southeastern Chi-li there were in 1901, 49 priests, 20 native priests, 59,646 Christians, 332 churches and chaptels.

In north Chi-li province there were in 1900, 40 priests, 47 native priests, 90,617 Christians, 456 churches and chapels.

And so on through the whole vast empire of China.

And yet the Rev. Headland tells his hearers that Catholicism has done nothing there!"—Rev. L. A.

GOOD BLOOD GOOD HEALTH

Just a Little More Rich, Red Blood Cures Most Ailments.

The lack of sufficient red, health-The lack of sufficient red, health-giving blood doesn't end merely in a pale complexion. It is much more serious. Bloodless people are the tired, languid, run down folk who never have a bit of enjoyment in life. Food does not nourish, there is indigestion, heart palpitation, headache, backache, sometimes fainting fits and always nervousness. If anaemia or bloodlessness be neglected too long a decline is sure to folded. ed too long a decline is sure to fol-low. Just a little more blood cures low. Just a little more blood cures all these troubles. Just more rich, red blood; then abounding health and vitality and pleasure in life. To get more blood the remedy is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. No other medicine increases the blood supply so quickly or so surery. The cure actually begins with the first dose, though naturally it is not noticeable. This is not a mere claim. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been doing this over and over again in doing this over and over again in Canada for years. This is why

Canada for years. This is why thousands of people always have a good word to say about this medicine. The following is the experience of one of the many who praise this medicine. Ars. J. J. Thibodeau, Bathurst Village, N.B., says: "Some years ago, while teaching school I became so run down that I could hardly walk. My breath was short and I had failed in weight and lost color. I had to rest several times on my way to school and during school hours it took more than all my strength to fulfil my duty. My doctor advised me to give. up-teaching and take a long rest. But at this time a friend persuaded me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I got six boxes. I hadn't finished the first box when I felt a little better, and by the time I had used the six boxes I was fully recovered and enjoying the best of health. At a later date I was troubled with eczema and my faith in Pink Pills led me to try them again, and I was not disappointed, as they cured this trouble also. I can't praise Dr. Williams' Pink Pills too much for they have done me a power of good."

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THE SYMPTOMS ARE

Tightness across the Chest, Sharp Pains and a Difficulty in Breathing, a Secretion of Thick Phlegm, at first white but later of a greenish or yellowish color ning from the bronchial tubes when coughing, especially the first thing in the

Brenchitis is generally the result of a cold caused by exposure to wet and indement weather and when neglected will become chrenic.

Chronic Eronchitis is one of the most general causes of Consumption. Cure the first symptoms of Eronchitis by the use of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

of Dr. Wood's Norway Fine Syrup

Miss Martha Bourget, Little Inless
Gue, writes: "Last
Cured. spring I was very
poorly, had a bad
cough, sick head
a che, could not
sleep, and was tired all the time. I consulted two doctors, and both told me Ihad bronchitis, and advised me to give up
teaching. I tried almost everything but
none of the medicines gave me any rehet
One of my friends advised me to try Dr
Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I had
secarcely taken the first bottle when I
began to get better and when I had taken
the fourth bottle I felt as well as ever, my
cough had left me and I could sleep weil."

Dr. Wood's is the original Pine Syrup.

oough had left me and I could sleep weil."

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and Weekly, of London, and lately the roll has been an unusually heavy one. Everything certainly has its price, and the conquest of the air threatens to exact a costly reckoning from its pioneers. The triumph of to-day is too often but the tragedy of temporare designs.

ing from its pioneers. The triumph of to-day is too often but the tragedy of to-morrow, and will make the earlier chapters in the history of aviation but woeful reading when they come to be written.

The untimely death at San Sebastian of the distinguished French aviator, M. Le Blon, who had won so many laurels, is by no means the least deplorable in this roll of fatalities. To his fellow-Catholics, however, the horrors of what otherwise would have seemed a death as sudden as it was violent is mitigated by the knowledge that the deceased aviator was so devoted a Catholic aviator was so devoted a Catholic that he never failed to approach the sacraments when he was essaying a fresh flight, and that he had been to confession and heard Mass the very morning of his death.

The respect that he had been to the confession and heard the same that the same t

contession and neard mass the very morning of his death.

