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## THE TORCH OF LIGHT AND CIVILIZATION

In a recent address the Right Rev. John Gallagher, D.D., of Goulburn, Australia, told in the following eloquent and forcible words what the Church has done for civilization. He said:

The Catholic Church remained not a mere antique, not merely in the decrepitude of old age—not merely as strong as she was in the year of the Hegira, when Mahomet fled from Mecca to Medina, but having renewed her youth like the eagle, went forth with all the energy of her pristine vigor, carrying together with the cross of the Saviour and the Book of His Gospel, her other ten thousand instruments of beneficence and enlightenment, to the limits of the world.

Hardly had she appeared on earth, when all at once, before the light of her teaching vanished the dark clouds of Grecian and Roman mythology emblazoned though they were by the fancy of their poets, though art had illuminated them with countless forms of beauty, though the pen of the historian had woven them into the records of those countries which were loved so well. She it was that dashed from their pedestals those idols, which by falsities and lies had allowed the greatest part of mankind to forsake God, their Creator.

Having shown how the pagan philosophers were vanquished by the simple teachings of Jesus Christ, Bishop Gallagher said that for the first three centuries of her existence the Roman emperors had, aided by the strength of their thirty legions, striven to extinguish the light of her teaching in the blood of her martyrs, ignorant as they were that already on one of their seven hills, the Vatican, a humble fisherman had established a throne, and that from this throne his successor should, for all ages, rule over an empire larger in extent, more docile in obedience, more steadfast in its loyalty, than had ever been subject to the sword of Imperial Rome.

When the eagles of the empire retired below, and a blade of grass refused to grow before the tread of Attila and his Huns, was it not a successor of the fisherman—St. Leo the Great—worthy predecessor and namesake of the still greater Leo, who had just been taken from them—whose calm dignity and heroic bravery stayed the progress of the barbarian and saved from his fury, to be the seed-plants of new ages of progress, the last relics of an expiring civilization? Let them run their fingers down the pages of history for six centuries more and come to the year 1090.

When about these days, a successor of Mahomet, pursuing the traditions of his race, had subjected to the obedience of the Koran and the sword every nation outside of Europe that was known to the civilization of the Old World, every knee that bent in profane homage to Allah and his prophet from the Pillars of Hercules to the walls of Bagdad, and the proud Sultan threatened to feed his war horse from the oats of the Vatican gardens on the altars of St. Peter's.

Was it not a priest and saint, Peter the Hermit, who, at the bidding of another successor of the fisherman, Urban II., made the churches and cathedrals of Europe ring with the thunders of an indignant and enthusiastic eloquence that reached to the very hearts of the people and called forth their faith and chivalry from the banks of the Thames and the Seine, the Tiber and the Rhine to cross over barbarous lands and dangerous seas to rescue the sepulchre where the body of their Lord had been laid, and to save once more the religion, the civilization, and the liberties of Europe?

And so on down the centuries. They would notice that in his whole discourse he did not speak of their Holy Mother, the Church, merely as a divine institution founded by their Lord Jesus Christ for the salvation of souls.

death, missionaries with heads as clear and hearts as warm, and souls as enthusiastic in her cause as were those who with Augustine first proclaimed the truths of Christianity to the fair Saxon youth on Kentish strand, or with St. Patrick when he first lighted the Paschal fire in the halls of Tara.

Let them go to the observatories of China, and they would find them there watching the motions of the heavenly bodies, and explaining to that mysterious people the nature and the attributes of the great Being who made these bodies out of nothing, who appointed the courses in which they should revolve.

Go to the mines of Siberia, and they would find the Polish confessors and martyrs exhorting, suffering for the faith. Sail to the islands of the ocean and they would find the countless worshipers in spirit and in truth, whom their labor and their zeal were forming for the Eternal Father there.

Or, take the wings and fly to the very limits of the world, to the far West land, where the Sioux, the Shawnee, or the Blackfeet dwell—or where the McKenzie pours its majestic waters towards the frozen ocean, and there—

"On the western slope of the mountains dwells in his little village the black-robed chief of the mission, Much he teaches the people, and tells them of Mary and Jesus, High on the trunk of a tree that stands in the midst of the village,

And o'ershadowed with grapevines, a crucifix fastened, Looks with its agonized face on the multitudes kneeling beneath it; This is their rural chapel."

That which "the black-robed chief of the mission" was doing for his children "beyond the western slope of the mountains," in America and in every land, that same thing they were striving to do for the people in Australia, and it was to take the Crucifix from "high on the trunk of a tree" and place it in a church that they were gathered there that day.

### TEACH IRISH TONGUE AT ENGLISH COLLEGE

An honors class of Celtic has been recently established in the Faculty of Arts of the Victoria University at Manchester, England, Irish and Welsh languages are both taught and they are placed on the same level as ancient classics for degrees of honor. Evening classes in Irish have been in existence in Manchester under the school board for the past four years. There were over a hundred students in two of them last year. The action of the Manchester University authorities in this particular is in odd contrast with that of the three Queen's Colleges in Ireland maintained at public expense under direct control of the Castle administration.

These colleges at their foundation were provided with chairs of Irish, but no more. Students might take lectures, if a sufficient number enrolled themselves in any college, but they received no credit for any proficiency acquired in that study. The chairs have remained, literally a name, during the fifty years since their foundation. A significant fact in this connection is that at Belfast Queen's College the Chair of Irish Language, with a salary of £120 a year, was actually filled by a Catholic for several years. He was the late John O'Donovan, and the only person of his faith allowed a chair in what was called the National College of Ulster. It may be added there were no pupils.

A Cure for Costiveness.—Costiveness comes from the refusal of the excretory organs to perform their duties regularly from contributing causes usually disordered digestion. Parmentier's Vegetable Pills prepared on scientific principles, are so compounded that certain ingredients in them pass through the stomach and act upon the bowels so as to move their torpor, and arouse them to proper action. Many thousands are prepared to bear testimony to their power in this respect.

### MORALITY OF HYPNOTISM

Catholic Attitude Stated by a New York Carmelite.

I hypnotism unlawful? May I place myself safely under the influence of the experiment?

These are questions, writes the Rev. Felix A. McCaffrey, O.C.C., of New York, in the Freeman's Journal of that city, which one very often hears nowadays, and it is with the purpose of giving a few of the pros and cons for and against hypnotism, and consequently allowing would-be inquirers to act in some way for themselves that I have been induced to pen the following lines.

Hypnotism is produced by passes, contact and fixation. The subject is told to gaze fixedly at some object at a short distance from and above his eyes, or to stare into the eyes of the operator, or to listen to the monotonous tick of a watch, or else some passes are made in front of the face and chest of the subject. After a time he gradually falls into a drowsy condition just like that preceding or on ordinary sleep.

This is one method of producing hypnosis. Others utilize the simple suggestion of the idea; for instance, the subject is told to "Gaze fixedly at me, and think of nothing but of going to sleep. You feel your eyelids heavy; you are very drowsy; your eyes grow more and more fatigued; they wink; your sight is becoming dimmer and dimmer; your eyes are closing; you cannot open them! Sleep!" If the operation is successful, the patient passes into the hypnotic state, from which he is usually awakened either by passes in the opposite direction or by blowing on his face, or by an emphatic "Awake!"

Such are the different methods employed in accordance with the different views which they hold regarding hypnotism by the doctors of Paris and those of the Nancy Schools.

According to the former as represented by Charcot hypnosis, at least in its deeper stages, is a nervous disorder found only in hysterical patients, and exhibiting itself in three stages of cataleptic, lethargic and somnambulistic trance.

According to Dr. Bernheim and his followers of the Nancy School, hypnosis is not a nervous disorder, but a state claiming close affinity to natural sleep. They explain away the nervous disorder theory of the Paris School by attributing it to the fact that those who advanced the opinion confined their investigations chiefly to the neurotic patients of the Salpetriere hospital, and assert that the three stages insisted on by Charcot may be explained by suggestion and imitation.

Hypnotism is now extensively employed on the continent as a therapeutic agency in the curing of diseases. It may not (in time to come) be said to be only in its infancy) fulfil all the expectations which its most sanguine exponents hope for it; but it undoubtedly deserves recognition in medical circles on account of the many cures which have been thoroughly investigated by the most eminent scientific men.

Although sometimes exhibiting effects which appear to be at least suspicious, we are assured by authority that hypnotism is no longer to be regarded as a superhuman gift; for almost all its effects as far as known at present can be explained by our knowledge of physiology and psychology. The reason given for its never attaining the status of a universal therapeutic agency is on account of the number of persons suitable as subjects.

On the point of suitable subjects practitioners are by no means agreed. Bottey gives only 30 per cent as susceptible; Morselli, 70 per cent; Delboeney, 80 per cent; while Bernheim denies the right to judge of hypnotism to all hospital doctors who cannot hypnotize at least 80 per cent of their patients, and Force fully agrees with him. (Moll, "Hypnotism," p. 47.)

Were this a scientific treatise we might discuss some of the remarkable phenomena which follows from hypnotism, such as illusions and hallucinations; the inhibition of voluntary muscles; exalted sensibility; amnesia and defined suggestions, etc., but this is not our purpose, and we will proceed to the question:

Is hypnotism lawful, and may one safely subject oneself to the influence of the experimenter?

Well, it is admitted on all sides that hypnotism when practised by the unskilled unauthorized exhibitor, is attended with serious results both to the body and mind. It undoubtedly has power of doing good when employed by the skilled physician, but the employment of it by these irresponsible and unscrupulous charlatans is likely to bring it again into disfavor. Cases are extant where subjects experimented on by such have been rendered lunatics, or had their nervous system severely damaged. Crimes have been committed by persons who have been hypnotised.

A person who is hypnotised is capable of receiving beneficial suggestions; so he is almost as liable to receive impressions for evil; and it is quite possible for him while under the influence of hypnotic sleep to be impressed with the belief that he is to commit some act after he has awakened from the sleep. Consequently continental Governments have rightly and wisely prohibited the exercise of this power except by those who are skilled and duly authorized.

Again; frequent hypnotization brings on a horrid hypnotic habit, and renders the patient more or less subject to the will of the experimenter, a consequence which may often be attended with serious damages. Wundt, in his lectures of "Human and Animal Psychology," describes hypnotism as "a two-edged instrument." \* \* \* It must be looked upon as a remedy of universal serviceability, but as a poison whose effects may be beneficial under certain circumstances. \* \* \* It is a phenomenon of common observation that frequently hypnotized individuals can, when fully awake, be persuaded of the wildest fables, and thenceforth regard them as passages of their own experience."

But, where hypnotism is employed for illicit purposes, or in connection with superstitious practices, as spiritualism, clairvoyance and occultism, then it is evidently immoral.

Discussing the question, is hypnotism ever lawful? Genicot tells us that its use is altogether unlawful if means, in themselves bad, are employed to produce hypnosis, or if supernatural or unworthy effects are sought ("Theologia Morala," vol. I, 255 et seq.).

But as employed by medical men of standing and skilled scientists, it is in all probability free from superstition, and lawful; for he says that although many of the phenomena which arise from hypnotism cannot as yet admit of sufficient explanation there exist probable reasons why we should attribute them to natural powers. And, the Holy See has not condemned it when thus used, but only its abuse. For instance, in the Encyclical Letter of August 4th, 1856, we find the distinction drawn between its use and abuse, and those are reprehended who, without having sufficiently studied the subject, boast of having the power within themselves of divining, etc. Besides, since 1856, no document has been issued in which the Holy See repudiates the use of hypnotism; although it cannot be ignorant of the fact that it has been employed by many skilled and Catholic doctors, with moderation, 'tis true; and for good reasons.

Nevertheless, even when all sign or symbol of superstition is wanting, it is unlawful for anyone to subject himself to the influence of the hypnotiser without grave cause.

### MENEELY BELLS

A contract has just been made with the Meneely Bell Company, of Troy, N.Y., for a chime of ten bells for St. Joseph's Church, Albany. This set of bells will be an exact duplication of the much admired chime in St. Peter's Church, Troy. That in St. Peter's Church, Albany, just over the hill, has long sounded in the homes of the parishioners of St. Joseph's Church, and its melodious music has increased the desire for a chime in their own tower. This new set of bells will be much like the chime which is now being manufactured by the Meneely Bell Company for the nearly completed Christian Science Church in Boston, Mass.

French Villagers Devise Ingenious Plan to Frighten Government Officers.

The townspeople of Cominac, France, devised a novel plan to defeat the attempt of the authorities to make an inventory of the property of the Cathedral there.

Being notified that a government inspector was coming to make an inventory, they bought three black bears from a travelling showman. The animals were kept without food for two days in an adjoining cellar. They were released in the cathedral, hungry and angry, when the inspector reached town.

