



MAGNIFICENT RECEPTION TO SIR WILFRID LAURIER.

Canada's Premier enthusiastically received in Toronto—Massey Music Hall a scene of Brilliance and Beauty—Eloquent Speeches Received with Plaudits Loud and Sincere.

(Special Correspondence to the True Witness by Margaret L. Hart.)

As an event epoch making in its character, and as a scene reaching the culmination of beauty, enthusiasm and inspiration at every possible point, the banquet and reception tendered Sir Wilfrid Laurier in Massey Music Hall, Toronto, on Wednesday, the 21st. February, will live in the minds of all who witnessed or took part, and "the night of the banquet" will be a new point from which to mark future events. The object of the meeting, that of proving to the Premier that throughout the vast stretch of the Dominion there are none more loyal and true to the chief than the Reformers of Ontario, was loyally achieved, and the fealty and love of the men of the north were proven by their gathering from all parts of the Province, until the greatest hall in Canada was all too small to admit but a fraction of those who would have sought an entrance, and by the presence of their wives and daughters, who filled the galleries and every available coign of vantage until Massey Hall was one huge receptacle of men and women, waiting but an opportunity to break forth in exhibitions of enthusiastic devotion to the honored guest of the evening.

In preparation for the event the natural beauty of the hall had been enhanced by the most elaborate and pleasing devices that art, together with the eye and hand of man, could suggest or bring about. The large platform became for the time being a luxurious environment for the tables at which the principal guests were seated. Stretching from a common centre clear across the semi-circular dome were immense scarfs of red, white and blue, so arranged as to form a complete ceiling. From this hung draperies in scarlet, white and gold, these completely hiding the walls, and the tiers of seats at the back banked by palms gave nature's finishing touch to the happy skill of the artist. Reaching from the main floor to the floor of the platform was a circular wall of exquisite coloring and beautiful bloom. Lilies, lilacs and azaleas in white and delicate mauve rose in the centre, and from these radiated on either side artistic arrangements of massive and gorgeous exotics, yellow tulips, snowy carnations, waxen acacias and blossoms in pink, purple, golden browns and maroon, the whole set in a rich greenery of graceful Boston ferns. About this stood the guests' table, and on the snowy damask, lights shaded in red and gold were placed, while immense clusters of American Beauty roses and daffodils alternating with slender vases of lily of the valley formed an effective foreground for the row of gentlemen seated at the generously equipped board. Sir Wilfrid in the centre was a figure upon which all eyes were turned, and one which under any circumstances would be distinguished, the grand head rising from the erect and lithe form marking him as one of nature's gentlemen. The table for the eight hundred and twenty guests covered the entire floor and the same scheme of decoration was carried throughout. Festooning the galleries and boxes were graceful folds and lengths in red white and blue, each pillar adorned by triple flags in cluster, the Union Jack and tri-color predominating. The light from the immense groups of electric globules in their glistening crystal settings, and the parallel rows bordering the several arches of the domed ceiling were all thrown upon the brilliant decorations, which together with the white and handsome dresses of the ladies in the balconies and boxes, and the contrasting black and white of the chairs on the floor of the

house, made a picture such as is seldom produced. Four thousand in all were gathered within the walls, and four thousand men and women rose to their feet and with spontaneous cheer and enthusiastic waving of handkerchiefs received Sir Wilfrid, both at his entrance and when later he rose to speak. The orchestra of the Queen's Own Rifles furnished excellent music, and a bugler by a blast of his instrument announced the toasts, which were drunk in Radnor water. The chairman, Hon. Geo. W. Ross, when he rose to propose the toast of "His Majesty the King," was received with long cheers interrupted by the dignified notes of the National Anthem, at the close of which a number of other toasts were honored. The principal speakers were Ontario's late Premier and the Premier of the Dominion. The Hon. Mr. Ross spoke in the mellifluous voice and with the dry Scotch humor which is ever a characteristic of his addresses and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who when he rose to speak was greeted over and over again by the entire gathering rising to their feet, while cheer after cheer went through the building and a forest of fluttering handkerchiefs waved all over the house. The Premier spoke for over an hour and a half, and in no uncertain tones, and in strong moments of his address the tall figure rose tense and upright, while the clinched hands raised in dramatic gesture seemed to force home his declaration that the Sir Wilfrid of 1896 and the Sir Wilfrid of 1905 are one and the same man.

During the evening Lady Laurier was presented by the general committee with a magnificent cluster of American Beauty roses, the stems of which were about five feet in length. These were placed before her party seated in the gallery, and made an attractive feature in the general beauty of the scene. Speaking in appreciation of the event, Sir Wilfrid, though his experiences have been many and great, declared that he had never seen anything like the reception given him that evening, and there is little doubt but that the remembrance of this occasion with his friends in Ontario, will remain with him forever; the hand of time will seemingly efface all trace of the great night, but the Reformers of Ontario will place it amongst the most highly treasured of their jewels in memory's casket.

HOME ANNIVERSARIES.

Encourage These Festivals and the Sentiments They Awaken.

The happiest households are those that do not let die out the sentiment connected with various anniversaries. Although gift giving or recognition of such events in a suitable way may be out of the question owing to the straitened circumstances of those "within the gates," there can yet be a little air of festivity when mother's or father's birthday comes round or some wedding anniversary is to be celebrated, says the Indianapolis News.

An extra dish, a little bunch of flowers or some special music prepared for the occasion will show the kindly spirit and the loving remembrance that count for more than the money value of any gift. As the children grow up, if these festivals are encouraged, they will have much to look forward to and much more to remember in the years to come when they go out to do battle with the world and find that sentiment is crushed underfoot and affection is regarded only as a side issue.

Do not Delay—When, through debilitated digestive organs, poison finds its way into the blood, the prime consideration is to get the poison out as rapidly and as thoroughly as possible. Delay may mean disaster. Farmelee's Vegetable Pills will be found a most valuable and effective medicine to assail the intruder with. They never fail. They go at once to the seat of the trouble and work a permanent cure.

Skepticism has ruined many a noble mind and many a hopeful work, but it has never helped to produce anything of its own, hopeful or noble or beautiful or great.

A NATIONALIST VICTORY.

Mr. Devlin Scores in an Orange Stronghold.

The election of Hon. Joseph Devlin as member of Parliament from West Belfast, heretofore an Orange stronghold, was one of the greatest victories ever scored by the Irish Nationalists. Mr. Devlin is the first Catholic to represent that district in Parliament since 1886, and his success is significant of the times and the broader spirit engendered by the Gaelic and industrial movement. The fight was between the Nationalist organization, democracy and equality on the one hand, and capital, bigotry and rank hatred of Ireland's rights on the other. There was great rejoicing over the victory, and an enthusiastic reception was tendered the young statesman on the night of the election by the Nationalists of that section. Mr. Devlin is the national president of the A.O.H. in Ireland, and is a gifted and eloquent orator. He is a native of West Belfast, which section he will represent in Parliament, and he is greatly beloved by all who know him. His election means the addition of another enthusiastic fighter to the ranks of the Nationalist party in Parliament.

"THE COLLAPSE OF THE OLD WORLD."

It is well known that there is no love lost between England and Germany. The remarkable development of the trade of the latter country, has aroused John Bull's jealousy, who fears that in the course of time goods marked with the label "Made in Germany" will crowd the products of English manufactures out of the markets of the world. Another source of anxiety for him is the steady growth of the German navy, which a generation ago was virtually non-existent but which today has attained very respectable proportions. Indeed, in a book written by one of the highest German naval officers it is claimed that the English navy in the event of a war would be unable to obtain a decisive victory over the German naval forces.

The book in question describes an imaginary war between the two countries, which has its origin in the firing upon the German Island of Samoa by English ships of war, because the German authorities refused to permit the landing of English sailors and marines to protect English sailors who had got into trouble in the island. England establishes a blockade of the North German seacoast with a fleet of twenty battleships and a corresponding number of cruisers and smaller craft. The Germans adopt a Fabian policy, carefully avoiding open engagements and successfully harrying the English fleet with torpedo boats. Finally, this sort of naval guerilla warfare compels the English to abandon the blockade without being able to make an effort to use their superior sea power. In the meantime the cruisers on both sides are playing havoc with the English and German merchant marines. German cruisers lay hundreds of mines at the mouths of the Thames, Humber and the Firth of Forth.

On land, Germany, of course, is victorious. France, who has allied herself with England, is overrun by German armies. The German Emperor is on the point of striking the final blow, when Europe is startled by the news that the black races in Africa and the yellow races in Asia are up in arms against Europeans. A peace is immediately patched up, in order that the European nations may be able to face the black and yellow perils.

Such is a very brief synopsis of "1906—Or the Collapse of the Old World," the title of the book we have been speaking of. Its publication just at this time will not tend to allay the bitter feeling existing between Germany and England. The assertion of its author that already the German navy is so strong that it could put up a good fight against the English navy will, of course, be pooh-poohed by the English. But

there is no guarantee that the corruption and incompetency that made the English army wholly unfit for the work it was called upon to perform during the Boer war have not also invaded the navy. If that should prove to be the case, the assertion that Germany could hold her own with England on the water in case of hostilities in all probability would be verified.

WHITTIER AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Partisanship has been evidenced strikingly in the panegyrics of him which are accumulating so rapidly as to be annual almost. In this we have an example of the perpetual pride of the New Englander in his favorite brothers, however great their shortcomings, which others, who deem such partisanship narrow, would do well at times to emulate. So far, so good. It is not expected that a Puritan mind should devote one of his chapters to "The Poet and the Catholic Church." Never has he read the poet with such a thought in mind; he takes it for granted, in fact, that the poet's idea of the Roman establishment is the old orthodox idea, Protestant and indisputable. But what he omits in his review, we assume the right to insert, without feeling the need of proffering an apology. It matters little in truth what Whittier as a private individual thought of the Catholic Church, any more than of Methodism or Congregationalism. The mere reason of curiosity would be hardly a sufficient plea to take up a discussion of the subject. But Whittier was a public man who put down in books his views of men and things and churches, who formed and still forms the opinions of his readers on such matters, consequently his works are a continual challenge to those who disagree with him. It is well to remember that the written word is always the present word, as powerful as do good or ill as on the day when penned, and that the lies of history, abuse, and misrepresentation, spread their noxious influence the more they are suffered to remain undisturbed. The partisan does not see the indignity of such biots in the character of his idol, he may resent the imputation of unfairness, let alone bigotry, but the despised one who has been wrought against by such knavery must be excused if he fails to be foremost in incense and adulation, and considers it his duty and privilege to expose calumny, and resent it. If we suffer ourselves to be betrayed into the echoing of extravagant eulogies it is because we are afraid to be deemed unappreciative of what one literary circle, which sees these things in the light of family adoration, declares to be remarkable.—Rev. Hugh F. Blunt, in February Donahoe's.

IDEAL RETREAT FOR PRIESTS

Rev. Albert Stroebele, missionary at Piloto, Cuba, sends us the following interesting information regarding a priests' retreat which he has established in Cuba, says The Catholic Universe.

On various occasions during the twenty-eight years of my priesthood, but more so during the past five years of my missionary travels in North, Central and South America, I have had opportunity of hearing the opinions of many bishops and priests regarding the establishment of a so-called "Retiro," intended in the first place for poor, old, retired missionaries; in the second place, for priests in general who might wish to retire temporarily for rest or recuperation. The universal opinion was that, as to location, a mild climate, (tropical, or at least semi-tropical) should be selected. During the years of my missionary life in South America I believed that I had found an appropriate place for the purpose in "Old Providence Island."

One great obstacle, however, was in the way to carry out the plan in Old Providence Island; it was the fact that there is no steamboat connection between the island and the outside world. I must look upon it as providential that in my missionary travels a year ago, whilst in South and Central America, I also came to Cuba, visiting the American

colonies along the northeast coast of the Island, for here I found the same and even more favorable climatic conditions than in Old Providence; an easily accessible spot, and, moreover, all the communications with the outside world one could desire. The place selected is Piloto, one of the American colonies, and only fifty miles west of the port Nuevitas. The climate is excellent. During the summer months the average temperature is from eighty to eighty-five (nights are always cool); during the winter months from sixty to seventy-five. There is nearly always constant sea breeze during the day (northeast trade winds), there being very few calm days, and usually not more than two or three in succession.

The spot selected for the Retiro is only a few hundred feet from the sea. The present building may be looked upon as a temporary one. The long side of the building (116 feet) faces the sea, and from its veranda one enjoys a magnificent view over the bay and a group of islands at a distance of five to six miles. The Munson Line (office, 82 Beaver street, New York City) has a steamer every two weeks directly from New York to Nuevitas (round trip tickets, valid for six months, \$45; servants and attendants half fare). But also steamers coming to Havana from all parts of the world facilitate a trip to Piloto, for from Havana one can reach Nuevitas either by sea in a day and a half (Herrera Line), or by railroad, via Puerto Principe. The short distance from Nuevitas to Piloto through the bay is made on a steam or gasoline launch. Hence Cuba may, in more than one respect, be considered a most appropriate place for an international Retiro, viz., for retired missionaries from all over the world.

The present building is really apostolic for its simplicity. One American priest has donated \$2000 towards the erection of the present building, and another \$2000 have been collected. It contains on the first floor the chapel, 25x35, a refectory, a reception room and six private rooms. On the second floor there is a spacious dormitory and four private rooms. On the third floor, in the tower on each side of the building, is a so-called solarium for sun and air baths. As soon as the means allow it, accommodations for sea-baths will also be made, so that the establishment may not only serve as a retreat for old priests, but also as a place for the clergy in general in case they should wish to come here for rest or recuperation. Simple as the whole building is, so is its furniture, and so also must be (at least for some time) the "table," which, of course, may all change in the course of time if the reverend clergy should take a practical interest in the institute.

In front and in the rear of the building a garden with palms and orange trees is being laid out, and the erection of a number of small cottages with two rooms is contemplated for such of the clergy who prefer to live privately rather than in the main building. The grounds of the retreat have been donated by an American gentleman (a Protestant). He also donated another piece of ground a little further back from the sea, with a grove of natural wood and a number of beautiful shady mango trees (mango is a delicious tropical fruit), where a so-called "hermitage" with two rooms and a private chapel, will be erected under the title "La Solidad," for priests who should wish to spend a few days in spiritual retreat. If, in the course of time, it should prove advisable or desirable to establish a branch building for such as need mountain air, there could be nothing better adapted for the purpose than the nearby situated "Cubita Mountains" (at a distance of twenty miles), with their unsurpassable view in every direction.

The whole property is deeded to the Reverend Archbishop of Santiago de Cuba and his successors. The dedication and opening of the Retiro took place on All Souls' Day, November 2, 1905.

(Rev.) Albert Stroebele, Missionary.

A tender heart feels keenly, but carefully refrains from making known its sorrow.

DEATH OF MGR. RAMSAY.

Another dignitary of the Catholic Church has just passed away in the person of Monsignor David Shaw Ramsay, who died suddenly on Friday evening at his residence, 139 Metcalfe street, in this city.

The deceased prelate, who was in his eighty-fifth year, appeared to be in excellent health up to only a few moments before his death. In the afternoon he visited a friend on Sherbrooke street, and walked back to his home. At about 7 p.m. he was seized with difficulty of breathing and his physician was at once summoned. Realizing that the case was serious, the doctor called in a confere, but before the latter arrived Mgr. Ramsay had expired, death being caused by apoplectic congestion of the lungs.

