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The True



Witness

Vol. LIX., No. 38

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, MARCH 17, 1910

PRICE, FIVE CENTS

Deep in Canadian Woods.

Missionary Right Royally Welcomed by Miramichi Lumbermen. Prohibition Prominent Feature in These Camps!

By Rev. R. H. Fitz-Henry.

"Deep in Canadian woods we've met
From once bright Island flow;
Great is the land we tread, and yet
Our hearts are with our own!"

It was with a snatch of the grand old song on my lips, and with its warmth in my heart, that I set out for the lumber camps of the North and South branches of the poetically wild Renous River, Northumberland County, in the province of New Brunswick, on the Sunday before Christmas, late in the afternoon. I had promised the pastor and the good people of M— that I should in the course of the winter, do something towards helping to pay for their new church; and to the woods strange to say, I went for money, a kind of big game, if you wish.

(Pat) should "heap coals of fire on his enemies."
"And what does that mean, Father?" asked Pat.
"Oh! it means we should pardon injuries and pray for our enemies." Pat prayed for the Jew during a whole hour, fervently and strongly "See here, Pat, you need not pray all day," said the priest.
"I know that, Father, excusing your reverence; but I am trying to burn the old beggar to a cinder."

VICTIM OF MISDIRECTION.

We talked furs and Hebrew for the rest of the way.
At the foot of the thickly wooded hills, lives a parishioner, a man of heart and a priest's true friend. It

fine summer days, and thus was easily prepared for my experience with the Catamaran. On we went, passing several camps, as I could see by the accompanying lay-outs, and it was one o'clock, on Monday morning, that I entered the woods a white, and halted at the camp of a good-hearted Presbyterian, who received me with all the hospitality of his big Scotch heart. After preliminaries, the cook and I discussed politics and told stories for two hours. His name was Gulliver, and I thus had the consolation of meeting a wonderful traveler after a wonderful journey. I had not reached Lilliput, but I was "deep in Canadian woods."

Shortly after seven o'clock, I went down by what is known as the Red-bank road, and crossed Red Pine portage, the favorite "yarding" place of the moose in the days of ice and crust. All along I saw nothing but tracks of the deer, the fox, the moose, and the caribou; while, with something of "Jasper Johnson's" cruelty, I aroused the wood-hens from their comfortable sleep. It was fully five o'clock, in the evening, and already quite dark, when I reached the camp I had missed, and took up my first collection for the church at M—. I was not obliged to tell Mr. Whelan or his men that "the Lord loveth a cheerful giver," for they understood the case and its details. After supper, we told stories, and, as all were Catholics, we closed the evening's programme with the beads: of course, I had to read my office, and I must say I never read it with more fervor. I liked my surroundings.

NO LIQUOR IN CAMPS.

Here let me state, to the credit of the men from the Miramichi district, that a drop of liquor never enters a camp. As soon as a camp-man is found with it, he is forthwith thanked for his services. In consequence, you never, or very seldom, hear of an accident in the New Brunswick woods, on the Renous, or the Dunganarvon. It would be well if prohibition could work as effectively elsewhere as it does in the Northumberland forests.



GEORGE HAYES' CAMP.

It is a long drive of fourteen miles from the priest's house to the foot of the gorgeous wood-hills; the road is nothing to boast of; you must cross big Devil's Back and little Devil's Back, on your way; while, after you leave the parish limits, there is hardly either a house or a barn, for nine long miles through the nearer woods. At any step in the way, you are liable to meet a moose or a deer or a caribou; foxes, partridges, etc., etc., are exceedingly plentiful. You may meet bears along the road, in the fall, and with all the ease in the world, even if the biggest game you generally come across is a squirrel. When one has grown not to bother with barking dogs, he can sum up enough courage to face a bear.

ADVENTUROUS JOURNEY.

It was in a box-sleigh of very primitive mould that I made that first triumphant march of mine into the New Brunswick woods, behind Cracky, a colt of three years and a few days, whose ancestors, on his mother's side, were Texan bronchos. I did not mind his name, for I was spared the reality it stands for, a boon that was not always my share. Cracky is as tough as a hardshell, as good-natured as was Sancho Panza, and as lazy as sin. Nothing can ruffle him,—in spite of his name,—not even the whip; but, for journeys over a narrow toting road in the woods, his coolness and laziness prove valuable assets, if you wish. Both accomplishments generally meet in the same individual, the latter using the former for a cloak; and, indeed, the coolest man I have ever known, once went asleep while eating his supper, although I am told that a negro, a cool negro, preferred to be buried alive, rather than consent to work to even the extent of taking the jackets off his potatoes at dinner. Cracky is a favorite of mine, and he nobly did his work.

Pardon me a diversion. I met in with a Jew fur trader and was glad to take him on board, for the priest's heart ought to be big enough to take in all men, even if some of the boarders prove uncomfortable for the stomach. As I am fairly omniscient, and the Jew squarely allwise, we discussed every subject, from whiskers to Home Rule. He told me a story about the Irish. I did not like it. I was going to tell him about the Jewish Saints and the Ancient Order, but I told him this. There was once a Jew who had cheated Pat, and Pat had set about cursing the head and shoulders off him. The parish priest heard all, and scolded Pat, telling him that he

was nine o'clock when I left his house to enter the woods, so well armed for my long journey with information of all kinds, that I lost



P. WHELAN'S CAMP.

my way in the last turn of road-cobweb; and, unknowingly, Cracky and myself jogged along towards what the hunters and the lumbermen call the "Little Sou West." Had I not made a mistake, I should have reached Patrick Whelan's lower camp, just at about the time I reached a vacated camp on the wrong road. I held council with myself, consulted the colt, and decided to proceed, as it was evident, from the state of the road, that "toting" and "portaging" were carried on to quite an extent in and around the place, and evident, too, that living camps were in the vicinity.

My patient readers have heard the song of "The Preacher and the Bear," how a good colored pastor in the South (and best part) of the United States had gone a-hunting on the Sabbath, and of how, for his reward, a bear cornered him, forcing him to pray with fervor for the first time in his life. Now, I felt something like that preacher, and was about to say a very fervent prayer, when another empty camp hove in sight. There I unhitched Cracky, led him to the camp-hovel, covered and fed him, while, with the aid of axe, wood, paper and matches, I built a fire for both of us, having prepared a bed of snow to preclude the possibility of a conflagration. I then read the remainder of the day's holy office. I was not a whit lonesome for civilization. It is hard to be sometimes. I prefer wolves to policemen.

GENUINE HOSPITALITY.

When next I set out, it was not long before I had to ford the Catamaran, a bigoted brook twenty feet wide and three feet deep. Cracky objected, but I assured him that he was safe. I had crossed Craig street, in Montreal, many a time, even on

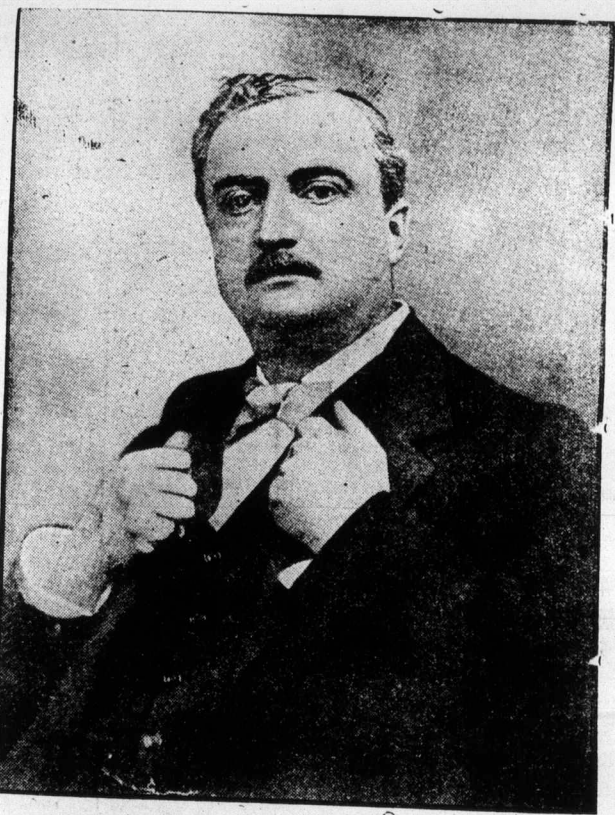
On I journeyed, for a week, from camp to camp. Everywhere was I



LOGGING IN THE CAMPS OF RENOUS.

welcome, because I was a priest, and everywhere I tried to do my share setting my tongue and my stories at the disposal of the men. I found it a pleasant task, for fat contributions were the return, fat contributions for the new church of our Blessed Lady at M—

Let me say again that never in my life have I met better-hearted people than are the men of the Miramichi. Irish-Canadian Catholics were in charge of nearly all the camps I visited, and Irish-Canadians were, perhaps, in the majority; yet Protestants, whether Irish, Scotch, or English, helped my purse as willingly as did the men of our own blessed kind, while the many good Acadians in the camps proved as generous as their companions. To adjust matters, I had to tell a few stories in French, had to act the priest-doctor in a few cases, make poultices and mix honest medicine, as well as lead in prayer at a meal



MR. JOHN REDMOND, LEADER OF THE IRISH PARTY.

now and then. If there are better men than the Catholics and Protestants of the Miramichi, I have yet to find them. They have no use for the "foreign sparrows" with bigotry as a text for a sermon. God bless them!

ALWAYS WELCOME VISITOR.

Among the men of the Miramichi, a priest on such an errand as mine is not rated as an intruder. Catholics and Protestants are glad to welcome God's minister, whoever he may be. The disease of the "priest-cater" is unknown among them, and they are willing to give their pastor a little more than buttons and perforated nickels. The Miramichi priests all along have been holy and hard-worked men. The result of their labors is evident. No where else, either, is a Bishop more deeply respected and thoroughly obeyed. But one is not surprised when he remembers that Bishop Barry is their shepherd.