The inspector, with a military escort, arriving at the cathedral, was surprised to find his entry not resisted, but he no sooner was inside than the door was shut and fastened from the outside. The inspector hardly had time to speculate upon the meaning of this before he saw the bears hastily shuffling down the center aisle to investigate the newcomers.

Thereupon the men frantically tried to reopen the door. Amid derisive laughter they made a bee line for the nearest confessional and clambered on top of it, while the soldiers ran helter skelter in every direction seeking shelter, which they found in the side chapels.

The townspeople then negotiated with the inspector through a window and obtained a ready promise that he would quit if he was released.

The showman captured his bears, which were fed while the inspector and his escort escaped. The animals are being kept in a cellar against the next attempt at taking an inventory.

The ministry held its first council at the Elysee palace Wednesday. Minister of the Interior Clemenceau presented a dispatch announcing that 600 peasants had attacked a detachment of troops engaged in maneuvering in Fougeres, department of Ille et Vilaine, under a misapprehension that the troops came to take inventories of church property under the church and state separation law. A captain, lieutenant and ten soldiers were injured and the detachment retired precipitately. The Minister of Justice was ordered to prosecute the offenders.

### Catholics in Scotland.

According to the new Catholic Directory for Scotland, Mother Church can claim half a million of children in that country, with a handful over. Of these 380,000 belong to the Archdiocese of Glasgow. Thus almost exactly three-fourths of the Catholics of "Alba" are dwellers by the banks of the Clyde and the subjects of Archbishop Maguire. In 1878, the year of the Restoration of the hierarchy, there were but 360,000 lieges of Rome in all the six dioceses of Scotland. There were then 272 priests in the country; now there are 525, well nigh double that number.

The figures given for the missions reveal an increase of ninety in the twenty-eight years. They now stand at 230. But the total number of places that are bidden over by the clean oblation offered in My Name is larger than this by 150, as in some parishes there are several "stations" having each their weekly or monthly Mass. Of religious houses Scotland possesses sixty-five, and of these, fifty-two are occupied by nuns. Far less than a century ago there was not a religieuse in the land. Yet the remaining thirteen do not favorably compare, in point of number, with the monastic institutions that in the Stuart days, studded the country. One day the reign of the cloister will return. The overwhelming majority of Glasgow Catholics, and in a slightly less degree, of Edinburgh's 62,000, are from St. Patrick's Land of Ireland. Birth or extraction; and love of the cloister has ever been a tradition with the Celts. Meantime it is the reign of the Hearth.

## HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

Catholic women attending plays of a doubtful character shock not only Catholics, but non-Catholics as well. Perhaps they argue that they themselves suffer no harm, and that they can, therefore, safely attend where others could not. Can they? Is it nothing in their eyes that others are scandalized by their conduct? Have they no duty to set a good example for others, or at least to avoid giving bad example? This taking into account the welfare of others as well as our own should never be neglected. We are not isolated atoms that receive or give nothing to others. We are influenced by others and we influence them, and we can exert a power for good or evil if we choose. If we are faithful to religious and moral duties, others will not find in our conduct an excuse for doing evil; nor will those who, knowing the obligations of a Catholic, and expect Catholics to live in accordance with those duties, have so often to complain that Catholics are not the force for good in the community that they should be.

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## DON'TS ON DRESS.

Don't expect your hair to shine unless you brush it well every night and morning.

Don't wear your walking dress in the house.

Don't (if you can help it) use a cheap, poor ribbon in millinery.

Don't send anything to the laundry before it is marked.

Don't on any account put a dress away without brushing it.

Don't forget to iron the wrinkles out of sleeves occasionally.

Don't let boots and shoes wear through before they are soled.

Don't take a bodice off and put it away immediately—lay it out to air.

Don't hang a skirt up by the fastening—fix two tapes to it for this purpose.

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## OLD EMBROIDERED HANDKERCHIEFS.

The next time an embroidered handkerchief wears out take a sharp pair of scissors and cut the embroidery carefully out of the linen as close to the embroidery as possible. It will not ravel if the edge is firmly wrought. The embroidery can be returned to another handkerchief if you wish, side stitched on with tiny stitches. If it is an initial letter baste it securely first, so it will not be drawn out of shape while being sewed.

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## LEARN TO LET GO.

The person who wants to be healthy morally, mentally and physically must learn to let go, writes Evelyn Pickens in Medical Talk. Let go of the little irritations and the petty vexations that cross your path every day. Don't take them up and pet them and nurse them and brood over them. They are not worth while. Let them go.

That little difference that exists between yourself and your neighbor, that you argue and bicker every time you meet, drop it and let it go. You can't afford to lose a good neighbor, or a friend, by simply hanging on to some difference of opinion, and spending your time quarreling over it instead of enjoying each other and talking about the things on which you do agree. Don't argue with any one anyhow. It will do no good. And remember, please remember, that arguing means certain death to love and friendship. You may think not, you may hope to accomplish something by arguing, but you will accomplish nothing but a loss of respect for each other and the total destruction of those kindly feelings that once existed. Respect each other's opinions and let go the arguing.

That little hurt that you got from a friend, perhaps it wasn't intended, perhaps it was, but no matter, let it go. Refuse to think about it. Let go of that feeling of hatred you have for another, the jealousy, the envy, the malice, let go such thoughts. They are foul and unclean and you should refuse them.

Lemons are excellent for curing colds or allaying feverishness. Their

habitation within your thought or memory. Sweep them out of your mind and you will be surprised what a clearing up and rejuvenating effect it will have on you, both physically and mentally. It will be like ridding the system of poison, for such thoughts do act as poison, diminishing the secretions of the body, clogging up the organs, and vivifying the whole system. Let them go, let them go; you house and shelter them at a deadly risk.

But the big troubles, the bitter disappointments, the deep wrongs, the heart-breaking sorrows, the tragedies of life, what about them? Why—just let them go, too. Drop them, softly, maybe, but surely, put away all regret and bitterness and let sorrow be only a softening memory. Yes, let them go—let them go.

It is not so hard after you once get in the habit of doing it—letting go of these things. You will find it such an easy way to get rid of the things that mar and embitter life that you will enjoy letting them go. And then when you no longer give any time to vexations and worries and irritations, to hatred or envy or bitterness, and waste no more time in talking about this, that, or the other ailment, then you can give the whole time to useful thoughts, healthful thoughts. You will find the world such a beautiful place. You will love it simply for the warm sunshine, for the blue skies, and for the stars that shine at night. It will all be beautiful to you because you will be free to enjoy it, free in mind and body. You will no longer be depressed with unwholesome thoughts; and your mind will become buoyant and clear and strong, and your body will respond with a vigor and vitality and vivaciousness that will make mere existence a pleasure.

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## HOW TO USE ALMOND MEAL IN WASHING.

Use almond meal for washing the hands in place of soap, and the skin will not get dry and wrinkled. It is the soap that takes out all the natural oil. Make a paste of this meal and sweet almond oil to use on the hands at night, then sleep in kid gloves, clean and light colored, cutting the palms and finger tips also for ventilation. If the hands are filled with grime, rub them first with clean lard, then wash with warm (not hot) water and a good soap. Rinse several times, wash again with the almond meal and warm water, rinse and dry and rub with cold cream.

## SHUN ALL SHADES OF LIES.

It should be pointed out to children that a lie may be told by silence, by equivocation, by the accent on a syllable, by a glance of the eye attaching a peculiar significance to a sentence. And all these kind of lies are worse and baser by many degrees than a lie plainly worded, so that no form of blind conscience is so far sunk as that which comforts itself for having deceived because the deception was by gesture or silence instead of utterance. And finally, according to Tennyson's deep and trenchant line: "A lie which is half a truth is ever the worst of lies."

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## TIMELY HINTS.

When ripping up the seams of an old skirt, if the ripping is started from the bottom the goods are much less likely to tear at the edges.

Dates are excellent for people with consumptive tendencies, are very easily digested and contain an abundance of sugar.

Malic acid is peculiarly helpful to the body, and apples, pears, plums, peaches and cherries all contain it. Tomatoes also contain it.

Potatoes, the old standby, contain all the inorganic elements of the body except fluorine. They contain a quantity of potassium salts—good for nerve and muscle.

Tomatoes are among the fruits rich in potash, especially good for the blood and with a marked action on the digestive operations. They provide alkaline matter for the bile and are wholesome for people who suffer from jaundice or sick headaches.

Lemons are excellent for curing colds or allaying feverishness. Their

CAUGHT COLD  
ON THE C.P.R.

A. E. Mumford tells how Psychine cured him after the Doctors gave him up

"It is twelve years since Psychine cured me of galloping consumption." The speaker was Mr. A. E. Mumford, six feet tall, and looking just what he is a bushy healthy farmer. He works his own farm on the C.P.R. He continued. "I had night sweats, chills and fever and frequently coughed up pieces of my lungs. I was sinking fast and the doctors said there was no hope for me. Two months treatment of Psychine has me right on my feet since."

If Mr. Mumford had started to take Psychine when he first caught cold he would have saved himself a lot of anxiety and suffering. Psychine cures all lung troubles by killing the germs—the roots of the disease.

## PSYCHINE

(Pronounced Si-keen)

**50c. Per Bottle**

Larger sizes \$1 and \$2—all druggists.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM, Limited, Toronto.

Citric acid supplies the blood with a cooling agent, making this fruit a refrigerate. Oranges act in the same way, but with slightly less strength.

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## RECIPES.

Broiled Herring—For instance, herring is universally baked, but many cooks insist upon always frying it, with bread crumbs, and people have come to believe, many of them, that this is the only edible way of cooking the fish. The following mode will be welcomed as a change:

Broiled Herring with Mustard Sauce.—Choose fresh herring with soft roes, cut off head, clean, but do not open. Dip them in olive oil, season well with salt and pepper, and leave them to absorb in seasoning for at least an hour. Broil them on a gridiron over a slow, clear fire until done—fifteen minutes is usually sufficient time—and then the process they should be turned often. Place the herrings on a hot dish and pour over them this sauce: One teaspoonful of flour and one tablespoonful of mustard, rubbed smooth in cold water. Add one cupful of white stock, and place over a fire until it boils and becomes thick, then add one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, pepper and salt to taste. Just before serving add one ounce of melted butter, stir well and serve with herring.

Salmon is the housewife's comfort. Salmon cutlets in papers is an unique way of serving this fish that will meet with favor. Take slices an inch thick from the middle of the fish, wrap them separately in oiled paper and fry in boiling fat. When done take them out, drain and serve with the paper still on. A quantity of anchovy sauce should be served in a separate dish.

Spiced oysters should be made the day before they are required. Place a hundred with their strained liquor into an earthenware jar, add half a nutmeg grated, eighteen cloves, four blades of mace, a teaspoonful of allspice, a dash of cayenne pepper, one teaspoonful of salt and two tablespoonsful of strong vinegar. Stir all these together with a wooden spoon. Place over a moderately slow fire, removing the pan often to stir thoroughly, when they come to a boil pour into a pan and set away for twenty-four hours to cool and ripen.

## FUNNY SAYINGS

## THE MASTER'S MISTAKE.

Archdeacon Sinclair tells a good story of the famous Dr. Keate, as headmaster of Eton. He was so great a disciplinarian that he earned the sobriquet which will ever cling to that other great schoolmaster, Bushby of Westminster, and was called the "Flogging Keate."

Finding, one morning, a row of boys in his study, he began as usual to flog them. They were too terrified at the awful little man to remonstrate until he had gone half-way down the row, when one plucked up courage to falter out:

"Please, sir, we're not up for pun-

## A BOTTLE INSTEAD OF A GLASS

He was a young and smart looking Scots clergyman, and was to preach a "trial" sermon in a strange church, says Tatler. Fearing that his hair might be disarranged or that he might have a smudge on his face, he quietly and significantly said to the beadle, there being no mirror in the vestry, "John, could you get me a glass?"

John disappeared, and after a few minutes returned with something under his coat, which, to the astonishment of the divine, he produced in the form of a bottle with a gill of whiskey in it, saying, "Ye mauna let on about it, meenister, for I got it as a special favor; and I wadna got it ava hadnna told them it was for you."

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## ANOTHER FANCY NAME.

A clergyman, in baptizing a baby, paused in the midst of the service to inquire the name of the infant, to which the mother, with a profound courtesy, replied:

"Shady, sir, if you please."

"Shady," replied the priest. "Then it's a boy, and you mean Shadrach, eh?"

"No, please your reverence, it's a girl."

"And pray," asked the inquisitive pastor, "how happen you to call the child with such a strange name?"

"Why, sir," responded the woman, "if you must know, our name is Bower, and my husband said as how he should like her to be called Shady because Shady Bower sounds so pretty."

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## BOTH HAVE WHEELS.

A class of little girls at school was asked the meaning of the word "philosopher."

Most of the hands were extended, but one child seemed specially anxious to tell.

"Well, Annie, what is a philosopher?" asked the teacher.

