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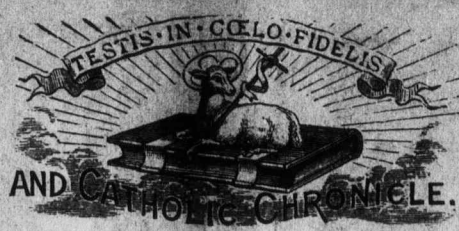
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What Would Leo XIII Have Done

On every side we hear the people saying: "Had Leo XIII. lived this French trouble would have been prevented." Not a few Catholics are half convinced that it is so. But that is an illusion originating in lack of knowledge, says The Messenger. Pius X. did not provoke this fight. It was raging long before he mounted the Pontifical throne. As far back as 1880, Waldeck-Rousseau framed a law which made it a penal offense to be a member of a Religious Congregation, and only the troubles arising from Gambetta's death, Boulangerism, the Wilson decorations, the Panama scandals and the like prevented its enforcement. On April 2nd of the same year, Clemenceau unfolded the entire plan to the Grand Orient, saying: "If, after the suppression and dispersal of the Religious Congregations, the abrogation of the Concordat, and the general secularizing of the schools and other public institutions, the Catholics preserve any influence in the country, it will be easy to extirpate them entirely in the name of the common law by rendering the services of religion impossible, by the application of some article or other contained in the Penal Code. Therefore, whilst merely asking for the separation of the Church from the State—an excellent formula, since it can be so agreeably presented to the people—the Republican party must in reality pursue its ultimate object, that of suppressing the Church in the State." This programme of twenty-six years ago has been carried out to the letter, and Leo noted every step in its destructive development. It was while he was still living that Waldeck-Rousseau re-enacted his malignant law of 1880 in his declaration of November 14, 1899, that if he could suppress the Congregations he could secure a billion francs for working-men's pensions. He passed the law and then handed its execution to Combes, who hurried it on without the slightest regard to justice or decency. Leo XIII. saw all that. He knew, as Viviani had declared in the Chambers, that it was only one of the steps in the plan which they proposed to carry out to the bitter end, jusqu'au bout. The aged Pontiff witnessed all this ruin which he had vainly endeavored to avert by every conceivable concession, even imposing on French Catholics the severest possible test of their loyalty to the Holy See. He saw that all his indulgence, all his kindness, all his concessions had been absolutely futile, and it is thought that the calamity which he had utterly failed to prevent hastened his end. This heritage of woe he handed down to his successor.

It is idle to say that the diplomatic tact of Leo XIII. would have prevented the crash. Leo XIII. would have resented the visit of Pre-

sident Loubet, or he would have renounced the principle upon which his quarter of a century of seclusion in the Vatican was based. He exacted a diplomatic courtesy of which Pius X. has never dreamed, and, indeed, is almost incapable of. Leo XIII. would have demanded the resignation of the two unhappy bishops who were used as instruments by the French government to precipitate the crisis, or he would have proclaimed himself a partisan of vice and rebellion. He could not have accepted a radical alteration in the constitution of the Church or promote schism in abolishing the dependence of priests and bishops on the Pope, especially as what was conceded to France would have been demanded elsewhere; he could not possibly have approved of a measure which every man who has any regard to the rights of property must pronounce to be spoliation; he could not have assented to what had long been openly proclaimed by its abettors to be the extinction of all religion in France; nor could he have assented to the final insult which the last phase of the law could have presented to him, of letting his clergy be merely occupiers of their own churches, and dependent on the decree of a Minister who may change it to-morrow, and who, while cynically granting this leave, is turning the priests and bishops out of their homes and sending the seminarians into barracks. All the diplomacy of the world would not have forestalled the execution of a programme which was formulated in 1870, was actively begun in 1879, by Grey's Ministry, whose eleven members counted four Protestants, five conspicuous Freemasons and two of foreign or schismatic origin, and which is now manipulated in its final stages by a Minister of Worship who says "we must have done with this idea of Christianity"; a Minister of Labor who boasts of "having extinguished the light of heaven with a magnificent gesture"; and a Prime Minister who, with indecent ribaldry, boasts that he is "a son of the devil." Anyone who fancies that such people can be mollified by concessions is welcome to his opinion.

Pius X. will no doubt be defeated in this battle which is not of his making; which has been deliberately provoked, but which would never have been undertaken against a stronger power. Wreck may be piled upon wreck before it is ended; but after the anarchists of France have wrought their own destruction, and perhaps that of their country, the principles of justice and liberty will have to be re-asserted, a society established on law and order, not on the passion of the political plunderer who has seized the reins of Government, a regenerated society will have to be organized and in that rehabilitation the Church will be called to assist.

ways be celebrated, and dealt especially with the struggle in France, which, he said, was particularly painful to him, as he loved the "most noble nation, whose sorrows and joys I consider my own, instead of being those of her French rulers, who, after arbitrarily denouncing the Concordat, violently despoiling the Church, and failing to recognize the ancient and true glory of the country, tried to uproot the remains of religion by committing all kinds of excesses, even those most repugnant to French politicians, violating with the gravest offence every public and private law and custom. In so doing they calumniated the episcopacy and clergy, tried to separate them from the Holy See, and purposely utilized the national institutions to further their anti-religious war, so as to be able to accuse the Holy See of being in opposition to French popular institutions, which, in reality, were always recognized and respected."

Continuing the Pope said he was much pleased with the splendid concord shown by the French bishops and clergy, who remained faithful to the Holy See, hoping for better days for France and the Church. He was confident they would not cease their sacred duty and work for the benefit of so beloved a people, adding:

"To hatred they will oppose love, to error truth, and to insults and maledictions, forgiveness. I pray God to end this persecution of religion and permit the Church to re-acquire her liberty. Even non-Catholics certainly are lovers of civilization, and honesty must agree with us that this would add to the common good and prosperity of the country."

Immediately after speaking, the Pope proceeded to the creation of the new Cardinals, asking of each appointee if the members of the Sacred College approved his choice, which is only a formula, as the cardinals answered affirmatively by merely lifting their red caps. As soon as this ceremony was over, the names of the new Cardinals were read.

After this the pontiff made appointments of archbishops and bishops.

Looking Toward Rome.

Episcopal Paper Would Make Pius X Center of Christianity.

The Lamp, an Episcopal paper, sees encouraging signs indicating that the tide of Anglican thought is setting strongly Romeward.

In its last issue we find the following significant article:

"Easter is the Feast of Life. Among the essentials of life is progress. When a thing ceases to grow it begins to die. Stagnation is the precursor of death. The Catholic Renaissance within the Anglican church during the last century was the proof that the English church still lived. But what of the Anglo-Catholic revival in the twentieth century? Like the Roman gladiators are those who have inherited its traditions to yield up their swords in the presence of the New Theology, saying: 'Mortui salutamus—we who are about to die salute you.' This must be our fate unless we are prepared to go forward along the predestined course of the Oxford movement, i. e., towards Rome. Along that road there is abundant room for further progress, and to Catholics in the Anglican church it is the way of life, of jubilant hope, of victorious faith, of all-subduing love. Anglo-Catholic brethren forward be our watchword till the breach is repaired and Canterbury and Rome are one."

The struggle which the Vatican is at this hour carrying on with the French government no more represents the policy and methods of Hildebrand in the treatment of Henry of Germany than one of the Papal Swiss Guards resembles Longfellow's "Skeleton in Armor," says The Lamp again.

Pope Pius X. is not trying to invade the executive mansion of the French president, neither has he released French Catholics from civil allegiance to the republic, but this time it is Caesar who is invading the domains of God. When wielding the sword of the civil magistrate the enemies of the Church assault the

sheepfold and seek to break down its walls, it would be a poor successor of St. Peter that would not resist the assault with all the weapons in his holy office. Even as the Good Shepherd laid down his life for the sheep, every worthy successor of St. Peter has rendered and continues to render the same resistance to the enemies of Holy Church.

Given an ideal people and an ideal ruler, and no government could be imagined more desirable than a theocracy, it is only man's proneness to disobey God which made the theocracy a failure in the past and makes it an impracticable thing in the present. The commonwealth of Israel, for instance, was a theocracy and certainly God was not to blame for its failure, but the rebellious temper of the people. When the millennium dawns and "the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and His Christ" there will be a universal theocracy. In the meanwhile by reason of the overflowing of ungodliness, should the world in its hatred of Christ become the persecutor, despoiler and oppressor of that Divine Society, which He established in the world, then in self-preservation the church will be forced into the position of an imperium in imperio, or as at present in France, if you choose to call it so, a Papal Theocracy in a socialistic democracy.

The thing which Christendom has most to anticipate with dread in the evil days now swiftly approaching is not a revival of Papal Imperialism, or a return to earth of the ghost of Hildebrand, but the resign of a godless proletariat, the reincarnation of a Robespierre and a Marat. To quote again from Dr. Briggs' article: "If the peril of former times was the excessive claims of the Popes, the peril at present is also the intrusion of the civil powers in ecclesiastical affairs." Nor is this danger confined to France. The proletariat that beleaguered Charles I. and Archbishop Laud are proposing to legislate for the Church of England at the present crisis, and who can foretell the end. Puritanism, like Hildebrandism, is a relic of the past, but Socialism is its present-day successor, and it has scant respect for the Church of Jesus Christ. L. Andrieu in a character sketch of M. Clemenceau, says: "If the Catholic Church fails us, another one is ready to supply its place, that of Collectivism unflinching. As it possesses its pontiffs, so it has its dogma, out of which there is no salvation: the abolition of individual property replaced by collective property; the individual salary under the authority of the State, sole employer, master of all salaries, distributor of work, only ruler of pleasure and rest."

Such is the issue between the contending forces in France, such is destined to be the issue by and by between organized Christianity and anti-Christian Socialism everywhere in Europe and the republics of the New World. If for the preservation of our common Christianity we are to make the primacy of the Roman See our rallying center, we want something stronger than a mere primacy of honor, we want in the Chair of Peter a commander-in-chief, clothed with supreme authority and every bishop in Christendom a general receiving and transmitting to his captains and lieutenants the commands of battle, which commands they in turn will transmit to every soldier in the ranks until the whole shall act as one man.

New Organisation for Diocese of Quebec.

On last Sunday in all the churches in the Quebec diocese a pastoral letter was read from His Grace Archbishop Bégin on L'Action Sociale Catholique. The mandement is a lengthy one, and enacts as follows:

1. L'Action Sociale Catholique is established in the diocese of Quebec, and its object is to have the Catholics work together for the realization of social Catholic progress. It must also group all the Catholic social works already existing, and work towards the establishment of others, according as occasion offers. It will encourage all works of propaganda, studies, lectures, congresses and associations which will

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appear to it to be useful and able to develop amidst our Canadian population the sentiments of Catholic life.

2. To support the "Action Sociale Catholique," and give it an efficacious means of spreading, and to exercise its influence everywhere, an organization to be known as L'Oeuvre de la Presse Catholique" is also established in this diocese. It must favor the propaganda of good and healthy popular literature by the publication of all kinds of works in reviews, newspapers and tracts.

3. A permanent committee of the "Action Sociale Catholique," composed of priests and laymen, named by the archbishop, and under his authority, will attend to the working of L'Oeuvre de la Presse Catholique.

4. Rev. Paul Eugene Roy, parish priest of Notre Dame de Jacques Cartier, is named director of both organizations in this diocese, and, in concert with the members of the committee, is to make known these works and to advise as to the best means to assure their success.

5. Each year on the feast of St. Michael the Archangel, chosen as the patron saint of the Association Sociale Catholique, at all the morning services, a collection will be taken up in all the churches of the diocese, which will be called the "Denier de la Presse Catholique."

the Church of France, now in the midst of a struggle for the same right.

The following resolutions were enthusiastically adopted, with cheers for the Holy Father, at the three meetings:

"1. That we, the Catholic citizens of Dublin, assembled here on St. Patrick's Day, tender our homage and devotion to our Holy Father, Pope Pius X., and express our admiration of his wise and apostolic attitude towards the enemies of Christianity in France.

"2. That we desire to make public our profound sympathy with our Catholic brethren in France, clergy and laity, in the bitter persecution they are at present enduring at the hands of a Government hostile to religion.

"3. That we strongly protest against the spoliation of Irish Church funds, already effected by the French Government, and we also protest against the proposed closing of the Irish College of Paris and the sequestration of its property.

"4. That whereas the French Government, in the course of its war against Christianity in France, has violated its solemn pledges with the Holy See, has interfered with the rights of conscience, has robbed many thousands of priests and nuns of their goods and reduced them to poverty, and has treated them unjustly and tyrannically in many other ways—

"Resolved, That we declare that such acts are unworthy of a civilized and humane government, and a travesty on its boasted watchwords—'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.' And we call upon all the Catholics of Ireland, and Christians of all denominations, in the name of religion and humanity, to join with us in our solemn protest."

Sister of Prominent Episcopal Clergymen Becomes Catholic.

Albany, N.Y., April 16.—The Rev. Paul Birdsall, rector of Grace Episcopal Church of this city, to-day published a formal announcement that his sister, Miss Ruth Birdsall, had become a Roman-Catholic. According to the announcement, Miss Birdsall took this step without the previous knowledge of himself or his brother, the Rev. Ralph Birdsall, who is the rector of Christ Episcopal Church of Cooperstown.

Miss Birdsall assisted her brother in his parish here, until she recently went to New York.

To know is to prevent—If the miners who work in cold water most of the day would rub their feet and legs with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil they would escape neuralgia, rheumatism and other ailments which limit their work. The effects of exposure to the cold, those setting out for mining regions would do well to provide themselves with a supply before starting.

Fifty Thousand Protest in Dublin.

Great Demonstration Against French Persecution.