But going through the woods has its hardships. I was easily consoled, when I remembered that the men contributing had to face wind, hail, snow, and storm, day after day, and refuse themselves the crank's boon of complaining. Then it is a

priest, of course, and then because I am the assistant pastor of the great and good Father E. S. Murdoch, of Renous, whose kindness has endeared him to Catholic and Protestant alike, and who has always made an honest dollar give its full return in the concrete.

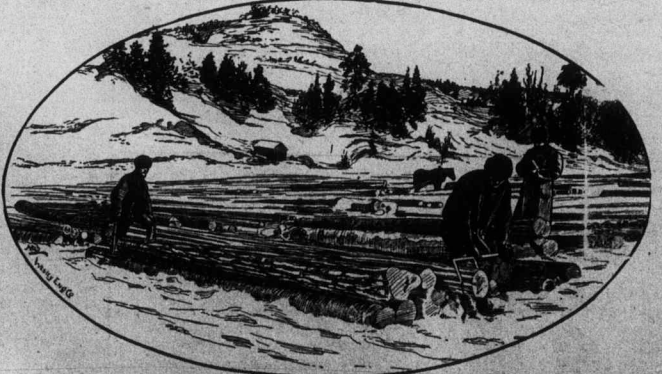
I had the singular luck of suffering no accident either to Cracky or the sleigh. I had placed my journey under the kindly care of Our Lady, and she kept watch with all the love of the greatest of mothers. I am sure it was she, too, who permitted me to win the wayward soul of an old-time hunter, who lives in the forest. In the forest I heard his first confession, and at the very foot of the wood-hills, on the bank of the wild Renous, I said Holy Mass for him, and he made his first Holy Communion. The old man shed tears of thankful joy, and I blessed God to think he had judged me worthy of being the humble instrument of His Grace.

My readers must be tired of hearing from me in the first person, with "I" of course, to the rescue, but could Cracky talk, I would give him a chance. In a few cases, the language might be more congenial, perhaps—not with our readers, however. How would you like to see three moose on the road, directly in front of you and your horse? Cracky once had the experience, but as he spent his boyhood days on a fenced clearance in the moose and deer country, close to brooks and ravines, with foxes and bears as next-door neighbors, he was not a whit alarmed, even if one of the forest monarchs did dispute the right of way for fully a minute, standing still three feet and two inches from Cracky's eyes.

HARDSHIP'S ABOUND.

Amidst all my consolations, I was not three hours in the woods proper until the worst snowstorm of years began its work. You may be sure, then, that on Wednesday of my week of mercy I was prepared to exchange my routes of travel for even the Montreal sidewalks. You will

(Continued on page 8.)



AT WORK ON THE RENOUS.

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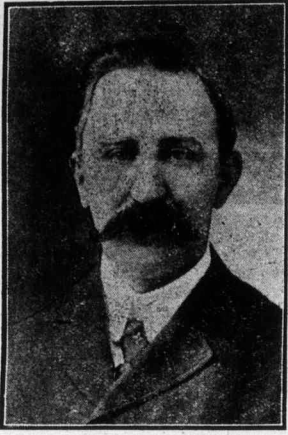
General Order and Route of Procession.

The Societies will proceed direct from their respective Halls at 9.00 a. m. to St. Patrick's Church for Grand Mass, which will begin at 9.30 sharp.

AFTER GRAND MASS.

The procession will form on Dorchester Street and proceed by way of Cathedral, Lagachetiere and Inspector Streets to Chaboillez square, then by way of Notre Dame, McCord, Wellington, Murray, Ottawa, Colborne, Notre Dame and McGill Streets, and will terminate at Victoria Square.

Order of Procession



ALD. THOMAS O'CONNELL, MARSHAL-IN-CHIEF.

BAND—FLAG

- 1. Hibernian Knights, in Uniform. Hibernian Cadet Corps in Uniform. The Ancient Order of Hibernians.

BAND

- 2. Congregation of St. Thomas Aquinas. 3. Congregation of St. Aloysius.

BAND

- 4. Congregation of St. Michael. 5. The Congregation of St. Agnes.

BAND

- 6. The Congregation of St. Gabriel. 7. The St. Gabriel's Young Men's Society. 8. The St. Gabriel's Juvenile T. A. & B. Society. 9. The St. Gabriel Total Abstinence & Benefit Society. 10. Congregation of St. Anthony. 11. The Congregation of St. Mary.

BAND—BANNER

- 12. St. Mary's Young Men's Society. 13. The Congregation of St. Ann.

BAND—FLAG

- 15. St. Ann's Young Men's Society

BAND—BANNER

- 16. St. Ann's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society.

BAND—BANNER

- 17. Congregation of St. Patrick. 18. Boys of St. Patrick's Christian Brothers' School.

BAND—FLAG

- 19. The Young Irishmen's Literary and Benefit Association.

BAND—FATHER MATHEW BANNER

- 20. St. Patrick's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society.

BAND—BANNER

- 21. The St. Patrick's Society. The Mayor and Invited Guests. The Clergy.

The Priest of Aldergole. Through Antrim Glens.

(The arrival of the French in Killala was the occasion of many an act of devotion to Ireland. One of the most notable was that of Father Conroy, P.P., of Aldergole, who having intercepted a messenger bearing the tidings of the landing of the French at Castlebar, wakened his entire district, made a series of maps to guide the French, and headed his parishioners to their support. His name and story are still well known around the firesides of Mayo. This faithfully follows the history of his act and the sacrifice it occasioned.)

'There's someone at the window. Tap! tap! tap! anew; Sharp thro' the silent midnight it speeds the cottage through; "Some poor soul speeding onward, some sudden call to go Unshriven on the pathway we all of us must know."

Thus muses he, that Soggarth, as from his couch he flies, And opens wide the window where wonder widened eyes Look into his, and accents with haste all husky, spake—"The French are in Killala—and all the land's awake!

"'Twas William Burke that told me, as riding he went by, With letters for the Saxons in Castlebar—and I Came hot upon his footsteps to tell you all I knew, And let you teach the people what's best for them to do."

There's silence for a second; out speaks the Soggarth then—"I'll follow him that told you; you gather all the men; Keep watch beside the houses till I come back to you—And, God to guide our counsels, we'll then see what to do."

The priest is in the saddle and down the road he flies; Awfully his echoed paces upon the silence rise, Then melt into the distance while figures one by one Steal out from gloom and shadow and muster in the bawn.

The moonlight floods the mountain! no horseman hies in sight; No sound comes up the valley to break the hush of night; Yet on the Soggarth presses, and close beside the town Still wrapped in dream and slumber he runs his quarry down.

A moment more the messenger has yielded up his load Another, and a penitent, he's kneeling in the road; There in the solemn moonlight he pledges hand and heart; He's knelt a knave—he rises to do a true man's part.

'Tis dawnlight on Croagh Patrick, and full five hundred men Are waiting for his counsel; but busy brain and pen Must mark the way for Freedom o'er bog and maintain lone, By many a path and together untravelled and unknown.

'Tis done, and e'er the noontide pours over hill and glen In Ballina they're standing, that Soggarth and his men; His part is o'er he may not lift the brand in bloody fray, But he hath seen his duty—and has shown his flock the way.

A few short weeks—the noontide sun shines over Castlebar, Triumphs through the country rides Ruin near and far; And on a scaffold proudly a priest stands bound—"Tis he Who rode him through the midnight for Ireland's liberty!

There's many a lonely hearthstone to-night in Wild Mayo; There's many a heart that never again content can know, But darkness, wee and sorrow for him, the true and tried, Who on the Saxon scaffold that day for Freedom died.

We'll shrine his name and story—bright to guide us on, Till hope has reached its haven; till gloom and grief are gone; Till Freedom's hands may fashion—the name and fame on high Of all who trod that pathway and showed the way to die.

His Friend Said

"If They Don't Help or Cure You I Will Stand The Price."

Mr. J. B. Rusk, Orangeville, Ont., writes: "I had been troubled with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint and tried many different remedies but obtained little or no benefit. A friend advised me to give your Laxa-Liver Pills a trial, but I told him I had tried so many "cure alls" that I was tired paying out money for things giving me no benefit. He said, 'If they don't help, or cure you, I will stand the price.' So seeing his faith in the Pills, I bought two vials, and I was not deceived, for they were the best I ever used. They gave relief which has had a more lasting effect than any medicine I have ever used, and the beauty about them is, they are small and easy to take. I believe them to be the best medicine for Liver Trouble there is to be found."

The poetess of the Antrim Glens well expressed the thoughts of the majority of Irish exiles in British cities. They prefer the "smoke of one's own roof" to life in any English or Scotch town, but landlordism, the grazing system, and alien rule drove them from their homeland; and once a year many of them revisit their Corrymeelas. These visitors are spoken of in the cottages BUT NOTHING IS HEARD OF THE TRAGIC LIVES.

of those from Ireland in British towns whose hard struggles yield them a mere existence, and who never have been able to revisit the country. My task is about complete. These are the thoughts of one that greatly enjoyed a visit wandering around the Antrim coast. Columns could

'Ireland, oh, Ireland! center of my longings, Country of my fathers, home of my heart!'

No people possess a greater love for their homeland than the Irish race. This love and longing for Ireland affects not only the Irish exiles, but their sons and daughters. I have witnessed those who have never been in Ireland toil and work for the betterment of its people with as much ardor and enthusiasm as those acquainted with the economic defects and the bad social and labor conditions that prevail through having lived in the country. Ireland is, indeed, the center of the longings of the Irish exile, and this feeling is responsible for the great trek to Ireland that occurs every summer. This year I spent my annual vacation in County Antrim. Larne, where Edward the Bruce landed in 1315, was my headquarters. Olderfleet Castle, where he landed, is now in ruins. On the day of the Feis at Waterfoot I cycled 24 miles to witness it. The journey was by the coast road, and what a road! I know no road to equal it in the United Kingdom. It is well kept, level—an ideal cycling road. From Larne to Waterfoot on one side are towering rocks, towering chalk, and red sandstone, green fields, well-kept ditches and hedges. On the other side, within a few feet of the road, is the sea, and on a bright day the outline of the Scottish coast can be seen.