"A man what rides a philosophede," was the little girl's answer.

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## HE KNEW HIS PEOPLE.

Just before the collection was taken up one Sunday morning a negro clergyman announced that he regretted to state that a certain brother had forgotten to lock the door of his chicken house the night before, and as a result in the morning he found that most of the fowls had disappeared. "I doan' want to be pusson'al, bred'r'n," he added, "but I hab my s'picions as to who stole dem chickens. I also hab reason to believin' dat if I am right in dose s'picions dat pusson won't put any money in de plate which will be passed around."

The result was a fine collection; not a single member of the congregation feigned sleep. After it was counted the old parson came forward.

"Now, bred'r'n," he said, "I doan' want your dinners to be spoilt by wonderin' where dat brudder lives who doan' lock his chickens up at night. Dat brudder doan' exist, mah friends. He was a parable gotten up fo' purpose of finances."

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## SHE DIDN'T SLEEP WELL.

A woman who lives in an inland town, while going to a convention in a distant city, spent one night of the journey on board a steamboat. It was the first time she had ever travelled by water. She reached her journey's end extremely fatigued. To a friend who remarked it she replied:

"Yes, I am tired to death. I don't know as I care to travel by water again. I read the card in my stateroom about how to put the life-preserver on, and I thought I understood it; but I guess I didn't. Somehow, I couldn't go to sleep with the thing on."

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## MAYBE SO.

Uncle Walter, with his little niece Ruth in his lap, was about to telephone a message to a distant city.

While waiting for the connection to be made, little Ruth asked if she might talk over the open wire. The young lady operator heard the question and said, "Yes, please let her."

Ruth, taking the receiver, first told her name. Then the operator asked her where she was, and to this Ruth replied:

"I am in Uncle Walter's lap—don't you wish you were?"

## THE POET'S CORNER

## GOSSIPING OF SPRING.

Into a winter wood  
At the crest of the morn I went.  
The pine tree stood like a tent  
Of ermine featherly soft;  
The hemlock wore a hood;  
And many another bough  
Towering far aloft,  
Was wrapt in a samite stole.

A gentle whispering  
Seemed waited from tree to tree,  
Like a broken melody  
Chorded tender and low;  
"We are gossiping of spring,"  
Said a birch, with a friendly nod,  
"Of how we will joy when the snow  
Will let us look at the sod."

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## JUDGE NOT.

Be not alert to sound the cry of shame,  
Shouldst thou behold a brother falling low,  
His battle's ebb thou seest; but its flow—  
The brave repulse that heroes' praise  
might claim,  
Of banded foes that fierce against him came,  
His prowess long sustained, his yielding slow;

Till this thou knowest as thou canst not know,  
Haste not to brand with obloquy his fame.

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## AFTERGLOW.

After the clangor of battle  
There comes a moment of rest,  
And the simple hopes and the simple joys  
And the simple thoughts are best.

++ + + +

## BOTH HAVE WHEELS.

After the victor's paean,  
After the thunder of gun,  
There comes a lull that must come to all  
Before the set of sun.

++ + + +

## NAY, NAY, TO THE LIFEWORN SPIRIT.

Then what is the happiest moment?  
Is it the foe's defeat?  
Is it the splendid praise of a world  
That thunders by at your feet?

++ + + +

## FORGETFULNESS.

Nay, nay, to the lifeworn spirit  
The happiest thoughts are those  
That carry us back to the simple joys

And the sweetness of life's repose.

++ + + +

## A BOOK-LOVER'S WISH.

After the set of sun,  
Take me to some lofty room,  
Lighted from the western sky,  
Where no glare dispels the gloom.

++ + + +

## A LONELY HEART.

Till the golden eve is nigh;



## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys:

The never-failing signs of spring are with us—the merry groups of little folks here and there, intently bent on marble playing, and the rasping voice of the crow. How glad we all are, I am sure. Mable is most welcome to the corner. I am sorry Joseph C. is still an invalid. I was just beginning to think that my little friends from Kouchioguac had forgotten me when Julia's letter came. I have not yet divulged my little plan, rather recompense, for the regular contributor to the Corner, as not one of my little friends seemed interested. Love to all my nieces and nephews,

AUNT BECKY.

++ + + +

Dear Aunt Becky:

I promised to write and tell you all about St. Patrick's day, but I did not go, for it was too stormy. My father and sister went. They had a lovely time. There was a high Mass at ten-thirty, and a nice sermon preached by Father Doyle. Then there was a lovely dinner. In the evening there was a very nice concert; the hall was crowded. Well, dear Aunt, my sore leg is getting tired, so I will have to come to a close.

From your loving nephew,  
JOSEPH C.

Granby, March 26.

++ + + +

Dear Aunt Becky:

May I enter your club? I enjoy reading the letters every week. We have taken the True Witness ever since I can remember. I am fourteen years old, and have four brothers and two sisters. We live on a farm. My papa keeps a store. The snow is about all gone here. Have you had any new sugar yet? I haven't. I am in the fourth reader. Our teacher's name is Miss Cora Healey. I got the prize in arithmetic last term. I spent St. Patrick's day at home; it was a stormy day. Today is my mamma's birthday. I gave her a pretty fruit dish and my sister gave her a vegetable dish. I remain, hoping to see my letter in print,

Your niece,  
MABEL.

St. Cyr, April 1st, 1906.

++ + + +

Dear Aunt Becky:

As I have not written you this long time, I thought I would write you a few lines and I hope to see my letter in print next week. I guess I and my brother have forgotten to write to you. I saw three letters in print this week. As news is getting short, I will close, saying good-bye.

From your loving niece,  
JULIA R.

Love to all my little cousins by me and my brother.

Kouchioguac, March 24.

++ + + +

MY ANGEL GUIDE.

He walks beside me all the day, And tells me what to do and say, And when my wicked thoughts arise, He gently points up to the skies—

My angel guide.

When tempted oft to go astray Rebellious temper has its sway, He kneels with sweet uplifted eyes— An angel robed in human guise—

My angel guide.

He holds me from the path of sin; He purifies my soul within, And, tho' my heart may ache with pain, Tells me no cross, no crown I gain—

My angel guide.

He's ever whispering at my side; He does my every footstep guide, And leads me with a hand of love To realms of peace—to God above—

My angel guide.

It Will Prolong Life—De Soto, the Spaniard, lost his life in the wilds of Florida, whither he went for the purpose of discovering the legendary "Fountain of perpetual youth," said to exist in that then unknown country. While Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil will not perpetuate youth, it will remove the bodily pains which make the young old before their time and harass the aged into untimely graves.

calendula and campanula, fox-gloves and monk-hoods and lady-slippers. At the other end were the strawberry-bed and the asparagus-bed. In between, there were long rows of all kinds of vegetables and small fruits and fragrant herbs.

Who can tell what ideas and emotions were produced in those placid companies of leguminous comrades? What aspirations toward a lovelier life in the climbing beans? What high spirits in the corn? What light and airy dreams in the asparagus-bed? What philosophy among the sage? Imagine what great schemes were hatched among the egg-plant, and what hot feelings stung the peppers when the raspberries crowded them!

Tommy, from his central place in the garden, must have felt the agitation of this mimic world around him. Many a time, no doubt, was he tempted to give himself up to one or another of the contiguous influences, and throw himself into the social tide for "one glorious hour of crowded life." But his mother always held him back.

"No, my Tommykin, stay with me. It is not for you to climb a pole like a bean or wave in the wind like an asparagus stalk or rasp your neighbors like the raspberry. Be modest, be natural, be true to yourself. Stay with me and grow fat."

When the sunshine of the long July days flooded the garden, glistening on the silken leaves of the corn, wilting the potato blossoms, unfolding the bright yellow flowers of the okra and the melon, Tom would fain have pushed himself out into the full tide of light and heat. But his mother bent tenderly over him.

"Not yet, my child; it is not time for you to bear the heat of the day. A little shade is good for you. Let me cover you. It is too soon for you to be sunburned."

When the plumping afternoon showers came down, refreshing every leaf and root of every plant, Tom shrank from the precipitate inundation.

"Mother, I'm all wet. I want to come out of the rain."

But the mother knew what was good for him. So she held him out bravely while the streaming drops washed him; and she taught him how to draw in the moisture which she gathered for his nourishment.

In late August a change began to come over his complexion. His verdant brilliancy was "sickled o'er with a pale cast of thought," whitish, yellowish, nondescript. A foolish human mother would have hurried to the medicine closet for a remedy for biliousness. Not so Tom's wise parent. She knew that the time had come for him to grow red. She let him have his own way now about being out in the sunshine. She even thrust him gently forth into the full light, withdrawing the shelter that she had cast around him. Slowly, gradually, but surely, the bright crimson hue spread over him until the illumination was complete, and the mother felt that he was the most beautiful of her children—not the largest, but round and plump and firm and glowing red as a ruby.

And then—the mother-heart knew that the perils of life were near at hand for Little Red Tom. Many of his brothers had already been torn from her by the cruel hand of fate and had disappeared into the unknown.

"Grow, my little one," we can imagine her saying to him, in her mysterious wordless language, "your first duty is to grow. Look at your brothers, how big and round and fat they are! I can hardly lift them. They did what I told them, and see what they have become. All by growing! Simple process! Even a babe can understand it. Grow, my Tommykin, grow! But don't try to grow red; first, you must grow big."

It is quite sure, and evident to every mother-heart, that Tommy's mother must have told him something like this, for this is precisely what he did—obedient, docile, clever little creature! Who can trace the subtle avenue by which intelligence is communicated from the old to the young, the treasured lore of the ages handed down from one generation to another? But when we see the result, when the little one begins to do what its parents and grand-parents have done, is it not evident that the teaching must have been given, though in some way beyond our ken? If Tommy's mother had not taught him, there is at least an even chance that he would have tried to grow red before he grew big. But he laid her lesson to heart, and day by day, week by week, his rotundity expanded, while his verdancy remained.

It was a very beautiful life that they lived in the garden; and if the thoughts and feelings that unfolded there could be known, perhaps they would seem even more wonderful than the things which the old German gardener cultivated. Away at one end were the beds of old-fashioned flowers: hollyhocks and phlox and stocks, coreopsis and calliopsis,

### DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

They act directly on the kidneys, and make them strong and healthy.

Mrs. Mary Galley, Auburn, N.Y., writes: "For over four months I was troubled with a lame back and was unable to turn in bed without help. I was induced by a friend to try Doan's Kidney Pills. After taking two-thirds of a box my back was as well as ever. Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.50 at all dealers, or send direct on receipt of price. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont."

### That pain in the Back is Kidney Trouble

#### GIN PILLS WILL CURE IT

A strain or severe cold, or a dozen other causes may have started it—but the Kidneys are at the bottom of it. Backache (especially in the "small" of the back) means Kidney Disease. Plasters and liniments give some relief, but they never cure. Lots of people, with swollen hands and feet, are treating themselves for rheumatism, when, in fact, their sick kidneys are causing the pain and swelling. GIN PILLS cure that pain in the Back every time, because they cure the Kidneys.

St. Joseph's Home, St. Cloud, Minn.

June 29th 1905

I received the Gin Pills safely and am taking them every day. I have suffered intensely from kidney trouble for many years. Since I took your pills, I have a very good appetite and sleep soundly. I feel no more pain. Enclose please find money order for \$1 for which please send me two boxes of Gin Pills.

FATHER BONIFACE,

Moll. O. S. B.

If you have tried plasters, liniments and doctors, save your money and try GIN PILLS, FREE. Write us your name and address, and in what paper you saw this offer, and we will send you a free sample box of GIN PILLS. These famous Pills for Sick Kidneys are sold by all druggists at 50¢ a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50.

THE BOLE DRUG CO. - WINNIPEG, MAN.

dered Tom. But his mother could not tell him. All that she could do was to warn him of the unseen dangers that surrounded him and prepare him to meet them.

"Listen, my child, and do as I tell you. When you hear a step on the garden path, that means danger, and when a thing with wings flies around me and comes near to you, that means danger too. But I will teach you how to avoid it. I will give you three signs.

"The first sign is a rustling noise that I will make when a bird comes near to you. That means droop. Let yourself down behind the wire netting that I lean on, and then the bird will be afraid to come close enough to peck at you. The second sign is a trembling that you will feel in my arms when the gardener comes along the walk. That means snuggle. Hide yourself as close to me as you can. The third sign—well, I will tell you the third sign to-morrow evening, for now I am tired."

In the early morning of a bright September day, while the dew was still heavy on the leaves and the grass, and the gossamer cobwebs glistened with little diamonds, a hungry robin flew into the garden, and Tom heard the signal "Droop!" So he let himself down behind the woven wire, and the robin put his head on one side and looked at Tom greedily, and flew to find a breakfast elsewhere.