David Shaw Ramsay was born in Edinburgh, on April 22, 1825. He was educated by private tuition and afterwards in the University of Edinburgh. He came to Canada in 1845, and lived for some time in the village of Varennes for the purpose of acquiring a knowledge of the French language. While there, he had occasion to read the works of the famous Dominican Lacordaire, with the result that his faith in the Episcopal Church, of which he had been a member, became shaken, and in 1859 he was definitely received into the Catholic Church by the late Archbishop Fabre, then Canon Fabre. Previous to his embracing the Catholic faith, Mr. Ramsay had purchased the Seigniorship of De Ramsay where he went to live, devoting much of his time to agriculture. He also took great interest in military matters, raised a troop of cavalry, and afterwards passed some time in England taking service in a Hussar regiment. Returning to Canada he unsuccessfully contested Bagot in the Unservative interest in 1857.

After entering the Catholic Church Mr. Ramsay commenced the study of theology in Montreal. He then went to Rome, and was ordained priest in 1867. After the ordination, Abbe Ramsay took up parish work near Manchester, and again at South Shields, giving his services gratuitously, and expending all he could spare of his income upon the poor. He returned to Canada some fifteen years ago, and, after passing some time on an estate he purchased at Magog, he took up his residence at the Grey Nunnery, in the city, leaving his Magog property to Bishop Laroque, of Sherbrooke, for charitable purposes. Later on, he disposed of the De Ramsay seigniorship, and for some time past had been living on Metcalfe street with his sister, Miss W. N. Ramsay, who, although his senior by ten years, survives him.

In 1895 Abbe Ramsay was raised to the rank of a domestic prelate, and in the following year to that of prothontary apostolic, which gave him the title of Right Reverend and entitled him to wear the purple.

Mgr. Ramsay, who was a brother of the late Judge T. K. Ramsay, was a man of great culture and very distinguished manners. He was noted for his numerous charities. He had maintained an intimate friendship with many of the body from which he had separated himself, notably the late Bishop Fulford, for whom he entertained the highest esteem and respect, feelings which were fully reciprocated.

The funeral of the deceased prelate took place on Tuesday morning at 8.45 o'clock, to St. James Cathedral. His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi received the body. Rev. John Cox, S.J., sang the funeral service. The body was deposited in the vaults beneath the Cathedral.

Among those present were: Sir William Hingston, Sir Alexander Lacombe, Sir George Drummond, Mr. Justice Loranger, Mr. Justice Dunlop, the Vicar-General of Sherbrooke, representing the Bishop of Sherbrooke; Hon. J. J. Guerin, Mr. M. Fitzgibbon, Mr. H. J. Cavandish, K.C.; Mr. Daniel Ford, Dr. Donald Hingston, Messrs. Huntley Drummond, Henry Dobell, J. Martin, Roland, J. L. Archambault, C. A. Harwood, A. La Blais, Ernest Bergais, Alfred Wright, of Magog; J. A. Heroux, John Murphy, J. W. Hickman, and a large number of the city clergy.

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

There was a dispute among three ladies as to which had the most beautiful hand. One sat by a stream and dipped her hand into the water and held it up, another plucked strawberries until the ends of her fingers were pink and another gathered violets until her hands were fragrant.

with calcined magnesia, fine wood ashes, or plaster of paris. For Metals—Mix plaster of paris to the thickness of cream with glue and add fine iron filings in the proportion of one-fifth of the entire weight.

For India Rubber.—Use one part of caoutchouc cut in chips and dissolved in three parts of naphtha. This can be obtained at rubber stores under the name of rubber solution.

For leather.—Melt together four ounces of gutta percha, half an ounce of pitch, an ounce of crude rubber, a quarter of an ounce of shellac and half an ounce of oil. Use while hot.

For China and Glass.—A simple cement is made by mixing powdered glass with white of egg to the consistency of thick cream. Powdered chalk, eggshell or quicklime, with hot water may be used instead of the powdered glass.

FLLOUR TO STOP BLEEDING. Composure and clear thinking in case of accident is altogether too rare, and seldom does a young woman show the coolness recently exhibited by Miss Jennie Bartmann, a Minnesota school girl.

PERFUMED BATH. If you want to take a bath in something that is very sweet smelling, prepare some sea salt after this fashion: Buy the salt at the drug store; take a big handful of it; lay it in a bottle and add some violet perfume; let it stand three days and it is ready for the bath.

TIMELY HINTS. A spoonful of kerosene in boiled starch keeps it from sticking, but do not use enough of it to make it smell.

TO CLEAN OAK. To clean old oak, whether furniture or panelling, dust it thoroughly and then wash it with warm beer, using a soft brush for the carving, says the St. Louis Republic.

USEFUL, HOMEMADE GLUES. For Marble.—Melt equal parts of resin and white beeswax and thicken

to fire at the fleeing culprit. Seeing this, the Jew rushed up to the officer and exclaimed: "Shoot him in the pants, the coat and vest are mine!"—Fun.

BRIGHT ANSWERS. "Noah's wife," wrote a boy in an examination, "was called Joan of Arc."

THE WRONG END. A man suffering from a bad cough went into a chemist's shop and bought a bottle of mixture which was advertised under the alluring heading of "No more Coughs, No More Colds. One Shilling a Bottle."

STILL HAS ITS USE. "Father," said an inquiring youth, "when a hen sits on an egg for three weeks and it don't hatch, is the egg spoiled?"

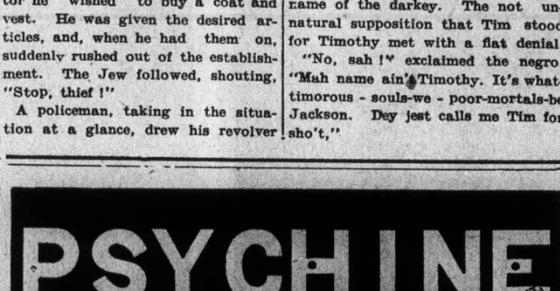
A GOOD REASON. Recently a certain candidate for municipal honors was addressing the electors of the ward, and was engaged in pulling to pieces the claims to election put forward by his opponent.

KEEP THE GENERAL. A wealthy American's aunt died in Australia, and, wishing to have her buried in her native town, he cabled for the remains to be sent to America.

FUNNY SAYINGS. WHERE TO SHOOT HIM. A young man entered Cohen's clothing store and told the proprietor he wished to buy a coat and vest.

CAIARRH and CONSUMPTION. Are Kindred Diseases. "PSYCHINE cures diseases causing consumption, and consumption itself."

A SIGN FOR EVERY HOME. If every home in Canada had this sign there would be far less sickness and disease and home would be a happier and brighter place than it sometimes is.



PSYCHINE (pronounced Si-keen) The Greatest of all Tonics. All these can be cured by PSYCHINE, and when, through neglect some serious illness visits the home, such as Pneumonia, Pleurisy, Bronchitis, Consumption, La Grippe, etc. then is PSYCHINE just as valuable.

Purchase a bottle of PSYCHINE this winter and you will be surprised to find how much suffering it will relieve and how much money it will save you.

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OBSTINATE COUGHS AND COLDS.

The Kind That Stick. The Kind That Turn To BRONCHITIS. The Kind That End In CONSUMPTION.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. It cures Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Pain in the Chest, Hoarseness, or any affection of the Throat or Lungs.

Some Little Known Facts. Ancient Sparta possessed an educational system of physical and military training supported by the State, but to ancient Ireland alone, even in pre-Christian times, must be given credit for the first system of public schools known to Europe providing elementary and higher education.

THE ROCK OF CASHEL TO-DAY. The Scriptural vision of cattle grazing on a thousand hills is a living reality on the slopes of the mountains which wall in the Golden Vale.

WILL GO ABROAD. Very Rev. Joseph Grimmelman, S.J., the retiring Provincial of the Western Province of the Jesuits, will become novice master at Florissant, Mo.

A Painless Cure for Cancer. Send 6 cents (stamps) and learn all about the marvelous cure that is doing so much for others.

HONORS PRIEST-ASTRONOMER. The Pope has sent a portrait of himself with the Apostle blessing to the priest-astronomer, Padre Alfani, of the Order of Pious Schools.

Virtus is like an excellent perfume, the more close you keep it the greater is its odor; but if you expose it to the air it quickly evaporates and loses its scent.

The Poet's Corner.

TO THE MADONNA. (Suggested by Botticelli's "Coronation of the Virgin.")

Headless of comforts, innocent of cares, Thy sweet lips moulded by unnumbered prayers To thy pure perfectness; thy calm smile caught From peasant's ministries and angel's thought;

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys:

We were just beginning to feel that spring had set in and that all the dirty city streets would be so clean for St. Patrick's day; but, here we are having a small edition of a snowstorm to add to all the muck we have had to come through. This little flurry must have been tucked cozily away somewhere, and unfortunately some little rumpus up above caused it to get jostled, slip over the edge of the fleecy clouds and tumble right down on our heads. Oh, well, there is no use grumbling, for accidents will happen, and, then, we have just a little way ahead to look for happy summer, with its green fields, and fruit and flowers galore. I am happy to learn that Joseph is getting stronger. I hope this will continue, and that he will be able to enjoy the fun of sugar making. Lucy M. promises to send an account of an entertainment to be given at the convent which she attends. We will be glad to hear about it.

Your loving AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky:

My sister wrote to you last month so it is my turn now. We have plenty of snow and I have been snow-shoeing lately, but I like skating best. I and my sister go to the convent, which is about a mile and a half from where we live. It is a long walk, but we don't come home to our dinner. On St. Valentine's Day our teacher allowed us to send one another a valentine. It was great fun. Of course we only sent the comic valentines. My big brother goes to the college. The Irish boys are preparing an entertainment for St. Patrick's night, and the convent girls intend doing likewise. I will tell you all about it next time I write. With love I remain, Your little friend,

LUCY M.

Birklands, Sherbrooke.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I am pleased to see the little cousins write you again, although I have been as careless as any. Santa Claus brought me ever so many presents. It would take too much space to name them all, and I received many nice books, too. I am getting better, can walk pretty well with my crutches. My sisters took me for a ride to-day. I often wish to go out and play with my sled. I wish I would be able to go out when sugar time comes. I like to help tap the trees. I have lots of fun with my dog Nip, while my sisters are gone to school. They come home every evening. Well, I have made my letter rather long. Trusting I will write again soon.

Your loving nephew, JOSEPH.

Granby, Que.

BAKING DAY.

On Saturdays we always bake. Biscuits and tarts and jelly cake, Or else a pudding rich and good, Or pies and other kinds of food.

I help mamma with right good will And make believe my stove to fill With wood and paper laid just so To bake my tins all filled with dough.

It matters not how hard I try, My dough turns black, I wonder why?

But when papa comes home, You see, I have my table set for tea.

He says that everything is "prime," And helps himself a second time, But, do you know, I half believe, He slips the pieces up his sleeve!

THE KING AND THE GOOSE.

One summer day, Maximilian Joseph, King of Bavaria, was reading in his park. The heat was so great, and the place so quiet, that he fell asleep. Waking a little while afterward, he thought he would take a stroll.

The path which he chose led to the meadows, gently sloping down to a large sheet of water called "The Lake." When there, he remembered that he had left his book lying on the bench. "Pshaw!" he said to himself, "some passer-by will see it,

and the book will be lost." However, as he did not want to retrace his steps, he looked about for some one who might fetch it to him; but the only person he saw was a boy tending a flock of geese.

"My boy," said the king, approaching him, "on the bench under the large elm, in the park, you will find a book which I have forgotten; fetch it to me and you shall have a florin as a reward." The boy, not knowing the king, cast a glance of distrust at the one who offered a florin for such a trifling service.

"I'm not a fool," said he, turning his back. The child's manner amused the king. "Why do you think I'm making fun of you?" asked he, smiling. "Because you offer me a florin for so little work; money isn't made so easily. I'm thinking you're from the castle yonder," pointing, as he spoke, to the royal mansion, which was shrouded by the magnificent trees of the park, "and those people promise more than they carry out."

"Well, here is the florin before hand; now run, and fetch my book." The boy still hesitated. "What are you waiting for?"

The boy took off his cap and scratched his ear. "I should like to do it, but I dare not," said he. "If the people find out that I left my geese, I will lose my place."

"I will take care of them while you are away," rejoined the monarch.

"You?" said the boy, surveying the king from head to foot. "You don't look as if you knew how to keep geese! Why, they would run off into the fields, and I should have to pay more for a fine than I could earn in a year! Do you see that goose there with the black head? It belongs to the gardener at the castle. Well, that is a good-for-nothing bird! If I were to go, he would show off finely. No, no, that won't do!"

The king with difficulty repressed his laughter, and assuming a grave air, said: "Why, I think I can keep a flock of geese in order, since I succeed in doing so with men."

"Do you?" replied the boy, scanning him anew. "Ah, I suppose you're a school-master; well, scholars are more easily managed than geese!"

"Perhaps so; but be quick; will you fetch my book?"

"I should like to, but—" "I will answer for anything that may happen, and will pay the fine if the owner of the field is angry with you."

The scruples of the little keeper of geese were finally overcome. He caught the king to look well after the goose he called the "court-gardener," which always headed the entire flock; gave him the whip, and then ran off as fast as his legs would carry him. But suddenly he stopped and came back.

"What now?" inquired the king. "Crack the whip," said the boy. The king obeyed, but without producing any sound from it.

"I thought you couldn't," said the boy. "Here is a schoolmaster who wants to keep geese and doesn't know how to crack a whip!" So saying he snatched it out of the king's hand and showed how it ought to be used. The king received the lesson with great gravity, and when he was able to make the whip sound passably, the boy begged him to make good use of it, and departed at full speed.

It really did seem as if these winged subjects of the king felt that they were no longer under the yoke of their youthful but severe master. The "court-gardener" stretched out his neck, cast a glance on all sides and gave a sonorous "quack quack." All the flock responded to the call, clapped their wings, and like a heap of feathers lifted up by a hurricane, the greater number flew up into the air, and finally settled down in different parts of the field.

The king shouted, but in vain; he tried to crack his whip, it would scarcely sound; he ran to the right, and to the left, but only succeeded in hastening the desertion of the lagards. Overcome with the heat, he threw himself down on the trunk of a tree, and left the birds to follow their own will. "Ah, well," he said, at last, "the child is right; it is easier to govern some millions of men than a single flock of geese. However, it's the 'court-gardener' that has been the leader of the insurrection."

Meanwhile the young herdman, having found the book, was joyously retracing his steps. But as he drew near to his royal substitute and saw the mishap he had caused, he burst into tears. "I said you did not understand it," cried he; "I can never get them together again myself. You must help me." After having taught the king how he was to call, and to stretch out and wave his arms, the boy ran after the geese which were farthest off.

The good-natured king did his best and, after a long chase and great trouble, they succeeded in making themselves masters of the whole flock. Not till then did the boy break out: "I will never trust my whip again to a gentleman like you. If the king himself should try to get me to leave my flock, I would refuse."

"You are right, my boy," replied the other, bursting into laugh, "for I assure you he would do it as badly as I have done, since I am myself the king."