Scarcely two miles from Larne, I passed through Blackcave Tunnel, near the "Devil's Churn," and some distance further on is a rock in the midst of the water bearing a remnant of O'Halloran's Castle, and recalls the days when the Celtic race predominated in the country, and the "Carrion Crows" and the race of Unionist place hunters were unknown. Six miles from Larne is the "Halfway House," owned by a sturdy descendant of the old McQuillans. A few miles' cycle run from here brought me to

PICTURESQUE GLENARM, which nestles at the foot of several hills. Glenarm possesses a pretty glen, the old castle of Sir Randall MacDonnell, and one mile distant are the ruins of a Franciscan monastery and church. From Glenarm to Waterfoot the visitor passes through Carnlough, with its charming bay, sandy beach, and the pretty little waterfall of the Cranny in a wooded glen. Four miles further on is Garraon Point. From here can be seen many headlands, a varied coast line, chalk cliffs, and wooded hills. I was invited to see a rock near the shore where some poor flunkey carved an inscription of Ireland's gratitude to England for help given during the famine years; but I declined to waste my time in this occupation.

A few miles' cycle ride brought me to Waterfoot, where the Feis was in progress. I have been in many parts of Ireland, and the dress of the people evidences the extent of the poverty that prevails in many districts. At the Feis were to be seen well-dressed callini and stalwart specimens of Irish manhood. Many girls took part in the various competitions; in fact, they predominated. 'Tis a good sign. The more Irish they become the better for Ireland and its future, and the Antrim glens will produce a race as staunch to Nationalism as its olden inhabitants. I spent some time in Glenariff Glen and the surrounding country. Abler pens have described the beauties of the most charming of the Nine Glens of Antrim, and my visit to it and the countryside around led me to a still greater appreciation of the thoughts expressed in Moira O'Neill's poem, "Corrymeela."

Over here in England I'm helpin' wi the hay, An' I wish I was in Ireland the livelong day; Weary on the English hay, an' sorra take the wheat! Och! Corrymeela an' the blue sky over it.

The people that's in England is richer than the Jews, There's not the smallest young gossoon but thravels in his shoes! I'd give the pipe between me teeth to see a barefoot child, Och! Corrymeela an' the low south wind.

Here's hands so full o' money and hearts so full o' care, By the luck o' love! I'd still go light for all I did go bare. "God save ye, colleen dhas," I said; Far Corrymeela, an' the low south wind.

The puff o' smoke from one old roof before an English town! For a shaft wif' Andy Feelan here I'd give a silver crown, For a curl o' hair like Mollie's ye'll ask the like in vain— Sweet Corrymeela, an' the same soft rain.

The poetess of the Antrim Glens well expressed the thoughts of the majority of Irish exiles in British cities. They prefer the "smoke of one's own roof" to life in any English or Scotch town, but landlordism, the grazing system, and alien rule drove them from their homeland; and once a year many of them revisit their Corrymeelas. These visitors are spoken of in the cottages BUT NOTHING IS HEARD OF THE TRAGIC LIVES.

of those from Ireland in British towns whose hard struggles yield them a mere existence, and who never have been able to revisit the country. My task is about complete. These are the thoughts of one that greatly enjoyed a visit wandering around the Antrim coast. Columns could



It Cleanses all kinds of clothes, injures none. Flannels washed with Surprise Soap never shrink. Laces washed with it are preserved as heirlooms. It makes child's play of washday. Keep in mind: Surprise is a pure, hard Soap.

be filled describing the people, the scenery, the coast line, and the historical associations of the district. Comparatively few visitors there are from Scotland. The visitors from England outnumber them. If those in County Antrim who are interested went in for even a little campaign of advertising in the Irish papers that circulate largely on this side of the channel, hundreds of visitors would, I believe, be induced to sojourn in a district that possesses air balmy and healthful, a picturesque countryside, deep bays and rugged headlands, here and there a sandy beach, many waterfalls, rocks towering against a sky of varied colors, miles of a grand road along the coast, a district full of historical associations, and around the Glens a remnant of the old race whose lands were not seized by the "Planters."

RHEUMATISM WEATHER THIS

But Dodd's Kidney Pills Always Cure Rheumatism. What They Did for W. H. Craine, and Why They Always Cure Rheumatism—They Remove the Cause.

Toronto, Ont., March 14—(Special).—In these days of sudden changes of temperature known to so many suffering people as Rheumatism weather, the experience of W. H. Craine, of 103 Gladstone ave., this city, is of widespread interest. Mr. Craine suffered from Rheumatism. He is cured and he knows the cure. It was Dodd's Kidney Pills. "Yes, I know Dodd's Kidney Pills cured my Rheumatism," Mr. Craine states. "For after I started taking them I used no other medicine. I never cease recommending Dodd's Kidney Pills to my friends." Dodd's Kidney Pills cure Rheumatism by putting the Kidneys in condition to strain the uric acid out of the blood. It is uric acid in the blood that causes Rheumatism. Cold or damp causes it to crystallize at the muscles and joints and then come those tortures every rheumatic knows only too well. Dodd's Kidney Pills cure Rheumatism by curing the Kidneys. The cured Kidneys remove the cause of Rheumatism.

An Ancient Irish Castle.

Who is not familiar with at least the first few lines of Gerald Griffin's fine poem, "The Bridal of Malahide"? Who has not recited at some time or other: "The joy-bells are ringing in gay Malahide, The fresh winds are ringing along the seaside?" No doubt those who know the poem but do not know Irish geography or history have often wondered if there was really such a place as Malahide. Well, there is, and Malahide castle is, it is claimed, the oldest inhabited stronghold in Ireland. A most picturesque old place, it has extensive encircling woods, which make it an ideal residence in either winter or summer, while the little town of Malahide is similar to an English village adjoining a nobleman's well-cared-for estate.

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The Interloper.

CHAPTER I.
Sheela Molloy had the enviable reputation of being the prettiest girl in all Lisnamore. The daughter of a small and struggling farmer, her face was her only fortune. Yet there were dozens of men to envy Jack Dwyer when Sheela consented to be his wife. Jack was a fairly prosperous farmer, and the sole support of his widowed mother. Young, handsome and athletic, he was as much admired by the girls of the parish as Sheela was by the boys. "Tis a good girl he's gettin'," the ancient gossips would say, "and well he deserves her; like his father and his grandfather before him, he is kind-hearted and neighborly."

Jack's farm bordered on Molloy's and he had many chances of meeting his sweetheart. Often in the pleasant days of summer would he fling down his spade or scythe and jump the boundary ditch with a hearty "Good speed ye, Sheela," to the blushing girl, who, more by design than accident, had wandered there while in search of a wayward duck or goose. And the bird would be forgotten for hours, while the young farmer whispered to his fair companion the old sweet story of love that should never end.

It is an old proverb, and perhaps a wise one, that hasty marriages entail leisurely repentance. But certain it is that if Jack had only acted contrary to it the melancholy events I have to narrate would not have taken place.

He and Sheela had been engaged about six months, and were soon to be married, when Bellow Moore appeared—or reappeared—on the scene. Moore was the only son of the village schoolmaster. Being rather delicate as a child, his parents petted and spoiled him. At school he had no friends; his vanity and overbearing ways found no favor with the simple peasant lands. The boy had one redeeming quality—he was an apt pupil. In a few seconds he could master a problem that would puzzle his mates for an hour. As a consequence, he was often at the top of the class—and that did not tend to lessen his unpopularity.

In his early teens Bellow Moore showed signs of literary ability. He took to writing topical verse, and it found its way into the "Poet's Corner" of the local weekly. Old stories that were told by the fireside he licked into shape; and they, too, appeared in all the glory of print. Publicity fanned the flame of his vanity. His egotism grew intolerable, and his acquaintances, although they appreciated his writings, never praised them in his presence. At eighteen—chiefly through good luck, and partly through his knowledge of shorthand—he obtained a berth in the office of a Liverpool daily.

In the letters to his father he boasted of the fame and fortune he was winning in England, and the old gentleman proudly lent them to the literate and read them to the illiterate. When the news went round that he was about to publish his works in book form, the Lisnamore folk were agreeably excited. Writing stories and poetry for the papers was an ordinary affair—half a dozen youths and maidens in the parish were doing it—but being the author of a book was a great and unusual distinction. The little volume arrived in due course. It received a favorable review in the local paper, and was eagerly read by old and young. Those who had before withheld their praise openly boasted of the fact that Bellow Moore was a fellow-townsmen, and hoped he would soon revisit home, so that they might make amends for their former apathy. Bellow, however, had little love for his native country, and was in no hurry to see it again. Four annual holidays were spent in London, and it was only after an absence of five years that he honored Lisnamore.

Lisnamore rose to the occasion. A bonfire blazed on the fair-green, and the inhabitants turned out in their hundreds to welcome their noted townsman. Bellow, of course, had never been lionized like that before, but he took it as if it were an everyday occurrence. His superior air and condescending smile were simply sublime.

He had changed considerably. The brogue was gone. He spoke with that strange, mongrel accent that only the Irishman who is ashamed of being an Irishman speaks. He was much taller, and assumed a scholarly stoop. The rustic ruddiness had left his cheek. But he still retained most of his early good looks, and had been less vain and effeminate, no girl could have been blamed for falling in love with him at first sight.

Festivities were held in his honor. After a sumptuous "spread" at the largest hostelry, the crowd repaired to the neighboring crossroads for a dance. The first partner chosen by the hero of the hour was Sheela Molloy. Perhaps it was because she was by far the prettiest girl there. It was a high honor, and Sheela was fully conscious of it. There was a flush of pride on her face as she sailed around in the arms of the young author. Jack Dwyer was present, and he, too, felt pleased and honored. No pang of jealousy disturbed his honest heart. He was never jealous—he trusted his sweetheart, and was glad when others paid a tribute to her beauty.

The first dance over, Bellow Moore complained of fatigue, and led Sheela to a mossy bank, a short distance from the crowd. The girl was

troubled with misgivings. Jack would be wanting her for the next dance. But, no! She could see him over there talking to the fiddler and laughing heartily.