On Sunday, March 17, the Catholics of Dublin gave expression to their emphatic condemnation of the persecution of the Church in France, and of the sacrilegious system of wholesale robbery and spoliation carried on in that country for some time past. The demonstration was at once a great and spontaneous display of earnest, whole-hearted sympathy with the oppressed Catholics of France, and an enthusiastic expression of undying allegiance to the Sovereign Pontiff.

The procession, which passed through the streets of the city from the Custom House to Phoenix Park, was one of the largest ever witnessed in Dublin, and that means much. Between 50,000 and 60,000 persons must have taken part in it.

The demonstration was of a strongly religious character, seldom if ever before witnessed in the city, says the Weekly Freeman. The organizations that composed it were mainly confraternities and sodalities of men. Banners, symbols and regalia displayed were of a kind familiar within the walls of churches, but rarely seen in the streets. Thus the event marked in a special way the victory of Ireland in her long fight for religious freedom, whilst it gave a message of hope and comfort to

Seven New Cardinals.

His Holiness Refers to State of Church in France.

Rome, April 15.—Pope Pius X. held a secret consistory to-day in the Vatican and created seven new Cardinals as follows:

Mgr. Cavallari, Patriarch of Venice.

Mgr. Rinaldini, papal nuncio to Spain.

Mgr. Lorenzelli, ex-papal nuncio at Paris.

Mgr. Lualdi, Archbishop of Palermo.

Mgr. Mercier, Archbishop of Malines.

Mgr. Maillié, Archbishop of Pisa.

Mgr. Aguirre y Garcia, Bishop of Burgos, Spain.

The ceremony took place in the hall which takes its name from the consistory, and was performed with the usual gorgeousness and impressive pomp. First, all the cardinals met, headed by their octogenarian dean, Oreglia Di Santo Stefano, the only surviving cardinal created by Pius IX. They divided into three groups, according to their orders, that of the bishop including, besides Oreglia, the two Van Lutellia brothers, Agliardi, Satolli, and Cassetta; that of the priests, the most numerous, headed by Rampolla, and that of the deacons, just deprived by death of their dean, Cardinal Macchi.

The scene was most picturesque, Pius X., robed in white, entered the hall on foot, preceded by the Swiss Guard, flanked by the Noble Guard, and followed by the Sistine choir, singing.

After the cardinals had paid their homage to the Pontiff, everyone gradually left the hall, except the Pope and the Sacred College. Then the Pope, from the throne, addressed a simple prayer and delivered a short allocution.

The Pontiff, in brief, recalled the fact that Easter, as a symbol of the struggles of the Church, must al-

The event was awaited with great interest, as it was the first function of the kind in which the present pontiff has created a considerable number of Cardinals, and also because up to the last moment hope had been entertained that another Prince of the Church might be added to the five Italians, the one Belgian and the one Spaniard, announced since March 23.

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

No one who has any appreciation of grace and beauty in nature or in art can fail to recognize the charm of fine manners in an individual. We rejoice in them as we do in a lovely sunset view, or a beautiful piece of architecture, or a fascinating poem, for their own sake and for what they express; but even beyond this they have another attraction in the magnetic power they exert upon all beholders in setting them at ease, in sweeping away shyness, awkwardness and restraint, and in stimulating them to the expression of whatever is best worth cherishing within them. It is undoubtedly true that the presence of fine manners, whether it be in the home or in the social circle, in the workshop or in the counting-room, in the visit of charity or in the halls of legislation, has an immediate effect in reproducing itself, in diffusing happiness, in developing the faculties and in eliciting the best that is in everybody.

WONDERFUL WATCH OWNED BY THE CZARINA OF RUSSIA.

One of the most remarkable watches in the world is owned by the Czarina of Russia. On looking through a crystal in the base one can see the Holy Sepulchre, with pretorians standing guard. As the watch runs, the stone moves from the mouth of the cave, the guards kneel and angels appear at the little door. From both sides of the watch very softly tingles the air of an Easter hymn. The watch weighs only seven ounces. The maker worked on it for nine years.

A Sound Stomach Means a Clear Head.

The high pressure of a nervous life which business men of the present day are constrained to live make draughts upon their vitality highly detrimental to their health. It is only by the most careful treatment that they are able to keep themselves alert and active in their various callings, many of them know the value of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills in regulating the stomach and consequently keeping the head clear.

CHARM IS WOMAN'S HERITAGE; WHY TRY TO BECOME MANNISH.

A prominent educator of girls in addressing an audience, mostly of teachers, in New York, this spring, on "The Education of a Girl," says Harpee's Bazar, opened his remarks by the question, "Why try to make a man of her?" "To educate for efficiency," he declared, "was the use of the girls' school. An efficient woman should be the product. "There are some traits," this speaker insisted, "that the vast majority of people agree upon as being especially and desirably feminine; sweetness, agreeableness, or whatever you are pleased to call it; grace, beauty, gentleness, love of home, skill in the care of children. Why should not those in charge of the education of girls attempt to formulate a clear idea of what the efficient woman is, and then devise the best daily exercise they can to help each girl achieve that efficiency?" Why not, indeed? A school that could turn out that ideal girl would be a blessing to any community. That a woman, to be efficient, must resemble an efficient man is the idea of many people on the matter. The efficient woman, efficient in being graceful, agreeable, gentle, home-loving and home-making, is more a Japanese educational ideal for girls, at present, than an American one. If to the acknowledged charm of the Japanese girl the superior opportunities of the American girl could be added, what an education it would be!

For one does not exclude the other. Charm should be the heritage of every woman, as energy that of every man. The eternal feminine is meant to be eternally feminine, or she will never "lead man upward and on." A school that turns out girls with "good health, good looks, good brains, good ideals and good prospects" was this wise speaker's ideal. It is ours, too.

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LUBY'S PARISIAN HAIR RENEWER. To prevent the too early appearance of gray hairs LUBY'S PARISIAN HAIR RENEWER needs only be applied to a hairbrush when its valuable properties will be appreciated. It imparts a most beautiful gloss and color to the hair, and keeps the head cool and free from dandruff. 50 CENTS A BOTTLE. For sale by all chemists.

CREEDS. The sky said to the sea: Behold from God I came, And though my clouds change endlessly

Like Him I am the same. The sea said to the sky: Brother, 'tis so with me, My waves and tides go over by, Yet day and night the same am I, Like God, eternally. —Louise Morgan Sill, in Harper's Magazine.

HOW A CLEVER GIRL BRIGHTENED A LONESOME HALL.

A southern girl tells how she made an Indian pagoda for the upper hall. It was at one end of the hall, where the window was too high to read by and not pretty enough to decorate, so to hide it an Indian pagoda was made of green crepe paper the color of young corn stalks. This was fashioned by making lattice effect with strips of green and white tissue paper cut two inches wide in full length of the paper. The half octagon shape was made by fastening thin laths in place for a frame. The open doorway was covered with paper morning glories, which trailed over the entire front. Inside was a small couch covered with a red and yellow cover, numerous red and yellow pillows, and Indian decorations used for dens.

The little window was left unadorned with a shelf full of small flowers which flourished in the sunshine. The girl claims it was a good place to hide on warm days, and her hard work was well repaid, for the hall was long and lonesome looking, but the cozy corner was quite attractive. A great many decorations are made in the summer with tissue paper in lattice effects, and they make light screens for rooms.

Mrs. Anna F. Coston has on Staten Island the oddest laboratory and factory known. It is where the distress signals, her own invention, used in the army and navy, the revenue service and the life-saving and lighthouse bureaus, are manufactured.

A 16-year-old Hungarian girl living in Denver is said to be the only female maker of violins in the world. She has just completed her fourth, and all of them are said to be of fine workmanship and excellent tone.

Mother M. Dominic Purcell died recently at the Dominica Convent, Cabra, Dublin, in the hundredth year of her age, and the seventy-fifth of her religious profession.

TIME TO SOW SEEDS. The beginning of April is the best time to sow seeds, or start the tubers of gloxinia, begonia, and achimenes. The two first may as well be raised from seeds; that is the way to get a good quantity of the plants for a little cost. Bulbs of these may be started just as well a month later.

BRIDAL SUPERSTITIONS. Married in January's hoar, and rime, good things will come if you wait your time. Married in February's sleety weather, life you'll tread in tune together.

Married when March winds whine and roar, your home will lie on a foreign shore. Married 'neath April's changeful skies, a checkered path before you lies. Married when bees o'er May blossoms flit, strangers around your board will sit.

Married in month of roses—June—life will be one long honeymoon. Married in July, with flowers ablaze, bittersweet memories in after days. Married in August's heat and drowse, lover and friend in your chosen spouse. Married in golden September's glow, smooth and serene your life will go.

DRINK Blue Ribbon Tea

A SMALL HERO.

Little evidences of courage are very precious to mothers. A year ago three women and a child walked on a lonely southern mountain. They were busy gathering flowers, when suddenly one looked up and after a moment's startled pause gave a cry and fled with the others after her. The path was blocked by a fierce-looking razor-backed hog, black and gaunt and probably harmless. But a bear would not have been more terrible. The boy was not three years old, and his head was as yellow as a dandelion, but as his protectors fled he called reassuringly: "Don't be 'fraid. I'll take care of ool!" andatching up a twig of azalia he advanced, charged and routed the enemy. It was a little thing. But the mother woman sank on her knees, and with her hero in her arms, crushed against her breast, thanked God that He had given her a brave son, and she went down the mountain as though it had been the way of glory.

TIMELY HINTS.

Go over the zinc under the stove once a day with a cloth dampened with kerosene, and it will always be bright. Sandpaper will clean suede leather, undressed or "ooze" calfskin bags. Rubbing the sandpaper lightly over these leathers makes the article equal to new.

If dust cloths have to be bought cheesecloth is the best material for the purpose. Three-quarters of a yard is ample for each cloth, and they should be hemmed. When cleaning brass add a little methylated spirit to whatever polish you may be using. It not only helps to remove stains, but also prevents the brass from tarnishing again so quickly.

A roomy bag, its mouth kept open by a ring of wire, is a convenience to hang on the frame of the sewing machine. Into this receptacle all scraps and shavings may be dropped while at work, and much picking up of litter thereby saved.

A well-known banker, who was greatly troubled with gout in the feet, was accosted one morning on the way to his office by an Irish woman who was soliciting alms. He refused her, but, undaunted, she made another appeal to his feelings by heaving a deep sigh, and adding, "Ah, if your honor's heart was as tender as your toes, you'd give me something."

A SWEET LITTLE COMPLIMENT. A little girl having heard in church the story of the creation of Adam and Eve out of the dust of the ground, was much impressed with what she heard, and returning home she said to her mother: "Mamma, were you made out of dust?" and then before her mother could answer she added: "Well, mamma, if God made you out of dust, I'm sure he put a teaspoonful of sugar into it."

ANOTHER WESTMINSTER. When the Duchess of Westminster was presented to the late Shah of Persia, he greeted her heartily. "I have heard so often about you," he said. "Your worthy name is well known, even in my country." The lady was surprised, and turning to a friend said: "The man thinks I am Westminster Abbey," and she was right.

THE DRUGGIST REBUKED. A miner rode into Santa Fe with dyspepsia one day, consulted a doctor, and took his prescription to a druggist to be made up. "Well, how much?" said the miner, when the prescription was finished. "Let's see," said the druggist. "It's \$1.10 for the medicine and 25 cents for the bottle. That makes—" He hesitated, afraid he might have forgotten something, and the miner said impatiently: "Well, hurry up, boss. Put a price on the cork, and let us know" the worst.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

Mrs. Flint was a very stern woman, who demanded instant and unquestioning obedience from her children. One afternoon a storm came up and she sent her son John to close the trap leading to the flat roof of the house. "But, mother—" said John. "John, I told you to shut the trap."

"Yes, but mother—" "John, shut that trap." "All right, mother, if you say so, but—" "John!" John slowly climbed the stairs and shut the trap. The afternoon went by, and the storm howled and raged. Two hours later the family gathered for tea, and when the meal was half over Aunt Mary, who was staying with Mrs. Flint, had not appeared. Mrs. Flint started an investigation. She did not have to ask many questions. John answered the first one. "Please, mother, she is up on the roof."—Argonaut.

EXPLAINED.

"Did pussy hurt you?" asked mother, seeing her wee son's puckered face. "Yes," sobbed little Freddie. "She's got teeth in her toes."—The Tatler.

Some persons are more susceptible to colds than others, contracting derangements of the pulmonary organs from the slightest causes. These should always have at hand a bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the present day sovereign remedy for coughs, catarrh, and inflammation of the lungs. It will effect a cure no matter how severe the cold may be. You cannot afford to be without a remedy like Bickle's for it is the best.

A TESTIMONIAL.

There is a clever and gallant young fellow attached to the British Embassy at Washington, who since his advent into the official set at the national capital has achieved quite a reputation as a wit. One afternoon the clever attaché was receiving the finishing touches at the hands of a pretty manicurist on Connecticut avenue, when, with limpid eyes, she looked at him and said: "We are so grateful for any testimonials from our patrons. Do you mind?"

"On the contrary, I should be delighted," responded the Briton. Then, taking a card, he wrote thereon the following and handed it to her: "There's a divinity that shapes our ends."—Public Ledger.

Known to Thousands.—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills regulate the action of the secretions, purify the blood and keep the stomach and bowels free from deleterious matter. Taken according to directions they will overcome dyspepsia, eradicate biliousness, and leave the digestive organs healthy and strong to perform their functions. Their merits are well-known to thousands who know by experience how beneficial they are in giving tone to the system.

Well blest is he who has a dear one dead; A friend he has whose face will never change— A dear companion that will not grow strange; The anchor of love is death.

FOREVER.

Those who love truly never die, Tho' year by year the sad memorial wreathe, A ring of flowers, types of life and death, Are laid upon their graves. For death the pure life saves, And life all pure is love; and love can reach From Heaven to earth, and noble lessons teach, Than those by mortal read.