A little before noon, when the sun was shining broadly and the silken tassels of the corn were shivering up into make-believe tobacco for bad little boys to smoke, there was a heavy step on the garden walk, and Tom felt the signal "Snuggle!" Then he hugged as close as he could to his mother's side, and the gardener with his sharp knife cut off all Tom's surviving brothers and put them in a box full of vegetables. But he did not see Tom, hidden close and safe.

How glad the mother must have been, and how much Tom must have loved her as he remembered all her wise lessons. It was a long, beautiful afternoon that they spent together, filled with pleasant reminiscences, touched by no shadow of gloom, no dream of parting. A golden afternoon—the last.

Just before sunset a fair creature, clothed in white, came into the garden. She moved for awhile among the flowers, her yellow hair gleaming in the low rays of the sun, her eyes bluer than forget-me-nots. Who could think that such a creature could be cruel or heartless? Who could dream that she would pursue her pleasure at the cost of pain to the innocent? Who could imagine that she would take life to feed her own?

Gently and daintily she came down the garden walk, past the raspberry patch, past the tall rows of corn, past the egg-plant and the peppers, with steps so light that the ground hardly felt them, with bright eyes glancing from side to side—yes, with all these, and also with a remorseless thought in her heart and a basket half full of cut flowers on her arm.

No signal to droop or snuggle came to Tom. The third signal—ah, that he had not yet learned! So he basked his rosy sides in the sunlight as the lovely apparition drew near to him. She looked at him with delight. She put out her delicate hand to embrace him. Then, without a tremor, she tore him ruthlessly from his mother's grasp, from the home that he loved, and dropped him in her basket.

"Oh, you little red beauty!" she

cried. "You are just what I wanted to fill up my tomato salad."

That night, as she sat at supper, with her father and mother, and her brothers and sisters, she was smiling and serene, for the table was well furnished, and the feast was merry. There was white bread that had been ground from thousands of innocent blades of wheat, once waving in the sunlight, and a juicy fish that had been lured and unwillingly drawn from the crystal waters. There was a brace of grouse that had grown plump and savory by feeding on the spicy berries in the woods. And there was Little Red Tom, in the centre of the salad, deliciously sliced, surrounded by crisp lettuce leaves and dressed to the queen's taste.

Are there not some who would have shed tears at that sight, and lamented even while they ate? But do you suppose the young girl was one of that kind? Do you imagine that she had played a part in a tragedy? Not a bit of it. She was simply grateful that her salad was so good, and glad that the others liked it.—Outing.

MARY AND RUTH.

TWO young girls, Mary and Ruth, met out at the park one day late in August, and Mary said:

"I'm so glad vacation is nearly over. I want to go back to school." "Where are you going to go to school this next term?" "Why, back to the Sisters, of course. Ain't you?" "No. I want to go with Amy and Jennie. Mamma says I may. They are so stylish." "But you haven't made your first communion yet."

"Well, I don't care. I don't want to have to be studying the catechism all the time. And then, some of the girls in the parochial school are so poor. I want to meet only nice people."

"And do you call 'nice people' only those who wear fine clothes?" asked Mary, indignantly.

"Well," said Ruth, defiantly, "fine clothes help. And when I grow up I want to marry a rich man, and live in a fine house and keep servants."

"You're in a hurry," replied Mary, thinking of getting married and you only eleven years old. I'm not going to get married at all. I'm just going to stay at home and be papa's and mamma's girl."

"My, how good you are!" sneered Ruth. "Well, I guess I can be as good as you are, without going to church every day and studying the catechism all the time."

And she went home without saying another word.

When school opened, Mary went back to the Sisters and Ruth went to a public school.

During the year Mary was prepared for her first holy communion, received it, and was confirmed. She was as happy as a girl could be. In school she was a favorite with the teachers and pupils, and at home she was dear to her parents because she was obedient, gentle, truthful and industrious.

Toward the end of the school year Ruth was taken sick with scarlet fever and died before she received the sacraments. Her mother, who was not a Catholic, said that she feared to distress the child by summoning the priest, lest he should tell her she was about to die.

So Ruth did not realize her earthly ambition.

Mary is still at home, the joy of her parents, and is happy with them. Every one who knows her loves her, because she's so kind and good.

JUST A WORD.

Don't shun the truth under any circumstances.

Don't imagine a thing is so simple, because you think so.

Don't trust any person who can not win the love of a child.

Don't forget that the world is older than you are by several thousand years.

Don't worry about your father because he knows, so much less than you do.

Don't forget that for several thousand years the world has been full of smart young men as yourself.

Don't blow the packing out of your cylinder-head trying to dazzle other people with your wisdom.

Don't be too fresh to keep from spoiling without being put in a cool place.

A lady writes: "I was enabled to remove the corns, root and branch, by the use of Holloway's Corn Cure." Others who have tried it have the same experience.

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**NOTICE.**

Subscribers will please take notice that when their year is due, and should they wish to discontinue their paper, they are requested to notify this office, otherwise we will understand they wish to renew, in which case they will be liable for entire year.

THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1906.

**IRELAND AND THE LIBERAL GOVERNMENT.**

Some of the most amazing feats of editorial wisdom appear from time to time in The Globe of Toronto. An article on Tuesday upon the "Condition of Ireland" is an average sample. The writer says the Campbell-Bannerman administration is not pledged to Home Rule; but has won the confidence of the Irish Nationalists. This is all said to be made plain by Mr. John E. Redmond's recent speech in Manchester. If The Globe had read the Manchester speech it would know that what Mr. Redmond actually said was this:

"We have materially assisted in driving from office a government and a party pledged against Home Rule and in favor of coercion. Second only to the defeat of the Government in its pleasing result to Ireland is the fact that the one man of all others who in the Liberal party publicly recanted his principles on Home Rule has been flattened out, so that to-day there is no man so poor as to do reverence to the name or the abilities of Lord Rosebery. I assert, therefore, that you have in office to-day a Government and a majority publicly pledged to the principle of self-government in Ireland."

This is the reason, plainly expressed, why the Campbell-Bannerman government has won the confidence of the Irish party in Parliament.

The Globe next says that Wm. O'Brien has endorsed Mr. Redmond's position in addressing his (Mr. O'Brien's) own party in Ireland. Mr. O'Brien has not and does not pretend to have a party of his own in Ireland.

But more information, per The Globe, awaits us.

"Mr. Redmond was able to assure his Manchester audience that there is an exceptional absence of crime in Ireland."

This is unpardonable in a journal that pretends to accuracy of statement in its leading articles. There has been a normal absence of crime in Ireland for the past ten years. Even in its most disturbed state during the early agitations against rack rents, the returns of crime in Ireland were low as compared with Scotland and England. Since the wings of landlordism have been clipped and the powers of the police brought into some harmony with modern ideas of citizenship rights, agrarian disorder, like other crime, has rapidly faded away from Irish life. It is a common thing for judges of the Assizes to be presented with white gloves at one or more points on their circuit. The

unparalleled circumstance that Mr. Redmond referred to in his Manchester address was that in all the Assize towns throughout the west and south of Ireland without exception white gloves have been presented this spring to the judges.

"Ireland to-day," said Mr. Redmond, "is in a state of perfect peace." It suggests little short of malice on the part of the Globe to interpret Mr. Redmond's words as a declaration that there is at present merely "an exceptional absence of crime in Ireland."

The main point of the Globe's editorial is that if the Liberals give a Catholic University to Ireland, the Irish party will be content and abandon Home Rule on the one hand and the Catholic children of England on the other. The Irish party will do neither.

**CHRISTIANITY CANNOT BE CHURCHLESS.**

Dowie, the Elijah of Zion City, Ill., is down and out. His despises have gone back upon him, and the sheriff is in charge of his effects. He is accused of acts that combine all the essential qualities of a successful Mormon elder with the genius of a New York or Toronto "high financier."

The decline and fall of John Alexander Dowie reminds us of the remarkably easy toleration of this day and generation for the pretentious profession of religion. Some of us who sit back over our daily newspapers and reflect that the folks of Zion City are few would do well to seriously ask ourselves this question: "Is Dowieism a symptom of a widespread craze, or is it not?"

This Canada of ours allowed oceans of Dowieite literature to flood our mails as newspaper matter, and to be distributed in hospitals under the claim of religious freedom. People who solemnly prize of the separation of Church and State allow without a murmur every new fake put forward in the name of religion to make good its claim upon state privilege. Dowie was a deep and unscrupulous operator. His followers were his dupes. His more daring and successful performances were witnessed when he played upon the complicated social and legal mechanism of the community and made it the instrument of his own private schemes. He advertised himself through the press when the newspapers thought they were really hammering him. He gathered weak-minded but wealthy converts from the hospitals of the continent by sending his emissaries into these institutions as religious visitors. His success alone has been his undoing.

He could not stand plethoric financial prosperity. His exit should be a warning to the multitude always hungering for religious comfort but seeking it where it cannot be found. The irresponsible rubbish that is spoken and printed on every hand about religious toleration is tolerant to every pretension of religion and hostile only to the true religion. This chaotic seeking for belief in disbelief was referred to recently by Father Pardon, S.J., as "churchless religion." The definition does not apply merely to financial schemes like that which Dowie floated in Zion City. There are scores of so-called "churches" which are absolutely churchless, and in which real Christianity is never appealed to. Father Pardon's words call for the most earnest reflection when he says:

"If men and women frequent their churches only in order to have transferred from pulpit or platform to the occupants of the pews somebody's comments on the passing events of the day, then indeed have the churches outlived their destiny and hereafter the great cathedral of nature may do away with all more elaborate and more expensive ecclesiastical edifices. But if the Church is the real House of God, if it is the hallowed spot where God's life-giving Sacraments are dispensed to His loving children, if it is the

school of divine truth where, not man's views, but the unchanged word of God is proclaimed with authority, then indeed Christianity must not be churchless."

**SYMPATHY WITH IRISH IDEAS.**

Contrasts have many times been drawn between the anti-Irish Irishman and the honest Englishman in regard to their attitude towards the Irish question. A striking instance of this kind was afforded to the Unionist party in Britain the other day, the parties concerned being the Earl of Dudley, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland under the Balfour administration, and Sir Edward Carson, a nominee of Dublin Castle in the same Government.

During a debate in the House of Commons the statement was made that Lord Dudley had avowed his determination when in Ireland to try and govern the country according to Irish ideas. At once Sir Edward Carson jumped to his feet and declared that Lord Dudley had made statements both ways. The Castle representative was quickly brought to task by Lord Dudley. In a letter, since published, the English ex-Cabinet Minister defied his Irish colleague in the Government to prove that he had ever said anything else than all his attempts at government in Ireland were in sympathy with Irish ideas.

Sir Edward Carson was unable to give proof for his statement to the contrary, but alleged a further imputation, that Lord Dudley had once told him Ireland ought to be governed through the medium of the Catholic priesthood. Lord Dudley's reply to this—emphatic enough though not so bluntly said—was to tell Sir Edward Carson that he had jumped from one falsehood to another, that he would hold no further correspondence, and that he considered that clamorous advocates of the present system of government in Ireland—like Sir Edward Carson he implied—dealt blows as heavy and effective to the Unionist policy as any of its avowed enemies.

The general tone of Lord Dudley's letter denotes that he is another English convert to Irish ideas by reason of his official experience of actual conditions in Ireland.

**CREMATION.**

The annual report of the Crematorium, Ltd., has been given to the public. Up to Feb. 28 last there were in all forty-five cremations. That is, in four years' time eleven persons have been consigned to dust in other than the Christian way. The report says: "These figures may be disappointing, but compared with the results of the crematorium at Woking Eng., in the midst of a very large field, they can be regarded as satisfactory." We, too, fail to see any cause for great elation.

The imposing Crematorium, with its sumptuous appointments, the dignified grandeur of the apartment in which the last rites are performed, appear to us rather ghoulish, and considering the very small number who have taken advantage of all this, we hardly think it has come to stay. Wonderful results are promised by the process, the principal one being complete safety from infection of contagious diseases.

Now, we have always imagined six feet of earth about the surest safeguard against all and sundry dangers of infection, and even apart from the Church's teaching in the matter, which strictly prohibits this pagan form of burial, we would like to know that when we are summoned to pass through "the valley of the shadow" that our resting place will be in the bosom of dear mother earth in the narrow bed, made sacred by the holy words consigning us to our last dreamless sleep.

**EDITORIAL NOTES.**

A remarkable speech has been made in the British House of Commons by Mr. Samuel Butcher, one of the members for Cambridge, a man of worldwide reputation as a classical scholar. Mr. Butcher urged that this

was a particularly favorable moment for giving Ireland the educational rights she has so long been denied. There was now, he said, in Ireland the evidence of an awakening of a new intellectual life among the young men and of the lovers of learning, which has long lain dormant but has never been extinguished in the Irish character. It was a cardinal error to imagine that this question could be settled without reference to Catholic sentiment and the Catholic Bishops. A Catholic University had no terrors for him. He quoted with great effect the magnificent passage from Newman directing the intellectual aspirations of Ireland, and he asked what had been done to fulfil them. Was it not pathetic, he said, that when the young men of Ireland had appealed for a teaching University, with all that meant to the intellectual life of the country, they had only been given an Examining Board? Mr. Butcher spoke with deep feeling, and his oration, which profoundly impressed the House, was followed by quite an unusual demonstration of applause.