"Tell that to whoever will believe it; take your book, and go where you come from. You, to call yourself the king, and be so awkward!" "Do not be angry with me," said the monarch holding out to the child four more florins. "I promise you for the future I will never undertake to keep geese!"

The boy reflected for a moment, and then said: "Whoever you are, you're a very good gentleman, and I wish you hadn't so much trouble; but," he added, meditatively, "they tell me everybody ought to mind his own business; and I suppose it's true!"

TO REMEMBER THE APOSTLE'S NAMES.

A contributor of The Ecclesiastical Review gives, in Latin, a plan by which the names of the twelve Apostles may readily be committed to memory. The plan works equally well in English, if one pays attention to the fact that the letter J is only another form of I, the two forms having once been used indifferently. Even nowadays we pronounce the J in hallelujah as if it were I. To recall the apostles, then, all we have to do is to think of the word "Baptism," which contains the initials of the twelve names, thus:

B—Bartholomew. A—Andrew. P—Peter and Philip. T—Thomas. I. (J.)—James, John, James the son of Alphaeus, Jude, and Judas Iscariot. S.—Simon, "who is called Zelotes."

M.—Matthew—Ave Maria.

THE SWIFTEST BIRDS.

Evidence has been collected recently which shows that the blue-throat flies from Central Africa to the shores of the North Sea, a distance of 1600 miles, in less than a day and a night, and makes it, moreover, in one uninterrupted flight. The storks which spend their summer in Austria-Hungary and their winters in India and Central Africa are also marvelous travelers, and make their journeys twice a year in unbroken flight each time. From Budapest, in Hungary, to Lahore, in India, is 2200 miles in an air line and the storks make the journey in twenty-four hours, thus travelling at the rate of 100 miles an hour for the whole distance. The storks which spend the summer in central Europe and winter in central Africa travel with the same rapidity.

Julia Sanderson's Coat.

Julia Sanderson gazed doubtfully at the stylish figure reflected in the long mirror.

"Yes, it fits well," she said, "but it isn't the cut that I wanted. I don't know—I suppose that I could exchange it if I don't like it?"

"We are always willing to exchange garments if they haven't been worn," the salesgirl replied, "but I'm sure that you would like this. It is of the best material made."

Something—some expressed eagerness in the voice—made Miss Sanderson glance at the other girl. She saw a meagre little creature with troubled eyes and a shy, nervous manner—the worst kind of a manner for her work. Julia's friends called her "too impulsive," and one of her impulses moved her then.

"I'll take it," she said, with sudden decision.

"Oh," the girl cried, with a soft color flushing her face. "I'm sure you'll like it!" She just caught back in time the "I'm so glad!" on the tip of her tongue. The lovely young lady could not guess what it meant to her to make a good sale.

Julia had seen the look and went home in a comfortable glow of self-approval, but when the coat appeared the glow faded to doubt.

"I believe—I'll slip it on and see what Dell Armstrong says about it," she resolved. "That won't be wearing it—it will only be deciding whether I'll keep it."

It was a long way to Dell Armstrong's, but Julia returned decided. Dell had agreed that the coat did not become her and must go back. Julia was folding it up to put into the box when a spot on the inner side of the sleeve caught her eye, and with a rush of dismay she remembered that Dell's little daughter had climbed into her lap with candy in her hand. For a moment she hesitated, then she closed the box resolutely. She did not know that the spot was not there all the time, and, anyway, they know how to clean things at Bernard's. It would not make any difference to them.

So Julia carried the coat back. The little salesgirl grew white when she saw her, but she only asked, mechanically: "It hasn't been worn, of course?"

"I merely tried it on to decide," Julia answered. The girl's face irritated her—as if exchanging things was not part of their business! When the credit slip was given her she hurried away with a sigh of relief; the disagreeable business was over at last.

But it was not quite. That night the girl known as No. 6 was called to the office. A cloak sold by her had been returned damaged, the forewoman reported; the firm could not keep saleswomen who were so careless of their interests. No. 6 without a word took the envelope with her week's wages and turned away. She staggered on the way out, but there was no one to see.

Over at Dell Armstrong's Julia Sanderson was discussing the kind of coat she really needed.

A GIANT LOBSTER.

The record lobster was recently caught in the Pacific Ocean. It weighed no fewer than 38 pounds, and

was actually 45 inches in length. With its two claws it could easily encircle a man's waist. For food lobsters like nothing better than meat, and the baskets in which they are caught are baited with dead fish. This monster gave his captors a great deal of trouble before he could be landed. Smaller lobsters get right into the basket, but such a big one could not do so. He had evidently managed to have a good feed off the bait, and then became so entangled that he was unable to extricate himself from the basket. When the basket was dragged into the boat a fierce struggle commenced, and it required the united efforts of the fishermen to secure their prize, and they had to take good care that they were not injured in the conflict. The previous largest lobster caught was 3 feet long and 34 pounds in weight.

THE DREAMER.

Fortune and fame and ease may pass me by, Swift youth that no man sees, I care not I; Sorry may be the hold wherein I live, Scanty may be the gold the world may give, Yet still my poverty my plenty seems— God gave great gifts to me, giving me dreams.

Though by the waning fire alone I sit, Failing my heart's desire to brighten it, Still in the heart of me, too fair to name, Burns one dear fantasy like golden flame. Fairest that face I see, lit by such gleams— God gave great joy to me, giving me dreams.

Young eyes and laughing lips too soon have passed; Youth's clinging finger tips unloose at last: All of the bliss men gained fails them in time, Only the unstained lives life sublime; Mine still that ecstasy no grief redeems— God gave all good to me, giving me dreams.

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A CHILD'S ADVICE.

One morning a Sunday school was about to be dismissed, and the youngsters were already in anticipation of relaxing their cramped little limbs after the hours of confinement on straight-backed chairs and benches, when the superintendent arose, and, instead of the usual dismissal, announced: "And now, children, let me introduce Mr. Smith, who will give us a short talk."

Mr. Smith smilingly arose, and, after gazing impressively around the class, room, began with: "I hardly know what to say," when the whole school was convulsed to hear a small, thin voice back in the rear hiss:

"They amen and thit down!"

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Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of immigration, Winnipeg, or the local agent receive authority for some one to make entry for him.

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 the said land.

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

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

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THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1906.

A SCIENTIFIC ADDRESS.

A lengthy address was given lately to the Y.M.C.A. of McGill College by Prof. E. W. MacBride—an address not without interest and importance from a Catholic point of view. Its importance arises chiefly from the fact that it was given to a mixed audience of students by a teacher of talent and culture. Its interest springs from it being an account of personal reasoning and experience, and represents a too common type among scientists. Disclaiming all desire to demonstrate the ground-work of religious belief, and regarding such demonstration as impossible, the lecturer said: "All I can do is this; I can confess to you that I myself having been brought up in the strict religious ideas of Puritanism, and having clung to them for a long time after I had commenced the study of science, found my traditional faith crumble to dust before the difficulties raised by the new knowledge, and that after a long period of unrest it has been possible for me to fight my way back to the hope that God and immortality are what Christ represented them to be."

These three points: God, immortal soul, Christian revelation, form the subject matter of a protracted and devious course of argument. For a man to thread his way through a labyrinth of material wanderings even into the dim light of half-hearted trust in God and immortality is no easy task. Still more difficult does the task become for the audience consisting as it must of mere freshmen and sophomores. These may attach themselves too much to the premises and not advance with the same courage as the Professor to the conclusion. The difficulty in making a review of the address is the ground it covers both in subject matter and in quotations. From protoplasm to spirituality, from materialism to poetry, from science to revelation, the whole territory is surveyed, if not with the same accuracy at least with a scholarly skill and unprejudiced desire of justice. Kant, Hegel and Clifford in philosophy; Browning in verse and German materialists in science are some of the authors whose quotations lend beauty, if not strength, to the arguments presented.

Looking at the professor's philosophical standpoint, he seems to tend more to Kantian and Hegelian systems than to any of the Scottish school; though a coloring of Hamilton's conceptualism gives a tinge and shows itself in his analysis of thought. Let us come to the Professor's views more closely. If there

is sense-perception, then there is a real world, and if a real world, a mind to think about it. As Huxley himself maintained, it is utterly impossible to conceive of matter apart from mind. But the Professor very wisely warned his hearers from concluding with Clifford that every atom of matter has a soul. Not so—the soul is other than the material body of which it is the substantial form. Spiritual and immortal it must be by proofs which if not self-evident are the lasting rocks upon which rest both life and law.

At this point the Professor seems timid. He is not very sure of his premises; or just when he would like to draw a conclusion his supply of logic gives out. He resorts at this juncture to a postulate. There must be a soul: it is a postulate of knowledge. "Unless the reality of the soul is assured nothing can be known." Furthermore, "all evidence which appears to contradict the immortality of the soul is not to be compared for certainty with that on which the immortality rests." That is most unsatisfactory reasoning. In the grave question which is before us one cannot weigh certainty against certainty, reason against reason. It has the essential vice of Kant, who in his critique of reason makes reason both judge and accused. There was no necessity to go all round science and philosophy and wind up with a postulate. Start with the postulate and proceed with the proposition.

Nor is the proof of the existence of God more satisfactory. If we have a soul, then there must be a God who has and must have "the essential qualities of our souls. He of course has infinitely more." Then passing on to the presence of evil and suffering, Professor MacBride gives the scientific sneer to the doctrine of man's fall and the transmission of sin. The great Apostle of the Gentiles whom the lecturer impudently styles a Rabbinical Jew, is held accountable for the error of Calvinism. Still more does the Professor stray away when he treats historically of Christ's teaching and the dogma of the Church. The Bible as an inspired volume is a mill-stone round the neck of religious belief. "Our God-given reason imposes on us the duty of taking nothing for granted."

What nonsense! Here is a lecturer who in one paragraph takes the soul and its immortality for granted, and shortly afterwards says that it is our duty as rational beings to take nothing for granted. Which of these theories are the students to adopt? Which of them are they likely to adopt? Certainly—doubting rationalism. With two other points in the lecture we close our brief review. The first is that of the resurrection. The apostles and disciples as a matter of fact, the Professor claims, did not really see their Master—but believed that they saw Him. "This belief in the resurrection caused the Church." Such is the childish, school-boy criticism of a scientist upon the resurrection of our Lord and the Church. It is too silly to attract attention. Our Lord foretold His resurrection. The Jews took the greatest precautions to prevent deceit in the matter. The Apostles were much more likely to disbelieve it than to believe it, and showed themselves incredulous. They were prepared to preach it and to die for it. The second point to which we refer is Professor MacBride's last idea. He being unable to account for the soul's beginning any more than for its immortal duration, claims to believe in Hegel's idea of the evolution of the Idea—or the Hegelian God. The danger of such lectures is too evident. Assuming an air of learning, their meaning obscure, their language technical, their method confusing, these men mislead the generations entrusted to them. If any professor expects that his hearers will have faith in God, belief in their own immortality, and reverence for God's inspired word after such a tirade of assumption and criticism, such a professor must have more credulity than he shows. It is to be hoped

that Professor MacBride will strive in his next lecture to undo the harm he must have done in this. Let Catholics beware of such lectures. The reasoning in them is wrong, and the learning flippant. The premises are wrong, the method fallacious, the conclusion wrongly drawn. And what is worse, they sneer at what all Catholics reverence, and uphold what is of no value.

INSURANCE INVESTIGATION.

The Dominion Government has not waited for a popular agitation to be stirred up on this side of the line before ordering an investigation into the business of life insurance in Canada. What has happened in the United States is cause sufficient for having a similar inquiry set on foot in Canada. It is not necessary that specific accusations of mismanagement or dishonesty should be made against the officials of any company. Public uneasiness has been excited by the findings of the Fowler Commission in New York, and it is the duty of governments in this and other countries to see that the entire plan of modern life insurance is not affected by the American craze for speculative enterprise.

The chief difference in the condition of things as prevailing here and in the United States, is that our companies, as a rule, are stock companies, whilst practically, apart from the Equitable of New York, all the American companies are on the mutual plan. It is a very large question, this question how far an investigation into the affairs of a stock company can benefit the policy holders, unless the Government is prepared to follow American experience, and either place statutory disabilities upon stock companies or encourage the business of purely mutual organizations.

It may be expected, therefore, that the work cut out for the insurance commission will be along the line of inquiry looking to the strengthening of this view that would regulate the business of insurance so as to promote the growth of the purely mutual policy. There is plenty of work for the commission, even though no mismanagement should be uncovered by the inquiry. But the Fowler commission has been of world-wide benefit, by reason of the well-informed plan upon which that inquiry was outlined. Light has been let in so amply upon the modern system of insurance, that governments everywhere must secure benefit to the policy holders of Europe as well as America. Even our Canadian companies are doing business in foreign countries, whilst the volume of business done by American companies is simply vast. Insurance is peculiar in one way that the larger the companies grow, the smaller become the profits available to policy-holders. Ten years ago, when dividends were available annually upon policies, the volume of annual business was comparatively small. To-day no profits are divided, because the competition for new insurance is so keen and so expensive that millions of money are wasted upon it. On the whole, it is more profitable to the insured to be in companies of moderate size than in gigantic organizations whose expenses are widespread. If our Canadian companies would think more of the home field, they would be doing much better than in going abroad to find risks which cost them relatively a great deal more than those found at home. We expect that this commission, composed as it is of experts of the best repute, will bring in a report that may give the public guidance upon this great question, as well as let us hope—satisfaction concerning the administration of the huge and sacred trust reposing in these companies for the families of tens of thousands of our people

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

The death of Cardinal Manara is announced.

Lord Aberdeen, in a recent speech in Dublin, claimed to have been responsible for the formation and development of what he believed was still the largest orchard in British Columbia.

The long-wished-for bridge across the wharves from Commissioner street to the Victoria pier is to be built by the Harbor Board and leased to the city for twenty-five years, at the rate of five per cent per annum on the actual outlay.

The Dominion Inland Revenue Department on Tuesday issued an important bulletin showing the large amounts of alcohol, in various widely-advertised patent medicines, in some as much as forty per cent, raising the question whether they can be legally sold by druggists without a liquor license.

The Irish College lectures dissecting and disproving the heresies of Harnack and Loisy are attracting attentive crowds every week. Loisy's explanation of the development of doctrine within the Church is all the more dangerous because of his professed acceptance of her doctrines. Stripped of all scientific verbiage and all hypocrisy it is the old rebellion to Christ as God.

If the Caucasian be not, the Anglo-Saxon at least shows unmistakable signs of being played out. The decline in the birth rate of Great Britain has been a matter of much concern to English sociologists. The last quarterly return, just issued, shows that the rate is the lowest since civil registration was established—namely, 25.5. The Anglo-Saxon in America is in a much worse plight than his kinsman in Britain.

Quite a ripple of uneasiness is noticeable in our English Catholic exchanges in view of the promise of an early Education Bill. Speaking at a meeting of the Catholic League of South London, Canon Murnane said it was time for Catholics to resolve upon their plans. Personally he would urge the clergy to sell their sacred vessels and part with their consecrated properties if necessary to enable them to carry on their own denominational schools in the face of all opposition.