AT SUNSET.

I knew a pilgrim who had travelled far Along the winding road of Zion's Hill, Still in the vigor of life's summer time, Her heart, her soul, and mind, Afflame with holy zeal. Still ever upward on the Mount of God, Till, pausing at a hamlet built thereon, Saw need of tender, ministering hands, And waiting there for many, many years, She wrought and toiled and cheered, Within the limits of her sweet abode, The rarest loveliest flowers bloomed. Oft little children fluttered there, amongst, Like happiest butterflies, content to gather Choice sweets of roses, violets and daisy cups; Nasturtium's golden blooms Continually did ring their softest chimes, Like bells of Paradise, Gathered round her board, A happy circle grew and widened, The sick, the needy, those who craved But words of kind encouragement, Were never bid to go and come again But welcome found and patient help received, At length her ministry was done— They saw her take her staff, And, leaning heavily—for she was worn and spent, She mounted wearily. Yet many a backward word she threw, And all along the way she trod fell flowers From open hand. Her head had touched the Alpine snows, And stars no mortal eye hath ever seen Gleaned still beyond, Then—as they watched there at the foot— A cloud received her out of sight, Now, many find her footprints By the flowery way, and winding on upward Sometime will touch the snows, And God's Hand, reaching down, Will draw them Home! —S. M. Blanchard, in the Times Democrat.

THE POET'S CORNER

THE OUTLAWED CHRIST.

(Translated from Francois Coppée, By E. R. P., March 20, 1907.)

Falling on my knees, I said to the crucifix: "Pardon for this shame! once more, in our history, Our infamous tyrants have chased Thee from the Praetorium, This same day, O Lord, on which Thou didst die for us!

"This is an ignominy, and it is a sacrilege, To Thy tragic Image, condemned and yet innocent, When Justice is dead, the Just One will be banished. Alas! this passes in France, in Thy France!

"Lord, for this morning, kissing Thy crucifix, I have more nearly realized the Frenchman! What! the degradation of souls is it now such That no cry of revolt, none, re-sounds among us, As God is outlawed from the chambers of justice!

"What! not one leader who urges to good works? Only crimes, that we see evermore on the increase? But these leaders are crazed, and they rush into pleasure. Shall it, then, be written that we were among the cowards?

"O Jesus, give us the ardor of the Christians of old times! Thou Who madest the martyrs Whom not direst torture, Nor death could prevent from breaking the idols, Raise from us heroes, protectors of Thy crucifix!"

FOREVER.

Those who love truly never die, Tho' year by year the sad memorial wreathe, A ring of flowers, types of life and death, Are laid upon their graves. For death the pure life saves, And life all pure is love; and love can reach From Heaven to earth, and noble lessons teach, Than those by mortal read. Well blest is he who has a dear one dead; A friend he has whose face will never change— A dear companion that will not grow strange; The anchor of love is death.

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THE RAG DOLL'S

"Oh, my!" exclaimed doll Upon the toy store "I've had the narrow I'm quite unlike my The rag doll did indeed Her teeth were all The bisque doll took hand, "Do tell me, what's "You see that man there?" The rag doll said, "They almost bought Oh, dear! I can't sto "A birthday gift," Do hasten, clerk, and And then they saw that In stocking cap and "Oh, see that cur bear," The lady cried, delight And oh, how I did wa For I was so excited. "And when the man se thing! We'll take the bear I grew quite weak from And almost lost my h The bisque doll looked, dear, I'm sure you must be You know you must day; You came here for th "The man and woman y I'm sure would treat What is the matter with I wish that you would The rag doll drew a breath, And slowly raised her—The people now had let Then earnestly she said "I know that you will And so will every toy, When I tell you that planned To give me to a boy!" —Julia Darrow Cowle Housekeeper.

BURDOCK'S BLOOD BITTERS. A position unrivalled by blood medicine as a cure for DY. PEPسيا, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, HEADACHE, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, SORE STOMACH, DIZZINESS, DRUGS, RHEUMATISM, PIMPLES, RINGWORM, or arising from a disordered Stomach, Liver, Bowels or Bladder you require a good blood medicine BURDOCK'S BLOOD BITTERS.

POPE LEO'S JOURNEY. A press despatch from the Vatican has notified the government that the Pope decided that the removal of Leo XIII. from St. Peter's new tomb in St. John Lateran shall be guaranteed that through Rome shall be molested. Negotiations are going on concerning the that will be finally adopted. The Vatican is indifferent as to the route of the cortege with troops or whether it is merely surrounded with When the arrangements have been completed the date will be definitely fixed. Probably it will be at the beginning of next month, as master of ceremonies is comparing the details of the inauguration in the Lateran, majordomo is preparing in to the ceremony. These were limited to cardinals, diplomats, the Roman nobility, and Capuchin monks will accompany through the streets. If your children are troubled with worms, give them Mother's Worm Expeller; safe, effective. Try it, and mark improvement in your children.

THE RAG DOLL'S FRIGHT.

"Oh, my!" exclaimed the new rag doll Upon the toy store shelf, "I've had the narrowest escape. I'm quite unlike myself!"

Our Boys and Girls BY AUNT BECKY

The Secret of the Silver Lake

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

CHAPTER VI.—Continued. The three travellers climbed down the declivity, which was very steep, and made their way rapidly in the direction of the hut, after the river had been crossed at a shallow place.

and in another second all three pushers were sprawling across the doorway over the prostrate body of the animal, which had not been fixed, but had only fallen across the door, and remained resting; heavy enough to prevent Mr. Anderson from pushing it away, but not tight enough to resist the united efforts of the party.

When Mr. Anderson recovered himself, he uttered an exclamation which surprised the boys. "Look here," he cried: "this is no cow, it's a man!"

"It's the bushranger!" said Ernest; "who caught him so cleverly?" "I did," replied a voice—a deep, steady tone from the shaded corner of the hut. "I did; and it wasn't a bad aim."

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POPE LEO'S LAST JOURNEY. A press despatch from Rome says the Vatican has notified the Italian government that the Pope has decided that the removal of the body of Leo XIII. from St. Peter's to the new tomb in St. John Lateran shall take place in the daytime, provided it shall be guaranteed that the cortege through Rome shall pass unmolested. Negotiations are now going on concerning the measures that will be finally adopted to this end.

"Then we are the lads," replied Ernest. "Can we reach uncle's house this evening?" "Well, perhaps ye might; but I'd advise ye to rest a bit here, and let the Scout go on and tell your uncle the news. What d'ye say now?"

CHAPTER VII.—THE CURIOUS COW DISCOVERED—A HAPPY MEETING—THE SEARCH FOR AMY BEGUN. The cries of the boys at once aroused Mr. Anderson, who, with the lads, dashed out of doors to ascertain the cause of the alarm.

There was a pause. Mr. Anderson nodded, and shook hands with the Scout. Then Stephen said admiringly, as he also shook hands—"Scout, you're an angel! our guardian angel."

Referring to the subject of "the priest-ridden Irish," the new Chief Secretary for Ireland, Mr. Birrell, speaking recently at Oxford on education in that country, said he had received many letters from friends in the Education Office, one and all endeavoring to impress upon him that Ireland is a priest-ridden land.

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

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

CORRESPONDENCE and items of
local Catholic interest solicited.



THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1907.

"COLONEL SAM."

Sam Hughes comes from that por-
tion of the Dominion known as Vic-
toria-Haliburton, a section permeat-
ed with all that is dense in the
virus Orangeman.

When Sam has nothing else to
electrify the House with, he "kicks
the Pope." Sam is afflicted by the
new disease "Dementia Canadiana."

In other words, Sam is afflicted with
"brain storms," and great is the dis-
turbance when one of these storms
"lowers."

In the House, the other day, Sam
avowed that "French ecclesiastics
are a curse to the country" and
other sentiments too numerous to
mention.

"So far as the French priesthood
is concerned, even those who have
the imperfect acquaintance that I
have with the French, must realize
the fact that the great writers in
French literature, even those not in
absolute sympathy with the Church,

have represented, through types
of the French priesthood, some of the
finest and noblest characters ever
portrayed by the pen of man.

Many will at once recall the instance
of the bishop and the convict. The un-
fortunate convict was a man who
had the soul almost crushed out of
him by nineteen years of penal ser-
vitude in the galleys for merely
stealing a loaf of bread.

We recollect the story of his coming to
the bishop, by whom he was entertained
and comforted, how he came back at
night, the author portraying him as
pausing in the moonlight to consider
whether or not he shall inflict a
mortal wound upon the bishop who
has befriended him that day; of how
he comes back the next day in
charge of the gendarme, with the
bishop's plate, which he has stolen,

and how the bishop, in answer to
the gendarme's question, turning to
the convict says: "My friend, I gave
you the candlesticks also, and you
have forgotten them," and these
also he gives to the convict. Then,
when the gendarme is dismissed, the
good bishop says to the convict:
"My brother, you no longer belong
to evil, but to good. I have bought
your soul of you. I withdraw it
from black thoughts and the spirit of
perdition and give it to God." That
is only one of the many characters
portrayed by men, who, as I have
said, were not in absolute sympathy
with the Church.

And I am bound
to say that a priesthood who could
give to the world types of that char-
acter, which are not unreal, is not
to be characterized in the way in
which my friend from Victoria has
seen fit to characterize the French
priests who are said to be coming
to this country.

In good works, there is no doubt
about that; I have seen some of
their work; I have known persons
who have attended their religious
services. They were doing good
work in the city of Halifax, and,
more than that, they had many pu-
pils, for they were not a religious,
but an educational body, including
some young men of the very highest
character and from some of the very
best families in France. To say of
men of this type that they are a
curse to this country seems to me
unwarrantable."

After Messrs. Bourassa and Devlin
had paid their respects to Sam, he
looked like the proverbial thirty
cents, and is said the have worn the
"I won't do it again" expression.

Queer legislative timber some of
our Canadian constituencies use.

CATHOLIC FEDERATION.

The True Witness has many times
advocated closer affiliation of Cat-
holic organizations. In union there
is strength and harmony of action.

We were very much pleased to read
of the action taken in this direction
by His Grace Archbishop Begin, of
the Quebec diocese, last Sunday,
when in a pastoral letter L'Action
Sociale Catholique inaugurated an
organization which has for its pur-
pose the combining of Catholic work
and aiding social Catholic progress.

A permanent committee of the or-
ganization will manage the working
of L'Oeuvre de la Presse Catholique.
Time has demonstrated the sound-
ness of the policy of federation
among Catholic fraternal bodies. All
the fears which delayed the unifica-
tion have been shown to be phan-
toms of the imagination. Not a
hitch has arisen on the whole on-
ward march, and success after suc-
cess has crowned the efforts of the
organization in the legitimate task
of securing just recognition of Cat-
holic right and stopping the out-
pouring of anti-Catholic calumny in
the press.

Amongst these results the approval
of the Holy Father stands fore-
most and most prized of all.

In sending his Apostolic blessing
to the Federation of Catholic So-
cieties of the United States, His
Holiness, in effect, commended their
action to the rest of the Catholic
world as one to be followed wher-
ever concerted action is required. His
message to the Catholic Young Men's
Association of France, previous to
the assembling of the national con-
gress at Bordeaux, was full of sig-
nificance:

The scope of the association is one
than which there is none more use-
ful or more necessary at the present
time; at a moment when hostility to
the faith and to Christian standards
is increasing, it seeks to preserve its
members from this great danger, and
through them to save the other
young men of France to whatever
class of society they may belong.

Excellent are the means proposed
for the attainment of this end—that
of giving openly an example of Chris-
tian virtue, of keeping apart from
political disputes and passions, of
entering with ardor into social doc-
trines and their practical application
and of putting this plan vigorously
into execution by the spoken and the
written word and by organization
adapted for the purpose.

Worthy of approval also is your
method of organization, by means of
which groups of young men through-
out France are harmoniously united
like members of one body.

Nothing could be wiser than this,
we say with emphasis, because of the
salvation of the young men of a
country is the interest of all, and
this is why, beloved sons, we hold
that you must carefully preserve your
unity.

The distinction here drawn between
political action and social action is
plainly intended as a warning, says
the Standard and Times, to the
school of reformers who would, on
the plea of civic duty, encourage Cat-
holics to throw themselves into
every movement which seeks to
achieve its secret purposes in the
name of social improvement. The
Socialism that would really uplift
comes of God; the other sort, that
would degrade and enslave both man
and woman, has its origin else-
where. The Catholic Federation is
well able to distinguish between the
sincere and the specious in civic
duty and social amelioration, and
the words of the august Pontiff to

the young men of France will be
taken as an encouragement to the
young men here as well as in France
to continue in the course so auspici-
ously begun in either country.

FATHER VAUGHAN ON FRANCE
AND THE POPES.

Father Bernard Vaughan says:
What strange things we hear spoken
about our Popes, especially by those
who know nothing about them. I
remember the day when we were
told Pius IX. was too autocratic;
when we were informed Leo XIII.
was too diplomatic; to-day we are
told that Pius X. is too apostolic.

This apostolic Pope knows how to
meet these French diplomatic dif-
ficulties. The French Government is
closing the schools of the religious
orders, wanted to cut off the supply
of Christianity from the laity, and
see that Christianity was starved
out in their midst. It was an in-
genious process of starvation. Wal-
deck-Rousseau told his audience time
after time it was the business of the
Government to remodel the mental
attitude of the French youth. France
doesn't want science; she wants re-
ligion. She doesn't want racial suc-
cide; she wants mothers. She doesn't
want men who keep away from the
Sacraments; she wants men like the
brave men of Ireland; she wants wo-
men like the pure women of Ireland.