The Chief Secretary and Mr. Morley were prominent in this demonstration, and the former rose from his seat and bowed to Mr. Butcher in appreciation of his fine and elevating effort.

Some time ago we recorded with pleasure the success of the pupils of the Irish Christian Brothers in Newfoundland who competed for the Rhodes scholarship. The West Australia Record now congratulates the Christian Brothers' College at Perth, the capital of that State, upon winning a similar scholarship. The name of the pupil who has achieved this distinction is Alexander Juest, who is the third West Australian student to gain the Oxford distinction. The Rhodes Scholarships at Oxford are worth £300 a year for three years.

The announcement recently made of the death of Cardinal Callegari, Bishop of Padua, Pope Pius's early patron and friend, was happily unfounded. The London Tablet is able to state that the Cardinal has himself telegraphed to the papers to assure them that he is still very much alive. He had, it appears, been suffering from an attack of bronchitis.

The Hon. Chas. Fitzpatrick on Tuesday moved the reference of the Lord's Day Bill to a special committee for consideration and report. The hon. gentleman is sure the bill has not been read by those who criticize it so freely, or if they have read it, they have not understood it.

**Death of Founder of Catholic Summer School**

The news of the death of Warren E. Mosher at his home at New Rochelle, N.Y., was received with surprise and regret by Catholics in all sections of the country.

Mr. Mosher was widely known as the founder of the Catholic Summer School of America and as the most ardent promoter of that phase of Catholic educational work that is carried on through the reading circle and the study club. It was the constant aim of his life to awaken Catholic young men and young women to the opportunities and rewards of self-culture.

To this end he tried to carry the Summer School work through the year by means of a magazine which started out as the Reading Circle Review, published in Youngstown, and was subsequently known as "Mosher's Magazine" and "The Champlain Educator."

Mr. Mosher was only forty-three years old at the time of his death. He was born in Albany, N.Y., and in his youth had only the most meager educational advantages. The death of his father left upon him the duty of supporting his mother and younger brother. He went to Youngstown at the age of seventeen and labored in the shops of the Wood Mower and Reaper Company, afterwards becoming a traveling salesman. He himself received so much help from membership in a reading circle that he conceived the idea of uniting in one great study class the thousands of ambitious Catholic young people deprived, like himself, of early advantages. Home

Circle No. 1, in St. Columba's parish, Youngstown, was the first club organized. The project spread to the other parishes of the city and gradually to other sections. For the benefit of these circles, with Charles H. Wayne, Mr. Mosher then started the Reading Circle Review. In the beginning the editors could hardly gather together sufficient funds to mail the publication.

While acting as a national delegate to a convention of the Young Men's Catholic Union of Washington, Mr. Mosher met Bishop Conaty, then president of the Catholic University, and unfolded to him and other prominent prelates his plan of organizing a Catholic Summer School. His sincerity and zeal were impressive, and the summer school was started at his initiative, Msgr. Conaty being the first president. It prospered beyond his dreams, and now has a permanent site on the banks of Lake Champlain, built up with cottages representing all the large cities of the East. Its sessions each summer are very largely attended. From the first Mr. Mosher was the secretary of the school. He was probably the first Knight of Columbus west of the Alleghenies, and organized Youngstown Council, the first council west of Pittsburgh. He moved from Youngstown to New York in 1900.

Mr. Mosher was married in 1891 to Miss Catherine Farrell, of Lisbon, O., and is survived by his wife and six children. His death was quite sudden, though he had been in poor health for the past year.

His funeral took place last Saturday morning from St. Gabriel's Church, New Rochelle.

The Rev. John Talbot Smith, president of the Catholic Summer School, in a tribute to the work of Mr. Mosher as an educator and journalist, said that he had devoted his whole life to the battle against the growing apostasy of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, which sought to exclude religion from art, literature, journalism, and, in fact, everything but the church.

**Archbishop Ryan's Joke.**

Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, has the following anecdote credited to him. All his sayings and witticisms have a value, the more so because they are spontaneous and uttered on the spur of the moment.

A short time ago he met a Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church with whom he was on the most friendly terms. This Protestant Bishop was telling the Archbishop how closely he was allied to the Church in his symbolisms. He concluded: "Well, Archbishop, if you saw me clad in my full canonical robes, you could scarcely distinguish me from the Archbishop of Philadelphia."

"Oh, yes," said Archbishop Ryan, "I am delighted to hear it. The resemblance is so striking that we are only separated by a single letter."

"And pray," said the Protestant Bishop, delighted with this admission, "what is the single letter? I am so anxious to know."

"Well," said Archbishop Ryan, with a pleasant twinkle in his eye, "I am a Papist and you are an Apist."

**THE CATHOLIC PRESS****The Fulfilment of a Prophecy  
Made Thirty Years Ago.**

In the year 1877, M. Baudouin, of Paris, President General of all the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul, wrote a letter to the Very Rev. Candon Chordert, of Switzerland, containing a prophecy of which we can say that it has literally been fulfilled in our time in France, and which should serve as a deep warning to Catholics of our own country.

The letter is as follows:

"In my judgment, the faithful do not recognize how important the press is. We labor hard in building churches, and establishing monasteries and convents and encouraging orphanages and institutions for the poor—all of which are necessary wants; but we forget that besides these wants, there is another which is far more necessary than all of them, namely, the propagation of the Catholic press, at least in certain countries, amongst which I number France.

"If the Catholic press is not supported, encouraged and placed on the height which belongs to it, then will the churches be abandoned. If not burnt. The religious confraternities will be turned away, the more quickly, the more solidly they may have been founded, and even institutions of charity—yes, the schools, will be taken away from the religion that founded them. Look at the trend of thought at present, everywhere you may see that irre-



Most housewives judge the purity of a flour by its whiteness. White somehow signifies purity. But while pure flours are always white, white flours are not always pure.

The Church invites all to come with her to the great tragedy of Calvary stands out as the most event to mankind, in all culminates in the Redemption world. In her offices, ceremonies she strives live with the greatest scenes of the great mystery.

**Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Ltd.**  
Montreal.

"Ogilvie's Book for a Cook," contains 120 pages of excellent recipes some never published before. Your grocer can tell you how to get it FREE.

ligion is rampant; men who on all other questions are peace-loving and enlightened, become insane, raging, as soon as they hear anyone speaking about the Church. For them, the Catholic Church is "the enemy;" the enemy of their families; of their lives. This judgment appears to them unanswerable. Whence comes this error? From the newspapers which they read, and which alone they read. From the irreligious newspapers full of hate, which press upon them everywhere, whilst nowhere can the Catholic press, when it does not exist, offer them an antidote.

"If this condition of things continues, it is certain that a fearful number of souls will be lost to religion. Therefore, the zeal of Catholics must be directed to put an end to this condition. As well as it has now succeeded, in this, a few years may destroy all. Either a revolution, or what is more to be feared, a legislature which is the enemy of religion, will destroy or devote to their own purpose what the faithful have built up with so much labor. Unless a miracle takes place, all the labors of Catholics will thus become useless, while the press is absolutely and entirely in the hands of their enemies.

"On the other hand, if the Catholics of France, like those of Germany, at present would take up the support of the press as the first and most important of all their good works; if they devote each year two or three million francs for this object, then the condition would change very suddenly. The faith would rise again in hundreds of thousands of intellects, because their souls would be enlightened."

**ARGUMENT FROM MOTION.**

Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J., in his admirable translation of St. Thomas Aquinas' "God and His Creatures," gives the saint's argument from motion as follows:

"Everything that is in motion is put and kept in motion by some other thing. It is evident to sense that there are beings in motion. A thing is in motion because something else puts and keeps it in motion. That mover, therefore, either is itself in motion or not. If it is not in motion, our point is gained which we propose to prove, namely, that we must posit something which moves other things without being itself in motion, and this we call God. But if the mover is itself in motion, then it is moved by some other mover. Either then we have to go on to infinity, or we must come to some mover which is motionless; but it is impossible to go to infinity; therefore we must posit some motionless prime mover. In this argument there are two propositions to be proved: that everything which is in motion is put and kept in motion by something else; and that in the series of movers and things moved it is impossible to go on to infinity."

**A Reasonable Theory about CANCER.**

There is a peculiar condition of the blood that favors the growth of cancer and neither knife nor plaster will effect a permanent cure without the aid of a constitutional treatment such as ours. Send 6 cents (stamps) and get the booklet and names of those cured without knife, plaster or pain. Stott & Jury, Bowmarville, Ont.

**ORDINATIONS.**  
Ordination ceremonies will be at the Cathedral on April 15th and 16th April. Also on April 16th at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, and at the Little Seminary of Ste. Therese de la ville.

**FAREWELL LECTURE BY FATHER PLEISS.**  
On Tuesday evening, April 16th, Father Pleiss, the preacher at Notre Dame, will give his farewell lecture at the National.



## Some Experiences of Father Charlebois, O.M.I.

Rev. Father Charlebois, O.M.I., the Indian missionary at Duck Lake, Sask., Canada, writes:

Last week I was called to see an old sick Indian. He was in a very small log hut. I could hardly stand up in it, the roof was so low; there were two little windows in it and the cold breeze was blowing through the cracks in the hut. He was lying on the bare floor with a thin blanket for a quilt. His wife was sitting on the floor near him, for there was no chair. She had an old torn shirt. Some children around her were nearly naked. The poor old man was in great pain.

"Nota, Nota," (Father, Father), said he, "I am going to die; try to make my soul live. Long ago I loved the war and I killed people, but since I know God, since the holy water of Baptism was poured on my forehead, I never did it again. I wish to see God, I put my life in His hands. He can do with me what He wills."

I gave him the sacraments and prepared him for death. I sent them all some clothing. Yesterday I carried some clothes to a very old blind woman. She is not able to work. She was delighted to get them. "Winakoma, winakoma," (thanks, thanks) she kept repeating, "tell the good people who sent these that they are charitable to the poor, like the Son of God. I thank them and I will pray for them from my heart."

Another family to whom I brought clothing were in terrible distress. The man and his wife are blind. He is very intelligent. "Look, Father," he said, "how poor we are; my wife and grandchildren and myself. We have nothing to protect us against this awful cold. When I was young I could kill the buffaloes. When the half-breed rebellion broke out in 1885, I was the only one who refused to take part in it. I did not want to fight nor kill any one. I was loyal to the white rulers of the Government. Now I and my family are wretched and naked, but those who sent us this clothing have kind hearts, for they relieve our misery. I hope they will give us more for next winter."

These few instances will give my benefactors an idea of how much good they can do by giving me clothing for my Indians. I will be glad to get any kind of good wearable garments for men, women and children. Civilized people like to change their garments when the season changes, and if they will send me those cast-off clothes I can do much good with them. Ship them to me in a strong bag by freight only. Be sure to mark it "Charity clothing," and put your name inside and outside of the bag. Try to get as much as possible among your friends.

Some charitable persons may prefer to send me offerings of money. I will be happy to receive it and will remember them before God's altar. A letter addressed to me at St. Michael's School, Duck Lake, Sask., Canada, will reach me.

Those who have never visited this immense country would wonder if I told them of my experiences. Here are a few. One June day in 1895 I started from my mission at Cumberland to go to see my Bishop at Prince Albert. I took three half-bred dogs with me, as they were good oarsmen. There are numerous marshes and rivers here, and it took us eight days to get there. Our provisions were nearly gone as we arrived there after great hardship and danger. We had left only three little owls which the men killed on the river shore. When we heard the engine whistle we knew that we were approaching Prince Albert. I was glad to get to the Bishop's house. Two of my brother priests welcomed me with great joy, for we had not met for a whole year. They made me take off my hat and they threw it into the fire because it was all burnt up from the broiling sun; my poor old hat, which had done me such good service; and as for my shoes, they would not let me cross again over the threshold of the door with them. They made me put on a new pair which they gave me. The good Bishop Pascal treated me with the tenderness of a father for a son. After a few happy days I started to return to my lonely mission. Bishop Pascal and the priests and brothers came to see us embark in our little canoe, named the "St. Joseph."