Her companion began coaxing her into conversation, but at first she was afraid of making a mistake—of displaying her ignorance. The man at her side was acquainted with the ways of the world. She wasn't. He was a great scholar. She could barely write her name. His speech was fluent and refined. Her's was clumsy and ungrammatical.

After a while she felt more at ease. The great man had come down from his pedestal. He was interested in little matters she had thought to be far beneath his notice. She found her tongue, and talked about herself and her own affairs; and Bellow Moore was an attentive listener. She didn't feel the time passing and was astonished when Jack Dwyer came over and laughing informed them that the last dance was commencing. She danced with Jack, and then he escorted her home. He thought her unusually quiet, but said nothing—the excitement had upset her, he decided. At the gate he kissed her "Good night" and wished her pleasant dreams. His wish was not realized. All night long she lay awake with strange thoughts running through her mind.

Bellow Moore had received many invitations—some from well-to-do people; yet on the second day of his visit he went, uninvited, to Michael Molloy's humble cabin. Michael and his wife, poor souls, were overwhelmed with embarrassment. If they had only known he was coming they would have killed and cooked a couple of chickens and sent Sheela to the village for some dainties. But Bellow set them at ease by saying he disliked dainties and luxuries of every description and by flattering the frugal fare they they placed before him.

He inquired for Sheela, and was informed she was milking the cows. Although warned that his patent-leather boots would be "ruined entirely," he betook himself to the byre and helped to carry home the flowing pails. He remained till nearly midnight; and Sheela, at least, imagined that no evening had ever passed so quickly before.

After that he was a constant caller at Molloy's cabin. His affability endeared him to the old couple and as for Sheela, she neglected her fiancé and devoted all her time and attention to the new-comer.

Jack Dwyer, however, was loath to complain. Moore's holidays would soon expire, and Sheela was merely trying to make things pleasant for him while he was amongst them. That was Jack's opinion. Some of the neighbors took a different view, and warned Jack that Moore was a dangerous rival; that he was endeavoring to win Sheela's affection, and seemed to be succeeding. But he was not to be convinced of that. He trusted Sheela, and would continue to trust her. So he declared, time after time.

He soon discovered his mistake. Having occasion to cross his neighbor's farm one evening after night-fall he, quite unexpectedly, came across Moore and Sheela engaged in earnest conversation. Their backs were turned towards him, and they seemed unaware of his presence. Not wishing to play the part of eavesdropper, he would have turned away but that he heard his own name mentioned. It was Moore who was speaking. "What a fool you'd be, Sheela, to marry a man like Jack Dwyer. A girl with your beauty and ability was never meant to be the wife of a clod-hopper." Jack could listen to no more.

"You cur," he said, and made a rush towards his rival.

But Sheela threw herself between them. "Oh, Jack, you mustn't harm him," she said.

"Sheela," said Jack, hoarse "who is to be your husband—him or me?"

Her eyes fell to the ground. "I'm sorry, Jack, she said. "I'm going to marry Bellow Moore."

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act directly on the kidneys, toning them up and helping them to clear the blood of the Uric Acid. If the Rheumatism is of long standing it may take some time to clear out the poison, but almost from the first "No. 7" Tablets relieve the pain, and if used faithfully they rarely fail to cure.

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Jack Dwyer himself seemed the least concerned of all. The blow had fallen heavily upon him, but he was dazed, and he did not realize its full significance. "She says she loves him—why then should I interfere?" he would say to the neighbors when they expressed their pity.

On the day of the ceremony the little church was nearly empty, and not a cheer was raised when the happy pair set out on their long journey to England.

It was not until Sheela had gone away—the wife of another—that Jack's sorrow really started. He was a proud, sensitive man, and disliked words of sympathy. For that reason he tried to conceal his grief. But his acquaintances could not help noticing how changed he was. Before his misfortune he had been all the social gatherings in the neighborhood, and was always the gayest of the gay. Now he kept at home at night, and inquisitive callers found him sitting dejectedly by the fire, and sometimes with traces of tears in his eyes. In the fields he used to sing as blithely as a blackbird. Now he was sullen and silent, and had only a nod for the passer-by instead of the usual friendly banter.

Nobody sympathized more deeply with Jack than Michael Molloy. Being next-door neighbors, they frequently met; but for many months after the marriage Sheela's name was never mentioned. The old farmer had tact enough not to rake up so painful a topic. But one Sunday morning, on their way to Mass, Jack, with assumed indifference, inquired:

"Any word from Sheela lately?"

"We get a long letter from her every week," was the reply.

"Is she well—and happy?" Jack asked.

"She is, thank God," said the old man fervently. "She finds the city a bit strange, but is getting used to it."

The next time Jack made inquiries the answers were different.

"It's over a month since we had a letter," Michael said, sadly. "I hope there is nothing wrong with the colleen."

Every day Michael walked to the post office, but the wished-for letter was not there.

out for England, and Jack Dwyer was one of them. The others appeared to be remonstrating with him.

"We are used to the work, Jack, but you are not," said one of his companions. "We know what it is to be the slave of the hard-hearted stranger. The harvester has to put up with a lot of suffering in England, and if the wages are bigger than at home, God knows he earns them. You have always been your own master, and 'twould drive you mad to be cursed and shouted at by a man not half as respectable as yourself. Take my advice and stop at home."

"But beggars can't be choosers, Patsy," said Jack, with a forced laugh. "I'm no better off now than any of you. I owe the landlord a year's rent, and he has been threatening me with eviction. He has given me six months to pay off the arrears, and with God's help I'll do it. Of course, I can't make the money here, the cattle are all sold, and I'm not able to pay for help to get in the crops. My only hope is to go with you to England, and save every penny I can earn."

"Tis hard to save money over there," one of them remarked.

"Well, I won't waste any—that's certain," said Jack. "I have been playing the fool long enough. Father Brophy gave me the pledge yesterday and I mean to keep it till my dying day. The old farm must be saved if I have to kill myself with work. But I'm going to come back alive, and pay my debts, and—be what I used to be. We'll only be away six months—and I won't be missed—now that my poor mother is dead."

The following evening they were standing in a large Yorkshire farm yard, and Farmer Brown—in a broad dialect that Jack failed to understand—was treating them to a mixture of advice and warning.

"By gum! I'm not going to waste money on diffurs," he shouted. "If you work well, I'll pay you well, but if I find you shirking, or slipping away to the public 'ouse during working hours, or turning out late in the mornings—" He left the sentence unfinished, but his frowning face spoke volumes.

"You," addressing Jack, "you 'ave never worked in this country before. 'I'll give you a week to study our methods, and after that I'll expect you to be as well up as the others. You must drop your lazy Irish habits. We work 'ere, mind you. Work—not shirk."

Fortunately, Jack did not grasp the meaning of his words or he would probably have knocked the burly Saxon into a cocked hat. He considered his country and his countrymen to be above criticism, but learned later that it was necessary for the toiling exile to listen quietly to many an offensive remark.

Jack soon found that his comrades had not exaggerated when they spoke of the hardships endured by the Irish harvester. Most of their English 'dow-workers were married, and had their own homes to go to when the day's work was over, and those that were single lodged at the farmhouse. But the Irishmen had only a "Paddy-house" to shelter them.

A "Paddy-house" is to be found on many English farms. It is usually a wooden shed, containing only a few discarded cooking utensils, and sacks of straw for sleeping on. In this dismal abode the average Irish harvester is obliged to live during the summer and autumn. From the time he goes home—generally in October—till his return the following spring, his lodging is utilized for sheltering cattle. And yet the English farmer reads a chapter of his Bible every night, and would be highly indignant if one charged him with not doing unto others as he would have them do unto him.

Jack Dwyer proved to be a willing and skilful worker. Farmer Brown never praised any of his men—but he showed his appreciation of our hero by not scolding him, as he did the others. He carried out his resolve not to spend any more money than was absolutely necessary. On Saturday evenings his mates used to go to the red-brick village down in the valley and enjoy a well-earned spree. But Jack remained alone in the hut. He had a grand object in view—the saving of his ancestral home—and in the

The True Witness

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—Pope Pius X.

Episcopal Approbation.

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

PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal

THURSDAY, MARCH 17, 1910.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

All praise to St. Patrick, who brought to our mountains, The gift of God's faith, the sweet light of His love! All praise to the Shepherd, who showed us the fountains That rise in the Heart of the Saviour above!

ers' who once rejoiced in Montreal, on St. Patrick's Day, are now numbered among the dead. We have inherited their ideals, with their blood and their faith. The men of to-day were taught to be Irish and Catholic by sincerely enthusiastic teachers.

But the Day has its lessons—lessons of gratitude, fidelity, national endeavor—all dependent upon the Faith of our Fathers. St. Patrick's day must and should, each year, renew our faith in the Lord God of our people, and our loyalty to the land of our elders.

St. Patrick's Day! Ah! the name shall ever be familiar! We intend to remain Irish and Catholic to the end! We cherish our cream of creed, and we value our Catholic blood. We have no lessons to teach the Pope or the Church!

THE IRISH PRIESTS OF MONTREAL. No people or no community ever loved their priests more than the Irish Catholics of Montreal love theirs. And, with reason, thank God, it is. The Irish priests of Montreal live in the very hearts of those under their sacred care and charge.

OUR IRISH TEACHERS OF MONTREAL. We cannot let St. Patrick's Day go by without paying our tribute of gratitude and admiration to those who once were, those who long have been, and all those who are to-day, the teachers of our Irish-Canadian children in Montreal.

OUR IRISH PARTY. It is a pleasure to praise the men of the Irish Party, the Nationalists, with John Redmond at their head. They have won our love, our admiration, and the undying gratitude of our kinsmen the world over.

reaping the scorn of the Irish, as a people, from Vinegar Hill and the Banks of the Barrow, to the remotest island of the Western land. The kind of men to whom they owe their luck and chance are a sufficient proof in the concrete, strong enough evidence in flesh and blood, to convince us that the "Factionist" programme is not our nation's policy.