The respect that Le Blon had won on all sides was strikingly emphasized by the imposing demonstration which took place at San Sebastian when the corpse was borne to the station en route for Paris. The solemin procession of the cathedral clergy was supplemented by contingents of the nallitary and civil authorities, who had turned out to do honor to the memory of one who carried his creed into his practical life in a fashion that may well command the admiration of English and French Catholics alike. French Catholics alike

Perosi a Hero in Paris.

some ten years ago when he was choirmaster of St. Mark's under his chief, Cardinal Sarto, then Patri-arch of Venice, whose first act after becoming Pope was to appoint his young friend Perosi choirmaster of the Vatican.

young friend Perosi choirmaster of the Vatican.

Signor Perosi is receiving veritable ovations at the Trocadero, where he leads the performances of his oratorio, "Florence," a sort of panegyric of the Virgin, after Dante's thirty-third Song of Paradise. Signor Perosi conducted with ecstatic frenzy. The marvelous effect produced by the owerwhelming combination of harps and violins caused a thrill of emotion in the fifth part, where the souls ascend to the celestial regions and is compared by French musical critics to "the gentle beating of angels' wings in the blue sky." Signor Perosi's works are produced at the Trocadero by the Societe (des Grands Auditions Musicales de France, the president of which is the Comtesse de Greffuhle.

Wise Move Against Immoral Literature.

In England the feeling against the circulation of indecent, suggestive and generally subversive books has become so strong that the great lending libraries—Mudie's, Smith's, Booklovers', the "Times" Book Club. Day's and others—have addressed a foint letter to the publishers of Great Britain in which they refuse longer to become the agencies for circulating books that oftend he public taste.

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tisfy the wishes of our clients," say the librarians in this letter, "we have determined in future that we will not place in circulation any book, which, by reason of the, personally scandalous, libellous, immoral, or otherwise disagreeable nature of its contents, is, in our opinion, likely to prove offensive to any considerable section of our subscribers. We have, therefore, decided to request that in future you will submit to us copies of all novels, and any books about the character of which there can possibly be any question at least one clear week before the date of publication. Unless time is given to us to read the books before they are published, it is impossible for us to avoid that annoyance to our subscribers for which we, and not the publishers, are generally held responsible.

A BOY'S ESSAY ON RAIN.

Rain comes down from heaven on the just and the unjust, but mostly upon the just because the unjust have borrowed the umbrellas of the just and have forgotten to

The great broad river of mercies flows from God's throne with as full a current as ever; and the sunshine of forbearance is upon its waters incessantly. Men's crafts of pleasure, folly, lightness and self-will, run smoothly on. He must be either unwise or unbelieving who does not tremple at the slowness of God to be provoked.

The Power of the Press.

Writing on Publicity and Socia Reform, John J. Burke, C.S.P.

Reform, John J. Burke, C.S.P., says:

The greatest agency in publicity to-day is the press; and by the press we mean the printed word which includes the book, the quarterly, the monthly, the weekly, and the daily newspaper. Whatever other agencies of publicity there may be—and such agencies are almost innumerable—the curious gossiper, the ordinary talk and conversation of the individual, private social committees of this kind and of that, legislative inquiries, city, state, and national investigations and reports—whatever

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other agencies there may be, the press, and in particular the daily newspaper, is the most efficacious organ of publicity that we possess.

—The Catholic World for May.

A Consoling Sigu.

It is a consoling sign of the times that Catholic authors are multiplying and their books proving more than marketable. English writers across the sea are still giving us the best of the output. Truly some of them seem to be indefatigable and indefatigably successful. It is good to note as well that serious books are receiving better treatment than hitherto.

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THAT VATICAN INCIDENT.

Pius X. and Theodore Roosevelt Too Broadminded to Misunderstand Each Other.

A non-Catholic correspondent has communicated to us, in terms of sympathetic criticism, his impressions of a recent incident at the Vatican, says the London Tablet. He says: The whole question seems to me to show up, not a vice or a fault, but a misfortune. If the Holy fault, but a misiortune. If the Holy Father were only permitted by cir-cumstances to imitate his Master's example externally, as I am sure he does personally and in his private life, such an incident could not life, such an incident could not have occurred. An ex-President might appear in evening dress or in might appear in evening dress of in flannels, a peasant in a smock or rags, and the Holy Father could receive him. I cannot trespass further on your space, but my few remarks indicate what I mean and what I would like to express at what I would like to express at greater length. Oh, if the 'world could see the Holy Father as the manifest successor of the Fisherman of Galilee, that is to say, Pius X. as he really is, and not obscured by world clouds of diplomatic etiquette and ther temporal absurdities!"
No one will wish to doubt the