She wants to get right with God,
and not with Clemenceau. The Pope
complained, not because the semina-
ries were taken, but because they
were stolen from the people, and be-
cause it was the property of the
poor and the sacred property of the
dead. The British press asks why
the Pope could not come to a com-
promise. Why? Because the Pope
happened to be a Catholic and not
a Protestant. The Pope could not
compromise. He was there as the
guardian of truth. Nothing grander
has been sent to France from the
Vatican since Pius VI. flung back
the Secular Code offered him by the
first Revolutionists than the Pope's
splendid Encyclical throwing back
upon the Government all these miser-
able constitutions, Associations Bills,
Separation Laws, and all the differ-
ent tricks and devices to try and
bring him to commit himself, and
sanction not the mere expulsion of
the religious orders, but the closing
of the seminaries. France, it is to
be hoped, will still learn from Cat-
holic Belgium, and teach the work-
ing man how to live up to his re-
ligion; she will learn from the Cat-
holics of Germany to marshal her
forces, and from Ireland how to at-
tend to her Sacraments, love her
clergy, and be proud of the Church.

GREAT IMPETUS IN CHURCH
BUILDING.

Sir Horace Plunkett, says Rome,
would find much to stir his indigna-
tion in the conduct of the Catholics
of the United States these times.
Like the Irish they are affected by
the anti-economic prejudice in favor
of building churches all over their
great country, from the little edif-
ices of the Church Extension So-
ciety to immense cathedrals costing
millions of dollars. Mgr. McDonnell,
of Brooklyn, has consented to allow
his dioceses to build for him a cat-
hedral that will cost five millions
of dollars, while just across the
water a Lady Chapel in the cathed-
ral of St. Patrick, New York, is be-
ing completed at a cost of three-
quarters of a million of the same
precious coin; a magnificent cathe-
dral has just been dedicated at Rich-
mond, Virginia; in each of the five
dioceses of the Province of Oregon
the builders are hard at work on
cathedrals; Archbishop Moeller of
Cincinnati is about to erect a new
cathedral there; Denver finds that it
must have a cathedral; the plans for
one at Los Angeles have been com-
pleted; Indianapolis, Cleveland, St.
Paul, Minneapolis, are all busy
building cathedrals, and a new cat-
hedral has just been dedicated at
Pittsburg. In short, on the score of
new church edifices in the United
States nearly fifteen millions of
dollars have been or are being spent.

When you add to this the amount
expended every day on new parish
churches, on contributions to new
churches in other countries—Ireland,
for instance, on the new Catholic
schools that are growing up all over
the land, on the Church Extension
buildings, and so on, it becomes
quite clear that the Catholic Church
in the United States is emerging mag-
nificently from the pioneer periods
of its existence.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Central Catholic of Winnipeg,
Manitoba, reproduces from a daily
paper of that city an item relative
to a sermon recently delivered there
by the Rev. S. P. Rose, a Methodist
preacher, who was formerly in Mon-
treal. Dr. Rose's theme was self-
sacrifice, and after citing a case of
self-sacrifice as shown by one who
died for his country, he passed on
to the grander example of those
heroes and heroines who were never
heard of, but who lived for their
country, laying down their lives
daily, and in this connection he
spoke of the Sisters of Mercy, who
had entreated to be sent to the
leper colony. This was a living
death, beside which death on the
battle-field was easy. Then came
this tribute to the Sisters: "Criti-
cize the priests of Rome if you will,
object to the doctrines of that Church
as you have a perfect right to do,
but let no man in my presence say
ought against the Sisterhoods of
that Church. The Sisters of the
Poor in Montreal are doing more
work and better work for the relief
of the poor and distressed in that
city than any other organization."

We note among the prelates who
have given their adhesion to Card-
inal Oreglia's letter inviting co-
operation in preparing for the jubilee
of our Holy Father, His Grace Arch-
bishop Bruchesi and His Grace Arch-
bishop Begin. The Archbishop of
Quebec has written not only to
Cardinal Oreglia, but to Comm. Pe-
ricoli, showing the greatest interest
in the movement and stating that
he hopes by adopting the system of
subscriptions proposed by the com-
mittee to raise for the Holy Father
between 60,000 and 80,000 francs
not only in the Jubilee year but
during the following years.

The Committee of Ladies formed in
Rome to organize the work of wo-
men throughout the world, especial-
ly in offering to the Holy Father
a large supply of vestments and al-
tar linen for poor churches, is work-
ing with great energy and has al-
ready obtained consoling results. It
is hardly necessary to say that in-
dividual ladies as well as com-
mittees may contribute to this man-
ifestation of the Jubilee.

Agitation has been started by
many prominent Catholics in Italy
to suppress the several anti-clerical
publications which recently have
made it their special object to pub-
lish caricatures of the Pope and of
other Church dignitaries.

According to the Laws of Guarantees,
it is just as illegal to publish
caricatures of the Pope as it is to
caricature the Sovereign or any
member of the Italian royal family,
but for many months past, we are
told, the Italian officials seem to
have tolerated the issuance of pub-
lications of the kind, which have
caused general indignation among
the Italian Catholics.

One of the Catholic representatives
in Parliament, Signor Santini, has
already given notice of an interpel-
lation on the subject. If necessary a
bill will be submitted to Parliament
making it unlawful to publish car-
icatures of the Pope and other Church
officials.

"Hell? Of course there's a Hell.
If there isn't there ought to be." So
claimed the Rev. Dr. Torrey, during
his address at the St. James Metho-
dist Church last week, the reverend
gentleman also making the statement
that he believed in a real, live devil.
"Whence comes these great delu-
sions of the day?" continued the doc-

tor. "Esoteric, Buddhism, Spiritual-
ism, Theosophy, Christian Science,
and all these other strange religions.
They come from the devil. They all
go to prove that there is a devil,
such as the Bible talks about, a
learned, subtle, clever, intellectual,
philosophical devil, one who is more
than a match for any of us, and
from whom we all need a hiding-
place."

Where's the hiding place, doctor?
Be philosophical.

General Botha, the renowned Boer
general, in the Boers' fight for free-
dom, who is premier of the Trans-
vaal colony under the system of re-
presentative government which has
been conferred on that colony, is, as
everyone knows, connected with the
Irish patriot family of Emmet. It is
not, however, so generally known
that he is a far-away cousin of
Isaac Butt. Mr. Butt's grandfather,
a Limerick man, was a descendant of
a Dutch family who settled in Ire-
land, where their original name,
Botha, became gradually transformed
by the genius of the language into
Butt.

In a printed reply to a question by
Mr. Long, Mr. Birrell stated in the
House of Commons on March 19
that the total number of so-called
agrarian outrages in Ireland, includ-
ing threatening letters, in 1902 was
253; in 1903, 195; in 1904, 256;
in 1905, 279; in 1906, 234; in
January of the present year, 16;
and in February 11. He further
stated that on the first of March
there were three cases under the
head of wholly boycotted, and seven
under that of partially boycotted.
The number of cases in which persons
were boycotted in a minor degree, or
in which attempts were made to
boycot, was 73. Serious cases of
boycotting, according to Mr. Birrell,
are those in which the boycotted per-
son's means of livelihood are affect-
ed.

The unprecedented action of a
parish priest leaving \$40,000 to
the town in which his parish was
situated, because he felt he had se-
cured the money in taxes from the
people, was taken in the will of
Rev. Father Desaulniers, the late
parish priest of Stanford, in Ni-
colet county. He left the municipa-
lity 500 shares of the stock of the
Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co.,
and he makes the people of Stanford
his legatees. The clause states that
as the people had given him the
money in taxes he was returning it
to the people.

The New York Freeman's Journal
calls us down in this fashion:

"There are French-American and
French-Canadian Catholics and hun-
dreds of thousands of them. What
have they done, are they doing or
mean to do in protest against the
persecution of their Church in the
'old country' by the infidel party
now in control of Government there?
Are they to be silent while all the
Catholic world beside is pouring in
resolutions and addresses of sym-
pathy to the Sovereign Pontiff and
the clergy of France? Some action on
their part is surely now in order."

Abbe Jouin, a French Catholic
priest, has been found guilty of in-
citing to rebellion by his addresses,
and has been fined the equivalent of
\$30.20. The Gazette thinks it must
have been a mild kind of rebellious
sentiment the good padre stirred up
when the court thought that talking
from him the price of a spring suit
of clothes would make the punish-
ment and the crime equal.

Rev. P. M. Whelan, of Philadelphia,
has formed a congregation of deaf
mutes, and expects soon to begin
the erection of a church for them. If
the plan succeeds this will be the
only Catholic Church of its kind in
the world. The congregation al-
ready numbers two hundred mem-
bers.

The Bishops of Switzerland have
published a collective letter to their
flocks urging them to support Cat-
holic newspapers. They said:

Penmanship
The most economical series ever
published.
Tracing course A and B... 50 each
Primary short course Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4... 70
Advanced course Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4... 70
5 and 6... 100
In these six books all the material
necessary for the formation of an excellent
handwriting is furnished. In the last
2 numbers a free and graceful movement
is necessitated from the nature of the
copies.
Advanced course Nos. 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12
letters and furnishes practice upon the
most complete list of mercantile forms
ever issued.
Published by
D. & J. SADLER & CO.,
13 Notre Dame St. West
MONTREAL.

Wedding Stationery
Reception Cards
Announcements
Correct Form, High-Grade
Material, Best Workman-
ship, Prompt and Careful
Attention to Orders...

THE TRUE WITNESS
PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY.

J. J. GARLAND
GRAVEL ROOFING
and all kinds of Gal-
vanized Iron Work.
Damp Proof Flooring a Specialty.
Also Portland Cement Work.
27 & 29 St. James St. Montreal.

Where to Dine in the City.
ST. ELMO RESTAURANT,
Corner McGill and RUCOLET
A. E. Finlayson, Proprietor.
Now is the time for a good hot dinner and not
only hot but the best you can get in the City. Give
us a call, lots of room.

"Whoever takes a journal hostile to
the Church participates by so doing
in its bad deeds. . . . Subscribe
to Catholic newspapers and when
you have read them pass them on to
others to read."

The King of Spain has telegraphed
to the Holy Father begging him to
act as sponsor to his first child, and
His Holiness has replied consenting
to do so. Leo XIII. was sponsor to
the King himself, and Pius IX. to his
father.

A LITTLE TEA TALK.
The "take my advice" fiend is now
knocking tea. He tried to discredit
coffee, and predicted all sorts of
trouble for the imbibers of this be-
verage. His arguments were not
convincing. Now he's after tea. Let
us see if he will be successful. In
England statistics prove that during
the past fifteen years the import
taxes show a preponderant increase
in the sale of tea. John Bull is
clinging to his tea cup in preference
to all other beverages. The beau-
tiful complexion of the English girls
and the rugged health of the English
men clinch the argument in favor of
tea.

There is one brand that is just now
enjoying unparalleled popularity in
Canada, known as the "Blue Ribbon
Tea." The company which is pro-
moting the sale of this tea are hav-
ing the most gratifying success with
it, and deservedly so, for it is one
of the very best teas on the market
to-day. It is obtainable at all good
grocers.

THE SOVEREIGN
Randolph MacDonald, P.
D. M. J.
Capital Subscribed
Capital Fully Paid
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Assets over
General Bank
Interest
Main Offices:
Uptown Branch

Annual Social of
Patrick's Frate
Third Ora
St. F

The second annual ente-
and social of St. Patrick's
ity of the Third Order of
is was held last Thursday
April 11th, at the Belmont
Hall, Guy street, and proved
enjoyable affair. Two hun-
dred and friends were pres-
President, Mr. C. Coghlan,
proceedings with a short song
coming the members and the
and explained the object of
ering. Rev. Father Ethelbert
M., director of the Fraterni-
a few words and felt glad
such a large gathering.

Fifteen junior boys, dressed
special costumes and under-
dership of Master Leo John
caused much merriment,
two recitations and two so-
called "Boys Wanted," "T-
maker," "The Dying Boy's"
and "Good Morning, Mr. J."
The work of the youngsters
much applause. Master Ph-
car recited in fine style "
Drummer Boy." Master R-
valley, the sweet-voiced sin-
"On the Dear Old Farm," t-
to respond to an encore.
Frank Mulcair recited "The
of a Stowaway" in a very a-
manner. Master Hugh O'F-
dered very well "Two Dirty
Hands." Mr. Ed. Quinn, t-
basso of St. Ann's choir,
the audience with two song-
ing" and "The Crowsy; Boy-
orchestra gave a few select-
ter which refreshments were
After partaking of the good
the second part of the pro-
was proceeded with Mr.
Holland, in his comic song
Irish Jubilee," "A Job Lay
"The Cats" brought down
house. Mr. Alexander Ham-
basso of St. Anthony's ch-
dered two songs which won
of applause. Mr. Fred. Ho-
well-known elocutionist, ge-
recitations which showed he
master of his work. "T-
Dance," a quartette, was s-
Rev. Father D. Holland,
Ann's, told some humorous
which convulsed the audience
laughter, and also spoke on
work being done by the Th-
of St. Francis. Rev. Fath-
bert thanked all those who
assisted in making the program
an enjoyable one.

Great credit is due to Mr.
Shea, the well known organ-
St. Ann's Church, who s-
acted as accompanist. du-
evening, besides assisting the
tra. The members feel deep-
ful to Mr. Shea for his cour-
the occasion, and hope to h-
pleasure of his company on
more occasions.

Among those present were
Father Christopher Fitzmaur-
Assistant Superior; Rev. Fr-
F. Heffernan, St. Anthony's;
V. Desaulniers, Principal
School; Quartermaster T. F-
land, M.P.D.; T. T. Smythe,
Boyle, J. J. McCullen, J. J-
phy. The members felt dis-
that Rev. Father Ethelbert
able, owing to the want of
to give one of his very int-
lectures.