It was a perilous journey, for on the way back we had to pass over dangerous rapids. We had a sad parting after a joyous meeting. My Bishop and his companions waited on the shore to wave us out of sight as our little boat sped away on the Saskatchewan River. Before long we were in the country of the savages. In the morning I said Mass on the

shore in a tent and I begged the protection of God and His Blessed Mother. God guarded us, for our little barque went safely over the most dangerous point of all. This was an immense rock in the rapids on which, the previous summer, a steamboat had struck and been sunk. I uttered a fervent "Deo Gratias" as we went by. On we floated with the current for two days and two nights; then a contrary wind arose, and we lost a day, as we had to put into a bay for safety. At last I arrived at my lonely mission.

When I go to my Indians I bring pictures to instruct them. One shows the death of the just man, another is a picture of heaven, and one shows that of the devil and of hell.

The Protestant and pagan Indians also come sometimes to see them, although the minister forbids the Protestants to come near me. They crowd into the cabin or tent; then I tell them about the Catholic religion. Once when I showed some squaws the pictures they were greatly moved and said, "Is this, then, the one we are serving?" Then an old pagan squaw spoiled the good impression they had received by saying, "I saw the devil in a dream. He was at the door of the house of the man of prayer, and he told me not to go in there for he was going to carry him off to hell." It is such enemies as these pagans and also some Protestants, that a priest has to contend with. Satan does all in his power to keep the pagans in their superstition and ignorance. I beg of my readers to help me and the Indians by their prayers for us.

One winter day I went to visit the savages on their hunting grounds. It was very cold, and I had a Protestant guide with me and some good dogs to draw the sleds, and I wore my snowshoes. The night came on as we reached a large lake which we had to cross to get to an encampment of Indians. Both myself and the dogs were exhausted,

the guide continued ahead and I lost sight of him on account of the falling, powdery snow. Here, then, was I alone on the lake, the dogs lost track of the Indian's footsteps. I tried to hasten them, but my shouts were all in vain. They stopped short, and I was so weak that I could not go on. I felt as if I would drop with fatigue. I lay down on the sled and recommended myself to the care of the Blessed Virgin and my guardian angel. There was occasionally some light from the moon, then again a great darkness. After awhile the dogs moved on and I followed them on foot. I had confidence that the Holy Mother of the missionary would not desert me. I was not mistaken. She directed the steps of the dogs straight to an Indian encampment where my guide had already arrived. It was 9 o'clock in the evening. I was too sick to eat any food, instead I took a large dose of Painkiller, rolled a blanket around me and soon lost consciousness and remained so until daybreak, when to my great surprise I awoke refreshed; it was a new Father Charlebois.

We continued our journey and reached a camp where I met one of my first converts from Protestantism. He welcomed me to his tent. It was very low and small; I could not stand upright in it without striking my head against the poles which upheld it. For a bed we had pine branches. I wished to say Mass but it was impossible to do so, there was no table, not even a little space where I could place my portable altar. Neither could I hear confessions, for we were all huddled together. I told them that on my way back I would say the Mass in a larger tent. We went on, my

good dogs covering the 45 miles and bringing me at last to a village made up of four good Catholic families. They all ran out to meet me with a great welcome, clasping my hands. Those Indians love their priest. They gave me a little cabin to stay in. It was the best they had, but it was very cold in it.

They gathered around me and made me talk to them far into the night. Finally they let me take a rest. Next morning was Sunday. "How shall I say Mass here?" I asked; there was not a single table in the camp.

"Wait, father," said one of the most ingenious, "and I will arrange one for you."

"It is a short time he came and said:

"It is ready, Father."

I went and saw my altar case fixed onto the wall, held there by means of cords and poles, about 5 feet from the ground.

"This is the first time," said I,

"that I offered the Holy Sacrifice so near to heaven."

They spread an old carpet under my feet in respect for the priest and as I offered up the Mass they all sang together hymns in praise of God and of Mary Immaculate. This was the poverty of the stable of Bethlehem, still it gave me joy to see their devotion and I am sure that our Lord was pleased with them.

I stayed three days with these poor children of the woods. I baptized two infants, gave first Communion, heard the confessions of all and gave them the Bread of Life, which makes the heart strong.

Before I departed another family arrived from a distance of 30 miles.

They had heard that I was at the camp, and they wanted to speak to me and go to confession and communion. They had their children with them. It was 40 degrees below zero, I believe. Few whites would brave such a cold as that to go to confession.

In the Batoche reserve the Government agent lends me his little shed to say Mass in for my Indians.

I have no chapel there. The shed is 20 by 15 feet in size.

About six miles from Duck Lake there is a little shrine in a cave dug out of the side of a hill. A good Oblate Brother placed there a statue of the Blessed Virgin. The Indians go there to pray and to ask our Lady for her help. There have been cures and favors obtained at this humble shrine. It is very poor and exposed to the elements. The Queen of heaven deserves a better throne than this. If I had money I would build a little chapel to enclose it so I can.

Mass there. I will write again and tell you more of my missionary life.

Yours in the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary Immaculate,

FATHER O. CHARLEBOIS, O.M.I.

St. Michael's School,

Duck Lake, Sask., Canada.

Worms derange the whole system. Mother Graves' Worm exterminator deranges worms and gives rest to the sufferer. It only costs 25 cents to try it and be convinced.

### Newly Consecrated French Bishops.

The great crowd of visiting Frenchmen have left Rome for home with their fourteen new Bishops. Before going they had a very special and solemn audience with the Holy Father. Probably every Frenchman in Rome was present in the Sala Regia. The Holy Father sat surrounded by the new Bishops. Cardinal Mathieu addressed the Holy Father in the name of those present (over a thousand priests and laymen) with words of gratitude for the Holy Father's Encyclical and the consecration of the new Bishops. "Yesterday's ceremony," he said, "will be a unique memory for those who were privileged to see the Vicar of Christ consecrate the new pastors of Catholic France. In a little while they will go forth, like so many Bonifaces and Chrysostoms, to fight the battles that are to be crowned with victory. Those are the saviors of France," said his Eminence, pointing to the prelates, "and they are about to clear the way in which all Catholics of France will march for the triumph of their faith." Plus X's reply was brief, but very touching. He bade them have confidence in the Immaculate Virgin, be obedient to their Bishops and to the Holy See, close up their ranks and stand united around their pastors and the victory would certainly be theirs; and he repeated once more, that in all their trials and sufferings he would ever be with them in spirit, praying for the return of religious peace to their distracted country.

### Every Hour Delayed IN CURING A COLD IS DANGEROUS.

You have often heard people say: "It's only a cold, a trifling cough," but many a life history would read different if, on the first appearance of a cough, it had been remedied with

**DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP.**

It is a pleasant, safe and effectual remedy, that may be confidently relied upon as a specific for Coughs and Colds of all kinds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Pains in Chest, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, Cough, and all affections of the Throat and Lungs.

Mrs. Stephen E. Woods, Boston, Mass., writes: "I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup for Asthma, and have found it to be a grand medicine, always giving quick relief. We would not be without a bottle of it in the house."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is put up in a yellow wrapper. Three Pint Boxes are the trade mark and the price 25 cents at all dealers. Before substituted. Demand Dr. Wood's and me.

good dogs covering the 45 miles and bringing me at last to a village made up of four good Catholic families. They all ran out to meet me with a great welcome, clasping my hands. Those Indians love their priest. They gave me a little cabin to stay in. It was the best they had, but it was very cold in it. They gathered around me and made me talk to them far into the night. Finally they let me take a rest. Next morning was Sunday. "How shall I say Mass here?" I asked; there was not a single table in the camp.

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Worms derange the whole system. Mother Graves' Worm exterminator deranges worms and gives rest to the sufferer. It only costs 25 cents to try it and be convinced.

Boys in highway robbery, girls in wine-rooms and dance halls. These are the spectacles that are sending sword thrusts of pain and grief into parental hearts all over the land this winter and every winter and every season of every year in this and every land, and perhaps especially in this land, where parental authority is apt to relax and youthful blood run riot in quest for excitement, adventure and fun. Every city is agitated over its wild boys and wild girls. What is to be said, what is to be done?

In one of those powerful drawings with which John T. McCutcheon occasionally searches the secret heart of American life, the Chicago Tribune points out what it calls "the root of the boy burglar evil." Father and mother are portrayed at home, reading accounts of juvenile highwaymen in the evening paper, and wondering where "Willie" is.

The lesson is implied, but it is plain: a boy's parents should know where he spends his evenings and know that he spends them in right and proper ways.

Sociology has run to seed in the propensity to attribute every individ-

## RAINY RIVER MAN HAD TROUBLES

Till Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured his Kidneys.

Then his Rheumatism and Other Pains Vanished Once and for All—His Case Only One of Many.

Barwick, Ont., April 2.—(Special.)

—That Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure Rheumatism, or any other disease resulting from disordered Kidneys, is the experience of many of the settlers in this Rainy River country. The case of William John Dixon, of this place, is a fair sample of the work the great Canadian Kidney Remedy is doing.

"I had Rheumatism so bad I had to use a stick to walk. I had pains in my back and right hip, and I had no comfort in sleeping."

"I could no more dress or undress myself for nearly three weeks I could not lace my right shoe."

"My brother advised me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, and I did so. After taking three boxes I could walk around and lace up my shoes and do my work. Six boxes cured me completely."

Dodd's Kidney Pills are the one sure cure for sick Kidneys. Sick Kidneys are the cause of nine-tenths of the ills the human family suffers from.

### SHOOTING STARS.

Many of us, in watching the heavens on a still, clear night, have seen what we call "shooting stars." In certain periods of the year these flying balls of light are quite common—so much so that we catch ourselves wondering where they all go to; and what the results would be if one should fall at our feet. These "shooting stars" are all forms of meteorites, only they never reach the earth because of the fire which consumes them. They are masses of burning gases, fluids and solids, the extraordinary speed at which they are travelling and the effect of the atmosphere through which they fly consuming them as they come within measuring distance of the earth, as an astronomer explains for the benefit of New York Times readers.

The meteorites of larger body which fall upon the ground are of particular interest to students of the earth, because they give to us almost direct evidence regarding the composition of the interior of our own globe. Visitors at the museum gaze at the great lumps of dark-brown metal, read the information card, and wonder perhaps at the labor and money spent to transport such weights thousands of miles from some far away hole in the ground to New York city. Only the more observant notice the pitting, hollowing and channelling along the sides of the objects, caused by the tremendous friction of the densely compressed air through which the meteorites passed at the rate of many metres per second on their way to earth. What must have been the light effect when meteors like these fell! It is recorded that when the Athens meteorite appeared in 1873 all of Greece was momentarily lighted. Imagine, then, how great and dazzling must have been the illumination within a radius of one hundred miles when the Willamette weighing nearly fourteen tons, came to earth in Oregon.

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JOURNAL—Established 1866; incorporated 1870. Meets in 92 St. Alexander Hall, Monday of the month. Wed., Rev. Director, P.P.; Vice-President, 1st Vice-President; 2nd Vice-President, W. Durack; Secretary, W. J. Secretary, T. P.

A. & B. SO.—The second Sunday in St. Patrick's Church, at the corner of Management Hall on the 17th of the month, at 8 A.M. Rev. Jas. Kelly; Rev. H. Kelly; Rev. Kelly; 13 Valles

DA, Branch 26 November, 1888. New Hall (In- 1 St. Catherine's meetings for of business are and 3rd Friday at eight o'clock: Spiritual Kiloran; Chancery; President, Vice-President, 2nd Vice-President; Recording Secretary, Dolan, 16 Over- Rec. Sec., E. J. Secretary, Jas. St. Urban et al.; Kelly; Marshal, J. A. Hause, W. A. Hodges, D. J. McCallis, Jas. Cahill; H. J. Harrerill and Dr. M.

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THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1866.

## THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

SOLITARY ISLAND  
A NOVEL  
BY REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH

## CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

Mrs. Buck had tea on the table when they returned, and was ready with all sorts of questions about their drive and business, which Ruth eluded for an hour and which Mrs. Winifred laughed at without answering at all, while Mr. Buck was snubbed for endeavoring to put a stop to the flow of his wife's questions. Sara's perseverance would have succeeded in eliciting every particular of the afternoon but for the unexpected appearance of Billy from the whist party in a state of speechless delight. There was a beaming smile lodged in every wrinkle of his countenance as he opened the door and appeared among them, waving his hand as if to accompany unuttered speech and looking oceans of benevolence on every one about him.

"How can I know them all?" said Barbara plaintively. "There are so many clever, desirable people come and go, and these cities are so large. But if you will bring him to lunch at three or dinner at six I shall be happy to know him."

"Of course you will," said the squire, with a loud sneer. "But I won't bring him; you won't know him, since you didn't look on him before. Why, he and Ruth were going to be married once."

"Why, father!" said Ruth, with an emphasis that startled the squire into such a consciousness of his blunder that he got angry.

"Are you ashamed of it?" said he.

"No; but then it's unnecessary to speak of such things to every one," said Ruth disdainfully.

"Just as you say," snapped the squire. "But I'll bring him over, Barberly, and you can see just what a fool Ruth can make of herself once every five years."