It has long been said that the Irish Party in Westminster contains the best parliamentarians in the House of Commons. Not only the Independent Labor Party, but the Unionist party under Mr. Balfour and the Tariff Reformers under Mr. Chamberlain, are now about to adopt the Irish Party's organization for Parliamentary purposes. This unwilling testimony to the success of the Irish Party system is very flattering, but it may be doubted whether any of the imitators will be able to work it to the same effect as the Irish Party has done. A mere organization is not enough without the brains behind it.

The Pope has taken a final attitude in the troubles now disturbing France. The politicians and political journals of Europe would prefer that His Holiness should take no account of the spoliation of the churches. They would have him join with the Government of the Republic so that the inventory of church property should be made smooth to the despoilers. For a long time past the partisans of the law of separation of Church and State have declared over and over again that this law would be received tranquilly, and that the country was quite indifferent regarding the consequences of the law. And the Government itself asserted before the Chamber that so great was the calm that one would imagine the whole country approved the measure. The Catholics of France, however, feel that the inventory is but the prelude to a complete spoliation. The Abbot Gasquet, in his "Henry VIII. and the



Royal Household Flour

THE success of pastry depends upon the flour. Bread and pastry must be more than merely appetizing; they must be wholesome, digestible, nourishing. The flour depends upon the wheat and the way it is milled.

is made from spring wheat only. It is milled by the newest and best machinery. It is purified by electricity. Use it and you get bread not only light, crisp and appetizing, but also wholesome, digestible and nourishing. You will better your baking by buying Ogilvie's Royal Household Flour from your grocer.



Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Ltd. Montreal. "Ogilvie's Book for a Cook" contains 150 pages of excellent recipes, some never published before. Your grocer can tell you how to get it FREE.

English Monasteries.

Mr. Connellan, the well known Rome correspondent, as telling what the inventory meant when the spoliation of the Catholic Church in England was in view. "Each house," he writes, "was to be obliged to show its gold, silver and other movable goods, and deliver an inventory of them." The world knows what this inventory became in the hands of the spoilers. And every thinking Catholic in France feels that spoliation is in the air, and that the tragedy will follow fast upon the acts of to-day.

The Osservatore Romano, organ of the Vatican, has published a note from the Vatican authorities to this effect:—"According to news reported from Paris and published in various journals, the Superior of a Religious Congregation, on returning from Rome, had pretended to indicate publicly the thought of the Holy Father relative to the affairs of France adding that the Pontiff hesitates to speak for fear of not being obeyed. The Vatican organ then makes it evident that the Pope's attitude is what Catholic opinion expects."

The Most Rev. Dr. O'Connell, the Papal Envoy to Japan (now coadjutor Archbishop of Boston) in an interview with the correspondent of the Corriere della Sera, declares that what struck him most about the people of Japan is their profound respect for the principle of religious liberty. The Catholics in Japan who now number only 60,000, are constantly increasing, and it is the intention of the Holy See to send to that country Catholic missionaries from the different nations of Europe. The Bishop believes that this will furnish a striking proof to the Japanese of the universality of the Catholic Church.

Sir Charles Dilke, member of Parliament for the Forest and Dean division of Gloucestershire, has actively entered the lists as a champion of the enfranchisement of women, and if his bill, the text of which has been issued, is adopted, women may soon be sitting in the House of Commons and perches be acting as hereditary legislators in the House of Lords. The measure provides that every man and woman shall be qualified to vote at parliamentary and other elections, and that no person shall be disqualified by sex or marriage from being a member of either House of Parliament. The bill also proposes to abolish university representation in the House of Commons.

ROME—Cardinal Callegari, Archbishop of Padua, is dying. He was the first Cardinal created by Pius X. and was a personal friend of the Pope.

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Rev. Sister Curran Dead.

On Sunday, at the Church of the Grey Nuns, Guy street, Rev. Sister Curran breathed her last. The venerable sister was born in Montreal on the 16th of July, 1831. She was educated with the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame. On the 26th April, 1846, she entered the novitiate of the Grey Nuns here, and shortly afterwards was sent to Bytown (now Ottawa city). In 1858, in answer to a call for subjects to go to St. Boniface, where the Sisters had established a new mission in 1844, Sister Curran, with five others, volunteered to undertake the task. The journey, as she described it at the time, occupying about six weeks, was as interesting as it was hazardous. Sister Curran remained at the mission of St. Boniface until the year 1857, when she returned to the mother house in this city, having seen the little community grow, in that distant region, from one small wooden building to an establishment embracing schools, hospitals, refuges for the young and old, with numerous branches all over the Northwest, of which St. Boniface is the centre. Since her return to Montreal the late Sister filled many positions in the order, but was principally attached to the secretariat. She was the eldest member of her family. Her surviving sisters are Rev. Sister Mary of the Immaculate Conception, and Rev. Sister Elizabeth Curran, both members of the Grey Nuns at Ottawa. Her only surviving brother is Hon. Mr. Justice Curran.

The funeral service was held at the chapel of the Mother House, Guy street, on Tuesday morning at half-past eight o'clock. Rev. Martin Callaghan, P.P. of St. Patrick's, celebrated the requiem Mass. After the service the body was removed to Chateauguay, P.Q., at 10.30, to be interred in the burying ground of the sisters.

On Sunday morning Mgr. raised to the order of deacon the Rev. Antonin of the Order of St. Francis, at the Franciscan "Dorchester street. All the assisted at the ceremony, which though carried through with simplicity, was at the same time quite imposing. Rev. U acted as master of ceremony.

TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT Bishop Archambault, of who will leave for Europe in days, is preparing a mande temperance which will be before his departure. His has already issued a c which he advises the mayo-councillors of the municipa his diocese to do their duty fear when the time comes with the petitions for Liquo

CONFRATERNITY OF ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY The new confraternity of was held a meeting on Sunday at the Franciscan Dorchester street. The ser- preached by Rev. Father W.F.M., who took for his text man will come after me, let himself." (St. Matthew, ch v. 24). He exhorted the of the confraternity, sons Francis, to practice at all t "denial which is prescrib rules of the order.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY D The fiftieth anniversary of St. Patrick's Society, to be the Windsor Hotel, on the next St. Patrick's day, pro be an event of more than interest. The toast of will be spoken to by Mr. C. McInerney, K.O. of St. Jo one of the most brilliant

MISS MARY FLYNN. Miss Mary Flynn, daughter of Hon. E. J. Flynn, ex-Premier of the province of Quebec, passed away Saturday night at the residence of her father, in Quebec. Miss Flynn was twenty-three years of age.

CARDINAL CALLEGARI DYING. Rome—Cardinal Callegari, Archbishop of Padua, is dying. He was the first Cardinal created by Pius X. and was a personal friend of the Pope.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Ash Wednesday Fell T—Why Lent Is Observed.

Yesterday was Ash Wednesday, the first day of Lent, which is earlier than last year. The son of Lent was instituted in memory of the apostles in memory of the of Our Lord's fasting, as from Ash Wednesday to the day. Three great thoughts of the Lenten liturgy. The the first place proposes to are's meditation the drama Passion of Jesus Christ; e she follows step by step the ment of the decisive consp when Lent was to those w girants to baptism the 1 nation and the Old as well New Testament furnished tended to make the catch derstand the grandeur of ang which they were to re There were solemn ob yesterday in all the chur- cluding the placing of ash forehead. When this cus came into practice ashes only upon the heads of s mitted to public penance, t not wishing to deprive he of the great teachings on the pious ceremony of the served the custom of layin the brows of the faithful a ginning of Lent. But beside the sadness, t has placed hope. The sig- cross made on our forehe the ashes reminds us that been conquered by the divi One, and that, thank- vary, the dust has become deemed man the cradle of us and immortal.

ARBE LAFORCE, OF S CENT DE PAUL, HON On Thursday last, on the of his birthday, the Rev. I force, parish priest of St de Paul, was the recipient wishes and some \$200 fr parishioners.

COLLEGE AT BOURBONNALS, ILL. DESTROYED BY FIRE. Fire almost totally destr college of the Fathers of our at Bourbonnals, Ill., l day night. The treasurer stitution places the loss \$900, with about \$90,000 anc.

ENTERTAINMENT AT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE. The traditional feast Gras at St. Mary's College celebrated no less happily th mer years. Quite a good- sence was present and en- ceedingly the carefully prep- gramme.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

Ash Wednesday Fell This Week - Why Lent Is Observed.

Yesterday was Ash Wednesday, the first day of Lent, which falls a week earlier than last year. The holy season of Lent was instituted by the apostles in memory of the forty days of Our Lord's fasting, and extends from Ash Wednesday to Easter Sunday. Three great thoughts fill all the Lenten liturgy. The Church in the first place proposes to her children's meditation the drama of the Passion of Jesus Christ; each week she follows step by step the development of the deicidal conspiracy. And when Lent was to those who were aspirants to baptism the last preparation and the Old as well as the New Testament furnished lessons intended to make the catechumens understand the grandeur of the blessing which they were to receive.

There were solemn observations yesterday in all the churches, including the placing of ashes on the forehead. When this custom first came into practice ashes were laid only upon the heads of sinners submitted to public penance, the Church, not wishing to deprive her children of the great teachings contained in the pious ceremony of the ashes, preserved the custom of laying them on the brows of the faithful at the beginning of Lent.

But beside the sadness, the Church has placed hope. The sign of the cross made on our foreheads with the ashes reminds us that death has been conquered by the divine Crucified One, and that, thanks to Calvary, the dust has become for redeemed man the cradle of life glorious and immortal.

ARBE LAFORCE, OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL, HONORED.

On Thursday last, on the occasion of his birthday, the Rev. Father Laforce, parish priest of St. Vincent de Paul, was the recipient of kind wishes and some \$200 from his parishioners.

COLLEGE AT BOURBONNAIS, ILL., DESTROYED BY FIRE.

Fire almost totally destroyed the college of the Fathers of St. Viator at Bourbonnais, Ill., last Thursday night. The treasurer of the institution places the loss at \$150,000, with about \$90,000 of insurance.

ENTERTAINMENT AT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

The traditional feast of Lundi Gras at St. Mary's College was celebrated no less happily than in former years. Quite a good sized audience was present and enjoyed exceedingly the carefully prepared programme.

CEREMONY AT FRANCISCAN FRIARY.

On Sunday morning Mgr. Racicot presided at the order of deacon Brother Antonin of the Order of St. Francis, at the Franciscan Friary, Dorchester street. All the Fathers assisted at the ceremony, which, although carried through with marked simplicity, was at the same time quite imposing. Rev. U. Demers acted as master of ceremonies.

TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

Bishop Archambault, of Joliette, who will leave for Europe in a few days, is preparing a mandement on temperance which will be issued before his departure. His Lordship has already issued a circular in which he advises the mayors and councillors of the municipalities in his diocese to do their duty without fear when the time comes to deal with the petitions for liquor licenses.

CONFRATERNITY OF ST. FRANCIS.

The new confraternity of St. Francis held a meeting on Sunday afternoon at the Franciscan Church, Dorchester street. The sermon was preached by Rev. Father Wulstan, O. F.M., who took for his text, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself." (St. Matthew, chap. xvi, v. 24). He exhorted the members of the confraternity, sons of St. Francis, to practice at all times that denial which is prescribed by the rules of the order.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY DINNER.

The fiftieth anniversary dinner of St. Patrick's Society, to be held at the Windsor Hotel, on the evening of next St. Patrick's day, promises to be an event of more than ordinary interest. The toast of "Ireland" will be spoken to by Mr. George V. McInerney, K.C.O. of St. John, N.E., one of the most brilliant speakers of

the Lower Provinces, "Canada," will be responded to by Mr. Daniel O'Connell, K.C., of Peterborough, Ont., an acknowledged orator in the West.

ST. ANN'S CHOIR OUTING.

The annual drive and dinner of St. Ann's choir was held on Saturday afternoon. A special car conveyed the party to and from the Lakeview Hotel, Lachine. At the dinner, Rev. Father Flynn, C.S.S.R., presided, assisted by Rev. Father Rioux, P.P., C.S.S.R. The members of the choir, under the direction of Prof. P. J. Shea, organist of the church, rendered a choice musical programme, and all returned greatly pleased with the event, all agreeing that it was one of the most successful which the choir has ever held.

PASTORAL VISIT TO THE PARISH OF ST. ELIZABETH.

His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi made his pastoral visit to the parish of St. Elizabeth on Sunday last. The church was splendidly decorated for the occasion. The Rev. Fathers Lacasse, of St. Elizabeth, and Couvrette, acted as deacon and sub-deacon of honor. An eloquent allocution was delivered by the Archbishop, during the course of which he made an urgent appeal for the combatting of the evil of intemperance, and pointed out the means to be taken to arrest its progress.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

At a meeting of the Irish societies on Friday, it was decided to hold to the time honored custom of having a procession on March 17. The Rev. Martin Callaghan said he was averse to dropping such a custom, and moved that the societies hold the usual parade this year. This motion was promptly endorsed by the representatives at the meeting.

CATHOLIC SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

At Tuesday's meeting of the Catholic School Commissioners ex-Ald. Vallieres was appointed a member of the finance sub-committee, in the place of ex-Mayor Laporte. It was reported that the bill which the Board presented to the Legislature asking authorization to float a loan of \$250,000 for the erection of additional schools in the district of Montreal, had met with no opposition so far.

LECTURE AT ST. ANTHONY'S VILLA.

A very enjoyable social and lecture took place last Wednesday evening under the auspices of the Young Ladies' Catholic Benefit Association, at St. Anthony's Villa, 1133 Dorchester street. The lecture was given by Dr. H. R. Dunstan Gray, who spoke on "Home Nursing: What to do in Emergency Cases." The doctor divided his subject under several headings: bleeding, wounds of the scalp and other parts of the body, sprains, breaks, fractures, fainting and apoplexy, and explained what was to be done in such cases, while awaiting the arrival of a physician. He impressed on all to remember that the secret of success was to keep cool.

After the lecture a musical programme was gone through, Miss Margaret McNally, Miss Wall and Miss Sharp contributing some fine selections, and Mrs. Bergeron, one of the lady patronesses, also rendered several numbers. Refreshments were served by the committee.

The ladies in charge of the Association deserve great praise for the assiduous way in which they are laboring to make this good work a success, which is for the English-speaking Catholic girls what the Y.W.C.A. is to those of different faith.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY AT ST. LAURENT COLLEGE.

Every college sets apart certain days for general rejoicing. One such day at the College of St. Laurent is Washington's birthday, and most patriotically did the loyal students celebrate their national festival.

As soon as the honored faculty and invited guests, among whom was the Rev. Andrew Morris, C.S.C., former president of the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, had entered, the Glee Club of St. Patrick's Society played "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," during which all present stood. The following programme was then enjoyed:

March—"Admiral Schley" Orchestra Address—"Washington, Our Idol," C. A. Maher.

Song—"Starlight"...S. A. Gallagher Scene from Julius Caesar.

Act II, Scene II—"The Conspiracy," Brutus, G. A. Kane; Cassius, H. F. Riley.

Address—"Washington, the Soldier," G. F. Hafford.

Song—"Adeline"...J. A. Devanny Scene from Julius Caesar.

Act IV, Scene III—"The Quarrel," Brutus, G. A. Kane; Cassius, H. F. Riley.

Waltz—Violette...Orchestra Address—"Washington at Home," H. A. Maglaughlin.