Rev. Father Wolstan, O.F-
also takes an active interest
work of the Fraternity, was
through illness.

The reunions of the broth-
their friends have done much
make the Third Order better
and the work appreciated.

Wear Trade Mark D. S. S.
guaranteed 50c.

THE SOVEREIGN BANK OF CANADA

Randolph MacDonald, President. A. A. Allan, Vice-President
D. M. Stewart, General Manager.

Capital Subscribed	\$ 4,000,000
Capital Fully Paid	3,998,000
Reserve Fund	1,255,000
Assets over	25,000,000

General Banking, Savings Department.
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Main Offices: 232-236 St. James Street.
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(Corner Guy.)

Annual Social of St. Patrick's Fraternity Third Order of St. Francis.

The second annual entertainment and social of St. Patrick's Fraternity of the Third Order of St. Francis was held last Thursday evening, April 11th, at the Belmont School Hall, Guy street, and proved a very enjoyable affair. Two hundred members and friends were present. The President, Mr. C. Coghlan, opened the proceedings with a short speech welcoming the members and their friends and explained the object of the gathering. Rev. Father Ethelbert, O.F.M., director of the Fraternity, addressed a few words and felt glad to see such a large gathering.

Fifteen junior boys, dressed in special costumes and under the leadership of Master Leo Johnson, who caused much merriment, rendered two recitations and two songs, entitled "Boys Wanted," "The Shoemaker," "The Dying Boy's Request," and "Good Morning, Mr. Johnson." The work of the youngsters elicited much applause. Master Philip Mulcair recited in fine style "The Irish Drummer Boy." Master Russell Lavallee, the sweet-voiced singer, sang "On the Dear Old Farm," and had to respond to an encore. Master Frank Mulcair recited "The Story of a Stowaway" in a very acceptable manner. Master Hugh O'Brien rendered very well "Two Dirty Little Hands." Mr. Ed. Quinn, the fine basso of St. Ann's choir, charmed the audience with two songs, "Loving" and "The Croppy Boy." The orchestra gave a few selections, after which refreshments were served. After partaking of the good things the second part of the programme was proceeded with. Mr. George Holland, in his comic songs, "The Irish Jubilee," "A Job Lot," and "The Cats" brought down the house. Mr. Alexander Hamilton, the basso of St. Anthony's choir, rendered two songs which won rounds of applause. Mr. Fred. Hogan, the well-known elocutionist, gave two recitations which showed he was master of his work. "The Kerry Dance," a quartette, was applauded. Rev. Father D. Holland, of St. Ann's, told some humorous stories which convulsed the audience with laughter, and also spoke on the good work being done by the Third Order of St. Francis. Rev. Father Ethelbert thanked all those who had assisted in making the programme such an enjoyable one.

Great credit is due to Mr. P. J. Shea, the well known organist of St. Ann's Church, who so kindly acted as accompanist during the evening, besides assisting the orchestra. The members feel deeply grateful to Mr. Shea for his courtesy on the occasion, and hope to have the pleasure of his company on many more occasions.

Among those present were: Rev. Father Christopher Fitzmaurice, O.F.M. Assistant Superior; Rev. Father T. F. Heffernan, St. Anthony's; Mr. J. V. Desaulniers, Principal Belmont School; Quartermaster T. F. Holland, M.P.D.; T. T. Smythe, J. P. Boyle, J. J. McCullen, J. J. Murphy. The members felt disappointed that Rev. Father Ethelbert was unable, owing to the want of time, to give one of his very interesting lectures.

Rev. Father Weisman, O.F.M., who also takes an active interest in the work of the Fraternity, was absent through illness. The reunions of the brothers and their friends have done much to make the Third Order better known and the work appreciated.

Wear Trade Mark D. Suspenders guaranteed 50c.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA TO MEET HERE IN AUGUST.

The C.M.B.A. Canadian convention this year will be held in Montreal, with August 27 as opening day. Four hundred delegates will attend, it is expected.

DR. DONALD HINGSTON SUCCEEDS HIS FATHER.

At the last meeting of the trustees of the St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum, Donald Hingston, M.D., was elected a trustee to fill the vacancy on the board caused by the death of his father, Sir William Hingston, M.D. The choice was unanimous. The late Sir William Hingston had been a trustee of the asylum for 33 years.

AN HONORED AND REMARKABLE FAMILY.

Mr. Philip Brady and wife, of Starnesborough, Huntingdon Co., Que., celebrated the sixty-fifth anniversary of their wedding, April 11th, 1907. There are eleven children, two priests, one doctor and one lawyer, including Father Philip Brady, of St. Mary's, this city.

The aged couple are on the homestead, where they first settled, Mr. Brady having secured it four years before his marriage, sixty-nine years ago.

Mr. Brady is one of the oldest postmasters and J. P.'s in Canada. He prizes highly the old papers of his honorable discharge from the militia, after seeing active service in defense of Canada during the troublesome times of 1838. Mr. Brady is now in his eighty-ninth year and Mrs. Brady (nee Mary Murphy) is eighty-four years old.

ABBE OUELLETTE APPOINTED COLONIZATION AGENT.

Abbe J. A. Ouellette, Beaumont, Alberta, has been appointed Colonization Agent for that province by the Hon. Frank Oliver, Minister of the Interior.

Abbe Ouellette was born at St. Louis de Terrebonne, in 1876, was ordained to the priesthood of the Diocese of St. Albert by Archbishop Bruchesi, in 1904; and the following year, by request of Mgr. Legal, was installed in the Parish of Beaumont. He has been enabled during the past two years to visit all portions of Alberta open to colonization, and expresses himself as being surprised that Canadians should be so indifferent to the splendid chances offered by the Government, which they are allowing to pass into the hands of strangers. Abbe Ouellette will have an office on St. Antoine street.

MR. SHEA HONORED.

Mr. P. J. Shea, musical director of the many entertainments organized by the St. Ann's Young Men's Society, was presented on Wednesday night with an address and a purse of gold. It was the occasion of an honorary testimonial for the services the society has received from Mr. Shea, and the concert and smoker that was got up for the presentation made the evening pass off very pleasantly. Mr. D. O'Neill, president of St. Ann's Young Men, read an address and made the presentation. Rev. Father Rioux, spiritual director of the society; Rev. Father McPhail, Dr. Guerin, Ald. O'Connell, and Mr. Frank Curran all spoke on the work of the society and the pleasure derived by the parish from its musical and dramatic performances. For the concert part of the programme Messrs. W. Murphy, E. Jackson, Geo. Holland, Chas. Killoren, E. O'Brien, J. Benoit, R. Brown and M. Farney favored with songs, and M. O'Donnell, W. Fornan and J. McMillan gave recitations.

NEW PARISH CREATED.

His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi has given formal notice of the creation of the parish of St. John of the Cross. The limitations are thus described: "On the south by the Canadian Pacific Railway, on the east starting from the Canadian Pacific Railway to the centre of St. Zotique street, by the centre of the lane which separates Casgrain and de Gasse streets, and from St. Zotique street to the north limits of the parish of St. Edouard, by the lane which separates de Gasse and Alma streets, on the north, by the boundary line of the parish of St. Edouard."

The new parish is taken out of that of St. Edouard, and the people residing on the said territory and the owners of the lands shown to be under the charge of those in charge of the parish of St. John of the Cross, are enjoined to contribute tithes and offerings customary and

authorized in the diocese, and to pay respect and obedience in all matters relating to religion and which concern their salvation.

Rev. A. J. Prefontaine will be in charge of the new parish.

Indigestion Cured By Dr. Williams' Pink Pills After Six Doctors had Failed to be of Benefit.

That gnawing pain in the stomach, sometimes shooting up into the chest, often producing a choking sensation in the throat; fierce pains around the heart; a feeling of drowsiness and a distaste for food—that's indigestion. Its victims are numbered by the thousands. To them life is a burden. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done more towards relieving this suffering than any other medicine. Often they have cured after all other help had failed, as in the case of Mr. Willis Herman, of St. Catharines, Ont., who says:—"I had been afflicted with indigestion and stomach trouble for years. At times my suffering was almost indescribable. Sometimes for whole days I was unable to touch food. I dieted and at different times was treated by six doctors, but they did not help me; I only grew worse. For a time I was living in New York, and while there consulted a specialist, but he was unable to give me any relief. I then decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and in less than a month I felt some relief. I continued their use for a couple of months longer and gained in weight; my appetite improved; the pains left me and I now feel better than I have at any time during the past twenty-five years. I will always gladly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to other sufferers, believing that they will surely do for others what they have done for me."

When you use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a blood builder and nerve tonic you are not experimenting—they have been tried and proved successful in thousands of cases. It is their power to actually make new, rich, red blood that enable them to cure such troubles as anaemia, indigestion, rheumatism, kidney trouble, St. Vitus dance, partial paralysis, and those special ailments of girlhood and womanhood that cause so much misery. For sale by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Correspondence.

A CALL TO DUTY.

Editor True Witness: Sir,—For the past few years the Shamrock hockey team has made a very poor showing in the league games, and the association has, no doubt, lost money. Would it not be better to put a winning team in the field even if players had to be imported, than to carry the banner of the association so low that every other team in the league has the pleasure of walking over it?

Let this not be the case with our lacrosse team. It is now time for the officers to begin to get up a team that will do justice to the association, and not wait till the final minute—as they did last year, and take last place again. There are many splendid men in the senior ranks who are young and fast and should be found out at the first call; in fact, hundreds believe that the Shamrock team of 1905 could easily land the Minto Cup again this year.

Then we have a splendid intermediate team to pick from, and besides there are many young Irish lads who know how to handle a stick and are playing first class lacrosse in Quebec, Sherbrooke and elsewhere, who would, no doubt, like a chance to play with Shamrock. If we are to have a first class team, now is the time to get it together and not wait until the eve of the first battle. "In time of peace, prepare for war." Other teams have begun, but nothing is heard of the Shamrocks.

SHAMROCK.
Montreal, April 11, 1907.

When our reporter called at the Home this week he found the ladies in great preparation for the Rose Tree which is to be planted next Tuesday, and we hope entirely stripped of its flowers before the end of the week. The tombola, however, has been postponed until next month at least, as the tickets are not being sold as fast as should be expected. This delay will give more time for the assembling of prizes, for there will be at least fifty won on the night of the drawing. Besides the valuable oil painting of Mgr. Gauthier, several watches, a ton of coal, three dozens of photographs to order, several large statues, fancy cushions, a rocking chair, the life of Napoleon in pictures, Stoddard's Tour of the World. Each of these last mentioned works worth twenty dollars; a silver mounted rosary, a tea set, a box of cigars, two bound volumes of the Irish Repository, a subscription to the True Witness, the Irish World, Union and Times of Buffalo, Catholic Record of London, tea cozies, fancy slippers. Several others are expected. One of the prizes is a miniature lithograph of George Washington (a little damaged) printed by order of the U. S. Government; an obelisk from Washington that was once worth five thousand dollars (can be carried in the pocket). As there are only six thousand tickets printed, it is no more than reasonable that three thousand stubs find their way back to the urn; this will mean a prize for every sixtieth ticket-holder. Every remittance is acknowledged in some way, so that benefactors must expect at least a post card to show that their stubs have been placed in the urn. Since the last report, Mr. Peghem has kept the wads well supplied, as always, with fish and even oysters; parcels of clothing have been received; Mr. M. J. Walsh, M.P. P., sent twenty dollars; Mr. C. W. Pearson of Buckingham, sent ten dollars; Mr. H. Gallagher, Mr. John McGovern and Mr. T. Hanley, five dollars each, and Mrs. Normand, St. Anne de Beaupre, one dollar. Mrs. Reilly sent a quarter of beef, and another friend two bags of potatoes.

We hope to have a good account to give when the Rose Tree will have lost its bloom, for the modest and thriving institution fully deserves all that can be done to make it one of the flourishing works of charity in the city.

St. Joseph's Home.
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Struggling Infant Mission.

IN THE DIOCESE OF NORTHAMPTON, FAKENHAM, NORFOLK ENGLAND.

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

Average weekly Collection... 8s 6d. No endowment whatever, except HOPE. Not a great kind of endowment, you will say, good reader. Ah, well! Who knows? Great things have, as a rule, very small beginnings. There was the stable of Bethlehem, and God's hand is not shortened. I HAVE hopes. I have GREAT hopes that this latest Mission, opened by the Bishop of Northampton, will, in due course, become a great mission.

Best outside help is, evidently, necessary. Will it be forthcoming?

I have noticed how willingly the CLIENTS OF ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA readily come to the assistance of poor, struggling Priests. May I not hope that they will, too, cast a sympathetic and pitying eye upon me in my struggle to establish an outpost of the Catholic Faith in this—so far as the Catholic Faith is concerned—barren region? May I not hope, good reader, that you, in your zeal for the progress of that Faith, will extend a helping hand to me? I cry to you with all earnestness to come to my assistance. You may not be able to do much; but you CAN DO LITTLE. Do that little which is your power, for God's sake, and with the other "littles" that are done I shall be able to establish this new Mission firmly.

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

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

ARTHUR,
Bishop of Northampton.

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

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

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

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We hope to have a good account to give when the Rose Tree will have lost its bloom, for the modest and thriving institution fully deserves all that can be done to make it one of the flourishing works of charity in the city.

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Synopsis of Canadian North-West HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 36, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

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

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

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

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

W. W. CORY,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

Pilgrimage To Rome.

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

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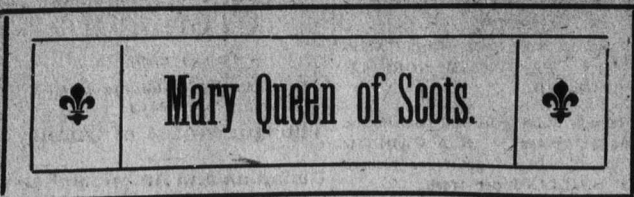
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Mary Queen of Scots.