THE WORK OF OUR PAPER. The True Witness has long been battling for the rights of English-speaking Catholics. Many an article has appeared in its columns in defence of our sacred traditions of faith and country. We have always stood with the Church, and have always been faithful to Ireland, through cloud and sunshine, under the spell of success, or in the hour of disappointment.

THE LOYAL IRISH PROTESTANTS. We do not forget them, those noble Irish Protestants who have stood by us, and who have shared our struggles for hearth and liberty! Great were the Ulster men of '98! Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Wolf Tone, Robert Emmett! Then, there was Davis, the bard of our blood.

THE FEAST OF ST. JOSEPH. Glad honors unto thee to-day we bring. In holy faith, O Joseph; of thy glory And triumph gained, in holy joy we sing. And sound thy story.

THINGS IRISHMEN SHOULD REMEMBER. On St. Patrick's Day, more than on any other day of the year, the fact is brought home to us that we are of Irish blood. That is an old truth, and, yet, it is ever new.

THE DEATH OF AN IRELANDER. The death is announced of a man who has lived a life of heroic courage and noble sacrifice. His name is known to all who love their country and their faith.

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est sun-ray, go ask the Brothers, the Sisters, and the teachers sharing our workaday struggles. Peace to the ashes of those gone before, and our thanks and loyalty to our Irish teachers of to-day in Montreal. We shall ever be proud of them.

Sad to say, our good "Old Timers" are fast going down in the grave; they are nearly all gone. They are the honest, stout-hearted, clean-souled old Irish grandpas and grandmas. They are going, and a lot of their virtue is going with them.

What Catholics those "Old Timers" were! What men, every inch of it! How honest they were with God, themselves, and their neighbor! They had faith strong enough to fight the powers of hell, even at the cost of exile, famine, poverty, and the cannibal's axe and iron.

And yet, thank God, we can hold our own in the face of the sons and daughters of any other people. Though a lot of the old warmth is gone, though an abundance of the old feeling has disappeared; yet our Irish Canadian man are staunch, loyal, full-hearted Catholics; and our mothers and sisters and wives are as pure and as chaste and as loving as the very virgins of the martyr-arenas of Rome.

We do not forget them, those noble Irish Protestants who have stood by us, and who have shared our struggles for hearth and liberty! Great were the Ulster men of '98! Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Wolf Tone, Robert Emmett! Then, there was Davis, the bard of our blood.

We lift our voice in love, we honor Thee, O heavenly Ruler, crowning with Thy glory Thy faithful servant, in his praises we But sing thy story.

This Church's hymn at Lauds, for the feast day of St. Joseph. (The translation is Mr. Daniel J. Donahoe's.)

Even in the midst of our nation's prayers and rejoicings in honor of our dearly loved Apostle, we are mindful of St. Joseph, the true, the tender, the loving, the soul-revered of saint and even of sinner, the blest of the angels, the spouse of Mary, and the chosen foster-father of Jesus in the counsels of the trine God-head from all eternity.

Unfortunately, in these latter days of sin and greed, the world is losing sight of the great gospel-figures attendant on the sacred person of the Saviour Himself. An accursed wave of religious rebellion sought to set aside the glory of God's valiant, a world little occupied with the things that save, listened to the evil lesson taught, until even many Catholics, nowadays, are becoming so narrowed in their ideas and concepts that they can question even his right to honor and glory whom God the Father chose for the sacred work of guardianship over His own eternal Son Jesus.

These subjects are printed in black only. Ecce Homo, Mater Dolorosa, Immaculate Conception, Sacred Heart of Jesus, Sacred Heart of Mary, St. Joseph, The Angelus, Christ in the Temple, Magdalen, Madonna, Bodenheim, Head of Christ, Christ in Gethsemane, St. Anthony of Padua, Madonna di San Sisto, St. Cecilia, Head of Christ at Twelve Years, Madonna Peruzzi, Madonna Sicché.

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Echoes and

The Christian Ch areth; and, even f it was divinely c care of St. Joseph Another small C in trouble. Is it that such things a happen? Oklahoma has ta fight the "White an effective way manner. Chicago is against its well-a grace.

Buffalo is, seemin the prurient stage. York,—as long as lies last,—will helo ton contemns. Helo ton's side, however \$33,000,000,000, 0 125,000 persons; owned by 1,375,000 in the United State the people own sev wealth. Yet preac calm, dwell on our tion!"

One per cent, o own ninety-nine per seven-eighths of the wealth. The figu paragraphs are from Spahr's "Present D Wealth." In many things w our mediaeval forefa zation is based on the outcome of the lar." It is no w witnessing social un ers, however, ou ed of defending our n of civilization.

Parson Amaron is evic grant toward fund. But why did self to the papers? body is aware of the iniquity's disciples are tholity and Cath Amaron takes himsel More children ha through shameless pi world can imagine from the theatres ha untold evil. We are spector intends to co actively. Montreal, along without any had theatricals purvey

The police might b ed rounding up bad St. Lawrence Main st p.m. How is it you girls are permitted to sidewalks so freely cernedly after dark? that so many questio ply their busy metho all security, in the sa "The death is annou "rid Wilberforce, an E journalist, who was a late saintly Father W the Dominicans, and a marriage of Cardinal berforce is a good na and all the more ever ford Movement began. the dead writer and h pages of the Catholic Five additional clerk added to the clerical P Prussian Ministry of W der to accommodate th to withdraw from the The number of such wit now reached the extrao of 800 a day. England have shared a like fat

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Are You Poisoning Yourself?

THE bowels must move freely every day, to insure good health. If they do not, the waste is absorbed by the system and produces a self blood poisoning. Poor digestion, lack of bile in the intestines, or weak muscular contraction of the bowels, may cause Constipation. *Abbey's Effervescent

Salt will always cure it. Abbey's Salt renews stomach digestion—increases the flow of bile—and restores the natural downward action of the intestines. Abbey's Salt will stir up the liver, sweeten the stomach, regulate the bowels, and thus purify the blood. Good in all seasons for all people.

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At Dealers - 25c. and 60c.

Echoes and Remarks.

The Christian Church began at Nazareth; and, even from the beginning it was divinely committed to the care of St. Joseph.

Another small Canadian bank is in trouble. Is it not very strange that such things are still bound to happen?

Oklahoma has taken measures to fight the "White Slave Traffic" in an effective way and successful manner. Chicago is fighting as well against its well-acquired world-disgrace.

Buffalo is, seemingly, a Mecca of the prurient stage. Of course, New York, as long as some of its dailies last, will welcome what Boston contemns. Honor is on Boston's side, however.

\$33,000,000,000,000 owned by 125,000 persons; \$23,000,000,000 owned by 1,375,000 persons. That in the United States. One-eighth of the people own seven-eighths of the wealth. Yet preachers will, in all calm, dwell on our "modern civilization!"

One per cent. of the one-eighth own ninety-nine per cent. of the seven-eighths of the country's whole wealth. The figures in both our paragraphs are from the "Encyclopedia of Social Reform," quoting Dr Spahr's "Present Distribution of Wealth."

In many things we are ahead of our mediaeval forefathers. Our civilization is based on the income and the outcome of the "Almighty Dollar." It is no wonder we are witnessing social unrest. The preachers, however, ought to be ashamed of defending our modern methods of civilization.

Parson Amaron is opposed to the civic grant towards the Congress fund. But why did he betake himself to the papers? Surely everybody is aware of the fact that Chiniquy's disciples are opposed to Catholicity and Catholicism. Parson Amaron takes himself too seriously.

More children have been lost through shameless pictures than the world can imagine. Bill-posters from the theatres have already done untold evil. We are glad our Inspector intends to control them effectively. Montreal can easily get along without any of the rot that bad theatricals purvey.

The police might be well employed rounding up bad characters in St. Lawrence Main street, after 8 p.m. How is it young boys and girls are permitted to gather on its sidewalks so freely and so unconcernedly after dark? How is it, too, that so many questionable "trades" ply their busy methods, in next to all security, in the same street?

The death is announced of Wilfrid Wilberforce, an English Catholic journalist, who was a brother of the late saintly Father Wilberforce, of the Dominicans, and a nephew by marriage of Cardinal Manning. Wilberforce is a good name, especially all the more ever since the Oxford Movement began. We shall miss the dead writer and his admirable pages of the Catholic World.

Five additional clerks have been added to the clerical force of the Prussian Ministry of Worship, in order to accommodate those who wish to withdraw from the state church. The number of such withdrawals has now reached the extraordinary figure of 300 a day. England and Russia have shared a like fate, especially

the former. Briand's irreligion is multiplying in France.

The spasm of indigestion that characterized the resolution drawn up by the executive of the American Federation of Labor, condemning the execution of Ferrer is explained by John Mitchell. At the time the country had heard only one side of the story. He says had the men known then as much as they do now the resolution would never have been passed. The preachers are furious the truth is out.

If, as Bishop Ingram says, the Anglican Church of to-day is identical with the Church of England before the Reformation, where does the Reformation itself come in? Can the poor bishop not read a word of history aright? Ask a Jewish, Chinese, Japanese, or Hindu scholar, ask any independent witness of worth and learning, and what shall he say? It is dreadful to hear a prelate talk as Bishop Ingram does.

Dr. Talmage, the famous preacher, was once asked where the Protestant Church was before the Reformation. He answered asking where the man was before he was washed. Clever answer his biographer thinks; but we can find a place for the soap suds, and water. Surely a steamer does not become a wheelbarrow just through the process of a scrubbing!

Rhode Island abolished capital punishment in 1852, and is now proposing to revert to it. Maine and Rhode Island are two states in which capital punishment is not inflicted; and they have nearly twice as many murders to record as the neighboring States where the penalty is still in force. Iowa and Colorado were forced to revert to the old method. Even France tried to escape, but alas! what a mess!

In 1909, \$451,540 of United States pension money came to Canada. \$99,540 went to Germany, \$78,951 to Ireland, \$63,685 to England, \$27,461 to Mexico, \$12,368 to Scotland, and \$10,470 to Switzerland. In the course of a year \$863,607 was paid to 5047 pensioners living in sixty-four foreign countries. Uncle Sam, however, is not depressed; his heart is generous to a degree; he doesn't play the miser. It is not in him to do so.