Song—"Good Night, Beloved," C. A. Maher.

Address—"Washington, the Statesman," C. A. Cunningham.

Violin Solo—Spring Song, T. G. Bourassa.

The Step Fantastic—F. McKeon. Selection—American Patrol. College Band.

Scene from Julius Caesar. Act III, Scene II—"The Burial of Caesar," Marc Antony, W. E. McGarry; Brutus, G. C. Kane.

March—Richmond...Orchestra Accompanist, Herr Otto Von Linke.

The first address, "Washington, our Idol," was given by the vice-president of St. Patrick's Society, Mr. Cornelius A. Maher. He treated his subject with conscientious exactness and elicited enthusiastic applause.

Mr. Stephen Gallagher, the next on the programme, pleased everybody with the song entitled "Starlight." Mr. Gallagher is favorite soloist among the students at St. Laurent, and ever succeeds in winning their warmest praises.

In the scenes from Julius Caesar, Mr. George Kane and Mr. Harold Riley, playing Brutus and Cassius, respectively, showed that they had studied their parts well and proved by their conception of the play the old saying that in every line of Shakespeare there is a gem of thought.

Between the "Conspiracy" and the "Quarrel" scenes, Mr. George Hafford won the attention of the audience by his address, "Washington, the Soldier." Mr. Hafford showed what a prudent general George Washington was, and traced his career from beginning to end in masterly fashion. Following Mr. Hafford, Mr. Joseph Devanny sang "Adeline," which formed a pleasing number of the evening's entertainment; then a waltz by the orchestra, after which Mr. Herbert Maglaughlin, recording secretary of St. Patrick's Society, delivered "Washington at Home," probably the best address of the evening.

Mr. Maher again appeared before the footlights and sang a charming ballad, "Good Night, Beloved, Good Night"; he admirably sustained his reputation as an accomplished singer. Mr. Charles L. Cunningham's address was the last but not the least as to merit. Mr. Telephone Bourassa, by his melodious violin solo, The Spring Song, and Mr. Francis McKeon with his terpsichorean selections and brilliant "toe-tinkling," easily aroused the mirth of the audience. The College band entertained those present with an interesting selection, The American Patrol.

In the burial scene of Julius Caesar Mr. William McGarry has no competitors for first honors; he was the star of the entertainment. By the pathetic way in which he proclaimed himself but a plain, blunt man who was only interested in his friend's welfare, he touched the hearts of everyone, and established an almost unassailable reputation as a college actor.

Unlimited thanks are due our Rev. Director, Father Broughall, C.S.C., who aided considerably in making the entertainment a success. Among others on the list deserving of credit are Rev. Father Clement, C.S.C., who was costumer, besides leader of the band and orchestra, and Mr. Otto Linke, the accompanist.

At the close of the scenes from Julius Caesar, Rev. Father Morris rose and addressed the assembly. He expatiated at length on the merits

of the actors, and said that the "chorus" or "crier" did not have to come forward, as in olden times, to demand the spectators' plaudits. He spoke particularly to the American students and received round after round of applause.

Thus Washington's birthday passed, a day that was enjoyed by all while with us and regretted by all when gone.

FEAST AT BELMONT SCHOOL.

Last Friday morning witnessed a scene in the Belmont School of this city, the bearing and deep-seated feeling of which are more easily felt than described. It was a day of rejoicing, for it was the birthday of their beloved pastor, Rev. J. E. Donnelly, and as the hope of his flock, they determined to have their share in the merry-making and in this they were neither outdone nor disappointed.

About the usual class hour both teachers and pupils assembled in the large hall of the school to await the coming of a visitor as beloved as he was welcome. They were not long kept in suspense, for, in a few moments, the pleasing personality and genial countenance of the one so earnestly looked for appeared in their midst. The reception was most cordial and gratifying, presenting, as it did, what might justly and rightfully be expected to be the coming manhood of the district. The following programme, the musical portion of which was under the able and masterly direction of Prof. J. A. Archambault, was then presented:

Welcome March...Piano 1. Vivat Pastor Bonis—Chorus and duet. Choir of Belmont School.

Duet—Agnus Mongeau and Ernest Deslauriers.

6. Presentation of flowers—Leo Nolan and John Coffey.

Welcome—Albert Norman.

3. "I'll Try and I Can't," Patrick Mines.

4. "Good Company"—Robert Mines.

5. Solo—"Le Mineur"...Romance, Oslas Lavigne.

6. "Golden Rod," Thos. O'Shaughnessy and Russell Lavallee.

7. "Kittie and Mousie"—Raymond McDonnell.

8. "Bugle Horn"—Grand Chorus. Words and music by C. A. White. Choir of Belmont School.

9. The Months—Peter Currie, Freddie Bell, H. O'Shaughnessy, Wm. McCabe, David Sutherland, Leo Nolan, Cantwell Dupuis, F. McDonnell, Alf. Geo. Sing, Robt. Smith, John Coffey, Geo. Powers.

10. Gymnastic Exercises—Prof. J. H. Scott.

11. La priere de la feuverte - Romance. Agnus Mongeau, with violin obligato by Romeo Mathieu.

12. Against Quarreling and Fighting. Hugh McCloskey.

13. Heaven...Thomas Moore Robert Smith.

14. The Dying Chief—John Ryan.

15. La Bagneraise—Grand chorus and solo. Words and music by Alf. Roland. Choir of Belmont school. Solo: Agnus Mongeau.

16. The Collier's Dying Child. Farmer Willie Wilcox.

17. Alain's Choice...Lepronon Edmond Beriau.

18. God Save Ireland...Hyland Choir of Belmont School. Solo: Hugh McCloskey.

19. Address to Rev. J. E. Donnelly.

At this point Mr. J. V. Desaulniers read an address to the Rev. Father Donnelly in which he praised the deep interest taken in the youth of the parish, his work in connection with the catechism classes of the Belmont School, by giving so many beautiful prizes to the scholars, and he concluded by wishing him "Ad Multos Annos."

Father Donnelly, in reply, said that he was simply in wonderland at the reception given him by the pupils. Each did his part well and manfully. The singing was delightful, and the gymnastic exercises greatly pleased him. He was glad to see that the pupils were receiving attention in the matter of physical culture, "a sound body made a sound mind." He complimented the school upon its many graduates who were to-day occupying prominent positions in the city. He paid a glowing tribute to the Principal, Mr. Desaulniers, for his work in connection with the house. He wished teachers and scholars every success. This and a closing piece of music terminated an entertainment long to be cherished in the hearts of those who had the happiness to be sharers therein.

Do not delay in getting relief for the little folks. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is a pleasant and sure cure. If you love your child why do you let it suffer when a remedy is so near at hand?

THE POPE ON THE SUBJECT OF BIBLICAL STUDY.

His Holiness Pope Pius X. has deigned to write the following letter to His Lordship the Bishop of La Rochelle, thanking him for three volumes which that prelate has just published, in the library of H. Oudins, of Paris, on the work of the Apostles:

Pius X. Pope. Venerable Brother, health and Apostolic Benediction.

We judge that the recent publication of your book upon the work of the Apostles, in three volumes, could not come in a more opportune moment, and we are most grateful to you for having been so thoughtful in our regard.

It is no longer permitted, in effect, to make the slightest illusion concerning a fact, already so self-evident, that aversion to the faith and morals of true Christians which is becoming, alas! so sadly accentuated for a too great number. We see a great many people putting themselves in honorable positions in public and private life, who would have been considered the shame of pagan antiquity. What can we imagine more efficacious towards the stemming of the current of such an evil than the presenting to the world grown old and falling into decay, of a tableau of the newly-born Church; thus reviving in their souls, by the exposing of what our fathers have said and done, the holy ardor which it is necessary to display in order to answer the attacks directed against the wise teachings and the virtues of the Christian religion.

That is undeniably the object of your work; where you show yourself a man, not only filled with doctrine and far-sightedness, but also, entirely penetrated with that piety which characterizes the ancient times.

What with you is also worthy of praise is that, in your way of pointing out the sacred texts, you have applied yourself to follow, through respect to the truth and the honor of Catholic doctrine, the way by which, under the direction of the Church, we may never go astray. All should condemn the temerity of those who, busying themselves much more in their taste for novelty than for the teaching of the Church, do not hesitate to have recourse to criticism of the most excessive nature. It is proper to disapprove of the attitude of those who dare break away from scriptural teaching. It is between these two extremes that you have happily marked your passage. By the example that you give, you prove that there is nothing to fear for our Holy Books in the truly onward march realized by critical science, and that there may even be in this an advantage for those books to turn to the light brought about by that science, and we are to use that science with prudent and wise discernment, as we can see that you yourself have done.

There is, therefore, nothing to be wondered at concerning the great success which the first volume of your laborious study has met since its inception into the learned world, and it is not doubtful that the same authorized judges will do full justice to your complete work.

As far as we are concerned, venerable brother, we congratulate you with all our heart and we sincerely hope that many readers may draw from your important work all the fruit that we have reason to expect therefrom. As a pledge of the Divine favors and in testimony of our affection, we bestow most tenderly in the Lord, upon you, your clergy and your people, our Apostolic Benediction.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, Jan. 11th, 1906, the third year of our Pontificate.

PIUS X. P.P.

Superior-General Visits St. Laurent College.

The students of St. Laurent College assembled in their handsome theatre on Monday last, to tender a hearty and joyful welcome to the Very Rev. Father Francois, Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross.

Father Francois arrived in Canada several weeks ago, on a visiting tour of all the colleges connected with the Congregation, and as St. Laurent ranks among the first of the institutions of Canada, under his jurisdiction, he visited it at his earliest convenience.

O., rendered a very pleasing selection, after which the College Glee Club sang a chorus of welcome in a very creditable manner. Mr. Cornelius A. Maher also elicited unbounded applause by his solo "Face to Face." Mr. George C. Kane, representing the American students, and Mr. Phileas Boulay, representing the French, here read addresses of welcome and had the enviable honor of being presented to the Very Rev. Superior.

Amidst great applause, Father Francois rose and warmly thanked the students for the welcome given him. He complimented the students upon their manly bearing, and exhorted them to drink deep at the wells of science and to cultivate the various virtues, so as to render them fitted for the position in life awaiting them. He manifested deep pleasure at being in their midst and assured them that he was as much at home amongst them as in his own home in far off France.

At the conclusion of his remarks he called upon the Rev. Father Morrisey, ex-president of Notre Dame University, who then, with the eloquence for which he is noted, spoke at length of the pleasure it gave him to be able to assist at such a delightful entertainment as the boys had just given, and made some telling remarks with regard to the necessity of religious education.

RESOLUTION OF CONDOLENCE, CO. BOARD OF LABELLE, A. O. H.

Moved by President D. B. Lahey, seconded by J. D. Cameron, that the County Board of Labelle, A.O. H., in regular session assembled, tender our heartfelt sympathy to our worthy brother, J. H. Farnand, on the death of his dear brother.

D. B. LAHEY, President. H. M. MARTIN, Secretary.

CANADIAN PACIFIC CHEAP RATES. FROM MONTREAL. Vancouver... \$48.90. Seattle... \$46.40. Portland... \$45.90. San Francisco and Los Angeles via Chicago... \$49.00.

Tourist Sleeping Cars for Chicago, the North West and Pacific Coast. NEW SLEEPING CAR SERVICE MONTREAL and OTTAWA. Commencing Monday, March 5th, 1906, from Montreal, and Wednesday, March 7, from Ottawa, Sleeping Car Service will be resumed between Ottawa and Montreal, continuing daily, Sundays included, until further notice, as follows:

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM Reduced Fares. Until April 7. Second Class Colonist Fare from Montreal to SEATTLE, VICTORIA, VANCOUVER and PORTLAND \$48.30. ROSSLAND, BELLEVILLE, TRAIL, BOBSON, SPOKANE... \$46.40. ANACONDA, BUTTE, Helena, SALT LAKE... \$45.90. COLORADO SPRINGS, DENVER, FURBISH... \$45.50. SAN FRANCISCO, LOS ANGELES... \$49.00.

TOURIST SLEEPING CARS Leave Montreal Mondays and Wednesdays at 10.30 p.m. for the accommodation of passengers holding first or second class tickets to Chicago and West thereof as far as the Pacific Coast—nominal charge is made for berths which may be reserved in advance.

Pyrography COMPLETE INSTRUMENT with two plates, only \$1.00 post paid. This is not a toy but a practical working instrument... \$1.00.

DR. BARRETT, ABLE DEFENDER OF CATHOLIC RIGHTS IN MANITOBA, ATTACKED.

To the Editor of the True Witness:

Sir,—I herewith enclose you some interesting correspondence which speaks for itself. The object of the attack is Dr. J. K. Barrett, Inspector of Inland Revenue at Winnipeg. In the Catholic world of Canada, the name of Dr. Barrett stands for right and justice to us. It was he who contended for our rights when the Greenway Government of Manitoba, in 1890, abolished the Catholic schools of Manitoba. Ever since he has been a tower of strength to us in defending our rights whenever attacked. His arraignment of the many factions in the Conservative party comes with tremendous force from the fact that the doctor has always been a member of that party. Would it not be in the interests of Catholics as a whole, and of the West in particular, if you would give this matter prominence in your valuable paper. Hoping you will take it into consideration, I remain, dear sir,

Yours truly, J. F. TENNANT.

(Winnipeg Free Press.)

DR. BARRETT COMPLAINS OF SHABBY TREATMENT.

To the Editor of the Free Press: Sir,—On the 30th January the Telegram published a letter by "Equal Righter." In this letter I am charged with many things both large and small.

Yesterday I sent the Telegram a reply, which was promised a place in that journal. I find that a portion, the most important portion, of it has been omitted. This unfair treatment of my letter makes of the whole a senseless, perfunctory farce. I would, therefore, ask you to reproduce in your paper "Equal Righter's" letter and my reply. I have no desire to enter into any controversy on these matters, but when forced to do so, I want to be fairly treated.

J. K. BARRETT.

THE LETTER OF CRITICISM.