The following exquisite piece of poetry describing the troubled life and sad death of Scotland's beautiful and ill-fated Queen, would be very suitable for recitation at Catholic entertainments. It was written by H. G. Bell, Esq.:

THE CONVENT.

I looked far back in other years, and lo! in bright array, I saw, as in a dream, the forms of ages passed away. It was a stately convent, with its old and lofty walls And gardens, with their broad green walks, where soft the footstep falls; And o'er the antique dial-stones the creeping shadows passed. And all around the noon-day sun a drowsy radiance cast. No sound of busy life was heard, save from the cloister dim, The tinkling of the silver bell, or Sisters' holy hymn. And there five noble maidens sat, beneath the orchard trees, In that first budding spring of youth when all its prospects please; And little reck'd they when they sang, or knelt at Vesper prayers, That Scotland knew no prouder names—held none more dear than theirs; And little even the loveliest thought, before the Virgin's shrine, Of royal blood and high descent from the ancient Stuart line; Calmly her happy days flew on, uncounted in their flight; And as they flew they left behind a long continuing light.

THE COURT.

The scene was changed. It was the court—the gay court of Bourbon, And 'neath a thousand silver lamps, a thousand courtesies throng; And proudly kindles Henry's eye, well pleased, I ween, to see The land assemble all its wealth of grace and chivalry:— Gray Montmorency, o'er whose head has passed a storm of years, Strong in himself and children stand, the first among his peers; And next the Guises, who so well fame's steepest heights assailed, And walked ambition's diamond ridge, where bravest hearts have failed; And higher yet their path shall be, stronger shall wax their might, before them Montmorency's star shall pale its waning light. Bre Louis, Prince of Condé, wears his all-conquering sword, With great Coligni by his side—each name a household word! And there walks she the Medicis, that proud Italian line, The mother of a race of kings—the haughty Catherine! The forms that follow in her train, a glorious sunshine make— A milky way of stars that grace a comet's glittering wake: But fairer than all the rest, who bask on fortune's tide, Effulgent in the light of youth, is she, the new-made bride! The homage of a thousand hearts—the fond deep hope of one— The hopes that dance around a life whose charms are but begun— They lighten up her chestnut eye, they mantle o'er her cheek, They sparkle on her open brow, and high soul'd joy bespeak. Ah! who shall blame, if scarce that day, through all its brilliant hours, She thought of that quiet convent's calm, its sunshine and its flowers?

THE PRISON.

The scene was changed. It was a lake with one small, lonely isle, And there, within the prison walls of that baronial pile, Stern men stood menacing their queen—till she should stoop to sign. The traitorous scroll that snatched the crown from her ancestral line; "My lords! my lords," the captive said, "were I but once more free, With ten good knights on yonder shore to aid my cause and me, That parchment would I scatter wide to every breeze that blows, And once more reign a Stuart Queen o'er my remorseless foes!" A red spot burned upon her cheek, streamed her rich tresses down, She wrote the words. She stood erect—a queen without a crown.

THE VOYAGE.

The scene was changed. It was a bark that slowly held its way, And o'er its lee the coast of France in the light of evening lay,

And on its deck a lady sat, who gazed with tearful eyes Upon the fast receding hills, that dim and distant rise. No marvel that the lady wept; there was no land on earth 'She loved like that dear land, although she owed it not her birth; It was her mother's land, the land of childhood and of friends— It was the land where she had found for all her griefs amends— The land where her dead husband slept, the land where she had known The tranquil convent's hushed repose, and the splendors of a throne; No marvel that the lady wept—it was the land of France, The chosen home of chivalry—the garden of romance! The past was bright, like those dear hills so far behind her bark; The future, like the gathering night, was ominous and dark! One gaze again—one long, last gaze—"Adieu, fair France, to thee!" The breeze comes forth—she is alone on the unconscious sea.

THE TROUBLED THRONE.

The scene was changed. It was an eve of raw and surly mood, And in a turret chamber high of ancient Holyrood Sat Mary, listening to the rain, and sighing with the winds That seemed to suit the stormy state of men's uncertain minds. The touch of care had blanched her cheek—her smile was sadder now, The weight of royalty had pressed too heavy on her brow; And traitors to her councils came, and rebels to the field; The Stuart sceptre well she swayed, but the sword she could not wield. She thought of all her blighted hopes—the dreams of youth's brief day, And summoned Rizzio with his lute, and bade the minstrel play The songs she loved in early years—the songs of gay Navarre, The songs, perchance, that erst were sung by gallant Chatelard; They half beguiled her of her cares, they soothed her into smiles, They won her thoughts from bigot's zeal, and fierce domestic broils; But hark! the tramp of armed men! the Douglas' battle-cry! They come, they come; and lo! the scowl of Ruthven's hollow eye! The swords are drawn, the daggers gleam, and tears and words are vain. The ruffian steel is in his heart—the faithful Rizzio's slain! Then Mary Stuart brushed aside the tears that trickling fell; "Now for my father's arm," she said, "my woman's heart fare-well!"

THE DEFEAT.

The scene was changed. A royal host a royal banner bore, And the faithful of the land stood round their smiling queen once more; She stayed her steed upon a hill—she saw them marching by— She heard their shouts, she read success in every flashing eye; The tumult of the strife begins—it roars—it dies away; And Mary's troops and banners now, and couriers, where are they? Scattered and strewn, and flying far, defenceless and undone— Oh! God; to see what she has lost, and think that guilt has won! Away! away! thy gallant steed must avenge no laggard's part; Yet vain his speed, for thou dost bear the arrow in thy heart.



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Cures COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, ROARSENESS and all THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES. Miss Florence K. Matman, New Germany, N.S., writes:— "I had a cold which left me with a very bad cough. I was afraid I was going into consumption. I was advised to try DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP. I had little faith in it, but before I had taken one bottle I began to feel better, and after the second I felt as well as ever. My cough has completely disappeared."

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THE SCAFFOLD.

The scene was changed. Beside the block a sullen headman stood, And gleamed the broadaxe in his hand that soon must drip with blood. With slow and steady step there came a lady through the hall, And breathless silence chained the lips, and touched the hearts of all, Rich were the sable robes she wore—her white veil round her fell, And from her neck there hung a cross—the cross she loved so well. I knew that queenly form again, though blighted was its bloom; I saw that grief had decked it out, an offering for the tomb! I knew the eye, though faint its light, that once so brilliant shone; I knew the voice, though feeble now, that thrilled with every tone; I knew the ringlets, almost gray, once threads of living gold; I knew that bounding grace of step—that symmetry of mould. Even now I see her far away in that calm convent aisle, I hear her chant her Vesper hymn, I mark her holy smile. Even now I see her bursting forth upon her bridal morn, A new star in the firmament, to light and glory born. Alas! the change; she placed her foot upon a triple throne, And on the scaffold now she stands, beside the block ALONE! The little dog that licks her hand, the last of all the crowd Who summed themselves beneath her glance and round her footsteps bowed. Her neck is bared—the blow is struck—the soul is passed away— The bright—the beautiful is now a bleeding piece of clay! The dog is mourning piteously; and as it gurgles o'er Laps the warm blood that trickling runs unheeded to the floor! The blood of beauty, wealth and power—the heart's blood of a queen! The noblest of the Stuart race—the fairest earth has seen— Lapped by a dog! Go, think of it in silence and alone; Then weigh against a grain of sand the glories of a throne.

SUFFERING BABIES.

Mothers can find sure relief for their suffering little ones in Baby's Own Tablets. These Tablets are a gentle laxative that do not gripe the little one; and cure all the minor ills of babies and young children. They are pleasant to take, prompt in their action, and unlike "soothing" stuffs, they never do harm, and the mother has the guarantee of a Government analyst that they contain no drugs harmful to even the youngest baby. Thousands of mothers give their little ones nothing else but Baby's Own Tablets when constipation, stomach trouble, indigestion, colds or worms bother the baby, or when the dreaded teething time comes. Mrs. Jos. Morcier, Plamerville, Que., says: "My baby was a great sufferer from constipation, but thanks to Baby's Own Tablets the trouble has disappeared." The Tablets are

sold by all druggists or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Old Soutane.

(Continued from Page 7.)

agreeable exterior and attractive conversation, laboring with zeal and prudence to reanimate the faith and charity of their fellowmen, by rendering religion sweet and easy to them. To act in any other spirit, M. le Cure, to deter them from the service of religion by exhibiting a spectacle of severity and privation, is to display a degree of incapacity or of singularity alike deplorable. "My lord, my slender means alone," and the cure stopped, for he remembered that there was some other cause besides his poverty, and he could not continue his justification.

"I know the whole; I know that your improvidence and ill-regulated charity compromise the respect necessary for a minister of religion, and I strongly condemn a conduct so inconsiderate. Go, Monsieur le Cure, and learn that by sacrificing what we owe to ourselves, we incur the risk of failing in the respect which we owe to others." When the cure was gone, the bishop turned with a smile to the witnesses of this little extempore drama. "The lesson has been a harsh one," said he, "but, it was necessary. I fancy our worthy cure's excessive liberality is checked for some time. However, M. l'Abbe," added he, addressing one of his vicars, "you will take care to send promptly to my excellent penitent a new soutane and 300 francs, as a reserve to meet the requirements of his devoted charity."

Before returning to the presbytery, the cure, deeply affected by the rebuke of his superior, prayed a long time in the church, and strove earnestly to reconcile in his mind the due claims of his several duties. The mental struggle was long and painful, a cold sweat bedewed his brow; returning home he had the fever. Margaret scolded him more gently than usual, and made him go to bed.

Some days after this a physician was standing with a look of sorrow beside the sick bed of the cure. Margaret, with her face hidden in her hands, was weeping bitterly. A stranger entered; he carried on his arm a handsome soutane of the finest black, and in his hand a well-filled purse.

"From my lord bishop," said he. The sick man smiled sadly. "I pray you," said he, raising his voice, "to thank his grace heartily in the name of my successor and recommend to his goodness an ardent preacher whose precepts I have too often slighted," he pointed towards Margaret.

"My God," he added, in a lower tone, clasping his hands, "I have, I fear, desired too earnestly one earthly good; but since I cannot in this world accomplish my desires so as to assist Thy suffering creatures and live without reproach, I go to Thy kingdom where there are none poor, and where those who have loved Thy law shall be clothed with Thy glory for ever and ever." He closed his eyes, a tranquil smile shone upon his worn features and ere it had faded from his lips, and pure spirit was in the presence of its Creator.—The Guidon.

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THE OLD SOUL A True Story. Some years ago there poor village in Auvergne the poorest missionaries penetrated the defiles of the meaneast peasant searching the bowels of tin for antimony and not have envied the hum which was his drive against the end of a little church surmounted by an it might have been taken mtage, or for one of table asylums raised on places, far from the boat travel, to guide and succ tish wanderer. From which it was situated, t upon the fertile basin of magne, traversed in its lon by the Allier, shining like ribbon. Behind the chun slope of the mountain w huts, rising one above the at a distance reminding caravan ascending a steep this point the sight ran to rock along the chain t long the Puy de Dome, the Cantal and the Mont d' Such was the kind of t habited for more than t the venerated priest of reader will easily unde scruple that hinders us fr here the name of the villa as our reluctance to atte racy of the least detail ple narrative by adopting monplace expedient of name. He was a man sixty, with a spare act, and a countenance beam benevolence. His entire s heart did not exclude eit flement or the elevation ful intellect, nor did the his own life dimmish in a indulgent consideration f nesses of others. His fa dent, and his zeal for the pie committed to his ch no other bounds than tho ture had imposed on h strength, so that his char regard made him almost miracles. The winter ha so rigorous, no snow so mountain had no ravine nor had any night a dark found as to deter him fro cise of his arduous and p ties. And all this was o simply, without the n emotion of vanity, and w of sincere interest and g which removed the very l sional sacrifice. One evening in summe to eight o'clock, the cure, finished the reading o iary, was seated in sile low window which look wards the village. Return fatigued from a long jour haled with a sense of en refreshing air that breathe room. Margaret, his old er, was arranging on the an oaken dresser, the sim sites that had been used master's frugal supper, fo frequent excursions to t and various localities unde him from home to an adv he had adopted, of necessi as by choice, the primitiv of the country people. B piece of furniture we have tioned, the room contained table, which also served fo table during the long wint ings, when the good cure v and then gravely dispute th of a game of piquet or of front was an old walnut-tr and at the end of the chan a small door, the principal all, the cure's bed, arrayed most patriarchal simplicity nificent ivory crucifix, the noble and pious lady, was above a prie-dieu of plain b In one of the angles forme projection of a vast chimn one of those long boxes, w with squares of differen much like the case of an dummy, over which appea dial of a rustic-looking ch chairs of coarse straw com furniture, on the descripti which we have dwelt thu because the entire household perfect and severe type of a cluding the greater number dwellings of the provincial poor and remote districts h Margaret, a respectable a tron, with a short round h an important air, who had the service of the cure sever before, was the real sove this little realm. The mlier had by degrees abdicat favor the entire executive a and saving an occasional s power, or a fit of gumbing

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THE OLD SOUTANE
A True Story.

Some years ago there lived near a poor village in Auvergne, one of the poorest missioners that had ever penetrated the defiles of the caennnes. The meanest peasant employed in searching the bowels of the mountain for antimony and coal would not have envied the humble cottage which was his dwelling. Built against the end of a little gray stone church surmounted by an iron cross, it might have been taken for a hermitage, or for one of those hospitable asylums raised on the high places, far from the beaten paths of travel, to guide and succor the perishing wanderer. From the level on which it was situated, the eye fell upon the fertile basin of the Limagne, traversed in its longest extent by the Allier, shining like a silvery ribbon. Behind the church on the slope of the mountain were some huts, rising one above the other, and at a distance reminding one of a caravan ascending a steep road; from this point the sight ran from rock to rock along the chains to which belong the Puy de Dome, the Plomb de Cantal and the Mont d'Or.