"Not oftener?" said Ruth merrily. "Now, if Barbara could see—"

"What a fool I can make of myself once a day, you want to say? Well, say it and be hanged," said the squire. "But I know a good man when I see him, and I'd hang on to him if I was a woman. So I'll bring him, Barberly, shall I?"

"By all means," said Barbara sweetly; "and perhaps we may arrange matters so that Ruth may not be so hard-hearted another time."

Ruth had long been aware of Ruth's intention to visit Brooklyn, although he had not yet learned of her presence in the city. After Ruth had packed her trunks and started all Claytonburg to its depths by her calm announcement of being absent a year or two, Mrs. Buck gave her reverend husband no peace until he had arranged a business trip to New York for himself and family. They had numerous invitations from clerical brethren there, and the bishop's wife in particular had urged Mr. Buck to bring Sara into the spiritual circles of New York because of the edifying effect a Catholic convert would have on the general brethren. Mr. Buck, knowing the exact calibre of his convert, was not anxious that his friends should get too close a view, for Mrs. Buck was given to disclosing details of domestic life that reflected sadly on his rightful position in his own household. However, he felt obliged to grant her this favor, and they transferred themselves in August to New York, and were domiciled at his lordship's residence very pleasantly. She called on Florian in state the very next day after her arrival, and was received so kindly, and even tenderly, and was so delighted with his very fashionable boarding-house and madame and her daughter, that it went deeply to her

"And so Ruth is here," said Florian meditatively.

"Yes, yes," said Sara, "and she is to make her appearance in polite society, her debut; and I am sure she will create a sensation beside that chit of a Barbara Merrion with her bold ways. Ruth's eyes were always grand, and she looked one through and through. Then she was so truthful, and it will be splendid to see those big, truthful eyes piercing some little liar of a flirt looking for a favor."

"Your language!" said Mr. Buck reprovingly.

"Oh! nonsense, Dunstan." Mr. Buck was christened Dunstan, and Sara thus abbreviated it. "We are in New York now, and the world's ears are miles away. I do envy her. Oh! to come out once, to make a debut in pink silk, lace, roses and diamonds! I hate the humdrum life of Claytonburg! I thought to get out of it by marrying, but Mr. Buck will die there, and I too, I suppose."

"And so Ruth is really here," said Florian, with a heavy sigh.

He was face to face with his destiny, and it was not inviting. He had not heard Sara's chatter.

"Why, yes," said the minister's wife, "she's here, though why the squire has not been over is a mystery. He thinks so much of you. And he has the idea that this trip is to bring about your marriage with Ruth."

"Pshaw!" said Florian, smiling, and oh, so pleased. "That matter is dead and buried, and monumental long ago."

"But this is a world of resurrections," said Mr. Buck cheerfully.

"You are not such a bad fellow after all," thought Florian.

"And you're not the same Florian," said Sara. "Oh! you can't imagine how you've changed for the better. But Ruth has changed, too, and when she has society running after her, the great and the handsome and the rich, you will find it hard to overtake her. Lose no time, Florian, at the start, and look and act and speak your best." At which advice Florian smiled.

Miss D. G. Douglass, Office, One, writes: "For over a year I was troubled with nervousness and heart trouble. I decided to give Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills a trial, and after taking five boxes I was completely cured. I always recommend them to my friends."

"She isn't such a match for a great man like you, Florian, after all," she said, "when you can have your pick, as Madame Lynch told me, of the greatest and finest ladies; and then you're not rich, and women mostly take the rich men you're a journalist—got mixed up



Perfect Brightness and Clearness.

and leave the poor ones for tight corners. I wouldn't be a tight-corner husband for the whole world."

And she looked vindictively at Mr. Buck, who cowered and trembled at her refined personality.

"But every one knows how much you did think of her, Flory," continued Sara, as she prepared to leave; "and it wouldn't be any surprise to know that you married her. Indeed, some think she came down on purpose to arrange the matter, but I know better. You wouldn't mind her religion now, of course. You've got over that, as I always told Dunne you would when you got older and saw more of religions that weren't your own."

158 Elizabeth St., TORONTO, ONT.

I cannot sufficiently express my thanks to you for the good Father Koenig's Nerve Tonic has done me only the evident wish that you may continue in your human mission. I owe you a debt of gratitude that I shall always remember.

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heart not to be able to accept his invitation to remain. However, she dined there with her husband, and Florian found himself very high in the estimation of certain of the boarders when it was known that he had a sister, an Episcopalian by conviction and the wife of a minister and that he seemed to think so highly of her and her husband and his bright nephew. He felt a little pleasure in it, too. It gave the family the appearance of being liberal and added much to his popularity. Then he dined in turn at the bishop's and was treated with the highest distinction; and although it was nothing new to him to receive such treatment, it was because of his own exaltation of soul. There was a subdued brilliancy in his manner and his conversation, and he felt like the opium eater, just raised above the common things of the world, and yet seeing all through so rare and beautiful a medium. Ruth was the medium, and because of her young woman of delicate feature and common mind seemed exalted into an angel. He remembered, too, that she was Ruth's alternate. If Ruth failed him—and was it not likely?—he would make an effort for this girl's heart and hand.

Inquiry showed that Ruth was not in the city and the Merrions had returned from a summer tour only a day or two before. He could not hope to see her for a month yet, and in the press of business he began to recover his old calculation and was soon roaming over the ground on which he stood. It was not safe. What did Ruth care for him now? And how could he with any consistency think of a marriage with her, a Protestant, whom he had rejected once because of her Protestantism? The latter question he did not discuss with himself because it depended so much on the first, and really he did not think it a matter of as much importance as formerly. It was done every day among his fellow-Catholics. It was a sort of local necessity, so few were his co-religionists and so many the other side. He had been a little stiff and severe in these matters when in the backwoods under Pere Rougevin's direction, and Ruth herself had been no better. He really thought the question beyond discussion. Custom had already settled the matter. The real difficulty was Ruth's own feelings. Did she no longer care for him? He was a different man from the young fellow of three years ago, more polished, more cultivated, influential, looking up to and flattered. These things might have an effect on Ruth, and then she would see how faithful he had been in spite of his surroundings, how true to the old love, how hopeful; and love begets love, the poet says.

The squire, coming round in late September, found him in the midst of a cloud of unsatisfactory thoughts.

"How do, boy?" said he, poking through the half-open door his red, jovial face, and speaking as unconcernedly as if he had seen Florian a hour past. Florian jumped as if shot, and paled, while the squire roared and squeezed his hands again and again, and turned him around to look at him, and was full of delight and surprise at the changes he saw. The noise the old man made attracted another red jovial face to the door.

"Friends, b'y?" said Peter, recognizing some affinity in the squire. "May I come in?"

"Certainly," said the squire. "Friend of yours, Flory?"

"Yes," said Florian, vexed, but glad of the intrusion, too. "This is Peter Carter, journalist, a great man in his way."

"Friends, b'y?" said Peter, wringing the squire's hand fiercely, while Pendleton said:

"Not at all, man," said Peter, "where did you pick him up? A sort of Irish exile, b'y?"

"You've heard of old Pendleton, if you're a journalist—got mixed up

and leave the poor ones for tight corners. I wouldn't be a tight-corner husband for the whole world."

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"But every one knows how much you did think of her, Flory," continued Sara, as she prepared to leave; "and it wouldn't be any surprise to know that you married her. Indeed, some think she came down on purpose to arrange the matter, but I know better. You wouldn't mind her religion now, of course. You've got over that, as I always told Dunne you would when you got older and saw more of religions that weren't your own."

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SURPRISE  
A PURE HARD SOAP.

with the two governments in MacKenzie's rebellion."

Florian felt that this chattering was cutting him deeply somewhere and bringing blood, but he said nothing and he was glad when his visitors were gone and he could think over the matter alone. Ruth was in Brooklyn, then? What was he going to do about it, and why should his heart beat faster with a feeling of dread and delight mingled? Her coming had no meaning for him, as he had long ago determined. But he could not help thinking of her, and picturing out the details of their first meeting, and weaving visions of days to come. What a new thing his life would be if the persuasions of the old days should prevail with her and their lives go on as he had dreamed, together! He was not able to reason the matter calmly just at that time, and when he happened to meet Frances in the sitting-room on his return he was more gracious to her than he had been since the production of Paul's drama a year ago. This was because of his own exaltation of soul. There was a subdued brilliancy in his manner and his conversation, and he felt like the opium eater, just raised above the common things of the world, and yet seeing all through so rare and beautiful a medium. Ruth was the medium, and because of her young woman of delicate feature and common mind seemed exalted into an angel. He remembered, too, that she was Ruth's alternate. If Ruth failed him—and was it not likely?—he would make an effort for this girl's heart and hand.

Peter, raising his glass, "May her blood never get thinner than her potheen."

"Good!" answered the squire with a roar; "and here's to old England and be damned to her!"

"Better yet, Florian, this is quite an Irishman ye have for a friend, if I might judge from his sentiments—he, b'y?"

"And one would say so to see," said Peter, "and the same o' me. Would ye mind taking a drink at Florian's expense?"

"Jes' as you say, sir." And Florian placed the bottles on the table, rejoicing to hear the fearful coughing in which the two old men indulged before scorching their throats with their brandy.

"Here's to ould Ireland," said Peter, raising his glass. "May her blood never get thinner than her potheen."

"Good!" answered the squire with a roar; "and here's to old England and be damned to her!"

"Better yet, Florian, this is quite an Irishman ye have for a friend, if I might judge from his sentiments—he, b'y?"

"Irishman!" said the squire. "More Irish than he is with his cool, political blood that'll stand anything and smile, I've known that boy, Carter, since he was born, almost, and he was jes' as cool then as he is now. Not enough blood in him to like anything weaker than liquid fire, and that only heated him. I tried to marry him to a daughter of mine once, but she wouldn't stand it—no, sir, wouldn't stand it."

"It's not well to think of it," said Florian, who did not wish to give the garrulous squire even a hint of his own feelings. "I am a politician; love does not enter into my calculations of marriage as it once did."

"No, I s'pose not," said the squire dubiously and grief-stricken; "but then I might have known you'd be changed, and more particular, now that you're famous."

"It isn't that," said Florian—"oh, no, not that. I think very much of Ruth, but then I would not trouble her over again with a suit that would not be to her liking."

"If that's all we'll arrange it to her liking, my boy."

But for all his cheerfulness the squire felt more doubtful about his project than he had at any time since its conception. They went at once to Brooklyn, and arrived in time for lunch, and the meeting, which in Florian's mind was to have been a masterpiece of subdued emotion and passion, turned out as ordinary as could be desired.

"How do you do, Ruth," said the handsome politician, with some relief in seeing how little changed Ruth was.

"I am very well, Florian, but I find it hard to recognize you," was the frank reply as she pressed his cold hands with her warm ones and gazed so calmly into his twitching face. "It is Florian," she said, again, "but oh! how changed. Barbara, let me introduce you to my friend Mr. Wallace. Florian, Mrs. Merrion."

He hardly saw the beautiful fairy that bowed to him, but the fairy saw him with all her eyes and pronounced him a perfect man; saw, too, what simple Ruth did not, that he was agitated at the meeting, and judged, from the squire's beaming delight and Ruth's ordinary manner, that the romance blurted out by the squire was long ago ended much against the wishes of these two men. But Ruth was susceptible, and Florian was society's ideal of a model man—cold, impassioned, beautiful, and polished, and a genius, perhaps with a great destiny. What might not come of a new understanding, and the new lives that both had entered on? Never was a meeting of old friends so ordinary. The lunch had no brilliancy, save from that which Barbara lent to it, and Florian's eyes were feasting on Ruth and his ears drinking in her words, although he did not fail to pay that attention to Mrs. Merrion which habit gives to the true society man. It piqued Barbara a little and gave her the usual resolution which the disappointed coquette makes on such occasions, that Florian should pay with interest at some future time for his neglect of her. When he was going he received his invitation to the musical party.

"Nonsense, b'y!" said Peter gayly. "Never leave the bottle half-full."

As there was no help for it, Florian put away the brandy with a smile, and with the remark that at any time they would be pleased to see Peter, and Mr. Pendleton would be happy to improve his acquaintance.

"Happy!" said the squire, delighted! "Haven't met your equal, Carter, since I came to New York. You shall have an introduction to my daughter, and an invitation to Mrs. Merrion's music-party! We'll get in some quiet room and play whilst and drink punch till morning. What do you say?"

"Your heart's in the right place, my b'y," said Peter, "and your throat, too, an' both guide your head. Same way with Peter. I accept; I'll go if a thousand stood in the way and I'll help ye mend matters, an' give ye the benefit o' my experience in the town: an' if ye want a hand in the little matter—"

"Good-morning," said Florian abruptly, almost pushing Peter outside the door, where he stood for some time indignant, and thought of going back to fling defiance in Florian's face; but as that might imperil his chances of improving the squire's acquaintance, he refrained and withdrew.