After the Nelson-Wolfgang battle, with both "sluggers" covered with the former's blood, preachers should not make the pulpit ridiculous by pitying the Mexicans and Spaniards in any more jeremiads. The Jeffries-Johnson fight in kindly awaited in our civilization circles. If a Mexican could see the crowds gathered to witness the performance, Prof. MacBride might make a few more believe some men have descended from the monkey.

Several Catholic papers have denounced Ralph Connor's "The Forger." The novel cannot be worth much, since, as the Buffalo Union and Times remarks, a big newspaper has secured control over it. No truly great book surrenders its legitimate market trade to a newspaper. We have no fight with the Weekly Star, but we regret and resent its insult to Catholics.

The United States is going to give the Philippines a divorce court. That is one of our Anglo-Saxon appendages of civilization. In the meantime, it might be well for our neighbors to "remember the Maine." What of the bones that lie one hundred feet under water? Surely the United States cannot refuse to bury its dead? That is a more sacred duty than is the granting of divorces.

One of the most noble figures in the Oxford Movement is that Thomas William Allies. What sa-

crifices he made for the sake of conscience! What a difference—an ocean of difference—between the noble converts to our Church and the noisy perverts whom the sects admit and exhibit! Respectable Protestants ought to be ashamed of recognizing the accessions! Newman, Manning, Allies, Faber, Maturin, Benson, Sargent, etc., etc., with Chiniquy, Slatery, Bartoli, etc., on the other side!

An Anglican minister in England has borrowed illustrations for his book against the Church, from Poldrecca's foul "Asino." Necessarily many decent Anglicans are shocked; but it is just such doings that prove the final test of heresy's hold on thinking men. Protestantism has already lost millions on account of the anti-Catholic methods of warfare adopted by preachers. Even in Montreal, there are many unchurched Protestants who lost faith in Christ by reading the anti-Catholic books and pamphlets the preachers offer for sale and reading.

Parson Amaron is, perhaps, a guileless poor soul, after all. He really believes that Chiniquy's propaganda has worked wonders in the Province of Quebec, even if French Protestantism has as much influence upon the province as a nail in a loaf can have on the bread. The good preacher does not want to see the dollars from honest sources cut off. He is no friend of the Catholic colleges, and believes we are living a life of slavery. He is in a desperate state of mind. If his last utterance in the Daily Witness were worth the answer we should gratify his longing.

It is evident, even from correspondence in the Daily Witness, that many staunch Protestants in Canada are growing disgusted with the anti-Christian sermons of their preachers. Preachers even are rebuking preachers. It is too bad to see Christ denied in what are supposed to be Christian pulpits. Then little university students want to reform Christ and His Gospel, in the bargain. They are acquiring "a little learning," and seem to be unmindful of the fact that it is "a dangerous thing." The universities, with their false philosophy, are unchurching hundreds to-day. A neutral university is no place for a Catholic or for any man who has respect either for his brains or his soul. Some university student-sages need Castoria more than anything else.

It is proper to cheer the hearts of freethinkers in Canada when they remember that, in some Normal Schools and Institutes, young aspiring teachers are given courses in psychology that is based on infidelity, and taught by polished pagans of the hour. If the preachers are really in earnest bent on keeping belief in Christ and His Gospel pure and unrestrained, why are they so willing to endure lectures on anthropology that are altogether subversive of Christianity and its tenets? If a professor were to dare teach his narrow concepts of the world as opposed to the doctrine of God's Church, in one of our schools, he would soon earn his "graduation" papers.

Down in Connecticut, although the Catholics constitute but one-third of the entire population of the state, the birth-rate figures amongst them are double and triple, even, in some parts, what they are among the non-Catholics. Malthusianism is now a debatable issue in many a club and family outside the Pale. Even preachers are taking a hand in the nefarious propaganda. They, or their children, shall wake up to the truth of uncomfortable realities before another quarter of a century, if they continue in the path of race-suicide and perdition. But, then, such things are part and parcel of our methods of civilization, leading features in our programme of social and domestic betterment.

Strange men with strange ideals are getting into our higher educational circles, thanks to weakness on the part of men in power who know better, want better, and mean better, but who, like Pilate, are ever ready to surrender, through fear and out of love of what Caesar holds in store for them. It is plain, however, that Catholics ought to resist with all the strength of their heart and conscience against the encroachments made by semi-pagans on what constitutes our Catholic educational domain. We are not prepared to be the slaves of lunatics or infidels, no more than we are ready to pay tribute to Lucifer. This we must understand, before we are fully menaced with the inroads of infidelity. Let our Catholic societies lead in the work of rejecting the dictates of quacks, cads, and cheap Freemasons!

OUR FRIENDS OF OTHER BLOOD

While we Irish men and women rejoice on St. Patrick's Day, we do not forget that men of other standards are sharing our enthusiasm, and giving us manifest proof of their hearty well-wishes and congratulations. In turn, they know that even if we be refused this quality or that, men will never say that we have not hearts that are generous and grateful. They know that we are glad they are rejoicing with us, and thankful for the ready hand they are giving us and are always pleased to give us on each St. Patrick's Day.

We remember that France proved Ireland's friend, and we are thankful. We remember the kind-heartedness of the truly Catholic French sons of Canada, and we heartily spend our thanks. We know that some of England's greatest sons have stood for Ireland's right to justice, and the gratitude is in our hearts. Nor do we forget to thank our valiant sons of Scotland who have fought for Home Rule. To Spain and to Italy and to Austria, and to Germany—to all lands, we offer the hand and heart of friendship, in token of our good will and of our thankfulness. To the great Republic south of us we say thanks one thousand times! It has surely proved a friend to the "dear Little Isle" of our mothers and fathers. Nor are we forgetful of our fellow-Canadians, of whatever station or standard.

Irish-Canadians mean to be staunch and loyal citizens. We are ready to defend the liberties of our constitution. Our statesmen have been among Canada's best, and we are still able and willing to offer more. Canada knows that we easily fulfil the requirements of her standards of citizenship. We are Catholic of creed and Irish in blood, yet our hearts are big enough, and our minds broad enough, to know and understand that others, too, have rights. These we have always respected and always will, thank God!

THE IRISH IN MONTREAL.

The Irish of Montreal! We are not ashamed of the name. The story of our loyalty and fidelity to the Old Land is written in characters indelible on the record-scrolls of our nation. We have always shared Ireland's trials and are willing to rejoice with her in all her triumphs. To our city hid many of the exiles come, and they have given strong and clean and prosperous men, pure and loving and gentle daughters, to the great metropolis of our beloved Canada. Loyalty to Ireland, and love and respect for the ministers of God's Church have ever been virtues with us.

To-day in Ireland's battle for freedom, we stand on the right side, with the brave Nationalists, and under the command of the illustrious John Redmond. For faction and treason, we have naught but scorn. No foe to the blood and of the blood can, or may, reckon us in his grouping. We are thoroughly, unflinchingly, unwaveringly pledged to the ranks of Redmond. Sein-Feinism is synonymous, with us, for madness or treachery. Faction spells selfishness and rage.

A brilliant pen lately wrote, in the Catholic Record, of London, Ontario, that the "True Witness is as uncompromisingly Irish as it is genuinely Catholic." The words cheered and encouraged us. We mean to do our duty. At any rate, the words faithfully tell what Montreal Irishmen are, and have always been.

Let us, then, continue in the sure path of true nationalism; but let us be full-hearted Catholics, in the bargain, ever faithful to the Church, ever obedient to our Archbishop, ever true and loyal to our priests. We should be the best Irish Catholics in the world. There is nothing in the way to hinder us from deserving the name. Loyalty, then, to Motherland, with unswerving devotion to Holy Mother, unflinching submission to those in authority placed over us!

The Seine Speaks.

There is an old saying: Every man has two countries, his own and France. People instinctively take an interest in the country the Most Blessed Virgin has signally favored. But the Government of France to-day is made up of the worst men to be found north of the Bad Place. Combes, Briand, Viviani, Clemenceau and the rest of the rats have cast defiance in the face of Heaven. Is the Seine trouble a warning? Perhaps it is only the foreboding of a series. France has scandalized the world, and a nation, as a nation, must be punished in this world. And yet we trust and pray God will spare the French people, in view of France's martyrs and missionaries,

in view of her exalted priesthood, her nuns and her brothers.

The following poem—"The Seine Speaks"—appeared in the Boston Transcript, over the pen of G. Hembert Westley. We commend it to our readers:

Ye thought ye had thrall'd me and chained me,
And had set the path I should go—
Ye forgot my power but I waited my hour
And now at last ye know.

I have glanced by your palace windows,
I have sped by your halls and homes,
By your courts and quays and your galleries,
And your stately spires and domes.

I have looked on your toil and your sinning,
I have heard your prayer and your jest,
And many a soul that was sick with dole
I have borne away on my breast.

I have sought with my changing waters
To lave you and make you clean,
But ye gave no thought to the things that ye ought
And now at last ye have seen.

I have called down the aid of heaven,
The storm to my voice has come;
I have shown my might and now in affliction
Helpless ye stand and dumb.

For I and my mighty brothers,
Though docile, ye cannot bar;
And our task is set, that ye may not forget
The puny things that ye are.

The Priests' of Penal Days.

'Twas in Ireland, hallowed Ireland,
In the sorer days of woe,
When the altars of our Ireland
Were overturned by greedy foe.
That brave sons were born to mother,
Rich but with the wealth of grace,
Wealth that's richer than all other:
With it nothing's bought that's base.

Called those sons were by their Maker
For the priest of God's career,
To be sharer and partaker
In Christ's blessed mission here;
Grey-haired sages, too, 'd predicted
That the youth should surely be
Men to godly deeds addicted—
Priests by Heaven's blest decree.

From their studies, God-directed,
And in towns of gallant France,
Sprang the outcome all expected,
Should their calling's cause advance;
Pupilled by the world's best teachers
E'en by Jesuits renowned,
Were their necessary features
Virtue solid, science sound.