To the Editor of the Telegram: Sir,—In spite of the strenuous efforts of the Equal Righters, the Coercionists have apparently won out in the new provinces. It is of some little interest to examine some of the methods adopted to insure that success. The Archbishop of St. Boniface came in for sharp criticism because he honestly stated his opinion before all men. There was another person who stepped into this contest who was equally interested in maintaining separate schools and the privileges of the church, but who has escaped scot-free because he adopted less honest if more effective methods. I refer to Dr. Barrett. It is stated that the wily doctor is a pupil of the Jesuits. I can well believe it. If all that is said of them be true, I should say their pupil has done them honor. I have followed Dr. Barrett's career since 1890, and I believe that with him the end justifies the means. He would like to see his cause triumph and he will always use the weapons best calculated to get there. When the Tribune pointed out that the autonomy bills were the result of a conspiracy between Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Sbarretti and the hierarchy of Quebec, Dr. Barrett saw that this was the weak point in the armor of the coercionists and he took the first opportunity to draw a red herring across the path of the Equal Righters. He patiently waited his opportunity. It came when Mr. Joseph Martin appeared in Winnipeg. Dr. Barrett at once rushed into the Free Press, denounced Mr. Martin and championed the Quebec hierarchy and Quebec toleration, but at the same time carefully abstained from saying anything about the conspiracy to fasten separate schools on the new provinces. The Tribune helped him out by giving his letters editorial answers. This gave him an opportunity of reply which he was not slow in taking. In all those letters he avoided the real issue, but tried to make the people of the west believe in a most ingenious manner that separate schools were first established in Quebec to meet the views of the Protestant minority, and that wherever they were afterwards established his own co-religionists were at the time in the majority. This was carefully put forward as a reason why those schools should be perpetuated. These letters were very plausible, and from the way they were put had a certain quieting tendency. Meanwhile the real issue

of giving in perpetuity special privileges to his church, went untouched. This may appear smart, but was not honest. What a contrast between this and the outspoken honesty of the Archbishop. Before 1896, Dr. Barrett was a strong Conservative, but as soon as that road for promotion was barred, he quietly removed the bars and became an ardent follower of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. I suppose he would tell us that Sir Wilfrid Laurier is an honorable man and pure statesman? The loaves and fishes have a drawing tendency on all champions of Quebec domination, and the doctor is not an exception. He has always posed as a champion of his church, and no doubt the Archbishop of St. Boniface, who is deeply in earnest in his desire to see his church triumph, believes in his sincerity. The doctor could give His Grace valuable pointers how to circumvent those enemies of "Holy Church." The civil service is too narrow a field for his diverse talents and genius for intrigue, but while he continues in it, it would be well to remember that he is a servant of the people of Canada and not a mere section of them. If he wants to take a part in the political battles for his church and French domination, let him retire from his present position and come out in the open. That would be manly and honest.

EQUAL RIGHTER.

Winnipeg, Jan. 29, 1906.

DR. BARRETT'S REPLY.

To the Editor of the Telegram: Sir,—In your issue of yesterday's date I notice a rather personal attack on myself under the above quoted gloomy heading. I have always made it a rule never to notice personalities, but in this instance the personalities are so mixed up with other matters and things of moment that I cannot wholly ignore them. I am accused of stepping into the political contest in the recent elections held in Alberta and Saskatchewan. This is a serious charge to make against a civil servant who is supposed to leave party politics severely alone. And on what evidence does my kind friend rest his charge? Mr. Joseph Martin appeared on a public platform in Winnipeg and tried to stir up racial and religious prejudices and fire the west as he once did the fair plains of Manitoba. Because I wrote a letter to the Free Press, calling attention to the fact that it did not lie in the mouth of Mr. Martin to charge the public men of Canada with violating their pledges, as no public man was ever guilty of as mean a violation of public faith as he was in breaking his pledges to the electors of St. Francis Xavier. In that address he made an attack on Quebec and its hierarchy. I took him to task for this, and showed beyond the possibility of successful contradiction: (1) That separate schools were first introduced into Canada by the demands of the Protestant minority of Quebec; (2) That at the time they were introduced into Manitoba the Protestants were in the minority, and (3) In 1875, when the Mackenzie Government granted separate schools to the people of the Northwest Territories, the Protestants were again in the minority. These facts remain uncontradicted. Because they are facts they cannot be successfully controverted. But how could the statement of these plain historical facts lay me open to the charge of stepping into a political contest in Alberta and Saskatchewan? Here are the writer's reasons, and I would like your readers to mark them well: "When the Tribune pointed out that the autonomy bills were the result of a conspiracy between Sir Wilfrid Laurier, (Mgr.) Sbarretti and the hierarchy of Quebec, Dr. Barrett saw that this was the weak point in the armor of the coercionists and he took the first opportunity to draw the red herring across the path of the Equal Righters. He patiently waited his opportunity. It came when Mr. Joseph Martin appeared in Winnipeg. Dr. Barrett at once rushed into the Free Press, denounced Mr. Martin and championed the Quebec hierarchy and Quebec toleration, but at the same time carefully avoided saying anything about the conspiracy to fasten separate schools on the new provinces."

What nonsense has been written on this alleged conspiracy! This conspiracy cry was so transparently false that I did not want to insult my readers by even noticing it. It was the hallucination of a diseased brain or the product of a malicious imagination. Separate schools were fastened upon the provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan in 1875, when our Protestant friends were in the minority there. There never was any conspiracy between the government of Canada, the apostolic delegate or any member of the Quebec hierarchy, except in the fertile imaginations of a few enemies of public peace and Christian toleration. Why then should I be charged with carefully avoiding to say anything about a conspiracy that never existed except in a few diseased minds? Why should I or any other sane person imagine that a mere myth could be "the weak point in the armor of the coercionists?" Verily there are a lot of illogical fools in this world. I am charged with being a pupil of the Jesuits. I plead guilty to the flattering impeachment, but repeat on their behalf and mine the stale slander and falsehood that "the end justifies the means." All I have to say about the Jesuits is that I bless the day that brought me under their influence. The memory of these saintly teachers of my youth clings, as a sweet fragrance, around me. Most of them have gone to their reward, but their memory is held by me in deepest reverence and gratitude. My only regret is that I have too often failed to live up to the high ideals which my Jesuit professors taught me, both by example and precept.

Your correspondent further charges me with having been a strong Conservative before 1896 and with being a Liberal now, and all this for "the loaves and fishes." A party is what its leaders make it. I was proud to follow leaders like Sir John A. Macdonald, Sir John Thompson, Sir Mackenzie Bowell, etc., but where is the party they once led? Where the principles they once enunciated? Where the broad statesmanship founded on justice, fair play, toleration and conciliation that once guided the policy of the great Conservative party? Alas! Where? Torn into several contending factions, each one claiming to be the Simon Pure article. The only uniting link between them seems to be a determination to hold up to contempt and ridicule the most sacred convictions of Catholics. To gain a temporary political advantage these factions are ready to build up their party triumphs on appeals to racial and religious hatreds. And the leaders of these factions are not only warring against the peace and harmony of the people, but they are warring among themselves for precedence and place. How can any self-respecting Catholic endorse or support such an outfit? And what do they expect to gain by such tactics? In all these attacks on Catholics and their rights and privileges those little leaders centre all their heavy artillery on Quebec. The Montreal Star, commenting on Mr. Martin's meteoric appearance on a Winnipeg platform, said editorially: "Mr. Martin is in danger of making the fatal mistake of turning Quebec into a political target. That may split the ears of the groundings and get him a lot of public-meeting enthusiasm; but it absolutely prevents any movement he may inaugurate from being taken seriously. Quebec is a part of the Dominion and the government of the Dominion cannot be carried on without reference to its opinion. No Dominion government has ever ignored Quebec and lived. No political leader ever succeeded in consolidating a tolerant and common-sense Protestantism against Quebec. When a politician begins business by mouthing against this province as if it were the camp of an enemy, he condemns himself to nothing more than a superficial local notoriety until he learns better. See

Suffered Terrible Agony FROM PAIN ACROSS HIS KIDNEYS. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED HIM.

Read the words of praise, Mr. M. A. McInnis, Marlin, Bridge, N.S., has for Doan's Kidney Pills. (He writes us): "For the past three years I have suffered terrible agony from pain across my kidneys. I was so bad I could not stoop or bend. I consulted and had several doctors treat me, but could get no relief. On the advice of a friend, I procured a box of your valuable, life-giving remedy (Doan's Kidney Pills), and to my surprise and delight, I immediately got better. In my opinion Doan's Kidney Pills have no equal for any form of kidney trouble."

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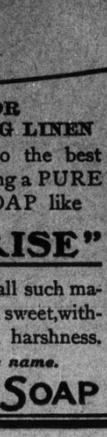
of any kind can never be a policy in Canada." These are the wise words of a Conservative journal. Mr. Ames, one of the Conservative members of parliament for the city of Montreal, and an English-speaking Protestant, in discussing the position of the English minority in Quebec, said: "The English-speaking minority of Quebec are the cement which binds together the two great races of the Dominion. As an important part of the one race, and the next door neighbors of the other, this is a role for which the English of Quebec are peculiarly fitted; and, with whatever success they may play it, the simple display of the will to do so must go a long way. "It is a perpetual disappointment to certain agitators in Ontario that the minority of Quebec have no grievances which can be exploited in the political arena. If we would only pose as "martyrs," we would oblige some of the finest Confederation smashers in the business. "The Protestant garrison in darkest Quebec" would be a cry to stir the passions of honest people who would mistake the track laid down for them by self-seeking politicians for the path of duty. But nothing would be more ignoble than to thus trade upon the race loyalty and the generous feeling of worthy but misled men; and nothing is more unlikely than that the English people of Quebec will ever be seduced into such a national crime. If we had a genuine grievance, we would fight for our rights in a manly fashion; and all the world would know exactly where we stood. But our good friends in Ontario may take it for granted that our whisperings with regard to our position are to be safely and sanely disregarded."

This leaven of common sense comes from a Conservative journal and a Conservative member of parliament resident in the much abused province of Quebec. These Protestant leaders of thought are daily witnesses of the toleration shown to them and their people by the Catholic province of Quebec. These men are the best friends of the Conservative party in Canada. They realize the fact that it is not only a crime against their party but also a national crime to make racial and religious appeals. The toleration shown by the leaders of the governments of Manitoba and Ontario (both Conservative) is a standing rebuke to those factionists.

When the multi-leaders of the many factions that now constitute the federal opposition and a certain section of the press of Canada take these lessons deeply to heart and act upon them, that party may hope to become a power in the land. By its present policy it is driving out of its ranks every self-respecting Catholic. One would think that the political history of this ostracism of Catholics would steady these men in their mad careers and make them reflect. The political battlefields of Canada for the last sixty years are strewn with the dismal failures of men pursuing such a miserable policy. Under such provocation, I can well pass over your correspondent's sneer about "the loaves and fishes."

This charge has been made against me before, and by men who should be ashamed to make it. When the Liberals came into power the chief inspectorship of inland revenue was vacant. They did not give it to me, although I am the senior inspector, and in every way qualified for the position. I am not complaining. They were not then, nor are they now, under any obligation to me, beyond that of giving them a faithful and intelligent public service. I merely mention the fact as an answer to the insulting "loaves and fishes" charge.

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Are your corns harder to remove than those that others have had? Have they not had the same kind? Have they not been cured by using Holloway's Corn Cure? Try a bottle. As far as I have no other will than His God wills what I will; and in this way I share in His light.—John Adams Taylor

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SOL... By RE... CHAPTER XI—O "Mackenzie's in jail... "and here am I... dead and in jail, but ju... the thing quieta down... out in a way that'll... breath in some people... sheriff's to be appointed... to be sheriff. Mark tha... that I told you so. An... see fun. They've l... snickered at me long... what a laugh they'll h... come out. A grasshop... bear it. And Buck's l... head of it. He's your b... Flory, I don't forget t... law has been going an... this laugh's been the l... longest, and so help me... and his 'piscopal out... months in office." "O papa!" said F... "how vindictive." "Vindictive!" snort... with a snap of the fin... am, but don't make m... to any more charity... got, the hybrids—cros... Methodist and a Cathol... the meanest kind of... was in Congress I'd p... They'd have to be c... tother, swing insense o... ought not to be tolerat... Florian nodded mock... Ruth. "There's a specimen of... can citizen," said he... "kicked out of England... by the incense-swinger... to retaliate." "Turn about is fair... Ruth. "But this is a free c... an replied. "Free country be—h... spluttered, the squire, w... crowding back an unru... "There must be a limit... And seeing a curious e... the faces of his two au... gan to proceed more o... can't allow trash to... country. We can't hav... plicity of our people s... trimmin' and axin'... If they're Protestants, l... to it; and if they're C... "em hang on to the p... "know how to deal with... there they come chantin... with flowers and robes... and bells, and crosses... We are not Catholics n... testants. We hate th... hurrah for the consti... that's all there is to... "hurting the morals o... and that's good reason... go." "I told you he woul... that," said Florian... Ruth. "Why, papa," said... have been giving us the... the Inquisition in Spain... testants." "Have I?" said the... vague wonder and alarm... vain to think of an ec... dilemma. "Yes, you have,"... with cruel delight; "and... now either eat your ow... swallow the Inquisiti... sauce." "Well, you see, Flory... acquire desperately, "this... country, and principles... ings consequently take... cation." The laughter which fo... sentiment drove the squ... room in shame and con... "You young folks don't... thing," he growled as th... med after him. "I am going to-morr... Florian, when they had... tony. He was glad to h... opportunity of speaking... and of discovering, pos... that fate had any more... throw at him. "I knew you could no... here," she replied with... "after so many sorrow... "The one thing I most... that I cannot bring you... Ruth. You must know... on hurriedly, "that a ver... should decide for you... ther we part or unite fo... year, if you say it. I w... for you, Ruth." "I fear I can never an... answered quite calmly; "... too, we have been wron... ing confidently what it i... to give. I have studied... and I have no liking... is beautiful, indeed, bu... seem to me to be the tr... Fate had thrown its

SOLITARY ISLAND

A NOVEL.

By REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

"Mackenzie's in jail south," said he, "and here am I. Politically I'm dead and in jail, but just as soon as the thing quiets down I'm coming out in a way that'll not leave much breath in some people. Next year the sheriff's to be appointed, I'm going to be sheriff. Mark that, Flory, and that I told you so. And then you'll see fun. They've laughed and snickered at me long enough. Lord! what a laugh they'll have when I come out. A grasshopper couldn't fear it. And Buck's been at the head of it. He's your brother-in-law, Flory, I don't forget that; but his jaw has been going and going, and this laugh's been the loudest and longest, and so help me, I'll sell him and his 'piscopals out before I'm six months in office."

"O papa!" said Ruth, smiling, "how vindictive!" "Vindictive!" snorted the squire, with a snap of the fingers. "Yes, I am, but don't make no pretensions to any more charity than they've got, the hybrids!—cross between a Methodist and a Catholic, and that's the meanest kind of a cross. If I was in Congress I'd prohibit them. They'd have to be one thing or t'other, swing inense or rant. They ought not to be tolerated."

Florian nodded mock-seriously at Ruth. "There's a specimen of the American citizen," said he. "Having been kicked out of England for ranting by the incense-swingers, he's going to retaliate."

"Turn about is fair play," said Ruth. "But this is a free country," Florian replied. "Free country be—hem, g-r-r-r!" spluttered the squire, with difficulty crowding back an unruly expletive. "There must be a limit to freedom."

And seeing a curious expression on the faces of his two auditors he began to proceed more coolly. "We can't allow trash to overrun our country. We can't have the simplicity of our people spoiled by the trimmings and finixins of 'piscopals. If they're Protestants, let 'em stick to it; and if they're Catholics let 'em hang on to the pope, and we'll know how to deal with 'em. But there they come chanting and whining with flowers and robes, and candles, and bells, and crosses, and saying, 'We are not Catholics nor yet Protestants. We hate the Pope, and hurrah for the constitution; and that's all there is to 'em. They're hurting the morals of the people, and that's good reason for 'em to go.'"

"I told you he would come to that," said Florian gravely to Ruth. "Why, papa," said Ruth, "you have been giving us the arguments of the Inquisition in Spain against Protestants."

"Have I?" said the Squire, in vague wonder and alarm, trying in vain to think of an escape from his dilemma. "Yes, you have," said Florian, with cruel delight; "and you must now either eat your own words or swallow the Inquisition without sauce."