Such was the kind of Theobald inhabited for more than ten years by the venerated priest of —. The reader will easily understand the scruple that hinders us from writing here the name of the village, as well as our reluctance to alter the accuracy of the least detail in this simple narrative by adopting the commonplace expedient of a fictitious name. He was a man of about sixty, with a spare, active figure, and a countenance beaming with mild benevolence. His entire simplicity of heart did not exclude either the refinement or the elevation of a powerful intellect, nor did the austerity of his own life dimly in anything his indulgent consideration for the weaknesses of others. His faith was ardent, and his zeal for the poor people committed to his charge knew no other bounds than those which nature had imposed on his physical strength, so that his charity in their regard made him almost accomplish miracles. The winter had no cold so rigorous, no snow so thick, the mountain had no ravine so deep, nor had any night a darkness so profound as to deter him from the exercise of his arduous and painful duties. And all this was done quite simply, without the most secret emotion of vanity, and with an air of sincere interest and good nature which removed the very idea of personal sacrifice.

One evening in summer, it might be eight o'clock, the cure, after having finished the reading of his breviary, was seated in silence near a low window which looked out towards the village. Returned late and fatigued from a long journey, he inhaled with a sense of enjoyment the refreshing air that breathed into the room. Margaret, his old housekeeper, was arranging on the shelves of an open dresser, the simple regalia that had been used at her master's frugal supper, for as his frequent excursions to the distant and various localities under the control of his ministry often detained him from home to an advanced hour, he had adopted, of necessity as well as by choice, the primitive hours of the country people. Besides the piece of furniture we have just mentioned, the room contained a dining-table, which also served for a card table during the long winter evenings, when the good cure would now and then gravely dispute the chances of a game of piquet or of chess. In front was an old walnut-tree chest, and at the end of the chamber, near a small door, the principal article of all, the cure's bed, arrayed with the most patriarchal simplicity. A magnificent ivory crucifix, the gift of a noble and pious lady, was placed above a prie-dieu of plain black oak. In one of the angles formed by the projection of a vast chimney stood one of those long boxes, variegated with squares of different colors, much like the case of an Egyptian mummy, over which appeared the dial of a rustic-looking clock; some chairs of coarse straw completed the furniture, on the description of which we have dwelt thus minutely because the entire household in the perfect and severe type of a class including the greater number of the dwellings of the provincial clergy in poor and remote districts like this.

Margaret, a respectable aged matron, with a short round figure and an important air, who had entered the service of the cure several years before, was the real sovereign of this little realm. The legitimate ruler had by degrees abdicated in her favor the entire executive authority, and saving an occasional abuse of power, or a fit of grumbling now

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and then, it must be owned this domination was in no way subversive of the common weal, and besides was perfectly suited to the cure's absolute indifference with regard to the petty details of life, especially in all that related to himself personally. His negligence in this respect, indeed, reached a degree of forgetfulness of his interests which afforded Margaret an inexhaustible text for sundry unorthodox sermons whenever her master's unthinking liberality gave her a fair opportunity for the display of her eloquence.

Notwithstanding his exceeding readiness to sacrifice the interests of his external dignity in time of need to the wants of others, it must not be understood from this that the cure was quite insensible to the claims of what may be called respect for his proper person. He was none of those rigorists who make a crime of everything that bears the resemblance of a concession to the prejudices or the opinion of the world, and still less one of those hypocritical pretenders who glory in a tattered suit and neglected person. He felt his poverty and endured it courageously, always ready when necessary to renounce his most legitimate desires; and thus it happened that during ten years of continual privation he had not succeeded in amassing the trifling sum essential to the fulfilment of his most anxious wish—the acquisition of the new soutane. That was his highest worldly ambition. From constant recurrence to it, and thanks besides to the incessant oratory of Margaret on this point, the wish had gradually assumed in his mind the tenacity of a fixed idea. In this truly there was nothing unreasonable, to judge from the deplorable appearance of the good father's principal piece of clothing; and in beholding it, one could not but execrate the evil genius which, every time he seemed on the point of grasping it, made the desired garment vanish before him, as if by magic. Years glided by, each one with its train of disappointments and still the poor cure repeated with unwearied perseverance, "It will be got next year, at Easter, before Pentecost, for the Assumption against Christmas." In vain had he already traversed this fatal circle ten times; the seasons revolved, the festivals returned with inflexible regularity, leaving at each visit a yet more sensible trace of their passage

on the unfortunate soutane. The particular day on which we have introduced the worthy pastor to our readers happened to be one of those irritable days when the gathered discontent of the housekeeper threw a gloom on her countenance like the dark clouds that were floating above the hills. The abruptness of her motions, and her redoubtable activity, betrayed a secret agitation, which only awaited a suitable occasion to break forth in words, while the face of the cure, on the contrary, exhibited even more than its usual degree of tranquil placidity, though an observer might have remarked that this was mingled with an expression of concealed triumph seldom to be seen upon his meek and humble brow. From time to time he turned his eyes from the extensive horizon before him, to steal a glance unobserved at Margaret's proceedings, which apparently afforded him some amusement, as he seemed now and then to suppress a sudden smile of humor not unminged with malicious expectation. The night, meanwhile, had come on; the sky was dark and gloomy, and the moon appeared at but intervals through the masses of clouds that were gathering over it. The wind was beginning to agitate the summits of two tall chestnut trees planted before the door of the presbytery.

"After your journey and fatigues of the day," said Margaret suddenly, in a tone of maternal authority, "sleep would be better for you at this hour than the open air. The breeze from the plain is not wholesome, and there is a storm coming up. At least, you ought to close the window."

"I do not feel fatigued, Margaret. As to the air, you are right, and I will obey you—though," added he in an undertone, as he shut the window, "the storm, the most to be dreaded just now is not that which threatens from without." Margaret either did not or would not hear; the cure set down. "Why should you be displeased with me to-day?" he continued, looking at her with an expression of doubt. "This time at least you would be in the wrong, Margaret." These words brought on the explosion foreseen by the cure, at once.

"Ah! truly, I would be in the wrong!" cried she, with a sort of comic indignation; "and I ought to be very well pleased with you, to be sure! A whole day passed from home without eating or drinking, at your age! That is good and praiseworthy, without doubt. But it will end badly with you, mark my words."

"Peace, Margaret, peace!" resumed the cure, in a gentle voice, "our ministry has painful duties."

you gained to-day, for instance, after your long journey? Nothing!" "Nothing," said the cure, smiling with a mysterious air.

"Or at most a few paltry francs—good means, indeed, to buy a soutane!" Here she was interrupted by a flash of lightning that filled the room for an instant with a vivid glare, and left a long train of fire on the side of the mountain, followed by a peal of thunder so long and loud that it seemed to have fallen on the very house itself. The cure and the housekeeper crossed themselves. Margaret lighted a little lamp that hung over the chimney board, and dipping a branch of box into the small font, she sprinkled the holy water all around her, while the priest recited a short prayer.

The cure resumed quietly: "Margaret, you must inquire if there is in the country a tailor able to make well and speedily a new soutane for your cure."

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proceeded through the gloom towards the scene of the disaster. The next morning the fire was quite extinct; only one dwelling, the meanest in the village, had perished but the poor cure had, in the flames, lost a portion of his soutane. "Happily," said Margaret, as she finished repairing this mishap with a piece of cloth but indifferently matched as to color, "happily, thanks to the generosity of her ladyship, the baroness, the evil this time is not without remedy."

"Alas! my good Margaret," replied the cure in a deprecatory tone and with a hesitation of manner, like a schoolboy caught in a fault, "that is more than can be said of the misfortune which has befallen these poor people."

"Remember that they have nothing," said the cure, "but you want another soutane." "And they have neither clothing nor food."

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed the housekeeper, struck by a sudden suspicion, "what have you done with the money you showed me yesterday?" "Margaret," answered the cure, covered with confusion, "you need not go to order the new soutane we were speaking of—I have not the money—it is lost." And so it was, indeed to him, but willingly lost; he had given it to the poor cottagers whose hut was burned.

The following spring an unexpected occurrence increased the anxiety which the good cure really felt about the soutane, notwithstanding his excessive liberality. There was suddenly spread the report of an intended pastoral visit of the bishop to all the parishes of his diocese. This news at first threw our poor friend into that kind of torpor which arises from the sight of imminent danger; his brain grew dizzy for a moment, as if he had felt the ground waver beneath his feet, and this prostration in such a miserable result that he finally renounced all hope of passing honorably through this terrible ordeal. Already he imagined himself appearing "shameful, negligent and disrespectful-looking before his ecclesiastical superior, when Providence came to his aid once more, in the shape of a charitable widow, secretly informed of the circumstances by Margaret. A tailor was immediately sent for to a neighboring town. Time pressed. The tailor was poor; he must be paid beforehand for his work and furnished with means to purchase the requisite stuff. In returning, the tailor, who was fond of drink, stopped at a public house, where the wine produced such a marvelous effect on his imagination that it made him completely overlook the important distinction between meum and tuum. The cure bore this new stroke with the seeming insensibility

of one who has no longer strength even to suffer. The robber was arrested. The priest caused him to be released, saying to himself that one misfortune should not be repaired by another, and affirming aloud that he had made the tailor a present of the money he had spent, at which declaration Margaret was tempted to believe that her master had really lost his senses.

At length the day of trial arrived. The ringing of all the bells in the neighborhood announced the entrance of the prelate into the parish. The cure, accompanied by his sacristan and two choir boys, in their official costume, left the presbytery that they might be ready to receive his grace at the entrance of the village. The local authorities, in their robes of office, bore the canopy under which the bishop was to be conducted to the church. The pastor himself, his confidence restored by the shining surplice that covered his old soutane, advanced with a firm step at the head of his little escort, along a path strewn with flowers and between a double row of cottages, all adorned in some manner to do honor to the occasion. The bishop appeared; the procession accompanied him to the church, where the cure read Mass. After the service he came to offer his respects to the prelate. His grace was seated, with his two grand vicars respectfully standing on either side, and surrounded by the principal inhabitants of the commune. He was a man of about forty, of a dignified mien and a prepossessing appearance; his manners were courtly, his countenance noble, and he expressed himself with the grace and fluency of an orator accustomed to speak before the great ones of the earth. The poor cure felt his firmness deserting him the instant he was obliged to divest himself of the friendly surplice. The young prelate knitted his brows at sight of the miserable vesture worn by the venerable priest who trembled before him like a criminal before his judge.

"Monsieur," said he in a severe tone, "is your parish so very poor, and your revenues so scanty that you cannot afford your person the attention which the dignity of the priesthood requires?" "I beseech your grace to pardon me."

"We are far, Monsieur," pursued the bishop gravely, "from those happy times when the Church, honored for herself alone, arrayed herself solely in the austere virtues of her servants. Her ministers are no longer apostles nor martyrs; they are men dwelling in the world, of

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ITEMS OF PASSING MOMENT

As an evidence that Doctor Drummond's fame was cherished abroad as well as at home, we quote from the New York Sun, than which there is no more representative American newspaper:

"By the death of Dr. Drummond Canada has lost her most popular citizen. Our people join with their neighbors on the other side of the line in mourning the passing of a writer who put into his books, as no other did before him, everything that was characteristic of the most interesting side of the old life of the Dominion. Dr. Drummond never regarded himself as a professional man of letters. But there was no snobbery in this. He wrote to amuse himself, and because he could not help it. His friends had the greatest difficulty in persuading him that French-Canadian poems that had passed from hand to hand, and were known everywhere, from the clubs of Montreal, Quebec and Ottawa to lodges in the vast wilderness, had any permanent value. At last, out of sheer weariness and good-nature, he consented to empty his desk. The result was the volume entitled 'The Habitant,' which, to the astonishment of the author, were reprinted in this city no less than twenty-six times in ten years. The popularity of that volume had no effect upon Dr. Drummond. He never wrote a line because there was a demand for it. He went on as before. A hard-working medical man, and then highly successful in mining, he was to the last the same kindly, genial, modest giant who deserves a high place among doctors who have been great writers as well. The bell of none of these country churches that he loved ever tolled for a man who will be more justly or longer mourned."

One of the doctor's friends tells this little story: "My introduction to Drummond came a dozen years ago or more. A big, brisk man ascended the stairs with heavy tread. Safely tucked under each arm were roly-poly black objects as big as half-grown cocker spaniels. I looked inquiringly. 'Bears,' he said, in a deep bass voice. 'Ar't they fine ones, though,' and he gazed first at one and then at the other admiringly, as he held them by the scruff of the neck—they were wicked and wanted to bite. Some one had killed the mother up on the St. Maurice somewhere and Dr. Drummond had rescued the babies. He had climbed the stairs to show them to the 'boys,' far prouder than if he had found a diamond mine. I went to his office one day with an ache and a pain. 'Hello,' said he, 'glad to see you; sit down. Haven't seen this book of poems, have you? Irish best thing published in many a day.' He began to read forthwith. Between the book, an Irish terrier and some pictures I spent an hour, and forgetting all about the errand which had brought me. I left. He had lost a patient, for I was cured."

Joseph Chamberlain, the leader of the Unionist party in England, one of the most bitter opponents of home rule, is reported to be a physical wreck. The precise nature of the malady which afflicts him has never been divulged by his family, but it is known that it has made of him a mental and physical wreck. That wonderful memory that enabled him so often to score over an opponent in debate is almost a blank. That he will ever again be able to take his place in the political arena in which he was such a brilliant figure there is not the remotest chance.