Went they back to Erin cherished,
Back to Erin's suffering shore,
E'en if by the foe-hand perished
Men that 'd done their work before.
Priests of God they'd been appointed,
Heroes ready for the fray,
'Gainst their class foul swords were pointed;
Still their God they would obey!

'Mong their people did they labor,
Sharing dauntless brethren's toil,
Ministering to their grief-struck neighbor—
Satan's planning thus to foil;
In the sanctified recesses
Of our country's native hills,
Preached they Him who truly blesses
Him who bore all mankind's ills.

Strong with strength of sainted martyr,
Braved they tyrants' fire and spear
With a faith that knows no barter
For the passing goods of fear.
For the altar quiet yet holy,
Oft 'neath roof of frowning rock,
Offered they, for sinners lowly,
Christ, the Shepherd of the flock.

For 'twas treason then in Ireland
Catholic worship God to pray;
Treason for the priests of Ireland
To enjoy the light of day!
Hunted down as felons dreaded;
Marked their head for traitor's fee;
Even tortured, burnt, beheaded—
'Twas the land from priests to free!

Priestly heroes ne'er can falter;
Ne'er can share a coward's shame;
But their love for God and altar,
E'en on scaffolds can proclaim!
Such the heroes, such forever,
True to God unto the last,
And in torture true as ever,
Like the martyrs of the past!

Of by sin-stained spies detected,
While they helped the dying poor,
(For such hell-bred preachers hovered
Round each wood and fen and moor.)
Seized with savage greed and fury,
Hanged and drawn and quartered,
Too;
Without cause or judge or jury,
Just as cannibals would do!

Past their labors, past their crosses;
Past the foeman's bloody glee;
What seemed then their earthly losses
Was their lasting gain to be!
Vain the tortures; vain the scaffold;
Vain the spears, the blood-stained swords;
With the strength the foe they baffled
Which the help of God affords!

In the golden courts of Heaven,
In the City of the Blest,
Taste they joy that knows no leaven.

THE BEST FLOUR
IS
PROUD'S
Self-Raising Flour
Save the Bags for Premiums.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Beauharnois Light, Heat & Power Company will at the next session of the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, apply for an act amending its charter, 2 Edward VII, chapter 72, as follows to wit: by (a) increasing its authorized capital stock and borrowing power; (b) extending the territory in which it may exercise its powers, (c) authorizing the enlargement and extension of the feeder mentioned in section nine of its charter and its continuation to one or more new junction points with the Saint Louis River or its replacement in whole or in part by a new feeder, and if found necessary the changing of the course of a part of the said river; (d) increasing the company's powers of expropriation; (e) authorizing the company to engage in all manufacturing and other businesses using electric power, and to acquire shares and securities of other companies; (f) removing or modifying restrictions now existing on the exercise of its powers, especially those requiring in certain cases the consent of municipal or other corporations; (g) changing conditions under which stock and bonds may be issued; (h) authorizing the company to sell and supply for municipal or other purposes water taken from Lake Saint Francis, and to do all that may be necessary to that end and authorizing municipalities to make arrangements with the company to take water from it. BEAUHARNOIS LIGHT, HEAT & POWER COMPANY. By FLEET, FALCONER, OUGHTRED, PHELAN, WILLIAMS & BOVIEY Its Attorneys. Montreal, 22d February, 1910.

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Theirs, in God, a well-earned rest!
Hallowed e'er will be their story,
Ever blest their martyr-name;
Endless, yea, their stole-clad glory,
In God's Temple Halls of Fame.
True-born men of Ireland's nation,
E'er their deeds and death recall,
In all hours of dread temptation,
Well to guide you "lest ye fall!"
Keep that faith, the faith of heroes;
For it priests and laymen died;
It has vanquished countless heroes;
All their taunts and threats defied.
(Rev.) R. H. FITZ-HENRY.
St. Patrick's Day, 1910.

A story told last week at the Irish Fellowship Club in Chicago, helps, in a humorous way, to fasten our recollection of a catechism teaching:
"Father Healy, of Little Bray, and a Protestant minister, Dr. Peacock, both started for the same train. Father Healy took the lead and Dr. Peacock told him to walk slow as there was lots of time. He showed his watch to satisfy Father Healy. But the watch was slow, and when they reached the depot after arguing along the way on justification by faith alone the train was gone. "I am sorry," said Dr. Peacock. "I had great faith in my watch. It was given me by my parishioners." Father Healy replied, "Faith without good works is not sufficient."
Luther made "justification by faith alone" one of the main doctrines of his revolt. The topic was debated for many days in the Council of Trent, and the present teaching of the Church was there definitely stated.
Faith is necessary for salvation, but faith alone is not sufficient; faith must be perfected by charity—good works.—Catholic Universe.

Oshawa You can gain buying from us everything in the line of Fireproof Building Materials for Buildings Exterior and Interiors. Free Materials Catalogue for the asking. PEDLAR People of Oshawa Montreal Toronto Halifax St. John, Winnipeg, Vancouver

In next week's issue will be published full reports of St. Patrick's Day sermons.

Ancient and Historic Dublin.

Ptolemy, who flourished in the first half of the second century, on his famous map places Elbana civitas under the same parallel of latitude as the present city of Dublin.

THE DANISH FORT ON THE SITE OF DUBLIN CASTLE.

In 852, when Aulaf (Olaf) the Dane invaded Ireland and subjected all the contending tribes of Danes, he erected a fortress on the triangle of elevated land formed by the confluence of the Dublin with the Liffey, a site now occupied by Dublin Castle.

The Christian faith was preached in this territory, first by Palladius and then by St. Patrick. The stay of Palladius in Ireland was very short, scarcely a year, yet during that brief space he established three Christian communities, Teach-Renan (Tigrony), and Donard in County Wicklow.

EACH TRIBE HAD ITS OWN MONASTIC ESTABLISHMENT.

Soon after his death in 492, the monastic system, which Patrick had himself partly initiated, became the settled form of ecclesiastical organization in Ireland.

The old church-edifications, which were certainly Celtic, of Patrick, Bridget, Kevin, and Mac-Tail, in this very neighborhood, would point to such a conclusion.

IRISH BISHOPS IN BELGIUM AND GERMANY.

The first of these Bishops that we meet with is St. Livinus. He traveled into Belgium, where he converted many, and was at length crowned with martyrdom, Nov. 12, 663.

The Legend of Inch Abbey, County Down.

(Cahal Bradley, in the Belfast Irish Weekly.)

An April morn, and bright and clear the day, As from their cell the monks they wend their way, Inch Abbey hears their holy prayers again.

And yet it seems that all are said in vain For still in flames the churches can be seen, And ruins stand where yesterday had been The temples of a God.

A rolling noise—then everything is still That sound has sent to every heart a thrill; "The tyrant Cromwell comes," the Abbot tells, "Make haste, and from the belfry take the bells, Then cast them deep into the River Quoile,

So that his cursed hands may never soil The sacred silver bells!" They sink the bells and o'er the river pray That they may ever in the water stay.

To toll it e'er a persecutor came, Who sought and strove the Holy Faith to maim, So that the people may prepare to stand Against invaders of their Fatherland, And save their Holy Faith.

The sun has set—a mass of ruins lay The lovely building of that early day Cromwell had done his work—the work of hell! Before his battering rams the Abbey fell, The holy Fathers died as martyrs brave They one and all had fought and died to save Their blessed little home.

A green-clad wall is all that stands to-day To mark the spot where stood the grand Abbey. Close by the ruin is a graveyard fair Where flow'ry fragrance ever fills the air, The bells have tolled from their watery grave, 'Tis said a warning to the Church they gave When Garibaldi rose.

O Beautiful Kilkenny, rose-garden of that isle Where mountain, lake and valley rejoice in nature's smile! On thy entrancing beauties I gaze with raptured eyes, And dream that I have entered the gates of Paradise.

The sky, a sea of azure, where soft clouds lightly sail! The purple of the mountain, the emerald of the vale! The ivy closely clinging to cottage, tower and wall! And the bright sun, O Erin irradiating all!

In many a cottage garden in rich profusion grows That sweetest flower of summer, the fair and fragrant rose; I stoop to pick the shamrock, that beautifies the sod, St. Patrick's chosen symbol of the one triune God.

The twilight hour approaches, I see the setting sun, Reflecting crimson glory o'er "queenly Slieve-na-mann," The song of thrush and robin falls sweetly on my ear, And from a neighboring belfry the angelus I hear.

O fair and peaceful haven, where weary souls may rest, And find from care a respite on nature's bounteous breast, Where birds and bees and blossoms to praise the gracious Giver, "Who doeth all things well," —Angelique DeLande.

Drogheda.

Drogheda is a decadent town. When I was there as a boy there was every indication of prosperity about it. One heard the clatter of scores of hammers riveting the plates on a ship's side, close by the Boyne; the streets were busy thoroughfares, where came to sell their farm produce and take home provisions from the shops, says Father Fitzgerald in the Catholic Press, Sydney, Australia.

The quay was a lively scene, as droves of cattle were put on board the steamers for England. To-day the healthy signs of commercial life are no longer in evidence, but have been replaced by stagnation and one may add semi-desolation. You may walk, drive or cycle down the Drogheda quay to-day and not meet with the slightest obstruction from traffic.

This grand, commodious waterway is practically deserted, and would be forgotten in history but for the battle of the Boyne, and the magnificent scenic vistas which beautify its upper reaches. As I have mentioned the famous battle I may add that it is worth a tourist's while to take the riverside walk of two or three miles from Drogheda out to the bridge near the obelisk, which has been raised to commemorate the memory of one of William's generals.

The bridge commands a view of the canal and the river, which run parallel to each other at this point, and are in summer overshadowed by trees and bushes, which are mirrored so perfectly in the placid waters that one is sometimes in doubt as to where the meadows end, and the streams begin. Round about and above you are the hills where the rival armies camped, deep glades open up like leafy tunnels and emerge in grassy patches, where daisies and primroses delight at eventime the circling fairy hosts.