well-meant zeal which underlies our correspondent's criticism, and least of all will any one question the great ideal upon which he has based great ideal upon which he has based it. Catholics rightly expect much of the Apostolic See, and above and before all things They expect that it shall be apostolic. They expect that the Vicar of Christ who was no respecter of persons, and meek and humble of heart, shall show forth the humility of the Servant of the Servants of God, and be easy of access as a Father to his children. It is just because it is so, that Catholics the wide world overfeel a thrill of consolation whenfeel a thrill of consolation when-ever they think of Pius X. We think ever they think of rius A. We think that all that our correspondent has expressed, or could express, upon this need of the Papacy being a mo-del of Apostolic simplicity and accessability, would probably very considerably short of what tery considerably short of what is felt on that point by the Holy Father himself, and by those who are his most trusted advisers. Our complaint against our correspondens is not that he is wrong in his principle, but that he does not go far enough—or deep enough—and that for lack of so doing, his view, while excellent as far as it goes, seems to us to be somewhat narrow and

The considerations upon which he has insisted are essential but they are not the only considerations, and there are others that must be taken into account if our judgment is to have the width and balance which

tembre. secure for a calculation the inclusion of all the factors. of all the factors.

For instance. To Catholics the Chair of Peter is the most august throne in the world or in history, because it is invested by Christ with spiritual sovereignty—which is the highest of all forms of sove-eignty—and exercises that sovereignty over the widest 'area, some two hundred and forty millions of Christian souls, and is so ancient Christian souls, and is so ancient that the oldest dynasties of Europe are but mediaeval or modern when are but mediaeval or modern when compared to it. As such it claims a reverence which is deep and strong as our faith, and as Cathowe naturally wish to see it d and fenced around with those conditions of grace and dig-nity and decorum which are due to a sense of its sacred majesty, and are in nowise incompatible with its Apostolic and Pastoral character. No one desires for a moment to No one desires for a moment to bring back the mere secular splend-ors any more than the scandals of the Court of Leo X., but on the other hand the Papacy, by its sacredness, its authority, its antiquity has a claim on our veneration and homage which our aspirations for its apostolic character can never in any way weaken or traverse. On the contrary, if they are not to run counter to all that is best within us, we must be careful not to come we must be careful not to commit the shallow error of vulgarizing and of mistaking mere sans-gene for simplicity, or imagining that we shall find the reverent or the beautiful in the Puritan poverty or emptiness of the whitewashed wall.

Rules of etiquette, like religious ceremonial, which seem to fret the simplicity lovers, are usually found on closer analysis, to be nothing than precautions which more than precautions which practical experience has found to be necessary to secure that things are done in good taste and good order instead of being left to the haphazard of caprice which makes for confusion. To take an illustration from the words of our correspondent, we may feel that while on the one hand the dress of visitors to the Vatican may be a matter of secondary consideration, yet from the point of view of propriety it may have an importance of its own, and that any personage from America or elsewhere, who might present himself in "flannels" for an audience at the Vatican, might very reasonably be asked to remember that the Supreme Pontiff is the spiritual Sovereign of millions of his fellow-Christians, and if it were only out of respect for these, he ought in the matter of toilet to show to the Pope the same courtesy which he would extend to any of the ordinary guests whom he invites to his own dinner-table. That, of course, is a matter of decency, and men of the world, and of cosmopolitan experience like Mr. Roosevelt, are the very last who would be likely to 'gnore it. As to the "peasant in smock," we have an imexperience has found to be ne

pression that he himself is usually the most eager to procure a becomping costume when he goes to see the Holy Father, and that the difficulty of doing so is not one of a really practical kind. There is perhaps no sovereign in the world more easy of accesss than the Roman Pontiff, if we take into consideration the vast numbers from all parts of the of access than the Roman Pontiff, if we take into consideration the vast numbers from all parts of the world who seek to be admitted to his presence. Out of the tens of thousands of Catholics of all ranks and classes who annually flock into Rome, it is really surprising how few there are who return without being able to see and speak with the Holy Father. In view af such numbers, and of the fact that the time and strength of the Holy Father are but limited, it stands to reason that receptions at the Vatican must be regulated and controlled, and the rules and conditions which govern them necessarily codihed, and the rules and conditions which govern them necessarily codify in the course of time into a fixed etiquette. It is certainly in the best interests of the applicants themselves that it should be so. But themselves that it should be so. But it would be unfair to argue that the existence of such regulations stands unduly in the way of accessibility to the Sovereign Pontiff. Pilgrimages, deputations, confraternities of workmen and contadini to the Vatican are of almost daily occurred. are of almost daily occurrence, and their numbers find no difficulty arranging themselves for an audience, and perhaps to no class of his world-wide visitors does Pius X. give a more cordial welcome than to his peasant or laboring children. We do not speak of restrictions taining to the higher diplomatic or der affecting royal visitors—that is not our concern—but we have merely wished to point out that the ordin ary etiquette which wards the Chair of Peter is largely matter of traditional courtesy and good order, and that is not of the kind that raises a barrier between the poor and the Pontiff.