"Well, you see, Flory," said the squire desperately, "this is a new country, and principles and reasonings consequently take a new application." The laughter which followed this sentiment drove the squire from the room in shame and confusion.

"You young folks don't know anything," he growled as the door slammed after him. "I am going to-morrow," said Florian, when they had done laughing. He was glad to have this opportunity of speaking to Ruth alone and of discovering, possibly, whether fate had any more stones to throw at him.

"I knew you could not endure life here," she replied with much feeling, "after so many sorrows." "The one thing I most regret is that I cannot bring you with me, Ruth. You must know," he went on hurriedly, "that a very little time should decide for you and me whether we part or unite forever. In a year, if you say it, I will come back for you, Ruth."

He was unable to speak for a few minutes.

"There is a year yet," he said at length; "you can decide better at the end of that time, perhaps." "Perhaps," she repeated. She was very calm in her statements, simply because she had gone over this scene many a time in the past few months. "But I think it would be better to end it now."

He was so pale and pain-burdened when she looked at him that her good sense faltered. "Have we really ever loved each other?" said he brokenly. "Do you know, Ruth, that if you persist we shall never meet again?"

"I know it," she said. "I will wait for a year, if you wish. We have been always under a restriction, you know, and I feel as if it made truth harder for me to learn, because you were to be the reward of my lesson."

"I release you," he said, rising. "I release you, Ruth, from any obligation to me. You are right—you always were. Good-by—for ever." They shook hands, and with this simple ceremony his first love ended. Was he tempted to go back to his paradise and take her as she stood, difference of faith included? The thought did occur to him, as would the thought of flying. With a sad smile at its impossibility he faced the dying storm. His feet turned unconsciously to the grave in the church-yard, and, falling upon it, he moaned!

"O Linda! all our good fortune went with you!" "Not all," said the hermit's voice near by. He looked up indifferently and saw Scott leaning against a neighboring monument. He was covered with the falling snow, and must have been out long in the storm. Feeling ashamed of such a display of weakness, Florian rose and staggered away in silence. What the hermit never did before he did then—stopped the youth and held him.

"You're not yourself, my lad," he said, with a touch of tenderness in his voice. "And I'm told you're goin' away to-morrow." "Yes," said Florian, "to-morrow. Thank God! I'm done with this place for ever. There is nothing here for me but graves. You see, Scott, I have lost them all—Linda, Sara and Ruth. And the one nearest to me—isn't it strange?—is the little girl in her grave. Yes, I am going, and I wish it was morning and the whole place out of my thoughts for good. I don't care if I was dead."

"There's a difference between dead and dying," said the hermit grimly. "You'd soon change your mind if death caught on to you. You forgot to give me that paper—" "I'll write it this very night," Florian answered; "my last will and testament of the old life, and then hurrah for the new! God! how completely we can be torn up from the roots and transplanted in new soil."

"Bosh!" said Scott. "You kin no more get rid of the old life than of yourself. You'll think of all these things for years, an' you'll find them three women, an' the water, an' 'slands, an' boats, an' things, twistin' in your thoughts and promotin' your will until veg dead—almost. You're a leetle apt to get sentimental."

Florian said nothing, for a sudden daze came over his senses and he leaned heavily against the hermit, with his face upturned to the snow-clouded sky; and it so happened that the hermit's beard brushed his chin and the weather-beaten cheek lay for an instant against his own. "Faintin', hey?" said Scott. "You'll have a spell of sickness." "Not at all, I was just thinking of Linda's last words. They are a good motto as well as a prayer: 'That we may meet again.' Good-night, Scott, and good-bye. As usual you are right. The old life shall not out for the new."

He went off briskly down the road.

CHAPTER XII. The attic chamber of Madame De Ponsenby Lynch's fashionable boarding-house had one window with a view of all the back windows of the neighboring block in its panes and a strip of exceedingly plain sky above. On clear days the North River was in sight, but at other times you might turn your eyes in all directions and you could get nothing more beautiful to relieve the aching sight, unless when night came and

stars or moon threw a mystic glamor over the scene. Moonlight falling on the staring backs of tenement houses is not a thrilling sight; but shimmering through an attic window, faintly lighting up its meagre furniture, mixing lights and shadows fancifully until the narrow space becomes a stately castle-hall—then the moonlight is a blessing. It had that effect in this particular attic, and although the air was cold enough to show your breath floating on it, where the light fell it looked warm, and almost persuaded Paul Rossiter, like the candle in Colonel Sellers' patent stove, that he was warm and had not sense enough to know it. The room might have been furnished—comfortably furnished—for all you could see in the dim light. A spectral bed with a white coverlet stood in one corner, a chair and desk littered with papers in another, and a stove sat reproachfully in the middle place, colder than the moonlight, and darkly pensive. It had an apologetic air about it, as if feeling it absurd that it should be there at all on a cold night when a stove has most to say and do in this world, and be silent and moody as Othello with his occupation gone. There was one picture on the wall, otherwise bare. Some clothes hung on a rack stretched across the door. These and the moonlight were all Paul Rossiter's possessions, and he surveyed them cheerfully while blowing his cold fingers and drumming his cold feet on the floor. He was writing, and writing was food and heat to him—that is, when his manuscripts were exchangeable into silver. Unfortunately they did not always have that property. A sudden and imperative knock at the door startled him, and he became quiet, the knock continuing for some time, and he continuing immovable.

"Open the door, b'y," said a rough, deep, middle-aged voice outside. "I know ye're in; sure the key's in the door. It's me, Peter, and I have something to tell ye."

A long silence succeeded this outburst. Paul did not move, but he was laughing quietly to himself. "Well, all right, if ye say so," said the voice, "but it's mean of ye, to be sure." Steps were heard retreating, then they stopped and finally returned. "Wouldn't ye like to go an' see the 'Green Bushes'? I've tickets for three, and we'll have the oysters after at Barney's. Saturday night, ye know, b'y."

But the boy was still immovable, although he shook with deep laughter at every new sentence, and perhaps regretted not being able to accept an invitation so suggestive—oysters and the theatre.

"No admission to Peter!" said the voice in a mock soliloquy. "Then as sure's me name's Carter I'll expose ye. D'ye think I don't know why you are keeping me out, hey?" Paul suddenly ceased laughing and listened, rigidly upright.

"D'ye think I don't know ye've no fire, or—" There was a sudden crash of furniture within, of hurrying feet and a door unlocking, and in an instant the voice, or Peter Carter, as he called himself, was violently pulled into the room. The lamp which he carried went out in the roughness of the encounter.

"Do you wish to blazon me all through the house?" said Paul, hotly; "do you—" "USED MEN AT THE OFFICE UP WOMEN IN THE HOME AND CHILDREN AT SCHOOL TIED OUT Every day in the week and every week in the year men, women and children feel all used up and tired out. The strain of business, the cares of home and social life, and the task of study cause terrible suffering from heart and nerve troubles. The efforts put forth to keep up to the modern 'high pressure' mode of life in this age soon wears out the strongest system, shatters the nerves and weakens the heart. Thousands find life a burden and others an early grave. The strain on the system causes nervousness, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, sleeplessness, faint and dizzy spells, skip beats, weak and irregular pulse, smothering and sinking spells, etc. The blood becomes weak and watery and eventually causes decline."

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"There was no other way of getting in," said Peter; "and then ye needn't be so proud. Not a soul but knows the poor young man in the attic is as poor as the poetry he writes, an' freezes as often as he composes! Not that they respect ye any the less, for if ye were rich as Croesus a poet's a hybrid thing in New York. Let me light the lamp."

Peter having performed that operation successfully, relit his pipe and sat down in the glare of the light, composed and happy. He was a short, stout, bow-legged man of fifty, with a bullet-head, and a moon-like face. His hair, short and gray, stood straight as quills upon the fretful porcupine, his under-lip protruded, his mouth was very homely, a scar half-way between tip and bridge of his pug-nose gave that feature of his face an ugly prominence, but his eyes were large and blue and sharp-looking, and would have been handsome but for the smoky eye-ball. Peter's general appearance was that of a red-faced, hearty farmer, given to social courtesies and rolling in happiness. He was round-limbed and round-bodied, rolled in his walk like a sailor, and, as we shall see later on, was fond of a good song, a good story, and a good glass of punch. He took his seat, smiling at the angry yet half-amused face which Paul had turned on him.

"Be George, Paul!" said he, with a malevolent grin, "but ye're the very spit of a poet, with your long yellow hair, and blue eyes an' melancholy face! An' ye b'y? It's nice to look at ye, it is. An' sure it's not mad ye are? Ye mightn't have let me in if ye didn't want to. I don't ask to come inter your old freezing room when I have one myself twice as good an' warm. I'll go now, if ye say so."

He made a pretended start and flourish with his legs, but did not move, and his jovial leer failing to charm the frown from the young man's face, he grew indignant. "Well, stay mad, if ye are so! What the devil do I care for you or your madeness? D'ye 'epose I owe anything to you or the likes o' ye? Not a snap o' my finger, ye half-starved verse-moulder."

Paul laughed at this outburst, and Peter himself joined in it and roared for a minute after Paul ceased, so proud was he to have succeeded in removing the displeasure of his young friend.

"But it's too bad, Peter," said the poet deprecatingly, "that you should let the whole house know I had no wood—" "Ah, bother, man! What d'ye care for the whole house, or the whole block, or the whole city? Sure they know it already. And it's your own fault that ye haven't wood and candles! Plenty o' money, b'y, in this old sheepskin o' mine! I call on Peter any time you are in want o' fifty dollars, an' it's yours. Plenty o' money all over the world, plenty to eat at Madame Lynch's."

"Never think of to-morrow. With a smile banish sorrow." And Peter, jumping up, executed a remnant of a jig through the room, tumbling breathless into his chair afterwards.

"I was thinking," said Paul gravely, "that I would borrow a little from you"—Peter looked suddenly indifferent—"and if you could let me have five dollars to buy some wood and necessities I wouldn't mind."

"Wood and necessities," mocked Peter gayly—"nice things for a young man like you, with strong muscles an' warm blood, to be thinkin' of. I tell ye you are twice as healthy in a room like this than if ye had a stove blazing up to heaven. And candles hurt the eyes! Ye shouldn't read after daylight, or use the eyes at all. See now! Dr. Brown says that the man who uses his eyes—" "That isn't the point," Paul interrupted. "I asked you for five dollars."

"Doctor Brown says that the man—" "No, no; stick to the point, Peter: will you lend me five dollars?" "Lend ye five dollars?" said Peter with a surly air. "Ye're mighty anxious to run into debt, ain't ye? An' I'd look well lehdin' a man money that can't pay Madame Lynch his board. I have enough to do to support meself. Go and write for the newspapers something plain an' sensible on the Know-nothings or—Irland—there's a grand subject for ye—an' leave off reading an' writing stuff! There's a pattern for ye on the first floor—the young lawyer, only been in the city a year, and is spoken of for Assemblyman already. He looks like ye, every one says. Maybe you are related?"

Paul sat eyeing his companion with amused disdain. He was accustomed to the little contradictions of his rough character, and had asked for the money only for the purpose

HOW TO TAKE THEM FOR CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, TORPID LIVER, DYSPEPSIA, HEADACHES, IMPURE BLOOD, RHEUMATISM, KIDNEY TROUBLE, NEURALGIA, IRRITATED HEART, NERVOUSNESS, BAD COMPLEXION.

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of putting his wordy generosity to shame. Peter was not at all uncharitable, although somewhat stingy at times, but this defect arose rather from a constitutional want of money and the consequent necessity of hoarding his little than from any inherent niggardliness. As he turned the subject of conversation when Paul seemed earnest in his demand for help, the young man was not unwilling to let it pass.

"I heard that assertion made about that lawyer's likeness to me," said he, "but I have never seen him. I fear you are fooling me about him. Now let us see how much of a resemblance there is between us. I have yellow hair, blue eyes, light complexion; what has he?" "Brown hair, brown eyes, and light complexion," said Peter hesitatingly.

"I wear a moustache, and my nose is Grecian as well as my face." "He wears a full, short beard, and his nose is straight, if that's what you call Grecian, Paul."

"Where's the resemblance, then?" "I don't know; I don't think there's any. When you come to particulars you have us all. I had him down for the 'Green Bushes' and the oysters. I thought you might like to know him. By George, Paul! he might get ye a lift on some paper, for he's a rising man, makes speeches that take down the ward meetings. You'd like to know him, you would. He's a Catholic of the strict kind, I think. Sure I knew ye wouldn't like that, but a little of your company, poetry, and my punch would soon cure him of pious leanings. God help us all, but it's leaning all the other way I am since I left the old sod for New York an' its vile whiskey. I feel mighty dry, Paul, hey, b'y? Don't be putting such a long face on ye at this hour o' the night! My, but it's the mild face, anyhow. If some good girl gets it in her eye, sure it'll never leave it again."

He smacked his lips and laughed at himself afterwards. "Come on," said Paul, suddenly, "I'm ready."

Peter bounded off his chair and seized the lamp. "The lawyer has this Saturday night to himself," said he. "I'll go down and invite him, or will you?" "Will I?" said Paul. "You idiot! I invite a total stranger! Where's your etiquette or common sense?" "Just so," said Peter meditatively. "I'll see him myself."

He went down the stairs with a slow step and a sober air, as if the task of inviting the strange lawyer was not a pleasant one; and Paul, watching him until the light had faded to the first floor, saw him stand hesitatingly there, then retreat and return a few times, and finally go slowly to his own room. "O thou mass of contradiction!" he soliloquized, leaning over the stairway. "Thus Madame Celeste and the American pearl fade from before my vision."

He had not been over-anxious to enjoy either, and returned to his cold room to renew his writing, and blow his fingers, and stamp his feet, and draw inspiration from the moonlight, which shone more brilliantly as the night strengthened. A twenty-cent piece lying on the table gave him a new thought.

"The Fraulein will not come to-night," he said, "and I suppose I might as well invest in wood and tallow as let it lie there."

He donned his overcoat and went out hastily. Down on the first floor he met Peter just coming out of the lawyer's room, his face aglow with pleasure. He seized Paul suddenly and with a jerk landed him inside the door.

"Here's the twin," said he. "Be George, I've fixed it all, an' I'll leave it to your own mothers if ye aren't as alike as sun an' moon. Wallace, this is Rossiter, an' I'm Carter, an' we'll raise—that's right, Paul; make yourself at home."

The two gentlemen thus roughly brought together smiled and acknowledged the introduction. Then their eyes curiously sought each other because of the report of their physical resemblance. Paul saw a tall, elegant man of singularly easy and graceful manner, having an intellectual face half-covered by a beard. He judged that Florian might be somewhat reserved in his disposition and perhaps phlegmatic and cold, but there was no mistaking the high purpose of the man nor the breadth of his character. The poet liked the politician at the first glance. And Florian, now metamorphosed into a metropolitan young man, was glad to meet with a face so very different from those he had already seen since his arrival. He thought he recognized the poet, and was flattered that people saw a resemblance to Paul Rossiter in himself.