You ask the driver to walk his horse amid these scenes, where nature's hand has been so lavish, and where once upon a time the cannon roared, and sabres flashed between the orange and the green. It has been said "when Irishmen lead Irishmen in battle victory crowns the day; but when foreigners lead them the day is lost." The royal coward who fled from the battle of the Boyne is the one who lost the cause, and not the brave men who followed his fortunes, but whom he abandoned when the tide of battle threatened to turn.

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The plant called Irish moss (Chondrus crispus) is one of the algae, and is found in abundance on the Atlantic coast of Ireland and on the shores of Brittany, in France. It grows on rocks in the sea, just below low-water mark. It is gathered and spread in the sun to dry, after being washed in fresh water. When fresh it varies in color from green to dark purplish brown. It is bleached to an extent by exposure to the sun and by watering, after which it is allowed to dry thoroughly and is ready for market. It then is of a light grayish-yellow hue. The product is handled by wholesale druggists. They do not keep stocks on hand, and when an order for the moss is received a sample of the quality required is usually furnished with the order. The size of the plant is the controlling factor in price; the larger the plant the more valuable. Color is also a factor, the lighter colored selling better. The wholesale druggists give an order for the required quantity to men who buy the moss from those who have gathered it.

The moss in Ireland is put up for export in bales, just as it comes from the gatherers, without being subjected to further bleaching or any other process. No information can be obtained here as to a liquid form of the moss, nor is it known as a powder, unless retail druggists may themselves pulverize it for their own purposes. The moss is used to some extent as a food by the people along the coasts where it abounds, and jelly preparations are made from it for the use of invalids. It is sometimes used in cookery in place of prepared gelatin in making desserts, etc. It is used in medicine as a demulcent in coughs, for catarrh and inflammation of the bladder, and in preparing emulsion of cod liver oil. It is also used in textile manufacturing as a stiffening for calico in the printing process.

My girl hath ringlets rich and rare, By Nature's fingers wove— Loch Carra's swan is not so fair As is her breast of love. And when she moves, in Sunday sheen, Beyond our cottage door, I'd scorn the high-born Saxon queen For Brighdin Ban Mo Stor.

It is not that her kiss is sweet, And soft her voice of song— It is not that she flies to meet My comings lone and long! But there doth rest beneath her breast A heart of purest core, Whose pulse alone to me is known, Mo Brighdin Ban Mo Stor.

ROBERT

has for sale a score of gold mines in Porcupine, on all of which pure gold has been found on the surface. In order to ascertain the real value of these mines, I have decided to form syndicates to make the preliminary investigations, and pay for the engineer's report, soundings, assays etc., of these

GOLD MINES.

These syndicates will be divided in three classes according to the apparent values of the respective mines. No. 1 syndicate will be formed of memberships of \$200.00; No. 2 of \$100.00, and No. 3 of \$50.00; this money is put up to get at the value of the mines. If the investigation turns out to be satisfactory, companies will be formed to exploit them, and the members of the respective syndicates, will get half of the capital stock of the companies for the money they have put in the pool.

Address: ANTOINE ROBERT

Robert's Counting House, 255 Notre Dame St., West Montreal.

Deep in Canadian Woods

(Continued from page 1.)

not believe me, perhaps, yet I am telling the truth. How is it our enterprising medical men have not thought of building a sanitarium in the forests of the Renous? I have been all through the Adirondacks, and have not come across any place more suited for a sanitarium in the forests of the wick forests. Perhaps I may be no judge, but I generally know a tree when I see one, even if a few individuals in the world claim to have a mortgage on common sense. If the New Brunswick government had a little more "get" to them, conditions would be still better in the Northumberland woods, while all Canada would be very thankful in return, I am sure.

The Renous River is teeming with trout and salmon, in the proper season, and the soil around and about is rich enough to offer homes for all the young men of the place, if only they could get a chance, a starting chance, from the gods of the land.

THE CHEF IS MASTER OF HIS ART.

Before I reach a solution stage of my paper, I must tell my readers that a very interesting personage in a Renous camp is the cook. He is a master of his art, and, as a rule, would be entirely competent to hold sway in the kitchen of many a pretentious inn or hotel. The men are given clean and inviting meals, four of them a day; while, if ever I sat down to a meal that could recall the hell-hash in Macbeth, it certainly was not in the woods of New Brunswick. Mr. Gulliver, for instance, and another successful cook, across in the South branch of the river, could teach many a baker how to bake bread.

I had met with trials on entering the woods, but Cracky and myself had to face three feet of snow on the return journey. It was from the very hospitable camp of Mr. George Hayes, a parishioner, I began my way home. There the foreman in charge, Mr. Fintan McCormick, had "held the men up" for me with characteristic willingness, while in return, but after the stories, I agreed to have Cracky form a team together with the favorite horse of the camp. I was proud, all the next day, when Cracky pulled his mate to pieces. Mr. Hayes's camp is thirty-two miles from the priest's house, and although we set out at seven o'clock in the morning, it was twelve o'clock, midnight, when I reached home, safe and sound, and disposed to give Cracky the rubbin' of his life, with dry and hot straw. Since, I have spent two or three other weeks in the camps as well. It is a pleasure to beg, when you are dealing with the men of the Miramichi.

Brighdin Ban Mo Stor.

(Fair Bridget, My Treasure.) By Edward Walsh.

(The following exquisitely tender song was written by the late highly gifted poet, Edward Walsh, in compliment to his wife, soon after their marriage.)

All hail! Holy Mary, our hope and our joy; Smile down, blessed Queen, on the poor Irish boy Who wanders away from his dear beloved home; O Mary! be with me wherever I roam, Be with me, O Mary! Forsake me not, Mary!

From the home of my fathers, in anguish I go, To toil for the dark-livered, cold-hearted foe, Who mocks me, and hates me, and calls me a slave, An alien, a savage—all names but a knave. But blessed be Mary! My sweet, holy Mary! The bodach, he never dare call me a knave.

From my mother's mud sheeling an outcast I fly, With a cloud on my heart and a tear in my eye; Oh! I burn as I think that if Some One would say "Revenge on your tyrant!"—But Mary, I pray, From my soul's depths, O Mary!

To Erin.

Green be thy hills, loved Erin, Blue be thy sky to-day, And joyous the fond heart's beating To the strains of "Saint Patrick's Day."

O dear, twice dear, to thy exile Are the memories sweet but sad, Of its hallowed hours in thy holy Isle, When life in youth was glad.

And though years, times waves storm driven, As drift from the ocean's foam, Have cast me here on a far, far shore, Dear Land! thou art still my home.

And I hear in the church bell's chiming As it thrills the listening air, Thy voice, the voice of a Mother, Calling her children to prayer.

Prayer and praise, and thanksgiving The triple tribute of love, From the grateful sons of a faithful land To our Patron in Heaven above.

And it's oh! that I could be with thee, And it's oh! to tread once more The well-worn path to the Chapel; And pausing beside the door,

Look with the eyes of a lover Upon tree clad hill and dell, On the smooth, green slope to the river And the fields once known so well.

I can see them again a vision That is ever, eye ever near, And the welcoming words of my people My old ears seem to hear.

As they pass before me, the aged With calm and patient face— The strong young men, and the women, The glory of our race,

And the children, God's blessing on them, Rugged, rosy and fair, The innocent pleasure of childhood Unshadowed by clouding care.

All wearing the symbol shamrock— Giving greeting and kindly word, For the Angel of Peace in passing The fountain of joy had stirred.

And I kneel with them, O my Erin, And pray that in measure grand God's peace, and His joy and His blessing Be thine, O long suffering Land.

Wrongs, hunger and toil forgotten, Forgotten the alien's scorn, On the feast of our loved Apostle, The blessed Saint Patrick's morn. —M. A. Fitzgerald.

The Irish Reaper's Harvest Hymn.

"This song, which is sung to the tune of "The Dear Little Shamrock" was written by Mr. John Keegan, who was born in Queen's County in 1809, and died in 1819. He was educated in a hedge school, and contributed to the Dublin Nation.)

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Taken literally from a conversation with a young man on his way to reap the harvest in England.

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THE TRUE WITNESS is printed and published at 816 LaSalle Street, Montreal, Can., by G. Plumbett Magness.

And hear me, sweet Mary! For union and peace to old Ireland I pray.

The land that I fly from is fertile and fair, And more than I ask or I wish for is there, But I must not taste the good things that I see— "There's nothing but rags and green rushes for me," O mild Virgin Mary! O sweet Mother Mary! Who keeps my rough hands from red murder but thee?

But, sure, in the end our dear freedom we'll gain, And wipe from the green flag each Sassanach stain, And oh! Holy Mary, your blessing we crave! Give hearts to the timid and hands to the brave; And then, Mother Mary! Our own blessed Mary! Light Liberty's flame in the hut of the slave!

Taken literally from a conversation with a young man on his way to reap the harvest in England.



Vol. LIX, N

Na Sponta

Enormo

The day was sunshine counted was frost, too, to color the cheeks happy, so what wind as one st... cessionists pass... there is little or... rick's Church is... different societies... respective halls... soon as the rank... by their bands... music caused the... a little faster th... The church was... to afford seating... great numbers w... sion. As many i... as could be accom... ed in the centr... having the sea... front of the sanc... J. Kavanagh, K.

REV. GERALD Pastor of St Patrick's Society Doherty. As the Chancel the vestry they b... patronal hymn... procession formed... and visiting clerg... turn followed by... bishop Bruchesi... Very imposing ir... emn passing thro... The color schem... —was effectively... sanctuary, Boston... tistically draped... white lights on t... once of refinement... good taste. On e... trance to the san... alive brass bowls... rocks, white cary... At the throne w... Rev. J. E. Donne... Anthony's, assist... L. Shea, and Rev... deacon and sub-d... Rev. J. McCror... Singleton, the follo... seats in the sanc... thers O'Neill, O.P... C.S.S.R., T. F. H... Condon, G.S.C.O... lege, Polan, R. E... Reid, Pennafort, O.F.M., and other... The uniformed F... H. looked remark... ed eclair to the c... Just before the G... Gerald McShane, a few words to His... bishop, expressive... his parishioners'... presence of His G... and then introdu... mond Walsh, O.P... Priory, Dublin, w... lows:

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