The recent incident to which our

correspondent alludes did not. correspondent alludes did not, of course, turn in any way upon con-siderations of dress. The Holy Fa-ther, who would have welcomed the poorest laborer from the United States, would certainly have received with joy one who is amongst America's most distinguished America's most distinguished sons and citizens. The ruler of the Ca-tholic Church and the ex-ruler of the great American Republic are men each of whom would have under-stood and appreciated the other, and stood and appreciated the other, and for their own sakes, as well as for the sake of much that they repre-sent, it seems regrettable that, ow-ing to a misunderstanding of con-ditions, they should not have been able to meet one another. apparently the misfortune of preliminary communications that they should have been overclouded and prejudiced to some extent by a previous incident in which an American gentleman had indiscreetly prefaced his application for audience the Vatican by an engagement

To many in orbe that indiscretion might seem to be but a minor of-fence and a bevue which the Pon-tiff could easily afford to overlook, but to those who are in Rome, and who know what takes place in the Methodist meetings, the facts naturally wore a very different aspect. If a foreign visitor had come to London, and had just engaged to deliver a discourse at an anarchist club in Soho, we are not at all sure that the Lord Chamberlain would have looked favorably upon an application from the same gentleman to be presented to the King at to be presented to the King at Buckingham Palace or St. James's. We doubt if any organ of the Bri-tish Press would have expressed even surprise at a refusal. Yet there is no anarchist club in Soho or elsewhere in England that has mainwhere in England that has maintained a propaganda against the monarchy more vile or slanderous than that which the Methodist body in Rome has persistently carried on against the Papacy. One cannot wonder that the authorities at the Vatican, on learning that Mr. Fairbanks proposed to take part with the authors of this chorus, felt that it was an elementary duty of self-respect to cancel the audience which had keen promised to him. And one cannot be surprised if, on the adcannot be surprised if, on the advent of a much more eminent American visitor to Rome, they were anxious—amicably and perhaps

rican visitor to Rome, they were anxious—amicably and perhaps needlessly anxious—to prevent even the possibility of the unpleasantness which would arise from a repetition of the blunder.

And all the more naturally so as Mr. Roosevelt, coming from afar, could not be expected to be aware of the nature of the Methodist proselytism in Rome, and might easily, in good faith, be led into a course

Subscription List for Great Congress.

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

would be incapable. That well-meant intimations given with the best of motives on one side should be taken as inadmissible restrictions upon liberty of action upon the otherseems exactly the material out of which would develop the kind of misconception which so often and so easily arise between the best of friends. The incident is over, and Plus X. and Theodore Roosevelt are, each in their way much too great and too large hearted to misunderstand each other, or to allow a mere contretemps to diminish for a moment the respect which the expresident feels for the Catholic Church and its august head, or the cordial admiration which Plus X. feels for the great American people cordial admiration which Plus X. feels for the great American people and the illustrious citizen whose presence is being so warmly welcomed on this side of the Atlantic.

Local and Diocesan News.

FRENCH PRELATE COMING TO MONTREAL.—Mgr. Truchet, Bishop of Orleans, has accepted His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi's invitation to come to Montreal during the next Eucharistic Congress

NEW BRANCH BANK-On April NEW BRANCH BANK—On April 25 a new branch of the City and District Savings Bank was opened at the corner of Park and Laurier avenues, under the management of Mr. O. Gallagher. For a number of years Mr. Gallagher was connected with the head bank on St. James street, and it was fitting that his diligent, faithful services should receive merited reward in the form of promotion. Patrons of this new bank will find their dealings most bank will find their dealings most agreeable with Mr. Gallagher, who will extend to them every courtesy.