Peter meanwhile, in the full triumph of having brought this meeting about, was amusing himself through the room with the inspection of every article in it, and freely commenting on objects worthy of his notice. The furnishing of Florian's apartment was luxurious and appealed to the eye wonderfully. The leading color was a soft shade of green, fading into black or rising into white, with bits of statuary here and there, and a few water-scenes upon the wall. Peter had seen the room before, but had not been favored with a close inspection, and was making the most of his present opportunity. "Here we are," said he recklessly, "transported from a garret to a palace"—Paul stared—"and all on account of the resemblance between a poet and a politician! Paul, it's pretty complete, isn't it? It must be a nice thing to be a politician to afford such luxuries, and not poor devils like you and me, writin' bad poetry and editorials—hey, b'y? Don't ye feel proud of it?" said he, turning to Florian.

"Very," said Florian, "since you think so highly of it." "There's only one thing lacking," said Peter—"it's rather dry." And he twirled his thumbs and laughed at his own audacity. Florian laughed too, and went to the closet where the moisture usually gathered—"an arrangement to save the furniture," he said gravely.

Peter was suddenly offended. "We don't drink, Paul nor I," said he moodily. "Don't be taking up a poor old fellow's gay words so seriously. Don't ye know a man has two meanin's for everything he says? Ye're a politician an' ought to know that, I'm sure. An' if ye don't it's not speaking well for ye."

Florian, considerably surprised and mortified, was putting back the bottles on the shelf when Peter anticipated the movement by saying: "Of course, if ye have them out now, ye may as well let them stay, an' we'll get thirsty, maybe, looking at them. It's not often we drink, Paul or I, but brains will run out, you see, and, like plants, need moisture and sunlight now and then."

Florian began at once to understand visitor, and without further ceremony placed wine and brandy convenient to Peter's elbow. "Shall I help you to some wine?" he said, politely.

(To be continued)

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He who feels contempt for any living thing hath facilities that he hath never used, and thought with him is in its infancy—Wordsworth.

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SUCCESSFUL CLOSING OF THE TRIDUUM

The Triduum which was held at St. Mary's, preparative to the establishment of the Temperance League, was brought to a successful close Sunday evening, when Rev. Father Ethelbert enrolled about two hundred men in the newly formed society.

After short prayers, Rev. Father Ethelbert, who had been the preacher at the different exercises, ascended the pulpit and delivered a forcible sermon on the evil effects consequent on the excessive use of alcoholic liquors.

and in medicine he introduced an improvement which in an altered form has continued in use to this day. This improvement was the counting of the pulse, which up to his time had been felt and discussed in many ways, but never counted.

"The weight, therefore, of water that flows out in relation to the different pulses in the youth, in the aged man, in the healthy and the sick ought necessarily to lead to a truer knowledge of the disease, one weight being proper to one infirmity and a different weight to another."

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Jubilee of War Time Nurse.

Sister Mary Carroll of St. Mary's hospital, Rochester, N.Y., celebrated last week the fiftieth anniversary of her entrance into the order of the Sisters of Charity. Sister Mary has done yeoman service during her fifty years of religious life. She served throughout the Civil War, going to the front with the first volunteers and served in the fever hospitals and among the wounded wherever she could place a shelter tent.

A Cardinal First Proposed Counting the Pulse.

Writing in a recent issue of the Catholic Times, of Liverpool, J. C. McWalter, M.D., says: In the Fitzpatrick lectures delivered at the Royal College of Physicians in London, Dr. Norman Moore made the following reference to a famous Cardinal: "Nicholas of Cusa was a man of varied learning and of a scientific habit of mind. He was a theological writer, a mathematician, and an observer of natural phenomena. He made an original examination of the Koran and critically discussed its contents."

MONTREAL WHOLESALE PRICES

February 28.—Flour—Manitoba spring wheat patents, \$4.50; strong bakers, \$4 to \$4.10; winter wheat patents, \$4.25 to \$4.50, and straight rollers, \$3.90 to \$4 in wood; in bags, \$1.85 to \$1.90. Rolled Oats—\$1.90 to \$1.95 per bag of 90 lbs. (nominal). Pearl Hominy—\$1.85 to \$1.90 in bags of 98 lbs. Cornmeal—\$1.30 to \$1.40 for ordinary; \$1.50 for granulated. Mill Feed—Ontario bran in bulk, \$18.50 to \$19; shorts, in bags, \$20 to \$20.50; Manitoba bran, in bags, \$19; shorts, \$20. Hay—No. 1, \$8.50 to \$9 per ton on the track; No. 2, \$7.50 to \$8; clover, \$5.50 to \$6; clover mixed, \$6 to \$6.50. Oats—No. 2, 40c per bushel; No. 3, 39c; No. 4, 38c. Beans—Choice primes, \$1.65 to \$1.70 per bushel; hand picked, \$1.80. Peas—Bolling, in car load lots, 90c to \$1.05 per bushel. Potatoes—in bags of 80 lbs., 65c to 70c. Honey—White clover in combs, 13c to 14c per one pound section; extract, 8c to 9c; buckwheat, 6c to 7c. Provisions—Heavy Canadian short cut pork, \$21; light short cut, \$20; American short cut, \$20; American cut clear fat back, \$19 to \$20; compound lard, 6c to 7c; Canadian pure lard, 11c to 12c; kettle rendered, 12c to 13c; hams, 12c to 13c, according to size; bacon, 14c; fresh killed abattoir dressed hogs, \$10 to \$10.25; country dressed, \$8.75 to \$9.50; alive, \$7.25 to \$7.50, selects and mixed lots. Eggs—New laid, 17c; selects (nominal), 15c; No. 1 candled, 12c to 13c per dozen. Butter—Choice creamery, 22c; undergrades, 20c to 21c; dairy, 19c to 20c. Cheese—Ontario, 13c; Quebec, 12c. Ashes—First pots, \$5.25; seconds, \$4.70; thirds, \$3.75; first pearls, \$7.

GRAIN MARKETS.

There is considerable difference of opinion among dealers as to the value of oats. Some claim that the market is steady at 40c for No. 2 white on account of comparatively light stocks in the country. Others basing their arguments on the increased supplies on spot and the price at which some lots have changed hands lately quote the market easier at 39c to 40c per bushel for No. 2.

Rolled oats are unchanged at \$1.90 to \$1.95 as nominal quotations and sales are being put through at various prices both above and below these figures.

DAIRY PRODUCE.

The local cheese market is steady and there is a slight improvement in tone though quotations are unchanged from 13c to 13c for finest western. Butter is about steady, but the only trade passing is of a local nature, and business is quiet. About 22c is the top price obtainable for fancy creamery and under finest grades are quoted at 20c to 21c per pound. Eastern Townships separator is in good demand at 21c. The market is easier on rolls and sales of large packages have been made at 17c, and choice fresh made goods in baskets of 40 to 50 lbs. selling at 18c to 19c.

SUNG BY METHODISTS.

The Boston Transcript, commenting on the new Methodist Hymnal, says that among the new hymns in the book there is none that shows any advance over the now familiar "There's a Wideness in God's Mercy" inserted in the hymnal twenty years ago, "and marking the farthest advance of liberal orthodoxy." And to think that the man who wrote it was not a Methodist, or a Protestant of any kind, but a Catholic priest—Father Faber! We wonder how many Methodists who sing that hymn know of its authorship?—Sacred Heart Review.

PAPAL PALACE TO BE RESTORED.

The fine old palace of the Popes of Avignon, France, which has been allowed to go to rack and ruin, is about to be rescued from the degradation into which it had fallen. It will no longer be used as a barracks but will be converted into a museum of religious art. The troops, mostly infantry, are ordered to vacate the great building. When they are gone the intersecting partitions and walls which, since 1815, have cut the once splendid salons and halls into squalid rooms, will be removed.

The old papal chapel, the hall of conclaves and the private apartments will be reconstituted and arranged as they were in the time of Gregory XI, the last Pope who dwelt at Avignon. The magnificent frescoes will be restored, the vandal-like damage done by tipsy soldiers will be repaired and again the sweet odor of sanctity will penetrate the palace, a fit atmosphere for the objects which will be exhibited there.

GROWING BOYS

Need an Occasional Tonic to Maintain Strength and Keep the Skin Clear.

On every side one sees young men and growing boys with pale, pasty complexions, their faces covered with pimples and their gait shambling and listless. Such a condition is extremely dangerous—the blood is out of order—a complete breakdown may result. To put matters right; to give that spring to the step; that clearness to the skin and that glow of active health to the face, a tonic is needed—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are needed. As proof of this, Mr. Charles Dieffenhal, 12 St. Ursule street, Quebec, says: "Frequently my studies necessitated my remaining up until a late hour. The result was that my system gradually weakened, and in December, 1903, I seemed to collapse. I was completely run down and went under the care of a doctor but instead of gaining strength I seemed to grow weaker. I could not take solid food, did not sleep well and weakening night sweats gave me further cause for alarm. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were brought to my notice, and I began their use. Almost from the outset they seemed to help me, but it was some weeks before there was a material change for the better. From that on, however, recovery was rapid, and in a couple of months I was as well as ever I had been, and able to resume my studies."

Every dose of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new, rich, red blood; every drop of pure blood gives strength and vitality to the whole system, and this strength brings health. That is why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure such cases as anaemia, all stomach and kidney troubles, St. Vitus dance, heart palpitation, the afflictions known only to growing girls and women, and a host of other ailments from which both young and old suffer through bad blood. Sold by dealers in medicine or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

COURTEOUS ACT OF NORWAY'S KING.

One of King Haakon's first acts was the sending to Pius X. official notification of his accession to the throne of Norway. The Vatican has a long memory, but it must have rubbed its eyes when it read the royal autograph. Centuries ago, one of Pius X.'s predecessors offered the crown to a Norwegian sovereign and one of Norway's kings did splendid service in introducing the faith into northern Europe and Greenland. The present ruler is lacking neither in courtesy nor in courage. His recognition of the Papacy may help to smooth matters for the return to the faith of the Lutherans who were led into apostasy more through the greed of their Reformation king than from any overt act on the part of the people.—Catholic Transcript.

THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

He was a small man, and though he was laden with parcels and beads of perspiration stood on his alabaster brow, he wore a self-satisfied air as he took his seat beside the majestic lady in the railway waiting room. "John," said the majestic woman in an awful voice. "There, now," he interrupted, "I knew what it would be. The same old question, but I assure you this time I've forgotten nothing. There are the groceries, there's the towel, there's the seven and three-quarter yards of cambric, there is the patent medicine."

"But, John," again that awful voice. "I tell you I have forgotten nothing," he said, triumphantly. "Here's the wanted for your mother, here's the book for Agnes, the drum for Thomas, and here's the blotting paper. There you are. The whole lot; nothing missing."

S. CARSLY Co. LIMITED THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1906. Spring Costumes and Skirts. The latest creations for Spring wear in Ladies' Costumes and Skirts are arriving daily, brightening the Mantle Salons with a wealth of artistic beauty. Gray in varying shades is to be the predominant hue, light gray in particular.

J. J. M. Landy 416 QUEEN ST., W.

Go to the new Religious Goods House, 416 Queen Street West, Toronto, for Prayer Books, Prayer Beads, Statues, Crucifixes, Candles, Oils, Plaques, Incense, Charcoal, Candelsticks, Candelabra, etc., etc.

BUILDING ASSOCIATION IN AID OF St. Michael's Parish, Montreal.

By a resolution passed at a meeting of the Fabrique of St. Michael's, dated the 3rd of January, 1904, and with the approval of His Grace the Archbishop, the Fabrique binds itself to cause to have said in St. Michael's during four years two masses a month according to the intention of those who contribute 50 cents yearly. Help yourselves, help your deceased friends and help the new church by joining this Association.

To the Debtors of Israel Nantel, INSOLVENT.

NOTICE is hereby given that the claims that Israel Nantel had against you have been sold and transferred to Joseph Godbout, junior, lumber merchant, of Montreal, thence carrying on business under the name and style of Danville Lumber Co., in virtue of a sale sous seing prive, done and passed at Montreal aforesaid on the 22nd day of January, 1906, by the curators to the said insolvent, and hereto authorized by a judgment of the Superior Court on the 28th November, 1905.

DANVILLE LUMBER CO.

Province of Quebec, District of Montreal. Superior Court. No. 2443. Dame Valerie Fortier, wife of Victor Berthiaume, of the city of Montreal, in the district of Montreal, has this day instituted an action in separation as to bed and also as to property against her said husband. Montreal, 15th February, 1906.

BEAUDIN, LORANGER & ST. GERMAIN. Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Province of Quebec, District of Montreal. Circuit Court of the District of Montreal. No. 14. Dame Jane O'Sullivan, of Montreal, widow of the late John P. Cuddy, in his lifetime of the same place, gentleman. Plaintiff, vs. Charles Wing, of Montreal, Defendant, and Eusebe Laliberte et al., mis en cause. The defendant is ordered to appear within one month. Montreal, 17th February, 1906.

J. CARTIER, Deputy Clerk of said Court.

Be patient with everyone, but above all, with yourself. I mean, do not be disturbed because of your imperfections, and always rise up bravely from a fall. I am glad that you make a daily new beginning; there is no better means of progress in the spiritual life than to be continually beginning afresh.—St. Francis De Sales.



Vol. LV., No. 35

LITERATURE OF THE

The following is a lecture by Dr. Douglas Hyde at the University of California: "Trolowney, a companion of Shakespeare, survey achievements wrought by God emerging from a desperate condition as a nation to a comparative strength and life, said, with an evident Ireland: 'No country, possess name and language, no black its prospects for national despair.' 'Now, after seventy-five years is taking to heart the Greece and the Hellenes. A called when Ireland was at the brink of a precipice, beyond lay death and extinction, although faint hearts have late! a few noble spirits by the very difficulties of tion, and persevering in the dreadful difficulties, with marked by the deaths of a hand, worked to check the movement, and now a few, tively speaking, of the solidly on the unassailable a nationhood for Ireland upon a natural national and national customs. 'We are now relearning gauge and finding that it did instrument of thought pressing. We have to con attempt to weld the molic literature with the anc make the body of Gaelic complete, that for three Gaelic literature has been almost altogether from the geal or academic standpo not from the literary point It has not been regarded a bearing upon life or upo istence of a nation. N that it has such a bearing are attempting to make o literature a rational conti the Gaelic literature of th 'We are hindered grievou attempt by the circumstan old manuscripts being sca over the world. What lit possess, then, we really do nor can we ascertain. The example, Irish writers the never heard of. A book d red poems was recently written by a County Clare I had never heard of. I scripts of the last three have perished by the hun A GERMAN SCHOLAR'S TO IRISH LITERAT 'There is only one body an auxiliary of the Trini in Dublin, competent to and husband such manuscr it has meager funds at its and purchases only meth lums. There have been m of almost incalculable va by travellers in Ireland years that were perhaps up by children. One Live chant, fishing in Ireland, that a trunkful of precr scripts had been thrown i ver to make room for his One such manuscript dealt ancient Irish belief in the tion of souls. Another s script, kicked about in Iris was discovered to be of that it has been published man scholar in an import logical journal. 'Do not, my friends, bl Irish woman or her child ignore and throw away th cious manuscripts. Blam those who have taught t school and out, to underv fall to appreciate the w meaning of these old Gae scripts. There were no p knew more of poets, more ture, than the Irish, knowledge and love of su pressed and killed by trea corded them and metho offering them education at of another nation. 'Despite the great handi the seventeenth century, p Literature flourished in Irel ine's work, as historian a being perhaps the most i