"A first-class character," said the squire, "a real surprise. Where did you pick him up? A sort of Irish exile, b'y?"

"Yes," said Florian, vexed, but glad of the intrusion, too. "This is Peter Carter, journalist, a great man in his way."

"Friends, b'y?" said Peter, wringing the squire's hand fiercely, while Pendleton said:

MORAL INFLUENCE  
OF THE STAGE

Views of an Evangelist and a Dramatic Critic—Two Kinds of Dangerous Plays, the Immoral and the Flippant.

Mr. William B. Sage, the able and clear-sighted dramatic critic of the Cleveland Leader, makes some wholesome and suggestive comments on the remarks of an English evangelist, the Rev. Dr. Reuben A. Torrey, on the moral influence of the stage. Dr. Torrey is at present conducting a revival in Philadelphia, and in an interview with a representative of the Evening Telegraph, of that city, he spoke of the theatre as follows:

"My position is that the theatre is a safe place for the Christian to stay away from. I do not speak from hearsay or from theory, but from knowledge. I formerly attended the theatre, and know it.

"I want to be understood as not for a moment declaring that all actors are impure and immoral, and I think that Clement Scott went too far. But take the life of most of them. They seem to think that they are exempt from all canons of morality, and put their belief into practice.

"Most plays are directed at the domestic relation, and are subversive of and insidiously attack the domestic state. Theoretically, the theatre can be made an educational influence and a force for good in the life of a people, but in practice it cannot.

"My observation is that the morals of the stage are worse now than they ever were, and I know what I speak of. I know young woman, pure and good, who went on the stage. I went abroad, and when I returned I found that she was playing parts calling for men's attire.

"I have frequently received letters from actors drawing my attention to the many noble men and women of the stage, but in each instance these men and women were dead.

"Once in London I met the greatest actor in Europe, and we had a long talk upon this very question, and when we were finished I was more satisfied than ever of the impossibility of the stage.

"There is nothing for a Christian to do but to stay away from the theatre. Its atmosphere is bad, and it raises questions in the minds of young people that are unnecessarily dangerous. I believe in relaxation and amusement for people, but not those of the theatre. In my congregations I have had theatregoers and non-theatregoers, and the latter always enjoyed life more quietly and peacefully than the former."

Commenting upon Mr. Torrey's views, Mr. Sage says:

"There is food for thought in much that Dr. Torrey says. Indeed, if I am not much mistaken, much of the criticism he makes has been in our minds also, and no one can accuse us of antagonism to the stage. In fact, our love for it makes us its sternest critics at times.

"We can pass over without much comment his remarks upon the unwholesome atmosphere of the stage and its pernicious effect on the youthful mind. All it needs is the qualification 'sometimes.' \* \* \*

"We can guard against these brazen, fleshly plays, however. The honest-minded writer about the stage will point out their dangers. The greater evil lies in the subtle undermining of character which follows upon laughing attacks made upon domestic life.

"If you have witnessed any of the farces that have been popular in the past score of years, you will recall that they have all been variants of one theme. And that was the hoodwinking of a wife by a larky husband.

"The changes that have been rung on this one idea show greater ingenuity than morality on the part of the dramatists. They have not only put the husband in a single situation—an entanglement, more or less serious, with a woman—but they have found a thousand and one ways extricating him from it.

The danger of such plays lies in the way that the audience receives them quite as much as that in which they are presented. The complications are always so humorous that they convulse the auditor. And when you laugh at evil you condone it.

"I am not a prude, and I don't wish to be preacher, but there is a great danger here, and a growing one. The whole social situation doesn't make, as it should, for the sanctity of married life and its preservation. The follies of the world have too great a grip upon both husband and wife. They do not trot in double harness as smoothly as they did; they do not try to get my glass and never touch it."

each other's gait, as was once the case.

"Under such conditions it is a positive evil to have the stage make mock of marital misdemeanors with all of its misplaced eloquence and ingenuity. It is like touching a torch to tow in some cases. In all it is destructive.

"The danger, too, does not lie alone in the way the masculine mind grasps it. There is also a perverse feminine education. It teaches the wife that what is sauce for the goose is also sauce for the gander. And it puts before young girls who are contemplating marriage—which means them all, for there is none predestined to spinsterhood—a false and unwholesome idea of the world. It makes them suspicious. It breeds a distrust that may in turn breed something worse.

"Now the average woman doesn't believe in man. It is part of her creed to hold him as wicked or full of potential wickedness. If she is a domestic body, loyal to her own fireside, she will exclude her own male relatives. But the rest of the world is tarred with a big black stick. When the stage emphasizes this belief, or this unbelief, rather, when it shows man as errant in his love and chortling over it, then it demands the denunciation of the layman, and the scourging of the clergy far more than in its open, flagrant fleshiness."

## SAFETY FOR CHILDREN.

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## AUTHOR and PLAYRIGHT.

Joseph I. C. Clarke, president of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick of New York, has dramatized the late General Lew Wallace's famous book, the "Prince of India," and is now in Chicago supervising its first production there. It is expected that the play will be the dramatic event of the year. Mr. Clarke wrote a play with Robert Emmet as its hero for the late Sir Henry Irving, but the English Government would not sanction its production in London.

Joseph Ignatius Constantine Clarke, editor and playwright, was born at Kingstown, July 31, 1846.

At the age of twelve years he went to London with his family and in 1863 became a clerk in the Board of Trade.

In 1868 as he was an ardent Fenian he resigned his position and went to Paris. Thence he came to the United States, where he has since resided. In 1873 he married Mary Agnes Cahill and has two sons. He served from 1868 to 1870 as assistant editor of the Irish Republic. In the latter year he joined the editorial staff of the New York Herald, and continued in its service until 1883, when he became managing editor of the New York Morning Journal, which position he held until 1895. From 1898 to 1900 he was editor of the Criterion. He then again joined the Herald's staff, and was until recently editor of its Sunday edition.

Mr. Clarke is the author of "Robert Emmet," a tragedy, "Malmorra," a beautiful metrical romance, and of various plays. He is the author of the "Fighting Race," probably the best poem of the Spanish-American war, and a pronounced favorite of President Roosevelt, who also glories in a strain of Irish blood. "Rough Rider" Bucky O'Neill, read at the last St. Patrick's day dinner of the Friendly Sons, sang of those of Gaelic birth or parentage, whose bravery immortalized that regiment in the war with Spain.

IGNORANCE IS BLISS.

"Don't you think," asked Mrs. Oldcastle, "that everybody is affected more or less by environment?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Packham,

"if they're foolish enough to take

such things, but I always turn down

as they did; they do not try to get

my glass and never touch it."

## The Art of Listening

Criticism of opera, concert or drama has been confined hitherto to the character of the work, the quality of the performance, the accomplishments or lack of accomplishment of the artists. That some enlargement of this conventional field is possible and profitable is evidently the view of a writer in the Craftsman, who indulges in a lengthy criticism of the American opera audience. "The opera audience," she says (for it is a woman who writes), "is the least cultured musically of any American music-attending audience." Passing this by as an assertion difficult of proof even if true, there is little doubt that the ways and manners of audiences—not only in New York, but here and everywhere—often afford ample ground for criticism. Not because they are unmusical, as that is something they perhaps cannot help, but for various sins of omission and commission.

In analyzing the opera audience the Craftsman critic is undoubtedly right in assuming that "people go to the opera for many reasons besides love of music." They go because it is the fashion, to see one another, to gratify a curiosity, or, at the best, for the sake of a favorite singer. Others go as they would to a lecture, armed with books of "motives," scores and annotated programmes. Then there are those whose imaginations have become inflamed by the newspaper notoriety accorded to the principle singers, and who spend their time identifying and gossiping. It is charitable to assume that these people are enjoying the performance in their own way and do not realize that they are ruining the pleasure of others with different tastes. Finally, there is the frankly social element, which talks through the music and departs with silken rustle at the precise moment to spoil a climax.

All the sharp criticism directed against these things by the writer in the Craftsman is deserved, and might be applied with equal force to audiences other than those which attend the opera. There are unnecessary distractions at all musical gatherings. The art of listening stands in need of cultivation. Various writers have endeavored to tell us how to do this, but a more important matter still is how not to interfere with the listening of others. First, there are the tardy comers, most of whom would be just as many minutes late were the hour of beginning set at midnight instead of eight o'clock. Our ears are assailed by the general squeak of things—the door, the seat, the usher's shoes. There is the rustle of programmes, the dropping of umbrellas. The air of the concert room has a peculiarly stimulating effect upon the unfortunate afflicted with nasal and bronchial troubles. And the talker—or, rather, the growler—is in evidence at the symphony concert, the piano or the violin recital no less than at the opera, and with even more disturbing effect. Without specifying further, it is clear that anyone who goes to a concert and succeeds in hearing anything well must be a person of mental strength.

Then there is the matter of applause. Some music lovers maintain that all applause is to be condemned. They declare it to be a disturbing habit acquired by the unthoughtful from the antics of those who are naturally incapable of appreciation. Certain it is that under present conditions, applause is an utterly meaningless distraction. Like the gentle rain of heaven, it falls alike on the just and the unjust. It springs from the present-day habit of tenor and prima donna worship, the deification of the virtuoso, the exaltation of the interpreter above the composer. Does the splitting of gloves and pounding of feet betoken appreciation of artistic effort? Seldom, indeed, compared with the number of times it denotes the desire to force the artist to do more than he has agreed. Ill-timed, boisterous and often uncalled-for applause is but another disturbing factor of the concert room. Let the Craftsman critic continue her good work. The field is a broad one. Reforms come slowly enough at the best, but without agitation they never come at all.

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Potatoes—Per bag of 80 lbs., 60¢ to 65¢.

Honey—White clover in comb, 13¢ to 14¢ per pound section; extract, 8¢ to 9¢; buckwheat, 6¢ to 6½¢.

Provisions—Heavy Canadian short cut pork, \$21.50; light short cut, \$20; American short cut, \$20.00; American cut clear fat back, \$20.00; compound lard, 7c to 7½¢; Canadian pure lard, 11½¢ to 12½¢; ketone rendered, 12½¢ to 12½¢; ham, 13c to 14½¢, according to size; breakfast bacon, 16c; Windsor bacon, 15c; fresh killed abattoir dressed hogs, \$9.75 to \$10; country dressed, \$9.75 to \$9.25; alive, \$7.50 to \$7.75 for selects.

Eggs—New laid, 16¢ to 17¢ per dozen; storage and limed, 18¢ nominal.

Butter—Choicest creamery, 22½¢ to 23¢; undergrades, 20½¢ to 22¢; dairy, 16½¢ to 18¢.

Cheese—Ontario, 13¢ to 13½¢.

Ashes—First pots, \$5.10; seconds, \$4.60 to \$4.65; third, \$3.70; first pearls, \$6.50 to \$6.60.

## GRAIN MARKETS.

The flour market is moderately active, and there is a better tone in evidence, though prices are kept steady.

Rolled oats are easy in tone, and trade is quiet on the local market. Prices are rather unsettled, and the tendency is to buy only for actual requirements. Quotations to-day range from \$1.90 to \$1.95 per bag for small orders, and \$1.85 for wholesale lots.

Cornmeal is quiet and steady at \$1.30 to \$1.40 per bag.

Oats maintained their firm position to-day in spite of a small enquiry and very light trading. No. 2 white, ex-store are offered at 39¢ per bushel; No. 3 at 38½¢, and No. 4 at 37½¢.

The hay trade is quiet and prices are unchanged.

## THE

## S. CARSLEY CO. LIMITED

THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1906.

Store closes at 5:30 daily.

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The Greatest Silk Sale Ever Planned!

Tens of thousands of yards of lovely silk will be offered at the lowest prices ever heard of in Canada.

Thousands of ladies—aye, men too, will join Dame Fashion's procession to The Big Store to participate in the greatest Silk Bargains it has ever been our good fortune to offer. The Company has just completed the purchase of three manufacturers' stocks of fine Silks, probably the largest deal of its kind ever brought to such a successful issue in Canada.

The price concessions were so liberal that we are enabled to hand the lovely textiles over to our customers at unheard of prices.

AT 39¢—BLACK TAFFETA SILK—This is a beautiful, heavy, bright finish French fabric, usually sold for 50¢. Sale price ... 39¢

AT 54¢—Fancy Louisine Silk, in new Dresden designs and all ladies' shirt waists, Regal 75¢ value. Sale price ... 54¢

AT 72¢—French Chiffon Taffeta Silk, finest quality and a special spring importation. Regular 80¢. Sale price ..... 72¢

AT 37¢—Black Louise Silk, with bright satin finish, a most desirable fabric for ladies' blouses. Regular 45¢. Sale price ..... 37¢