BLESSING OF NICOLET THEDRAL.—A/ religious celebration extending over two days will be observed this week at Nicolet, on the occasion of the blessing of the Cathedral there. Thursday evening a dramatic entertainment will be given in the Seminary, at which an address of welcome will be presented to the visiting archbishops and bishops, the Archbishop of Quebec responding. Friday morning at 9 o'clock the blessing will take Mgr. Bruneault officiating, emn pontifical mass being end by His Grace Archbishop Begin. At one o'clock a banquet will be served in the former parish chapel, and at 8 o'clock the same evening the organ will be inaugurated by Prof. Lavallée-Smith. Quite a number of distinguished artists will take part in the weard server. a number of distinguished will take part in the sacred

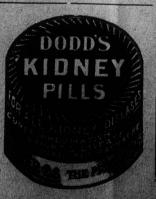
PRESENTATION AND BLESS-ING OF BELLS.—Preliminary to the ceremony of the blessing of the bells on Pentecost was the presentation of two of the number last Sunday afternoon by the children and the Symphony choir of St. Patrick's Church. A large number had assembled in front of the church, which wore a festive color. church, which wore a festive appearance, being decorated with flags and pennants. The entire number of new bells were on view. The choir bell was presented by Mr. P. J. Mcbell was presented by Mr. P. J. Mc-Caffrey, and the children's bell by Miss O'Callaghan. On Sunday next, after High Mass, His Grace Arch-bishop Bruchesi, who will officiate pontifically, will solemnly bless, at the close of the service, the entire pen of eight bells. The preacher will be Rev. J. E. Donnelly.

FINE GYMNASTIC EXHIBITION

FINE GYMNASTIC EXHIBITION.

On Saturday afternoon last the new Armory of the 65th Regiment was crowded with the parents and friends of the boys of Mount St. Louis College. Mayor Guerin presided and felicitated the boys upon their splendid showing and expressed his pleasure that they also excelled along general educational lines as evidenced by the favorable examinations they passed annually. aminations they passed annually and emphasized the fact that appliand emphasized the fact that appli-cation to study had not been sa-crificed. Among the many Mount St. Louis boys who entered the liberal professions several of them were foremost in the race, and was an evident proof that their studies were the goal of a healthy ambition.

Among those present were His
Worship Mayor J. J. Guerin, R.
Forget, M.P., the Hon. Lieut.-Colonel 65th M.R.R.; the Rev. Brother
Symphorian, director Mount St. nel 65th M.R.R.; the Rev. Brother Symphorian, director Mount. St. Louis; the Rev. Father J. A. Brosseau, chaplain M.S.L.; the Rev. Brother Jerome, sub-director of the institution; Mr. F. X. St. Charles, president of the Hochelaga Bank; exJudge Doherty, M.P., Colonel Dunbar, the Rev. Father P. Perrier, diocesan inspector of schools; Major Ostell, Ald. U. H. Dandurand, and several officers of the 65th Regiment.



A I rench Pilgrimage.

Recently the Holy Father received in the Sala del Consistorio a large group of French pilgrims. Mgr. Odelin, Vicar-General of Paris, read an address in which he assured His Holliessed Joan of Arc was producing fruits of unity among the Catholics of France, who were taking to liness that the intercession of the heart her words: "M'a Armagnacs mi Bouguignons. Union de tous les bons Français de France," and the Pope in his reply showed how grateful to him was this assurance. "No news, my beloved children," he said, "could be more pleasing than that you bring me when you say that the hopes I entertained are being realized, and that the desire I expressed last year at the feasts for the glorification of the Blessed Joan of Arc, for the union of all good French people under the standard of the cross for the triumph of relibion, is being fulfilled. This union of the children of the Church with one another, of the faithful with the priests, the faithful and the priests with the Bishop, the faithful, priests and Bishops with the Supreme Pastor, constitutes our force, a force that is invincible and that is already triumphant even when we seem to be conquered and oppressed. In union is charity, where charity is there is peace, and where peace is there is the Lord, and if God is with us who is against us? Eloquent proofs of this union are to be seen not only in the wonderful works performed in recent years, the institu-