One of the most beautiful spots in America is Cliff Haven (near Plattsburg) on Lake Champlain. This spot sixteen years ago was selected for

the Catholic Summer School, and Montreal people appreciate more and more each year the advantages of combining with their outing this intellectual treat. The school will open July 1 and continue ten weeks. An elaborate programme of lectures and evening entertainments has been arranged by the board of studies. A special subject has been assigned for each week and the lectures on these subjects will be divided in five parts to occupy the five school days of each week. Among the subjects assigned are "Relation of Church and State from the Earliest Times, Contrasted with Present Conditions in the United States"; "Gaelic Literature"; "The Reconstruction of Religion in France After the French Revolution"; "The Old and the New Philosophy of Life," and "The Dream of Equality and its Realization."

Rodolphe Forget, who for three months past has been in France completing arrangements for the opening of a Paris branch of the house of L. Forget & Co., has returned. He comes back more impressed than ever with the huge sums of money which the French people have for investment. Once started this way Mr. Forget thinks that there is practically no end to the amounts that they will invest in Canadian enterprises.

McGill University suffered a severe financial loss the other day in the burning of its engineering building. The total insurance of this structure and contents was in the neighborhood of \$340,000, while it will take to replace it something like three quarters of a million. The old adage "it never rains, but it pours" seems to be applicable to old McGill, for on Tuesday morning the University was again visited by the fire fiend, and the medical building, one of the best equipped in America, including the valuable museum, was gutted. Money cannot spell the loss which will be caused to the university by this second disaster, but a conservative estimate, made while the fire was raging by one of the professors, estimated the damage at nearly half a million, with a strong probability of it running far beyond that.

What's the matter with "old McGill." A strict investigation seems to be in order.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s deductions on Canada's industrialism for last week tells us that bad roads limit country trade, and collections are still slow from the West, but great impetus is expected to all lines when navigation opens. There is a large quantity of grain to move in the Northwest; heavy-machinery men, car factories and railway material men report an immense volume of business booked, and immigration is already very heavy. At Montreal navigation will open a week or two later than last year. Wholesalers are behind on shipments because manufacturers are backward in deliveries. Re-orders are good. At Toronto hat jobbers are talking of advancing prices, hardware shipments are large but poor roads affect provincial trade. At Winnipeg retail trade is good and a heavy trade is expected throughout the Northwest. Money is firm and collections are slow, owing largely to the congestion in grain shipments.

Whatever the commercial agencies tell us, we know that Canada is serenely sailing along to her goal. The only trouble that she is experiencing is the dearth of labor to boost along her magnificent commercial undertakings. We are told that applications for help still continue to pour in by hundreds to the immigration officials, who are taxed to their utmost in providing suitable

situations for the new comers. With the approach of spring great anxiety is being felt by the farmers to get help, and the wages being offered show a substantial increase over the figures of a few weeks ago. Even as it is the number of men available is not nearly so great as the quota of applications.

The Peace Conference is on in earnest in New York. Nearly every nation has representatives in attendance. W. T. Stead, the indefatigable proclaimer of peace, reached there with the usual loud report. In addressing a gathering of Methodist clergymen in New York the other day advocating the cessation of war, he expressed some sentiment of which his hearers approved, and they, after the habit of their kind, emitted a series of fervent "Amens." Mr. Stead silenced them with: "Nobody cares a d— for your Amens, unless you do something." When he concluded his address one of the brethren arose and moved a vote of thanks to the visitor. Before the motion could be seconded, Stead jumped up. "I don't want any vote of thanks," he said, "I want to know whether you are going to do anything to help in this work. Don't give me the mockery of thanks and then go away and forget all about my message." The preachers then did the usual thing, appointed a committee to consider what should be done.

The constitutionality of the law passed by Congress holding railroads engaged in interstate commerce responsible for damages to employees when caused by neglect of fellow employees or deficient appliances, and known as the employers' liability act, is being tested in the Supreme Court of the United States. One woman seeks to recover \$25,000 from the Southern Pacific for the death of her son, who was a locomotive fireman, and another is trying to recover \$20,000 from the Illinois Central for the loss of her husband. It is evident that the settlement of the point of constitutionality will have far-reaching results.

In the Star symposium of events of thirty years ago, we find the following: "Mr. Mullins informs the Star that he will be unable to find time to accompany the Irish Catholic pilgrimage to Rome, which Rev. Father Dowd, of St. Patrick's Church, is to have the charge. He would have much liked to have formed one of the party, but regrets that he is unable, for several reasons, to do so.

The pilgrims, with the late Father Dowd and Mr. Bernard Tansey at their head, sailed during the early summer from Boston. The machinery of their ship broke down in mid-ocean, delaying them at sea for a few weeks before being sent or reported, causing much anxiety to relatives and the whole community. After making port the party travelled through France to the Holy City and were cordially received by the late Pope Pius IX. Mr. Tansey is still in the land of the living, but good Father Dowd, the incumbent of St. Patrick's, and Ald. J. E. Mullins have long since passed to the unknown land."

This little historical sketch will bear a few corrections. The expedition was known as the Irish-Canadian Pilgrims. Alderman J. E. Mullins, contrary to the Star, did accompany the party. The pilgrims embarked from New York, not Boston, on the steamer Brussels, and it was just 30 years ago to-morrow (Friday) that the party left Montreal. When out from New York one and a half days some gear on the steamer broke and badly delayed the trip. The party was gone four months, pretty much covering the continent.

PERSONAL.

Mr. D. M. Quinn, publisher, has been appointed by the Dominion Government to the Canadian Commissioners' staff at the Irish International Exhibition at Dublin, which opens May 1st. Mr. and Mrs. Quinn leave on the Allan liner Tunisian, which sails from St. John's on Saturday next.

Holy Week at Home for Incurables.

The Home for Incurables was busy during Holy Week. I am sure we were not the least in our share of devotion during this holy time. Our kind and devoted Chaplain, Rev. Father Bibau, announced the opening of a retreat on Wednesday morning to last for three days. The recital of the beads and a sermon

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SEATTLE, TACOMA, VICTORIA, VANCOUVER and PORTLAND. \$48.60
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ANACONDA, BUTTE, HELENA, SALT LAKE. \$45.60
COLORADO SPRINGS, DENVER, PUEBLO. \$45.50
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PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal. Superior Court. Dame Exilda Conant, wife common as to property of Francois Xavier Robert, hotelkeeper, both of the City of Montreal, has this day instituted an action for separation as to property against her said husband, in the Superior Court at Montreal, No. 2351.

Montreal, April 4th, 1907. BEAUDIN, LORANGER & ST. GERMAIN, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

at 9 o'clock in French by the Rev. Father Couture, a Dominican. In the afternoon the repetition, in English for the benefit of the English portion. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament followed.

I am pleased to mention that we had the happiness of having the Holy Week services in our chapel, being the first year the Home has been so favored and privileged.

Holy Thursday was also the closing of our retreat. We assisted at the Mass. The procession of the Blessed Sacrament was attended by our kind sisters carrying lighted tapers and singing appropriate hymns. The Reposeire was very tastefully decorated with flowers and lights. The inmates, both Sisters and the sick, could be seen all day plouly visiting and praying before the Blessed Sacrament.

Our reverend chaplain came in the evening. The nuns sang hymns, prayers followed, and the Act of Reparation was said. Good Friday morning the Passion was read and the Adoration of the holy cross took place.

In the afternoon at 3 o'clock the blessing of Calvary, in St. Peter's ward (gift from an inmate of that ward). An instruction was given on the Passion and death of our Lord; the sorrows of His Immaculate Mother, and the beloved disciple St. John. At the conclusion of the ceremony we went to the chapel. The Way of the Cross was said by Rev. Father Bibau, Holy Saturday the same Father said the Mass. Easter Sunday, early Mass with Holy Communion at 9 o'clock. A

THE S. CARSLY Co. LIMITED THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1907.

We Turn to Boys' Communion Sets

Having on Saturday advertised complete Communion Sets for Girls we now devote space to the Boys.

- BOYS' 2-PIECE BLACK VENETIAN FOR 1ST COMMUNION, neatly pleated coats, lined farmer satin, pants made to fit well at the waist and sewn strongly. Special price \$3.50
BOYS' FINE QUALITY BLACK VENETIAN SEVGE, our own special make and design, made of fine quality cloth, fast dye, best linings and trimmings used throughout, and a perfect fit; coat with box pleats \$5.50
BOYS' VERY SUPERIOR SUITS, in extra quality of Black Venetian, made in the latest cut First Communion pleated Coat, full size pants, and the acme of style and dressiness. \$6.50 and \$7.50
BOYS' FIRST COMMUNION CAPS, trimmed with good quality velvet, fits easy on head, leather peaks, silk finish lining, 45c and 65c
BOYS' 3-PIECE BLACK SERGE SUITS FOR FIRST COMMUNION, in single and double breasted coats, best linings and make only used, and made on the latest style and cut perfect. \$4.50 to \$11.00
BOYS' WHITE COMMUNION SHIRTS, dressed fronts, in sizes 12, 12-1-2, 13, 13-1-2, 14. Price 50c and 75c each.
BOYS' WHITE COMMUNION JOLLARS, in 4 ply, in a variety of shapes, all sizes. Price 12 1-2c each.
BOYS' WHITE COMMUNION BRACES, best fittings. Price 20c up
BOYS' WHITE COMMUNION TIES, in silk, satin and cambric. Price 8c to 25c each.
The prices of our FIRST COMMUNION DRESSES are from \$1.50 up to \$15.00. We have a larger range this year than in previous years. Our stock is full and complete, with CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR FOR FIRST COMMUNION.
EXTRA FINE ORGANDIE MUSLIN DRESSES, made with very wide skirt, and a wide hem and two rows of Val. lace insertion, round yoke of Val lace and insertion, running down waist. Special \$2.45
WE ALSO HAVE FIRST COMMUNION SETS, comprising 6 pieces, dress, 2 white skirts, one with waist, also white flannelette skirt, cambric drawers and chemise, all nicely trimmed with French Val. lace. Special \$10.50 set and \$12.00

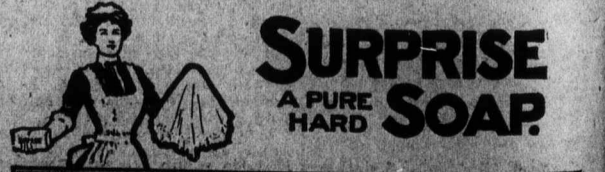
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solemn high Mass was said by our own chaplain, Father Btau. I need not mention how devoted he is to all, and how indefatigable to give his time, and services to any ceremony which takes place in our institution. In the afternoon about four o'clock a sermon was delivered, then Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Afterwards we all congregated for the blessing of a statue of St. Vincent de Paul in the ward of the patron of the same name. Hymns were sung by the Sisters, and a short but very nice instruction given by a rev. Dominican. After the closing of this very impressive ceremony the crowd dispersed, let us trust with better sentiments of piety and love for Christ; thanking God for all blessings. Let us also add our very sincere gratitude and thanks to our good and devoted Dominican Fathers who so kindly gave us their sacred ministry. Also to our good Sisters who added their part in promoting the advantages derived from the closing of the Lenten devotions. L. E. S.



QUICKNESS. THREE TIMES A DAY the year round is too often to do anything anyway but the easiest way, so we recommend everybody to use "SURPRISE" Soap for dish-washing. It loosens up the grease and dirt so that they slide off the dish easily. Any child can wash the dishes in a few minutes with "SURPRISE" Soap. And it doesn't hurt the hands or make them sore and rough. There is nothing harsh about "SURPRISE" Soap, and it takes so little of it to do a big lot of work that it is the most economical soap you can buy. "SURPRISE" costs no more than common soaps. See the red and yellow wrappers.



Vol. LVI., No.

The French

A correspondent of the Sun, J. Causade, a French Catholic, sets forth a position regarding the Church in France:

In the first place, in form associations (clubs) as the Minister of Public Instruction, did the Catholics refuse to obey the law. And who says so? Br. On December 9 last in the said: "The law imposes on him the exercise of his rights. The Catholics will not form associations have accordingly not refused law, and they can stand as long as they Government will not get them." This was in some Radical-Socialist who urged that fresh taken against the Church.

Secondly, having acknowledged the right of the Church no associations, cultuelles, to interfere with its organs. Br. brought forward of 1881 an association of the Catholics to make a declaration of their wish to establish worship, would then be authorized declaration having to every year. In refusing this declaration did the revolt against law?

No! Once more, says Br. at the same session the law on public meetings it was not intended worship. It did not intend worship in public meetings was a special thing. I have shown the formal associations cultuelles which that the declaration required law of 1881 was not intended worship, and that according law has been infringed by the Catholics, why did I refuse to submit to the law?

First, because the provisions of this law were open to schismatic organizations Catholic Church. To my opinion I refer your reading following: "Human spirit all diversities. Liberty them to spring up again; the infallible Pop it grow less, and from that the associations cultuelles will arise." And what thus? The actual Prime France, Clemenceau!

Why does the Church, Catholics refuse to make for worshipping, and year? Because they have ranted that the law was interpreted later on in the spirit by Br. did not completely transform Waldeck programme? History myself. We know the spirit of the French Government know the meaning of it taken. France at present shown their hatred for a Speaking on the education of the English Fr. M. "We want to form a new element of the educational general basis of common ty." Here the Government to take as a basis "common." If the law of separation of the Church and the State by men having intelligence respect for religion, the would be avoided.

In England, Edward VII. His Ministers in their speech fear to apply to God for the prosperity of France. In the United States the President is essentially Christian. Roosevelt is an avowed Christian in all his words. The President of the United States, M. Fallieres, is an atheist; the Prime Minister, is an atheist; the Minister for Worship (Minister of Labor, is an atheist).

It is true that Br. and Government is not anti-religion, but only after the Government had voted that the