with us who is against us? Eloquent proofs of this union are to be seen not only in the wonderful works performed in recent years, the institutions of education, protection, providence, social economy, but also and more especially, the powerful re and more especially, the powerful re-awakening of the religious spirit through the most heroic sacrifices, and through the solic practices of the religious life. Meanwhile let no one be daunted by the temporary power of the enemies of God and of the Church. But should there be any who are still pusillanimous, timorous, vacillating, to them I will say with St. Paul: Courage; let us eep the profession of our He who has promised is faithful. Let us be solicitous for one another to stimulate one another to good works. Let us not abandon the society of our own, nor set foot in the camp of the enemy, because thus we shall be giving the enemy a proof of our weakness, which he will take also as a proof of our complicity with him. Above all, do not lose faith in Providence, and continue to pray. The Sagred Scrip. who has promised continue to pray. The Sacred Scrip ture gives us a powerful lesson as to what we should do in storm and difficult times, in the words of the holy King Josaphat. When we know not what to do, we have but to lift up our eyes, our voice, our heart to God, who will give us lights, inspirations, aids, Oh! pray to the Heart of Jesus who looks down on France from the shrine of Montmartre, invoke the intercession of the eyer Blysred Vivsii-Montmartre, invoke the intercession of the ever Blessed Virgin who protects you from the Grotto of Lourdes; have confidence in the prayers which are being offered for you by your sainted advocates, among them the Blessed Vianney and the Blessed Joan of Arc, and your triumph will be assured not only for eternity but for time—a triumph of which, let the pledge be the Apostolic Benediction which I heartily impart to your venerated Bishops, and to my beloved sons, the priests and to my beloved sons, the priests and faithful of France, to you here pre-sent and to all who are dear to

Sonnet From Songs of Immortality.

(By A. H. Chandler, M.D.)
What breast could bear the neverending grief;
What eyes could weep the everfalling tears;
What life survive the slowly tor-What breast

turing years

Of helpless, hopeless sorrow; oh how brief Would be existence, if our loves of

Would be existence, if our loves.

Earth
Should have an end within the
cold, dark grave.

The hearts that joyed upon us at

our birth; dear ones severed by the wide, wild sea; friends of youth we loved so tenderly; The parent, brother, sister—the good

Heart that adored us in the latest breath

now asleep upon the bed of deathdeath—
All were inspired with that faith
God-given,
That we, and they, immortal were,
might meet again in Heaven.
Cocagne, N.B., April 30, 1910.

The late Lewis Carroli, author of "Alice in Wonderland," used to tell this story to illustrate the average mathematician's contempt for poet-

mathematician's contempt for poetry:

"In the course of an argument about poetry with an instructor in trigonometry he gave the instructor Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade" to read.

"There, read that," he said, 'and if you don't find it full of beauty I'll give in."

"The instructor sneered, looked at the page, and began to read:

"Half a league—"

"Then he threw the book down.
"If the fool means a league and a half," he snorted, 'why can't he say so?""

UNITED BEHIND REDMOND

Loyalty of Irish Prelates Assured by Solid Stand For Leader.

Some of the recent expressions of the Irish prelates in sending in their annual contributions, in many instances doubled, to the Irish Parliamentary Party fund, of which the patriotic Bishop O'Donnell of old Raphoe, is one of the trustees, indicate that they were never more enthusiastic in the cause than at the present time. These expressions should serve as a guide more than anything else for Irishmen in America as to their duty to their motherland. therland.

Thomas Fennelly, Archbishop Cashel: "I gladly enclose my annual contribution to the parliamentary und."

Henry O'Neill, Bishop of Dromore, "John Redmond and his colleagues can count on the loyal support of a united Ireland."

John Clancy. Bishop of Elphin: "Following the example of many of my brother Bishops, I double my usual contribution."

Richard Sheehan, Bishop of Wa-terford: "We should not be wanting in the discharge of a great national duty at a critical time in the history of our country.

John Mangaf, Bishop of Kerry:

"I double my subscription as a
mark of the excellent work which
the Irish Party has performed."
Robert Browne, Bishop of Cloyne:
"I double my subscription to emphasize my conviction of the absolute necessity of maintaining a united
Parliamentary Party."

Parliamentary Party."

Thomas O'Dea, Bishop of Galway:
"In token of my trust in the party and because of the unusual demand on the party funds, I double my usual subscription."

Denis Kelly, Bishop of Beauty

on the party funds, I double my usual subscription."

Denis Kelly, Bishop of Ross:
"Once again the question of Ireland has been forced to the front by the ability, patriotism and keen political insight of the Irish Party and the statesmanship of their chairman. I hasten to send you, my dear Mr. Redmond, my annual subscription, which I double this year."

Michael Fogarty, Bishop of Killaloe: "The Irish people whatever be the sacrifice, will not permit the disruption of the Irish party."

T. P. Gilmartin, Bishop of Clonfert: "I take pleasure in sending my contribution, wishing all success."

The above are but a few of the expressions of loyalty from the particitic prelates of the Church in Ireland. They serve as a guide to

triotic prelates of the Church in Ireland. They serve as a guide to the feelings of a grateful people to the self-sacrificing labors of Redmond to uplift his race and right the wrongs of centuries. The Indianapolis branch of the U.I.L., as well as all other Irish bodies who take any interest in Ireland's weal are worthy of encouragement and support.

Guild of Catholic Writers Organised.

The Western Guild of Catholic writers has been formally organized, its constitution adopted, and the club started on its already promis-ing path of progress. The new started on its arready promis-ing path of progress. The new guild was formed at the banquet of the Chicago Catholic Writers' Guild, where the need of the larger body was decided upon.

Pius X. Will be 75 Next June 2nd.

The seventy-fifth anniversary of the birth of Pope Pius X. will be celebrated throughout the Catholic world June 2. Coming from an humble peasant family, Gauseppe Sarto by name, he gradually rose in gradations of office in the Church to the position of Pontiff. He is one of nine children, eight of them living to witness their brother's elevation seven years ago.

Trevious to his election to the Papacy by the College of Cardinals, Aug. 4, 1903, after a session of five days, he was patriarch of Venice. In origin he was in several respects the opposite of his predecessor, Leo XIII, who was of aristocratic birth and a scholar. Pius X, is said to be familiar with no language overside bits in the Catholic world. seventy-fifth anniversary of the

is said to be familiar with no lan-guage outside his own, except slight-ly with French and German.

Ralief for the Depressed.—Physical and mental depression usually have their origin in a disordered state of the stomach and liver, as when these organs are deranged in their action the whole system is affected. Try Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. They revive the digestive processes, act beneficially on the nerves and restore the spirits as no other pills will. They are cheap, simple and sure, and the effects are lasting.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal. No. 1175. Superior Jourt. Dame Elizabeth Alice Montosh, of the City and District of Inntreal, and Province of Quebec, vife common as to property of orne McDougall Cairnie, of the ame place, contractor, duly authorized to ester en justice, plaintiff, s the said Lorne McDougall Cairnie, defendant.

te, defendant.

The plaintiff has, this 14th day of farch, 1910, taken an action in parattion as to property against the defendant, Montreal March 16, 1910.

RIHEY, BERGOVITCH & KEARNEY.

Atterneys for Plaintiff.

GRAND TRUNK

SI EXCUESIONS

ONE WAY SECOND-CLASS COLONIST TICKETS to Western Point in Canada and United States of Sale until April 15th, 1910, and greatly reduced fares.

meseekers' Excursiens

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DATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED





NOTICE.

Superior Court, Montreal. Dam
Alexina Laurencelle, of Outremont
wife of Béla Barthos, furrier, of th
same place, has, this day, institute
an action for separation as to pro
perty against her husband.

Montreal, March 17th, 1910.

GEO. E. MATHIBU.

Atterney for Plaintiff. NOTICE

PHIS TRUE WITNESS is printed at \$15 Lagauchet street west, Montreal, Can., G. Plunkett Magazza.

Oshawa You can't afford to roof Galvanized thing without Oham do Steel Shingle Good for a hundred you shall be seen to be

fol. LIX., N

mpress

Eight Bells

The magnificem blessing of the eiligh Mass at St on Sunday last, a the Archbishop unique in the hist remonial in Morwer the gifts of shioners, the Synthe children, a sight they present limb of a hu ordines garlander set just within ting, at whose operations of the set of the and pennants swa and the brightest and the brightest the majestic prepa church. A very had assembled perhaps the large church for some t

As the process; wended its way fro by Dorchester and to the main entrag-reached the highest gan pealed forth.' Lord,'' to be to (hance) Choir. Lord," to be to Chancel Choir as Chancel Choir as the centre aisle; and until then had for though imposing, b festive array of bel issue array of beliastat ablaze with The decorations, it, were carried shaded lights, red boys, the touch dergy—the color so toostal feast whice sered on that occeptat.

edst.

His Grace the Arpontificals, celebra.
Rev. J. Brophy was and the Rev. Father Walsh deacon and honor. The Rev. Rev. Martin Reid deacon of office.

he Children Pres